“Carew had a reputation for mischief that stayed with him all of his adult life. This reputation did nothing to damage his career as a poet, soldier, and courtier.”
Thomas Carew was born early in the year (or perhaps late in the previous year) at West Wickham in Kent, a son of Sir Matthew Carew, master in chancery, and his wife Alice Ingpeny, widow of Sir John Rivers, lord mayor of London. He was probably the third of eleven children.

“NARRATIVE HISTORY” IS FABULATION, HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY
June: At 13 years of age, Thomas Carew matriculated at Merton College, Oxford.

John Ford had somehow secured enough money to gain readmission to the Middle Temple of London.
Early in the year: Thomas Carew received the degree of BA from Merton College in Oxford. He would study for the law—or would pretend to do so—at the Middle Temple.
Faced with a son who was obviously not devoting his full attentions to his studies in the law, Sir Matthew Carew, Master in chancery, the father of Thomas Carew, sent him off to Italy as a member of the household of ambassador Sir Dudley Carleton.
Early in the year: Early in this year, we know, Thomas Carew was serving as secretary to Sir Dudley Carleton at the Hague.

Fall: Thomas Carew was dismissed as secretary to Sir Dudley Carleton at the Hague for the offenses of levity and slander. He would have great difficulty in finding another situation.
August: Sir Matthew Carew died. Thomas Carew entered the service of Lord Herbert of Cherbury (and hopefully, in this new position, he would find a way to curb his trademark “levity and slander”).

**Do I have your attention? Good.**
March: Thomas Carew accompanied Lord Herbert of Cherbury in diplomatic travels through Europe.
April: Lord Herbert of Cherbury returned to England from his diplomatic travels in Europe, bringing his fun travel companion Thomas Carew back with him.

William Browne returned to Exeter College, Oxford, this time as tutor to Robert Dormer, afterward earl of Carnarvon.
Thomas Carew, who had been “following the court,” was appointed as a gentleman of the privy chamber. The discretion with which he filled this post is illustrated by an anecdote of a time when he was lighting King Charles I’s way into Her Majesty’s chamber, when he saw that Lord St. Albans had his arm around the queen’s neck — he had the presence of mind to “stumble,” thus extinguishing the light and earning for himself the favor of the queen.

Edmund Mary Bolton was caught up in King Charles I’s campaign against recusancy (failure to conform to the Church of England) and imprisoned first in the Fleet and then in Marshalsea. He could find no person of influence to intercede for him.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

The People of Walden

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
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
THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT
February: The Cavalier poet Thomas Carew’s masque entitled *Coelum Britannicum* was acted in the banqueting-house at Whitehall.

(Eventually at some point Thoreau would extrapolate from this the following words of Mercury in response to the 5th antimasque of Gypsies, and would add to his extrapolation a title.)
In the masque the god Mercury is responding to the pretensions of the personification of Poverty. The poem thus points toward the error of those who are impoverished, who might suppose that the mere fact of their poverty provides them with some sort of unearned moral and intellectual esteem. The point would be that merely being poor makes no-one worthy. It might well be easier to achieve poverty by being righteous than it would be to achieve righteousness by being poor. Thoreau would tip this selection into his WALDEN manuscript between Chapters 1 and 2, on a leaf which does not match any of the paper types he used in any of the eight drafts (thus rendering it difficult for us now to ascertain precisely when it was that he inserted this selection).
Sue Petrovski has said something about Thoreau’s tipping of this extract from a 17th-Century Cavalier court masque about poverty into the Walder manuscript between Chapters 1 and 2, that I think is insightful. Sue’s insight is that at this point Thoreau is being at his very most profound and thoughtful, that rather than being a throwaway nonce insertion, a lone cabbage in the Thoreauvian pumpkin patch, this is one of the deepest points in his writing.

At this point in his writing, I consider, Thoreau is dealing with the problem of self-deception — the problem of negative affect exhibiting itself as if it were positive, the problem of something pretending to be helpful when its actual impulse is to destroy.

Thoreau is here dealing with people who suppose they are enamoured of their own poverty when actually they are embarrassed by it and thus despise themselves. Their defense is to profess to be oh, so proud that they are poor. Wretchedness become their proof of personal righteousness. This sort of mental trickiness is dangerous because we also have a habit of tying our own shoelaces together. While we suppose that we are doing ourselves a great favor in endlessly congratulating ourselves for our own poverty, actually we are up to something rather dangerous because there is always the chance that we will trip over our own toes while we are patting ourselves on our backs. Ressentiment is a contortion.

