# THE REVEREND GRINDALL REYNOLDS OF CONCORD

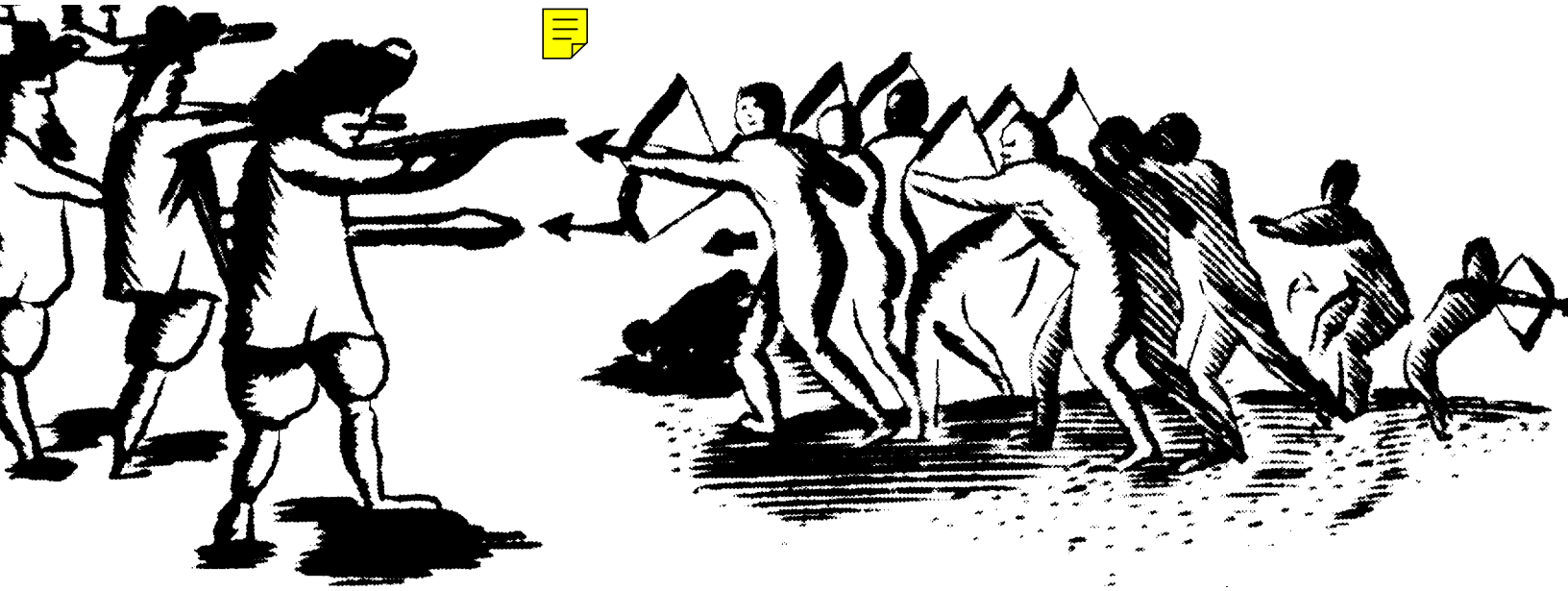
## 1675

In the coming race war in New England, one or two hundred white colonists would be killed and hundreds of outlying pieces of property destroyed from a total white population probably at this point approaching 40,000.[1]

> [The race war which we term King Philip's War was] a war before television, before film, before photography ... even crude wood engravings were rare and printed books an uncommon commodity. When the English and Algonquian peoples of seventeenth-century New England went to war in 1675, they devastated one another. In proportion to population, their short, vicious war inflicted greater casualties than any other war in American history. Yet a single image of the fighting survives: half a dozen tiny, crouching figures shooting at one another along the creases of John Seller's map of New England printed in an English atlas in 1675. It tells us precious little.... [N]ot even Christian Indians loyal to the English were spared; in the fall of 1675 most were removed from their towns and imprisoned on barren islands, where many died of cold or hunger during the long winter. Always brutal and everywhere fierce, King Phil[l]ip's War, as it came to be called, proved to be not only the most fatal war in all of American history but also one of the most merciless.

1. The total native American population of which they professed to be so fearful, including women and children, probably numbered at this point fewer than 20,000, and a very significant percentage of this native population was Christian or friendly or allied rather than in any way hostile.

GRINDALL REYNOLDS



Actually, to speak very coldbloodedly about the matter, the statistics indicate that merely one person out of every 400 would die at best and one person out of every 200 would die at worst, and such statistics compare nicely with today's death rate due to peacetime automotive accidents! (A comparison statistic would be that four children die by having a heavy TV set fall on them in their home –perhaps while they are being thrilled by a videotape of "Jaws"– for every child that dies of a shark attack while swimming at the beach.) Face it, the genocide would turn out to be a really good deal from the standpoint of the white intrusives, despite what has been written about how "disastrous" "King Phillip's War" had been. In fact, if you believe that such population simplifications can solve problems (I happen not to believe this, myself), then this amounted to minimal losses with maximal gains.

## GRINDALL REYNOLDS

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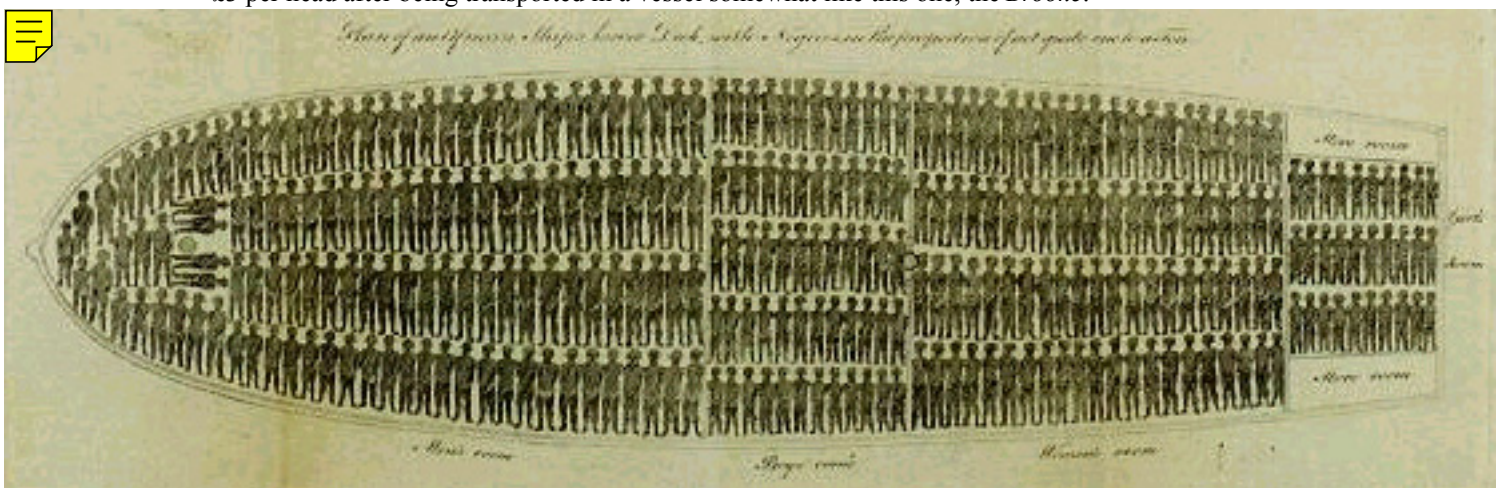
"The Whites, by law of conquest, by justice of civilization, are masters of the American continent, and the best safety of the frontier settlers will be secured by the total annihilation of the few remaining Indians."

— L. Frank Baum, author of the Oz books

**Mr. Trust Me, the White Man's Ambassador**

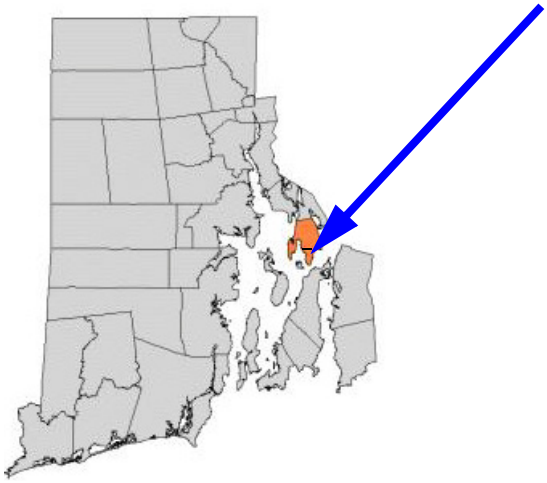
The intrusive culture had reached critical mass and the native culture of the *Wampanoag* and *Narragansett*, with their "Welcome, Englishman, Welcome, Englishman," and with their "What cheer, nehtop," was at this point doomed to be virtually extinguished. Previously, they had been the white man's valued allies against the Pequots, but the fact was, the English were white and delightsome and these people were red and unenlightened. Uncounted thousands of the red previous allies would be offed outright and then the remnants would become available to be sold into the international slave trade for foreign life slavery for approximately £3 per head after being transported in a vessel somewhat like this one, the *Brooke*:



Or, if young enough and congenial enough, they might avoid all this by being resituated into domestic indentured service to white families, or exiled to tribes farther toward the wilderness of the interior.

[Below appears the rotting hulk of the slave ship *Jem*, as of the Year of Our Lord 1891 at Fort Adams near Newport on Aquidneck Island:]

By this point in time the promontory known as Mount Hope in the bay of Rhode Island was amounting merely to a little strip of de facto reservation land, approximately two miles wide and six long. The whites of Swansea had even erected "a very substantial fence quite across the great neck," Bristol Neck, which was virtually preventing land access by the *Narragansett* to their little peninsula between Narragansett Bay and Mount Hope bay.



AS THE SITUATION WOULD BE REPORTED IN *The Prefent State of New-England* with respect to the Indian War.

