

## PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

A PERSON IN BOTH A WEEK AND WALDEN:

SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND, LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN



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

PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN

## PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

## MADRIGALS and EPIGRAMS.

1. *The Statue of Medusa.*

OF that *Medusa* strange,  
Who those that did her see in Rocks did change,  
No Image carv'd is this:  
*Medusa*'s self it is:  
For while at Heat of Day  
To quench her Thirst she, by this Spring did stay,  
Her hideous Head beholding in this Glass,  
Her Senses fail'd, and thus transform'd she was.

2. *The Portrait of Mars and Venus.*

Air *Paphos* wanton Queen  
(Not drawn in White and Red)  
Is truly here, as when in *Vulcan*'s Bed  
She was of all Heaven's laughing Senate seen.  
Gaze on her Hair, and Eyne,  
Her Brows, the Bows of Love,  
Her Back with Lillies spred:  
Ye also might perceive her turn and move,  
But that She neither so will do, nor dare,  
For fear to wake the angry God of War,

3. *Narcissus.*

Floods cannot quench my Flames, ah! in this Well  
I burn, not drown, for what I cannot tell.

4. *Dametas's Dream.*

*Dametas* dream'd he saw his Wife at Sport,  
And found that Sight was through the horny Port.

5. *Cherries.*

MY Wanton weep no more  
The losing of your Cherries,  
Thine and far sweeter Berries  
Your Sister in good Store  
Hath in her Lips and Face,  
Be glad, kiss her with me, and hold your Peace.

6. *Icarus.*

W Hile with audacious Wings  
I cleav'd those airy Ways,  
And fill'd (a Monster now) with Dread and Fears,  
The feather'd People and their Eagle Kings:  
Daz'd with *Erebus* Rays,  
And charmed with the Musick of the Spheres,  
When Quills could move no more and Force did fail,  
Though down I fell from Heaven's high Azure Bounds;

Yet doth Renown my Losses countervail,  
For fill the Shore my brave Attempt resounds.  
A Sea an Element doth bear my Name,  
What Mortal's Tomb's so great in Place or Fame.

7. *On his Lady, beholding her self in a Marble.*

W Ould, wonder not, that I  
Keep in my Breast engraven  
That Angel's Face hath me of Rest bereaven.  
See dead and senseless Things cannot deny  
To lodge so dear a Guest:  
Ev'n this hard Marble Stone  
Receives the same, and loves, but cannot groan.

8. *To Sleep.*

H OW comes it, Sleep, that thou  
Even Killes me affords  
Of her (dear her) so far who's absent now?  
How did I hear those Words,  
Which Rocks might move, and move the Pines to Bow?  
Ay me! before Half Day  
Why did'st thou steal away?  
Return, I think for ever will remain,  
If thou wilt bring with thee that Guest again,

9. *A pleasant Desert.*

O Ver a Christal Source  
*Atlas* laid his Face,  
Of purling Streams to see the restless Course.  
But scarce he had o'reshadowed the Place,  
When in the Water he a Child espies,  
So like himself in Stature, Face, and Eyes,  
That glad he rose, and cried,  
Dear Mates, approach, see, whom I have descried,  
The Boy of whom strange Stories Shepherds tell,  
Oft call'd *Hyas*, dwell in this Well.

10. *The Cannon.*

W Hen first the Cannon from her gaping Throat  
Against the Heaven her roaring Sulphure shot,  
Fow wak'nd with the Noise did ask with Wonder,  
What Mortal Wight had stoln from him his Thunder;  
His Christal Tower's he feared, but Fire and Air  
So high did stay the Ball from mounting there.

11. *Thais Metamorphosis.*

Nto *Briareus* huge  
*Thais* with'd the might change  
E

Her

1585

December 13: [William Drummond](#) was born. He would be Laird of Hawthornden in Midlothian, "a sweet and solitary seat, and very fit and proper for the muses." If you will allow me to play the popular game "Seven Steps to Kevin Bacon," an activity in which these Drummonds of Scotland dearly loved to engage: this laird's mother, Susanna Fowler, was a daughter of Sir William Fowler, who was secretary to the Queen of England (BINGO), his father, Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, would before he died become a gentleman usher to King James VI (BIGBINGO), and these dudes, who were remotely related to various royals, were in fact all the remote descendants of Walter de Drummond, who had been, dum de dum dum, a clerk-register to the Bruce (SUPERBINGO).



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1605**

Sir [William Drummond](#) graduated from Tounis College (now the University of Edinburgh).





**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1607**

Sir [William Drummond](#) studied the civil law, at Bourges in France.





**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1608**

Sir [William Drummond](#) studied at Paris.





**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1613**

Sir [William Drummond](#)'s TEARS ON THE DEATH OF MELIADES.



