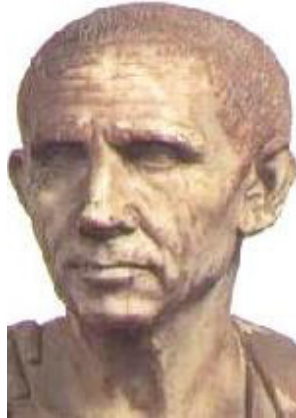


PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO, THE ELDER, THE CENSOR



WALDEN: Cato says that the profits of agriculture are particularly pious or just, (*maximeque pius quæstus*,) and according to Varro the old Romans "called the same earth Mother and Ceres, and thought that they who cultivated it led a pious and useful life, and that they alone were left of the race of King Saturn."

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

CATO
VARRO

WALDEN: Old Cato, whose "De Re Rusticâ" is my "Cultivator," says, and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage, "When you think of getting a farm, turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

CATO

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



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

234 BCE

Marcus Porcius Cato was born.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT





THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

149 BCE

Marcus Porcius Cato (Cato the Elder, Cato the Censor, author of *DE AGRI CULTURA*) died.

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PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

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PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

CATO

WALDEN: Ancient poetry and mythology suggest, at least, that husbandry was once a sacred art; but it is pursued with irreverent haste and heedlessness by us, our object being to have large farms and large crops merely. We have no festival, nor procession, nor ceremony, not excepting our Cattle-shows and so called Thanksgivings, by which the farmer expresses a sense of the sacredness of his calling, or is reminded of its sacred origin. It is the premium and the feast which tempt him. He sacrifices not to Ceres and the Terrestrial Jove, but to the infernal Plutus rather. By avarice and selfishness, and a grovelling habit, from which none of us is free, of regarding the soil as property, or the means of acquiring property chiefly, the landscape is deformed, husbandry is degraded with us, and the farmer leads the meanest of lives.

THE BEANFIELD



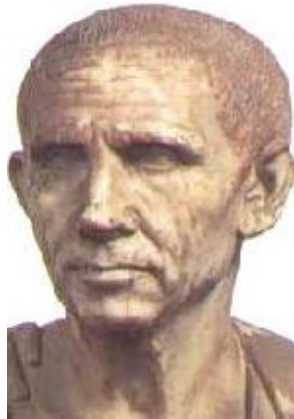
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

95 BCE

Cato the Younger (Marcus Porcius Cato Uticensis, Cato Minor) was born in Rome, a great-grandson of Marcus Porcius Cato (Cato the Elder, Cato the Censor).



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:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1595

REI RUSTICAE AUCTORES LATINI VETERES, M. CATO, M. VARRO, L. COLVMELLA, PALLADIUS: PRIORES TRES, E VETUSTISS. EDITIONIBUS; QUARTUS, E VETERIBUS MEMBRANIS ALIQUAMMULIS IN LOCIS EMENDATIORES: CUM TRIBUS INDICUBUS, CAPITUM, AUCTORUM, & RERUM AC VERBORUM MEMORABILIMUM; CRITICORUM & EXPOSITORUM IN ... (Heidelbergae: ex Hier, Commelini typographio). [Henry Thoreau](#) would borrow this volume containing the writings of [Marcus Porcius Cato](#), [Marcus Terentius Varro](#), [Lucius Junius Moderatus Columella](#), and [Rutilius Taurus Aemilianus Palladius](#) from the library of [Bronson Alcott](#) on August 11, 1851.

REI RUSTICAE AUCTORES



THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT






THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1803

 [Marcus Porcius Cato](#)'s M. PORTIUS CATO CONCERNING AGRICULTURE. TRANS. THOMAS OWEN (London: J. White). [Henry Thoreau](#) would be able to consult this edition in the library of Bronson Alcott.

WALDEN: Old Cato, whose "De Re Rusticâ" is my "Cultivator," says, and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage, "When you think of getting a farm, turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

CATO

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1835

Lecture¹

DATE	PLACE	TOPIC
July 13, Monday, 1835	Cambridge MA; Harvard College	Greek Dialogue on “Decius and Cato ” with Manlius S. Clarke
August 30, Wednesday, 1837, at about 10:30AM	Cambridge MA; Harvard College ; First Parish Meeting House	“The Commercial Spirit of Modern Times, Considered in Its Influence on the Moral Character of a Nation”

1. From Bradley P. Dean and Ronald Wesley Hoag’s THOREAU’S LECTURES BEFORE WALDEN:
AN ANNOTATED CALENDAR.

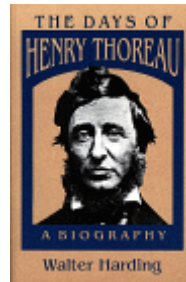


THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Walter Harding reports that [David Henry Thoreau](#), at the end of his sophomore year at [Harvard College](#), was awarded \$25 “exhibition money” for high grades and participated in a class honors exhibition on 13 July 1835 (Walter Roy Harding’s *THE DAYS OF HENRY THOREAU: A BIOGRAPHY*, page 36).



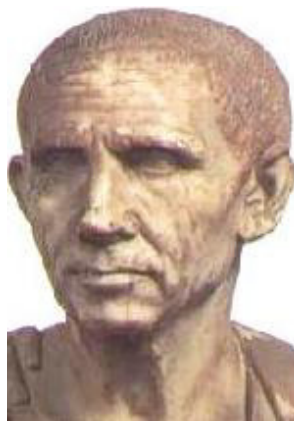
The programme for that exhibition “Order of Performances for Exhibition, Monday, July 13, 1835” lists 11 presentations involving a total of 16 students. The 3d event is described as follows:

A Greek Dialogue. “Decius and Cato.”

MANLIUS STIMSON CLARKE, Norton

DAVID HENRY THOREAU, Concord

[Manlius Stimson Clarke](#) recited the part of Decius and Thoreau that of [Cato](#). The manuscript from which these two young scholars read is in HARVARD COLLEGE’S EXHIBITION AND COMMENCEMENT PERFORMANCES 1834-1835, a folio of two leaves bound on July 13, 1835 at MH-UA 6834.37 and the authoritative Greek text with a speculative retranslation into English appears in *THE WRITINGS OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU: TRANSLATIONS*, ed. K.P. Van Anglen (1986), pages 145-47. Ethel Seybold has published on the English-language source of this translation into Greek by Thoreau, which was Joseph Addison’s *CATO. A TRAGEDY*, Act II, in “The Sources of Thoreau’s ‘Cato-Decius Dialogue’” (*STUDIES IN THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE* 1994, pages 245-50).



Marcus Porcius Cato (the Elder)

234-149 BCE

CATO: A TRAGEDY



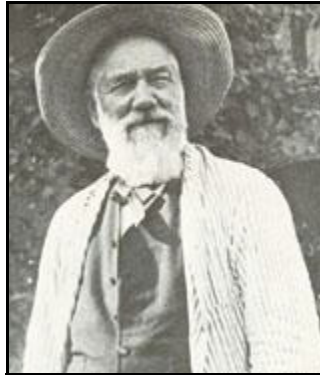
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1846

July 23, Thursday or 24, Friday: [Henry Thoreau](#) provoked Sheriff Sam Staples, who was under contract as the



Concord tax farmer, into taking him illegally to the Middlesex County Prison² and spent the night there, for having for several years (up to perhaps 9), following the example of [Bronson Alcott](#), refused to pay certain taxes as useful for the perpetuation of domestic slavery and foreign wars.³

“RESISTANCE TO CIVIL GOVERNMENT”: It was formerly the custom in our village, when a poor debtor came out of jail, for his acquaintances to salute him, looking through their fingers, which were crossed to represent the grating of a jail window, “How do ye do?” My neighbors did not thus salute me, but first looked at me, and then at one another, as if I had returned from a long journey. I was put into jail as I was going to the shoemaker’s to get a shoe which was mended. When I was let out the next morning, I proceeded to finish my errand, and, having put on my mended shoe, joined a huckleberry party, who were impatient to put themselves under my conduct; and in half an hour –for the horse was soon tackled– was in the midst of a huckleberry field, on one of our highest hills, two miles off, and then the State was nowhere to be seen.

This is the whole history of “My Prisons.”

I have never declined paying the highway tax, because I am as desirous of being a good neighbor as I am of being a bad subject; and as for supporting schools, I am doing my part to educate my fellow-countrymen now. It is for no particular item in the tax-bill that I refuse to pay it.

2. The usual penalty for failure to pay the Massachusetts poll tax was property seizure and auction upon failure to display a stamped tax receipt, and was most certainly never imprisonment, but young [Thoreau](#) possessed few auctionable items and probably did not use a bank account.

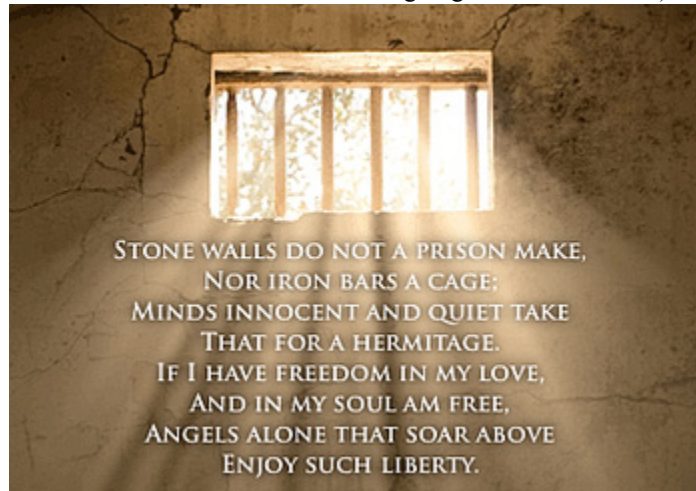


THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

(I find it fascinating that [Thoreau](#) did not ever, in reminiscing about his famous night in the lockup, make any easy reference to the snippet of poetry that was quite as familiar to him as it is to all of us, from [Richard Lovelace](#)'s "To Althea from Prison." –Thoreau wasn't going for a hole-in-one!)