**The place where this King *Philip* doth dwell, is on a parcel of Land, called in *Engliſh*, *Mount-Hope*, about twelve Miles long, and judged to be the beſt Land in *New England* : And it was about thirty five Miles off of this Place to the Northward, that the firſt *Engliſh* that ever came there, Landed ; and by degrees built Houſes, and called the name of the place *New-Plimouth*, (becauſe *Plimouth* in *Old England* was the laſt place they were at there).**

[hearsay offered by *a Merchant of Boſton*]

## GRINDALL REYNOLDS

GRINDALL REYNOLDS

After the coming race war Captain Nathaniel Reynolds, ancestor of the Concord reverend who would officiate at Henry Thoreau's funeral, would be taking possession of this one last little strip, renaming it Bristol

> An attempt was made to separate the friendly Christian Indians from the wild savages, and some were brought in to Deer Island in Boston harbor. Others [primarily women and young children, and excluding any males of warrior age] were brought to Concord and entrusted to John Hoar, who built a workshop and stockade for them next to his own house, which is now known as Orchard House. This caused a furor in Concord. Many considered the Christian Indians just spies and informers. The town defenses were in a precarious state [due to the fact that many of the white men were away, fighting in the race war].

As you might imagine, the sachem *Metacom*'s take on the situation differed considerably from the attitude of the English in Plymouth and Boston.

There are no authentic period depictions of this person.

## GRINDALL REYNOLDS

GRINDALL REYNOLDS

Here I think that the attitude expressed by the amateur historian Reverend Grindall Reynolds of Concord is considerably more accurate and cogent than the attitude expressed by any of the professional historians of this period:

> Read Philip's pathetic story recorded in Arnold's history [Arnold's RHODE ISLAND, Volume I, page 394] and you will know how it looked to the conquered. Said he to John Borden of Rhode Island:—
>
> "The English who came to this country were but a handful of people, forlorn, poor, and distressed. My father was then Sachem. He relieved their distresses. He gave them land to build and plant upon. He did all in his power to serve them. Their numbers rapidly increased. My father's counsellors became uneasy and alarmed. They advised him to destroy them before they should become too strong. But my father was also the father of the English. His advice prevailed. It was then concluded to give victuals to the English. Experience had taught that the fears of my father's counsellors were right. By various means they got possessed of a great part of his territory. My elder brother became Sachem. They pretended to suspect him of evil designs. He was seized and confined, and thrown into sickness and died. After I became Sachem they disarmed all my people. They tried them by their own laws, assessed damages which they could not pay, and their land was taken. Thus tract after tract is gone. But a small part of the dominion of my ancestors remains. **I am determined not to live till I have no country.**"
>
> So it is evident that life and death grapple, called King Philip's War, had to come. I am with those who doubt the accepted theory about it. Our fathers excited by natural, and for the most part well founded fears, exaggerated both the capacity and plans of Philip. They believed that he had formed a gigantic Indian Confederacy. This theory rested on slender foundations. The King Philip of the annals is certainly a creature of the imagination. The real Philip had not head enough to plan such a confederacy, nor courage enough to carry it into effect. His commanding influence, if he ever had any, began with the attack on Swanzey and closed with his flight to the Nipmucks. From that moment as a great figure he disappears. Indeed, if we suppose the affair at Swanzey to be the culmination of years of plotting, what further proof of Philip's weakness is needed? There was no preparation whatever for defense. A few hundred hasty levies in forty-eight hours swept his tribe out of existence. There is very slight evidence that he was in command at any of the later undertakings. He certainly fled for a time to the Mohawks. Had not a certain Nemesis brought him back to die on his own hearthstone, and so lent pathos to life's close, he might almost have been forgotten.

Mary McCarthy, writing in 1946, would term Hiroshima "a hole in human history."

There is such a hole in human history, it would seem, at every point at which an atrocity has been committed by some group which then "won." For instance, the hole in Concord history which resulted from the racial mass murder on Mount Misery at the watershed of Walden Pond as of the Massachusetts race war in 1675-1676, and the hole in human history which would result from the use of the Christian Dakota as hostages during the race war of 1863.

Writing thirty years after the fact of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Ralph Lapp, who had worked on the A-bomb, would ask "If the memory of things is to deter, where is that memory?" He would add that "Hiroshima has been taken out of the American conscience, eviscerated, extirpated."

With much of their territory sold or "mortgaged," the sachems of the *Narragansett* became embroiled in the conflict that was intensifying between the English of Plymouth Colony and the *Wampanoag* sachem *Metacom* of Mount Hope. However, when the United Colonies demanded Wampanoag women and children as hostages, they attempted to refuse.

## GRINDALL REYNOLDS

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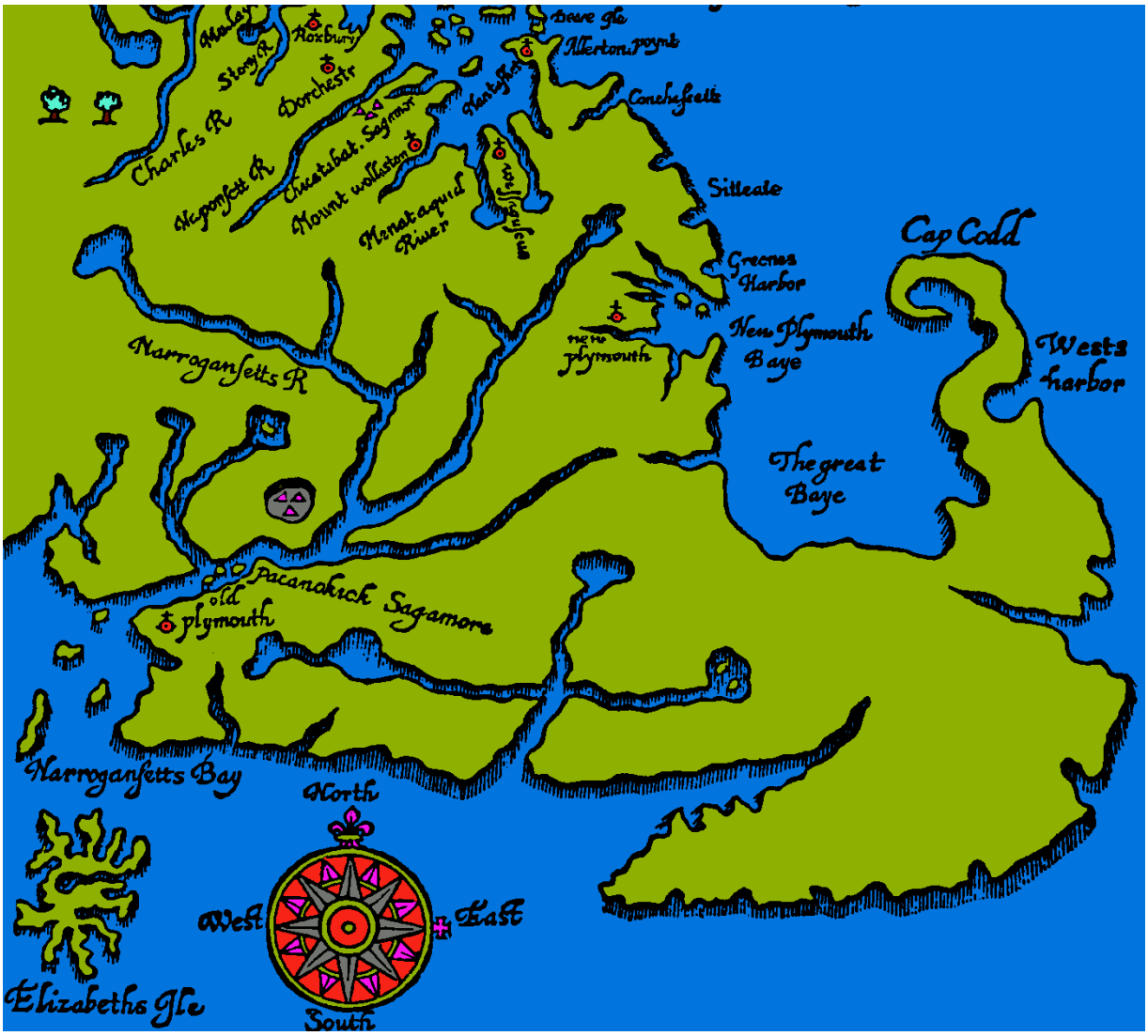


The following is the manner in which this sad history of hostaging is reflected in Henry Thoreau's A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS:

> Daniel Gookin, who, in his Epistle Dedicatory to Robert Boyle, apologizes for presenting his
>
> > matter clothed in a wilderness dress,
>
> says that on the breaking out of Philip's war in 1675, there were taken up by the Christian Indians and the English in Marlborough, and sent to Cambridge, seven
>
> > Indians belonging to Narragansett, Long Island, and Pequod, who had all been at work about seven weeks with one Mr. Jonathan Tyng, of Dunstable, upon Merrimack River; and, hearing of the war, they reckoned with their master, and getting their wages, conveyed themselves away without his privity, and, being afraid, marched secretly through the woods, designing to go to their own country.
>
> However, they were released soon after. Such were the hired men in those days.

(Bear in mind, in excuse for Henry Thoreau here, that he did not have the objective, unbiased, culture-independent historical materials available to him which we wonderful people have made so freely available today. All he had available were such materials as above, which he was able to cite and pay proper attention to despite their subjective, biased, culturally determined nature.)

At some point during this year, Peter Folger's poem "A Looking Glasse for the Times," of which no printed copy has survived, would comment upon the hostilities.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony enacted a special levy of the towns, to pay for the general race war. There were 49 towns. The tax for "Mendham," for instance, was £16 6s. 2d.

June 14-25: Convinced as they were that an attempt was being made to set up an Indian Confederacy against them in destruction of their hegemony, the authorities of the Rhode Island plantation, Plymouth colony, and Massachusetts Bay colony attempted to negotiate a continued peace with the Sachem *Metacom* of the *Wampanoag*, and meanwhile sought to obtain fresh guarantees of alliance with the *Nipmuc* and the *Narragansett* against the Wampanoag, just in case.

Here again however, I suppose the attitude expressed by the amateur historian Reverend Grindall Reynolds of Concord to be considerably more accurate and cogent than the attitude expressed by any of the professional historians of this period:

> But confederacy is a large term to apply to such desperate struggles. In fact there was no simultaneousness in the outbreak. It began in June with the raid on Swanzey. The Nipmucks rose in July ; the tribes along the Connecticut River in August ; those of New Hampshire and Maine in September and October. The Narragansetts never rose at all ; but were attacked and destroyed in mid-winter, because they did not deliver up fugitives ; and because their loyalty was suspected ; — and, as it would seem from the testimony of the Indian spy employed by the English, unjustly.

One of the deep-seated originary reasons for the "King Phillip's War" was that in the vicinity of what is now Warren, Rhode Island, which at that time was being referred to as Sowams, the Europeans had begun to farm on rich fields at the margin of the Narragansett Bay, fields which had previously been planted every year by native Americans. Tribal law had been first come first serve: who-ever was able to plant where-ever. But these white people had developed the idea that if they planted someplace one season, the next season when they went there, nobody else better be planting on **their land**. "What's mine is mine (what's yours is mine, too)."


Short of war, the native American culture simply had no mechanism for dealing with such greediness.

> "As the star of the Indian descended,
> that of the Puritans rose ever higher."
> — Tourtellot, Arthur Bernon, THE CHARLES,
> NY: Farrar & Rinehart, 1941, page 63

June 17: On this day Friend John Easton, a high government official of the Rhode Island Plantation who was also something of a mediator, this Quaker who only a few years before had had personal interaction with Friend George Fox during his visit to the New World, decided to try to prevent the coming race war in a traditional Quaker way "by removing the occasion for it." He and four other unarmed white men rowed across Narragansett Bay to *Metacom*'s ceremonial center on the Mount Hope promontory, and walked up the path to the top of the hill. Metacom had put aside his arms although the approximately 40 other warriors who were present did not, and so they all sat around talking about how to arrange a conciliation of grievances by agreed impartial third parties, red and white. As Easton later reconstructed the conversation:[2]

> *We sat veri friendly together. We told him our bisness was to indever that they might not receve or do rong. ... We told them that our desire was that the quarrel might be rightly decided in the best way, not as dogs decide their quarrels. ...* [The Native Americans] *owned that fighting was the worst way, but they inquired how right might take place without fighting.* ***We said by arbitration.*** *They said that by arbitration the English agreed against them, and so by arbitration they had much rong. ... We said they might chuse a Indian King and the English might chuse the Governor of New Yorke, that neither had case to say that either wear parties to the difference. They said they had not heard of this way. We were persuaded that if this way had been tendered they would have accepted. ...* [Metacom pointed out that his father the Massasoit,] *when the English first came, was a great man and the English as a littill child. He constrained the other Indians from ronging the English, and gave them corn and shewed them how to plant it and was free to do them ani good. ... But their King's brother* [Metacom/Phillip's brother "Allexander"], *when he was King came miserably to dy, being forced to court, and as they judged poysoned. ... Another Greavance was, if 20 of their onest Indiands testified that an Englishman had dun them rong it was nothing, but if one of their worst Indians testified against any Indian, or their King, when it pleased the English, it was suficiant. ...* [The English were so] *eager to sell the Indians lickers that most Indians spent all in drynknes and then raved upon the sober Indians! ... I am persuaded of New England Prists they are so blinded by the spirit of Persecution and to maintain their hyer that they have been the case that the law of Nations and the Law of Arems have been violated in this war. The war would not have been if ther had not bine hyerlings.*

**"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"**

According to the Reverend Grindall Reynolds's KING PHILIP'S WAR IN HISTORICAL SKETCHES:

2. Hough edition of Deputy-Governor John Easton's NARRATIVE, pages 7-31 passim.

> My ancestor, Captain Nathaniel Reynolds, was one of the original settlers, who after the war took possession of Mount Hope, the home of the Wampanoags, and named it Bristol.... The whole of Plymouth County was then [1681] settled, except this territory, which was the only spot left uncovered in the western march of English population.... Of this great tract all they [the *Wampanoag*] retained in 1675 was a little strip, called then Mount Hope, scarcely six miles long and two miles wide. The southern line of English possession had been drawn right across Bristol Neck, enclosing, and almost imprisoning, the tribe in a little peninsula, washed on all sides, except the north, by the waters of Narragansett and Mount Hope bays. As if to emphasize this fact, their neighbors, the people of Swanzey [*sic*], "set up a very substantial fence quite across the great neck."

At this point *Metacom* had a little more than a year to live. Before the fall of the next year his wife and son would have been captured for sale into foreign slavery,

> *My heart breaks; now I am ready to die.*


he would have been hunted down and shot in a nearby swamp, his body would have been cut in quarters and hung in a tree there, his withered hand would have been severed and carried around to be displayed as a curiosity in bars, his skull would have been installed for display atop a pole in Salem, and eventually his jawbone would wind up in the personal collection of the Reverend Cotton Mather (all in all, not a whole lot to

look forward to, I suppose you'd agree).

"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"

June 26-29: Attacks were made by the *Wampanoag* upon Rehoboth and Taunton.
It proved to be possible to evade the approaching colonial troops and evacuate Mount Hope in favor of *Pocasset* (now Tiverton, Rhode Island). The Mohegan sent an embassy to Boston with an offer to fight alongside the English against the Wampanoag.

Here again however, I suppose the attitude expressed by the amateur historian Reverend Grindall Reynolds of Concord to be considerably more accurate and cogent than the attitude expressed by any of the professional historians of this period:

> The first act of the war closed with Philip's flight from Mount Hope. At the seat of what, we are asked to believe, was a long conceived, subtle, and powerful confederacy, almost literally no resistance was made. In forty-eight hours after the appearance of the hastily gathered English soldiery, the chief was a fugitive, and his tribe, as such, swept out of existence.

"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"

## 1822

December 22, Sunday: Grindall Reynolds was born in Franconia, New Hampshire.

Ludwig van Beethoven was elected an honorary member of the Swedish Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences, Stockholm.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

## GRINDALL REYNOLDS

GRINDALL REYNOLDS

*1st day [sic] 22nd of 12 M 1822 / A pleasant Day & Meeting well Attended, & five testimonies delivered - some of them had a reaching effect on my Mind — but on the whole it was a season of leanness to me*
*Silent in the Afternoon, well attended & a little more life in my mind than in the morning*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

### 1826

Clearly, the reservoir of water positioned near the top of the blast furnace for the smelting of iron ore in Franconia, New Hampshire as a precaution against fire, in 1817, had been inadequate as a safety precaution against fire, for in this year the works, which was being superintended by the father of Grindall Reynolds, burned down never to be rebuilt.

### 1827

The family of origin of the Reverend Grindall Reynolds relocated permanently from Franconia, New Hampshire to Boston.

### 1844

September: Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Rounseville Alger, and Grindall Reynolds entered the Harvard Divinity School.

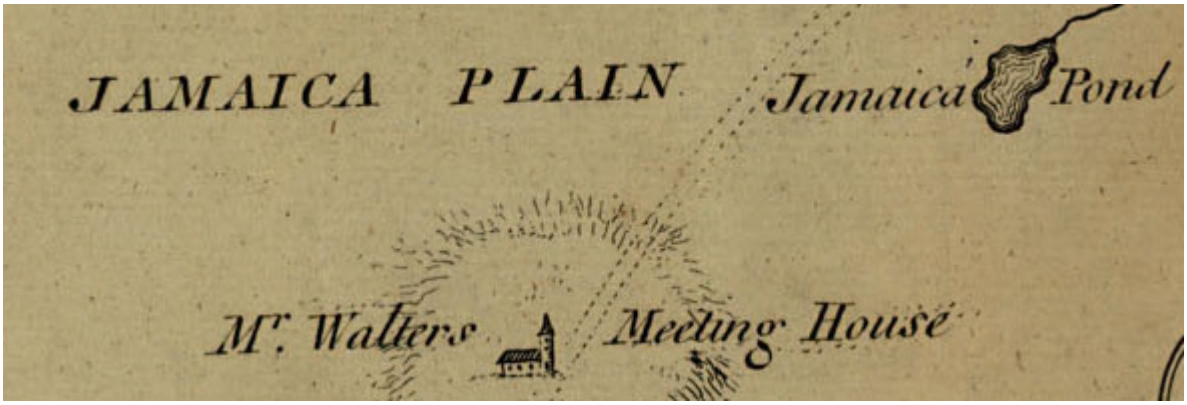
NEW "HARVARD MEN"

### 1847

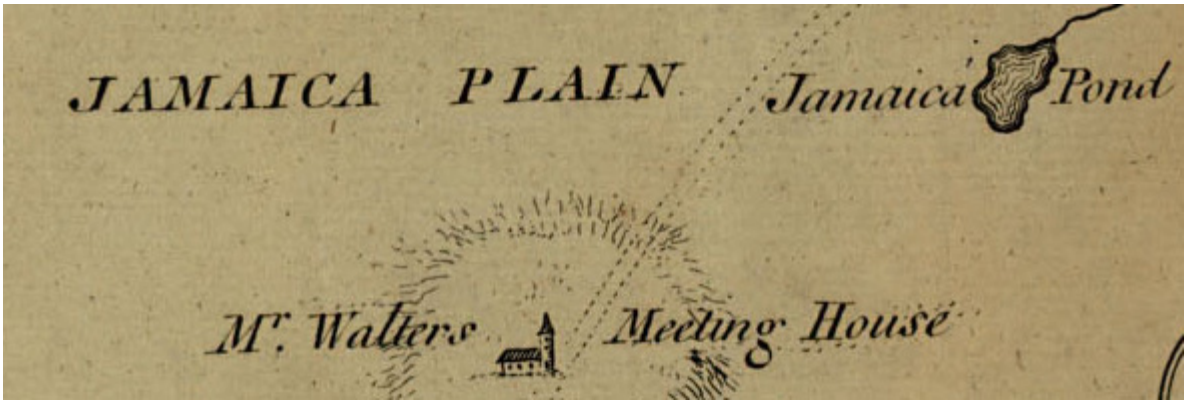
June: Grindall Reynolds graduated from the Harvard Divinity School.

# 1848

January: The Reverend Grindall Reynolds became pastor of the Unitarian church in Jamaica Plain.




February 7: The Reverend Grindall Reynolds, pastor of the Unitarian church in Jamaica Plain, married Lucy Maria Dodge (born September 15, 1827, died February 18, 1887).

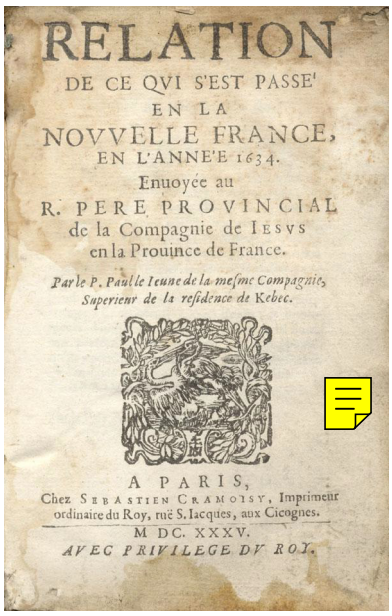


# 1856

March 26, day: Alice Reynolds was born, daughter of the Reverend Grindall Reynolds and Lucy Maria Dodge Reynolds.

