GILES FLETCHER, etc.

“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION, THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY
It must have been in about this year that Giles Fletcher (the Elder) was born at Watford in Hertfordshire, a son of Richard Fletcher, vicar of Bishop’s Stortford. He would spend his early period at Cranbrook.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT
It must have been in about this year that Giles Fletcher (the Elder) matriculated at Eton College in Buckinghamshire. He would go on from there to King’s College, Cambridge.

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.
At the age of 17, Giles Fletcher (the Elder) was admitted at King’s College of Cambridge University, as a scholar from Eton College in Buckinghamshire. He would achieve the B.A. Bachelor of Arts degree in 1569/1570, the M.A. Master of Arts degree in 1573, and the LL.D. Doctor of Divinity degree in 1581.
Giles Fletcher (the Elder) was appointed a Fellow of King’s College of Cambridge University. He would study Greek and poetry, and contribute to the translation of several of the orations of Demosthenes.
During the academic year 1569/1570 Giles Fletcher (the Elder) was awarded the B.A. Bachelor of Arts degree at King's College of Cambridge University. He would achieve the M.A. Master of Arts degree in 1573 and the LL.D. Doctor of Divinity degree in 1581.

John Heywood’s “Play called the foure PP; a newe and a very mery interlude of a palmer, a pardonner, a potycary, a pedler” was printed by J. Allde.

Catholic rebellion in northern England. Sir Peter Carew laid claim to Fitzgerald and Butler estates in Desmond. James Maurice Fitzgerald led unsuccessful rebellion; escaped to Continent.
March 22, Saturday (1571, Old Style): Giles Fletcher (the Elder) became a lecturer at King's College of Cambridge University (founded 1441).
Giles Fletcher (the Elder) received the M.A. Master of Arts degree at King’s College of Cambridge University. He would achieve the LL.D. Doctor of Divinity degree in 1581.
March (1572, Old Style): Giles Fletcher (the Elder) became a lecturer in Greek at King’s College of Cambridge University.

Do I have your attention? Good.
Giles Fletcher (the Elder) became Deputy Public Orator¹ at King’s College of Cambridge University.

¹ The Deputy Public Orator is the paid official who stands by, to appear at any function at which the designated Public Orator might be unable to deliver the address — for instance by being at the time on a trip, or ill, or addressing some other assembly. This secondary office still exists.
December 20, Sunday (Old Style): John Fletcher was baptized in Rye, Sussex, England (his father Richard Fletcher was Dean of Peterborough — then would become Bishop of Bristol, then Bishop of Worcester, and finally Bishop of London and chaplain to Queen Elizabeth).

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT
Giles Fletcher (the Elder) became Dean of Arts at King’s College of Cambridge University (this would not last long, since he would decide to marry which meant the end of the fellowship).

At St John’s College of Cambridge University, Robert Greene received the BA degree (he would receive in 1583 the MA degree).

- 1563 Knives first made in England.
- 1569 Royal Exchange first built.
- 1572 The great massacre of Protestants at Paris.
- 1579 The Dutch shake off the Spanish yoke, and the republic of Holland begins. English East India company incorporated; established 1600. Turkey company incorporated.
- 1580 Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world, being the first English circumnavigator. Parochial register first appointed in England.
- 1582 Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being counted 15.
- 1583 Tobacco first brought from Virginia into England.
- 1587 Mary queen of Scots is beheaded by order of Elizabeth, after 18 years’ imprisonment.
- 1588 The Spanish armada destroyed by Drake, and other English admirals. Henry IV. passes the edict of Nantes, tolerating the protestants.
- 1589 Coaches first introduced into England; backney act 1693; increased to 1000, in 1770.
- 1591 Trinity college, Dublin, founded.
- 1597 Watches first brought into England from Germany.
- 1602 Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.
- 1603 Queen Elizabeth (the last of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of Scotland (and first of the Stuarts) as her successor; which unites both kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.
- 1605 The gunpowder plot discovered at Westminster; being a project of the Roman catholics to blow up the king and both houses of parliament.
- 1606 Oaths of allegiance first administered in England.
- 1608 Galileo, of Florence, first discovers the satellites about the planet Saturn, by the telescope then just invented in Holland.
- 1610 Henry IV. is murdered at Paris by Ravaillac, a priest.
January 16, Monday (1580, Old Style): At his father Vicar Richard Fletcher’s church at Bishop’s Stortford, Giles Fletcher (the Elder) got married with Joan Sheafe. Returning then to King’s College of Cambridge University, he would receive the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and the family would settle at Cranbrook.
Giles Fletcher (the Elder) became Chancellor of the diocese of Chichester in Sussex.

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NObODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT

the Older, the Younger

“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
April 8, Sunday (Old Style): Phineas Fletcher, 1st child of Giles Fletcher (the Elder) and Joan Sheafe Fletcher, was baptized at Cranbrook in Kent.
November 23, Monday (Old Style): Giles Fletcher (the Elder) took his seat as a Member of Parliament for Winchelsea in Sussex, one of the Cinque Ports. From this point the home of the Fletcher family would be in London. During his period as a MP the father would serve on three parliamentary committees.
This was the completion of Giles Fletcher (the Elder)’s term as Member of Parliament for Winchelsea in Sussex. It must have been in about this year that Giles Fletcher the Younger was born.

Nobody could guess what would happen next.

"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project
Giles Fletcher the Elder became Remembrancer for the city of London.
February 8, Wednesday (1586, Old Style): In Fotherinhay Castle, at the formal shortening-by-a-head of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots (she was 5 feet 11 inches, which even for a man would have been unusually tall), Richard Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough “knelt down on the scaffold steps and started to pray out loud and at length, in a prolonged and rhetorical style as though determined to force his way into the pages of history,” and then after the 2d blow, and her head finally had been quite removed with a sawing motion of the ax blade, cried out “So perish all the Queen’s enemies!” (Clearly, this churchman loved Justice as much as he loved Christ Jesus.)

It has been alleged that Mary’s lips continued to move as if in silent prayer for some 15 minutes after the 2d fall of the ax had all but severed her neck (she having a whole lot to apologize for). It has also been alleged that Mary had been wearing a red wig to mask her prematurely gray head and the executioner, not being aware of this, attempted to pick up the head by its hair — whereupon it fell thump on the scaffold.

Well, the one thing we can be confident of is that such stories will never be allowed to lose interesting detail in the retelling.
(We may note that this murder by beheading, despite some apparent similarities, has never been compared to the murder by beheading of King Charles I of England, or to the murders by beheading of King Louis XVI of France and his queen Marie Antoinette, and that perhaps this has been because in this case it was the high-born who were murdering by beheading this person of birth privilege, whereas in those subsequent cases it would be totally different for it would be the parliament or the people—which is to say the low-born—who would be murdering by beheading those persons of birth privilege. Being low-born would be, how shall we describe it, a horse of a different color?)

Soon the “regency” period for King James VI of Scotland would be over and, despite having developed some sort of chronic problem with his legs that was causing him to fall repeatedly, injuring himself, he would begin actual rule.

WHAT I’M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF
The Reverend Richard Hakluyt returned from his intelligence duties in Paris, to England.

Giles Fletcher the Elder served as an envoy to Russia to reestablish a treaty with tsar Feodor I that was primarily concerning the English trade. Before he departed Queen Elizabeth made him a Master of Requests. The product of this trip would be a treatise, OF THE RUSSE COMMON WEALTH, in 1591.

Publication of Thomas Hariot’s account of his visit to Roanoke Island along the Virginia coast, A BRIEFE AND TRUE REPORT OF THE NEW FOUND LAND OF VIRGINIA: OF THE COMMODITIES THERE FOUND AND TO BE RAYFED, AS WELL MARCHANTABLE, AS OTHERS FOR VICTUALL, BUILDING AND OTHER NECEFFARIES UFERFOR THOFE THAT ARE AND FHALBE THE PLANTERS THERE; AND OF THE NATURE AND MANNERS OF THE NATURALL INHABITANTS: DIFOUCERED BY THE ENGLIFH COLONY THERE FEATED BY SIR RICHARD GREINUILE KNIGHT IN THE YEERE 1585. WHICH REMAINED VNDER THE GOUERENMENT OF RAFE LANE EFQUIER, ONE OF HER MAIEFTIES EQUIERIES, DURING THE FPACE OF TWELUE MONETHES: AS THE FPECIALL CHARGE AND DIRECTION OF THE HONOURABLE S I R W A L T E R R A L E I G H KNIGHT, LORD WARDEN OF THE FTANNERIES; WHO THEREIN HATH BEENE FAVOURED AND AUTHORIZED BY HER MAIEFTIE AND HER LETTERS PATENTS. DIRECTED TO THE ADUENTURERS, FAVOURERS, AND WELWILLERS OF THE ACTION, FOR THE INHABITING AND PLANTING THERE: BY THOMAS HARIOT; FERUANT TO THE ABOUENAMED SIR WALTER, A MEMBER OF THE COLONY, AND THERE IMPLOYED IN DIFOUCERING. He provides an early account of the native North Carolina population encountered by the expedition: “Whereby it may be hoped, if means of good government be used, that they may in short time be brought to civility and the embracing of true religion.”
John Fletcher appears to have entered Corpus Christi College at Cambridge at the age of 11, and there prepared for a career in the church.

Giles Fletcher the Elder’s *Of the Russe Common Wealth. Or, Maner of Gouernement of the Russe Emperour, (commonly called the Emperour of Moskouia) with the manner, and fashions of the people of that countrey* (London).
Edward Dyer was knighted and became chancellor of the Order of the Garter.

After having had a falling-out with Queen Elizabeth on account of a marriage against which she had advised (people who get everything they want tend to become insufferable, as we all are aware), Richard Fletcher, the Queen’s chaplain, seems to have been at least partly rehabilitated — and yet at his death in this year he was substantially in debt. Care for his eight children, including John Fletcher, would fall upon paternal uncle Giles Fletcher.
Giles Fletcher the Elder became Treasurer at St Paul’s Cathedral in London.
Phineas Fletcher, a scholar from the Westminster School of Eton in Buckinghamshire, matriculated at King’s College of Cambridge University.
Samuel Purchas graduated at St John’s College of Cambridge University (later he would become a B.D.).
Fall:  Giles Fletcher the Younger matriculated as a pensioner (one who pays for his keep) at Trinity College of Cambridge University, in the Michaelmas term of 1601.
Phineas Fletcher was made a Fellow at King’s College of Cambridge University (until 1616).

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Phineas Fletcher received the B.A. Bachelor of Arts degree at King's College of Cambridge University.
Giles Fletcher the Younger was awarded a scholarship to pay for his continuing education at Trinity College of Cambridge University. During the school year 1605/1606 he would receive the B.A. Bachelor of Arts degree.

This was the completion of the term of Giles Fletcher the Elder as Remembrancer for London.
John Fletcher began to appear as an author for the Children of the Queen’s Revels, then performing at the Blackfriars Theatre. John Aubrey informs us that Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher were residing on the Bankside in Southwark “sharing everything in the closest intimacy” with “one wench in the house between them” (he apparently presuming they needed a wench between them). Francis Beaumont’s and John Fletcher’s comedy The Woman Hater.
Francis Beaumont’s and John Fletcher’s tragedy CUPID’S REVENGE. Francis Beaumont’s satire THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE was performed by the Children of the Blackfriars, but the audience failed to notice Beaumont’s tongue in his cheek and received this piece as merely another old-fashioned drama.
Giles Fletcher the Younger became a Fellow at Trinity College of Cambridge University.

Phineas Fletcher received the M.A. Master of Arts degree there. He would be Chaplain to Sir Henry Willoughby.

John Fletcher’s tragicomedy THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS, his adaptation of Giovanni Battista Guarini’s Il PASTOR FIDO, was performed by the Children of the Blackfriars but was not well received. (Henry Thoreau
A tragicomedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it lacks deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy; yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy.
Giles Fletcher the Younger was awarded the M.A. Master of Arts degree at Trinity College of Cambridge University.

The tragicomedy of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher PHILASTER, OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING was successfully performed by the King’s Men at the Globe Theatre, and at Blackfriars. In this year also, they created their tragedy THE MAID’S TRAGEDY and their comedy THE CAPTAIN.²

2. Fletcher would collaborate also with other Elizabethan playwrights such as William Shakespeare.
John Fletcher’s tragedy VALENTINIAN and comedy MONSIEUR THOMAS.
Giles Fletcher’s “Christ’s victorie, and triumph in heaven, and earth, over, and after death” was published at Cambridge by C. Legge in this year (composition date unknown). The sub-divisions of the poem are “Christ’s Victory in Heaven” (the conflict between Justice and Mercy, ending with the Incarnation); “Christ’s Victory on Earth” (the Temptation); “Christ’s Triumph Over Death” (the Passion); and “Christ’s Triumph After Death” (the Resurrection and Ascension).

Here are some excerpts from the four cantos:

I

But now the second Morning,\(^3\) from her bow’r,
Began to glister in her beams, and now
The roses of the day began to flow’r
In th’ eastern garden; for Heav’n’s smiling brow
Half insolent for joy begun to show:
The early Sun came lively dancing out,
And the brag⁴ lambs ran wantoning about,
That heav’n, and earth might seem in triumph both to shout.

II

Th’ engladded Spring, forgetfull now to weep,
Began t’ eblazon⁵ from her leafy bed,
The waking swallow broke her half-year’s sleep,⁶
And every bush lay deeply purpured⁷
With violets, the wood’s late-winter head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

III

And now the taller Sons (whom Titan⁸ warms)
Of unshorn mountains,⁹ blown with easy winds,
Dandled the morning’s childhood in their arms,
And, if they chanc’d to slip the prouder pines,
The under Corylets¹⁰ did catch the shines,
To gild their leaves; saw never happy year
Such joyfull triumph, and triumphant cheer,
As though the aged world anew created were.

IV

Say Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick’st thy habit full of daisies red?
Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
And some new-found-out bridegroom mean’st to wed:
Tell me ye Trees, so fresh apparelled,
So never let the spitefull canker waste you,
So never let the heav’n’s with lightening blast you,

3. The 2nd morning after the Crucifixion is Easter Sunday.
5. Shine forth.
6. See Pliny’s NATURAL HISTORY (Holland’s translation, 1601), X, xxiv. “The swallows likewise are gone from us all winter time. Howbeit, they depart not far off, but seek only the sunshine nooks between hills near at hand, and follow the warmth. Where many times they are found naked and without feathers altogether, as if they had moulted.” This seems to be the basis of the references to revivified swallows at II. 46-48.
7. Clothed in purple, i.e. scarlet.
8. The sun.
Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste you?

V

Answer me Jordan, why thy crooked tide
So often wanders from his nearest way,
As though some other way thy stream would slide,
And fain salute the place where something lay?
And you sweet birds, that shaded from the ray,
Sit carolling, and piping grief away,
The while the lambs to hear you dance, and play,
Tell me sweet birds, what is it you so fain would say?

VI

And, thou fair Spouse of Earth,11 that every year,
Gett'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,
How chance thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more near?
Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight hast spied,
That in one place for joy thou canst not bide:
And you dead swallows, that so lively now
Through the flit12 air your winged passage row,
How could new life into your frozen ashes flow?

VII

Ye primroses, and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leafy bed,
And woo men's hands to rent13 you from your sets,14
As though you would somewhere be carried,
With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?
But ah, I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
You all would to your Saviour's triumphs go,
There would ye all await, and humble homage do.

VIII

There should the Earth herself with garlands new
And lovely flow'rs embellished adore,
Such roses never in her garland grew,
Such lilies never in her breast she wore,
Like beauty never yet did shine before:
There should the Sun another Sun behold,
That kindle heav'n, and earth with beauties manifold.

IX

There might the violet, and primrose sweet
Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,
Arising from their beds of incense meet;
There should the swallow see new life embrace
Dead ashes, and the grave unheal15 his face,
To let the living from his bowels creep,
Unable longer his own dead to keep:
There heav'n and earth should see their Lord awake from sleep.

X

Their Lord, before by other judg'd to die,
Now Judge of all himself; before forsaken

11. The sun.
12. Swift.
13. Rend.
14. Plants, i.e. leaves and stem.
15. Uncover (O.E. helian to cover)
Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,
Now by the Saints\textsuperscript{16} into their armies taken;
Before for an unworthy man mistaken,
   Now worthy to be God confess’d; before
   With blasphemies by all the basest tore,
Now worshipped by Angels, that him low adore.

XI
Whose garment was before indipt in blood,
But now, imbrighten’d into heav’nly flame,
The Sun itself outglitters, though he shoul’d
Climb to the top of the celestial frame,\textsuperscript{17}
And force the stars go hide themselves for shame:
   Before that under earth was buried,
   But now about the heavens is carried,
And there for ever by the Angels heried.\textsuperscript{18}

XII
So fairest Phosphor\textsuperscript{19} the bright morning star,
But newly wash’d in the green element,
Before the drowsy Night is half aware,
Shooting his flaming locks with dew besprent,\textsuperscript{20}
Springs lively up into the orient,
   And the bright drove, flee’d all in gold, he chases
To drink, that on the Olympic mountain grazes,
The while the minor Planets forfeit all their faces.

XIII
So long he\textsuperscript{21} wander’d in our lower sphere,
That heav’n began his cloudy stars despise,
Half envious, to see on earth appear
A greater light, than flam’d in his own skies:
At length it burst for spite, and out there flies
   A globe\textsuperscript{22} of winged angels, swift as thought,
That on their spotted feathers lively caught
The sparkling earth,\textsuperscript{23} and to their azure fields it brought.

XIV
The rest, that yet amazed stood below,
With eyes cast up, as greedy to be fed,
And hands upheld, themselves to ground did throw,
   So when the Trojan boy\textsuperscript{24} was ravished,
   As through th’ Idalian woods they say he fled,
   His aged guardians stood all dismay’d,
   Some lest he should have fallen back afraid,
And some their hasty vows, and timely prayers said.

XV
Toss up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of Glory enter in:
   At whose brave volley\textsuperscript{25} of siderial states,\textsuperscript{26}

\textsuperscript{16} Evidently the saints of the old dispensation. Dante poetically represents the blessed in Paradise as equally divided between those who believed in Christ before and after his coming. (\textit{Paradiso}, XXXII, 1-40).
\textsuperscript{17} Structure.
\textsuperscript{18} Praised. (O.E. \textit{herian}, to praise).
\textsuperscript{19} The planet Venus as a morning star.
\textsuperscript{20} Sprinkled.
\textsuperscript{21} Christ.
\textsuperscript{22} A troop, body, one of the senses of the Latin globus.
\textsuperscript{23} The Saviour.
\textsuperscript{24} Ganymede.
\textsuperscript{25} In the sense of French volie, a flock, troop.
\textsuperscript{26} Princes.
The sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen,
When, leaping first from earth, he did begin
To climb his angels’ wings; then open hang
Your chrystall doors, so all the chorus sang
Of heav’ny birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

XVI

Hark how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleys singing for delight,
And wanton28 mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heav’ny light,
Set all their flow’rs a smiling at the sight,
The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown’d
The flaming Lamb, breaking through heav’n, hath passage found.

XVII

Out leap the antique Patriarchs, all in haste,
To see the pow’rs of Hell in triumph led,
And with small stars a garland interchas’d
Of olive leaves they bore, to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried,29
After them flew the Prophets, brightly stol’d
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in chords of gold.

XVIII

To which the Saints victorious carols sung,
Ten thousand Saints at once, that with the sound,
The hollow vaults of heav’n for triumph rung:
The Cherubins30 their clamours did confound
With all the rest, and clapp’d their wings around:
Down from their thrones the Dominations flow,
And at his feet their crowns, and sceptres throw,
And all the princely Souls fell on their faces low.

XIX

Nor can the Martyrs31 wounds th’em stay behind,
But out they rush among the heav’nly crowd,
Seeking their heav’n out of their heav’n to find,
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud,32
And all the virgin Souls, in pure array,
Came dancing forth, and making joyous play;
So him they lead along into the courts of day.

XX

So him they lead into the courts of day,
Where never war, nor wounds abide him more,
But in that house, eternal peace doth play,
Acquitting the souls, that new before
Their way to heav’n through their own blood did score,
But now, estranged from all misery,
As far as heav’n and earth discoasted33 lie,
Swelter34 in quiet waves of immortality.

28. Playful, joyous.
29. Dishonoured.
30. Cherubins and Dominations oare two of the nine orders of angels. See Milton’s Paradise Lost, I, 737.
31. For martyrs of the old dispensation, see Hebrews, xi, 35-40.
32. Perhaps there is a reference to Revelation, xiv, 4.
33. Separated.
34. Steep.
John Fletcher’s tragedy BONDUCA. In about this year, his comedy THE WOMAN’S PRIZE, OR THE TAMER TAMED. Francis Beaumont’s and John Fletcher’s tragicomedy A KING AND NO KING.

February 16, Saturday (1610, Old Style): Giles Fletcher the Elder died.
Francis Beaumont’s and John Fletcher’s comedy THE SCORNFUL LADY. During this year Francis got married with Ursula Isley, daughter and co-heiress of Henry Isley of Sundridge in Kent, England, and also became ill, presumably due to a stroke (this new union would nevertheless somehow produce two daughters — and no, we don’t have a record of John’s contribution to the turn of events).

In about this year, John Fletcher’s comedy THE CHANCES.

September 18, Saturday (Old Style): Giles Fletcher the Younger was ordained as a deacon at Peterborough Cathedral in Cambridgeshire.
September 19, Sunday (Old Style): Giles Fletcher the Younger was ordained as a priest at Peterborough Cathedral in Cambridgeshire.
In about this year, John Fletcher’s comedy Wit Without Money.
Performance of Francis Beaumont’s and John Fletcher’s tragicomedy LOVE’S PILGRIMAGE.

Giles Fletcher the Younger became a Reader in Greek Grammar at Trinity College of Cambridge University.
Giles Fletcher the Younger became the Rector of Helmingham and of Alderton in Suffolk.

January 5, Sunday (1616, Old Style): Performance of John Fletcher’s tragicomedy THE MAD LOVER.
Giles Fletcher the Younger became a Reader in Greek Language and George Herbert a Reader in Rhetoric at Trinity College of Cambridge University.

November 16, Monday (Old Style): John Fletcher’s tragicomedy THE LOYAL SUBJECT was licensed to be performed.

The 2d bright comet of this year, the 2d of 3 that would be seen, was viewed from Earth before dawn on this date, in the form of a tail sticking up from the horizon into the constellation of Libra. Over the next few weeks more and more of this would come above these observers’ horizon, until the head of the comet would be visible in Libra and its tail would stretch all the way up to the bowl of the Big Dipper.
In about this year, John Fletcher’s tragicomedies *The Humorous Lieutenant* and *Women Pleased*.

Giles Fletcher the Younger was awarded the B.D. Bachelor of Divinity degree at Trinity College of Cambridge University. He would become rector of Alderton in Suffolk.
Phineas Fletcher became a Representative for Hilgay in Norfolk.

In about this year, John Fletcher’s tragicomedy THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

There were some aristocratic proposals to encourage sport in London (“sport” being then a favorite euphemism for gaming and gambling) by the creation of a new amphitheater. The contests were to include not only wrestling, foot racing, and long-jumping, but also fencing. There would be great Puritan opposition and this plan would come to nothing.

John Ford’s prose essay published as a pamphlet, A LINE OF LIFE.

After this, Ford would specialize in dramatic writing, initially as a collaborator with more experienced playwrights— not only Thomas Dekker, but also John Webster and William Rowley— and then, by the later 1620s, on his own merits.
Winter: Three plays by John Fletcher, such as the new comedies *The Wild Goose Chase* and *The Pilgrim*, were performed at court.
Giles Fletcher the Younger died at Alderton in Suffolk. His principal work bears the title Christ’s Victorie and Triumph, in Heaven, in Earth, Over and After Death and consists of four cantos. Its meter is an 8-line stanza in the style of Spenser; the first five lines rhyme ababb, and each stanza concludes with a rhyming triplet. The 1st canto “Christ’s Victory in Heaven” argues the merits of justice vs. mercy on the basis of the Gospel account of Jesus’s life; the 2d canto “Christ’s Victory on Earth” provides an allegory based on the temptation in the deseret; the 3d canto “Christ’s Triumph over Death” handles the Passion narrative; and the 4th canto “Christ’s Triumph after Death” deals with the Resurrection and Ascension in such a manner as to lead into a eulogy of his brother Phineas Fletcher — as Thyrsilis. John Milton would be borrowing liberally from this, for Paradise Regained.
May 27, Thursday (Old Style): John Fletcher’s tragicomedy A WIFE FOR A MONTH was licensed to be performed.

October 18, Monday (Old Style): John Fletcher’s comedy RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE was licensed to be performed.
August 29, Monday (Old Style): The body of John Fletcher was interred at St. Saviour’s near London Bridge on the south bank of the Thames (it is now Southwark Cathedral). He had evidently died during the plague. There is an entry indicating that the remains have been relocated to the tomb of fellow dramatist Philip Massinger, who would succumb in 1640.
February 3, Friday (1625, Old Style): Francis Beaumont’s and John Fletcher’s comedy THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN belatedly was licensed to be played.
Phineas Fletcher died at Hilgay, near Downham Market in Norfolk.
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”35:

35. 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.
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.”
THE ENGLISH POETS:
Joseph Addison, Akenside; Armstrong; Beattie; Francis Beaumont; Sir J. Beaumont; Blacklock; Blackmore; Robert Blair; Boyse; Brome; Brooke; Broome; Sir Thomas Browne; Charles Butler; George Gordon, Lord Byron; Cambridge; Thomas Carew; Cartwright; Cawthorne; Chatterton; Geoffrey Chaucer; Churchill; William Collins; William Congreve; Cooper; Corbett; Charles Cotton; Dr. Cotton; Abraham Cowley; William Cowper; Crashaw; Cunningham; Daniel; William Davenant; Davies; Sir John Denham; Dodsley; John Donne; Dorset; Michael Drayton; Sir William Drummond; John Dryden; Duke; Dyer; Falconer; Fawkes; Fenton; Giles Fletcher; John Fletcher; Garth; Gascoigne; Gay; Glover; Goldsmith; Gower; Grainger; Thomas Gray; Green; William Habington; Halifax; William Hall; Hammond; Harte; Hughes; Jago; Jenyns; Dr. Samuel Johnson; Jones; Ben Jonson; King; Langhorne; Lansdowne; Lloyd; Logan; Lovibond; Lyttelton; Mallett; Mason; William Julias Mickle; John Milton; Thomas Moore; Otway; Parnell; A. Phillips; J. Phillips; Pitt; Pomfret; Alexander Pope; Prior; Rochester; Roscommon; Rowe; Savage; Sir Walter Scott; William Shakespeare; Sheffield; Shenstone; Sherburne; Skelton; Smart; Smith; Somerville; Edmund Spenser; Sprat; Stepney; Stirling; Suckling; Surrey; Jonathan Swift; James Thomson; W. Thomson; Tickell; Turt畀efolk; 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:
The Purple Island, a Poem: by Phineas Fletcher, with the Critical Remarks of the Late Henry Headley, A.B. and a Biographical Sketch by William Jaques, Translator of Franck's Guide to the Study of the Scriptures. (London: Printed for Burton and Briggs, 156, Leadenhall Street; J. Hatchard, Bookseller to the Queen, 190, Piccadilly; and S. Hamilton, Paternoster Row).
David Henry Thoreau made notes on Francis Beaumont’s and John Fletcher’s *Nice Valour; Or The Passionate Madman* in his Miscellaneous Extracts notebook. He also made extracts from a paper that had appeared in the October 1836 issue of *Foreign Quarterly Review*, “*Friar Rush* and the Frolicsome Elves of Popular Mythology.”

He also copied the poem that begins “My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is” that has often been attributed to Sir Edward Dyer (although, more likely, it had been penned by Edward De Vere, 17th earl of Oxford):

```
My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
Which God or nature hath assign’d.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,—
For why? my mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeit oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway,
I wish no more than may suffice,
I do no more than well I may,
Look, what I want my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
My mind content with anything.

I laugh not at another’s loss,
```
Nor grudge not at another’s gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
I brook that is another’s bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend,
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
And conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die,—
Would all did so as well as I!
A new edition of the poetry and plays of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, in two volumes:

**BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER**

**FLETCHER AND BEAUMONT**

Thoreau would make notes on this reading in his Literary Notebook and Miscellaneous Extracts.


37. See page 320 of the William Browne text.
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.”
The World.

ODE.

I

Fy! What a wretched World is this?
Nothing but anguish, griefs, and fears,
Where, who does best, must do amiss,
Frailty the Ruling Power bears
In this our dismal Vale of Tears.

II

Oh! who would live, that could but dye,
Dye honestly, and as he shou’d,
Since to contend with misery
Will do the wisest Man no good,
Misfortune will not be withstood.

III

The most that helpless man can do
Towards the bett’ring his Estate
Is but to barter woe for woe,
And he ev’n there attempts too late,
So absolute a Prince is Fate.

IV

But why do I of Fate complain;
Man might live happy, if not free,
And Fortunes shocks with ease sustain,
If Man would let him happy be:
**Man is Man’s Foe, and Destiny.**

V

And that Rib Woman, though she be
But such a little little part;
Is yet a greater Fate than he,
And has the Power, or the Art
To break his Peace; may break his Heart.

VI

Ah, glorious Flower, lovely piece
Of superfine refined Clay,
Thou poysont'st only with a Kiss,
And dartest an auspicious Ray
On him thou meanest to betray.

VII

These are the World, and these are they
That Life does so unpleasant make,
Whom to avoid there is no way
But the wild Desart straight to take,
And there to husband the last stake.

VIII

Fly to the empty Desarts then,
For so you leave the World behind,
There's no World where there are no Men,
And Brutes more civil are, and kind,
Than Man whose Reason Passions blind.

IX

For should you take an Hermitage,
Tho' you might scape from other wrongs,
Yet even there you bear the rage
Of venemous, and slanderous tongues,
Which to the Innocent belongs.

X

Grant me then, Heav'n, a wilderness,
And there an endless Solitude,
Where though Wolves howl, and Serpents hiss,
Though dang'rous, 'tis not half so rude
As the ungovern'd Multitude.

XI

And Solitude in a dark Cave,
Where all things hush't, and silent be,
Resembleth so the quiet Grave,
That there I would prepare to flee,
With Death, that hourly waits for me.
Fall: In his journal, in a description of a dashing stream he came across in Maine, Henry Thoreau quoted from John Fletcher’s 1608 tragicomedy THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

“I must make my waters fly, / Lest they leave their channels dry. / And beasts that come unto the spring / Miss their morning’s watering” (see below).

It was with new emphasis that we sang there the Canadian boat song—which described precisely our own case and was inspired by the history of exactly this kind of life. For the rapids were near and the day light long since past except that there was no evening chime to be heard here—and no Ste Annes in this direction. The woods on shore had grown dim—and many a utawa’s tide here emptied into the P. stream. It was indeed the realization of the fur traders experience and the Canadian boatman’s life.

At last we glided past the little island which had been our landmark, and fancied how contentedly we might live there to tend the light house which should guide the future voyageur.

At length about 9 o clock we reached the mouth of the river and ran our boat into a natural haven between some rocks—and drew her up on the sand. This camping ground Uncle Geo. had been familiar with in his lumbering operations formerly.

The first business was to make a fire an operation which was a little delayed at first by the wetness of the fuel and the ground owing to the heavy rain of this afternoon. The fire is a main comfort in a camp whether in summer or winter and is about as ample at one season as another—It is as well for cheerfulness as for warmth and dryness. It forms one side of the camp—a bright side at any rate—a wall of flame and crackling embers. Some were dispersed to fetch in dead trees and boughs while Uncle Geo. felled the birches and beeches which stood convenient and soon we had a fire some ten feet long by 3 or 4 feet high which rapidly dried the sand before it. This was calculated to burn all night. Close by our boat a little rill of pure water emptied into the lake and furnished us with drink.

We next proceeded to pitch our tent which operation is performed by sticking our spike poles into the ground in a slanting direction about ten feet apart for rafters and then drawing our cotton over them and tying it down—but this evening the wind carried the sparks on to the tent and burned it so we drew up the batteau and spreading the tent on the ground to lie on—we lay with our heads & bodies under the boat and our feet and legs on the sand toward the fire—It was a bright moon light.

We lay at first side by side in a wakeful mood talking of our course—and being in so convenient an attitude for studying the heavens with the moon and stars shining in our faces our conversation naturally turned upon astronomy and by turns we recounted the anecdotes of that science.

At length one of the party having imposed a fine on snoring, which penalty he was the first to incur—we composed ourselves to sleep. It was interesting when awakened at midnight to watch the grotesque & fiendish form and motions of one who had risen silently to arouse the fire and add fresh fuel for employment—now stealthily lugging a dead tree from the dark and heaving it on—now stirring up the embers with his fork and
tiptoing about to observe the stars watched by half the party in silent wakefulness while each supposes his neighbor sound asleep.

Thus aroused I too brought fresh fuel to the fire—and then walked along the sandy shore in the moonlight hoping to meet a moose come down to drink or a wolf. The little rill tinkled the louder and peopled all the wilderness and the glassy smoothness of the lake which might be the Atlantic of 3 centuries ago and we the discoverers on the western shore—the dark & fantastic rocks rising here and there from its surface made a scene not easily described. It had such a smack of wildness about it as I had never tasted before.

Not far from midnight we were, one after another awakened by rain—falling upon our extremities—and gradually as each became aware of the fact by cold or wet he drew a longer sigh & drew up his legs from the wet side until gradually we had all sidled around from lying at right angles with the boat till our bodies formed an acute angle and were wholly protected. When next we awoke the heavens were serene again and not a cloud to be seen—and the signs of dawn in the east.

And we soon had launched and loaded our boat and were off again before breakfast.

Our appearance excited no bustle amid the surrounding hills as I read that when a ship's boat approaches the bay of Typee one of the Marquesan isles the news is shouted from man to man—from the tops of coconut trees up the valley 8 or 9 miles, and soon its whole population is on the stir—stripping off the husks from Cocoa nuts—throwing down bread fruit—and preparing leafen baskets in which to carry them to the beach to sell. The young warrior may be seen polishing his spear and maiden adorning her person for the occasion.

I cannot help being affected by the very fine—the slight but positive relation of the inhabitants of some remote isle of the Pacific to the mysterious white mariner. It is a barely recognised fact to the natives—that he exists and has his home far away somewhere and is glad to by their fresh fruits with his superfluous commodities. Their customs are mutually unknown and yet this commerce exists—the savage is still a dusky and unexplored nature—the white man a mysterious demigod.

No sooner is the mariner’s boat seen to put off from his vessel for the shore than the inhabitants of the remotest recesses of these isles which stand like watch towers in the Pacific make haste to repair to the beach—with its fruits.

Such is commerce which shakes the cocoa nut and the breadfruit tree in the remotest isle—and sometimes dawns upon the dullest and most ignorant savage.

The savage & the civilized states offer no more striking contrast than when referred respectively to the element of fire—Fire is the white man’s servant and is near to him, and comes at his call. He subdues nature by fire—steam powder the forge—the furnace—the oven—he draws down lightning—and with heat comes enlightenment and all amelioration & maturation. It is genial and cordial—it imparts flavor—& comfort. With the friction of a match the master calls his servant.

But how far from Fire stand the savage—cold—and dark—how ineffectual his authority. With what pain & sweat he rubs his two sticks together, before the fire will come.

His fire as distant as the sun. There is no forge nor furnace for him.

I am struck by the force of habit in considering the history of Salt. We are accustomed to regard it as a necessary of life—and by some thing more than a figure of speech even go so far as to say sometimes that they have not salt enough to save their souls. The doctors say you cannot live without salt. Then to hear of a race who know not its use. We are at a loss to know what saves them—

All the good what are they but the salt of the earth—that which saves it—to do without salt why it is to live on air and as it were to find out some other principle of life.

What is the secret of the charm of invention and discovery? To find out the relation of something in nature to man. On which side to place it that the light may fall upon it aright—To put things in their place—To play a tune and put an end to discord. The savage splits the fibre of the breadfruit leaf and inserts his head in it—and is naturally delighted with his “superb head-dress”—for he has discovered a slight use of nature or relation to himself in her works.

The author of Typee describes the very simple and childlike behavior of the savages—who would sometimes when the freak took them as old Marheyo—hastily polish his spear—and don his finery—and go forth to display himself to day light—not for display but to give vent to his simple emotions and aspirations—his perchance magnanimity—training an hour of his life—and then doff his gear—and calmly resume his employments.

Not promenade Broadway or Washington street—but the paths of his remote isle.

It seems to me that in warm latitudes and among primitive races where clothing is dispensed with—tattooing is not necessarily the hideous and barbarous custom it is described to be. It is the same taste that prints the calico which he puts off and on—and the skin itself—which is always worn.

The consistent objection is to the style of the print—not to the practice itself. Where is the barbarity? [One leaf missing]
The first half mile was of river—a “Thorough fare—amid rocks and rapids which were poled up—Some of these like the smaller in our stream were split quite in two in the middle in the direction of the stream—Then we rowed a mile across the foot of Pamadumcook Lake—which makes north west 10 miles to hills & mountains in the distance Joe Merry Mt now bore S W—by another thoroughfare—we past into deep cove—a part of the same lake which makes up two miles toward the north east beyond us—we rowed 2 miles across this and by another thorough fare entered Umbedegis lake—one of the most beautiful of all. The lakes might all be regarded as one since they are so closely connected were it not that the river shows itself so distinctly between them with its narrow channel and rocky rapids— and again it is Penobscot water you are poling in.

Generally at the entrance to these lakes we observed what is technically called the “fencing stuff”—or huge logs of which booms are made—either lashed together in the water or laid up on the rocks and lashed to trees against the spring and driving season. It startled me invariably to discover so plain a trail of the white man—here. I remember that I was strangely affected by the sight of a ring bolt well drilled into a rock and fastened with lead at the head of this beautiful but solitary lake of Umbedegis where there was no sound nor any other trace of civilized man to-day & I could hardly believe that he ever came—When the logs have gone down the rapids each on its own bark with more or less bruising and barking, they are collected together at the heads of the lake where they would otherwise be dispersed by the wind—and surrounded by a boom fence—of floating logs secured together at the ends—and thus towed together like a flock of sheep across the lake by a windlass or boom head which we frequently saw standing upon some island or headland. Sometimes the logs are dispersed in a lake by winds and freshet and it takes many days of hardships and exposure to collect them again—being landed on distant shores—the driver picks up one or two at a time and returns with them to the thorough fare. Driving hogs, which are said to drive best the contrary way to what you wish them to go is not to be names with driving logs which must be suffered to run—the gauntlets of the innumerable falls & rapids by themselves, and some times leap all fences and are dispersed over many miles of lake surface in a few moments.

And before the driver gets his flock all through Umbedegis or Pamadumcook he makes many a wet camp on the shore {One leaf blank}

Umbedegis struck me this quiet Sunday morning as the most beautiful lake I had seen. It has the reputation of being the deepest—we rowed a mile & a half to near the head of the lake within the boom fence which there appeared like buoys embracing a large yard of water—and went ashore to cook our breakfast by the side of a large rock—where Uncle Geo. remembered a spring and the ground of former encampments. The kettle was soon boiling on the shore and while the pork and fresh salmon were afrying—we proceeded to whittle us some forks of elder—or other twigs that offered—the first mess of tea which was of an inky blackness was condemned to the lake as the washing of our unsoured kettle—but to my eyes the kettle never got scoured to the end of the journey. Our plates were fresh strips of birch bark and two tin dippers our tea cups With Uncle Geo. & