PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

"ALL CONCORD'S BORN OF CONTRARIES."
–BEN JONSON

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

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

WALDEN: Sometimes, on Sundays, I heard the bells, the Lincoln, Acton, Bedford, or Concord bell, when the wind was favorable, a faint, sweet, and, as it were, natural melody, worth importing into the wilderness. At a sufficient distance over the woods this sound acquires a certain vibratory hum, as if the pine needles in the horizon were the strings of a harp which it swept. All sound heard at the greatest possible distance produces one and the same effect, vibration of the universal lyre, just as the intervening atmosphere makes a distant ridge of earth interesting to our eyes by the azure tint it imparts to it. There came to me in this case a melody which the air had strained, and which had conversed with every leaf and needle of the wood, that portion of the sound which the elements had taken up and modulated and echoed from vale to vale. The echo is, to some extent, an original sound, and therein is the magic and charm of it. It is not merely a repetition of what was worth repeating in the bell, but partly the voice of the wood; the same trivial words and notes sung by a wood-nymph.

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PEOPLE OF WALDEN

BEN JONSON
EURIPIDES
AEOLIAN HARP
WHIPPOORWILL

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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I was also serenaded by a hooting owl. Near at hand you could fancy it the most melancholy sound in Nature, as if she meant by this to stereotype and make permanent in her choir the dying moans of a human being, –some poor weak relic of mortality who has left hope behind, and howls like an animal, yet with human sobs, on entering the dark valley, made more awful by a certain gurgling melodiousness,– I find myself beginning with the letters gl and I try to imitate it, –expressive of a mind which has reached the gelatinous mildewy stage in the mortification of all healthy and courageous thought. It reminded me of ghouls and idiots and insane howlings. But now one answers from far woods in a strain made really melodious by distance, –*Hoo hoo hoo*, *hoorer hoo*; and indeed for the most part it suggested only pleasing associations, whether heard by day or night, summer or winter.

EURIPIDES
SHAKESPEARE
BEN JONSON
COLERIDGE

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

"WALKING": A tanned skin is something more than respectable, and perhaps olive is a fitter color than white for a man — a denizen of the woods. "The pale white man!" I do not wonder that the African pitied him. Darwin the naturalist says "A white man bathing by the side of a Tahitian was like a plant bleached by the gardener's art compared with a fine, dark green one growing vigorously in the open fields."
Ben Jonson exclaims,—
"How near to good is what is fair!"
So I would say—
How near to good is what is wild!
Life consists with Wildness. The most alive is the wildest. Not yet subdued to man, its presence refreshes him. One who pressed forward incessantly and never rested from his labors, who grew fast and made infinite demands on life, would always find himself in a new country or wilderness, and surrounded by the raw material of life. He would be climbing over the prostrate stems of primitive forest trees.

CHARLES DARWIN
BEN JONSON

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II
LOVE FREED FROM IGNOR ...

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

During the winter of 1846/1847, Henry Thoreau was paying attention to hooting around his shanty on Walden Pond. When other birds had fallen silent in the darkness, the screech owl Eastern Screech-Owl *Otus asio*, smallest of the horned owls, would breach the silence "like mourning women their ancient *u-lu-lu*." This "dismal scream" Henry considered to be "truly Ben Jonsonian." At the time he put this sort of musing into his journal:

> Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt *tu-whit tu-who* of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the wood-side, reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, no expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in their scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then *–that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and *–bor-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

The Eastern Screech Owl has a different call from the Western and the male of this species calls at a lower pitch than the female. During the mating and nesting season the male has been described as issuing, at various intervals, an eerie, mellow, muted trill lasting 2-3 seconds, made up of about 35 notes. What the male's call seems to indicate, to a female of the species, is roughly this: "I am the nearby proud possessor of a suitable nest cavity in which –if first you solicit my permission through adequate billing and preening– you may shelter your eggs. I'm a big tough guy who might be anticipated to bring many limp mouse sacrifices for the gaping maws of our ravenous fledglings."

Our task here is to consider, not what female screech owls make of the vocalizations of males of their species, but what there might be about the works of the human playwright Ben Jonson, and in particular what precisely there might be about the play *The Masque of Owles*, or the play *The Masque of Queens*, plays he wrote in collaboration with Inigo Jones which were performed at the English court in 1608 and 1609 respectively, that would cause Henry to describe the night hoots of the screech owls around Walden Pond as truly "Ben Jonsonian."

In asking ourselves what Henry David Thoreau had intended, by describing the nighttime hooting of the male Eastern screech owl as "Ben Jonsonian," we can take for granted that our Henry had made himself very familiar with the contents of the 6-volume set of THE WORKS OF BEN JONSON that Waldo Emerson had in his library in Concord. About all I have been able to come up with to date, however, as an explanation for this ascription, since I have not myself read or seen performed any of Jonson's plays, is the raw factoid that some of these plays have down through the years been critiqued as suffering from "an inner poverty in the humanities of the heart." I note that Samuel Taylor Coleridge, for instance, has commented that "there is no goodness of heart in any of the prominent characters" created by this playwright. –We may note that Jonson is the guy who had killed a fellow playwright in a duel to the death with swords, who had opinioned that "All concord's born of contraries," a man who evidently took a very Hegelian or very Social Darwinist or very British attitude toward the necessity and the appropriateness of the internecine struggling of our species.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1572

June 11, Wednesday (Old Style): On approximately this day Ben Jonson was born, as a son of a clergyman recently deceased. His stepfather would be a bricklayer, and after receiving an education at Westminster School from the classical scholar William Camden, he would be indentured into this stepfather's trade. He would escape this by enlisting, and would serve in Flanders.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1582

March 3, Sunday (1582, Old Style): Edward Herbert was born at Eyton, Shropshire, the 1st son of Richard Herbert (*circa* 1554-1596), Sheriff of Montgomeryshire and member of Parliament, and Magdalen Herbert (later Lady Danvers), a patron of John Donne and other literary lights. Lord Herbert would confide in his autobiography that he has sweet-smelling sweat and married women find him so irresistible that they keep portraits of him between their breasts. Donne would be said by Ben Jonson to have supposed Herbert's poetry to be over-complex, threatening to write a poem about Prince Henry that "match'd Sir Edward Herbert in obscurity." Herbert would become, in the Robert Burton sense, the personification of melancholy.

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

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1592

At this point the young English soldier Ben Jonson was able to return from Flanders.

NO-ONE'S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1594

November 14: Ben Jonson and Anne Lewis were wed.

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.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1596

November 25, Thursday (Old Style): Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humor" was 1st acted (it would not be printed until 1601). In Act III, Scene 2, Bobadilla argued on behalf of tobacco, while Cob argued against substance abuse.

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1597

At this point we know from a preserved document that Ben Jonson was an actor and playwright of the theatrical company of Philip Henslowe in London. He had been involved in a satire entitled *The Isle of Dogs*, which had been declared seditious, and had therefore been briefly imprisoned.[1]

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

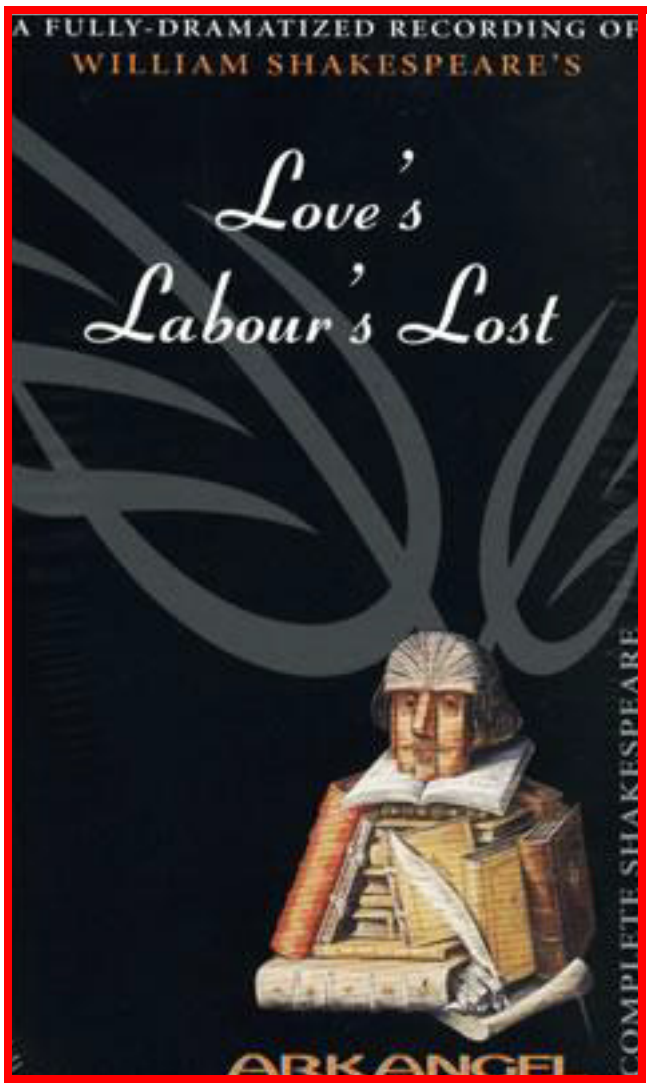
1. We don't have this play, so we can't now determine how bad it actually was.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1598

Publication of *Love's Labour's Lost*, one of William Shakespeare's earlier plays, probably written in 1594/1595. This production would be classified as a comedy in the First Folio although it does not like his other comedies end with a marriage, since it offers witty exchanges between the characters and does not have a sad ending. Henry Thoreau would make reference to it in WALDEN by deploying the phrase "tu-whit tu-who" when describing the vocalizations of the owls at Walden Pond:



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THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

September 22, Friday (Old Style): The 2d play by Ben Jonson of which we presently have knowledge, *Every Man in His Humour*, had been performed by the Lord Chamberlain's Men at the Globe Theatre, with William Shakespeare in the cast. The author had become something of a celebrity. On this day he and a fellow actor, Gabriel Spencer, fought a duel to the death in the Fields at Shoreditch and, despite the fact that Spencer's blade was ten inches longer, Jonson won. He would stand trial at Old Bailey for murder and would escape the death penalty only by benefit of clergy (which means, he was spared as one knowing how to read and write, an ancient privilege in Britain). During his imprisonment he would convert to Roman Catholicism. Eventually released from prison forfeit of all possessions, his thumb would be branded to mark him as a felon.

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1599

Richard Barnfield's THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM appeared, featuring the words "By W. Shakespeare" on the title-page. The volume contained 20 poems but only 5 had actually been authored by William Shakespeare, the bulk of the book being Barnfield's own.

WE ARE CONFIDENT WE HAVE NO IDEA WHATEVER
WHAT WILL SHAKESPEARE MIGHT HAVE LOOKED LIKE.

The Globe Theatre was built outside London, and the first play produced there was *Julius Caesar*, by a playwright who was named (or was presenting himself as) Shakespeare. The reception of Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour* was not, however, as good as had been expected.

WE ARE CONFIDENT WE DO KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT BEN JONSON LOOKED LIKE.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1600

Ben Jonson's play CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

At about this point the commoner poet Samuel Daniel became tutor to Lady Anne Clifford, daughter of the Countess of Cumberland. On the death of Edmund Spenser he was benefited with the somewhat vague office of Poet Laureate, which it seems however he would relinquish in favor of Jonson. Whether it was on this occasion is not known, but about this time, and at the recommendation of his brother-in-law, Giovanni Florio, he was taken into favor at court and wrote A PANEGYRICKE CONGRATULATORIE in ottava rima, which was offered to King James at Burleigh Harrington in Rutland.

The Poets Laureate of England

1591-1599	Edmund Spenser
1599-1619	Samuel Daniel
1619-1637	Ben Jonson
1638-1668	William Davenant
1670-1689	John Dryden
1689-1692	Thomas Shadwell
1692-1715	Nahum Tate
1715-1718	Nicholas Rowe
1718-1730	Laurence Eusden
1730-1757	Colley Cibber
1758-1785	William Whitehead
1785-1790	Thomas Warton
1790-1813	Henry James Pye
1813-1843	Robert Southey
1843-1850	William Wordsworth
1850-1892	Alfred Lord Tennyson
1896-1913	Alfred Austin
1913-1930	Robert Bridges
1930-1967	John Masefield
1967-1972	Cecil Day-Lewis
1972-1984	Sir John Betjeman
1984-1998	Ted Hughes
1999-	Andrew Motion

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1601

Ben Jonson's play *The Poetaster*, in which he satirically attacked other English dramatists of his period, Thomas Dekker and John Marston. Dekker and Marston retaliated in their *Satiromastix.* The "War of the Theatres" had begun.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1603

Ben Jonson's classical tragedy *Sejanus, His Fall*, treating of dictatorship but supposedly in a Roman setting, caused him to be called before the Privy Council on charges of "popery and treason."

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1604

Ben Jonson collaborated with Thomas Dekker, a playwright whom he had previously satirized, on a piece titled *The King's Entertainment* and with John Marston, whom he had previously satirized, and George Chapman on a piece titled *Eastward Ho*. Marston and Chapman would briefly be imprisoned on account of controversial views ("something against the Scots") that had been expressed, and Jonson would voluntarily accompany them into prison.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1605

Francis Beaumont's commendatory verses to Ben Jonson's VOLPONE.

January 6, Sunday (1604, Old Style): Since he was a convert to Roman Catholicism, Ben Jonson would be falling under suspicion after the exposure of the Gunpowder Plot involving Guy Fawkes. He had begun at this point, nevertheless, to write masques for the entertainment of the court of King James I. The earliest of his masques, *The Satyr,* was given on this date at Althorpe, and we suppose that Jonson's appointment as Court Poet must have followed shortly after this success. He would collaborate on *Masque of Blacknesse* with Inigo Jones, English architect and set designer. In this year and the following one, there would be performances of Jonson's *Volpone, or The Fox* (a comedy which would see publication in 1607).

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

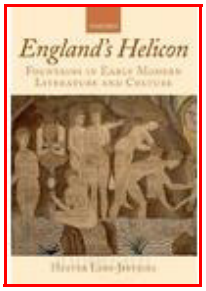
PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1607

After graduating from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Edmund Mary Bolton had been living in London at the Inner Temple and writing occasional verse, contributing poems to ENGLAND'S HELICON and commendatory verses to William Camden's *BRITANNIA*. He also contributed commendatory verses in regard to Ben Jonson's VOLPONE, OR THE FOX, a satire about the rising mercantile class which had been being performed already for several years and was published in this year.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1608

Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones created *The Masque of Owles* and *Masque of Beauty.*

LONDON

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1609

Ben Jonson's *Epicoene: or, The Silent Woman*. Jonson collaborated with Inigo Jones on *Masque of Queens*.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Samuel Daniel's THE CIVILE WARES BETWEENE THE TWO HOUSES OF LANCASTER AND YORKE was complete in eight books.

George Chapman and Ben Jonson were imprisoned for having authored (with John Marston, who was not imprisoned) EASTWARD HOE, a play found by King James I to be offensive to Scots such as himself.

JAMES I

The leaves containing the passage that had given offence were cancelled and reprinted, but here is what had been said in Act iii, Scene 2: *"Only a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on 't, in the world, than they are. And for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there* [Virginia]*; for we are all one countrymen now, ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here."*

> Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.[2]
> Light gains make heavy purses.
> 'T is good to be merry and wise.
>
> — EASTWARD HOE. Act i. Sc. 1.

> Make ducks and drakes with shillings.
>
> — EASTWARD HOE. Act i. Sc. 1.

> Enough 's as good as a feast.[3]
>
> — EASTWARD HOE. Act iii. Sc. 2.

> Fair words never hurt the tongue.
>
> — EASTWARD HOE. Act iv. Sc. 1.

> Let pride go afore, shame will follow after.
>
> — EASTWARD HOE. Act iv. Sc. 1.

> I will neither yield to the song of the siren nor the voice of the hyena, the tears of the crocodile nor the howling of the wolf.
>
> — EASTWARD HOE. Act v. Sc. 1.

2. This would be accessed by Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard."
3. Dives and Pauper (1493). Gascoigne: Memories (1575). Henry Fielding: Covent Garden Tragedy, act ii. sc. 6. Isaac Bickerstaff: Love in a Village, act iii. sc. 1.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

WALDEN: Sometimes, on Sundays, I heard the bells, the Lincoln, Acton, Bedford, or Concord bell, when the wind was favorable, a faint, sweet, and, as it were, natural melody, worth importing into the wilderness. At a sufficient distance over the woods this sound acquires a certain vibratory hum, as if the pine needles in the horizon were the strings of a harp which it swept. All sound heard at the greatest possible distance produces one and the same effect, vibration of the universal lyre, just as the intervening atmosphere makes a distant ridge of earth interesting to our eyes by the azure tint it imparts to it. There came to me in this case a melody which the air had strained, and which had conversed with every leaf and needle of the wood, that portion of the sound which the elements had taken up and modulated and echoed from vale to vale. The echo is, to some extent, an original sound, and therein is the magic and charm of it. It is not merely a repetition of what was worth repeating in the bell, but partly the voice of the wood; the same trivial words and notes sung by a wood-nymph.

At evening, the distant lowing of some cow in the horizon beyond the woods sounded sweet and melodious, and at first I would mistake it for the voices of certain minstrels by whom I was sometimes serenaded, who might be straying over hill and dale; but soon I was not unpleasantly disappointed when it was prolonged into the cheap and natural music of the cow. I do not mean to be satirical, but to express my appreciation of those youths' singing, when I state that I perceived clearly that it was akin to the music of the cow, and they were at length one articulation of Nature.

Regularly at half past seven, in one part of the summer, after the evening train had gone by, the whippoorwills chanted their vespers for half an hour, sitting on a stump by my door, or upon the ridge pole of the house. They would begin to sing almost with as much precision as a clock, within five minutes of a particular time, referred to the setting of the sun, every evening. I had a rare opportunity to become acquainted with their habits. Sometimes I heard four or five at once in different parts of the wood, by accident one a bar behind another, and so near me that I distinguished not only the cluck after each note, but often that singular buzzing sound like a fly in a spider's web, only proportionally louder. Sometimes one would circle round and round me in the woods a few feet distant as if tethered by a string, when probably it was near its eggs. They sang at intervals throughout the night, and were again as musical as ever just before and about dawn.

BEN JONSON
EURIPIDES
AEOLIAN HARP
WHIPPOORWILL

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

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PEOPLE OF WALDEN

When other birds are still the screech owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient *u-lu-lu*. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt *tu-whit tu-who* of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the wood-side, reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, no expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in their scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been* bor-r-r-r-n! sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then –that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n! echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and –bor-r-r-r-n! comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

I was also serenaded by a hooting owl. Near at hand you could fancy it the most melancholy sound in Nature, as if she meant by this to stereotype and make permanent in her choir the dying moans of a human being, –some poor weak relic of mortality who has left hope behind, and howls like an animal, yet with human sobs, on entering the dark valley, made more awful by a certain gurgling melodiousness,– I find myself beginning with the letters gl and I try to imitate it, –expressive of a mind which has reached the gelatinous mildewy stage in the mortification of all healthy and courageous thought. It reminded me of ghouls and idiots and insane howlings. But now one answers from far woods in a strain made really melodious by distance, –*Hoo hoo hoo*, *hoorer hoo*; and indeed for the most part it suggested only pleasing associations, whether heard by day or night, summer or winter.

EURIPIDES
SHAKESPEARE
BEN JONSON
COLERIDGE

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

I rejoice that there are owls. Let them do the idiotic and maniacal hooting for men. It is a sound admirably suited to swamps and twilight woods which no day illustrates, suggesting a vast and undeveloped nature which men have not recognized. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have. All day the sun has shone on the surface of some savage swamp, where the double spruce stands hung with usnea lichens, and small hawks circulate above, and the chicadee lisps amid the evergreens, and the partridge and rabbit skulk beneath; but now a more dismal and fitting day dawns, and a different race of creatures awakes to express the meaning of Nature there.

Late in the evening I heard the distant rumbling of wagons over bridges,-a sound heard farther than almost any other at night, –the baying of dogs, and sometimes again the lowing of some disconsolate cow in a distant barn-yard. In the mean while all the shore rang with the trump of bullfrogs, the sturdy spirits of ancient wine-bibbers and wassailers, still unrepentant, trying to sing a catch in their Stygian lake, –if the Walden nymphs will pardon the comparison, for though there are almost no weeds, there are frogs there,– who would fain keep up the hilarious rules of their old festal tables, though their voices have waxed hoarse and solemnly grave, mocking at mirth, and the wine has lost its flavor, and become only liquor to distend their paunches, and sweet intoxication never comes to drown the memory of the past, but mere saturation and waterloggedness and distention. The most aldermanic, with his chin upon a heart-leaf, which serves for a napkin to his drooling chaps, under this northern shore quaffs a deep draught of the once scorned water, and passes round the cup with the ejaculation *tr-r-r-oonk*, *tr-r-r-oonk*, *tr-r-r-oonk!* and straightway comes over the water from some distant cove the same password repeated, where the next in seniority and girth has gulped down to his mark; and when this observance has made the circuit of the shores, then ejaculates the master of ceremonies, with satisfaction, *tr-r-r-oonk*! and each in his turn repeats the same down to the least distended, leakiest, and flabbiest paunched, that there be no mistake; and then the bowl goes round again and again, until the sun disperses the morning mist, and only the patriarch is not under the pond, but vainly bellowing *troonk* from time to time, and pausing for a reply.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1610

Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*. At this point the playwright, who had become a Roman Catholic while in prison, converted back to Anglicism.