Walter Harding has tracked down what may well be the origin of the often-told but utterly spurious story, that [Waldo Emerson](#) came to visit Thoreau in his prison cell and expressed concern: he found a "Bringing Up Father" cartoon strip in the newspaper, in which Paddy was in jail for [drunkenness](#), and when Jiggs asks him how come he was in jail Paddy retorts "How come you're not?"

Alcott has reported that Emerson's reaction to the news of this was to find Thoreau's stand to have been "mean and skulking, and in bad taste." Therefore, is this not the point at which we can profitably ask, was Thoreau merely running away from his social responsibilities, as has been so often alleged, when he went out to live at [Walden Pond](#)? Let's attach the humorous title "DECAMPING TO WALDEN POND: A GENDER ANALYSIS BY MARTHA SAXTON"⁴ to the following quotation:



It seems, from exaggerated nineteenth-century sex definitions, that Victorians were afraid men and women might not be able to distinguish gender. So women were trussed, corseted, and hustled into immobility while men posed in musclebound attitudes of emotionless strength. this suppression of tenderness, warmth, and most expressions of feelings produced the male equivalent of the vapors. Louisa [May Alcott]'s teacher and secret love, Henry David Thoreau, decamped to Walden Pond rather than confront social demands that he be conventionally "male."

3. During the one year 1845, in Massachusetts, the "poll tax" had been being reckoned as if it were a state tax, although in all other years it had been and would be reckoned as a municipality or county tax. As a town tax, and as a county tax, of course, it could hardly be considered to be in support of slavecatching or of foreign wars, since neither the Massachusetts towns nor the Massachusetts counties engaged in either slavecatching or the raising of armies. Also, even in the one year 1845, while this tax was being considered as a state tax, under the law no part of this revenue was to be used for the catching of fugitive slaves, and no foreign war was going on at the moment (the march upon [Mexico](#) had not yet fairly begun). Thoreau, therefore, in declining to pay voluntarily this tax bill, actually was not refusing to acknowledge slavery, as alleged, or a war effort, as alleged, but was refusing to recognize any political organization whatever.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Another member of the Thoreau family, we don't know who, paid the tax for him, as the tax had previously been paid by Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar when Alcott had almost been jailed on January 17, 1843. Although [Emerson](#) was irritated no end by such unseemly conduct, on the part of an associate, as failure to pay one's share of the general tax burden, to his credit he did continue to press for publication of Thoreau's [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) manuscript. However, at that time Thoreau was still preparing additions to the second draft.⁵

4. On page 226 of her LOUISA MAY: A MODERN BIOGRAPHY OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, Saxton accused [Thoreau](#) of "unrelenting misogyny" as her way of elaborating on Bronson Alcott's remark of November 5, 1858 that Thoreau was "better poised and more nearly self-sufficient than other men." This caused me to look back to her title page and inspect the date of publication and say to myself, "Yeah, this thing was published back in 1977, the bad old days when we thought we had to combat male sexism by nurturing prejudice against anyone with a penis."

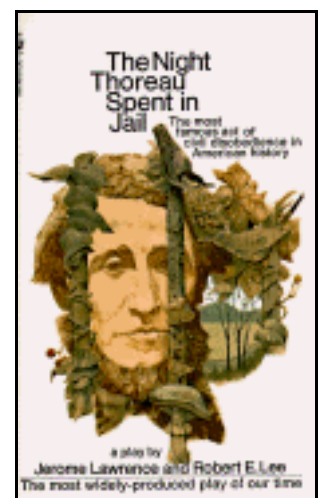
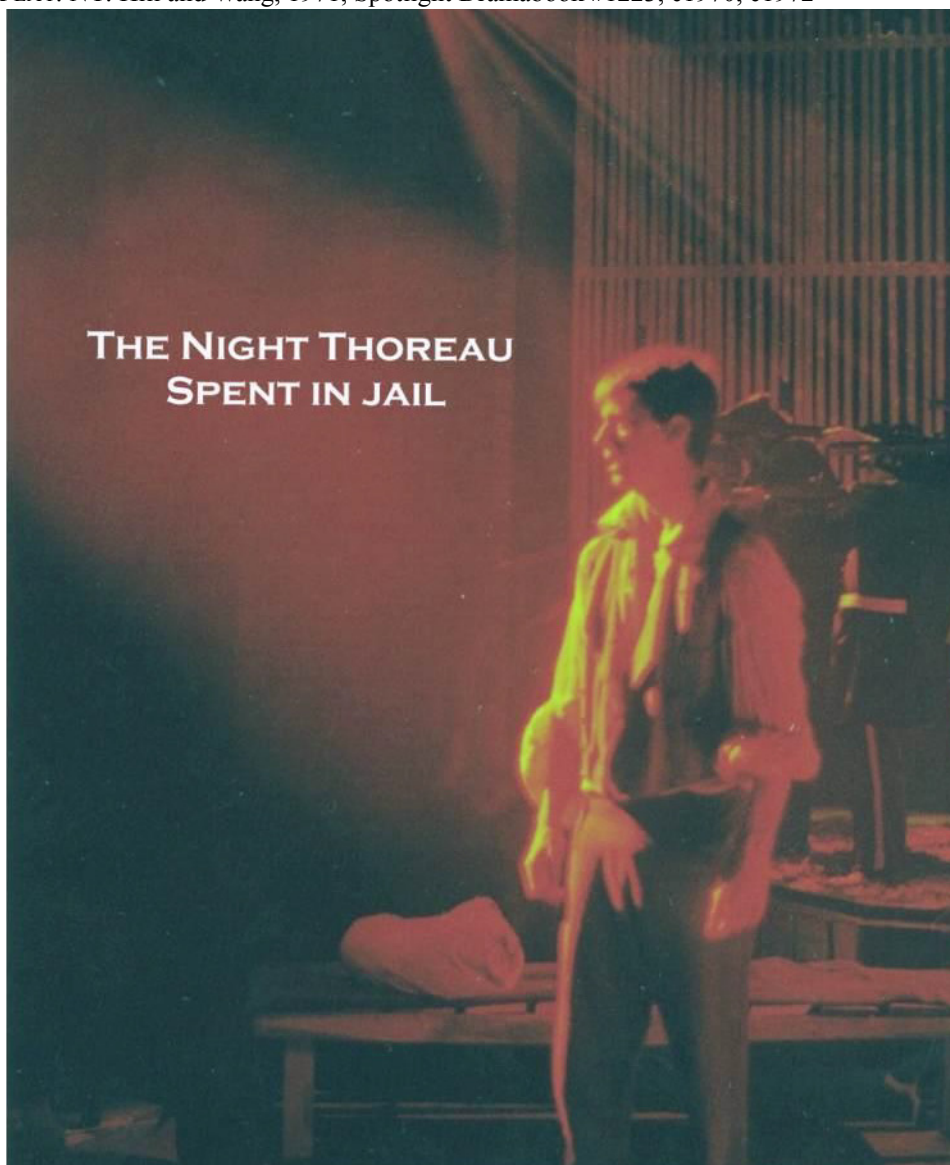


THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

5. Lawrence, Jerome (1915-2004) and Robert Edwin Lee (1918-1994), THE NIGHT THOREAU SPENT IN JAIL: A PLAY. NY: Hill and Wang, 1971, Spotlight Dramabook #1223, c1970, c1972

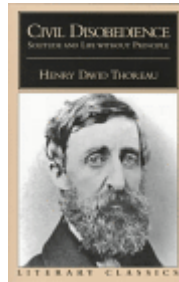




THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



I should make reference here to a snide remark that Albert J. von Frank has included at page 202 of his AN EMERSON CHRONOLOGY.¹ The sentence is as follows, in its entirety: “**Henry Thoreau expressed his own anti-politics a month later by spending a night in jail for tax evasion, an act that drew Emerson's quick disapproval, thought the principles behind the act, as Thoreau explained in 'Civil Disobedience,' had more in common with Emerson's own position than he then suspected.**” Now here are the things that I suppose to be quite wrongheaded about von Frank's assertion, which would seem on its face simply to be praising Thoreau against [Emerson](#):

- “**anti-politics**” Thoreau's act was not an act of anti-politics but an act of politics. To privilege assent over dissent in such a manner constitutes an unconscionable expression of mere partisanship.
- “**tax evasion**” Thoreau's act was not the act of a tax evader. A tax evader is a cheater, who is trying through secrecy or deception to get away with something. Thoreau's act was the deliberate public act of a man who would rather be imprisoned than assist in ongoing killing, and thus is in an entirely separate category from such cheating. To conflate two such separate categories, one of self-service and the other of self-abnegation, into a single category, in such manner, is, again, an unconscionable expression of prejudicial politics.
- “**had more in common**” The implication here is that Emerson's attitudes constitute the baseline for evaluation of Thoreau's attitudes, so that Thoreau may be condescendingly praised for imitating Emerson whenever the two thinkers can be made to seem in agreement, while preserving the option of condemning him as a resistor or worse whenever these contemporaries seem at loggerheads. –But this is unconscionable.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

[Emerson](#) to his journal:

These rabble at Washington are really better than the snivelling opposition. They have a sort of genius of a bold & manly cast, though Satanic. They see, against the unanimous expression of the people, how much a little well directed effrontery can achieve, how much crime the people will bear, & they proceed from step to step & it seems they have calculated but too justly upon your Excellency, O Governor Briggs. Mr Webster told them how much the war cost, that was his protest, but voted the war, & sends his son to it. They calculated rightly on Mr Webster. My friend Mr Thoreau has gone to jail rather than pay his tax. On him they could not calculate. The abolitionists denounce the war & give much time to it, but they pay the tax. The State is a poor good beast who means the best: it means friendly. A poor cow who does well by you – do not grudge it its hay. It cannot eat bread as you can, let it have without grudge a little grass for its four stomachs. It will not stint to yield you milk from its teat. You who are a man walking cleanly on two feet will not pick a quarrel with a poor cow. Take this handful of clover & welcome. But if you go to hook me when I walk in the fields, then, poor cow, I will cut your throat.