At this point William Alexander struck up a correspondence with this Scottish poet. They would become lifelong intimate friends.

**SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER**



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1614**

Sir [William Drummond](#)'s POEMS, AMOROUS, FUNEREALL, DIVINE, PASTORALL IN SONNETS, SONGS, SEXTAINS, MADRIGALS.





## WILLIAM DRUMMOND

## LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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



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

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

PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

WILLIAM DRUMMOND



WILLIAM DRUMMOND

LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN

## PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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



Icarus.

*While with audacious Wings  
I cleav'd those airie Wayes,  
And fill'd ( a Monster new ) with Dread and Feares  
The feathered People and their Eagle Kings:  
Dazell'd with Phæbus Rayes,  
And charmed with the Muficke of the Spheares,  
When Pennes could moue no more, and Force did faile,  
I meafur'd with a fall that loftie Bounds:  
Yet doth Renowne my Loffes counteruaille,  
For ftill the Shore my braue Attempt refunds.  
A Sea, an Element doth beare my Name,  
What Mortalls Tombe's fo great in Place or Fame.*



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

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



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

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

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



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

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

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

Well, I think not. That is indeed a poor reader's reaction to [WALDEN](#).

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

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



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

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

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

**1616**

The local laird and eligible bachelor poet Sir [William Drummond](#)'s FLOWERS OF SION AND THE CYPRESS GROVE appeared in Edinburgh. The subject of the poem "A Cypress Grove," written after this lute-playing laird's recovery from a severe illness, was the sublimest one of all — gee whiz, Death!







**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**



**SCOTLAND**



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1617**

[Samuel Daniel](#)'s COLLECTION OF THE HISTORIE OF ENGLAND, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES DOWN TO THE END OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD III was continued and published. Late in life the commoner poet threw up his titular posts at the court of the monarch to retire to a farm called "The Ridge" which he rented at Beckington, near Devizes in Wiltshire.

Upon a visit by King James VI to Scotland, his native land, [Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden](#) recited to the royal tourist a panegyric entitled "Forth Feasting."

**1618**

Winter 1618/1619: At about 45 years of age, despite the trepidations of Lord Francis Bacon, [Ben Jonson](#) set out on foot for a tour of the home of his ancestors, Scotland. During his walking pilgrimage he honored Sir [William Drummond](#) with a visit to his magic-kingdom Hawthornden estate. Jonson's frankly offered judgment of his host's poems would be that they "were all good, especially his epitaph on prince Henry; save, that they smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the times: for a child, said he, may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verses, in running; —yet, that he wished for pleasing the king, that piece of Forth Feasting<sup>1</sup> had been his own."

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



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



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1623**

Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden's FLOWERS OF SION.

**NO TRUST IN TYME.**

LOOK how the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,  
The morning's darling date, the summer's queen,  
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,  
As high as it did raise, bows low the head :  
Just so the pleasures of my life being dead,  
Or in their contraries but only seen,  
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,  
And, blasted, scarce now shews what it hath been.  
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night  
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,  
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright  
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day :  
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,  
And twice it is not given thee to be born.





WILLIAM DRUMMOND

LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

**A WEEK:** As it grew later in the afternoon, and we rowed leisurely up the gentle stream, shut in between fragrant and blooming banks, where we had first pitched our tent, and drew nearer to the fields where our lives had passed, we seemed to detect the hues of our native sky in the southwest horizon. The sun was just setting behind the edge of a wooded hill, so rich a sunset as would never have ended but for some reason unknown to men, and to be marked with brighter colors than ordinary in the scroll of time. Though the shadows of the hills were beginning to steal over the stream, the whole river valley undulated with mild light, purer and more memorable than the noon. For so day bids farewell even to solitary vales uninhabited by man. Two herons, *Ardea herodias*, with their long and slender limbs relieved against the sky, were seen travelling high over our heads, – their lofty and silent flight, as they were wending their way at evening, surely not to alight in any marsh on the earth's surface, but, perchance, on the other side of our atmosphere, a symbol for the ages to study, whether impressed upon the sky, or sculptured amid the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Bound to some northern meadow, they held on their stately, stationary flight, like the storks in the picture, and disappeared at length behind the clouds. Dense flocks of blackbirds were winging their way along the river's course, as if on a short evening pilgrimage to some shrine of theirs, or to celebrate so fair a sunset.

“Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night  
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,  
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright  
Of what 's yet left thee of life's wasting day:  
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,  
And twice it is not given thee to be born.”

EGYPT



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**





**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1626**

King Charles I granted a patent to [Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden](#) for the sole making, vending, and exporting of certain warlike machines of Sir William's design.



**1630**

Sir [William Drummond](#) of Hawthornden was united in marriage with Elizabeth Logan, granddaughter to Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig. There would be several children.

## WILLIAM DRUMMOND

## LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN

## PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1638

Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden presented TO THE EXEQUIES OF THE HONOURABLE SIR ANTONYE ALEXANDER, KNIGHT, &C. A PASTORALL ELEGIE (Edinburgh, printed in King James his college, by George Anderson), to which Henry Thoreau would refer in his journal for 1842-1844 and in A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS.

IN sweetest prime and blooming of his age,  
 Dear Alcon, ravish'd from this mortal stage,  
 The shepherds mourn'd, as they him lov'd before.  
 Among the rout, him Idmon did deplore ;  
 Idmon, who, whether sun in east did rise,  
 Or dive in west, pour'd torrents from his eyes  
 Of liquid crystal ; under hawthorn shade,  
 At last to trees and flocks this plaint he made:  
 Alcon! delight of Heaven, desire of Earth,  
 Offspring of Phœbus, and the Muses' birth,  
 The Graces' darling, Adon of our plains,  
 Flame of the fairest nymphs the earth sustains!  
 What pow'r of thee hath us bereft? what Fate,  
 By thy untimely fall, would ruinate  
 Our hopes? O Death I what treasure in one hour  
 Hast thou dispersed! how dost thou devour  
 What we on earth hold dearest! All things good,  
 Too envious Heavens, how blast ye in the bud!  
 The corn the greedy reapers cut not down  
 Before the fields with golden ears it crown ;  
 Nor doth the verdant fruits the gardener pull ;  
 But thou art cropt before thy years were full.  
 With thee, sweet youth! the glories of our fields  
 Vanish away, and what contentments yields.  
 The lakes their silver look, the woods their shades,  
 The springs their crystal want, their verdure meads,  
 The years their early seasons, cheerful days ;  
 Hills gloomy stand, now desolate of rays:  
 Their amorous whispers zephyrs not us bring,  
 Nor do air's choristers salute the spring:  
 The freezing winds our gardens do deflow'r.  
 Ah Destinies, and you whom skies embow'r,  
 To his fair spoils his spright again yet give,  
 And, like another phœnix, make him live!  
 The herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their stems,  
 And make with crimson blush our anadems:  
 The sun, when in the west he doth decline,  
 Heaven's brightest tapers at his funerals shine ;  
 His face, when wash'd in the Atlantic seas,  
 Revives, and cheers the welkin with new rays:  
 Why should not he, since of more pure a frame,  
 Return to us again, and be the same?  
 But, wretch! what wish I? To the winds I send  
 These plaints and pray'rs: Destinies cannot lend  
 Thee more of time, nor Heavens consent will thus  
 Thou leave their starry world to dwell with us ;  
 Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their spheres  
 Without these lamentations and tears.  
 Thou wast all virtue, courtesy, and worth ;  
 And, as sun's light is in the moon set forth,  
 World's supreme excellence in thee did shine:  
 Nor, though eclipsed now, shalt thou decline ;  
 But in our memories live, while dolphins streams

## WILLIAM DRUMMOND

## LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN

## PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Shall haunt, while eaglets stare on Titan's beams,  
 Whilst swans upon their crystal tombs shall sing,  
 Whilst violets with purple paint the spring.  
 A gentler shepherd flocks did never feed  
 On Albion's hills, nor sing to oaten reed.  
 While what she found in thee my muse would blaze,  
 Grief doth distract her, and cut short thy praise.  
 How oft have we, environ'd by the throng  
 Of tedious swains, the cooler shades among,  
 Contemn'd Earth's glow-worm Greatness, and the chace  
 Of Fortune scorn'd, deeming it disgrace  
 To court inconstancy! How oft have we  
 Some Chloris' name grav'n in each virgin tree ;  
 And, finding favours fading, the next day  
 What we had carv'd we did deface away.  
 Woful remembrance! Nor time nor place  
 Of thy abodement shadows any trace;  
 But there to me thou shin'st: late glad desires,  
 And ye once roses, how are ye turn'd briars !  
 Contentments passed, and of pleasures chief,  
 Now are ye frightful horrors, hells of grief !  
 When from thy native soil Love had thee driven,  
 (Thy safe return prefiguring) a heaven  
 Of flattering hopes did in my fancy move;  
 Then little dreaming it should atoms prove.  
 These groves preserve will I, these loved woods,  
 These orchards rich with fruits, with fish these floods ;  
 My Alcon will return, and once again  
 His chosen exiles he will entertain;  
 The populous city holds him, amongst harms  
 Of some fierce Cyclops, Circe's stronger charms.  
 These banks, said I, he visit will, and streams ;  
 These silent shades, ne'er kiss'd by courting beams.  
 Far, far off I will meet him, and I first  
 Shall him approaching know, and first he blest  
 With his aspect; I first shall hear his voice,  
 Him find the same be parted, and rejoice  
 To learn his passed perils; know the sports  
 Of foreign shepherds, fawns, and fairy courts.  
 No pleasure like the fields; an happy state  
 The swains enjoy, secure from what they bate :  
 Free of proud cares they innocently spend  
 The day, nor do black thoughts their ease offend ;  
**Wise Nature's darlings, they live in the world**  
**Perplexing not themselves how it is hurl'd.**  
 These hillocks Phœbus loves, Ceres these plains.  
 These shades the Sylvans; and here Pales strains  
 Milk in the pails; the maids which haunt the springs  
 Dance on these pastures; here Amyntas sings :  
 Hesperian gardens, Tempe's shades, are here.  
 Or what the Eastern Inde and West bold dear.  
 Come then, dear youth! the wood-nymphs twine thee boughs  
 With rose and lily to impale thy brows.  
 Thus ignorant I mus'd, not conscious yet  
 Of what by Death was done, and ruthless Fate :  
 Amidst these trances Fame thy loss doth sound,  
 And through my ears gives to my heart a wound.  
 With stretch'd-out arms I sought thee to embrace,  
 But clasp'd, amaz'd, a coffin in thy place ;  
 A coffin of our joys which had the trust,  
 Which told that thou wert come, but chang'd to dust !  
 Scarce, ev'n when felt, could I believe this wrack,