The vocabulary for describing this sort of situation did not exist at the time that Thoreau was writing. Sigmund Freud had not yet been born in what is now the Czech Republic (which itself had not yet come into existence), and Friedrich Nietzsche was not yet a teenager. Without the words having been created by Friedrich Engels, there was as yet no such thing as a recognizable “false consciousness.”

Another example of this sort of self-deception is the way that the Emersonians now rise to the defense of Waldo’s “Negrophobia.” In his own era, among his own compatriots, Emerson was known as a Negrophobe — that was the word they used at the time. It was hard for him to get a haircut because he couldn’t allow a negro barber to touch him. He didn’t want negroes in his house even as servants (which is why he hired the Irish as maids and cooks and gardeners, and why he hired the white boy Henry as a handyman). His journal is painfully honest about this. He wants the negro to die out, or go the hell away or something (you will note that I am here not condemning Emerson but praising him for exceptional honesty). He is antislavery because he supposes that it is having a white master that allows such incompetent human beings to get enough to eat and stay alive. He is so painfully honest in his journal that nowadays there are portions of it that the Emersonians simply cannot read. They cannot pay attention to such honesty. Their eyes glide right over certain of his passages. The false consciousness of today’s Emersonian is that they themselves are not racists, and that therefore their hero Waldo could have been no racist. To acknowledge that Waldo was “antislavery for all the wrong reasons” back then would be to admit something about themselves right now that they simply cannot afford to admit. (This explains, also, our rather absolute dearth of black Emersonian scholars.)

Did you ever wonder why “Jim Crow” came after the civil war? Here the good white people had gone to all this trouble to free the black people, and a whole bunch of good white people had died the bloody death, and then after they had gone to all this trouble, these disrespectful negroes were still around. –We set them free, so why didn’t they go the hell away and leave us the fuck alone???? They’d better step off the sidewalk into the street when a white man comes by, if they know what’s good for them! Our nation’s attitude after the Civil War was Emersonian.

I’ll try to describe this in its most general form, so that we can see that it applies just as well to black people as to poor people, just as well to poor people as to black people, right here in between Chapter I and Chapter II of Walden, where Thoreau inserts this lone cabbage into his pumpkin patch — this Cavalier masque.

Here goes: Compassionate helpfulness is a dangerous emotion, because so very often it derives its energy from a desire to do harm. What happens is that we see something that we do not like, something that we suppose
ought not to be allowed to exist (such as, for one example, poverty, or for another example, people who aren’t as white and progressive as us), and so we immediately and naturally desire to destroy this thing that ought not to exist. Our negative impulses are so, so much more powerful, and so, so much more prevalent than our positive impulses! However, our minds instantly protect us by blocking this unacceptable desire to do harm. In fact we never become aware of our own affect as consisting of an impulse to do harm. We experience it falsely as an emotion of benevolent helpfulness. It appears as the opposite of what it really is deep down. By the time we become conscious of it, it is all prettied up and made presentable. In “false consciousness” our minds have always already replaced this negative impulse, this impulse to destroy, with a positive one, which we experience always and only as a benign desire to make ourselves helpful. Our negative energies get redirected from harmfulness into beneficence. In the case of a poverty problem or a race problem or whatever, our destructive loathing is channeled into a noticing that someone “needs our help.” We set out to be of service to this person who disgusts us so, and in that manner we harmlessly dispose of our unacceptable impulse. What makes this utterly dangerous, of course, is that our mental trickiness is not always successful.

A good example of how our mental trickiness in this regard is not always successful is the great “War on Poverty” proclaimed by President Lyndon Baines Johnson, an Emerson-like Negrophobe. We don’t like poverty? No, it’s poor people that we don’t like, and we want to do away with all the poor people! Therefore over time our government’s program, called the “War on Poverty,” became our defensive, preemptive war against any and all poor people. Instead of helping them rise from poverty, its goal became to punish them again and again relentlessly for being poor, by shoving them down again and again into poverty. (And then along came our War on Drugs, and we began to sentence our teenage children to twenty years in the penitentiary for smoking a joint in a desperate effort to protect them from ruining their lives by graduating to hard drugs.)