Having already perused the volumes for the years 1633-1642, Henry Thoreau checked out, from Harvard Library, for the 2d time, the JESUIT RELATION volume for the years 1639, and the volume for 1642-1643.[3]

http://www.canadiana.org

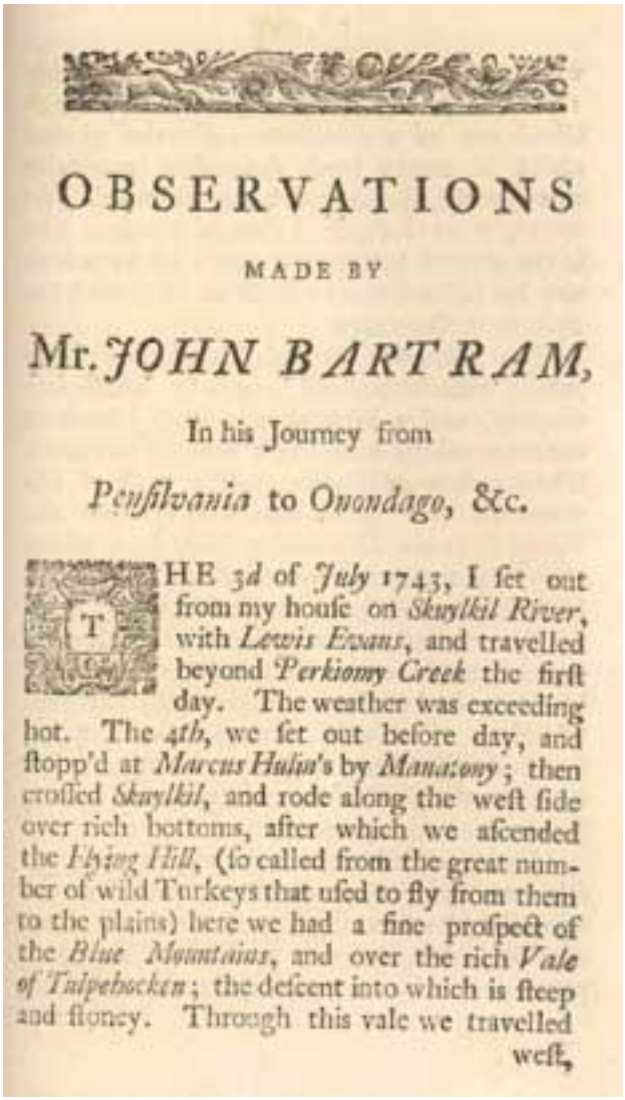

RELATION
DE CE QVI S'EST PASSE'
EN LA
NOVVELLE FRANCE,
EN L'ANNE'E 1634.
Enuoyée au
R. PERE PROVINCIAL
de la Compagnie de IESVS
en la Prouince de France.
Par le P. Paul le Ieune de la mesme Compagnie,
Superieur de la residence de Kebec.
A PARIS,
Chez SEBASTIEN CRAMOISY, Imprimeur
ordinaire du Roy, ruë S. Iacques, aux Cicognes.
M DC. XXXV.
AVEC PRIVILEGE DV ROY.

He also checked out Friend John Bartram's botanical OBSERVATIONS ON THE INHABITANTS, CLIMATE, SOIL, RIVERS, PRODUCTIONS, ANIMALS, AND OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF NOTICE. MADE BY MR. JOHN BARTRAM, IN HIS TRAVELS FROM *PENSILVANIA* TO *ONONDAGO*, OSWEGO AND THE LAKE ONTARIO, IN CANADA: TO WHICH IS ANNEX'D A CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE CATARACTS AT NIAGARA. BY MR. PETER KALM, A SWEDISH GENTLEMAN WHO TRAVELLED THERE (London: printed for J. Whiston & B. White, in Fleet-Street, 1751).

**JOHN BARTRAM'S BOOK**

3. Cramoisy, Sebastian (ed.). *RELATION DE CE QUI S'EST PASSÉ EN LA NOUVELLE FRANCE IN L'ANNÉE 1636: ENVOYÉE AU R. PERE PROVINCIAL DE LA COMPAGNIE DE JESUS EN LA PROVINCE DE FRANCE, PAR LE P. PAUL LE JEUNE DE LA MESME COMPAGNIE, SUPERIEUR DE LA RESIDENCE DE KÉBEC. A Paris: Chez Sebastian Cramoisy...*, 1637

He would make notes on this reading in his Indian Notebook #10,[4] and refer to it in CAPE COD.



OBSERVATIONS

MADE BY

Mr. JOHN BARTRAM,

In his Journey from

*Penſilvania* to *Onondago*, &c.

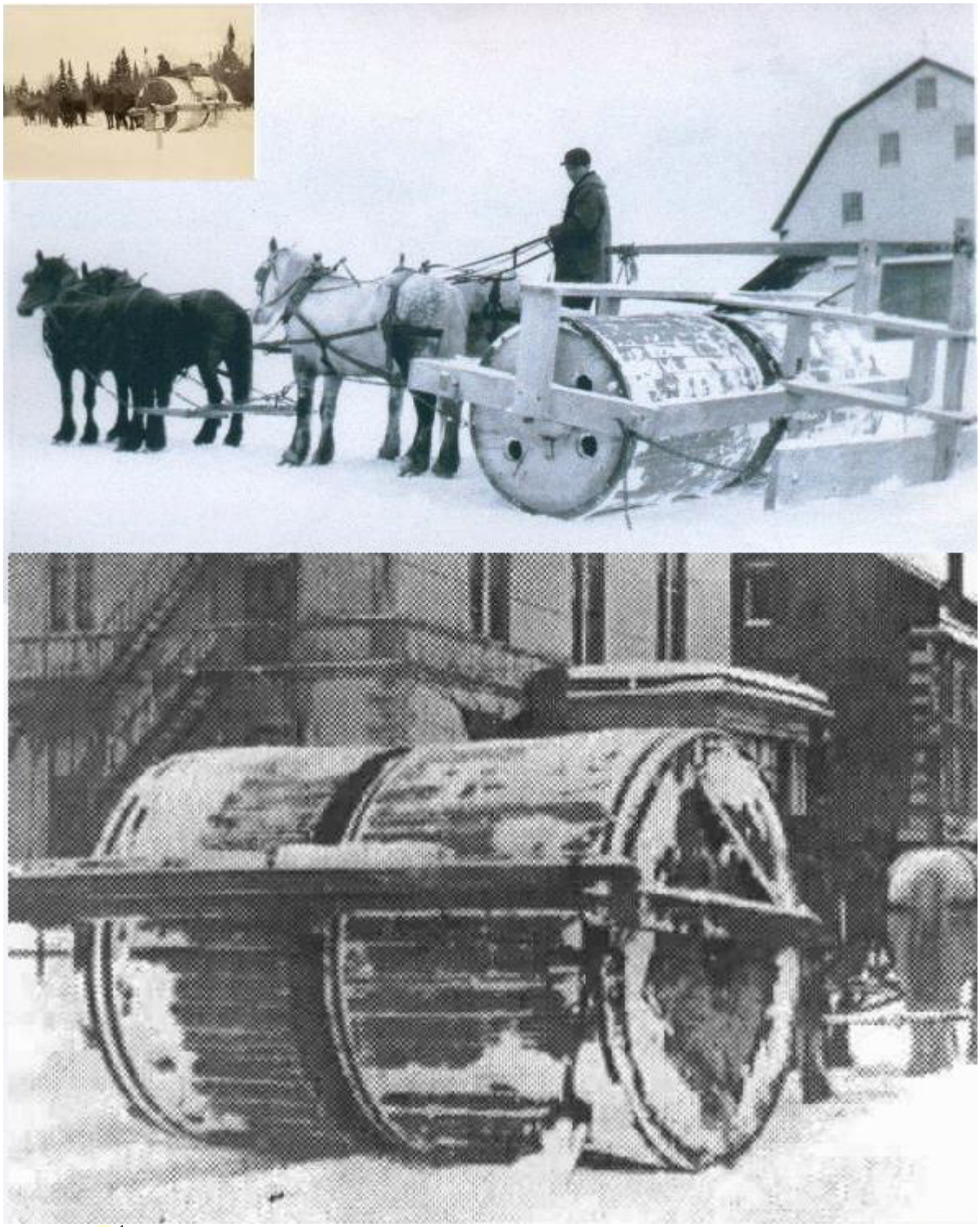
THE 3*d* of *July* 1743, I ſet out from my houſe on *Skuylkil River*, with *Lewis Evans*, and travelled beyond *Perkiomy Creek* the firſt day. The weather was exceeding hot. The 4*th*, we ſet out before day, and ſtopp'd at *Marcus Hulin's* by *Manatony*; then croſſed *Skuylkil*, and rode along the weſt ſide over rich bottoms, after which we aſcended the *Flying Hill*, (ſo called from the great number of wild Turkeys that uſed to fly from them to the plains) here we had a fine proſpect of the *Blue Mountains*, and over the rich *Vale of Tulpehocken*; the deſcent into which is ſteep and ſtoney. Through this vale we travelled weſt,

4. The original notebooks are held by the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, as manuscripts #596 through #606. There are photocopies, made by Robert F. Sayre in the 1930s, in four boxes at the University of Iowa Libraries, accession number MsC 795. More recently, Bradley P. Dean, PhD and Paul Maher, Jr. have attempted to work over these materials.

CAPE COD: This spirit it was which so early carried the French to the Great Lakes and the Mississippi on the north, and the Spaniard to the same river on the south. It was long before our frontiers reached their settlements in the west, and a voyageur or coureur de bois is still our conductor there. Prairie is a French word, as Sierra is a Spanish one. Augustine in Florida, and Santa Fé in New Mexico [1582], both built by the Spaniards, are considered the oldest towns in the United States. Within the memory of the oldest man, the Anglo-Americans were confined between the Apalachian Mountains and the sea, "a space not two hundred miles broad," while the Mississippi was by treaty the eastern boundary of New France. (See the pamphlet on settling the Ohio, London, 1763, bound up with the travels of Sir John Bartram.) So far as inland discovery was concerned, the adventurous spirit of the English was that of sailors who land but for a day, and their enterprise the enterprise of traders. Cabot spoke like an Englishman, as he was, if he said, as one reports, in reference to the discovery of the American Continent, when he found it running toward the north, that it was a great disappointment to him, being in his way to India; but we would rather add to than detract from the fame of so great a discoverer.