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1614

Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair.*

March: Sir William Alexander and Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden met at Menstrie House. These two Scots poets would become lifelong intimate friends.

It was perhaps in this year that Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden of Hawthornden authored his "Icarus," from which Henry Thoreau would recycle into his lyceum lectures, and then eventually into his volume WALDEN, fragments of the one line "For still the shore my brave attempt resounds":

> WALDEN: No, no; if the fairest features of the landscape are to be named after men, let them be the noblest and worthiest men alone. Let our lakes receive as true names at least as the Icarian Sea, where "still the shore" a "brave attempt resounds."

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

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The storyline of this myth is that King Minos, the richest man, feared that the architect who had just designed an impenetrable Labyrinth for him, Daedalus, might reveal the secret pathway, and so had imprisoned the architect and his son Icarus in a high tower. The architect collected stray pigeon feathers from the windowsill and bound them with wax, creating wings. As Daedalus and Icarus made their escape, the father had urged his son to stay safely close to the ground, but Icarus could not resist his impulse to soar into the heavens. When the heat of the sun melted the wax, Icarus plunged into the sea and drowned. Here is the myth as depicted by Virgil Solis in 1569:

Icarus.

WHile with audatious Wings
I cleav'd thoſe airie Wayes,
And fill'd (a Monster new) with Dread and Feares
The feathered People and their Eagle Kings:
Dazell'd with Phœbus *Rayes,*
And charmed with the Muſicke of the Spheares,
When Pennes could moue no more, and Force did faile,
I meaſur'd with a fall that loftie Bounds:
Yet doth Renowne my Loſſes counteruaile,
For ſtill the Shore my braue Attempt reſounds.
A Sea, an Element doth beare my Name,
What Mortalls Tombe's *ſo great in Place or Fame.*

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Below is a bronze piece made out of a bust of foolish Icarus done in plaster in 1894 by Charles Grafly. The artist depicts his subject at the critical moment as the bands around his arms loosen and he is realizing that he should have paid attention to his dad and has doomed himself instantly to plummet from the sky to his death. "Oh shit, I'm toast!" *Ooooooooooooo-splat!* Instead of a whole life as a human being there will be only this distant splash noise and then only the echoes of this minor splash and then only food for the fishes and whatever aesthetic memorialization of a splash, and "that's all she wrote" for young Icarus!

For a number of modern poems about Icarus, and illustrations:

http://www.eaglesweb.com/IMAGES/icarus.htm

So, whatever possessed Henry Thoreau, that he inserted a reference to such goings-on into his WALDEN? Was he merely littering his text with the usual classical "litterary" allusions? Is this supposed to be throwaway stuff?

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I take it to be the usual interpretation which is now placed upon this reference in standard literary scholarship, that it's throwaway stuff. For instance, in a recent effort to "fully annotate" Thoreau's work, yes, "fully annotate," the full annotator has satisfied himself by reciting the legend of Daedalus and Icarus and by indicating the source line in the source poem by the source poet, the Cavalier Poet Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden. Having done that, he's through, he's moved on. Basically, by "explaining" the passage **he's thrown it away**.

That's it, that's everything, and, I admit, that would indeed be everything that might be learned here — **if and only if** you grant the presumption that what Henry was up to was, **all** that Henry was up to was, that he was dropping the usual sort of casual literary allusions here and there into his oeuvre — he was merely sexing up his text with high-classy stuff and proving that he was a well-read, upper-crust kinda guy! Castles! Classical myths! Comfortable Cavalier poets inordinately proud of their remote family blood ties with royalty!

Well, I think not. That is indeed a poor reader's reaction to WALDEN.

Take a look at the life of this Cavalier poet dude, Sir William. Who the hell was he? He was an upper-crust dude who never did a lick of work in his life and took what we might appropriately term a cavalier attitude toward that fact, who had inherited a life of sheer privilege in a rural castle/palace in one of the most bucolic setting of Scotland and who lived there in nice retirement while pursuing his cultural interests and cultivating his upward-mobility friends. He was Henry on Walden Pond writ larger than life. He was Henry in the shanty but flying high rather than flying under everybody's radar. Instead of a pretend bucolic setting with the smells left by a dead horse and the pottery shards left by a defunct kiln, a pretend bucolic setting past which the railroad went choo-choo-choo, this guy had himself a real multi-thousand-acre estate of prime stuff with a grand palace that looks like a castle — with not a choo-choo anywhere on the romantic horizon. On the next screen this setting appears as drawn and etched by David Law (1831-1901).

Well, what's not to like about this? Wouldn't we all like to live in idle bucolic luxury at Hawthornden and have people suck up on us? Waldo Emerson would surely have appreciated being able to have this sort of life of high status and high visibility, rubbing shoulders with the plentiful kin of the royals as well as with literary lions of the highest prestige, such as Ben Jonson himself for one fine example! –And, perhaps, this would have been Frederick Douglass's dream life as well. Evidently, however, this would not have been Henry's dream life, I submit, else he would not have selected this one line he did select, "For still the shore my brave attempt resounds," about the splash made by the fall of the foolish Icarus, that one line with which to represent this prolific if cavalier poet. Can you spell irony? What Henry was suggesting, I think, was that a guy like Drummond, although he was having himself a very nice existence and white sugar on the table, and writing really classy and publishable if forgettable poetry, was flying too high. He was consuming more than his share of the world's overhead. This world is in fact not some magic kingdom but instead is a world of injustice, one in which living that sort of very nice existence in that sort of very nice castle/palace in that sort of very nice and bucolic setting cannot be accomplished without complicity, and guilt. It would inevitably be causing

someone else somewhere else to live in misery. The Scott colliers, with black-smudged faces down in their pit, the Negro slaves in the West Indies, chopping cane under the sun, they're the invisible forgotten bottom part of a necessary system of exploitation that is the only way this sort of high-life ever becomes possible. But, the hoighty toity dudes are flying too close to the sun and eventually their wax will need to melt (as in, for instance, the English Revolution). Better by far it would be for them to be building their low-rent shanties on some low-rent pond and devoting their lives to their scholarship without having any ridiculously excessive impact upon the lives of others — but the Drummonds and the Emersons of the world are never going to recognize that as fact.

OK, that's how **I** unpack this reference in WALDEN. (Your mileage may vary.)

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BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

SCOTLAND

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1616

Ben Jonson's work were published in folio, an unprecedented honor. Despite the fact that his current comedy, *The Devil is an Ass,* was flopping at the box office, he became poet laureate of England and recipient of a substantial pension.

POET LAUREATE

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

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1617

Robert Herrick graduated from St John's College of Cambridge University.

He would become one of the groupies of the "Sons of Ben" that admired the works of Ben Jonson, and would himself create at least five poems in honor of that Poet Laureate of England.

Our Hero

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

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1618

It was in about this year that Edmund Mary Bolton prepared *HYPERCRITICA*, a short critical treatise valuable for its notices of contemporary authors such as Ben Jonson. This was intended as a kind of prologemonon to a most ambitious project consisting in an entire rewrite of the history of Britain based only on the originary source documents. *HYPERCRITICA* would not be published until after Bolton's death and the projected entire rewrite of English history would of course not occur.

Winter: At about 45 years of age, despite the trepidations of Lord Francis Bacon, Ben Jonson set out on foot for a tour of the home of his ancestors, Scotland. During his walking pilgrimage he honored Sir William Drummond with a visit to his magic-kingdom Hawthornden estate. Jonson's frankly offered judgment of his host's poems would be that they "were all good, especially his epitaph on prince Henry; save, that they smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the times: for a child, said he, may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verses, in running; —yet, that he wished for pleasing the king, that piece of Forth Feasting[4] had been his own."

Jonson was on a roll. Upon his return, he would receive an honorary Master of Arts degree from Oxford University, and would be asked to lecture on rhetoric at Gresham College, London.

4. This "Forth Feasting" had been offered by Sir William as a panegyric to King James VI on the visit with which that monarch had favored his native land in the previous year.

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1625

Ben Jonson's *The Staple of News.*

1626

April 9, Sunday (Old Style): One day in March, while Sir Francis Bacon had been out for a ride in his carriage in a district to the north of greater London, Highgate, he had been seized by an impulse to discover whether snow would delay the process of putrefaction in a chicken he purchased, and so he had his driver stop the carriage along the road so he could stuff the chicken full of snow. From this experiment he evidently caught a chill which had led to bronchitis, and so he died on this date at the age of 65.[5]

COOLNESS

What follows is a series of five evaluations of this dead man, initially by Ben Jonson, subsequently by Arthur Wilson, then by Thomas Fuller, then by William Rawley, and finally by Austin Meredith (yours truly Q.B.S.M.Y.P.):

SIR FRANCIS BACON.
Lord Keeper 1617. Lord Chancellor 1618.
Baron Verulam 1618, and Viscount St. Albans 1621.
Born 1561. Died 1626.

By BEN JONSON.

[Sidenote: *Dominis Verulanus*.]

One, though hee be excellent, and the chiefe, is not to bee imitated alone. For never no Imitator, ever grew up to his *Author*; likenesse is alwayes on this side Truth: Yet there hapn'd, in my time, one noble *Speaker*, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, (where hee could spare, or passe by a jest) was nobly *censorious*. No man ever spake more neatly, more presly, more weightily, or suffer'd lesse emptinesse, lesse idlenesse, in what hee utter'd. No member of his speech, but consisted of the owne graces: His hearers could not cough, or looke aside from him, without losse. Hee commanded where hee spoke; and had his Judges angry, and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The feare of every man that heard him, was, lest hee should make an end.

SIR FRANCIS BACON.
By ARTHUR WILSON.

Not long after comes the great *Lord Chancellor Bacon* to a *Censure*, for the most *simple*, and *ridiculous follies*, that ever

5. With this incident on the record, it seems hardly plausible that a gentleman in 1847's Baltimore would have been the first to succeed in extending the pantry shelflife of meats by keeping them chilled, as reported in Scientific American. Which reminds me of a newspaper cartoon in the "BC" series. If you remember, Johnny Hart had been running in 1987 a long series of jokes based around a boulder labeled "Patent Office." In this series, various cavemen approach the caveman leaning on this rock and attempt to patent various devices. In the instance dated 8/22/1987 a caveman with glasses approaches the attendant of the "Patent Office" rock in an attempt to patent a bulletin board. The rejoinder he gets is "Bulletin boards have already been invented." To which he responds "The kind that keeps food cold?"

entred into the *heart* of a *Wise man*. He was the true *Emblem* of *humane frailty*, being *more* than a man in some things, and less than a *woman* in others. His *crime* was *Briberie*, and *Extortion* (which the King hinted at in his Speech, when he *facetiously* sayd, *He thought the Lords had bribed the Prince to speak well of them*) and these he had often condemned others for as a *Judge*, which now he comes to suffer for as a *Delinquent*: And they were proved, & aggravated against him with so many *circumstances*, that they fell very *fouly* on him, both in *relation* to his *Reception* of them, and his expending of them: For that which he raked in, and scrued for one way, he scattered and threw abroad another; for his Servants, being young, prodigall and expensive Youths, which he kept about him, his Treasure was their common Store, which they took without stint, having free accesse to his most retired Privacies; and his indulgence to them, and familiarity with them, opened a *gap* to infamous *Reports*, which left an unsavoury *Tincture* on him; for where such *Leeches* are, there must be *putrid bloud* to fill their *craving Appetites*. His *gettings* were like a *Prince*, with a strong hand; his *expences* like a *Prodigall*, with a weak head; and 'tis a wonder a man of his Noble, and Gallant Parts, that could fly so high above *Reason*, should fall so far below it; unlesse that *Spirit* that *acted* the first, were too proud to stoop, to see the *deformities* of the last. And as he affected his men, so his Wife affected hers: Seldome doth the Husband deviate one way, but the Wife goeth another. These things came into the *publique mouth*, and the *Genius* of the *Times* (where *malice* is not *corrivall*) is the great *Dictator* of all *Actions*: For *innocency* it self is a *crime*, when *calumny* sets her mark upon it. How prudent therefore ought men to be, that not so much as their *garments* be defiled with the *sour breath* of the *Times*!

This poor *Gentleman*, mounted above *pity*, fell down below it: His *Tongue*, that was the glory of his time for *Eloquence*, (that tuned so many sweet *Harrangues*) was like a forsaken *Harp*, hung upon the *Willows*, whilst the *waters* of *affliction* overflowed the *banks*. And now his high-flying *Orations* are humbled to *Supplications*,...

* * * * *

He was of a *middling stature*, his countenance had in-dented with *Age* before he was old; his *Presence* grave and comely; of a high-flying and lively *Wit*, striving in some things to be rather admired than understood, yet so quick and easie where he would express himself, and his *Memory* so strong and active, that he appeared the *Master* of a large and plenteous *store-house* of *Knowledge*, being (as it were) *Natures Midwife*, stripping her *Callou-brood*, and clothing them in new *Attire*. His *Wit* was quick to the last; for *Gondemar* meeting him the *Lent* before his *Censure*, and hearing of his *Miscarriages*, thought to pay him with his *Spanish Sarcasms* and *Scoffs*, saying, *My Lord, I wish you a good Easter; And you my Lord*, replyed the *Chancellor*, *a*

good Passeover: For he could neither close with his *English Buffonerie*, nor his *Spanish Treaty* (which *Gondemar* knew) though he was so wise as publiquely to oppose neither. *In fine, he was a fit Jewel to have beautified, and adorned a flourishing Kingdom, if his flaws had not disgraced the lustre that should have set him off.*

SIR FRANCIS BACON.
By THOMAS FULLER.

[Sidenote: An essay at his character.]

None can character him to the life, save himself. He was *in parts*, more than a Man, who in any Liberal profession, might be, whatsoever he would himself. A great Honourer of *antient Authors*, yet a great Deviser and Practiser of new waies in Learning. Privy Counsellor, as to King JAMES, so to *Nature* it self, diving into many of her abstruse Mysteries. New conclusions he would *dig out* with *mattocks* of *gold & silver*, not caring what his experience cost him, expending on the *Trials of Nature*, all and more than he got by the *Trials at the Barre*, Posterity being the better for his, though he the worse for his own, dear experiments. He and his Servants had *all in common*, the *Men* never wanting what their *Master* had, and thus what came *flowing* in unto him, was sent *flying* away from him, who, in giving of rewards knew no *bounds*, but the *bottome* of his own purse. Wherefore when King James heard that he had given *Ten pounds* to an *under-keeper*, by whom He had sent him a *Buck*, the King said merrily, *I and He shall both die Beggars*, which was condemnable Prodigality in a *Subject*. He lived many years after, and in his Books will ever survive, in the reading whereof, modest Men commend him, in what they doe, condemn themselves, in what they doe not understand, as believing the fault in their own eyes, and not in the object.

SIR FRANCIS BACON.
By WILLIAM RAWLEY.

He was no *Plodder* upon *Books*; Though he read much; And that, with great Judgement, and Rejection of Impertinences, incident to many *Authours*: For he would ever interlace a *Moderate Relaxation* of His *Minde*, with his *Studies*; As *Walking*; Or *Taking* the *Aire abroad* in his *Coach*; or some other befitting *Recreation*: And yet he would *loose* no *Time*, In as much as upon his *First* and *Immediate Return*, he would fall to *Reading* again: And so suffer no *Moment* of *Time* to Slip from him, without some present *Improvement*.

His *Meales* were *Refections*, of the *Eare*, as well as of the *Stomack*: Like the *Noctes Atticæ*; or *Convivia Deipno-Sophistarum*; Wherein a Man might be refreshed, in his *Minde*, and *understanding*, no lesse then in his *Body*. And I have known some, of no mean Parts, that have professed to make use of their *Note-Books*, when they have risen from his *Table*. In which

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Conversations, and otherwise, he was no Dashing Man; As some Men are; But ever, a *Countenancer*, and *Fosterer*, of another Mans *Parts*. Neither was he one, that would *appropriate* the *Speech*, wholy to Himself; or delight to out-vie others; But leave a Liberty, to the *Co-Assessours*, to take their *Turns*, to Wherein he would draw a *Man* on, and allure him, to speak upon such a Subject, as wherein he was peculiarly *Skilfull*, and would delight to speak. And, for Himself, he condemned no Mans *Observations*; But would light his *Torch* at every Mans *Candle*.

His *Opinions*, and *Assertions*, were, for the most part, *Binding*; And not contradicted, by any; Rather like *Oracles*, then *Discourses*. Which may be imputed, either to the well weighing of his *Sentence*, by the Skales of *Truth*, and *Reason*; Or else, to the *Reverence*, and *Estimation*, wherein he was, commonly, had, that no *Man* would contest with him. So that, there was no *Argumentation*, or *Pro* and *Con*, (as they term it,) at his *Table*: Or if there chanced to be any, it was Carried with much *Submission*, and *Moderation*.

I have often observed; And so have other Men, of great Account; That if he had occasion to repeat another Mans *Words*, after him; he had an use, and Faculty, to dresse them in better *Vestments*, and *Apparell*, then they had before: So that, the *Authour* should finde his own *Speech* much amended; And yet the *Substance* of it still *retained*. As if it had been *Naturall* to him, to use good *Forms*; As *Ovid* spake, of his *Faculty* of *Versifying*;

Et quod tentabam Scribere, Versus erat.

When his *Office* called him, as he was of the *Kings Counsell Learned*, to charge any *Offenders*, either in *Criminals*, or *Capitals*; He was never of an *Insulting*, or *Domineering Nature*, over them; But alwayes tender Hearted, and carrying himself decently towards the *Parties*; (Though it was his Duty, to charge them home:) But yet, as one, that looked upon the *Example*, with the Eye of *Severity*; But upon the *Person*, with the Eye of *Pitty*, and Compassion. And in *Civill Businesse*, as he was *Counseller* of *Estate*, he had the best way of *Advising*; Not engaging his *Master*, in any *Precipitate*, or *grievous*, Courses; But in *Moderate*, and *Fair*, Proceedings: The *King*, whom he served, giving him this *Testimony*; That he ever dealt, in Businesse, Suavibus Modis; *Which was the way, that was most according to his own Heart*.

Neither was He, in his time, lesse Gracious with the *Subject*, then with his *Soveraign*: He was ever Acceptable to the *House of Commons*, when He was a *Member* thereof. Being the *Kings Atturney*, & chosen to a place, in *Parliament*, He was allowed, and dispensed with, to sit in the *House*; which was not permitted to other *Atturneys*.

And as he was a good *Servant*, to his *Master*; Being never, in 19. years Service, (as himself averred,) rebuked by the *King*, for any Thing, relating to his *Majesty*; So he was a good *Master*, to

his *Servants*; And rewarded their long *Attendance*, with good *Places*, freely, when they fell into his Power. Which was the Cause, that so many young *Gentlemen*, of *Bloud*, and *Quality*, sought to list themselves, in his *Retinew*. And if he were abused, by any of them, in their *Places*; It was onely the *Errour* of the *Goodnesse* of his *Nature*; But the Badges of their *Indiscretions*, and *Intemperances*.

SIR FRANCIS BACON.
By AUSTIN MEREDITH.

I find here a most exceedingly dangerous spiritual error. Bacon was gnostic in the worst way, the way in which the main idea of Gnosticism amounts to an idea of salvation through knowledge. There is a Gnostic version of the creation myth for instance, in which the serpent is Jesus. The Jesus serpent in this version urges this first human pair to eat of the Tree of Knowledge so we humans may begin our journey toward salvation. In accordance with this definition in which the essence of gnosticism is belief that salvation comes through knowledge, let us consider that the ecologists who seek to fix ecology by learning more about it –and contemporary Baconians in general– are gnostics who have not yet acknowledged that their religion is a religion. Their idol is Truth, and they worship it because it promises it will save them. Tap this idol with your hammer: are its promises to be credited, or does it ring hollow? The earliest I've yet been able to discover the familiar identification of knowledge with power is in the form of advice to a ruler named Merikere, but doesn't the thought already seem worn before the middle kingdom of Egypt?

> Be a craftsman in speech, so that thou mayest prevail, for the power [of a man] is the tongue, and speech is mightier than fighting.