This is of the first importance and of the last importance because we so readily betray ourselves. We start out to “help” someone and before you know it, that person has been destroyed — because our “help” was tainted and we betrayed ourselves and somehow, “unintentionally,” our true intent came through into the outcome. The drink that we held out with our good right hand turned out to have had a poison pill slipped into it by our left hand while we were feeling benevolent and weren’t watching that left hand. “Oh, did I poison you — my goodness, and there I was only trying to be helpful!” When we try to act and it is unbeknownst from a false position, we tend to betray ourselves, and others. (The aftermath of Katrina comes to mind.)

PHILIP CAFARO ON THOMAS CAREW IN WALDEN

PAGES 48-49: This ancient conception of virtue can be seen most clearly in the “complemental verses” by the Cavalier poet Thomas Carew that end WALDEN’s first chapter. As so often, Thoreau’s words are slyly suggestive. The verses are hardly complimentary to those who refuse to recognize higher goals in life, but the ethic of aspiration they express may well complement our more conventional ethic of social obligation:

Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch,
To claim a station in the firmament,
Because thy humble cottage, or thy tub,
Nurses some lazy or pedantic virtue.

Carew contrasts “lazy or pedantic virtues” that are presumably easy to achieve and that allow us to live in “dull society” with others, with “fair blooming virtues,” whose neglect “Degradeth nature, and benumbeth sense, / And, Gorgon-like, turns active
men to stone.” As examples, Carew rejects “necessitated temperance” and “forc’d falsely exalted passive fortitude” as virtues, because these qualities are life-denying; also, perhaps, because we may take them on through fear, insensibility, or laziness. Carew’s adjectival qualifications suggest he might recognize a genuine temperance or fortitude, in the service of action and life. Certainly Thoreau would. Elsewhere, he reminds us that temperance can keep us from pursuing unnecessary and frivolous goals, while true fortitude is not mere passive acceptance of our lot, “forced” on us by circumstances, but is rather itself a force enabling us to act in adversity.

The conventional social virtues become degraded through an acceptance of “mediocrity,” while rarer, more difficult-to-achieve virtues are ignored altogether. “But we advance,” Carew says:

Such virtues only as admit excess,
Brave, bounteous acts, regal magnificence,
All-seeing prudence, magnanimity
That knows no bound, and that heroic virtue
For which antiquity hath left no name,
But patterns only, such as Hercules,
Achilles, Theseus.

Already in his early essay “The Service,” Thoreau had rejected any pseudo-Aristotelian account of virtue as a mean of effort or achievement: “their mean is no better than meanness, nor their medium than mediocrity.” Here he quotes Carew to challenge the complacency that seeks to specify some point beyond which we need not strive: either because we are already sufficiently

virtuous; or because we have no strict duty to do so; or because higher, difficult to achieve goals are unimportant. Magnificence (the bestowal of great gifts on others) and magnanimity (literally "great-souledness," the superior development of one’s whole personality) are almost by definition impossible for most people to achieve. But that does not make them any less virtues for Carew or Thoreau. We may assume that the inhabitants of the one-room house by Walden Pond would interpret magnificence and magnanimity quite differently than the Cavalier poet, but this emphasizes all the more what these aristocrats of human aspiration do share: a demanding and open-ended conception of virtue.

WHAT I’M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF
Printing of Thomas Carew’s masque COELUM BRITANICUM.
Thomas Carew died in London. (His later life is obscure to us. The story that he died on March 22, 1639 is probably inaccurate because Clarendon mentions that he lived for fifty years before succumbing to the effects of his excesses.)
All 14 volumes of Robert Anderson’s Edinburgh edition of The Works of the British Poets, with Prefaces Biographical and Critical, that occupied him from 1792 into 1807, would bear the nominal date of 1795. (Henry Thoreau would copy poems by Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, Thomas Carew, George Peele, Samuel Daniel, Richard Lovelace, Lawrence Minot, and the Reverend John Donne from Volumes IV and V of this anthology.)
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: THOMAS CAREW

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1810

A SELECTION FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAREW... (Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; By John Evans ... and sold by Thomas Fry & Co. ..., Bristol, 1810).

THOMAS CAREW’S POEMS

Thomas Evans (1742-1784)’s and Robert Harding Evans (1778-1857)’s OLD BALLADS, HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE, WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE COLLECTED FROM RARE COPIES AND MANUSCRIPTS... A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED COLLECTED FROM PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS, BY HIS SON (London: Printed for R.H. Evans, by W. Bulmer and co.)