Bound up with this Bartram volume, as Thoreau indicated, was Anselm-Yates Bayly's THE ADVANTAGE OF A SETTLEMENT UPON THE OHIO IN NORTH AMERICA (London: J. Riddley, 1763).

Thoreau commented in his journal on the snow wheels of his era, which were used to tamp down the snow on the roads so they were passable by sleigh. Here are some photographs of typical snow wheels:



Mar. 26th '56 to Cambridge —
I hear that Humphrey Buttrick found a whole covey of quails dead under the snow — At (He tells me that his

dog found 4 in the winter) as other coveys are missing thinks they have starved) Philadelphia a month or 2 since they offered a reward for live ones more than market price — to preserve them.
We have heard of an unusual quantity of ice in the course of the Liverpool packets this winter — Perhaps the Pacific has been {sunk} by one, as we hear that some other vessels have been — Yet the papers say it has been warmer about Lake Superior than in Kansas — & that the Lake will break up earlier than usual. They are just beginning to use snow wheels in Concord — but only in the middle of the town — where the snow is at length worn & melted down to bare ground in the middle of the road from 2 to 10 feet wide — Sleighs are far the most common even here In Cambridge there is no sleighing — for the most part the middle of bare & even the road from Porters to the College is dusty for 20 to 30 feet in width — the College Yard is one half bare — So if they have had more snow than we, as some say, it has melted much faster — There is also less in the towns between us & Cam. than in Concord. The snow lies longer on the low level plain surrounded by hills — in which Concord is situated. I am struck by the more wintry aspect — almost entirely uninterrupted snow fields — on coming into Concord in the cars.
The Romans introduced husbandry into England, where but little was practiced before — & the English have introduced it into America — so we may well read the Roman authors for a history of this art as practiced by us.
I am sometimes affected by the consideration that a man may spend the whole of his life after boyhood in accomplishing a particular design — as if he were put to a petty & special use — without taking time to look around him & appreciate the phenomenon of his existence — If so many purposes are thus necessarily left unaccomplished — perhaps unthought of — we are reminded of the transient interest we have in this life — Our interest in our country in the spread of liberty &c strong & as it were, innate as it is- -cannot (learn) (this learn gets omitted by the Dover editors) be as transient as our present existence here. It cannot be that all those patriots who die in the midst of their career have no further connexion with the career of the country.

## 1858

June 5, day: The Reverend Grindall Reynolds purchased the plot which Henry Thoreau had surveyed on May 25, 1852 for J. Barnard McKay (T. Bernard MacKay?) on Main Street in Concord, between the property of Ellery Channing and the property of Frances Monroe.

View this particular survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_surveys/86.htm

Thoreau surveyed a Lincoln woodlot for Thomas Brooks, on land that had been burned over in the previous year, and was paid $4.$^{00}$ by George Brooks. See also Samuel Barrett's woodlot, and Bedford Road survey for George Brooks.

The USS *Constellation* returned from its cruise of the Caribbean to the New-York Navy Yard.

Thoreau surveyed a Lincoln woodlot for Thomas Brooks and was paid $4.$^{00}$ by George Brooks of Concord. This woodland had burned in 1857.

View Henry Thoreau's personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/137.htm

## GRINDALL REYNOLDS

GRINDALL REYNOLDS

July: The Reverend Grindall Reynolds was installed as minister of the 1st Parish Church in Concord.

The Alcotts moved into the Orchard House.

## 1860

Professor Cornelius Conway Felton succeeded the Reverend James Walker as President of Harvard College.

The Reverend Grindall Reynolds, minister of the 1st Parish Church in Concord, received Harvard's honorary Master of Arts degree.

## NEW "HARVARD MEN"

# 1862

May 9, Friday: In preparing the body, they had placed a wreath of the local Andromeda on its rib cage.


They had missed a fine opportunity: they should also have placed in the body's hand that sprig of wild American crab-apple *Malus angustifolia*, that our guy had just traveled so far to recover.
Against the better judgment of surviving members of the family, Waldo Emerson had insisted that the 3PM funeral service be staged at the 1st Parish Church of Concord from which Henry David Thoreau had resigned.

(The Unitarians got him at last.) H.G.O. Blake and Theophilus Brown came from Worcester. The Unitarian reverend who had been the 1st person to plunk down one dollar and purchase a copy of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS, the Reverend William Rounseville Alger, came out to Concord from Boston specifically to attend (this reverend would demean him as "constantly feeling himself, reflecting himself, fondling himself, reverberating himself, exalting himself, incapable of escaping or forgetting himself"). Nathaniel Hawthorne attended. The Emersons had invited James T. and Annie Fields to their home for dinner. At the funeral, at which the Reverend Grindall Reynolds officiated, Waldo, being the sort of person who can find a way to turn a profit even in the death of a friend, used the opportunity to deliver himself of a judgmental lecture singularly unsuitable as a remembrance upon such an occasion, and, on the church steps after the funeral, he cut a deal with his publisher guest James Thomas Fields for its distribution by Ticknor & Fields as "Thoreau."

Ross/Adams commentary

Emerson's charge of Stoicism

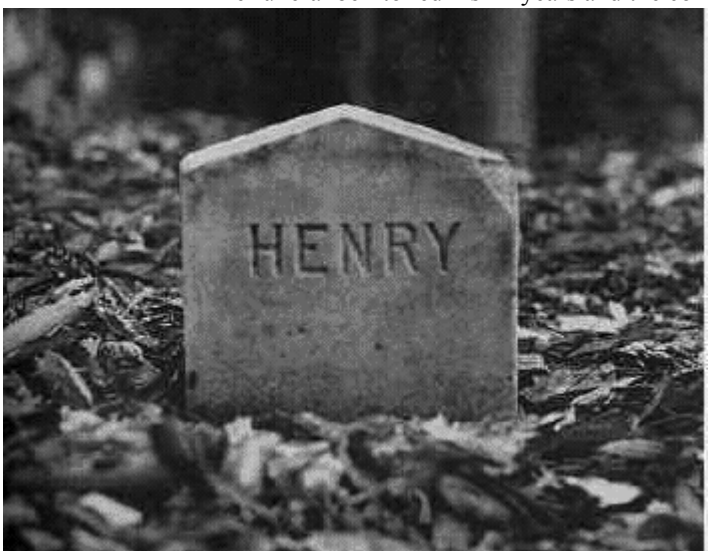
What Emerson should have said:

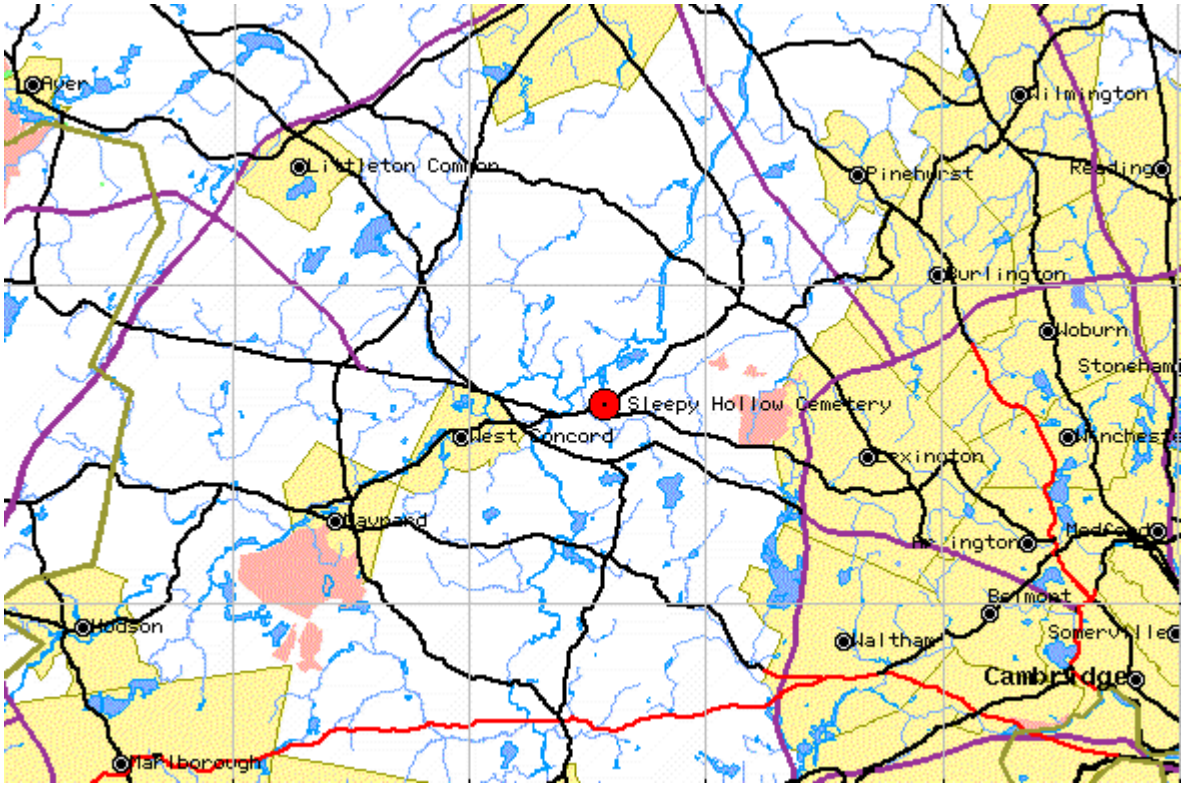
> ***Son of John Thoreau and Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau.***
> ***He helped us to gain our independence,***
> ***instructed us in economy,***
> ***and drew down lightning from the clouds.***

Bronson Alcott, more appropriately, read a few passages from A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS, one of America's first treatises on comparative religion: "Does not that which is within make that which is without also? May we not **see** God?"

> A WEEK: We need pray for no higher heaven than the pure senses can furnish, a **purely** sensuous life. Our present senses are but the rudiments of what they are destined to become. We are comparatively deaf and dumb and blind, and without smell or taste or feeling. Every generation makes the discovery, that its divine vigor has been dissipated, and each sense and faculty misapplied and debauched. The ears were made, not for such trivial uses as men are wont to suppose, but to hear celestial sounds. The eyes were not made for such grovelling uses as they are now put to and worn out by, but to behold beauty now invisible. May we not **see** God? Are we to be put off and amused in this life, as it were with a mere allegory? Is not Nature, rightly read, that of which she is commonly taken to be the symbol merely? When the common man looks into the sky, which he has not so much profaned, he thinks it less gross than the earth, and with reverence speaks of "the Heavens," but the seer will in the same sense speak of "the Earths," and his Father who is in them. "Did not he that made that which is **within**, make that which is **without** also?" What is it, then, to educate but to develop these divine germs called the senses? for individuals and states to deal magnanimously with the rising generation, leading it not into temptation, — not teach the eye to squint, nor attune the ear to profanity. But where is the instructed teacher? Where are the **normal** schools?

The funeral bell tolled his 44 years and the coffin was lowered into a hole in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.[5]




Here is how Professor Scott A. Sandage, in BORN LOSERS: A HISTORY OF FAILURE IN AMERICA, would describe the scene of this day:

> The American Dream died young and was laid to rest on a splendid afternoon in May 1862, when blooming apple trees heralded the arrival of spring. At three o'clock, a bell tolled forty-four

5. Not in the current family plot on Authors Ridge, as in the photo, nor with the current stone. The original stone was red and bore his name and his date of death. When the body was later moved to Authors Ridge, the stone was put with many another stone to be recycled, and used to cover over one or another drainage gutter in the cemetery. It is probably still there somewhere alongside one of the cemetery paths, with its inscription facing downward: "HENRY / MAY 6, 1862."

> times, once for each year of a life cut short. Dismissed from school, three hundred children marched to the funeral under the bright sun. Those with luck and pluck would grow up to transform American capitalism during the Gilded Age. But on this day the scent in the air was not wealth, but wildflowers. Violets dotted the grass outside the First Parish Church. The casket in the vestibule bore a wreath of andromeda and a blanket of flowers that perfumed the sanctuary with the sweetness of spring.
> Townsfolk and visiting notables crowded in to hear the eulogist admit what many had thought all along: the dearly departed had wasted his gifts. Neither a deadbeat nor a drunkard, he was the worst kind of failure: a dreamer. "He seemed born for greatness ... and I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition," the speaker grieved. Rather than an engineer or a great general, "he was the captain of a huckleberry-party." When not picking berries, the deceased had tried his hand at a variety of occupations: teacher, surveyor, pencilmaker, housepainter, mason, farmer, gardener, and writer. Some who congregated that day in Concord, Massachusetts thought it tactless to say such things of Henry Thoreau at his own funeral, however true Mr. Emerson's sermon about his dear friend was: Henry's quirky ambitions hardly amounted to a hill of beans.
> Perhaps no one present fully understood what Ralph Waldo Emerson was saying about ambition, least of all the children fidgeting and daydreaming in the pews. Someday they would rise and fall in the world the sermon presaged, where berry picking was a higher crime than bankruptcy. If a man could fail simply by not succeeding or not striving, then ambition was not an opportunity but an obligation. Following the casket to the grave, stooping here and there to collect petals that wafted from it, the children buried more than the odd little man they had seen in the woods or on the street. Part of the American Dream of success went asunder: the part that gave them any choice in the matter. We live daily with Emerson's disappointment in Thoreau. The promise of America is that nobody is a born loser, but who has never wondered, "Am I wasting my life?" We imagine escaping the mad scramble, yet kick ourselves for lacking drive. Low ambition offends Americans even more than low achievement. How we play the game is the important thing, or so we say. Win or lose, Thoreau taunts us from the dog-eared pages and dogwooded shores of WALDEN: "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." We sprint as much to outrun failure as to catch success. Failure conjures such vivid pictures of lost souls that it is hard to imagine a time, before the Civil War, when the word commonly meant "breaking in business" — going broke. How did it become a name for a deficient self, an identity in the red? Why do we manage identity the way we run a business — by investment, risk, profit, and loss? Why do we calculate failure in lost dreams as much as in lost dollars?

In the summation paragraphs to a general derogation of the author and all his works in 1866 (considering Henry, for example, to have led a life that consisted primarily of "fondling himself"), the Reverend William Rounseville Alger would describe this day's procession, bells, funeral, and interment:

> While we walked in procession up to the church, though the bell tolled the forty-four years he had numbered, we could not deem that *he* was dead whose ideas and sentiments were so vivid in our souls. As the fading image of pathetic clay lay before us, strewn

with wild flowers and forest sprigs, thoughts of its former occupant seemed blent with all the local landscapes. We still recall with emotion the tributary words so fitly spoken by friendly and illustrious lips. The hands of friends reverently lowered the body of the lonely poet into the bosom of the earth, on the pleasant hillside of his native village, whose prospects will long wait to unfurl themselves to another observer so competent to discriminate their features and so attuned to their moods. And now that it is too late for any further boon amidst his darling haunts below,

There will yet his mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover.

Shortly after Henry David Thoreau had been buried, the Emerson family would feel that an adventure in California would assist their son in the slow recovery of his health, and Edward Waldo Emerson would set off on the overland route.

May 10, day: The Bunker-Hill Aurora and Boston Mirror noted Henry Thoreau's demise:

Henry D. Thoreau, a well-known writer and author of Walden, &c. died at Concord, of consumption. The funeral services took place yesterday afternoon at Rev Mr Reynold's church, when a brief eulogistic address was pronounced by Mr Emerson, his friend and neighbor.

REV MR REYNOLDS

Captain Charles Henry Davis's Western Gunboat Flotilla fought a short battle with Confederate ships on the Mississippi River at Plum Point Bend. Caught unready for battle, two of the Union ships were badly damaged and had to be run into shoal water to keep them from sinking. The Confederate vessels escaped with only minor damage.

## 1867

April 19, day: The Concord Soldiers' Monument recording that "The Sons Defended What the Fathers Won" was established in Monument Square upon a pedestal made of a stone from the abutment of the washed-away Old North Bridge. One of the speakers, William Schouler, reminded the crowd that "Six years ago today … our 6th Regiment was attacked in the streets of Baltimore, and the first blood was shed in defense of the American Union as it was, on the same day, in 1775." He insisted that "our boys were good boys" and had not been on their way through Maryland "with their hearts full of hatred."

PATRIOTS' DAY

A prayer was offered by the Reverend Grindall Reynolds of the First Parish, an ode by George Bradford Bartlett was sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," poems were read by Franklin Benjamin Sanborn and Sampson Mason, and there were brief remarks by George S. Boutwell and others. There was an oration by

Waldo Emerson, who had been appointed as one of the overseers of Harvard College: "There are people who can hardly read the names on yonder bronze tablet, the mist so gathers in their eyes. Three of the names are of sons of one family. A gloom gathers on this assembly, composed as it is of kindred men and women, for, in many houses, the dearest and noblest is gone from their hearthstone. Yet it is tinged with light from heaven. A duty so severe has been discharged, and with such immense results of good, lifting private sacrifice to the sublime, that, though the cannon volleys have the sound of funeral echoes, they can yet hear through them the benedictions of their country and mankind." Later (presumably when his address was published by Benjamin Tolman in Concord in CEREMONIES AT THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, IN CONCORD, MASS.) he would add, as an appendix, portions of a letter a Union soldier had written to his father on June 20, 1864 from near Petersburg, Virginia:

> DEAR FATHER:
> With feelings of deep regret, I inform you that Colonel Prescott, our brave and lamented leader, is no more. He was shot through the body, near the heart, on the eighteenth day of June, and died the following morning.... He was like a father to us, — always counselling us to be firm in the path of duty, and setting the example himself. I think a more moral man, or one more likely to enter the kingdom of heaven, cannot be found in the Army of the Potomac.... I wish there was some way for the regiment to pay some respect to his memory. But the folks at home must do this for the present. The Thirty-second Regiment has lost its leader, and calls on the people of Concord to console the afflicted family of the brave departed, by showing their esteem for him in some manner. He was one of the few men who fight for principle, — pure principle. He did not fight for glory, honor nor money but because he thought it his duty. These are not my feelings only, but of the whole regiment. I want you to show this to every one, so they can see what we thought of the Colonel, and how he died in front of his regiment. God bless and comfort his poor family. Perhaps people think soldiers have no feeling, but it is not so. We feel deep anxiety for the families of all our dear comrades.
>
> — Charles Bartlett,
> Sergeant Company G, 32d Mass. Vols.

## 1874

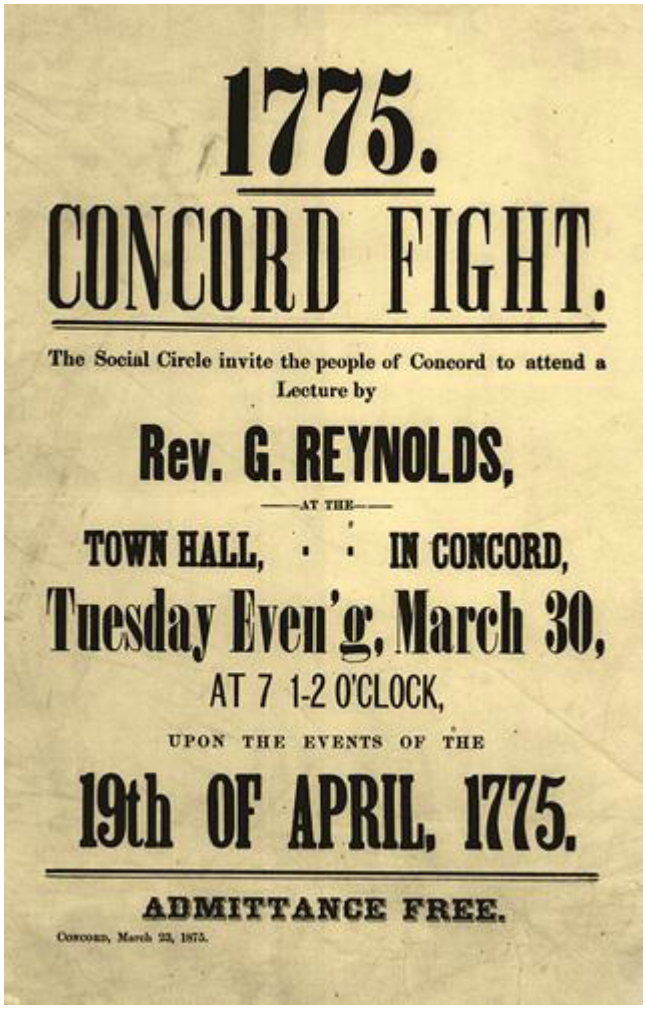
The Reverend Grindall Reynolds stepped down as pastor of the 1st Parish Church in Concord, becoming that congregation's pastor emeritus.

# 1875

March 30, evening: This was the appearance of the Concord Town Hall at this time.