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

Nor that thy time and glory Heavens would break.  
Now, since I cannot see my Alcon's face,  
And find nor vows nor prayers to have place  
With guilty stars, this mountain shall become  
To me a sacred altar, and a tomb  
To famous Alcon. Here, as days, months, years  
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will tears;  
Here spend my remnant time, exil'd from mirth,  
Till Death at last turn monarch of my earth.  
Shepherds on Forth, and you by Doven rocks,  
Which use to sing and sport, and keep your flocks,  
Pay tribute here of tears; ye never had  
To aggravate your moans a cause more sad;  
And to their sorrows hither bring your mauds,  
Charg'd with sweetest flowers, and with pure hands,  
Fair nymphs, the blushing hyacinth and rose  
Spread on the place his relics doth inclose;  
Weave garlands to his memory, and put  
Over his hearse a verse in cypress cut:  
"Virtue did die, goodness but heaven did give,  
"After the noble Alcon left to live :  
"Friendship an earthquake suffer'd ; losing him  
"Love's brightest constellation turned dim."



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**







WILLIAM DRUMMOND

LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

A WEEK: As I pass along the streets of our village of Concord on the day of our annual Cattle-Show, when it usually happens that the leaves of the elms and buttonwoods begin first to strew the ground under the breath of the October wind, the lively spirits in their sap seem to mount as high as any plough-boy's let loose that day; and they lead my thoughts away to the rustling woods, where the trees are preparing for their winter campaign. This autumnal festival, when men are gathered in crowds in the streets as regularly and by as natural a law as the leaves cluster and rustle by the wayside, is naturally associated in my mind with the fall of the year. The low of cattle in the streets sounds like a hoarse symphony or running bass to the rustling of the leaves. The wind goes hurrying down the country, gleaning every loose straw that is left in the fields, while every farmer lad too appears to scud before it, – having donned his best pea-jacket and pepper-and-salt waistcoat, his unbent trousers, outstanding rigging of duck or kerseymere or corduroy, and his furry hat withal, – to country fairs and cattle-shows, to that Rome among the villages where the treasures of the year are gathered. All the land over they go leaping the fences with their tough, idle palms, which have never learned to hang by their sides, amid the low of calves and the bleating of sheep, – Amos, Abner, Elnathan, Elbridge, –

“From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain.”

I love these sons of earth every mother's son of them, with their great hearty hearts rushing tumultuously in herds from spectacle to spectacle, as if fearful lest there should not be time between sun and sun to see them all, and the sun does not wait more than in haying-time.

“Wise Nature's darlings, they live in the world  
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurled.”

Running hither and thither with appetite for the coarse pastimes of the day, now with boisterous speed at the heels of the inspired negro from whose larynx the melodies of all Congo and Guinea Coast have broke loose into our streets; now to see the procession of a hundred yoke of oxen, all as august and grave as Osiris, or the droves of neat cattle and milch cows as unspotted as Isis or Io. Such as had no love for Nature

“at all,  
Came lovers home from this great festival.”

