

THE REVEREND CHARLES WOLFE




1791

December 14, day: [Charles Wolfe](#) was born in Dublin, [Ireland](#).



1809

 January 16, Monday, noon to 7PM: During the Peninsular War, in a battle in Spain's province of Corunna that is bounded on the north and west by the Atlantic (centered on the port of La Coruña), the British commander, General Sir John Moore, was mortally wounded and command passed to Baird and in due course to Sir John Hope. The battle was a delaying tactic while the British destroyed their stores and extricated themselves by embarking before they could be fully engaged by superior French pursuing forces under General Soult, and is considered by the British despite 2,300 casualties as a victory — because they did indeed succeed in extricating themselves.

CHARLES WOLFE

[Henry Thoreau](#) would not be much impressed by this sort of military obedience unto death:

“RESISTANCE TO CIVIL GOVERNMENT”: Visit the Navy Yard, and behold a marine, such a man as an American government can make, or such as it can make a man with its black arts — a mere shadow and reminiscence of humanity, a man laid out alive and standing, and already, as one may say, buried under arms with funeral accompaniments, though it may be

“Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.”

The mass of men serve the state thus, not as men mainly, but as machines, with their bodies. They are the standing army, and the militia, jailers, constables, posse comitatus, etc. In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the judgment or of the moral sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purpose as well. Such command no more respect than men of straw or a lump of dirt. They have the same sort of worth only as horses and dogs.



Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

2nd day 16th of 1 M / Owing to the badness of the walking occasioned by Yesterdays fall of Snow I left my dearest H to dine alone & took dinner at my fathers - found her at tea as Sweet & pleasant as ever, we sat the eveng together reciprocally enjoying each others company in reading & conversing. Brother Davis gave us a kind call

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



1817

 Ordination of the Reverend [Charles Wolfe](#) and publication of his “The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna,” commemorating the death of the commander of the British forces engaged in the Peninsular War during a battle against the French near La Coruña, Spain on January 16, 1809  (the composition date of this elegy is unknown):

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory.

1823

 February 21, Friday: After holding curacies in County Tyrone, [Charles Wolfe](#) died in Queenstown, County Cork, [Ireland](#).



TO MARY

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:

It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain.

But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.

While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee:

Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,



THE REVEREND

CHARLES WOLFE

And never can restore!



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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



Prepared: August 19, 2013

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.



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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.

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