Later in the era of photography, it would look like this:

Inside this structure on this evening, the Reverend Grindall Reynolds would address the people on the ever-popular topic of how wonderful we are:



1775.

CONCORD FIGHT.

The Social Circle invite the people of Concord to attend a Lecture by

Rev. G. REYNOLDS,

—AT THE—

TOWN HALL, · · IN CONCORD,

Tuesday Even'g, March 30,

AT 7 1-2 O'CLOCK,

UPON THE EVENTS OF THE

19th OF APRIL, 1775.

ADMITTANCE FREE.

Concord, March 23, 1875.

April 19: In the Oration Tent, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, the President of the Day, called the assemblage to order by declaiming "Friends and fellow-citizens, in this solemn hour, when the nation enters upon its second century, on the spot which was its birthplace, let us reverently ask God to be with us, as he was with our fathers. The Reverend Grindall Reynolds then offered a prayer:

> Almighty God, Giver of every good, from whose kind providence every blessing and joy, all honor, all greatness, and all success, do proceed, we praise and magnify thy holy name. We rejoice in this bright, beautiful morning, which smiles upon us, as we meet to remember the great, pure, and honorable deeds which have made this spot sacred. We rejoice, in this great presence, that the sons and daughters of this town, from the east and from the west, have gathered together to refresh heart and soul by tearful remembrance and by glad thanksgiving. We rejoice in the presence of this great multitude, who have come up hither from all the towns and states of a great and free country, which has grown up since the day we commemorate. We rejoice in the presence of these citizen soldiers, representatives of the men who came forth from farm-houses, from countingrooms, from all the places of human duty and labor, to offer up their lives a sacrifice to

liberty. We rejoice in the presence of those who have been called to rule over this country, in the presence of him who is the chief magistrate of this great nation, and of all who, in their various places, seek to do their part in executing the laws, in promoting the welfare of the people, and in building this nation up to a greater glory and to a purer righteousness. We thank thee for the memories which we cherish of the plain, simple men, who, not for any worldly honors, but for conscience' sake, and God's sake, confronted the enemy in that hour of fiery trial. And, as we gather to deepen and make sacred these recollections of their courage and sacrifice, we rejoice that thy goodness has blessed their toils, and from a little people built us up to be a great nation. With hearts full of gratitude, we bow, and say, "Not unto us the glory, but unto thy great name, 0 Lord of Hosts." Prepare our hearts for the words which shall be spoken to-day, for the eloquent utterances which the memories and the hopes of the hour shall call forth. Prepare us for the sacred influences which shall steal into our hearts, that, when this day is over, we may return to our homes, here or in distant places, to do our duty, to be good citizens, honestly and nobly to fill our places in the world. And as thy blessing comes to us in the beauty of this morning, may it be with us throughout the day, and may it go with us to our homes. We ask and offer all in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The President of the Day then said, "In the presence of the President and Vice-President of the United States, attended by the Cabinet, in the presence of the Governor, the Executive Council, and the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the presence of the Governor of each of the New England states, we have to-day dedicated a statue to the memory of the first soldiers of the Revolution upon the spot where the first order was given to the soldiers of the people to fire upon the soldiers of the king. In appropriate notice of that act, you will be addressed for a few moments by Mr. Emerson." Waldo Emerson spoke:

FELLOW-CITIZENS,— Ebenezer Hubbard, a farmer who inherited land in this village on which the British troops committed depredation, and who had a deep interest in the history of the raid, erected, many years ago, a flagstaff on his ground, and never neglected to hoist the stars and stripes on the Nineteenth of April, and the Fourth of July. It grieved him deeply that yonder monument, erected by the town in 1836, should have been built on the ground on which the enemy stood in the Concord Fight, instead of on that which the Americans occupied; and he bequeathed in his will one thousand dollars to the town of Concord, on condition that a monument should be erected on the identical ground occupied by our minute-men and militia on that day; and an additional sum of six hundred dollars, on the condition that the town should build a foot-bridge across the river, on the site where the old bridge stood in 1775. The late Mr. Stedman Buttrick having given the necessary piece of land on the other side of the river, the town accepted the legacy of Mn Hubbard, built the bridge, and employed Daniel Chester French to prepare a statue to be erected on the specified spot. Meanwhile the United States Congress gave to this town ten bronze cannon to furnish the artist with fit material to complete his work. The finished statue is before you: it was approved by the town, and to-day it speaks for itself. The sculptor has rightly conceived the proper emblems of the patriot farmer, who, at the morning alarm, left his plough to grasp his gun. He has built no dome over his work, believing that blue sky makes the best canopy. The statue is the first serious work of

our young townsman, who is now in Italy to pursue his profession. In the year 1775, we had many enemies and many friends in England; but our one benefactor was King George the Third. The time had arrived for the political severance of America, that it might play its part in the history of this globe; and the inscrutable Divine Providence gave an insane king to England. In the resistance of the colonies, he alone was immovable on the question of force. England was so dear to us, that the colonies could only be absolutely united by violence from England; and only one man could compel the resort to violence. So the king became insane. Parliament wavered; Lord North wavered; all the ministers wavered; but the king had the insanity of one idea. He was immovable, he insisted on the impossible: so the army was sent, America was instantly united, and the nation born. On the 19th oF April, eight hundred soldiers with hostile purpose were sent hither from Boston: on their way, they made the previous attack on Lexington, then continued their march hither to search for and capture military stores. Three companies were left at this bridge, two of which were drawn back towards the hill close behind us. The number of our -own militia Companies is believed to have been from two hundred and fifty to three hundred men. In some memorable events in history, Nature has seemed to sympathize with Man. We mark in the rude air and the still brown fields of this morning the slow departure of winter; but on the same day of the year 1775, a rare forwardness of the spring is recorded, marked by the fact that "the rye -waved on the 19th of April." Shall we believe that the patriotism of the people was so hot, that it melted the snow? We gladly see among us this morning the representatives of Acton, Bedford, Lincoln, and Carlisle, four towns once included in our town limits, whose citizens were mindful of their mother-town, and used their lives for her on the memorable day we celebrate. Isaac Davis of Acton was the first martyr; Abner Hosmer of Acton, the next. In all noble action, we say 'tis only the first step that costs. Who will carry out the rule of right must take his life in his hand. We have no need to magnify the facts. Only two of our men were killed at the bridge, and four others wounded. But here the British army was first fronted, and driven back; and if only two men, or only one man, had been slain, it was the first victory. The thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground; but the light of it fills the horizon. The British instantly retreated. We had no electric telegraph; but the news of this triumph of the farmers over the King's troops flew through the country, to New York, to Philadelphia, to Kentucky, to the Carolinas, with speed unknown before, and ripened the colonies to inevitable decision. This sharp beginning of real war was followed, sixty days later, by the battle of Bunker Hill; then by General Washington's arrival in Cambridge, and the raising of his redoubts on Dorchester Heights. In ten months and twenty-five days from the death of Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, one hundred and twenty vessels loaded with General Howe and his army (eight thousand men), with all their effects, sailed out of -Boston Harbor never to return. It is a proud and tender story. I challenge any lover of Massachusetts to read the fifty-ninth chapter of Bancroft's History [History of the United States, vol. VIII. chap. 1] without tears of joy."

James Russell Lowell then stood and committed a long poem:

## ODE
## READ AT THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
## OF THE FIGHT AT CONCORD BRIDGE
## 19TH APRIL, 1875

### I

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

### II

She cometh, cometh to-day:
Hark! hear ye not her tread,
Sending a thrill through your clay,
Under the sod there, ye dead,
Her nurslings and champions?
Do ye not hear, as she comes,
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns,
The gathering rote of the drums?
The belts that called ye to prayer,
How wildly they clamor on her,
Crying, 'She cometh! prepare
Her to praise and her to honor,
That a hundred years ago
Scattered here in blood and tears
Potent seeds wherefrom should grow
Gladness for a hundred years!'

### III

Tell me, young men, have ye seen
Creature of diviner mien
For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all endearments haunt,
Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
Smiles that cheer untimely death,
Looks that fortify despair,
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath;
Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare,
Grace of woman ampler blown,
Modesty more debonair,
Younger heart with wit full grown?

Oh for an hour of my prime,
The pulse of my hotter years,
That I might praise her in rhyme
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust,
And made us whatever we are!

## IV

Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is, but round the hem
Crimson stained; and, as to and fro
Her sandals flash, we see on them,
And on her instep veined with blue,
Flecks of crimson, on those fair feet,
High-arched, Diana-like, and fleet,
Fit for no grosser stain than dew:
Oh, call them rather chrisms than stains,
Sacred and from heroic veins!
For, in the glory-guarded pass,
Her haughty and far-shining head
She bowed to shrive Leonidas
With his imperishable dead;
Her, too, Morgarten saw,
Where the Swiss lion fleshed his icy paw;
She followed Cromwell's quenchless star
Where the grim Puritan tread
Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dunbar:
Yea, on her feet are dearer dyes
Yet fresh, nor looked on with untearful eyes.

## V

Our fathers found her in the woods
Where Nature meditates and broods,
The seeds of unexampled things
Which Time to consummation brings
Through life and death and man's unstable moods;
They met her here, not recognized,
A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,
To whose chaste wants her bow sufficed,
Nor dreamed what destinies were hers:
She taught them bee-like to create
Their simpler forms of Church and State;
She taught them to endue
The past with other functions than it knew,
And turn in channels strange the uncertain stream of Fate;
Better than all, she fenced them in their need
With iron-handed Duty's sternest creed,
'Gainst Self's lean wolf that ravens word and deed.

## VI

Why cometh she hither to-day
To this low village of the plain
Far from the Present's loud highway,
From Trade's cool heart and seething brain?
Why cometh she? She was not far away.
Since the soul touched it, not in vain,
With pathos of Immortal gain,

'Tis here her fondest memories stay.
She loves yon pine-bemurmured ridge
Where now our broad-browed poet sleeps,
Dear to both Englands; near him he
Who wore the ring of Canace;
But most her heart to rapture leaps
Where stood that era-parting bridge,
O'er which, with footfall still as dew,
The Old Time passed into the New;
Where, as your stealthy river creeps,
He whispers to his listening weeds
Tales of sublimest homespun deeds.
Here English law and English thought
'Gainst the self-will of England fought;
And here were men (coequal with their fate),
Who did great things, unconscious they were great.
They dreamed not what a die was cast
With that first answering shot; what then?
There was their duty; they were men
Schooled the soul's inward gospel to obey,
Though leading to the lion's den.
They felt the habit-hallowed world give way
Beneath their lives, and on went they,
Unhappy who was last.
When Buttrick gave the word,
That awful idol of the unchallenged Past,
Strong in their love, and in their lineage strong,
Fell crashing; if they heard it not,
Yet the earth heard,
Nor ever hath forgot,
As on from startled throne to throne,
Where Superstition sate or conscious Wrong,
A shudder ran of some dread birth unknown.
Thrice venerable spot!
River more fateful than the Rubicon!
O'er those red planks, to snatch her diadem,
Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang with them,
And over ways untried the feet of Doom strode on.