For a contemporary treatment of knowledge as a form of domination, see Professor Martin Heidegger's THE QUESTION CONCERNING TECHNOLOGY AND OTHER ESSAYS (trans. W. Lovitt, New York: Garland, 1977). For the most influential treatment, see Francis Bacon's *NOVUM ORGANUM* in Volume XIV of THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND (W. Pickering, London, 1825-1834). Bacon did qualify himself by commenting, earlier in *NOVUM ORGANUM*, that "it was from lust of power that the angels fell, and from lust of knowledge that man fell; but of charity there can be no excess, neither did angel or man ever come in danger by it," but this must only have served to distinguish between the goodness of knowledge and power in themselves (the goodness of knowledge/power in itself) and the evilness of some excessive salivating "lust" for this good. But regardless of what Bacon intended, he has ever been interpreted by straightforward neopagans in a

straightforward manner. Here are a number of instances of this:

> ...The birthright of their being, knowledge, power,
> The skill which wields the elements, the thought
> Which pierces this dim universe like light,
> Self-empire, and the majesty of love;
> For thirst of which they fainted. Then Prometheus
> Gave wisdom, which is strength, to Jupiter....
> — Percy Bysshe Shelley, "Prometheus Unbound" Act II Scene IV, lines 39-44

> In a time of turbulence and change, it is more true than ever that knowledge is power.
> — John Fitzgerald Kennedy at UC Berkeley, March 23, 1962

> The whole of nature is a powerful struggle between the strong and the weak, an eternal victory of the strong over the weak.
> — Adolf Hitler 1933, ed. Ernst Beopple, page 44

> It is to our interest to see that we are strong.... Weakness cannot cooperate with anything. Only strength can cooperate.
> — Dwight David Eisenhower

From an unfortunate book on the yellow computer peril, Feigenbaum and McCorduck: "As everybody knows, knowledge is power." From a book on international power politics:[6]

> Power takes on a new significance altogether wherever consciousness develops. For now we enter the world of means and ends.... [P]ower is the universal means, in all and over all, the road to every goal, the highest and the lowest.... Man is more powerful than the lion or the tiger because he has efficient know-how.... Ignorance is weakness, knowledge the basis of our strength; no matter what we seek, knowledge is a condition of our success. The ignorant are unprotected against deluding hopes and misdirected fears, against pitfalls and against exploitation, against disease and misery, unable by themselves to acquire the material resources without which there is neither security nor freedom.... Mere size is no index of power, whether the size is that of the single unit or of the combination of units. The great unit may be cumbersome or unwieldy, top-heavy or ill-adapted to the conditions. So in the animal world the giant saurians lost out in the struggle with smaller animals that needed less food and made swifter attacks.... We are creatures of desire, so that we must forever pursue some goals. We seek endlessly the unattained, the never-to-be-fully-attained. To live is to want and to want is to value. Power is simply means to values.

6. Robert MacIver's SOCIAL CAUSATION (NY: Harper & Row, 1964, pp. 76-81, 115).

From a current technical magazine for business managers:[7]

> Sophisticated information technology can inject efficiency into the range of existing economic activities and make possible lucrative new ventures. The task for business leaders is to master this force. Tomorrow will belong to those who wield the technological weapon most effectively.... Companies and individuals must adapt to survive and adapt quickly to prosper.... Information is power only when it's in a form that facilitates human understanding and action.... Resistance to [change] can scuttle a company's best efforts to tap information's power … work out new roles and relationships that are fair and that will operate for the corporate good.... Many companies have used the new technology to take advantage of information's power. Others have already been left behind.

Clearly, this editor would unreflectively understand Lucius Annæus Seneca the Younger's *si tibi vis omnia subjicere, te subjice rationi* as "to subjugate all subject yourself to reason." Clearly, this editor would overlook ambiguity and fail to comprehend ambivalence and neglect to understand, as did the Emperor Nero, another meaning also perhaps intended: "those desiring to subjugate should abandon such irrational desires."

7. Computer Decisions: Editor's Message "Information is Power," 1983, page 10.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1628

Ben Jonson was appointed City Chronologer of London, but it wouldn't amount to much — because in this year he had a stroke.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1629

Ben Jonson's *The New Inn* (his stroke of 1628, it would appear, had somewhat diminished his abilities).

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1630

King Charles I raised Sir William Alexander to the Scottish peerage as the Viscount of Stirling.

It would have been at about this point that Thomas Carew became the "server," which is to say the taster-in-ordinary, to King Charles I. It would have been in this period, also, that he became friends with Sir John Suckling, Ben Jonson, and Clarendon. The Reverend John Donne, as a minister of the court, had a considerable influence over him.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Ben Jonson, as Poet Laureate of England, was granted by King Charles I the annual stipend of one "pipe," or double-hogshead cast containing 126 gallons, of Canary wine. From this point until the death of Poet Laureate Thomas Warton and the acclamation of Poet Laureate Henry James Pye in 1790, the Poet Laureate, considered a life member of the Royal Household and charged with creating occasional verse upon occasion, would be rewarded in this manner.

POETS LAUREATE

The Poets Laureate of England

1591-1599	Edmund Spenser
1599-1619	Samuel Daniel
1619-1637	Ben Jonson
1638-1668	William Davenant
1670-1689	John Dryden
1689-1692	Thomas Shadwell
1692-1715	Nahum Tate
1715-1718	Nicholas Rowe
1718-1730	Laurence Eusden
1730-1757	Colley Cibber
1758-1785	William Whitehead

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

The Poets Laureate of England

1785-1790	Thomas Warton
1790-1813	Henry James Pye
1813-1843	Robert Southey
1843-1850	William Wordsworth
1850-1892	Alfred Lord Tennyson
1896-1913	Alfred Austin
1913-1930	Robert Bridges
1930-1967	John Masefield
1967-1972	Cecil Day-Lewis
1972-1984	Sir John Betjeman
1984-1998	Ted Hughes
1999-	Andrew Motion

> "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT": The ways by which you may get money almost without exception lead downward. To have done anything by which you earned money **merely** is to have been truly idle or worse. If the laborer gets no more than the wages which his employer pays him, he is cheated, he cheats himself. If you would get money as a writer or lecturer, you must be popular, which is to go down perpendicularly. Those services which the community will most readily pay for it is most disagreeable to render. You are paid for being something less than a man. The State does not commonly reward a genius any more wisely. Even the poet-laureate would rather not have to celebrate the accidents of royalty. He must be bribed with a pipe of wine; and perhaps another poet is called away from his muse to gauge that very pipe. As for my own business, even that kind of surveying which I could do with most satisfaction my employers do not want. They would prefer that I should do my work coarsely and not too well, ay, not well enough. When I observe that there are different ways of surveying, my employer commonly asks which will give him the most land, not which is the most correct.

April 28, Wednesday (Old Style): Charles Cotton was born at Beresford in Staffordshire, a son of Charles Cotton the Elder. The father was a friend of Ben Jonson, John Selden, Sir Henry Wotton, and Izaak Walton. Rather than being sent to university he would be privately tutored by Ralph Rawson, one of the fellows who had in 1648 been ejected from Brasenose College of Oxford University.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1633

Ben Jonson's *A Tale of a Tub.* (His stroke of 1628, it would seem, had somewhat diminished his abilities as a playwright.)

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1634

Shrove Tuesday: Inigo Jones, the court architect for whom Ben Jonson has long supplied the words of masques and complimentary pieces, having quarrelled with this colleague (and anyway Jonson had had a stroke that had slowed him down considerably), had applied to William Davenant for verses. The result was a masque performed on this day (in England we now refer to the Shrove Tuesday celebration as “Pancake Day,” and in America as “Mardi Gras”) by the queen and her ladies at Whitehall.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1637

August 6, Sunday (Old Style): Ben Jonson died.

August 9, Wednesday (Old Style): Ben Jonson's body was interred in Westminster Abbey under a bare slab of stone — but we notice that at some later point an inscription was chiseled into this slab:

A play he had been unable to finish, *Sad Shepherd's Tale*, would see publication in 1641.

The post of Poet Laureate of England having been left open by this death, the post would be filled in the following year by William Davenant (chosen over Thomas May, the other candidate, despite that fact that Davenant's masque *Britannica Triumphans*, with its initial performance having been scheduled for a Sunday, had needed for politico-religious reasons to be suppressed).

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1638

Publication of a collection of memorial elegies for the former Poet Laureate of England Ben Jonson, *JONSONUS VIRBIUS*.

Thomas Heywood's THE WISE-WOMAN OF HOGSDON.

Named as the next Poet Laureate of England, William Davenant collected his minor lyrical pieces into a volume entitled MADAGASCAR, WITH OTHER POEMS (also during this year, with Inigo Jones, publication of *BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANS* and *LUMINALIA, or The Festival of Light*).

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THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1641

The play on which Ben Jonson had been working at the time of his death in 1637, *Sad Shepherd's Tale*, was at this point printed along with his *Timber*.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1704

During this year and the next Samuel Clarke would be the Boyle Lecturer, and the result of his two sets of lectures would be initially A DEMONSTRATION OF THE BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD, attempting to prove the existence of God by a method "as near to Mathematical, as the nature of such a Discourse would allow."

David Hume's criticism of religion would spring in part out of dissatisfaction with Samuel Clarke's effort to prove the existence of God. Thus it is that, in "Literature" in Emerson's ENGLISH TRAITS, we read that:

> A few generalizations always circulate in the world, whose authors we do not rightly know, which astonish, and appear to be avenues to vast kingdoms of thought, and these are in the world **constants**, like the Copernican and Newtonian theories in physics. In England, these may be traced usually to Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, or Hooker, even to Van Helmont and Behmen, and do all have a kind of filial retrospect to Plato and the Greeks. Of this kind is Lord Bacon's sentence, that "nature is commanded by obeying her;" his doctrine of poetry, which "accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind," or the Zoroastrian definition of poetry, mystical, yet exact, "apparent pictures of unapparent natures;" Spenser's creed, that "soul is form, and doth the body make;" the theory of Berkeley, that we have no certain assurance of the existence of matter; Doctor Samuel Clarke's argument for theism from the nature of space and time; Harrington's political rule, that power must rest on land,– a rule which requires to be liberally interpreted; the theory of Swedenborg, so cosmically applied by him, that the man makes his heaven and hell; Hegel's study of civil history, as the conflict of ideas and the victory of the deeper thought; the identity-philosophy of Friedrich von Schelling, couched in the statement that "all difference is quantitative." So the very announcement of the theory of gravitation, of Kepler's three harmonic laws, and even of Dalton's doctrine of definite proportions, finds a sudden response in the mind, which remains a superior evidence to empirical demonstrations. I cite these generalizations, some of which are more recent, merely to indicate a class. Not these particulars, but the mental plane or the atmosphere from which they emanate, was the home and elements of the writers and readers in what we loosely call the Elizabethan age, (say, in literary history, the period from 1575 to 1625,) yet a period almost short enough to justify Ben Jonson's remark on Lord Bacon; "about his time, and within his view, were born all the wits that could honor a nation, or help study."

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1716

In London, THE WORKS OF BEN JONSON ... ADORN'D WITH CUTS... was printed in 6 volumes for J. Walthoe, M. Wotton, J. Nicholson, J. Sprint, G. Conyers, etc. (this set would be available to Henry Thoreau in the library of Waldo Emerson, and in the years between 1840 and 1848 Thoreau would be copying epigrams into his journal, and any number of the poems into his Literary Notebook).

- BEN JONSON'S *CATALINE*
- EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR
- BEN JONSON'S *HYMENÆI*
- TO MY MUSE
- THOMAS LORD CHANCELLOR
- ON GUT
- TO SIR RALPH SHELTON
- LOVE FREED FROM IGNOR ...
- LUCY COUNTESS OF BEDFORD
- ELIZABETH COUNTESS OF ...
- EPITAPH ON S.P. A CHILD ...
- EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L.H.
- TO JOHN DONNE
- SIR BENJAMIN RUDYERD
- MASQUE OF QUEENS ...
- THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1790

Ben Jonson, as Poet Laureate of England, had been granted by his monarch from 1790 forward the annual stipend of one "pipe," or double-hogshead cast containing 126 gallons, of Canary wine. In this year Poet Laureate Thomas Warton died and William Hayley was offered the laureateship, but he declined. Henry James Pye was acclaimed as Poet Laureate and, although the holder of this office would still be considered a life member of the Royal Household and would still be charged with creating occasional verse upon occasion, there would be no more of this particular sort of reward.

POETS LAUREATE

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"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT": The ways by which you may get money almost without exception lead downward. To have done anything by which you earned money **merely** is to have been truly idle or worse.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

If the laborer gets no more than the wages which his employer pays him, he is cheated, he cheats himself. If you would get money as a writer or lecturer, you must be popular, which is to go down perpendicularly. Those services which the community will most readily pay for it is most disagreeable to render. You are paid for being something less than a man. The State does not commonly reward a genius any more wisely. Even the poet-laureate would rather not have to celebrate the accidents of royalty. He must be bribed with a pipe of wine; and perhaps another poet is called away from his muse to gauge that very pipe. As for my own business, even that kind of surveying which I could do with most satisfaction my employers do not want. They would prefer that I should do my work coarsely and not too well, ay, not well enough. When I observe that there are different ways of surveying, my employer commonly asks which will give him the most land, not which is the most correct

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1807

In London, the founding of the Geological Society.

The home of Ben Jonson burned down.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1810

Alexander Chalmers's THE WORKS OF THE ENGLISH POETS, FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER; INCLUDING THE SERIES EDITED WITH PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON: AND THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS, a revised and expanded version of Dr. Johnson's 1779-1781 LIVES OF THE POETS, began to come across the London presses of C. Wittingham. It would amount to 21 volumes and the printing would require until 1814 to be complete. According to the Preface, this massive thingie was "a work professing to be a Body of the Standard English Poets"[8]:

8. When the massive collection would come finally to be reviewed in July 1814, the reviewer would, on the basis of Chalmers's selection of poems and poets, broadly denounce this editor as incompetent.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PERUSE VOLUME I
PERUSE VOLUME III
PERUSE VOLUME IV
PERUSE VOLUME V
PERUSE VOLUME VI
PERUSE VOLUME VII
PERUSE VOLUME VIII
PERUSE VOLUME IX
PERUSE VOLUME X
PERUSE VOLUME XI
PERUSE VOLUME XII
PERUSE VOLUME XIII
PERUSE VOLUME XIV
PERUSE VOLUME XV
PERUSE VOLUME XVI
PERUSE VOLUME XVII
PERUSE VOLUME XVIII
PERUSE VOLUMEXIX
PERUSE VOLUME XX
PERUSE VOLUME XXI

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

WALDEN: Breed's hut was standing only a dozen years ago, though it had long been unoccupied. It was about the size of mine. It was set on fire by mischievous boys, one Election night, if I do not mistake. I lived on the edge of the village then, and had just lost myself over Davenant's Gondibert, that winter that I labored with a lethargy, –which, by the way, I never knew whether to regard as a family complaint, having an uncle who goes to sleep shaving himself, and is obliged to sprout potatoes in a cellar Sundays, in order to keep awake and keep the Sabbath, or as the consequence of my attempt to read Chalmers' collection of English poetry without skipping. It fairly overcame my Nervii. I had just sunk my head on this when the bells rung fire, and in hot haste the engines rolled that way, led by a straggling troop of men and boys, and I among the foremost, for I had leaped the brook. We thought it was far south over the woods, –we who had run to fires before,– barn, shop, or dwelling-house, or all together. "It's Baker's barn," cried one. "It is the Codman Place," affirmed another. And then fresh sparks went up above the wood, as if the roof fell in, and we all shouted "Concord to the rescue!" Wagons shot past with furious speed and crushing loads, bearing, perchance, among the rest, the agent of the Insurance Company, who was bound to go however far; and ever and anon the engine bell tinkled behind, more slow and sure, and rearmost of all, as it was afterward whispered, came they who set the fire and gave the alarm. Thus we kept on like true idealists, rejecting the evidence of our senses, until at a turn in the road we heard crackling and actually felt the heat of the fire from over the wall, and realized, alas! that we were there. The very nearness of the fire but cooled our ardor. At first we thought to throw a frog-pond on to it; but concluded to let it burn, it was so far gone and so worthless. So we stood round our engine, jostled one another, expressed our sentiments through speaking trumpets, or in lower tone referred to the great conflagrations which the world has witness, including Bascom's shop, and, between ourselves we thought that, were we there in season with our "tub", and a full frog-pond by, we could turn that threatened last and universal one into another flood. We finally retreated without doing any mischief, –returned to sleep and Gondibert. But as for Gondibert, I would except that passage in the preface about wit being the soul's powder, –"but most of mankind are strangers to wit, as Indians are to powder."

FIRE

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

INSURANCE

NARCOLEPSY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS

BASCOM & COLE

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

THE ENGLISH POETS:

Joseph Addison, Akenside; Armstrong; Beattie; Francis Beaumont; Sir J. Beaumont; Blacklock; Blackmore; Robert Blair; Boyse; Brome; Brooke; Broome; Sir Thomas Browne; Charles Butler; George Gordon, Lord Byron; Cambridge; Thomas Carew; Cartwright; Cawthorne; Chatterton; Geoffrey Chaucer; Churchill; William Collins; William Congreve; Cooper; Corbett; Charles Cotton; Dr. Cotton; Abraham Cowley; William Cowper; Crashaw; Cunningham; Daniel; William Davenant; Davies; Sir John Denham; Dodsley; John Donne; Dorset; Michael Drayton; Sir William Drummond; John Dryden; Duke; Dyer; Falconer; Fawkes; Fenton; Giles Fletcher; John Fletcher; Garth; Gascoigne; Gay; Glover; Goldsmith; Gower; Grainger; Thomas Gray; Green; William Habington; Halifax; William Hall; Hammond; Harte; Hughes; Jago; Jenyns; Dr. Samuel Johnson; Jones; Ben Jonson; King; Langhorne; Lansdowne; Lloyd; Logan; Lovibond; Lyttelton; Mallett; Mason; William Julias Mickle; John Milton; Thomas Moore; Otway; Parnell; A. Phillips; J. Phillips; Pitt; Pomfret; Alexander Pope; Prior; Rochester; Roscommon; Rowe; Savage; Sir Walter Scott; William Shakespeare; Sheffield; Shenstone; Sherburne; Skelton; Smart; Smith; Somerville; Edmund Spenser; Sprat; Stepney; Stirling; Suckling; Surrey; Jonathan Swift; James Thomson; W. Thomson; Tickell; Turberville; Waller; Walsh; Warner; J. Warton; T. Warton; Watts; West; P. Whitehead; W. Whitehead; Wilkie; Wyatt; Yalden; Arthur Young.

TRANSLATIONS:

Alexander Pope's Iliad & Odyssey; John Dryden's Virgil & Juvenal; Pitt's Aeneid & Vida; Francis' Horace; Rowe's Lucan; Grainger's Albius Tibullus; Fawkes' Theocritus, Apollonius Rhodius, Coluthus, Anacreon, Sappho, Bion and Moschus, Museus; Garth's Ovid; Lewis' Statius; Cooke's Hesiod; Hoole's Ariosto & Tasso; William Julias Mickle's Lusiad.

COMMENTARY:

William Julias Mickle's "Inquiry into the Religion Tenets and Philosophy of the Bramins," which Thoreau encountered in 1841 in Volume 21 (pages 713-33).

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1820

John Aikin's SELECT WORKS OF THE BRITISH POETS IN A CHRONOLOGICAL SERIES FROM BEN JONSON TO BEATTIE. WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL PREFACES BY DR. AIKIN.

JOHN AIKIN'S POETS

Also, in this year, completion of the multiple volumes of his ANNALS OF THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD: FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT IN THE YEAR 1760, TO THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY, IN THE YEAR 1820.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1831

January: Thomas Carlyle had a piece entitled “Cruthers and Jonson; or, The Outskirts of Life” on pages 691-705 of Fraser’s Magazine for Town and Country (Henry Thoreau would refer to this piece in his journal for Summer 1845).

CRUTHERS AND JONSON

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1835

November 15, Sunday: Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *1st day 15th of 11th M / Yesterday our dear friend Thos Anthony came down the river from Wickford to be at Meeting with us - he came directly to our house & lodged & has attended both our Meetings today, which have indeed been watering & refreshing seasons - he dined at Henry Goulds & has gone to lodge at David Buffums.*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

The HMS *Beagle* and Charles Darwin reached Tahiti.