DANIEL WEBSTER

We now understand that Sheriff Sam was considerably twisting the law under which he confined Thoreau for nonpayment of that \$5 or \$6 arrears of poll tax, and for his own convenience. For what the law of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts required him to do in regard to such a tax resistor, prior to debt imprisonment, was to attempt to seize and sell some of Thoreau's assets, such as the books he had in storage in his parents' boardinghouse in [Concord](#). Sheriff Staples hadn't been inclined to do this and at this point didn't have time because he was leaving office — and the sad fact of the matter is that, since he was merely under contract as a "tax farmer," had he vacated his position without collecting this money from the Thoreau family, Massachusetts would simply have deducted the sum from his final paycheck (bottom line, The Man always takes his cut). For here is that law, and it simply offers no support whatever for what Sheriff Staples did to put pressure on Thoreau:



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Section 7. If any person shall refuse or neglect to pay his [poll] tax, the collector shall levy the same by distress and sale of his goods, excepting the good following, namely:



- The tools or implements necessary for his trade or occupation;
- beasts of the plow necessary for the cultivation of his improved lands;
- military arms, utensils for house keeping necessary for upholding life, and bedding and apparel necessary for himself and family.

Section 8. The collector shall keep the goods distrained, at the expense of the owner, for the space of four days, at the least, and shall, within seven days after the seizure, sell the same by public auction, for the payment of the tax and the charges of keeping and of the sale, having given notice of such sale, by posting up a notification thereof, in some public place in the town, forty eight hours at least before the sale.

Section 11. If the collector cannot find sufficient goods, upon which it may be levied, he may take the body of such person and commit him to prison, there to remain, until he shall pay the tax and charges of commitment and imprisonment, or shall be discharged by order of law.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN



After July 24: In my short experience of human life I have found that the outward obstacles which stood in my way were not living men –but dead institutions. It has been unspeakably grateful & refreshing to make my way through the crowd of this latest generation honest & dishonest virtuous & vicious as through the dewy grass –men are as innocent as the morning to the early riser –and unsuspecting pilgrim and many an early traveller which he met on his way v poetry –but the institutions as church –state –the school property &c are grim and ghostly phantoms like Moloch & Juggernaut because of the blind reverence paid to them. When I have indulged a poets dream of a terrestrial paradise I have not foreseen that any cossack or Chipeway –would disturb it –but some monster institution would swallow it– The only highway man I ever met was the state itself– When I have refused to pay the tax which it demanded for that protection I did not want itself has robbed me– When I have asserted the freedom it declared it has imprisoned me.

I love mankind I hate the institutions of their forefathers–

What are the sermons of the church but the Dudleian lectures –against long extinct perhaps always imaginary evils, which the dead generations have *willed* and so the bell still tolls to call us to the funeral service which a generation can rightly demand but once.

It is singular that not the Devil himself –has been in my way but these cobwebs –which tradition says were originally spun to obstruct the fiend.

If I will not fight –if I will not pray –if I will not be taxed –if I will not bury the unsettled prairie –my neighbor will still tolerate me and sometimes even sustains me –but not the state.

And should our piety derive its origin still from that exploit of pious Aeneas who bore his father Anchises on his shoulders from the ruins of Troy

Not thieves & highwaymen but Constables & judges –not sinners but priests –not the ignorant but pedants & pedagogues –not foreign foes but standing armies –not pirates but men of war. Not free malevolence –but organized benevolence.

For instance the jailer or constable as a mere man and neighbor –with life in him intended for this particular 3 score years & ten –may be a right worthy man with a thought in the brain of him –but as the officer & tool of



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

the state he has no more understanding or heart than his prison key or his staff— This is what is saddest that men should voluntarily assume the character & office of brute nature.— Certainly there are modes enough by which a man may put bread into his mouth which will not prejudice him as a companion & neighbor. There are stones enough in the path of the traveller with out a man's adding his own body to the number.

There probably never were worse crimes committed since time began than in the present Mexican war —to take a single instance— And yet I have not yet learned the name or residence and probably never should of the reckless villain who should father them— all concerned —from the political contriver to the latest recruit possess an average share of virtue & of vice the villainy is in the readiness with which men, doing outrage to their proper natures —lend themselves to perform the office of inferior & brutal ones.

The stern command is —move or ye shall be moved —be the master of your own action —or you shall unawares become the tool of the meanest slave. Any can command him who doth not command himself. Let men be men & stones be stones and we shall see if majorities *do* rule.

Countless reforms are called for because society is not animated or instinct enough with life, but like snakes I have seen in early spring —with alternate portions torpid & flexible —so that they could wriggle neither way.

All men more or less are buried partially in the grave of custom, and of some we see only a few hairs upon the crown above ground.

Better are the physically dead for they more lively rot.

Those who have stolen estate to be defended slaves to be kept in service —who would pause with the last inspiration & perpetuate it —require the aid of institutions —the stereotyped and petrified will of the past

But they who are something to defend —who are not to be enslaved themselves — —who are up with their time — ask no such hinderance

Carlyle's is not the most lasting words nor the loftiest wisdom —but for his genius it was reserved at last to furnish expression for the thoughts that were throbbing in a million breasts— It has plucked the ripest fruit in the public garden— But this fruit now least concerned the tree that bore it —which was rather perfecting the bud at the foot of the leaf stalk.

Carlyle is wonderfully true to the impressions on his own mind, but not to the simple facts themselves. He portrays the former so freshly and vividly —that his words reawaken and appeal to our whole Experience But when reinforced by this terrible critic we return to his page his words are found not to be coincident with the thing and inadequate and there is no host worthy to entertain the guest he has invited.

On this remote shore we adventurously landed unknown to any of the human inhabitants to this day — But we still remember well the gnarled and hospitable oaks, which were not strangers to us, the lone horse in his pasture and the patient ruminating herd whose path to the river so judiciously chosen to overcome the difficulty of the ascent we followed and disturbed their repose in the shade. And the cool free aspect of the wild apple trees, generously proffering their fruit to the wayfarers though still green and crude. The hard round glossy fruit which if not ripe —still is not poison but New English —brought hither its ancestor by our ancestors once.

And up the rocky channel of a brook we scrambled which had long served nature for the sluice in these parts leaping from rock —through tangled woods at the bottom of a ravine, darker and darker it grew and more hoarse, the murmur of the stream —until we reached the ruins of a mill where now the ivy grew and the trout glanced through the raceway and the flume.

THOMAS CARLYLE



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

And the dreams and speculations of some early settler was our theme

But now "no war nor battle's sound"
Invades this peaceful battle ground
but waves of Concord murmuring by
With sweetly fluent harmony.
But since we sailed, some things have failed
And many a dream gone down the stream
Here then a venerable shepherd dwelt The Reverend [Ezra Ripley](#)
Who to his flock his substance dealt
And ruled them with a vigorous crook
By precept of the sacred Book.
But he the pierless bridge passed o'er
And now the solitary shore
Knoweth his trembling steps no more.
Anon a youthful pastor came [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)
Whose crook was not unknown to fame
His lambs he viewed with gentle glance
Dispersed o'er a wide expanse,
And fed with "mosses from the Manse"
We view the rocky shore where late
With soothed and patient ear we sat
Under our Hawthorne in the dale
And listened to his Twice told Tale.

It comes on murmuring to itself by the base of stately and retired mountains –through dark primitive woods – whose juices it receives and where the bear still drinks it– Where the cabins of settlers are still fresh and far between, and there are few that cross its stream. Enjoying still its cascades unknown to fame perhaps unseen as yet by man –alone by itself –by the long ranges of the mountains of Sandwich and of Squam with sometimes the peak of Moose hillock the Haystack & Kearsarge reflected in its waters. Where the maple and the raspberry that lover of the mountains flourish amid temperate dews. Flowing as long and mysterious and untranslatable as its name Pemigewasset. By many a pastured Pielion and Ossa where unnamed muses haunt, and receiving the tribute of many an untasted Helicon Not all these hills does it lave but I have experienced that to see the sun set behind them avails as much as to have travelled to them.

From where the old Man of the Mountain overlooks one of its head waters –in the Franconia Notch, taking the basin and the Flume in its way –washing the sites of future villages –not impatient. For every mountain stream is more than Helicon, tended by oreads dryads Naiads, and such a pure and fresh inspirit draught gift of the gods as it will take a newer than this New England to know the flavor of.

Such water do the gods distill
And pour down hill
For their new England men.
A draught of this wild water bring
And I will never taste the spring
Of Helicon again.
But yesterday in dew it fell
This morn its streams began to swell
And with the sun it downward flowed
So fresh it hardly knew its road.

Falling all the way, not discouraged by the lowest fall –for it intends to rise again.

There are earth air fire & water –very well, this is water. down it comes that is the way with it.