## VII

Think you these felt no charms
In their gray homesteads and embowered farms?
In household faces waiting at the door
Their evening step should lighten up no more?
In fields their boyish feet had known?
In trees their fathers' hands had set,
And which with them had grown,
Widening each year their leafy coronet?
Felt they no pang of passionate regret
For those unsolid goods that seem so much our own?
These things are dear to every man that lives,
And life prized more for what it lends than gives.
Yea, many a tie, through iteration sweet,
Strove to detain their fatal feet;
And yet the enduring half they chose,
Whose choice decides a man life's slave or king,
The invisible things of God before the seen and known:
Therefore their memory inspiration blows
With echoes gathering on from zone to zone;
For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeful sky,
And, where it lightened once, from age to age,
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,

That length of days is knowing when to die.

## VIII

What marvellous change of things and men!
She, a world-wandering orphan then,
So mighty now! Those are her streams
That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
Of all that does, and all that dreams,
Of all that thinks, and all that feels,
Through spaces stretched from sea to sea;
By idle tongues and busy brains,
By who doth right, and who refrains,
Here are our losses and our gains;
Our maker and our victim she.

## IX

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
We triumphed in thy coming; to the brinks
Our hearts were filled with pride's tumultuous wine;
Better to-day who rather feels than thinks.
Yet will some graver thoughts intrude,
And cares of sterner mood;
They won thee: who shall keep thee? From the deeps
Where discrowned empires o'er their ruins brood,
And many a thwarted hope wrings its weak hands and weeps,
I hear the voice as of a mighty wind
From all heaven's caverns rushing unconfined,
'I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge: I abide
With men whom dust of faction cannot blind
To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind;
With men by culture trained and fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
Fearless to counsel and obey.
Conscience my sceptre is, and law my sword,
Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter;
Implacable as God's word,
Like it, a shepherd's crook to them that blindly err.
Your firm-pulsed sires, my martyrs and my saints,
Offshoots of that one stock whose patient sense
Hath known to mingle flux with permanence,
Rated my chaste denials and restraints
Above the moment's dear-paid paradise:
Beware lest, shifting with Time's gradual creep,
The light that guided shine into your eyes.
The envious Powers of ill nor wink nor sleep;
Be therefore timely wise,
Nor laugh when this one steals, and that one lies,
As if your luck could cheat those sleepless spies,
Till the deaf Fury comes your house to sweep!'
I hear the voice, and unaffrighted bow;
Ye shall not be prophetic now,
Heralds of ill, that darkening fly
Between my vision and the rainbowed sky,
Or on the left your hoarse forebodings croak
From many a blasted bough
On Yggdrasil's storm-sinewed oak,
That once was green, Hope of the West, as thou;
Yet pardon if I tremble while I boast;

For I have loved as those who pardon most.

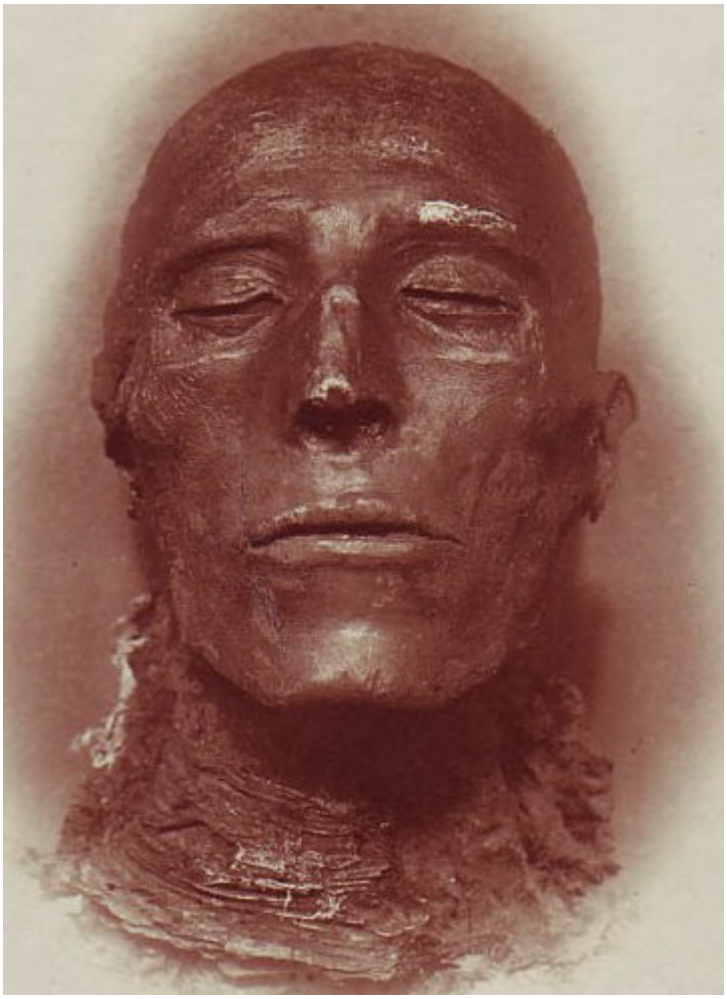
## X

Away, ungrateful doubt, away!
At least she is our own to-day.
Break into rapture, my song,
Verses, leap forth in the sun,
Bearing the joyance along
Like a train of fire as ye run!
Pause not for choosing of words,
Let them but blossom and sing
Blithe as the orchards and birds
With the new coming of spring!
Dance in your jollity, bells;
Shout, cannon; cease not, ye drums;
Answer, ye hillside and dells;
Bow, all ye people! She comes,
Radiant, calm-fronted, as when
She hallowed that April day.
Stay with us! Yes, thou shalt stay.
Softener and strengthener of men,
Freedom, not won by the vain,
Not to be courted in play,
Not to be kept without pain.
Stay with us! Yes, thou wilt stay,
Handmaid and mistress of all,
Kindler of deed and of thought,
Thou that to hut and to hall
Equal deliverance brought!
Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
Touch our dull lips with your fire,
That we may praise without fear
Her our delight, our desire,
Our faith's inextinguishable star,
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust
And makes us deserve to be free!

**1881**

May: The Reverend Grindall Reynolds was elected Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

July 6, day: Egyptian tomb-robber Abd Rassul Ahmed led Emile Brugsch, assistant to the famous French Egyptologist Gaston Camille Charles Maspero, into a tomb his goat had discovered at Deir al Bahri. It was the tomb of Queen Ahmose-Inhapy at Dayr al Bahri, #320 in the Theban Necropolis. The tomb contained some 6,000 funerary objects and 40 sets of human remains, including the mummies of Pharaohs Thutmose III, Rameses II, "Ramses the Great" (1,279 BCE-1,213 BCE), and Menmaatre Seti I.



The tomb of Pharaoh Ramses II, in the Valley of the Kings (#7), having been open in antiquity, had almost completely filled with debris from at least ten major flooding events, and had been re-excavated by Henry Salt (1780-1827) in about 1817 without finding anything of any great significance. It therefore remained for this year 1881, to discover the relocated mummy of this renowned pharaoh.

The Reverend Grindall Reynolds married his daughter Alice Reynolds with the law student Prescott Keyes.

## 1883

February 1: The Reverend Grindall Reynolds's lecture at the Concord Lyceum about the farm on Nawshawtuck Hill, which would become THE STORY OF A CONCORD FARM AND ITS OWNERS (Concord, Mass.? : s.n., 1883).

# 1887

October 21, day: A German protectorate was established over Nauru.

Baluchistan was united with India.

The Reverend Grindall Reynolds read his paper "King Philip's War; with special reference to the attack on Brookfield in August, 1675" before the American Antiquarian Society (refer to his later publication KING PHILIP'S WAR IN HISTORICAL SKETCHES).

METACOM

> My ancestor, Captain Nathaniel Reynolds, was one of the original settlers, who after the war took possession of Mount Hope, the home of the Wampanoags, and named it Bristol.... The whole of Plymouth County was then [1681] settled, except this territory, which was the only spot left uncovered in the western march of English population.... Of this great tract all they [the Wampanoag] retained in 1675 was a little strip, called then Mount Hope, scarcely six miles long and two miles wide. The southern line of English possession had been drawn right across Bristol Neck, enclosing, and almost imprisoning, the tribe in a little peninsula, washed on all sides, except the north, by the waters of Narragansett and Mount Hope bays. As if to emphasize this fact, their neighbors, the people of Swanzey [*sic*], "set up a very substantial fence quite across the great neck."

"KING PHILLIP'S WAR"

In this year the legal genocide against the surviving Narragansett tribespeople of Rhode Island had culminated in the passage of the General Allotment Act, the thrust of which was to grant quite meaningless individual "citizenship" while destroying tribal government.

## GRINDALL REYNOLDS

GRINDALL REYNOLDS

"Denial is an integral part of atrocity, and it's a natural part after a society has committed genocide. First you kill, and then the memory of killing is killed."

— Iris Chang, author of THE RAPE OF NANKING (1997), when the Japanese translation of her work was cancelled by Basic Books due to threats from Japan, on May 20, 1999.

"Historical amnesia has always been with us: we just keep forgetting we have it."

— Russell Shorto

## 1894

September 30, day: Grindall Reynolds died while on vacation in Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire.

The body would be brought home for burial at Sleepy Hollow:

## 1895

The Reverend Grindall Reynolds's A COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL AND OTHER PAPERS, BY REV. GRINDALL REYNOLDS, D.D., TO WHICH ARE ADDED SEVEN OF HIS SERMONS. Concord, Mass., The editor, 1895.

## 1927

November 28, Monday: Alice Reynolds Keyes died.

"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: May 13, 2013

GRINDALL REYNOLDS GRINDALL REYNOLDS

# ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT

## GENERATION HOTLINE


This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, upon someone's request we have pulled it out of the hat of a pirate that has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (depicted above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of data 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 program has obvious

deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology — but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary "writerly" process which 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 your requests with <Kouroo@brown.edu>.
> Arrgh.