> At daylight, Tahiti, an island which must for ever remain classical to the voyager in the South Sea, was in view. At a distance the appearance was not attractive. The luxuriant vegetation of the lower part could not yet be seen, and as the clouds rolled past, the wildest and most precipitous peaks showed themselves towards the centre of the island. As soon as we anchored in Matavai Bay, we were surrounded by canoes. This was our Sunday, but the Monday of Tahiti: if the case had been reversed, we should not have received a single visit; for the injunction not to launch a canoe on the sabbath is rigidly obeyed. After dinner we landed to enjoy all the delights produced by the first impressions of a new country, and that country the charming Tahiti. A crowd of men, women, and children, was collected on the memorable Point Venus, ready to receive us with laughing, merry faces. They marshalled us towards the house of Mr. Wilson, the missionary of the district, who met us on the road, and gave us a very friendly reception. After sitting a very short time in his house, we separated to walk about, but returned there in the evening.
> The land capable of cultivation, is scarcely in any part more than a fringe of low alluvial soil, accumulated round the base of the mountains, and protected from the waves of the sea by a coral reef, which encircles the entire line of coast. Within the reef there is an expanse of smooth water, like that of a lake, where the canoes of the natives can ply with safety and where ships anchor. The low land which comes down to the beach of coral-sand, is covered by the most beautiful productions of the intertropical regions. In the midst of bananas, orange, cocoa-nut, and bread-fruit trees, spots are cleared where yams, sweet potatoes, and sugar-cane, and pine-apples are cultivated. Even the brush-wood is an imported fruit-tree, namely, the guava, which from its abundance has become as noxious as a weed. In Brazil I have often admired the varied beauty of the bananas, palms, and orange-trees contrasted together; and here we also have the bread-fruit, conspicuous from its large, glossy, and

deeply digitated leaf. It is admirable to behold groves of a tree, sending forth its branches with the vigour of an English oak, loaded with large and most nutritious fruit. However seldom the usefulness of an object can account for the pleasure of beholding it, in the case of these beautiful woods, the knowledge of their high productiveness no doubt enters largely into the feeling of admiration. The little winding paths, cool from the surrounding shade, led to the scattered houses; the owners of which everywhere gave us a cheerful and most hospitable reception.

I was pleased with nothing so much as with the inhabitants. There is a mildness in the expression of their countenances which at once banishes the idea of a savage; and intelligence which shows that they are advancing in civilization. The common people, when working, keep the upper part of their bodies quite naked; and it is then that the Tahitians are seen to advantage. They are very tall, broad- shouldered, athletic, and well-proportioned. It has been remarked, that it requires little habit to make a dark skin more pleasing and natural to the eye of an European than his own colour. A white man bathing by the side of a Tahitian, was like a plant bleached by the gardener's art compared with a fine dark green one growing vigorously in the open fields. Most of the men are tattooed, and the ornaments follow the curvature of the body so gracefully, that they have a very elegant effect. One common pattern, varying in its details, is somewhat like the crown of a palm-tree. It springs from the central line of the back, and gracefully curls round both sides. The simile may be a fanciful one, but I thought the body of a man thus ornamented was like the trunk of a, noble tree embraced by a delicate creeper.

Many of the elder people had their feet covered with small figures, so placed as to resemble a sock. This fashion, however, is partly gone by, and has been succeeded by others. Here, although fashion is far from immutable, every one must abide by that prevailing in his youth. An old man has thus his age for ever stamped on his body, and he cannot assume the airs of a young dandy. The women are tattooed in the same manner as the men, and very commonly on their fingers. One unbecoming fashion is now almost universal: namely, shaving the hair from the upper part of the head, in a circular form, so as to leave only an outer ring. The missionaries have tried to persuade the people to change this habit; but it is the fashion, and that is a sufficient answer at Tahiti, as well as at Paris. I was much disappointed in the personal appearance of the women: they are far inferior in every respect to the men. The custom of wearing a white or scarlet flower in the back of the head, or through a small hole in each ear, is pretty. A crown of woven cocoa-nut leaves is also worn as a shade for the eyes. The women appear to be in greater want of some becoming costume even than the men. Nearly all the natives understand a little English -- that is, they know the names of common things; and by the aid of this, together with signs, a lame sort of conversation could be

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

carried on. In returning in the evening to the boat, we stopped to witness a very pretty scene. Numbers of children were playing on the beach, and had lighted bonfires which illumined the placid sea and surrounding trees; others, in circles, were singing Tahitian verses. We seated ourselves on the sand, and joined their party. The songs were impromptu, and I believe related to our arrival: one little girl sang a line, which the rest took up in parts, forming a very pretty chorus. The whole scene made us unequivocally aware that we were seated on the shores of an island in the far-famed South Sea.

Henry Thoreau would comment on this in his essay "WALKING":

"WALKING": A tanned skin is something more than respectable, and perhaps olive is a fitter color than white for a man – a denizen of the woods. "The pale white man!" I do not wonder that the African pitied him. Darwin the naturalist says "A white man bathing by the side of a Tahitian was like a plant bleached by the gardener's art compared with a fine, dark green one growing vigorously in the open fields."
Ben Jonson exclaims,–
"How near to good is what is fair!"
So I would say–
How near to good is what is wild!
Life consists with Wildness. The most alive is the wildest. Not yet subdued to man, its presence refreshes him. One who pressed forward incessantly and never rested from his labors, who grew fast and made infinite demands on life, would always find himself in a new country or wilderness, and surrounded by the raw material of life. He would be climbing over the prostrate stems of primitive forest trees.

CHARLES DARWIN
BEN JONSON

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II

LOVE FREED FROM IGNOR ...

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December 31, Thursday: According to the Caledonian Mercury of Edinburgh, Scotland, the public tranquility had been completely restored at a port on the coast of Spain –the shops being open, there being music in the streets, a new governor having been installed– the result was a state of general confidence. The British troops had generally departed but, as a precaution, because it is better to be safe than to be sorry, had left behind "seventy artillerymen and two subalterns, under Captain [John] Thoreau, with a 24-pound howitzer, and two long 32-pounders." –Just in case a whiff of the ol' grapeshot might still upon occasion be what would be recommended. This is what warriors are for, to create peace! Congratulations, Sir! –Christmas has come and gone and the British army has brought the gift of peace to the entire Iberian peninsula but now you can't go home. Not yet.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *5th day 12th M 1835 / Rose early this Morng & got into the Stage & rode to Portsmouth to attend the Moy* [Monthly] *Meeting - The first was a good solid Meeting - a sound lively & pertinent from Mary Hicks -In the last it seemed to me the buisness was all resulted in Wisdom - After meeting went with Francis Carr to Shadrach Chases & dined - not having been to Shadracks in some years a renewal of intimacy & good feeling was very pleasant — after dinner rode home with Francis he being alone in a Chaise True it is that times & seasons are not at our command -yesterday I was very desirous to feel the arising of life in my heart it being my birth day but was unable to get at it & today I have been favourd & am thankful for it*
> *Here closes the Year & this day commences another of my Life—*

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Waldo Emerson lectured in Boston. This was lecture Number 8 of the series, on Ben Jonson, Robert Herrick, Herbert, and Sir Henry Wotton.

On this day there was yet another episode in yet another of America's race wars:

Black Native Warriors? Where Had *That* Come From?	
December 1835	The destruction of sugar plantations along the St. Johns River south of St. Augustine, Florida
December 18, 1835	The battle of Black Point, west of the town of Micanopy in the Florida Territory
December 28, 1835	Massacre of Major Francis Dade's troops heading for Fort King
December 31, 1835	The 1st battle on the Withlacoochee River of Florida (Clinch's Battle)
February-March 1836	The siege of Camp Izard
October 12, 1836	The 2d battle on the Withlacoochee River of Florida (Call's Battle)
November 21, 1836	An action in the Wahoo Swamp on the Withlacoochee River
January 27, 1837	The battle of Hatcheelustee Creek at the head of the Kissimmee River
December 25, 1837	The battle of Lake Okeechobee
January 15, 1838	An action at Jupiter Inlet, on the east coast of Florida
January 24, 1838	The battle of Lockahatchee

SEMINOLES WHITE ON RED, RED ON WHITE SWAMP

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1836

January 22, Friday: In Philadelphia, the cornerstone of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane was laid. The building would cost $265,000 and transfer of the patients of the Pine Street Hospital (founded 1751) would begin on January 1, 1841.[9]

PSYCHOLOGY

Waldo Emerson to his journal:

> *I think profanity to be as real a violation of nature as any other crime. I have as sensible intimations from within of any profanation as I should have if I stole. Upham* [Charles Wentworth Upham, Emerson's classmate and friend, a distinguished citizen of Salem, and author of a work on SALEM WITCHCRAFT, and other books] *thinks it fatal to the happiness of a young man to set out with ultra-conservative notions in this country. He must settle it in his mind that the human race have got possession, and, though they will make many blunders and do some great wrongs, yet on the whole will consult the interest of the whole.*

> Let not the mouse of my good meaning, Lady,
> Be snapped up in the trap of your suspicion,
> To lose the tail there, either of her truth,
> Or swallowed by the cat of misconstruction.
> BEN JONSON, Tale of a Tub,
> Act iv, Scene 4.

> Wherein Minerva had been vanquished
> Had she by it her sacred looms advanced
> And thro' thy subject woven her graphick thread.
> GEORGE CHAPMAN, ON SEJANUS.

9. Street, W.R. A CHRONOLOGY OF NOTEWORTHY EVENTS IN AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGY. Washington DC: American Psychological Association, 1994

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Swedenborg said, "Man, in proportion as he is more nearly conjoined to the Lord, in the same proportion appeareth to himself more distinctly to be his own, and perceiveth more evidently that he is the Lord's...." [Here follow several quotations from Swedenborg's Apocalypse Revealed, some of them now in Representative Men.] The scholar works with invisible tools to invisible ends, so passes for an idler, or worse, brain-sick, defenceless to idle carpenters, masons, and merchants, that, having done nothing most laboriously all day, pounce on him fresh for spoil at night. Character founded on natural gifts as specific and as rare as military genius; the power to stand beside his thoughts, or to hold off his thoughts at arm's length and give them perspective; to form it piu nell' uno; he studies the art of solitude; he is gravelled in every discourse with common people; he shows thought to be infinite which you had thought exhausted. There is a real object in nature to which the grocer turns, the intellectual man

praestantia norat
Plurima, mentis opes amplas sub pectore servans,
Omnia vestigans sapientum docta reperta.
EMPEDOCLES, ON PYTHAGORAS,
Cudworth, vol. ii.

So Bacon's globe of crystal and globe of matter. The thinker, like Glauber, keeps what others throw away. He is aware of God's way of hiding things, i.e., in light; also he knows all by one. Set men upon thinking, and you have been to them a god. All history is poetry; the globe of facts whereon they trample is bullion to the scientific eye. Meanest life a thread of empyrean light. Scholar converts for them the dishonored facts which they know, into trees of life; their daily routine into a garden of God, by suggesting the principle which classifies the facts. We build the sepulchres of our fathers: can we never behold the universe as new, and feel that we have a stake as much as our predecessors?

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1840

The 10th edition of John Aikin's SELECT WORKS OF THE BRITISH POETS IN A CHRONOLOGICAL SERIES FROM BEN JONSON TO BEATTIE. WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL PREFACES BY DR. AIKIN.

JOHN AIKIN'S POETS

This would be one of the books in the personal library of Henry Thoreau.

Waldo Emerson would comment unfavorably on this volume in his "Poetry and Imagination," in LETTERS AND SOCIAL AIMS, misspelling Dr. Aikin's name, "When people tell me they do not relish poetry, and bring me ... Aiken's Poets ... I am quite of their mind."

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1841

John Payne Collier's MEMOIRS OF EDWARD ALLEYN; INCLUDING SOME NEW PARTICULARS RESPECTING SHAKESPEARE, BEN JONSON, MASSINGER, MARSTON, DEKKER, & C., for the Shakespeare Society.

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

February 7, Sunday: This day marks the 1st of the quotes that Professor Alfred I. Tauber uses to justify his appreciation of Henry Thoreau's attitude toward time and eternity: "In the sunshine and the crowing of cocks I feel an illimitable holiness, which makes me bless God and myself.... ...What shall I do with this hour so like time and yet so fit for eternity? ...I lie out indistinct as a heath at noon-day — I am evaporating air ascending into the sun." This passage, Tauber offers, "explicitly contrasts time and eternity." Thoreau knows, Tauber says, that he is in time, "but he also recognizes that the mystical element suspends time and substitutes eternity, the feeling of limitless expansion of the self to 'evaporate' in mystical union." (How Dr. Tauber could have omitted to notice the comments already made by Thoreau during January 1837, and on January 6, 1838, August 10, 1838, September 16, 1839, September 17-October 22, 1839, Fall 1839, March 1840, July 1, 1840, July 27, 1840, August 14, 1840, September 25, 1840, and February 3, 1841, we won't need to inquire. William M. White's version of the journal entry for this day, based as it was on the published version of Thoreau's journal that was all that was available to him and thus reading "and" for "airs" in the last line, was:[10]

The eaves are running on the south side of the house;
The titmouse lisps in the poplar;
The bells are ringing for church;
While the sun presides over all
And makes his simple warmth
More obvious than all else.

What shall I do with this hour,
So like time
And yet so fit for eternity?

Where in me are these russet patches of ground,
And scattered logs and chips in the yard?
I do not feel cluttered.

I have some notion what the John's-wort
And life-everlasting may be thinking about
When the sun shines on me
As on them
And turns my prompt thought
Into just such a seething shimmer.

I lie out indistinct
As a heath at noonday.
I am evaporating
And ascending into the sun.

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 February 7, Sunday: Without greatcoat or drawers I have advanced thus far into the snow-banks of the winter, without thought and with impunity. When I meet my neighbors in muffs and furs and tippets, they look as if they had retreated into the interior fastnesses from some foe invisible to me. They remind me that this is the season of winter, in which it becomes a man to be cold. For feeling, I am a piece of clean wood of this shape, which will do service till it rots, and though the cold has its physical effect on me, it is a kindly one, for it "finds its acquaintance there."

THE TEMPLE
GEORGE HERBERT

My diet is so little stimulating, and my body in consequence so little heated, as to excite no antagonism in nature, but flourishes like a tree, which finds even the winter genial to its expansion and the secretion of sap. May not the body defend itself against cold by its very nakedness, and its elements be so simple and single that they cannot congeal? Frost does not affect one but several. My body now affords no more pasture for cold than a leafless twig. I call it a protestant warmth. My limbs do not tire as formerly, but I use myself as any other piece of nature, and from mere indifference and thoughtlessness may break the timber.
It is the vice of the last season which compels us to arm ourselves for the next. If mail always conformed to Nature, be would not have to defend himself against her, but find her his constant nurse and friend, as do plants and quadrupeds.

In the sunshine and the crowing of cocks I feel an illimitable holiness, which makes me bless God and myself. The warm sun casts his incessant gift at my feet as I walk along, unfolding his yellow worlds. Yonder sexton with a few cheat) sounds makes me richer than these who mind his summons. The true gift is as -vide as my gratitude, and as frequent, and the donor is as grateful as the recipient. There would be a New Year's gift indeed, if we would bestow on each other our sincerity. We should communicate our wealth, and not purchase that which does not belong to us, for a sign. Why give each other a sign to keep? If we gave the thing itself, there would be no need of a sign.

I am not sure I should find out a really great person soon. He would be simple Thomas or Oliver for some centuries first. The lesser eminences would hide the higher, and I should at last reach his top by a gentle acclivity. I felt it would be necessary to remain some weeks at the Notch to be impressed by the grandeur of the scenery. We do not expect that Alexander will conquer Asia the first time we are introduced to him. A great man accepts the occasion the fates offer him. Let us not be disappointed. We stand at first upon the pampas which surround him. It is these mountains round about which make the valleys here below. Ile is not a dead level, so many feet above low-water mark. Greatness is in the ascent. But there is no accounting for the little men.

"They must sweat no less
To fit their properties, than t' express their parts."

Or the line before this: —

"Would you have
Such an Herculean actor in the scene,
And not his hydra? — JONSON.

BEN JONSON'S *CATALINE*

The eaves are running on the south side of the house– The titmouse lisps in the poplar; –the bells are ringing for church –while the sun presides over all and makes his simple warmth more obvious than all else.– What shall I do with this hour, so like time and yet so fit for eternity?– Where in me are these russet patches of ground

10. William M. White. "Henry David Thoreau: All Nature Is My Bride. Passages from the JOURNALS Arranged as Poetry." Old Greenwich CT: The Chatham Press, 1975

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

— and scattered logs and chips in the yard?– I do not feel cluttered.– I have some notion what the John's-wort and life-everlasting may be thinking about — when the sun shines on me as on them –and turns my prompt thought –into just such a seething shimmer– I lie out indistinct as a heath at noonday– I am evaporating airs ascending into the sun.

Nothing stands in the way to success, but to failure. To victory is all the way up lull; to defeat the simplest wight that weighs may soon slide down. Cowards would not have victory but the fruits of victory; but she it is that sweetens all the spoil. Thus, by a just fate, the booty cannot fall to him who did not win it. There is victory in every effort. In the least swing of the arm, in indignant thought, in stern content, we conquer our foes.

Great thoughts make great men. Without these no heraldry nor blood will avail.
The blood circulates to the feet and hands, but the thought never descends from the head.

The most I can do for my friend is simply to be his friend. I have no wealth to bestow on him. If he knows that I am happy in loving him, he will want no other reward. Is not Friendship divine in this?
I have myself to respect, but to myself I am not amiable; but my friend is my amiableness personified.
And yet we walk the stage indifferent actors, not thinking what a sublime drama we might enact if we would be joint workers and a mutual material. Why go to the woods to cut timber to display our art upon, when here are men as trees walking? The world has never learned what men can build each other up to be, when both master and pupil work in love.
He that comes as a stranger to my house will have to stay as a stranger. He has made his own reception. But persevering love was never yet refused.

> "The vicious count their years, virtuous their acts."
> JONSON.

The former consider the length of their service, the latter its quality.

> Wait not till I invite thee, but observe
> I'm glad to see thee when thou com'st.

The most ardent lover holds yet a private court, and his love can never be so strong or ethereal that there will not be danger that judgment may be rendered against the beloved.

I would have men make a *greater* use of me. Now I must belittle myself to have dealings with them. My friend will show such a noble confidence that I shall aspire to the society of his good opinion. Never presume men less that you may make them more. So far as we respond to our ideal estimate of each other do we have profitable intercourse.

A brave man always knows the way, no matter how intricate the roads.

Rector George Herbert's poem from which Henry Thoreau quoted one snippet, above ("finds its acquaintance there") had been, in full in Elizabethan spelling, as follows:

Man.

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

For Man is ev'ry thing
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be more:
Reason and speech we onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
And head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh; because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow,
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is, either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws;
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being; to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beautie?
Then how are all things neat?

More servants wait on Man,
Then he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.
Oh mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit;
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

February 9, Tuesday: Clearly Henry Thoreau, in his reading of Ben Jonson, has gone through his "Cataline" and gotten into his "Epigrams":

"Cato. Good Marcus Tullius (which is more than great),
Thou hadst thy education with the gods."

JONSON.

BEN JONSON'S *CATALINE*

Better be defamed than overpraised. Thou canst then justly praise thyself. What notoriety art thou that can be defamed? Who can be praised for what they are not deserve rather to be damned for what they are. It is hard to wear a dress that is too long and loose without stumbling.

"Whoe'er is raised,
For wealth he has not, he is tax'd, not prais'd,"

TO MY MUSE

says Jonson. If you mind the flatterer, you rob yourself and still cheat him. The fates never exaggerate; men pass for what they are. The state never fails to get a revenue out of you without a direct tax. Flattery would lay a direct tax. What I am praised for what I am not I put to the account of the gods. It needs a skillful eye to distinguish between their coin and my own. But however there can be no loss either way, for what meed I have earned is equally theirs. Let neither fame nor infamy hit you, but the one go as far beyond as the other falls behind. Let the one glance past you to the gods, and the other wallow where it was engendered. The home thrusts are at helmets upon blocks, and my worst foes but stab an armor through.

My life at this moment is like a summer morning when birds are singing. Yet that is false, for nature's is an idle pleasure in comparison: my hour has a more solid serenity. I have been breaking silence these twenty three years and have hardly made a rent in it– Silence has no end, speech is but the beginning of it. My friend thinks I ***keep*** silence who am only choked with letting it out so fast. Does he forget that new mines of secresy are constantly opening in me?

If any scorn your love, let them see plainly that you serve not them but another. If these bars are up, go your way to other of God's pastures, and browse there the while. When your host shuts his door on you he incloses you in the dwelling of nature. He thrusts you over the threshold of the world. My foes restore me to my friends.

I might say friendship had no ears as love has no eyes, for no word is evidence in its court. The least act fulfills more than all words profess. The most gracious speech is but partial kindness, but the least genuine deed takes the whole man. If we had waited till doomsday it could never have been uttered.

February 10, Wednesday: Henry Thoreau is continuing to read the "Epigrams" of Ben Jonson:

That was fine praise which Ben Jonson gave to Thomas, Lord Chancellor: —

"Whilst thou art certain to thy words, once gone,
As is thy conscience, which is always one."