THOMAS EVANS’S BALLADS I
THOMAS EVANS’S BALLADS II
THOMAS EVANS’S BALLADS III
THOMAS EVANS’S BALLADS IV
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1824


THOMAS CAREW’S WORKS

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project

The People of Walden

He would copy a couple of poems by Edmund Mary Bolton (E.B.) into his 1st Commonplace Book:

**A PASTORALL ODE TO AN HONOURABLE FRIEND.**

- As to the blooming prime,
- Bleake Winter being fled,
- From compasse of the clime,
- Where Nature lay as dead,
- The riuers dull’d with time,
- The greene leaues withered.
- Fresh Zephyri (the westeren brethren) be :
- So th’ honour of your favouor is to me.

For as the plaines reuie,
And put on youthfull greene:
As plants begin to thrue,
That disattir’d had beene ;
And arbours now aliue,
In former Pompe are seene.
So if my Spring had any flowers before :
Your breath Fauonius hath encreast the store.

*Finis.* E.B.

**THE SHEPHEARD’S SONG:**

**A CAROLL OR HIMNE FOR CHRISTMAS.**

Sweet Musicke, sweeter farre
Then any song is sweet :
Sweet Musicke, heauenly rare,
Mine eares, (O peeres) doth greete
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:  

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Yon gentle flocks, whose fleeces, pearl’d with dewe,  
Resemble heauen, whom golden drops make bright :  
Listen, O listen, now, O not to you  
Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night.  
But voyces most diuine,  
Make blissfull harmonie :  
Voyces that seeme to shine,  
For what else clears the skie ?  
Tunes can we heare, but not the singers see,  
The tunes diuine, and so the singers be.

Loe, how the firmament  
Within an azure fold,  
The flock of starres hath pent,  
That we might them behold.  
Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,  
Nor can their christals such reflection giue.  
What then doth make the element so bright ?  
The heauens are come downe vpon earth to liue.  
But harken to the song,  
Glory to glories King :  
And peace all men among.  
These queristers doe sing.  
Angels they are, as also (Shepheards) hee,  
Whom in our feare we doe admire to see.

Let not amazement blinde  
Your soules, (said he) annoy :  
To you and all mankinde,  
My message bringeth ioy.  
For loe the world’s great Shepheard now is borne,  
A blessed babe, an infant full of power :  
After long night, vp-risen is the morne,  
Renowning Bethlem in the Sauiour.  
Sprung is the perfect day,  
By prophets seene a farre :  
Sprung is the mirthfull May,  
Which Winter cannot marre.  
In Dauid’s citie doth this sunne appeare :  
Clouded in flesh, yet Shepeards sit we here.  
Finis.  

E.B.

He would also copy an *a cappella* song for five voices from 1588 by William Byrd (circa 1540-July 4, 1623), into his 1st Commonplace Book:

THE HEARD-MAN’S HAPPIE LIFE.

What pleasure haue great Princes,  
More daintie to their choice;  
Then Heard-men wilde, who carelesse  
In quiet life reioyce ?  
And fortune’s fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in Sommer morning.
Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
Are voyd of all deceit:
They neuer know how spightful,
It is to kneele and waite,
On fauourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vaine and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth.
At night they take their rest:
More quiet then who sendeth
His ship into the east;
Where gold and pearle are plentie,
But getting very daintie.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steeme it not a straw:
They thinke that honest meaning,
Is of itselfe a law ;
Where conscience iudgeth plainely,
They spend no money vainley.

Oh happy who thus liueth,
Not caring much for gold :
With cloathing which suffiseth,
Too keepe him from the cold.
Though poore and plaine his diet,
Yet merrie it is and quiet.

Finis.                Out of M. Bird' s set Songs.

He would also copy a couple of poems by William Hunnis into his Commonplace Book:

Wodenfrides Song in Praise of Amargana.

The sunne the season in each thing
Revives new pleasures, the sweet Spring
Hath put to flight the Winter keene,
To glad our Lovely Sommer Queene.

The pathes where Amargana treads
With flowrie tap'tries Flora spreads,
And Nature clothes the ground in greene,
To glad our lovely Sommer Queene.

The groaves put on their rich aray,
With Hawthorne bloomes imbroydered gay,
And sweet perfum'd with Eglantine,
To glad our lovely Sommer Queene.

The silent River stayes his course
Whilst playing on the christall sourse
The silver scaled fish are seene,
To glad our lovely Sommer Queene.

The Woode at her faire sight reioyces
The little birds with their lowd voyces
In consort on the bryers beene,
To glad our lovely Sommer Queene.