They may bring their fattest cattle and richest fruits to the fair, but they are all eclipsed by the show of men. These are stirring autumn days, when men sweep by in crowds, amid the rustle of leaves, like migrating finches; this is the true harvest of the year, when the air is but the breath of men, and the rustling of leaves is as the trampling of the crowd. We read now-a-days of the ancient festivals, games, and processions of the Greeks and Etruscans, with a little incredulity, or at least with little sympathy; but how natural and irrepressible in every people is some hearty and palpable greeting of Nature. The Corybantes, the Bacchantes, the rude primitive tragedians with their procession and goat-song, and the whole paraphernalia of the Panathenaea, which appear so antiquated and peculiar, have their parallel now. The husbandman is always a better



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

Greek than the scholar is prepared to appreciate, and the old custom still survives, while antiquarians and scholars grow gray in commemorating it. The farmers crowd to the fair to-day in obedience to the same ancient law, which Solon or Lycurgus did not enact, as naturally as bees swarm and follow their queen.

It is worth the while to see the country's people, how they pour into the town, the sober farmer folk, now all agog, their very shirt and coat-collars pointing forward, – collars so broad as if they had put their shirts on wrong end upward, for the fashions always tend to superfluity, – and with an unusual springiness in their gait, jabbering earnestly to one another. The more supple vagabond, too, is sure to appear on the least rumor of such a gathering, and the next day to disappear, and go into his hole like the seventeen-year locust, in an ever-shabby coat, though finer than the farmer's best, yet never dressed; come to see the sport, and have a hand in what is going, – to know "what's the row," if there is any; to be where some men are drunk, some horses race, some cockerels fight; anxious to be shaking props under a table, and above all to see the "striped pig." He especially is the creature of the occasion. He empties both his pockets and his character into the stream, and swims in such a day. He dearly loves the social slush. There is no reserve of soberness in him.

I love to see the herd of men feeding heartily on coarse and succulent pleasures, as cattle on the husks and stalks of vegetables. Though there are many crooked and crabbed specimens of humanity among them, run all to thorn and rind, and crowded out of shape by adverse circumstances, like the third chestnut in the burr, so that you wonder to see some heads wear a whole hat, yet fear not that the race will fail or waver in them; like the crabs which grow in hedges, they furnish the stocks of sweet and thrifty fruits still. Thus is nature recruited from age to age, while the fair and palatable varieties die out, and have their period. This is that mankind. How cheap must be the material of which so many men are made.

**1639**

May 2: Sir [William Drummond](#) of Hawthornden presented "An address to the noblemen, barons, gentlemen, &c., who have leagued themselves for the defence of religion and the liberties of Scotland."

During these miseries, of which the troublers of the state shall make their profit, there will arise (perhaps) one, who will name himself PROTECTOR of the liberty of the kingdom: he shall surcharge the people with greater miseries than ever before they did suffer: he shall be protector of the church, himself being without soul or conscience, without letters or great knowledge, under the shadow of piety and zeal shall commit a thousand impieties; and in end shall essay to make himself king; and under pretext of reformation, bring in all confusion.... Then shall the poor people suffer for all these follie: then shall they



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

see, to their own charger, what it is to pull the sceptre from their sovereign, the sword from the lawful magistrate, whom God hath set over them, and that it is a fearful matter for subjects to degradate their king. This progress is no new divining, being approved by the histories of all times.



(Something to notice here: this cavalier Cavalier's politics amounted merely to the legitimation of privilege under guise of a defense of religion and liberty.)

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**WILLIAM DRUMMOND****LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN****PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN****1643**

Sir [William Drummond](#)'s REMORAS FOR THE NATIONAL LEAGUE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.



[Vicar Robert Herrick](#) wrote his poem "Upon his Sister-in-law, Mistress Elizabeth Herrick" (for this was the year in which she died).

FIRST, for effusions due unto the dead,  
My solemn vows have here accomplished :  
Next, how I love thee, that my grief must tell,  
Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Dear, farewell.

**1649**

December 4: [William Drummond](#) died, supposedly due to grief at the tragical trial and execution of King Charles I (the laird had, actually, been a shut-in for some time).



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1650**

Sir John Scot caused the various poems of Sir [William Drummond](#) of Hawthornden to be collected and published in one volume.





**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1655**

Sir [William Drummond](#)'s HISTORY OF SCOTLAND 1423-1524 was published posthumously.





**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1659**

A new edition of Sir John Scot's 1650 collection of the various poems of Sir [William Drummond](#) of Hawthornden was published in London as THE MOST ELEGANT AND ELABORATE POEMS OF THAT GREAT COURT WIT, MR WILLIAM DRUMMOND; WHOSE LABOURS BOTH IN VERSE AND PROSE, BEING HERETOFORE SO PRECIOUS TO PRINCE HENRY AND TO KING CHARLES, SHALL LIVE AND FLOURISH IN ALL AGES, WHILES THERE ARE MEN TO READ THEM, OR ART AND JUDGEMENT TO APPROVE THEM.



**1691**

A macaronic or satiric poem by Sir [William Drummond](#) of Hawthornden, "Polemo-Middinia, or the Battle of the Dunghill," which had for some time been being published annually in Edinburgh, was published at Oxford with notes in Latin and a preface by Bishop Gibson.





**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1711**

A folio edition of the works of Sir [William Drummond](#) of Hawthornden was prepared.



**1790**

A biography of Sir [William Drummond](#) of Hawthornden and edition of his poems was prepared by Peter Cunningham, that would be available to Henry Thoreau in the library of Waldo Emerson.

**SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND**



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1795**

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.)

**WORKS, VOLUME IV**

**WORKS, VOLUME V**



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1810**



[Alexander Chalmers](#)'s THE WORKS OF THE ENGLISH POETS, FROM [CHAUCER](#) TO [COWPER](#); INCLUDING THE SERIES EDITED WITH PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON: AND THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS, a revised and expanded version of Dr. Johnson's 1779-1781 LIVES OF THE POETS, began to come across the London presses of C. Wittingham. It would amount to 21 volumes and the printing would require until 1814 to be complete. According to the Preface, this massive thingie was "a work professing to be a Body of the Standard English Poets"<sup>2</sup>:

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



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**PERUSE VOLUME I**

**PERUSE VOLUME III**

**PERUSE VOLUME IV**

**PERUSE VOLUME V**

**PERUSE VOLUME VI**

**PERUSE VOLUME VII**

**PERUSE VOLUME VIII**

**PERUSE VOLUME IX**

**PERUSE VOLUME X**

**PERUSE VOLUME XI**

**PERUSE VOLUME XII**

**PERUSE VOLUME XIII**

**PERUSE VOLUME XIV**

**PERUSE VOLUME XV**

**PERUSE VOLUME XVI**

**PERUSE VOLUME XVII**

**PERUSE VOLUME XVIII**

**PERUSE VOLUME XIX**

**PERUSE VOLUME XX**

**PERUSE VOLUME XXI**



WILLIAM DRUMMOND

LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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



PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

INSURANCE

ALEXANDER CHALMERS

BASCOM & COLE

THE ENGLISH POETS:

Joseph Addison, Akenside; Armstrong; Beattie; Francis Beaumont; Sir J. Beaumont; Blacklock; Blackmore; Robert Blair; Boyse;



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

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

**TRANSLATIONS:**

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

**COMMENTARY:**

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



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1825**



November 9, Wednesday: The calcium-carbonate light was discovered by Sir Galsworthy Guernsey, and developed and used by Thomas Drummond for the government survey of Ireland. He was able to produce by the burning of this chemical a light 83 times brighter than was possible with an oil lamp at the time, atop Slieve Snaght, and was able to detect that brightened light with surveying equipment atop Davis Mountain more than 66 miles away, thus producing a major and accurate directional indication. The limelight would find use in theaters and Guernsey would be awarded a medal.

When Thomas Drummond heated a small ball of lime in front of a reflector on Slieve Snaght, Scotland, its light could be seen from Divis Mountain, which was 100 kilometers away. This was the initial practical demonstration of limelight.

Gioachino Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was staged in Park Theater, New York (this was the 1st staging in the United States of an Italian opera in Italian).

In [Newport, Rhode Island](#), Friend [Stephen Warton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*4th day 9th of 11th M / Our frd Susan R Smith & her companions  
Susan Newbold & Rowland Jones drank tea At Abigail Robinsons,  
went over after tea & rode with them to David Buffums & spent  
the evening. -*

**RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS**





**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

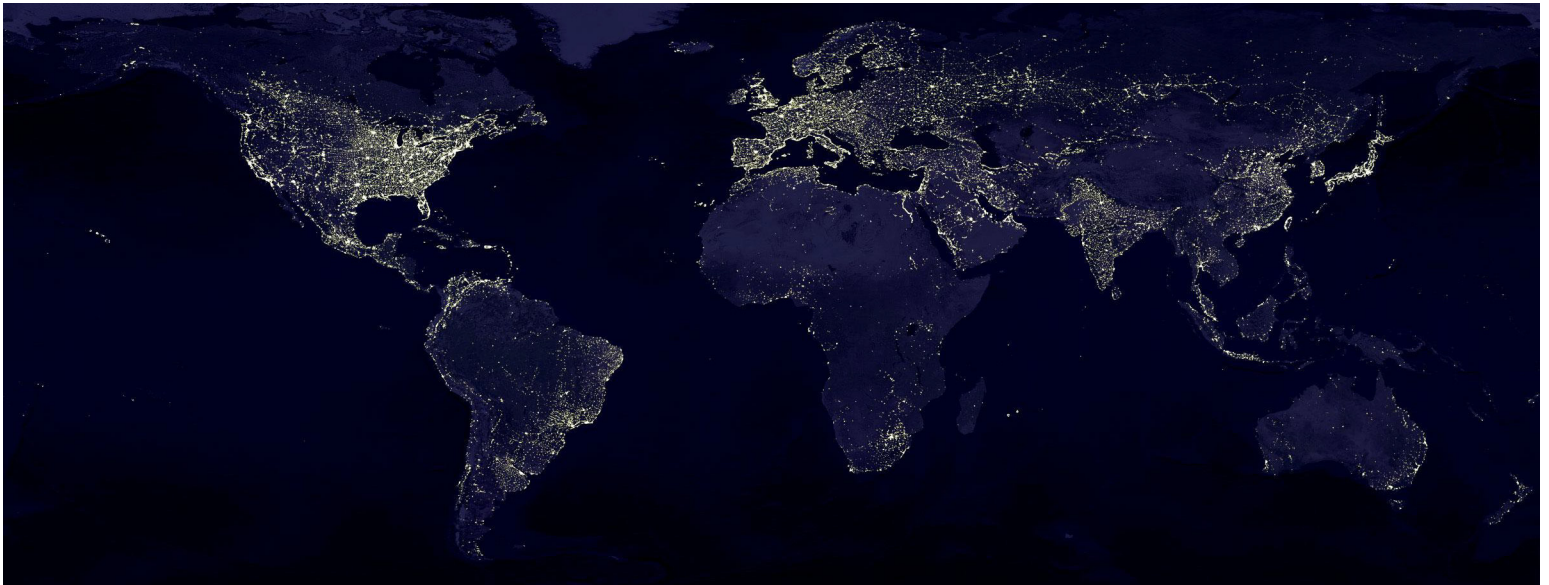
**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

**1826**



Thomas Drummond of the Royal Engineers managed to produce a steady, powerful beam of light which could be mounted in light-houses by applying a method, originated by Goldsworthy Gurney at the Royal Institution, of burning small balls of lime in a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gases. Once this “Drummond Light” was in operation for navigation on the seacoasts, it didn’t take genius to imagine its usefulness in the theater, where it came to be referred to as “the limelight.” By thus replacing the Argand lamp, it was possible to use projected transparencies to illustrate lectures even when they were attended by upwards of 2,000 people. So now, Earth itself is a beacon in space:



[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**WILLIAM DRUMMOND****LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN****PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN****1833**

Summer: The Scots nobleman William Drummond Stewart, a lineal descendant of the Cavalier poet Sir [William Drummond](#) and proud of it, toured America's Rocky Mountains, hunting "buffalo" and living the life of a "mountain man." Hoo-hah!

**CHALMERS ON DRUMMOND**

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**WILLIAM DRUMMOND****LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN****PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN****1837**

Summer: Lieutenant Governor [Sir Francis Bond Head](#)'s Legislative Council had performed poorly during the bank crisis and financial panic. He had been roundly condemned at a special session of the House of Assembly for not allowing provincial banks to suspend specie payments as was happening in the USA and in Lower Canada. He again went off on an informal tour of Upper Canada, pressing the flesh and kissing the babies and making accommodations. Noblesse oblige was a role he played well, and was better than being in Ottawa facing the ever-growing hostility of the politicians.

The Scots nobleman William Drummond Stewart, a lineal descendant of the Cavalier poet Sir [William Drummond](#) and still proud of it, was again touring America's Wild West, hunting "buffalo" and living the life of the "mountain man," and this time he had brought along the [Baltimore](#) artist Alfred Jacob Miller. They would travel all the way from St. Louis up to the Green River of what would be Wyoming Territory.

**CHALMERS ON DRUMMOND**



WILLIAM DRUMMOND

LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1843

September 24: Little [Louisa May Alcott](#) jotted in her diary:

*Father and Mr. Lane have gone to N.H. to preach. It was very lovely.... Anna and I got supper. In the eve I read "Vicar of Wakefield." I was cross today, and I cried when I went to bed. I made good resolutions, and felt better in my heart. If I only kept all I make, I should be the best girl in the world. But I don't, and so am very bad.*

In a considerably later timeframe, the author of this would review what she had written as a child, and annotate it with the following:

*Poor little sinner! She says the same at fifty.*



September 24, Sunday: I hate museums, there is nothing so weighs upon the spirits. They are catacombs of nature. They are preserved death. One green bud of Spring one willow catkin, one faint trill from some migrating sparrow, might set the world on its legs again. I know not whether I muse most at the bodies stuffed with cotton and sawdust — or those stuffed with bowels and fleshy fibre. The life that is in a single green weed is of more worth than all this death. They are very much like the written history of the world — and I read Rollin and [Ferguson](#)<sup>3</sup> with the same feeling

[Henry Thoreau](#) also jotted a note in his journal about Sir [William Drummond](#):



They say that Carew was a laborious writer but his poems do not show it— They are finished but do not show the marks of the chisel. Drummond was indeed a quiddler — with little fire and fibre Rather a taste for poetry — than a taste of it

At an unknown point in his journal for 1842-1844 (and we might as well consider this material here since it is indeed autumn, and just about time for the annual cattle show), Henry Thoreau also employed s couplet from Sir [William Drummond](#) to embellish some ruminations about the cattle in the street:



The low of cattle in the street sounds like a low symphony or running base to the hurry scurry of the leaves.

The wind goes hurrying down the country, gleaning every loose straw that is left in the fields & while every farmers lad too seems to scud before it — having donned his best pea-jacket and pepper and salt waistcoat his (as yet) unbent trowsers — outstanding rigging of duck or kersymere, or corduroy — and his furry hat withal — to county fairs and Cattle-shows — to this Rome amid the villages where the treasures of the year are gathered.— All the land over they go leaping the fences with their tough idle palms which have not yet learned to hang by their sides, amid the low of calves and the bleating of sheep.— Amos — abner — Elnathan Elbridge



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

“From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain.”

I love these sons of earth — every mother’s son of them — with their great heavy hearts rushing tumultuously in herds — from spectacle to spectacle, as if fearful that there should not be time between sun and sun to see them all.— And the sun does not wait more than in haying time.

“wise Nature’s darlings, they live in the world  
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurl’d.”

They may bring their fattest cattle and their fairest fruits — but they are all eclipsed by the show of men. These are stirring autumn days. When men sweep by in crowds amid the rustle of leaves, like migrating finches— This is the true harvest of the year when the air is but the breath of men — and the rustling of leaves is as the trampling of the crowd.

We read nowadays of the ancient festivals games and processions of the Greeks and Etruscans with a little incredulity —or at least want of sympathy— but now childlike — how natural and irrepressible must be in all people some hearty palpable greeting of nature. The Corybantes the Bacchannals — the rude primitive tragedians with their procession and goat song and the whole paraphernalia of the Panathenaea — which seems so antiquated and peculiar are easily paralleled now. The husbandman is always a better Greek than the scholar is prepared to understand — and the old custom still survives while antiquarians & scholars grow grey in commemorating it

The farmers crowd to the fair today — in obedience to the same ancient law of the race — which Solon or Lycurgus did not enact — as naturally as bees swarm and follow their queen.— I love to see the herd of men feeding heartily on coarse succulent pleasures — as cattle feed on the husk and stalks of vegetables Many of them it is true are crooked and crabbed specimens of humanity, run all to thorn and rind and crowded out of shape by adverse circumstances like the third chestnut in the bur — yet fear not that the race will fail or waver in them — like the crabs which grow in hedges they furnish the stocks of sweet and thrifty fruits still— Thus is nature recruited from age to age while the fair and palatable varieties are dying out and have their period.

This is that mankind.

How cheap must be the material of which so many men are made— And where is that quarry in the earth from which these thousands were dug up?

3. [Professor Adam Ferguson](#)’s THE HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS AND TERMINATION OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC (1783, new edition, Edinburgh, 1813; 5 volumes), which Thoreau had consulted extensively in 1836.



**THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, I**

**THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, II**

**THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, III**

**THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, IV**

**THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, V**



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**



COPYRIGHT NOTICE: In addition to the property of others, such as extensive quotations and reproductions of images, this "read-only" computer file contains a great deal of special work product of Austin Meredith, copyright ©2013. Access to these interim materials will eventually be offered for a fee in order to recoup some of the costs of preparation. My hypercontext button invention which, instead of creating a hypertext leap through hyperspace –resulting in navigation problems– allows for an utter alteration of the context within which one is experiencing a specific content already being viewed, is claimed as proprietary to Austin Meredith – and therefore freely available for use by all. Limited permission to copy such files, or any material from such files, must be obtained in advance in writing from the "Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project, 833 Berkeley St., Durham NC 27705. Please contact the project at <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.

"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: June 4, 2013**





WILLIAM DRUMMOND

LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

ARRGH AUTOMATED RESearch REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, upon someone's request we have pulled it out of the hat of a pirate that has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (depicted above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of data modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture. This is data mining. To respond to such a request for information, we merely push a button.



**WILLIAM DRUMMOND**

**LAIRD OF HAWTHORNDEN**

**PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN**

Commonly, the first output of the program has obvious deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process which you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

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