THOMAS LORD CHANCELLOR

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

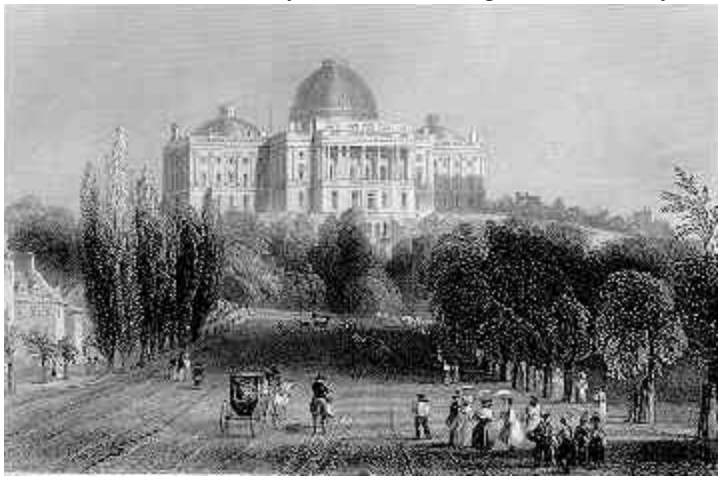
PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Words do not lose their truth by time or misinterpretation, but stand unscathed longer than he who spoke them. Let our words be such as we may unblushingly behold sculptured in granite on the walls to the least syllable. Our thoughts and actions may be very private for a long time, for they demand a more catholic publicity to be displayed in than the world can afford. Our best deeds shun the narrow walks of men, and are not ambitious of the faint light the world can shed on them, but delight to unfold themselves in that public ground between God and conscience.
Truth has for audience and spectator all the world. Within, where I resolve and deal with principles, there is more space and room than anywhere without, where my hands execute. Men should hear of your virtue only as they hear the creaking of the earth's axle and the music of the spheres. It will fall into the course of nature and be effectually concealed by publicness.

I asked a man to-day if he would rent me some land, and he said he had four acres as good soil "as any outdoors." It was a true poet's account of it. He and I, and all the world, went outdoors to breathe the free air and stretch ourselves. For the world is but outdoors, — and we duck behind a panel.

March 4, Thursday: Myron Holley died in Rochester, New York.

General William Henry "Party Hardy" Harrison arrived in Washington DC on the Baltimore & Ohio train in cold and stormy weather, registered at Gadsby's hotel, refused the offer of a hat and coat, rode in triumph on a white horse down the avenue to the White House, and on the East Portico of the Capitol was sworn in as President of the United States of America by Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney.



This former general of the Indian campaigns, known as "Old Tippecanoe," then spoke determinedly and purposefully for an hour and forty-five minutes into the snowstorm. His inaugural address set a record for length that is unlikely ever to be exceeded. He thus achieved the dual distinction among our Presidents of talking the longest and serving the shortest term of office, for this 68-year-old after standing outdoors for the entire proceeding went on to greet crowds of well-wishers at the White House, pressing the flesh as he went about his new duties, and that evening made an appearance at not one but several celebrations — and barely one month later would expire of the pneumonia which he was contracting.

On the accession of General Harrison to the Presidency, Daniel Webster was called to the office of Secretary

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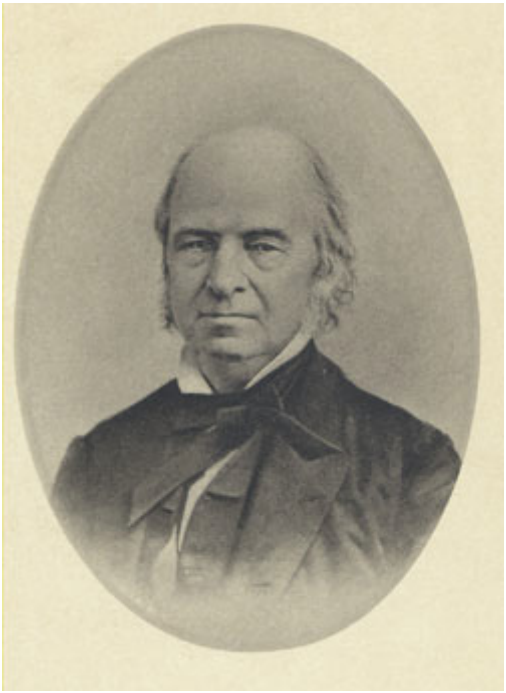
of State, in which, after this President's untimely death, he would continue under President Tyler for about two years. The relations of America with Great Britain would be in a very critical position. The most important and difficult subject which would engage the attention of the government while Webster would be serving in that capacity would be the negotiation of a treaty with Great Britain, which would be signed at Washington on August 9, 1842. The other members of President Harrison's Cabinet would resign their places during Fall 1841 and there would be discontent that Webster would be invited to remain. However, President Tyler would continue Mr. Webster's administration of foreign policy due to the great importance of pursuing a steady line in the nation's foreign affairs, and in hope of an honorable settlement of the difficulties we were having with England.

Isaac Hecker had been attending the sermons of the Reverend Orville Dewey at the Unitarian Church of the Messiah



in New-York, until the reformer Orestes Augustus Brownson came down from Boston to lecture at the Stuyvesant Institute on "The Democracy of Christ."

March 4. Ben Jonson says in his epigrams, —

"He makes himself a thorough-fare of Vice."

ON GUT

This is true, for by vice the substance of a man is not changed, but all his pores, and cavities, and avenues are prophaned by being made the thoroughfares of vice. He is the highway of his vice. The searching devil courses through and through him. His flesh and blood and bones are cheapened. He is all trivial, a place where three highways of sin meet. So is another the thoroughfare of virtue, and virtue circulates through all his aisles like a wind, and he is hallowed.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

We reprove each other unconsciously by our own behavior. Our very carriage and demeanor in the streets should be a reprimand that will go to the conscience of every beholder. An infusion of love from a great soul gives a color to our faults, which will discover them, as lunar caustic detects impurities in water.

The best will not seem to go contrary to others, but, as if they could afford to travel the same way, they go a parallel but higher course, a sort of upper road. Jonson says, —

"That to the vulgar canst thyself apply,
Treading a better path not contrary."

ON GUT

Their way is a mountain slope, a river valley's course, a tide which mingles a myriad lesser currents.

April 1, Thursday: Due to the continued weakness of John Thoreau, Jr., on this day the Thoreau brothers closed their school –the Concord Academy they had begun in mid-June of 1838– before it had completed its 3d year.

Henry David Thoreau copied into his literary notebook, evidently out of a 6-volume set of THE WORKS OF BEN JONSON that was in Emerson's library, a poem in which the sun is characterized as the "day-star."

Even at this early period, I would submit, Thoreau was preparing to confront the cultural politicians who have their reasons for needing to characterize the star Sol as unique in its power and majesty. (This bears upon

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

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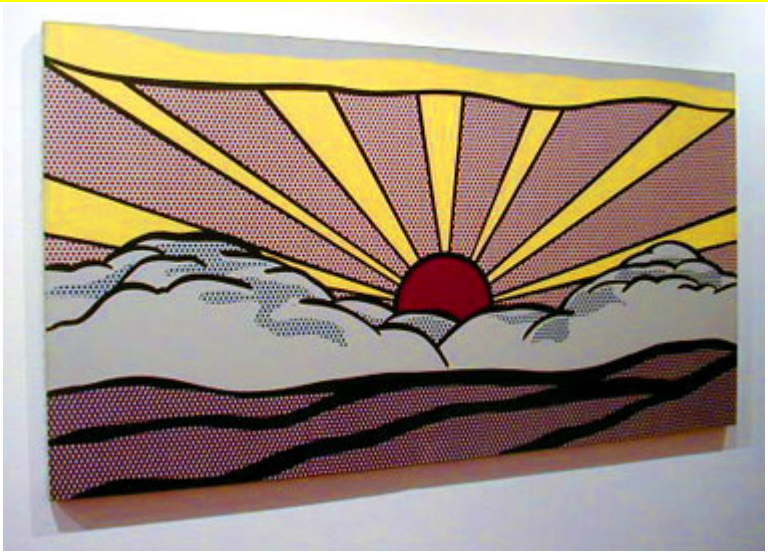
material which he reworked for his WALDEN manuscript, as of Draft F.)

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

PEOPLE OF WALDEN



"JOHN" (BULL)
"JONATHAN"

April 1. ON THE SUN COMING OUT IN THE AFTERNOON

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

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

EMMONS

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1845

Summer: Thomas Carlyle was completing his manuscript which would become THE LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL:

OLIVER CROMWELL, I

OLIVER CROMWELL, II

"A Scotch lass ushers you into the second story front chamber, which is the spacious workshop of the world maker." Here he sits a long time together, with many books and papers about him; many new books, we have been told, on the upper shelves, uncut, with the "author's respects" in them; in late months, with many manuscripts in an old English hand, and innumerable pamphlets, from the public libraries, relating to the Cromwellian period; now, perhaps, looking out into the street on brick and pavement, for a change, and now upon some rod of grass ground in the rear; or, perchance, he steps over to the British Museum, and makes that his studio for the time. This is the fore part of the day; that is the way with literary men commonly; and then in the afternoon, we presume, he takes a short run of a mile or so through the suburbs out into the country; we think he would run that way, though so short a trip might not take him to very sylvan or rustic places. In the meanwhile, people are calling to see him, from various quarters, very few worthy of being seen by him, "distinguished travellers from America," not a few, to all and sundry of whom he gives freely of his yet unwritten rich and flashing soliloquy, in exchange for whatever they may have to offer; speaking his English, as they say, with a "broad Scotch accent," talking, to their astonishment and to ours, very much as he writes, a sort of Carlylese, his discourse "coming to its climaxes, ever and anon, in long, deep, chest-shaking bursts of laughter."

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In this timeframe Carlyle sat to have his Daguerreotype made. This would be the unbearded image he would forward to Emerson on April 30, 1846.

Carlyle had had a piece entitled "Cruthers and Jonson; or, The Outskirts of Life" on pages 691-705 of the issue of Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country for January 1831. During this summer Henry Thoreau made reference to this piece in his journal:

CRUTHERS AND JONSON

To live to a good old age such as the ancients reached, serene and contented, dignifying the life of man, leading a simple, epic country life in these days of confusion and turmoil, — that is what Wordsworth has done. Retaining the tastes and the innocence of his youth. There is more wonderful talent, but nothing so cheering and world-famous as this.
The life of man would seem to be going all to wrack and pieces, and no instance of permanence and the ancient natural health, notwithstanding Burns, and Coleridge, and Carlyle. It will not do for men to die young; the greatest genius does not die young. Whom the gods love most do indeed die young, but not till their life is matured, and their years are like those of the oak, for they are the products half of nature and half of God. What should nature do without old men, not children but men?
The life of men, not to become a mockery and a jest, should last a respectable term of years. We cannot spare the age of those old Greek Philosophers. They live long who do not live for a near end, who still forever look to the immeasurable future for their manhood.

All dramas have but one scene. There is but one stage for the peasant and for the actor, and both on the farm and in the theatre the curtain rises to reveal the same majestic scenery. The globe of earth is poised in space for his stage under the foundations of the theatre, and the cope of heaven, out of reach of the scene-shifter, overarches it. It is always to be remembered by the critic that all actions are to be regarded at last as performed from a distance upon some rood of earth and amid the operations of nature.
Rabelais, too, inhabited the soil of France in sunshine and shade in those years; and his life was no "farce" after all.
...
Carlyle told R.W.E. that he first discovered that he was not a jackass on reading "Tristram Shandy" and Rousseau's "Confessions," especially the last. His first essay is an article in Fraser's Magazine on two boys quarrelling.
Youth wants something to look up to, to look forward to; as the little boy who inquired of me the other day, "How long do those old-agers live?" and expressed the intention of compassing two hundred summers at least. The old man who cobbles shoes without glasses at a hundred, and cuts a handsome swath at a hundred and five, is indispensable to give dignity and respectability to our life.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

.From all points of the compass, from the earth beneath and the heavens above, have come these inspirations and been entered duly in the order of their arrival in the journal. Thereafter, when the time arrived, they were winnowed into lectures, and again, in due time, from lectures into essays. And at last they stand, like the cubes of Pythagoras, firmly on either basis; like statues on their pedestals, but the statues rarely take hold of hands. There is only such connection and series as is attainable in the galleries. And this affects their immediate practical and popular influence.

Carlyle, we should say, more conspicuously than any other, though with little enough expressed or even conscious sympathy, represents the Reformer class.

In him the universal plaint is most settled and serious. Until the thousand named and nameless grievances are righted, there will be no repose for him in the lap of Nature or the seclusion of science and literature. And all the more for not being the visible acknowledged leader of any class.

All places, all positions — all things in short — are a medium happy or unhappy. Every realm has its centre, and the nearer to that the better while you are in it. Even health is only the happiest of all mediums. There may be excess, or there may be deficiency; in either case there is disease. A man must only be *virtuous* enough.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1846

This was the year in which Charles Darwin's VOYAGE OF A NATURALIST ROUND THE WORLD / JOURNAL OF RESEARCHES INTO THE NATURAL HISTORY AND GEOLOGY OF THE COUNTRIES VISITED DURING THE VOYAGE OF H.M.S. BEAGLE ROUND THE WORLD, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPT. FITZ ROY, R.N. would be published (New York: Harper & brothers):

THE SCIENCE OF 1846

Henry Thoreau would be able to detect in these pages a new attitude toward body coloration, an attitude quite unlike the one that had been espoused by for instance Ben Jonson:

> "WALKING": A tanned skin is something more than respectable, and perhaps olive is a fitter color than white for a man — a denizen of the woods. "The pale white man!" I do not wonder that the African pitied him. Darwin the naturalist says "A white man bathing by the side of a Tahitian was like a plant bleached by the gardener's art compared with a fine, dark green one growing vigorously in the open fields."
> Ben Jonson exclaims,—
> "How near to good is what is fair!"
> So I would say—
> How near to good is what is wild!
> Life consists with Wildness. The most alive is the wildest. Not yet subdued to man, its presence refreshes him. One who pressed forward incessantly and never rested from his labors, who grew fast and made infinite demands on life, would always find himself in a new country or wilderness, and surrounded by the raw material of life. He would be climbing over the prostrate stems of primitive forest trees.

CHARLES DARWIN
BEN JONSON

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II

LOVE FREED FROM IGNOR ...

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

"A YANKEE IN CANADA": The most modern fortifications have an air of antiquity about them; they have the aspect of ruins in better or worse repair from the day they are built, because they are not really the work of this age. The very place where the soldier resides has a peculiar tendency to become old and dilapidated, as the word ***barrack*** implies. I couple all fortifications in my mind with the dismantled Spanish forts to be found in so many parts of the world; and if in any place they are not actually dismantled, it is because there the intellect of the inhabitants is dismantled. The commanding officer of an old fort near Valdivia in South America, when a traveller remarked to him that, with one discharge, his gun-carriages would certainly fall to pieces, gravely replied, "No, I am sure, sir, they would stand two." Perhaps the guns of Quebec would stand three. Such structures carry us back to the Middle Ages, the siege of Jerusalem, and St. Jean d'Acre, and the days of the Bucaniers. In the armory of the citadel they showed me a clumsy implement, long since useless, which they called a Lombard gun. I thought that their whole citadel was such a Lombard gun, fit object for the museums of the curious. Such works do not consist with the development of the intellect. Huge stone structures of all kinds, both in their erection and by their influence when erected, rather oppress than liberate the mind. They are tombs for the souls of men, as frequently for their bodies also. The sentinel with his musket beside a man with his umbrella is spectral. There is not sufficient reason for his existence. Does my friend there, with a bullet resting on half an ounce of powder, think that he needs that argument in conversing with me? The fort was the first institution that was founded here, and it is amusing to read in Champlain how assiduously they worked at it almost from the first day of the settlement. The founders of the colony thought this an excellent site for a wall, –and no doubt it was a better site, in some respects, for a wall than for a city,– but it chanced that a city got behind it. It chanced, too, that a Lower Town got before it, and clung like an oyster to the outside of the crags, as you may see at low tide. It is as if you were to come to a country village surrounded by palisades in the old Indian fashion, – interesting only as a relic of antiquity and barbarism. A fortified town is like a man cased in the heavy armor of antiquity, with a horse-load of broadswords and small arms slung to him, endeavoring to go about his business. Or is this an indispensible machinery for the good government of the country?

CHARLES DARWIN

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

CAPE COD: All the morning we had heard the sea roar on the eastern shore, which was several miles distant; for it still felt the effects of the storm in which the St. John was wrecked, –though a schoolboy, whom we overtook, hardly knew what we meant, his ears were so used to it. He would have more plainly heard the same sound in a shell. It was a very inspiriting sound to walk by, filling the whole air, that of the sea dashing against the land, heard several miles inland. Instead of having a dog to growl before your door, to have an Atlantic Ocean to growl for a whole Cape! On the whole, we were glad of the storm, which would show us the ocean in its angriest mood. Charles Darwin was assured that the roar of the surf on the coast of Chiloe, after a heavy gale, could be heard at night a distance of "21 sea miles across a hilly and wooded country."

PEOPLE OF CAPE COD

CHARLES DARWIN

CAPE COD: We discerned vessels so far off, when once we began to look, that only the tops of their masts in the horizon were visible, and it took a strong intention of the eye, and its most favorable side, to see them at all, and sometimes we doubted if we were not counting our eyelashes. Charles Darwin states that he saw, from the base of the Andes, "the masts of the vessels at anchor in the bay of Valparaiso, although not less than twenty-six geographical miles distant," and that Anson had been surprised at the distance at which his vessels were discovered from the coast, without knowing the reason, namely, the great height of the land and the transparency of the air. Steamers may be detected much further than sailing vessels, for, as one says, when their hulls and masts of wood and iron are down, their smoky masts and streamers still betray them; and the same writer, speaking of the comparative advantages of bituminous and anthracite coal for war-steamers, states that, "from the ascent of the columns of smoke above the horizon, the motions of the steamers in Calais Harbor [on the coast of France] are at all times observable at Ramsgate [on the English coast], from the first lighting of the fires to the putting out at sea; and that in America the steamers burning the fat bituminous coal can be tracked at sea at least seventy miles before the hulls become visible, by the dense columns of black smoke pouring out of their chimneys, and trailing along the horizon."

PEOPLE OF CAPE COD

CHARLES DARWIN

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PEOPLE OF CAPE COD

CAPE COD: The Greeks would not have called the ocean ἀτρύγετος, or unfruitful, though it does not produce wheat, if they had viewed it by the light of modern science, for naturalists now assert that "the sea, and not the land, is the principal seat of life,"–though not of vegetable life. Darwin affirms that "our most thickly inhabited forests appear almost as deserts when we come to compare them with the corresponding regions of the ocean." Agassiz and Gould tell us that "the sea teems with animals of all classes, far beyond the extreme limit of flowering plants"; but they add, that "experiments of dredging in very deep water have also taught us that the abyss of the ocean is nearly a desert"; –"so that modern investigations," to quote the words of Desor, "merely go to confirm the great idea which was vaguely anticipated by the ancient poets and philosophers, that the Ocean is the origin of all things." Yet marine animals and plants hold a lower rank in the scale of being than land animals and plants. "There is no instance known," says Desor, "of an animal becoming aquatic in its perfect state, after having lived in its lower stage on dry land," but as in the case of the tadpole, "the progress invariably points towards the dry land." In short, the dry land itself came through and out of the water on its way to the heavens, for, "in going back through the geological ages, we come to an epoch when, according to all appearances, the dry land did not exist, and when the surface of our globe was entirely covered with water." We looked on the sea, then, once more, not as ἀτρύγετος, or unfruitful, but as it has been more truly called, the "laboratory of continents."

PIERRE JEAN ÉDOUARD DESOR
AGASSIZ & GOULD
CHARLES DARWIN

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

WALDEN: Darwin, the naturalist, says of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, that while his own party, who were well clothed and sitting close to a fire, were far from too warm, these naked savages, who were farther off, were observed, to his great surprise, "to be streaming with perspiration at undergoing such a roasting."

CHARLES DARWIN

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE I

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II

Winter: Irish laborers stacked Walden Pond's ice into "a vast blue fort or Valhalla."

Henry Thoreau recorded to his journal:

It is hard to have a Southern overseer; it is worse to have a Northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself!"

Heroic books, "even if printed in the character of our mother tongue, will always be in a language dead to degenerate times; and we must laboriously seek the meaning of each word and line, conjecturing a larger sense than common use permits out of what wisdom and valor and generosity we have."

As the sparrow had its trill, sitting on the hickory before my door, so I had my chuckle or suppressed warble which he might hear out of my nest.