The fleecie Flockes doo scud and skip
The Wood-Nymphs, fawnes and Satires trip,
And daunce the Mirtle trees betweene,
To glad our lovely Sommer Queene.
Great Pan (our God), for her deere sake
This feast and meeting bids us make
Of Sheephards, Lads, and Lasses sheene,
To glad our lovely Sheephards Queene.

And every Swaine his chaunce doth proue
To winne faire Amargana’s love,
In sporting strife of quite voide of spleene,
To glad our lovely Sommer Queene.

All happines let Heaven her lend.
And all the Graces her attend
Thus bid we pray the muses nine.
Long live our lovely Sommer Queene.

Finis. W.H.

Another of the same.

Happy sheepheards sit and see, with joy
The peerelesse wight;
For whose sake Pan keepes from ye annoy
And gives delight.
Blessing this pleasant spring
Her praises must I sing.
List you Swaines, list to me;
The whiles your Flocks feeding be.
First her brow a beauteous globe I deeme
And golden haire;
And her cheeke Auroraes roabe dooth seeeme
But farre more faire,
Her eyes like starres are bright
And dazle with their light.
Rubies her lips to see,
But to tast, nectar they be.

Orient pearles her teeth, her smile dooth linke
the graces three;
Her white necke dooth eyes beguile to thinke
it Iuorie.
Alas, her Lilly hand
How it dooth me commaund?
Softer silke none can be
And whiter milk none can see.

Circe’s wand is not so straite as is
Her body small;
But two pillers beare the waight of this
Maiestick Hall.
Those be I you assure
Of Alabaster pure
Polish’d fine in each part
Ne’re Nature yet shewed like Art.

How shall I her pretty tread expresse
when she dooth walke?
Scarse she dooth the Primerose head depresse
or tender stalkke
Of blew-veined Violets
Whereon her foote she sets.
Vertuous she is, for we find
In bodye faire, beauteous minde.

Live faire Amargana still extold
   In all my rime;
Hand want Art when I want will, t’unfold
   her worth divine.
But now my Muse dooth rest,
Dispaire clos’d in my brest,
Of the valour I sing;
Weake faith that no hope dooth bring.

Finis. W.H.
He also checked out the two volumes of Robert Jamieson’s Popular Ballads and Songs, from Traditional Manuscripts and Scarce Editions; With Translations of Similar Pieces from the Ancient Danish Language, and a Few Originals by the Editor. (2 Volumes; Edinburgh: A. Constable and co.; [etc. etc.], 1806), and put his notes on this reading in his “Miscellaneous Extracts, 1836-1840” notebook now on file at the Pierpont Morgan Library under accession number MA594.
Thoreau also checked out The Works of James I, King of Scotland (Perth, 1786). Thoreau was consulting a edition of this treatise formed upon Tytler’s edition and printed in Perth in 1786 by Robert Morison, junior, for R. Morison and son, and sold by G.G.J. and J. Robinson, London, an edition which contained in addition to the original materials some Scottish poems ascribed to him: “The Kingis quair; a poem,” “Peblis to the Play,” “Christis Kirk on the grene,” “The gaberitungsman,” and “The jolie beggar.” Prefixed was a portrait of the King, by Beugo, from the original in the Keilberg Gallery.
Unfortunately, neither the original of this nor its 1786 recapitulation have as yet been electronically captured. All that I am able to show you, electronically, is The Works of James the First, King of Scotland, to which is prefixed, A Historical and Critical Dissertation on His Life and Writings. Also, Some Brief Remarks on the Intimate Connexion of the Scots Language with the other Northern Dialects, and A Dissertation on Scottish Music; the whole accompanied with notes, historical, critical, and explanatory. ... (Perth: Printed by Crerar and Son. For G. Clark, Aberdeen. 1827). How similar this edition is to the one that Thoreau consulted, I cannot say.

He also checked out A Selection from the Poetical Works of Thomas Carew (Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; By John Evans ... and sold by Thomas Fry & Co. ..., Bristol, 1810).

He would copy some of these poems, such as Richard Barnfield’s “The Unknown Shepheard’s Complaint,” into his 1st Commonplace Book.
Rhodes Dunlap’s *The Poems of Thomas Carew*, with his masque “*Coelum Britannicum*” (Oxford, online).

“*Narrative History*” amounts to fabulation, the real stuff being mere chronology.
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: THOMAS CAREW

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Prepared: January 11, 2014
This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.
Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology — but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.