It was already water of Squam and Newfound lake and Winnipiseogee, and White mountain snow dissolved on which we were floating –and Smith's and Bakers and Mad rivers and Nashua and Souhegan and Piscataquoag –and Suncook & Soucook & Contoocook –mingled in incalculable proportions –still fluid yellowish restless all with an inclination seaward but boyant.

Here then we will leave them to saw and grind and spin for a season, and I fear there will be no vacation at low water for they are said to have Squam and Newfound lake and Winipiseogee for their mill ponds.

By the law of its birth never to become stagnant for it has come out of the clouds, and down the sides of precipices worn in the flood through beaver dams broke loose not splitting but splicing and mending itself until it found a breathing plaace in this lowland– No danger now that the sun will steal it back to heaven again

MT. KEARSARGE



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

before it reach the sea for it has a warrant even to recover its own dews into its bosom again with every eve We wandered on by the side and over the brows of hoar hills and mountains —& through notches which the stream had made —looking down one sunday morning over Bethlehem amid the bleating of sheep, and hearing as we walked the loud spoken prayers of the inhabitants —like crusaders strolled out from the camp in Palestine—⁶ And looking in to learning's little tenement by the way —where some literate swain earns his ten dollars by the month —after the harvest —with rows of slates and well cut benches round —as well cut as farther south —not noticing the herd of swine which had poured in at the open door, and made a congregation— So we went on over hill and dale through the stumpy rocky —woody —bepastured country —until we crossed a rude wooden bridge over the Amonnoosuck and breathed the free air of the Unappropriated Land.

Now we were in a country where inns begin— And we too now began to have our ins and outs— Some sweet retired house whose sign only availed to creak but bore no Phoenix nor golden eagle but such as the sun and rain had painted there — a demi public demi private house —where each apartment seems too private for your use —too public for your hosts. One I remember where Landlord and lady hung painted as if retired from active life —upon the wall —remarkable one might almost say —if he knew not the allowed degrees of consanguinity for a family likeness —a singular deflexion of the nose turned each to each —so that the total variation could not have been better represented than in the picture.

—But here at any rate the cream rose thick upon the milk —and there was refreshment

One “Tilton’s Inn” tooo sheltered us which it were well worth remembering, in Thornton it was where towns begin to serve as gores only to hold the world together —reached late in the evening and left before the sun rose. But the remembrance of an entertainment still remains and among publicans Tiltons name still stands conspicuous in our diary.

But where we took our ease was not Canterbury street, no Four corners nor Five points —no trivial place where 3 roads meet but hardly one road held together— A dank forest path —more like an otter’s or a marten’s trail or where a beaver had dragged his trap than where the wheels of travel ever raised a dust. The pigeon sat secure above our heads high on the dead limbs of the pine reduced to robins size— The very yard of our hostelry was inclined upon the skirts of mountains and as we passed we looked up at angle at the stems of maples waving in the clouds —and late at evening we heard the drear bleating of innumerable flocks upon the mountains sides seeming to hold unequal parley with the bears

Shuddered through the Franconia where the thermometer is spliced for winter use, saw the blue earth heaved into mountain waves from Agiocochook, and where the Umbagog Ossipee and Squam gleamed like dewy cobwebs in the sun— And like bright ribbons the streamlets of Connecticut Saco & adroscoggin “take up their mountain march—

Went on our way silent & humble through the Notch —heard the lambs bleat in Bartlett on the mountains late at night —looked back on Conway peak —threaded the woods of Norway pine —and saw the Great Spirit smile in Winnipiseogee⁷

[Varro](#) advises to plant in Quincunx order in order not to “obstruct the beneficial effects of the sun and moon and air,” and adds “nuts, when they are whole, which you might comprize in one modius, because nature confines the kernels in their proper places, when they are broken, can hardly be held in a measure of a modius and a half.” Vines thus planted produce more fruit “more must and oil, and of greater value”.

I read in [Varro](#) that “Caesar Vopiscus AEdilicius, when he pleaded before the Censors, said that the grounds of Rosea were the gardens [(sedes)] of [Italy](#), in which a pole being left would not be visible the day after, on account of the growth of the herbage.” This soil was not remarkably fertile yet I was so well contented with myself it may be & with my entertainment —that I was really remind of this anecdote.

In speaking of “the dignity of the herd” [Varro](#) suggests that the object of the Argonautic expedition was a ram’s fleece the gold apples of the Hesperides were by the ambiguity of language [Μηλον] goats and sheep which

6. We wandered on (by the side and over the brows of hoar hills and mountains —& through notches which the stream had

^{with awe}
made — looking down ^one sunday morning over Bethlehem amid the bleating of sheep, and hearing as we walked the loud spoken prayers of the inhabi-

^{where every house seemd to us a holy sepulchre}
tants — like crusaders strolled out from ~~Richards as if we were~~
the camp in Palestine — (T 74)



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MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

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Hercules imported –the stars and signs bear their names the Aegean sea has its name from the goat and mountains and straits have hence their names –sic. The Bosphorus Piso makes *Italy* to be from Vitulis– The Romans were shepherds “Does not the fine [mulcta, a mulgendo] that was by ancient custom paid in kind refer to this?” The oldest coins bore the figures of cattle and the Roman names Porcius –Ovinus Caprilus & the surnames Equitius, Taurus, Capra Vitulus.

Vide [Cato](#) “Of purchasing an Estate –” “How an estate is to be planted –” &c in Lat & Eng.

I will insert here some commentary on this early draft of material that would wind up in the “Monday” chapter of **A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS**:

A WEEK: If, for instance, a man asserts the value of individual liberty over the merely political commonweal, his neighbor still tolerates him, that is he who is **living near** him, sometimes even sustains him, but never the State. Its officer, as a living man, may have human virtues and a thought in his brain, but as the tool of an institution, a jailer or constable it may be, he is not a whit superior to his prison key or his staff. Herein is the tragedy; that men doing outrage to their proper natures, even those called wise and good, lend themselves to perform the office of inferior and brutal ones. Hence come war and slavery in; and what else may not come in by this opening? But certainly there are modes by which a man may put bread into his mouth which will not prejudice him as a companion and neighbor.

The following is, if I recall correctly and can trust my notes, from William Bronk's *THE BROTHER IN ELYSIUM: IDEAS OF FRIENDSHIP AND SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES* (1980), pages 104-106:

The crux of the matter is that Thoreau believed that all evil did come in through the opening formed when any man might so betray his own nature as to lend himself to perform an inhuman office. While it might be contended that good and evil are something to be done at will and according to will, without reference to our own constitutions, — that we are of indifferent

7. <Like the pilgrims> ^{our way}
 <We> Shuddered ^ through that Fran-
 <ing>
 conia where the thermometer is spliced
 for winter use, saw the blue earth
 heaved into mountain waves from Agioco-
 chook, and where the Umbagog Ossipee
 and Squam gleamed like dewy cobwebs
 in the sun — And like bright ribbons the
 streamlets of Connecticut Saco & adros-
 coggin “take up their mountain march —
 <not knowing what to say>
 Went on our way ^ silent & humble
 <at> <vast> <the nick of time>
 through the Notch ^ — heard the lambs
 bleat in Bartlett on the mountains
~~holding unequal parley with the wolves & bears~~
 late at night — ^ looked back on
 Conway peak — threaded the woods of
 Norway pine — and saw the Great
 <once more>
 Spirit smile ^ in Winnipiseogee (T 76-77)



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

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or irrelevant moral quality ourselves, and are able to choose between a good act and an evil one and so determine by the excess of one kind of action over the other our own moral quality and the moral quality of the world, yet it was Thoreau's contention that the process by which good and evil came into being was more exacting and natural, less arbitrary than this. He believed that it was always necessary to make the choice between good and evil whenever such a choice was presented, but he also believed that in most cases, the choice was not presented, and that evil resulted in some mysterious way without anyone's willing it, or being aware of it, and even to everyone's surprise and chagrin. Thoreau accounted for this phenomenon by saying that being is more important and more effective than doing. Anything therefore might happen to us which was consistent with the nature we took for ourselves, even though the process by which the happening came about was so subtle or so complicated that we missed the apprehension of it, even after its end. If, as Thoreau said, we do outrage to our proper nature, – if we take our identity from the state, then we become liable to the evils of the state, and have no defense against war and slavery, since it has none. It is only by refusing to do the office of inferior and brutal natures that we can hope to escape, on our own part, treatment which in its brutality is suited to inferior natures. We must be treated according to the nature which we determine shall be ours. We can win or lose, or act in any other way, only in accordance with terms we set for ourselves. The identity which Thoreau wished us to find, which left no opening for the evil we claimed to deplore, was most certainly not to be found in the state; and neither was it to be found in any other external form, for its essence was personal. It was to be found only through that steady communion with one's deepest desires and insights, which was called silence. He found no evil and little that was ambiguous in silence. It is easier to see now, of course, why Thoreau rejected philanthropy and reform, since to find one's identity, to become personal, was truly to ennoble one's being; it was to enjoy those moments of serene and self-confident life which were better than whole campaigns of daring; it was to combat evil directly by leaving no opening by which it could enter. Philanthropy's method was less direct. It offered the goodness of actions as an excuse and substitute for being. Reform was an attempt to avoid a change in true form by changing the surface only.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1851

August 11, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) and Bronson Alcott took the train to Cambridge and passed the forenoon in [Harvard Library](#). Bronson looked at the section of English poetry of the Elizabethan age but couldn't find any book he wanted to check out. Henry returned the books he had checked out on August 1st and checked out Volume I of the Second Series of the COLLECTIONS OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, which contains EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW WORLD, OR, A DESCRIPTION OF THE WEST INDIES. BY JOHN DE LAET, DIRECTOR OF THE DUTCH WEST INDIA COMPANY, &C. TRANSLATED TR. FROM THE ORIGINAL DUTCH, BY THE EDITOR [George Folsom]).⁸

THE ENTIRE VOLUME



JOHANNES DE LAET

In addition, he checked out the first three volumes of [Peter Kalm](#)'s TRAVELS INTO NORTH AMERICA; CONTAINING ITS NATURAL HISTORY, AND A CIRCUMSTANTIAL ACCOUNT OF ITS PLANTATIONS AND AGRICULTURE IN GENERAL ... (English version of 1770; Thoreau had evidently already been reading Kalm in volumes obtained from the library of the Boston Society of Natural History).