As I sit at my window this summer afternoon, hawks are circling about my clearing; the tantivy of wild pigeons, flying by twos and threes athwart my view, or perching restless on the white-pine boughs behind my house, gives a voice to the air; a fishhawk dimples the glassy surface of the pond and brings up a fish; a mink steals out of the marsh before my door and seizes a frog by the shore; the sedge is bending under the weight of the reed-birds flitting hither and thither; and for the last half hour I have heard the rattle of railroad cars, now dying away and then reviving like the beat of a partridge **[Ruffed Grouse** ***Bonasa*** *umbellus* (~~Partridge~~)**]**, conveying travellers from Boston to the country. For I did not live so out of the world as that boy, who, as I hear, was put out to a farmer in the east part of the town, but ere long ran away and came home again, quite down at the heel and homesick. He had never seen such a dull and out-of-the-way place; the folks were all gone off; why, you couldn't even hear the whistle! I doubt if there is such a place in Massachusetts now:–

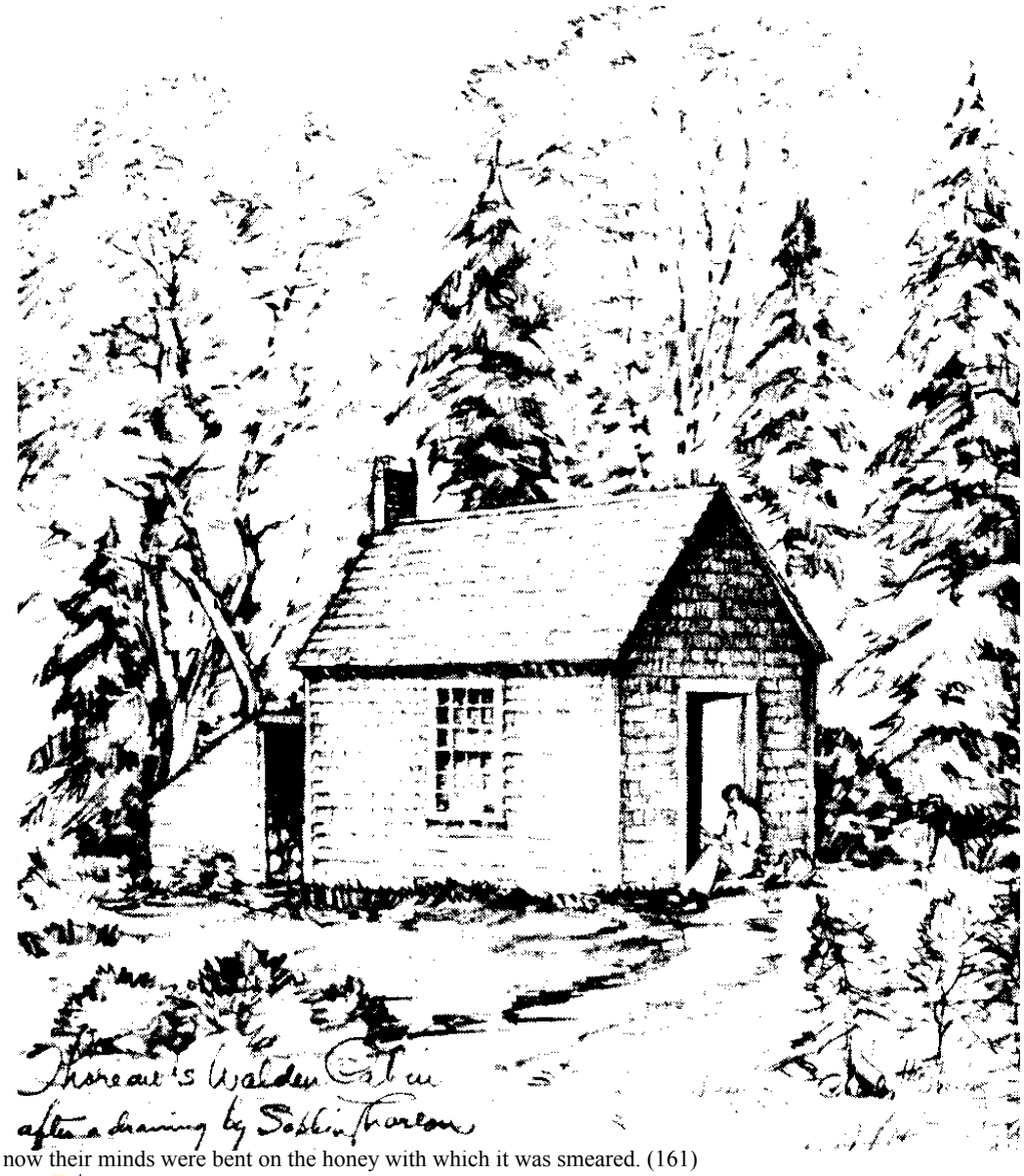
> "In truth, our village has become a butt
> For one of those fleet railroad shafts, and o'er
> Our peaceful plain its soothing sound is –Concord." (114-5)

When other birds are still the screech owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient *u-lu-lu*. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt *tu-whit tu-who* of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the wood-side, reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, no expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in their scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then *–that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and *–bor-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods. (124)

On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like popguns to these woods, and some waifs of martial music occasionally penetrate thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field at the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff ball had burst; and when there was a military turnout of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all the day of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon, either scarlatina or canker-rash, until at length some more favorable puff of wind, making haste over the fields and up the Wayland road, brought me information of the "trainers." It seemed by the distant hum as if somebody's bees had swarmed, and that the neighbors, according to Virgil's advice, by a faint *tintinnabulum* upon the most sonorous of their domestic utensils, were endeavoring to call them down into the hive again. And when the sound died quite away, and the hum had ceased, and the most favorable breezes told no tale, I knew that they had got the last drone of them all safely into the Middlesex hive, and that

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



now their minds were bent on the honey with which it was smeared. (161)

After September 10: It was with pleasant sensations that we rowed over the North Twin lake by moonlight –now fairly beyond the last vestige of civilized, perhaps of human life –in the midst of such environment and such civility there as nature allows For still I could think of nothing but vaster cities there concealed on the distant shore and ports and navies –and the orient and occident –the levant and the Pacific of trade–

Over that high table land so open to the sun and light and yet uninhabited. Continuous forests bounded the view on every side –the shore rising into gentle wooded hills –and now and then a mountain reared itself above the level woods –Joe Merry or Double-top –or Ktadn.

The loon laughed and dived as we held on our way –the fir and spruce and cedar, occasionally hanging with moss, stood like the ghosts of trees on the distant shore– We sang, at least with enthusiasm, such boat song as

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

we could remember –and listened to hear if any wolf responded –aware that we had perchance disturbed many a deer or moose quietly feeding on the shore –and even then gazing at us –but we heard only the hooting of owls
On entering the lake we steered for a little dot of an island hardly visible in the dark –where we amused ourselves with planning that the light house should be –and how we should like to live and be the light-house man. At length we drew up our batteau upon a smooth white sandy shore at the head of the lake –gliding in between some large dark rocks and proceeded to make our camp–
It is difficult to conceive of an country uninhabited by man we naturally suppose them on the horizon everywhere– And yet we have not seen nature unless we have once seen her thus vast and grim and drear –whether in the wilderness or in the midst of cities –for to be Vast is how near to being waste.
Coming down the Mt perhaps I first most fully realized that that this was unhanselled and ancient Demonic Nature, natura, or whatever man has named it.
The nature primitive –powerful gigantic awful and beautiful, Untamed forever. We were passing over burnt lands with occasional strips of timber crossing it,[11] and low poplars springing up –open and pasture-like –with blue berries sloping away down toward the river –for our convenience I found myself traversing it familiarly like some pasture run to waste –or partially reclaimed by man –but when I reflected what a man –what brother or sister or kindred of our race farmed it –and made it firm ground and convenient for us to walk on– The earth seemed recent –and I expected the proprietor to dispute my passage– When then did my ancestors acquire the preemptive right? But only the moose browsed here, and the bear skulked –and the black partridge fed on the berries and the buds.
The main astonishment at last is that man has brought so little change– And yet man so overtops nature in his estimation.
The trout fishing at the mouth of the Aboljacknagesic –in that part of the river called the Sowdehunk still water, was as it were fabulous, to describe There those fishes made beautiful the lord only knows why, to swim there, leaped from he stream to our frying pan by some orphic process
It impressed me so like a vision that late at night or early in the morning I rose by moonlight to learn if I were indeed there and this dream were true. And there by the moonlight –in the wholly visionary dream land –the

11. It is difficult to conceive
~~region~~
of an country uninhabited by man
~~habitually presume his~~ ~~exaggerate his influence~~
we naturally suppose them on
~~presence &~~
the horizon everywhere — And yet
~~pure~~
we have not seen^ nature unless
we have once seen her thus vast
whether in the wilderness or
and grim and drear — ~~for to be~~
~~vast though~~ in the midst of
<~~but~~>
cities — for to be Vast is how near
to being waste.
Coming down the Mt perhaps
I first ~~most~~ fully realized that
<~~untamed primeval~~>
that this was unhanselled and ancient
~~or whater else men call it~~
Demonic Nature, *natura*, or
<~~name man has best applied~~> ~~while coming~~
<~~s~~> ~~down the Mt~~.
whatever man has named it.
<~~Titanic~~>
The nature primitive — powerful
<~~yet~~>
gigantic aweful and beautiful,
Untamed forever. We were passing
~~burnt by lightning perchance~~
over burnt land^ with occasional
strips of timber crossing it…. (Berg 89-90)

speckled trout again rose to the bait and the fable proved true again.– The outline of Ktadn was plainly visible a dozen miles off in the warm light –
I could understand the truth of mythology –and the fables of Proteus and all those beautiful sea monsters– How all history put to a terrestrial use is history, but put to a celestial is mythology ever.
There we lay where Indians once –and since adventurous loggers seeking the white pine had camped before us and caught trout like us. There were the moose on which some party had feasted, of which we brought away some teeth –and we used the birch poles that had been left by them.
One memorable evening and moon lighted dawn I first caught the trout in the Maine wilderness at the mouth of the Aboljacknagesic which comes into to the West Branch of the Penobscot from Mount Ktadn– And the fable of the trout was realized to me. I had long sought a larger specimen of its cousin the White Chivin or roach and here my first captive was the fish I sought –fishes large than the red distinctly white or silvery –swam here and were forward to take the bait –at the mouth of Murch Brook –in dark water. I had come so far to catch my fish.
There are singular reminiscensces in the life of every man –of seasons when he was leading a wholly unsubstantial and as it were impossible life –in circumstances so strange –in company so unfit and almost this time the creature of Chance. As the hours spent in travelling by steam boat night or day– It is a transient and dream like experience –for which I have no other place in any memory but such as I assign to dreams. In a longer voyage no doubt the circumstances and scenery wold become familiar and we might realize how we too could be sailors –and so lead our lives But in these voyages of a night in which the power of a new genius or demon steam –surpassing the relations of eastern fables are summoned to waft us to a distant spot –we pass too rapidly from our associations to a new era– All men but a few cooks and waiters and engineers and deck hands seem as much in a dream as yourself– All are as if they had taken something –wine or opium or been– All are familiar as in dreams and each represents a class is the best specimen of his class– See the man in a rich fur cap and velvet cloak– Now trying to get sleep –now pacing the deck and looking round upon us –with assurance as if he were some prince and travelled there rightfully and more entirely than we –we who are the same old six pences any where just as homely and simple the other side the Globe as where we belong –and the last day as this hour–
He is a fabulous man –not fed and sustained as we are– The Sea fareing man lighting his pipe at midnight and pacing the deck one more –guessing we are now about off white head whose light we see yonder –has often sailed this shore knows all the lights– By the bye Where's Jim how many times has he been to bed and got up again –now knowing but it was day light –hoping it was– Now he'll borrow your pipe if you please– Has he slept any –he says he slept well does'nt want any more –but here he is up at mid night– He declares he sees the day breaking –we shall be in the bay in an hour –thats' nigger Island –that's Owl's head-light– It grows light apace– We begin to trig up –slick hair –smooth pants snuff the breeze a little and shake ourselves– By the by what time is it? One says its 3 o clock one says its one –one says it's only eleven– And the cook passing answers half past eleven gentlemen– And that light was the moon rising and the sailors who had sailed these shores –exeunt to bed again and now determine to sleep this time– Some not abaft the shaft choose again a soft recess among the bales –some stagger down –seeming to the risen heads to have come upon the business of the boat –or as if going down town at leisure

 Winter: {*pages missing*} shorter and more adventurous way.
I had thoughts of returning to this house the next day –which was neatly kept & so nobly placed –for the husband was not at home though the mistress entertained me kindly –and perhaps remaining a week in the valley.
As I passed the last house a man called out to know what I had to sell, for seeing my knapsack he thought that I might be a peddlar who was taking this unusual rout for nearness over the ridge at the head of the valley to South Adams. He told me that –it was 4 or 5 miles to the summit by the path, which I had left but not more than 2 miles in a straight line –but nobody ever went this way –there was no path and I should {*Two-fifths page missing*}
I was of that age when an unexplored country road furnishes objects of interest enough –when any deeper ravine –or higher hill –or novel bridge and unknown stream –detains us a long time –and once we go on with the interest and adventurous feeling of childhood not knowing what we shall see next. I was interested by such sights for instants as pigs and geese with yokes, which were new to me –bridges whose side rails only were covered with a projecting eve –virginia fences –and guide boards –which said right and left or Rt. Lt. or if it chanced to say so many miles to Esqr M'Gaws {*MS torn*} charmed and felt myself {*Two-fifths page missing*} {*Thirty-two pages missing*} guage– And the vast majority of those who at one period of their lives have been compelled to study Latin & Greek –have remained as ignorant of the genius of their authors as those inhabitants of the early centuries of our era –who though they could speak the language of Rome –erased the monuments

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

of her noblest children to make way for a Father –or a dull Romance.
I know it is advised by some to overlook at last and forget what ancient and heroic men have done, what wise and studious men have thought –what inspired poets have sung– The most valuable monuments of human labor and life– But it will be soon enough to forget when we have the experience which will enable us well to remember them– That age will be rich indeed when those relics shall have still further accumulated –when at some remote epoch the Vaticans shall be filled with Homers & Shakespeares –where the ages shall have successively deposited their trophies in a heap in the forum. This way may we plausibly hope to scale the heavens.
The works of the great poets have never yet been read, for only great poets can read them. There was never gathered an assembly of men who could appreciate them –but they have ever been read partially and by snatches in solitude as men view the stars. Only they talk of forgetting the ancients who never knew them.
Ovid thus describes Chaos

"And where there was Earth there also was there sea & air;
So was the earth not to be stood upon, the waves not to be swum in,
The air without light."
* *
And he secreted the liquid heavens from the thick air
* *
And he confined the descending rivers within slipping banks;
Which in different places, are part absorbed by the earth,
Part reach the sea, and being received within the plain
Of its freer water, beat the shores for banks.
* *
The East Wind withdrew to Aurora & the Nabothaean kingdom
And the Persian, and the ridges placed under the morning rays
* * *
Scarcely had he fenced off all these with certain {*MS torn*}
When the stars, which had long lain hid pressed down under
That mass, began to effervesce into every part of the heavens

The beautiful story of Phaeton and Apollo adds–

The first part of the way is steep, and where scarcely the steeds
Fresh in the morning strive; in the mid heaven it is highest;
Whence to behold Sea and earth there is often fear
To me myself, and my breast trembles with fearful dread

(He cannot translate a foreign language or even read his own –who does not simply by his ear distinguish some

of the meaning of a word)
The last part of the way is descending; and requires sure management
Then even Tethys herself, is wont to fear, who receives
Me with waves placed underneath, lest I be borne headlong.
Add, that heaven is whirled with constant revolution;
And draws the lofty stars, and whirls them with swift revolution
I strive against it; nor does the impetus which conquers the rest,
Conquer me; and I am born contrary to the rapid sphere.
Suppose the charriot granted. What canst thou do? wilt thou be able
To go against the rotating poles, that the swift axis may not carry thee away,
Perhaps you conceive in your mind that there are groves there,
And cities of the gods and shrines rich with gifts. –
Through snares is the way, and the forms of wild beasts.
And although You should keep the way, and with no error be borne,
Nevertheless you will advance through the horns of Taurus, opposite.
And the Haemonian bows, and the features of the raging lion
And the Scorpion curving with long circuit its dread
Arms, and the Crab –ending its arms in another way
Nor is it possible for thee without preparation to manage the steeds
Excited with those flames which they have in their breasts
And breath forth from their mouths & nostrils. Scarcely do they endure me
When their sharp spirits have grown hot, and their necks spurn the reins.
Apollo tells his son he need not doubt of his descent
Some proofs thou askest; I give sure proofs by fearing
And prove myself father by my paternal fear–
His father cannot reveal his oath sworn by the sacred marsh of Styx –but he may persuade–
Nevertheless he resists his words
And holds fast his purpose: and he burns with desire of the chariot.
Therefore the father having delayed as far as it was lawful, conducts
The youth to the lofty chariot –the work of Vulcan
The axle was golden –the beam golden, golden the extreme
curvature of the wheel, of the spokes a silvery order –
About the yokes chrysolite and gems placed orderly
reflecting Phoebus gave back clear rays
And while high-minded Phaeton admires these things & surveys
The work; lo, wakeful Aurora from the glittering east
Opened the purple doors and the halls full of roses
The stars disperse; whose troops Lucifer
Drives away, and the last of all withdraws from his station in the heavens,
But the father Titan when he saw the lands and world grow red
And the extremities of the moon's horns as it were to vanish
Commands the swift hours to yoke the horses.
The swift Goddesses perform his orders; and they lead the steeds
From the high stalls, breathing fire,
Filled with the juice of ambrosia; and they add the sounding bridles.
Then the father anointed the face of his son with the sacred
Tincture, and made it patient of the fervid flame.
And unfixed the rays in his hair.
Of the late the victor whom all our Pindars praised –has won another palm contending with

PINDAR

"Olympian bards who sung
Divine Ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so."
Aspiring to guide that chariot which coursed olympia's sky.– What will the Delphians say & Eleusinian priests –where will the Immortals hide their secrets now –which earth or Sea –mountain or stream –or Muses spring or grove –is safe from his all searching eye –who drives off apollo's beaten track –visits unwonted zones –& makes the serpent writhe {*MS blotted*} a nile-like river of our day flow back –and hide its head.
Spite of the eternal law, from his
"lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle."
I have seen some impudent connecticut or Down east man in his crack coaster with tort sail, standing beside his galley with his dog with folded arms while his cock crowed aboard –scud through the surf by some fast anchored Staten island farm –but just outside the line where the astonished Dutchman digs his clams, or half

ploughs his cabbage garden with unbroken steeds & ropy harness.– while his squat bantam whose faint voice the lusty shore wind drownd responded feebly there for all reply

I have awaked in the morning with the impression that some question had beeen put to me which I had been struggling to answer in my sleep –but there was dawning nature, in whom all creatures live –looking in at the window, with serene & satisfied face and no question on *her* lips.

Men are not commonly greatly servicable to one another –because they are not servicable to themselves – Their lives are devoted to trivial ends, and they invite only to an intercourse which degrades one another. Some are too weakly sensitive by a defect of their constitution, magnifying what

ICE

{*Twenty-eight pages missing*} grown; –hoary tower –of azure tinted marble.– an acre yielded about 1000 tons. They stacked up in a good day about 1000 tons.

INDIA

The parched inhabitants of Madras Bombay –Calcutta –Havana –charleston & New Orleans drink at my well– While I incredulous read the vast cosmogonal philosophy of Ancient India –in modern New England The Brahmen's Stoic descendant still sits in his native temples and cools his parched lips with the ice of my Walden well.

Though incredible ages ages have intervened –I am a denizen of the same earth with their descendants.

The descendant of the religious devotee who dwelt at the roots of trees with his crust of bread and water jug cools his water today with ice from my well. If I am not a modern hindoo we are near neighbors –and by the miracle of commerce we quench our thirst and cool our lips at the same well.

And concord fixed air is carried in that ice to mingle with the sultry zephyrs of the Indus & the Ganges.

I bathe my intellect in the stupendous wisdom of the Bhagvat Geeta –the Puranas –the Vedas –the laws of menu –which last three make the Dharma Sastra of the Hindoos– Since whose composition years of the gods have lapsed –and in comparison with which this modern world and its literature seem puny & trivial– And I wonder if those are not to be referred to another state of existence than this of ours.– So remote is that religion & sublimity from our conceptions–

INDIA

Where is that India where these sons of Brahma dwelt– Alexander seems the most recent traveller to it.

Wondering at the remoteness of this my modern N E. life from that fabulous life of theirs –and if by any link I am related to them –I go to my well for a bucket of water and there I meet the servant of the modern Brahmin priest of veeshnoo & Indra & Brahma –come to draw a bucket full for his master also.– And I refuse not to fill his water-jug. {*Six pages missing*} for shoes. If the cormorant family would but begin with this little reading for I suppose it is elementary and introductory to better things –& read a little it would be a promising sing–

The result is dullness of sight –a stagnation of the vital circulations and a general deliquium of the intellectual faculties–

The "Skip of the tip-toe Hop" by the celebrated author of Tittle-tol-tan &c&c a romance –to appear in monthly parts –a great rush –dont all come together. ——

There was such a rush I hear at one of the offices to learn the foreign news by the last arrival as broke several large squares of plates glass– News which I seriously think a ready wit might right a twelve month –or 12 years before hand with sufficient accuracy– As for foreign news if one may judge who rarely looks into the newspapers I should say that nothing new ever does happen in foreign parts– As for spain for instance, if you know how to throw in Don carlos and the Infanta and don pedro & Seville & Gibraltar from time to time skilfully & serve up a bull fight when other entertainments fail –it will be true to the letter– ——

The best books ar not read even by those who have learned their letters. What does our Concord culture amount to? There is in this town –with a very few exceptions no taste for the best or the very good books even in English literature which all can red– Even college bred –& so called liberally educated men here & elsewhere have no acquaintance with the English Classics.– and as for the recorded wisdom of mankind –which accesible to all who will know of it –there are but the feeblest efforts made to study or to become acquainted with it. One who has just come from reading perhaps the best of English books will find how few to converse with respecting it! It is for the most part foreign & unheard of. One who comes from reading a Greek –or Latin book –in the original –whose praises are familiar even to the illiterate will find nobody at all to speak to and must keep silence about it.

Indeed there is hardly the professor in our colleges who if he has mastered the difficulties of the language has in any like proportion mastered the difficulty of the wisdom & the poetry. And the zealous morning reader of Homer or of the Greek Dramatic poets might find no more valuable sympathy in the atmosphere of Cambridge A man –any man will go considerably {*Thirty-four pages missing*} your gone –pull it up –pull it up But this –was Beans and not corn & so it was safe from such enemies as he

INDIA

-In summer days which some devoted to the fine arts –away in Italy –and others to contemplation away in India

ITALY

and some to trade in London & New York –I with other farmers of N.E. devoted to field-labor

When my hoe tinkled on a stone it was no longer beans that I hoed nor I that hoed beans.– But such sugar plums

they tempt us to live this life of man –however mean and trivial
Or it was my amusement when I rested in the shrub oaks to watch a pair of hen-hawks circling high in the sky as silently as the humors on my eye –alternately soaring and descending –approaching and leaving one another –the imbodiment of some of my won thoughts which some times soar as high & sail & circle as majestically there. ——
I should not care if our village life were greatly modified or totally changed It would be agreeable to me if men dwelt more in the country –a more rural life a life in the fields– I love to see a house standing in the middle of a field away from any road –it is an evidence of originality & independance in its inhabitants –& that they do not in other respects copy their neighbors. The state & the town should be a confederacy of independant families living apart each with is own territory –or small families may be united –like separate principalities A true family is in my eyes more commannding of respect –& of more authority and importance than the state– It is the older and more venerable state– The nobility of every country belong to families which are behind & prior to and in some sense independent on the state & the state can confer no honor equal to that of the family.
While the Robins are building their nest & rearing their family in the apple tree in the orchard they attract the favor and the interest of man –& represent all their tribe –but when they are about to migrate in the fall and have no further interest in the soil they band together in flocks with a forlorn & alien look –commanding the respect of none, and are at the mercy of every sportsman. A flock {*MS torn*} hundred robins is not so interesting {*MS torn*} me as a single family.
I could even dispense with the post office– I hardly receive more than one letter a year– And I think that there are very few important communications made through the post office– I am infinitely more interested in the old books than in the new I had rather wait for the new to become old before I read them than for the old to become new– I never read any memorable news in a newspaper in my life.– If we have read that one man was robbed or murdered or killed by accident –or one house was burned –or one mad dog killed or one vessel wrecked –why need one ever read of another –one is enough. I think that every man's private affairs his bargains his adventures his accidents & his thoughts or whims from morning till night are fully –as interesting as uncle Sams– But every man unless he is naturally stupid & a bore knows better than to trouble us with these things. Why should we live with such hurry & bustle –let us spend one day as deliberately as nature– Let us rise early & fast or break fast gently and without noise– What if the milk-man does not come in season {*MS torn*} white wash our coffee –let us murmur an inward prayer that we may be sustained under this trial & forget him Let company come & let company go determined to make a day of it. Let the bells ring & the children cry why should we knock under –& go with the stream. The sun has not got to the zenith yet. Let us not be upset & overwhelmed in that terrible rapid & whirlpool called a dinner –situated in the meridian shallows –weather this danger and you are safe for the rest of the way is down hill– with unrelaxed nerves –with morning vigor sail by it looking another way –ties to the mast– If the engine wistles let it whistle for its pains –and we will consider what kind of music it is like Let us not be starved before we are hungry.– Men have the st Vitus' dance. & cant possibly keep their heads still– Why if I should only give a few pulls at the bell-rope yonder fiery like –i.e. without setting the bell why there is not a man on his farm in the outskirts of the town notwithstanding that press of engagement {*One-half page missing*} sympathy with the devouring element. As for our work we havent any –any thing can command– hardly a man takes a half hour's nap after dinner but when he wakes he holds up his head and inquires whats the news– some give directions to be waked every half hour, doubtless for no other purpose. & then in return they tell what they have dreamed. Let us not be thrown off the track by every nut-shell & mosquito's wing that comes in our way.
Men say that a stitch in time saves nine –and so they take a thousand stitches today to save nine tomorrow – They do nothing to stitch in time –when possibly there may be {*One-half page missing*}
In these woods ranged the {*MS torn*} fox the wood chuck & the raccoon –the crow & the wood cock –in this hollow willow & alder thicket the muskrats builded & burrowed –along this meadow side the blackbirds congregated– Under the grove of Elms & buttonwoods in the horizon there was a village of busy men.– I I went there frequently to observe their habits.– Mine was a solitary fox or woodchuck hole ——
In the fall before my house was plastering but a fire had become necessary in the cool evenings I passed …

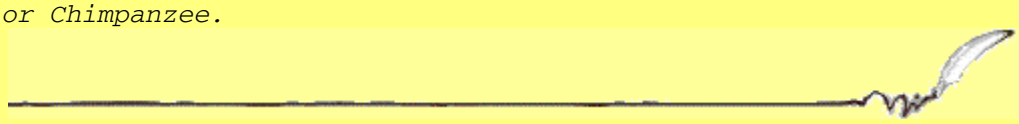
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1847

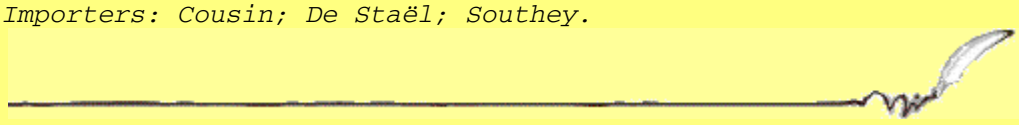
During this year Waldo Emerson contributed the following deeply profound thought about our human trajectory to his journal:

> *It is not determined of man whether he came up or down: Cherubim or Chimpanzee.*



At the end of the journal entries for this year, Waldo listed his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Plotinus; Synesius; Proclus; Institutes of Menu; Bhagavat Geeta; Vishnu Purana; Confucius; Zoroaster; Saadi; Hafiz; Firdusi; Ferradeddin."

> *The culture of the Imagination, how imperiously demanded, how doggedly denied. There are books which move the sea and the land, and which are the realities of which you have heard in the fables of Cornelius Agrippa and Michael Scott.*
>
> *Sweetness of reading: Montaigne, Froissart; Chaucer.*
>
> *Ancient: the three Banquets [Plato, Xenophon, Plutarch].*
>
> *Oriental reading: [HE FORGOT TO FILL THIS OUT]*
>
> *Grand reading: Plato; Synesius; Dante; Vita Nuova; Timæus (weather, river of sleep); Cudworth; Stanley.*
>
> *All-reading: Account of Madame de Staël's rule; Rabelais; Diderot, Marguerite Aretin.*
>
> *English reading: Clarendon; Bacon; Milton; Johnson; Northcote.*
>
> *Manuals: Bacon's Essays; Ben Jonson; Ford; Beaumont and Fletcher.*
>
> *Favorites: Sully; Walpole; Evelyn; Walton; Burton; White's Selborne; Aubrey; Bartram's Travels; French Gai Science, Fabliaux.*
>
> *Tonic books: Life of Michael Angelo; Gibbon; Goethe; Coleridge.*
>
> *Novels: Manzoni.*
>
> *Of Translation: Mitchell.*
>
> *Importers: Cousin; De Staël; Southey.*



Emerson also incidentally mentioned in his journal for this year someone he had been reading, Charles Kraitsir, mentioning all the languages in his head. A few pages later he included something that Kraitsir had

written, that “All the languages should be studied abreast.”

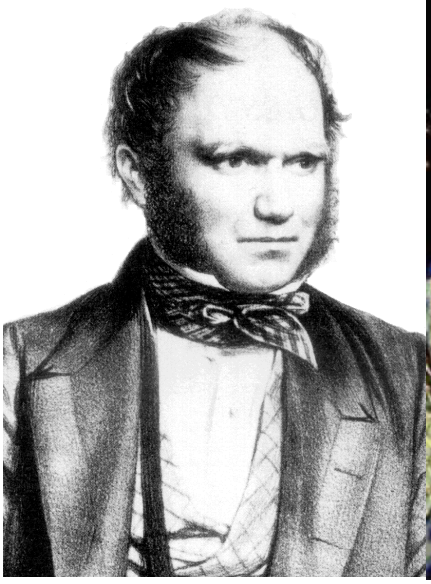
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1851

June: Henry Thoreau studied Charles Darwin's voyage and his remarks about the skin color of Pacific Islanders, and acquired a new attitude toward desirable skin colors for Americans.



Charles Darwin, 1849

Pacific Islander, 1963

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE I

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

"WALKING": A tanned skin is something more than respectable, and perhaps olive is a fitter color than white for a man — a denizen of the woods. "The pale white man!" I do not wonder that the African pitied him. Darwin the naturalist says "A white man bathing by the side of a Tahitian was like a plant bleached by the gardener's art compared with a fine, dark green one growing vigorously in the open fields."
Ben Jonson exclaims,—
"How near to good is what is fair!"
So I would say—
How near to good is what is wild!
Life consists with Wildness. The most alive is the wildest. Not yet subdued to man, its presence refreshes him. One who pressed forward incessantly and never rested from his labors, who grew fast and made infinite demands on life, would always find himself in a new country or wilderness, and surrounded by the raw material of life. He would be climbing over the prostrate stems of primitive forest trees.

CHARLES DARWIN
BEN JONSON

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II
LOVE FREED FROM IGNOR ...

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

In radical contrast with the attitude that had been espoused by Ben Jonson, Henry Thoreau acquired the attitude that olive was a suitable color for Americans. He became persuaded that the future belonged to a stronger, duskier, wilder sort of mingled-race United States citizen, a sort which would be the result of racial blending.[12] He became an advocate of what in his era was being horrifically characterized as "amalgamation." From Frederick Douglass to Obama Nation!

The skins of our great-great-great-grandchildren, in Concord, Massachusetts, should have a dusky suntanned hue, not merely from outdoor exposure but also by virtue of their heredity. Not for America, this Old World attitude that what the good deserve is the fair — in the New World, our attitude needs to become that it will be good for us to become dusky! This will be what will render us truly alive, Thoreau would venture in his lecture "WALKING".

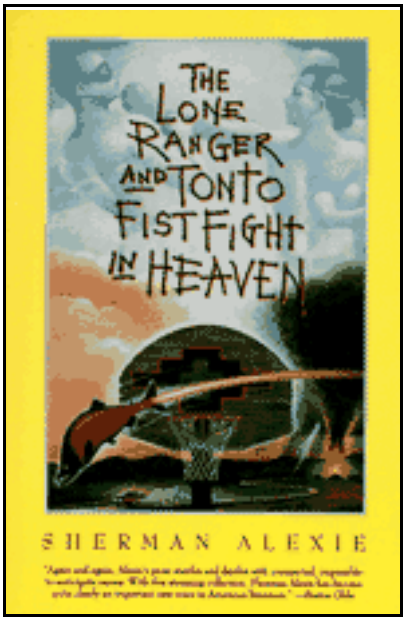
12. Note that there is nothing whatever to be found about hybrid vigor in the Darwin texts that Thoreau was studying in the 1850s. Darwin would not begin to publish about such a topic for at least another two decades, in his THE EFFECTS OF CROSS- AND SELF-FERTILIZATION IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM (London: John Murray, 1876). Therefore, in dismissing the "whiteness is next to Godliness" attitude of Jonson to create here a 19th-Century prototype for the "black is beautiful" attitude, Thoreau was not so much learning from Darwin as thinking at least alongside this scientist or perhaps in advance of him.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1854

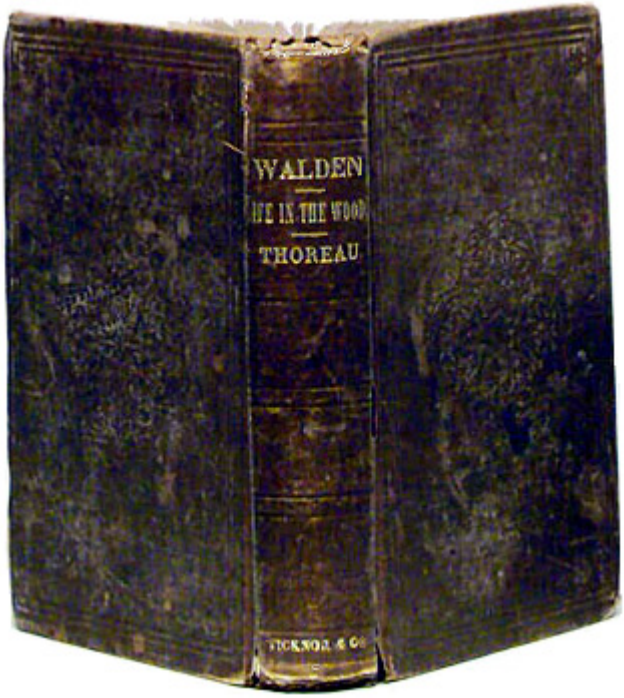
August 19, Saturday: On this day in the wild and wooly west, Lieutenant John Lawrence Grattan having been dispatched from Fort Laramie to take High Forehead under arrest for having shot an arrow into the flank of a Mormon ox, when High Forehead refused to surrender himself the soldiers were ordered to fire indiscriminately into the native American village and headman Conquering Bear was fatally wounded. The Brulé Dakota warriors, assisted by Oglala Dakota warriors, overwhelmed this troop detachment. Soon a detachment under General William Selby Harney would be sent out to "punish" the Brulé group. Escalation, sound at all familiar?



In Concord during the afternoon Henry Thoreau and Eben J. Loomis walked the Fitchburg Railroad tracks to Flint's, or Sandy, Pond (Gleason J10).

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



There was a review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS under the heading "New Publications" on the 1st page of the Cincinnati, Ohio (Daily?) Gazette, column 8:

> Mr. Thoreau is an eccentric young man, who chose to build himself a house in the woods, with his own hands, and dwell there two years and two months, during which period the greater portion of the contents of this volume were written. He is an utterly fearless thinker and writer, of which his book will give sufficient evidence. To those who are not familiar with his writings, the following title of some of the chapters of his book will be an acceptable hint of what they may expect to find in it: Sounds, Solitude, The Bean Field, The Village, The Ponds, Higher Laws, Brute Neighbors, Winter Animals, The Pond in Winter, and Spring.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

There was also a review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, 2:6.

> A quaintly-philosophic work, evidently the production of an acute, as well as a peculiar intellect. It is a work which, we judge, would be to some extent "caviar to the general," yet when in a meditative mood, one cannot find a cheerier closet companion. Philosophy, politics, economy, mathematics, mechanics, with a dash of romance, thrown together very neatly by a polished verbalist, go to make up this very agreeable book.

There was also a review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS under the heading "Recent Publications" in Philadelphia's Cummings' Evening Bulletin, 2:2.

> In the multiplied and confused recollection of the hundreds of books that have passed under our notice within a year or two, there is a distinct and pleasant impression of a volume called "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," as a quaint, but original record of rural experiences. "Walden" is by the same hand, and we recognize in it the same refined appreciation of nature and her beauties, and the same benevolent and human way of treating external and moral topics. It is, in fact, the history of a sort of hermit life passed by the author, in a house built by his own hands on the shore of Walden Pond, in the town of Concord, Massachusetts. It was written, indeed, in that house, and the narrative has all the vividness of true portraiture. If the author is eccentric, there is a great deal of good sense in his eccentricity, and he has certainly made a book which will be read with pleasure by all.

There was also a review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS in the Portsmouth Journal of Literature and Politics, 2:3.

> The quaint writer of this volume resided for more than two years alone in the woods, in a house of his own building, a mile from any neighbor, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Mass. It has been said that it takes all sorts of people to make up a world. The writer of this book, full of quaint notions, quaint sayings, and withal a philosopher and a wit, is one of the rare ones which, like the sea-serpent, is only now and then visible—never two of them seen at the same time. The style is attractive, and although there may be some ideas which we do not readily adopt, there is not a page you wish to omit in the perusal.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

There was also a review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS in the Portland, Maine Transcript, page 151.

Reprinted in CRITICAL ESSAYS ON HENRY DAVID THOREAU'S WALDEN, ed. Joel Myerson (Boston: G.K. Hall & Co., 1988), page 21.

There was also a review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS under the heading "New Books" in the Daily Ohio State Journal, page 3, column 2.

> Those who have read "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac[k] Rivers," by the same author, will thank him for the opportunity of enjoying a second call from the same author. We shall recur to the volume again. [No subsequent notice located.]

Another review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS has been turned up in Boston's New England Farmer, page 2, column 3, quite recently, by Richard E. Winslow III, and the total number of known reviews during

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

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Thoreau's lifetime is now up to 69:

WALDEN.
Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of this city, have recently issued a highly attractive and original volume, entitled, "Walden; or Life in the Woods," by Henry D. Thoreau, author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers." Mr. Thoreau, who is a philosopher of the Emerson school, give in this volume some items of experience and lessons of wisdom which he gathered during a residence of over two years alone in the woods, in a cabin built with his own hands, on the borders of Walden Pond, in Concord, Mass. He thus explains his object, in choosing this solitary abode: —

Quotes WALDEN 90:32-91:11

An idea may be formed of the scope of the book, from the title of the chapters, which are as follows: —

Lists all 18 chapters of the book

Mr. Thoreau handles his subjects in his own erratic way, weaving into his pages many charming descriptions of nature, and shrewd and caustic criticisms of men; mingling some brave truths and noble thoughts with much that is extravagant and outre; and throwing around the whole the cold mists of a selfish philosophy, which mystifies the head and repels the sympathies of the reader. Still, the book is a fresh and entertaining one, and will be widely read and admired, as the production of a mind of gifted powers and curious mould.

In addition, on this day an extract from the "Sounds" chapter of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS was presented under the heading "Wood Sounds" in Dwight's Journal of Music, A Paper of Art and Literature, as shown on the following screens:

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

WALDEN: Sometimes, on Sundays, I heard the bells, the Lincoln, Acton, Bedford, or Concord bell, when the wind was favorable, a faint, sweet, and, as it were, natural melody, worth importing into the wilderness. At a sufficient distance over the woods this sound acquires a certain vibratory hum, as if the pine needles in the horizon were the strings of a harp which it swept. All sound heard at the greatest possible distance produces one and the same effect, vibration of the universal lyre, just as the intervening atmosphere makes a distant ridge of earth interesting to our eyes by the azure tint it imparts to it. There came to me in this case a melody which the air had strained, and which had conversed with every leaf and needle of the wood, that portion of the sound which the elements had taken up and modulated and echoed from vale to vale. The echo is, to some extent, an original sound, and therein is the magic and charm of it. It is not merely a repetition of what was worth repeating in the bell, but partly the voice of the wood; the same trivial words and notes sung by a wood-nymph.

At evening, the distant lowing of some cow in the horizon beyond the woods sounded sweet and melodious, and at first I would mistake it for the voices of certain minstrels by whom I was sometimes serenaded, who might be straying over hill and dale; but soon I was not unpleasantly disappointed when it was prolonged into the cheap and natural music of the cow. I do not mean to be satirical, but to express my appreciation of those youths' singing, when I state that I perceived clearly that it was akin to the music of the cow, and they were at length one articulation of Nature.

Regularly at half past seven, in one part of the summer, after the evening train had gone by, the whippoorwills chanted their vespers for half an hour, sitting on a stump by my door, or upon the ridge pole of the house. They would begin to sing almost with as much precision as a clock, within five minutes of a particular time, referred to the setting of the sun, every evening. I had a rare opportunity to become acquainted with their habits. Sometimes I heard four or five at once in different parts of the wood, by accident one a bar behind another, and so near me that I distinguished not only the cluck after each note, but often that singular buzzing sound like a fly in a spider's web, only proportionally louder. Sometimes one would circle round and round me in the woods a few feet distant as if tethered by a string, when probably it was near its eggs. They sang at intervals throughout the night, and were again as musical as ever just before and about dawn.

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

BEN JONSON
EURIPIDES
AEOLIAN HARP
WHIPPOORWILL

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

When other birds are still the screech owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient *u-lu-lu*. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt *tu-whit tu-who* of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the wood-side, reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, no expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in their scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been* bor-r-r-r-n! sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then –that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n! echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and –bor-r-r-r-n! comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

I was also serenaded by a hooting owl. Near at hand you could fancy it the most melancholy sound in Nature, as if she meant by this to stereotype and make permanent in her choir the dying moans of a human being, –some poor weak relic of mortality who has left hope behind, and howls like an animal, yet with human sobs, on entering the dark valley, made more awful by a certain gurgling melodiousness,– I find myself beginning with the letters gl and I try to imitate it, –expressive of a mind which has reached the gelatinous mildewy stage in the mortification of all healthy and courageous thought. It reminded me of ghouls and idiots and insane howlings. But now one answers from far woods in a strain made really melodious by distance, –*Hoo hoo hoo*, *hoorer hoo*; and indeed for the most part it suggested only pleasing associations, whether heard by day or night, summer or winter.

EURIPIDES
SHAKESPEARE
BEN JONSON
COLERIDGE

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

I rejoice that there are owls. Let them do the idiotic and maniacal hooting for men. It is a sound admirably suited to swamps and twilight woods which no day illustrates, suggesting a vast and undeveloped nature which men have not recognized. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have. All day the sun has shone on the surface of some savage swamp, where the double spruce stands hung with usnea lichens, and small hawks circulate above, and the chicadee lisps amid the evergreens, and the partridge and rabbit skulk beneath; but now a more dismal and fitting day dawns, and a different race of creatures awakes to express the meaning of Nature there.

Late in the evening I heard the distant rumbling of wagons over bridges,-a sound heard farther than almost any other at night, -the baying of dogs, and sometimes again the lowing of some disconsolate cow in a distant barn-yard. In the mean while all the shore rang with the trump of bullfrogs, the sturdy spirits of ancient wine-bibbers and wassailers, still unrepentant, trying to sing a catch in their Stygian lake, -if the Walden nymphs will pardon the comparison, for though there are almost no weeds, there are frogs there,- who would fain keep up the hilarious rules of their old festal tables, though their voices have waxed hoarse and solemnly grave, mocking at mirth, and the wine has lost its flavor, and become only liquor to distend their paunches, and sweet intoxication never comes to drown the memory of the past, but mere saturation and waterloggedness and distention. The most aldermanic, with his chin upon a heart-leaf, which serves for a napkin to his drooling chaps, under this northern shore quaffs a deep draught of the once scorned water, and passes round the cup with the ejaculation *tr-r-r-oonk*, *tr-r-r-oonk*, *tr-r-r-oonk!* and straightway comes over the water from some distant cove the same password repeated, where the next in seniority and girth has gulped down to his mark; and when this observance has made the circuit of the shores, then ejaculates the master of ceremonies, with satisfaction, *tr-r-r-oonk*! and each in his turn repeats the same down to the least distended, leakiest, and flabbiest paunched, that there be no mistake; and then the bowl goes round again and again, until the sun disperses the morning mist, and only the patriarch is not under the pond, but vainly bellowing *troonk* from time to time, and pausing for a reply.

We may well ask ourselves what Thoreau had intended, by describing the nighttime hooting of the male Eastern screech owl as "Ben Jonsonian." Since Emerson had a 6-volume set of THE WORKS OF BEN JONSON in his library, we can presume that our Henry would have made himself pretty familiar with these materials. About all I have been able to come up with to date as an explanation for this ascription (since I have never myself read or seen performed any of Jonson's plays) is that some of these plays have down through the years been critiqued as suffering from "an inner poverty in the humanities of the heart." I note that Samuel Taylor Coleridge, for instance, has commented that "there is no goodness of heart in any of the prominent characters."

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BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

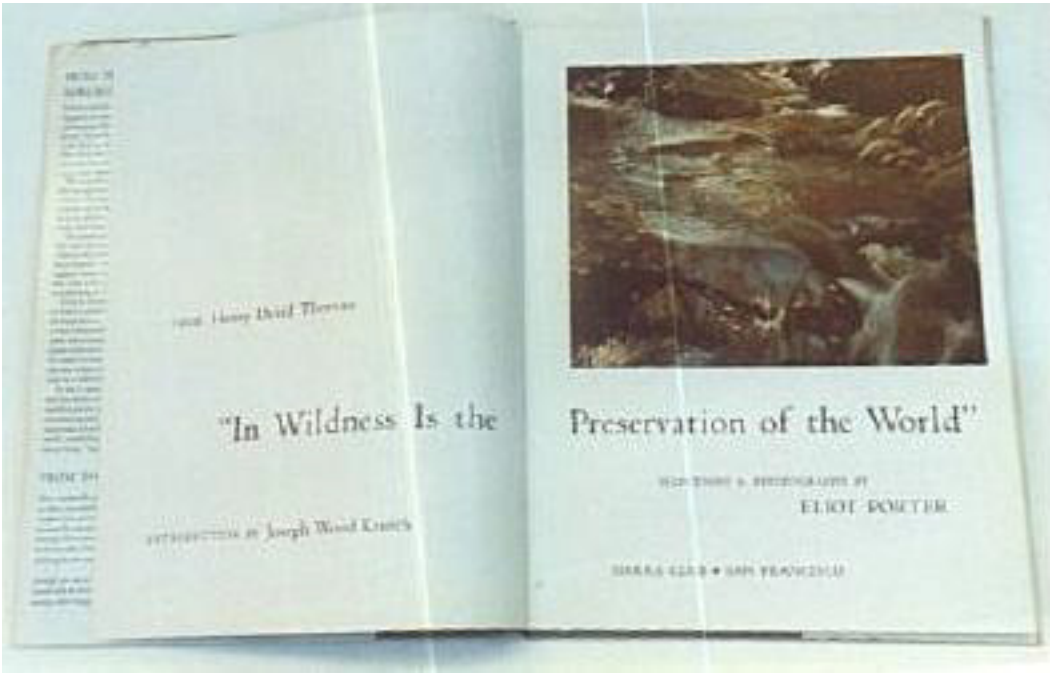
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1862

June: In this month's issue of The Atlantic Monthly, Henry Thoreau had his first opportunity to inform the great American reading public of something that he had been offering in various lectures since April 23, 1851, that in wildness is the preservation of the world.

–That remark would be generally distributed again after exactly one century, in the Year of our Lord 1962:



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

"WALKING": A tanned skin is something more than respectable, and perhaps olive is a fitter color than white for a man — a denizen of the woods. "The pale white man!" I do not wonder that the African pitied him. Darwin the naturalist says "A white man bathing by the side of a Tahitian was like a plant bleached by the gardener's art compared with a fine, dark green one growing vigorously in the open fields."
Ben Jonson exclaims,—
"How near to good is what is fair!"
So I would say—
How near to good is what is wild!
Life consists with Wildness. The most alive is the wildest. Not yet subdued to man, its presence refreshes him. One who pressed forward incessantly and never rested from his labors, who grew fast and made infinite demands on life, would always find himself in a new country or wilderness, and surrounded by the raw material of life. He would be climbing over the prostrate stems of primitive forest trees.

CHARLES DARWIN
BEN JONSON

VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE II
LOVE FREED FROM IGNOR ...

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1934

Here is how Ben Jonson has been treated of in this year by one Charles Read Baskerville, in ELIZABETHAN AND STUART PLAYS (NY: Henry Holt and Company, pages 827-830):

Intimately acquainted with the Greek and Roman classics, critically observant of life about him, and endowed beyond any other writer of his day with the satirist's gifts, Ben Jonson with his originality, his clearly defined principles of art, and his impatience with anything but the best, brought to the business of play-writing an equipment which enabled him to infuse into his work elements which profoundly influenced English drama for generations after his time. He was born in London or its environs in the year 1572, the posthumous son of a clergyman, and, according to Fuller, was sent to a private school in St. Martin's Church, and later to Westminster, where his tutor, the eminent antiquary, William Camden, probably instilled into him that taste for the classics which was to influence strongly the subsequent work of the dramatist. About 1589, probably because of his poverty, instead of pursuing a university education he left Westminster to follow his stepfather's trade of bricklaying. Except that he saw service as a soldier in the Netherlands, was married to one whom he later characterized as "a shrew, yet honest," was a member of a strolling company of actors in which he may have played the hero of Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, very little is known of his career until July 28, 1597, when Henslowe's Diary records a loan of £4 made to him as an actor at Paris Garden. On the same day the privy council ordered all London theaters suppressed as a result of the performance of a play now lost, The Isle of Dogs. Probably for his share with Nashe in the writing of this play, Jonson was imprisoned in the Marshalsea until an order was signed on October 3 for his release. In the same year he is thought to have composed The Case Is Altered, a comedy in the manner of Chapman. By September 1598, he had acquired sufficient reputation to be accounted by Francis Meres one of the best for

tragedy, but Meres' basis for such a pronouncement can now be but a subject of conjecture. About the middle of September, however, Jonson's reputation as a writer of comedy was definitely established when Every Man in His Humor was played by the Lord Chamberlain's Company at the Curtain, a performance in which Shakespeare acted a part, possibly that of elder Knowell. On September 22, 1598, Jonson killed his fellow-actor, Gabriel Spencer, in a duel. When brought to trial, he confessed and claimed right of clergy; his property was confiscated and his thumb branded. The following year he collaborated with Dekker in two plays now lost, The Page of Plymouth and Robert the Second, King of Scots, and wrote Every Man out of His Humor, performed and published in 1600. By caricaturing Marston in this play he definitely committed himself to a part in the stage quarrel, in which his next two plays, Cynthia's Revels and The Poetaster, were to figure prominently. With the performance of Sejanus in 1603 Jonson appeared as a writer of a tragedy which not only was unpopular on the boards but which, because of political attacks made upon it, caused him to be questioned by the privy council. Late in 1604 he collaborated with Chapman and Marston in writing Eastward Ho! and, when they were sent to prison "for citing something against the Scots," Jonson voluntarily accompanied them. On January 6, 1605, he began his great career of masque-writing with the production of The Masque of Blackness at Whitehall, and during the reign of James he furnished twenty of the thirty-seven masques presented at court. Early in 1606 he composed Volpone; toward the close of 1609, Epicoene; in 1610, The Alchemist; and in 1611, another tragedy, Catiline His Conspiracy, which was as little of a success as Sejanus had been. During the first years of the century Jonson formed friendships with some of the greatest wits of the day and with such eminent patrons as the Countess of Bedford, the Countess of Rutland, Lady Wroth, and the Earl of Pembroke. About 1612 he had the first of several quarrels with Inigo Jones, the noted architect who designed costumes and scenery for masques at court, and in the autumn he accompanied Raleigh's son to France in the capacity of tutor, returning before the end of June the following year. About this time he began the task of preparing his works for publication in the folio of 1616. Following the performance of Bartholomew Fair in October, 1614, and the rather unsuccessful, loosely constructed play, The Devil Is an Ass, in 1616, Jonson produced no plays for about nine years, although he wrote a few masques. In the summer of 1618 he set out for Scotland, where he visited William Drummond of Hawthornden, whose notes on Ben's conversations are invaluable for biographical details and for their criticisms upon contemporaries. On July 19, 1619, Jenson was made M.A. of Oxford. He now stood at the head of English men of letters, a past master about whom the wits of London gathered in tavern meetings, especially at the Devil's Head, where the upper chamber, known as the Apollo, was set aside for meetings of "The Tribe of Ben." The performance of The Staple of News in 1626

marks the dramatist's return to the stage, and by 1634 he had produced The New Inn, The Magnetic Lady, and A Tale of a Tub, probably, though not certainly, an old play revised. The Sad Shepherd he left unfinished at his death. Although in 1628 a paralytic stroke confined him to his chamber, he succeeded Thomas Middleton as city chronologer, and in the following year he was granted a pension of £100 by King Charles. From November, 1635, when his son died, until his own death, no biographical information is available. He died on August 6, 1637, and was buried three days later in Westminster Abbey. The following year saw the appearance of Jonsonus Virbius, a collection of thirty-three pieces of verse contributed to his memory by his admirers. In 1640 appeared a reprint of the 1616 folio, and a second volume of Jonson's works, printed 1631-41, was issued 1640-41 under the supervision of Sir Kenelm Digby. Every Man in His Humor, not Jonson's greatest but probably his most influential play, first acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Men in 1598, was entered in the Stationers' Register August 4, 1600, and was printed the following year. This version, with its scene laid in Florence and its chief characters bearing Italian names, was later carefully revised by Jonson for publication in the 1616 folio. The scene was shifted to London, the characters were given English names and were more individualized, and the expression in general was much altered, the most notable change being the excision of Lorenzo's (Knowell's) defense of poetry at the end of the play, a passage which delayed the action and to Jonson's mind probably violated the principle of decorum because it was unsuited to such a gathering. The plot is of Jonson's own invention, but from Chapman's An Humorous Day's Mirth (1599) he drew hints for the gull, and from Plautine comedy he derived the suggestion of a pair of elderly persons deceived and outwitted by a pair of clever, young men, is well as the shrewd serving-man and the braggart soldier. In its preservation of unity of tone, its observance of the unities of time, place, and action, and its truth to what is typical or normal in action and character, the play shows a definite adherence to the requirements of classical comedy as formulated by Renaissance criticism, notably by Sidney in his Defense of Poesy, published in 1595. The prologue to the later version of the play presents Jonson's essential dramatic theory for all his comedies. He here expresses condemnation of the wildly romantic tendencies in the drama and declares his purpose to "show the image of the times" by employing "deeds and language such as men do use," and to make follies, not crimes, his chief consideration. During the last twenty years of the sixteenth century, Lyly, Greene, Nashe, and Lodge in their didactic writings and, at the end of the century, Chapman in his Blind Beggar of Alexandria (1598) and An Humorous Day's Mirth (1599) had created characters dominated by humors. To exhibit the follies of men Jonson created the comedy of humors which ... is fully developed in Every Man out of His Humor and Cynthia's Revels. Perhaps prompted by the success of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar and by the popularity of

the tragedy of political adventure about the time of the conspiracy and trial of Essex, Jonson turned from the Comic Muse, who, as he says, had proved "so ominous" to him, and tried his hand at Roman tragedy. Sejanus, performed before the end of 1603 by the King's Men at the Globe, with Shakespeare among the actors, was entered in the Stationers' Register November 2, 1604, and Published in 1605. In his address to the reader Jonson says "a second pen" had a good share in the original version of the play, but, since Jonson rewrote the parts of his collaborator, neither these passages nor their original author can be identified, though Chapman has been suggested with some probability. For the story of Sejanus, Jenson relied mainly upon Tacitus' Annals and Dion's Roman History, but he drew details from Suetonius' life of Tiberius, Juvenal's tenth satire, and Seneca's De Tranquillitate. Although he departs but little from his sources, the play is far more than a mosaic of translated passages, for he has thoroughly re-created and quickened his materials by the imaginative treatment required of the dramatist. He does not adhere nearly so closely to classical technique as in his earlier plays, but he achieves greater coherence and displays more constructive skill. In stressing the arrogance and fall of Sejanus, Jonson was influenced by the medieval conception of tragedy still surviving in the popular Mirror for Magistrates. The play was not and never can be popular. The characters are too numerous, too little individualized, and too imperfectly grouped. Moreover, the play is lacking in pity. As Herford says, "Jonsonian tragedy suffers from an inner poverty in the humanities of the heart." Volpone, "fully penned" in five weeks early in 1606, was presented shortly after by the King's Men at the Globe and in the summer and autumn of the same year at both universities, and was published in 1607/8. The play is not confined merely to follies, as were the earlier comedies, but includes crimes, so that, as Coleridge remarks, "there is no goodness of heart in any of the prominent characters." Nevertheless, the production of Volpone restored Jonson's popularity, which had been temporarily dimmed by the poor reception accorded Sejanus. The latter play had taught him the necessity of a closely knit plot and the value of Roman history as a source. Legacy-hunting, so frequent in Roman literature, had impressed him as fertile soil for imposture and fraud, and for the materials of the play he drew suggestions from numerous classical sources, among which may be mentioned Lucian's dialogues, Horace's satires, and Libanius. Professor J.D. Rea in his edition of the play has stressed Jonson's debt to Erasmus' Praise of Folly. The scene of the action is quite appropriately laid in Italy, to the Elizabethan mind the land of villainy, and only in the sub-plot (which, although it affords some effective comic episodes, does not advance the action) does Jonson introduce a bit of his own England in the persons of Sir Politic and his lady. The play observes the unities carefully, and the arrangement of scenes is according to classical precedent. Jonson's most popular and,

in the light of his theory, most perfect play, The Alchemist, entered in the Stationers' Register October 3, 1610, and published in 1612, was written during the plague season of 1610 for performance before Londoners who, like Lovewit, would return to their homes after all danger of infection had passed. The practice of alchemy was as common to the life of the time as it had been in the Middle Ages, and exposures of impostures such as Jonson portrays were so frequent in life as well as in literature that it has been impossible to discover any source for this aspect of the play. From Plautus' Mostellaria he may have derived the quarrel scene at the opening of the play and the idea of the unexpected return of the owner of a house in which rogues are carrying on their practices; and he may have taken certain minor suggestions from Plautus' Pœnulus and Erasmus' colloquy on the alchemist. Professor Child's suggestion of Giordano Bruno's Il Candelaio (1582) as a source has not won general acceptance. The construction of the play reveals the hand of the master. All the unities are rigidly observed. The action takes place in a single day at a house in the Blackfriars district of London, and, while the three intrigues remain distinct, each being a unit in itself, they are actuated by similar motives, are pervaded by one comic tone, and are related to the general plan. Suspense as to the outcome of the action constantly increases to the very end of the play. Lord Haddington's Masque or, as it is appropriately named by Gifford, The Hue and Cry after Cupid, was printed, probably in 1608, in an undated quarto, and in the folio of 1616. The classical legend upon which it was founded is as old at least as Moschus, and had been often retold in Italy and in France. None of these versions, however, can be designated as a source for Jonson's masque. The piece occupies an important place in the evolution of the masque, not only because in the rôles of Cupid and his twelve boys "most anticly attired" it offers a good example of the antimasque or foil, intended by its grotesqueness and drollery to set off the beauty of the main masque, but because in its brevity, simplicity, and high poetical quality it avoids the excesses which often characterized its successors. Jonson's one extant attempt at pastoral drama, The Sad Shepherd, was found as a fragment among his papers after his death, and was published by Sir Kenelm Digby in the second folio with the date 1641 on its title-page. The circumstances and exact date of its composition are still to be ascertained, but there is some reason for regarding it as the work of the author's last years. Jonson here turns aside from examples set by his predecessors in the type, and boldly strikes out to produce a truly English pastoral play. He suppresses satire and symbolism, and for Arcadia with its shadowy shepherds as main characters he substitutes Sherwood Forest with Maid Marian and Robin Hood and his merry men; instead of the satyr of conventional pastoral tradition he introduces Maudlin the Witch and Puck-Hairy. In thus subordinating or ignoring many of the time-worn conventions of the pastoral and introducing freshness and real life, Jonson was reverting to the practice of the first pastoral poet, Theocritus.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1935

June 24, Monday: *Die schweigsame Frau, a komische opera* by Richard Strauss to words of Zweig, after Ben Jonson, was performed for the initial time, in the Dresden *Staatsoper*. It was a success with the audience but neither *Führer* Adolf Hitler nor Joseph Goebbels, nor any other high ranking Germany party or government official, was in attendance — the librettist was Jewish.

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1993

Fall: Alan K. Leahigh's "The history of -quote, unquote- public relations" appeared in Public Relations Quarterly volume 38, number 3, beginning on page 24. This study provided quotations amply demonstrating that the doctrines of public relations had been being recognized, evaluated, and practiced long before public relations began to emerge as a "profession." The historical personages quoted include George Ade, Lewis Carroll, James Fenimore Cooper, Albert Einstein, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Benjamin Franklin, Ernest Hemingway, Hubert Humphrey, Ben Jonson, Carl Gustav Jung, Abraham Lincoln, Walter Lippmann, St. Matthew, Margaret Mead, Napoleon Bonaparte, Dan Rather, Henry David Thoreau, Mark Twain, E.B. White, Osmo A. Wiio, Oscar Wilde, and Admiral Elmo Russell Zumwalt, Jr.

"MAGISTERIAL HISTORY" IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

"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: February 23, 2015

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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, 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.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: BEN JONSON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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.