PETER KALM'S TRAVELS

PETER KALM'S TRAVELS



Later, Henry dined with the Alcotts and borrowed Bronson's copy of *REI RUSTICAE AUCTORES LATINE VETERES, M. CATO, M. VARRO, L. COLVMELLA, PALLADIUS; PRIORES TRES, E VETUSTISS. EDITIONIBUS; QUARTUS, E VETERIBUS MEMBRANIS ALIQUAMMULIS IN LOCIS EMENDATIORES: CUM TRIBUS INDICUBUS, CAPITUM, AUCTORUM, & RERUM AC VERBORUM MEMORABILIUM*

REI RUSTICAE AUCTORES...

8. He would place his notes from this reading in his Canadian Notebook and in his Indian Notebook #5.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

"There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away"
— Emily Dickinson

(I should mention at some point, and therefore will insert the material arbitrarily at this point in the Kouroo Contexture, that Thoreau had in his personal library one of the editions of a very expansive Latin/English lexicon that was being published regularly over the years by Harper & Brothers of New-York, A COPIOUS AND CRITICAL LATIN-ENGLISH LEXICON: FOUNDED ON THE LARGER LATIN-GERMAN LEXICON OF DR. WILLIAM FREUND; WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS FROM THE LEXICONS OF GESNER, FACCIOLATI, SCHELLER, GEORGES, ETC, by Professor Ethan Allen Andrews. We do not know which edition it was that Thoreau owned, but it is the 1851 edition that is presently offered online by Google Books: <http://books.google.com/books?id=xXhfAAAAAAJ&printsec=frontcover&source=gbs_summary_r&cad=0#PPT10,M1>.)

Thoreau commented in WALDEN that old Marcus Porcius Cato the Censor's *DE RE RUSTICA* was his "Cultivator." Compare this antique text that he at this point borrows from Alcott's library, therefore, with a "Pictorial Cultivator" magazine being produced monthly for the farmers of Thoreau's own era:

PICTORIAL CULTIVATOR

WALDEN: Old Cato, whose "De Re Rusticâ" is my "Cultivator," says, and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage, "When you think of getting a farm, turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

CATO



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

A
COPIOUS AND CRITICAL
LATIN-ENGLISH LEXICON,

FOUNDED ON THE
LARGER LATIN-GERMAN LEXICON OF
DR. WILLIAM FREUND;
WITH
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS FROM THE LEXICONS OF GESNER,
FACCIOLOTTI, SCHELLER, GEORGE, ETC.

BY E. A. ANDREWS, LL. D.

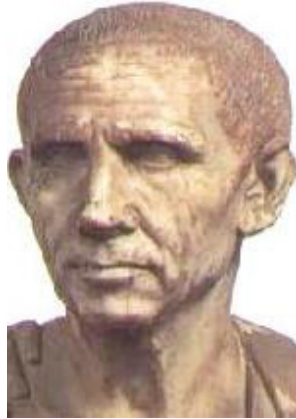
NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
57 CLIFF STREET.
1851.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

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Marcus Porcius Cato (the Elder)
(the Censor) 234-149 BCE



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

There were a great many holidays at Plumfield, and one of the most delightful was the yearly apple-picking, — for then the Marches, Laurences, Brookes, and Bhaers turned out in full force, and made a day of it. Five years after Jo's wedding, one of these fruitful festivals occurred. — A mellow October day, when the air was full of an exhilarating freshness which made the spirits rise and the blood dance healthily in the veins. The old orchard wore its holiday attire; golden-rod and asters fringed the mossy walls; grasshoppers skipped briskly in the sere grass, and crickets chirped like fairy pipers at a feast. Squirrels were busy with their small harvesting; birds twittered their *adieux* from the alders in the lane; and every tree stood ready to send down its shower of red or yellow apples at the first shake. Everybody was there, — everybody laughed and sang, climbed up and tumbled down; everybody declared that there never had been such a perfect day or such a jolly set to enjoy it, — and every one gave themselves up to the simple pleasures of the hour as freely as if there were no such things as care or sorrow in the world.

Mr. March strolled placidly about, quoting Tusser, Cowley, and Columella to Mr. Laurence, while enjoying

“The gentle apple's winey juice.”

ABRAHAM COWLEY

COLUMELLA

HDT

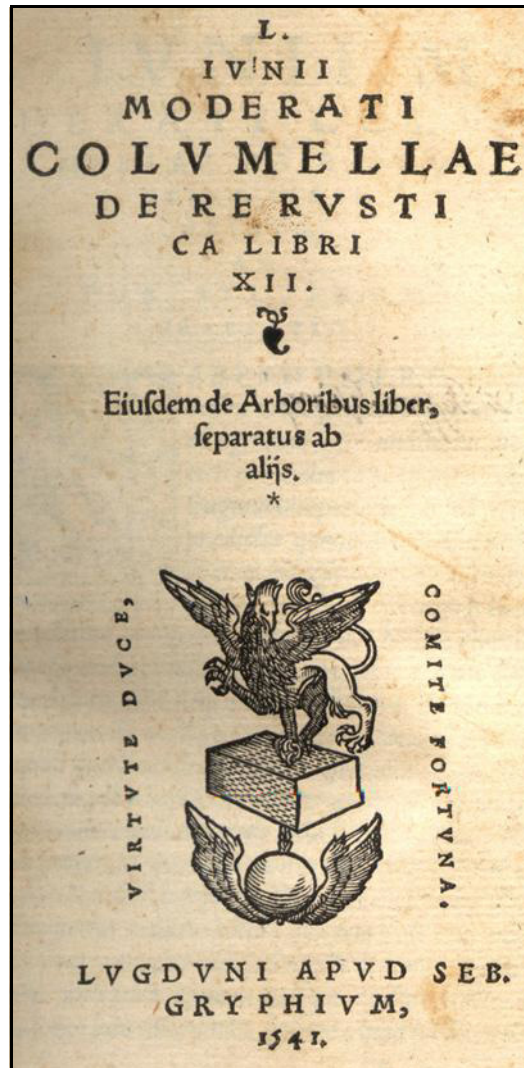
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Thoreau also went to the Society of Natural History, and looked at [Louis Agassiz](#) and Augustus A. Gould's PRINCIPLES OF ZOOLOGY in its new edition.

AGASSIZ & GOULD 1851

(He also looked through the 16 volumes of the [Baron Cuvier](#)'s THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.)

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ANIMAL KINGDOM, 3

ANIMAL KINGDOM, 4

ANIMAL KINGDOM, 5

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ANIMAL KINGDOM, 13

ANIMAL KINGDOM, 14

ANIMAL KINGDOM, 15

ANIMAL KINGDOM, 16



September 2, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) studied [Marcus Porcius Cato](#) the Censor's *DE RE RUSTICA* in *REI RUSTICAE AUCTORES LATINE VETERES, M. CATO, M. VARRO, L. COLVMELLA, PALLADIVS: PRIORES TRES, E VETUSTISS. EDITIONIBUS; QUARTUS, E VETERIBUS MEMBRANIS ALIQUAMMULIS IN LOCIS EMENDATIORES: CUM TRIBUS INDICUBUS, CAPITUM, AUCTORUM, & RERUM AC VERBORUM MEMORABILUM*



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

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September 2, Tuesday: The dense fog came into my chamber early this morning freighted with light & woke me. It was no doubt lighter at that hour than if there had been no fog.

Not till after several months does an infant find its hands— And it may be seen looking at them with astonishment holding them up to the light—and so also it finds its toes. How many faculties there are which we have never found! Some men methinks have found only their hands & feet—at least I have seen some who appeared never to have found their heads but used them only instinctively—as the negro who butts with his—or the water carrier—who makes a pack horse of his. They have but partially found their heads.

We cannot write well or truly but what we write with gusto. The body the senses must conspire with the spirit— Expression is the act of the whole man. that our speech may be vascular— The intellect is powerless to express thought without the aid of the heart & liver and of every member— Often I feel that my head stands out too dry— when it should be immersed. A writer a man writing is the scribe of all nature—he is the corn & the grass & the atmosphere writing. It is always essential that we love to do what we are doing—do it with a heart. The maturity of the mind however may perchance consist consist with a certain dryness.

There are flowers of thought & there are leaves of thought—most of our thoughts are merely leaves—to which the thread of thought is the stem.

What affinity is it brings the goldfinch [American Goldfinch ■ *Carduelis tristis*] to the sunflower—both yellow—to pick its seeds. Whatever things I perceive with my entire man—those let me record—and it will be poetry. The sounds which I hear with the consent & coincidence of all my senses these are significant & musical— At least they only are heard.

In a day or two the first message will be conveyed or transmitted over the magnetic telegraph through this town—as a thought traverses space—and no citizen of the town shall be aware of it. The atmosphere is full of telegraphs equally unobserved. We are not confined to Morses or Houses or Bain's line—

Raise some sun flowers to attract the goldfinches to feed them as well as your hens. What a broad & loaded bounteously filled platter of food is presented this bon vivant!

Here is one of those thick fogs which last well into the day. While the farmer is concerned about the crops which his fields bear, I will be concerned about the fertility of my human farm— I will watch the winds & the rains as they affect the crop of thought— the crop of crops ripe thoughts—which glow & rustle—& fill the air with fragrance—for centuries— Is it a drought—how long since we had a rain—what is the state of the springs? Are the low springs high?

I now begin to pluck wild apples—



The difference is not great between some fruits in which the worm is always present and those gall fruits which were produced by the insect.

Old Cato says well—*patrem familias vendacem, non emacem esse oportet*— These Latin terminations express better than any English that I know the greediness as it were & tenacity of purpose with which the husbandman & householder is required to be a seller & not a buyer—with mastiff like tenacity—these **lipped** words which like the lips of moose & browsing creatures gather in the herbage & twigs with a certain greed. This termination *cious* adds force to a word like the lips of browsing creatures which greedily collect what the jaw holds— as in the word tenacious the first half represents the jaw which holds the last the lips which collect— It can only be pronounced by a certain opening & protruding of the lips so avaricious— These words express the sense of their simple roots with the addition as it were of a certain lip greediness. hence capacious & capacity—emacity When these expressive words are used the hearer gets something to chew upon. To be a seller with the tenacity & firmness & of the jaws which hold & the greediness of the lips which collect. The audacious man not only dares—but he greedily collects more danger to dare. The avaricious man not only desires & satisfies his desire—but he collects ever new browse in anticipation of his ever springing desires—what is luscious is especially tasted

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by the lips.

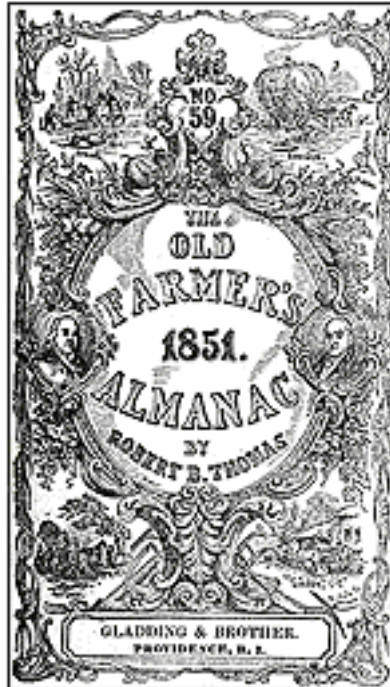
The mastiff mouthed are tenacious. To be a seller with mastiff-mouthed tenacity of purpose—with moose-lipped greediness— To be edacious & voracious is to be not nibbling & swallowing merely—but eating & swallowing while the lips are greedily collecting more food.

There is a reptile in the throat of the greedy man always thirsting & famishing— It is not his own natural hunger & thirst which he satisfies.

The more we know about the ancients the more we find that they were like the moderns. When I read Mar. Cato De Re Rustica a small treatise or Farmer's Manual of those days fresh from the field of Roman life—all reeking with & redolent of the life of those days—containing more indirect history than any of the histories of Rome of direct—all of that time but that time— **Here** is a simple direct pertinent word addressed to the Romans— And where are **the Romans**? Rome and the Romans are commonly a piece of Rhetoric— As if New England had disappeared poetically and there were left—Buel's Farmers Companion or the letters of Solon Robinson— or a volume of extracts from the New England Farmer— Though the Romans are no more but a fable and an ornament of Rhetoric—We have here their New England Farmer the very manual those Roman farmers read— speaking as if they were to hear—it—its voice not silenced As if Rome were still the mistress of the world— As fresh as a dripping dishcloth from a Roman kitchen.— As when you overhaul the correspondence of a man who died 50 years ago—with like surprise—& feelings you overhaul the manuscripts of of the Roman Nation— There exist certain old papers manuscripts—either the originals or faithful & trustworthy old copies of the originals which were left by the Roman people. They have gone their way—but these old papers of all sorts remain. Among them there are some farm journals—or Farm books—just such a collection of Diary & memorandum—as when the cow-calved—& the dimensions with a plan of the barn—& How much paid to Joe Farrar for work done on the farm &c &c as you might find in an old farmers pocketbook today.

Indeed the farmer's was pretty much the same routine then as now.

Cato says “Sterquilinum magnum stude ut habeas. Stercus sedulo conserva, cum exportabis purgato et comminuito. Per autumnum evehito.”— Study to have a great dungheap. Carefully preserve your dung, when you carry it out make clean work of it and break it up fine. Carry it out during the autumn.— Just such directions as you find in the Farmer's almanac today. It reminds me of what I see going on in our fields every



autumn. As if the Farmers of Concord were obeying Cato's directions. And Cato but repeated the maxims of a remote antiquity. Nothing can be more homely & suggestive of the every day life of the Roman agriculturalists—thus supplying the very deficiencies in what is commonly called Roman history—i.e. revealing to us the actual life of the Romans— —the how they got their living and what they did from day to day.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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They planted rapa raphanos milium and panicum in low foggy land “ager nebulosus”

I see the farmer now i.e. I shall in Autumn on every side carting out his manure & sedulously making his compost heap—or scattering it over his grass ground and breaking it up with a mallet—and it reminds me of Cato’s advice.— He died 150 years before Christ. Before Christianity was heard of this was done. A Roman family appears to have had a great supply of tubs & kettles.

A fire in the sitting room today— Walk in the afternoon by Walden Road & RR. to Minn’s Place & round it to RR & home. The first coolness is welcome so serious & fertile of thought. My skin contracts & I become more continent. Carried umbrellas— It mizzling. As in the night now in the rain I smell the fragrance of the woods. The Prunella leaves have turned a delicate claret or lake color—by the road side. I am interested in these revolutions as much as in those of kingdoms— Is there not tragedy enough in the autumn?

Walden seems to be going down at last— The pines are dead and leaning red & half upset about its shore. Thus by its rising once in 25 years perchance it keeps an open shore—as if the ice had heaved them over. Found the succory at Minn’s Bridge on R R—& beyond. Query— May not this & the Tree Primrose and other plants be distributed from Boston on the rays of the Railroads—the seeds mixing with the grains & all kinds of dirt & being blown from the passing freight cars?

The feathery tailed fruit of the fertile flowers of the Clematis conspicuous now.

The shorne meadows looked—of a living green as we came home at eve even greener than in spring—the “foenum cordum” the aftermath “sicilimenta de prato” the 2nd mowings of the meadow. this reminds me of—in Cato

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

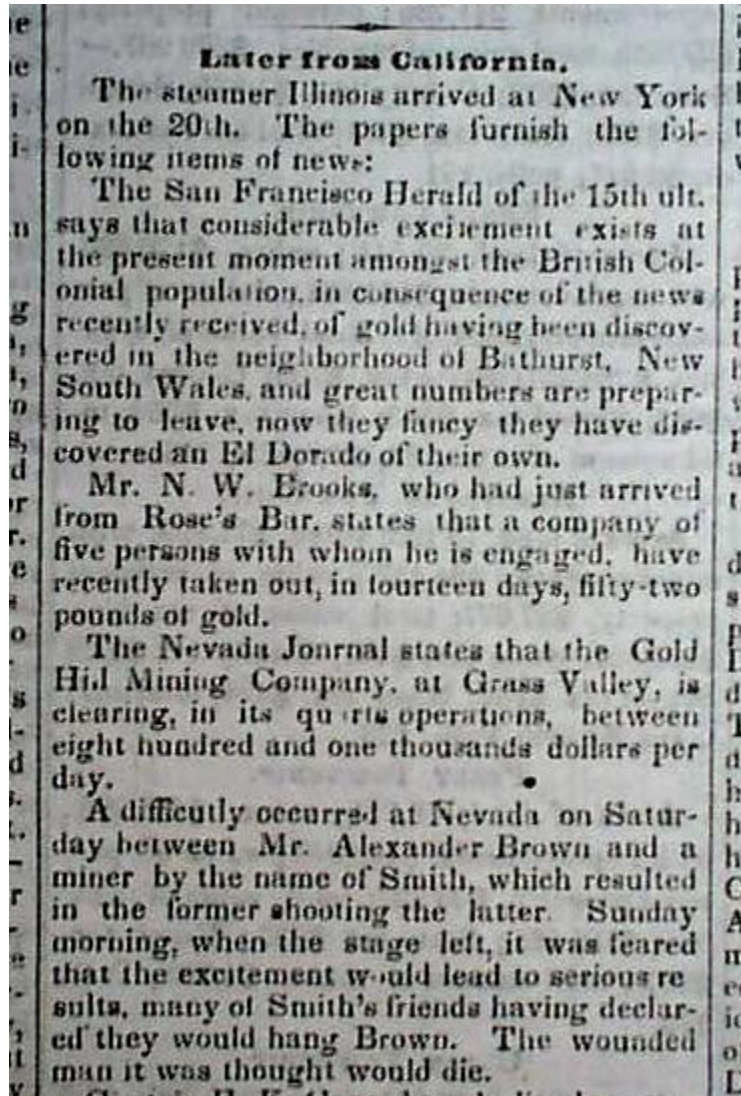
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October 9, Thursday: The latest gold-rush news of profit and scandal was being reported in the gazettes, by steamer from California. The total lag cycle between West Coast event and East Coast report was approximately three weeks:



Later from California.

The steamer Illinois arrived at New York on the 20th. The papers furnish the following items of news:

The San Francisco Herald of the 15th ult. says that considerable excitement exists at the present moment amongst the British Colonial population, in consequence of the news recently received, of gold having been discovered in the neighborhood of Bathurst, New South Wales, and great numbers are preparing to leave, now they fancy they have discovered an El Dorado of their own.

Mr. N. W. Brooks, who had just arrived from Rose's Bar, states that a company of five persons with whom he is engaged, have recently taken out, in fourteen days, fifty-two pounds of gold.

The Nevada Journal states that the Gold Hill Mining Company, at Grass Valley, is clearing, in its quartz operations, between eight hundred and one thousands dollars per day.

A difficulty occurred at Nevada on Saturday between Mr. Alexander Brown and a miner by the name of Smith, which resulted in the former shooting the latter. Sunday morning, when the stage left, it was feared that the excitement would lead to serious results, many of Smith's friends having declared they would hang Brown. The wounded man it was thought would die.



October 9, Thursday: Heard 2 Screech owls in the night Boiled a quart of acorns for breakfast—but found them not so palatable as raw—having acquired a bitterish taste perchance from being boiled with the shells and skins, yet one would soon get accustomed to this.

The sound of fox-hounds in the woods heard now at 9 Am in the village—reminds me of mild winter mornings. 2 P M to Conantum In the maple woods the ground is strewn with new fallen leaves. I hear the green locust again on the alders of the causeway—but he is turned a straw color. The warm weather has revived them. All the acorns on the same tree are not equally sweet— They appear to dry sweet. From Conantum I see them getting hay from the meadow below the Cliffs. It must have been quite dry when cut. The black ash has lost its leaves & the white here is dry & brownish yellow—not having turned mulberry. I see half a dozen snakes in this walk green & striped (one very young striped one)—who appear to be out enjoying the sun. They appear to make the most of the last warm days of the year. The hills & plain on the opposite side of the river is covered with deep

[DOG](#)




THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:


MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

warm red leaves of shrub-oaks— On Lee's hill-side by the pond the old leaves of some pitch pines are almost of a golden Yellow hue seen in the sun light—a rich autumnal look. The green are as it were set in the yellow. The witch hazel here is in full blossom—on this magical hill-side—while its broad yellow leaves are falling—some bushes are completely bare of leaves, and leather-colored they strew the ground. It is an extremely interesting plant—October & November's child—and yet reminds me of the very earliest spring— Its blossoms smell like the spring—like the willow catkins—by their color as well as fragrance they belong to the saffron dawn of the year.— Suggesting amid all these signs of Autumn—falling leaves & frost—that the life of nature—by which she eternally flourishes, is untouched. It stands here in the shadow on the side of the hill while the sun-light from over the top of the hill lights up its topmost sprays & yellow blossoms. Its spray so jointed and angular is not to be mistaken for any other. I lie on my back with joy under its boughs. While its leaves fall—its blossoms spring. The autumn then is in deed a spring. All the year is a spring. I see two blackbirds high over head going south, but I am going north in my thought with these hazel blossoms

It is a faery-place. This is a part of the immortality of the soul. When I was thinking that it bloomed too late for bees or other insects to extract honey from its flowers—that perchance they contained no honey—I saw a bee upon it. How important then to the bees this late blossoming plant.

The circling hawk  steers himself through the air—like the skater—without a visible motion.

The hoary cinquefoil in blossom. A large sassafras tree behind Lee's 2 feet diam. at ground. As I return over the bridge I hear a song-sparrow [**Song Sparrow**,  *Melospiza melodia*] singing on the willows exactly as in spring. I see a large sucker rise to the surface of the river. I hear the crickets singing loudly in the walls as they have not done (so loudly) for some weeks—while the sun is going down shorn of his rays by the haze.

There is a thick bed of leaves in the road under Hubbards elms.

This reminds me of Cato—as if the ancients made more use of nature—he says Stramenta si deerunt, frondem iligneam legito, eam subternito ovibus bubusque. If litter is wanting, gather the leaves of the holm oak and strew them under your sheep & oxen. In another place he says circum vias ulmos serito, et partim populos, uti frondem ovibus et bubus habeas. I suppose they were getting that dry meadow grass for litter. There is little or no use made by us of the leaves of trees—not even for beds—unless it be sometimes to rake them up in the woods & cast into hog-pens or compost heaps.

Cut a stout purple cane of poke weed.

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





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1854

January 14, Saturday: John Mitchel's new paper, The Citizen, reviewed a lecture that had been delivered by Charles Lenox Remond before the New-York Anti-Slavery Society at the Broadway Tabernacle.



The gazette included also in this issue a letter from James Haughton, asking that the editors by embracing the cause of abolitionism “prove themselves true men,” and Mitchel reacted to this provocation in no uncertain terms, pointing out that this correspondent already knew full well that the cause of negro emancipation was something that had always been “distasteful” to him:

Others may exert themselves to gain justice and freedom for Irish serfs; he [James Haughton], for his part, will stand by the negroes, and scathe the cradle-plunderers.

The editor continued in no uncertain terms:

We are not abolitionists; no more abolitionists than Moses, or Socrates, or Jesus Christ. We deny that it is a crime, or a wrong, or even a peccadillo, to hold slaves, to buy slaves, to keep slaves to their work by flogging or other needful coercion.

The editor continued by informing his audience that he, personally, wished that he owned “a good plantation, well-stocked with healthy negroes, in Alabama.” Have no doubt about it: that would be, in his consideration, a good thing rather than an evil.

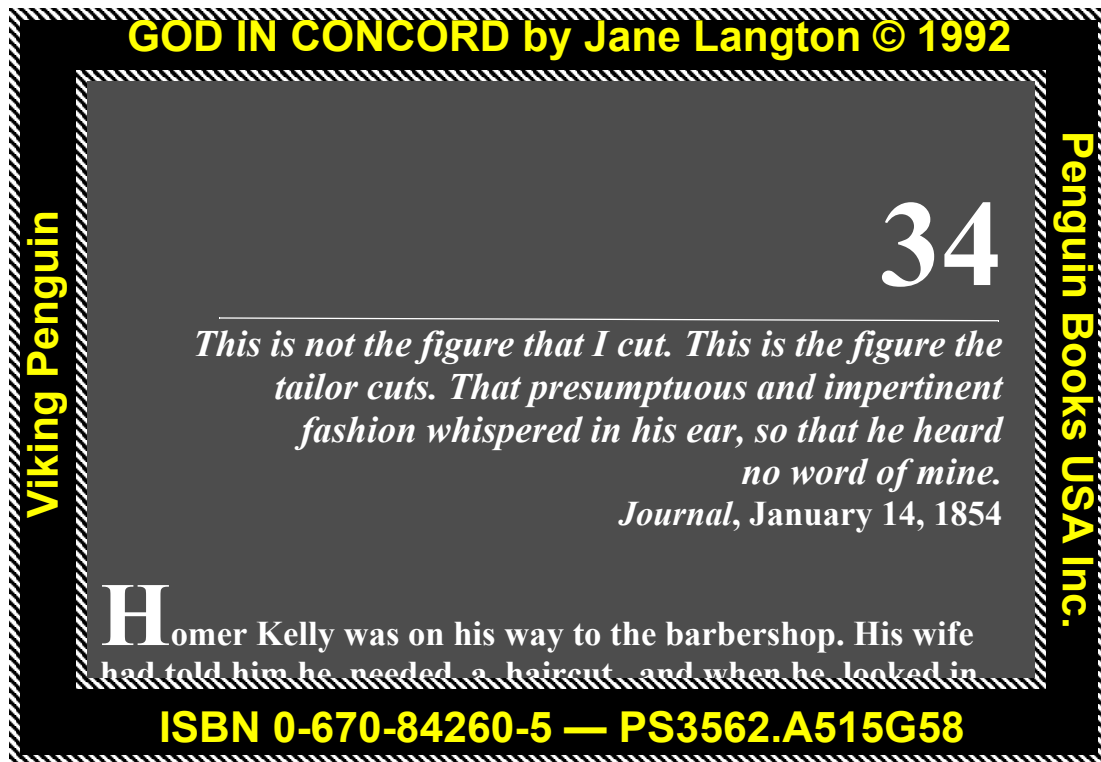


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Henry Thoreau was surprised to note by how much the river was swollen due to the Thursday rain. He received a coat from the tailor and was dismayed by how he looked in it:



Jan. 14. If the writers of the brazen age are most suggestive to thee, confine thyself to them, and leave those of the Augustan age to dust and the bookworms. Was surprised this morning to see how much the river was swollen by the rain of day before yesterday.

The channel, or river itself, is still covered with ice, but the meadows are broad sheets of dark-blue water, contrasting with the white patches of snow still left. The ice on the river rises with the water in this case, while it remains attached to the bottom by one edge on each side, and is Heaved up and cracked in consequence along the line of the willows, thus:—



All the water on the meadows lies over ice and snow. The other day I started a partridge from a sumach bush with berries on it, and to-day from a barberry bush with berries. I suspect that they eat the berries of both.

Cato makes the vineyard of first importance to a farm; second, a well-watered garden; third, a willow plantation (*salictum*); fourth, an olive-yard (*oletum*); fifth, a meadow or grass ground (?) (*pratium*); sixth, a grain-field or tillage (?) (*campus frumentarius*); seventh, a copsewood (?) for fuel (?) (*silva caedua*) (Varro speaks of planting and cultivating this); eighth, an arbustum (Columella says it is a plantation of elms, etc., for vines to rest on) (*arbustum*); ninth, a wood that yields mast (*glandaria silva*). He says elsewhere the *arbustum* yields *ligna et virgae*.

He says: "In earliest manhood the master of a family must study to plant his ground; as for building he must think a long time about it (*diu cogitare*); he must not think about planting, but do it. When he gets to be thirty-six years old, then let him build, if he has his ground planted. So build, that the villa may not have to seek the farm, nor the farm the villa." This contains sound advice, as pertinent now as ever.

As for farming implements, I do not see but the Romans had as great a variety as are now exhibited in the Crystal Palace.



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The master of a family must have in his rustic villa “cellam olcariam, vinariam, dolia multa, uti lubeat caritatem exspectare, et rei et virtuti, et gloriae crit” (an oil and wine cellar, many casks, so that it may be pleasant to expect hard times; it will be for his advantage, and virtue and glory).

This, too, to make farmers prudent and thrifty: “Cogitato quotannis tempestates magnas venire, et oleam dejicere solere” (Consider that great tempests come every year, and the olive is wont to fall). The steward must not lend seed for sowing, etc. He may have two or three families of whom to borrow and to whom to lend and no more.

I just had a coat come home from the tailor’s. Ah me! Who am I that should wear this coat? It was fitted upon one of the devil’s angels about my size. Of what use that in measuring of me if he did not measure my character, but only the breadth of my shoulders, as it were a peg to hang it on. This is not the figure that I cut. This is the figure the tailor cuts. That presumptuous and impertinent fashion whispered in his ear, so that he heard no word of mine. As if I had said, “Not my will, O Fashion, but thine be done.” We worship not the Parcae, nor the Graces, but Fashion, offspring of Proteus and Vanessa, of Whim and Vanity. She spins and weaves and cuts with the authority of the Fates. Oh, with what delight I could thrust a spear through her vitals or squash her under my heel! Every village might well keep constantly employed a score of knights to rid it of this monster. It changes men into bears or monkeys with a single wave of its wand. The head monkey at Paris, Count D’Orsay, put on the traveller’s cap, and now all the monkeys in the world do the same thing. He merely takes the breadth of my shoulders and proceeds to fit the garment to Puck, or some other grotesque devil of his acquaintance to whom he has sold himself.

I despair of ever getting anything quite simple and honest done in this world by the help of men. They would have to be passed through a powerful press, *à la* cider-mill, that their old notions might be thoroughly squeezed out of them, and it would be some time before they would get upon their legs again. Then undoubtedly there would be some one with a maggot in his head, offspring of an egg deposited there nobody knows when; fire does not kill these things, and you would have lost your labor. I could cry, if it were not for laughing.

“If you have done one thing late, you will do all your work late,” says [Cato](#) to the farmer. They raised a sallow (*salicem*) to tie vines with. Ground subject to fogs is called *nebulosus*. They made a cheap wine of poor grapes, called *vinum praeliganeum*, for the laborers to drink. (So our farmers give their men rum or weak cider.)

Oxen “must have muzzles [or little baskets, *fiscellas*], that they may not go in quest of grass (*ne herbam sectentur*) when they plow.”

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



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January 17, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) surveyed for William O. Benjamin in the east part of Lincoln.

Detroit and [Niagara Falls](#) became connected across Canada by way of the Great Western Railway.



Jan. 17. Surveying for William O. Benjamin in east part of Lincoln. Saw a red squirrel on the wall, it being thawing weather. Human beings with whom I have no sympathy are far stranger to me than inanimate matter, — rocks or earth. Looking on the last, I feel comparatively as if I were with my kindred.

[Cato](#), prescribing a *medicamentum* for oxen, says, “When you see a snake’s slough, take it and lay it up, that you may not have to seek it when it is wanted.” This was mixed with bread, corn, etc.

He tells how to make bread and different kinds of cakes, viz., a *libum*, a *placenta*, a *spira* (so called because twisted like a rope, perhaps like doughnuts), *scriblita* (because ornamented with characters like writing), *globi* (globes), etc., etc. Tells how to make a vow for your oxen to Mars Sylvanus in a wood with an offering, no woman to be present nor know how it is done.

When the brine will float a dry *maena* (a fish) or an egg, then it will preserve meat. Tells how to cram hens and geese. If you wish to remove an ill savor from wine, he recommends to heat a brick and pitch it and let it down by a string to the bottom of the cask and there remain two days, the cask being stopped.

“If you wish to know if water has been added to wine, make a little vessel of ivy wood (*materia ederacea*). Put into it the wine which you think has water in it. If it has water, the wine will run out (*effluct*), the water will remain. For a vessel of ivy wood does not hold wine.”

“The dogs must be shut up by day that they may be more sharp (*aeriores*, more fierce (?)) and vigilant by night.” So I might say of a moon and star gazer.

“Make a sacrificial feast for the oxen when the pear is in blossom. Afterward begin to plow in the spring.” “That day is to be holy (*feriae*) to the oxen, and herdsmen, and those who make the feast.” They offer wine and mutton to Jupiter Dapalis, also to Vesta if they choose.

When they thinned a consecrated grove (*lucum conlucare*) (as if [to] let in the light to a shaded place) they were to offer a hog by way of expiation and pray the god or goddess to whom it was sacred to be favorable to them, their house and family and children. Whatever god or goddess thou art to whom this grove is sacred, I pray thee be propitious. Should not all groves be regarded as a *lucus*, or consecrated grove, in this sense? I wish that our farmers felt some such awe when they cut down our consecrated groves; would realize that they are sacred to some god.

A *lustrum*, or sacrifice, of a sow, sheep, and bull (*suovitaurlia*) was performed every fifth year, when various things were prayed for.

Gives several charms to cure diseases, mere magician’s words.

February 8, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) made extracts from [Marcus Porcius Cato](#) the Censor, [Marcus Terentius Varro](#), and from page 118 of [John Josselyn](#)’s AN ACCOUNT OF TWO VOYAGES TO NEW ENGLAND.



Feb. 8. The poets, philosophers, historians, and all writers have always been disposed to praise the life of the farmer and prefer it to that of the citizen. They have been inclined to regard trade and commerce as not merely uncertain modes of getting a living, but as running into the usurious and disreputable. And even at the present day the trader, as carrier or go-between, the speculator, the forestaller, and corporations do not escape a fling. Trade has always been regarded to some extent as a questionable mode of getting a livelihood. Cato says: “Et virum bonum cum laudabant, ita laudabant, bonum agricolam, bonumque colonum. Amplissime laudari existimabatur, qui ita laudabatur. Mercatorem autem strenuum studiosumque rei quaerendae existimo; verum ... periculosum et calamitosum. At ex agricolis et viri fortissimi, et milites strenuissimi gignuntur, maximeque pius quaestus, stabilissimusque consequitur, minimeque invidiosus: minimeque male cogitantes sunt, qui in eo studio occupati sunt.” That is: “when they [i.e. our ancestors] praised a good man, they called him a good farmer and a good husbandman (settler?). He was thought to be most amply praised who was so praised. However, I think that the merchant is energetic and studious to make money, but his business is dangerous and liable to misfortunes. But from the cultivators of the soil, both the men of most fortitude and the hardiest soldiers are descended, and theirs is a gain particularly just (honest, pious) and stable, and least of all the subject of envy: and they are the least of all thinking evil who are engaged in this pursuit.”

And [Varro](#) says: “Viri magni nostri majores non sine causa praeponerant rusticos Romanos urbanis. Ut ruri



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enim, qui in villa vivunt ignaviores, quam qui in agro versantur in aliquo opere faciundo; sic qui in oppido sederent, quam qui rura colerent, desidiosiores putabant.” That is: “Great men, our ancestors, preferred Romans who had lived in the country to those who lived in the city. For, as in the country, they who live in the villa are idler than they who are employed in the field doing some work, so they thought that those who sat in a town were more slothful than they who cultivated the fields.” And he says that they did not need the gymnasia of the Greeks, but now one does not think that he has a villa unless he has many places with Greek names in it, and, having stolen into the city, instead of using their hands in swinging (?) a scythe or holding a plow they move them in the theatre and circus and have forgotten husbandry.

And in another place [V](#). boasts of the antiquity of rustic life, saying that “there was a time when men cultivated the fields, but had no city (fuit tempus, cum rura colerent homines, neque urbem haberent).” And again: “Immani numero annorum urbanos agricolae praestant. Nec mirum, quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana aedificavit urbes. (That is: Cultivators of the soil precede citizens by a vast number of years. Nor is it to be wondered at, for divine Nature gave fields, human art built cities.) ... Nec sine causa Terram candem appellabant matrem, et Cererem, et qui eam colerent, piam et utilem agere vitam credebant, atque eos solos reliquos esse ex stirpe Saturni regis. (That is: Nor without reason did they [our ancestors] call the same Earth mother and Ceres, and thought that they who cultivated it led a pious and useful life, and that they alone were left of the race of King Saturn.)”

But now, by means of railroads and steamboats and telegraphs, the country is denaturalized, the old pious, stable, and unenvied gains of the farmer are liable to all the suspicion which only the merchant’s formerly excited. All milk-farms and fruit-farms, etc., are so many markets with their customs in the country.

Consider the deformities to which the farmer is liable, — the rustic, the clown (*a colono?*), the villain, etc., etc. [Josselyn](#), speaking of crickets, says, “The Italian who hath them cryed up and down the streets (*Grille che cantelo*) and buyeth them to put into his Gardens, if he were in New England would gladly be rid of them, they make such a din in an Evening.” I am more charmed by the Italian’s taste than by [Josselyn](#)’s impatience.

Ann, the Irishwoman who has lived with Deacon Brown so long, says that when he had taken to his bed with his last illness, she was startled by his calling, “Ann, Ann,” “the bitterest Ann you ever heard,” and that was the beginning of his last illness.

On the 2d I saw the sand foliage in the Cut; pretty good. This is the frost coming out of the ground; this is spring. It precedes the green and flowery spring, as mythology does ordinary literature and poetry.

P.M. — Rain, rain, rain, carrying off the snow and leaving a foundation of ice. The wind southeasterly.


“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



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

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



Prepared: September 3, 2014



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

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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.



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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.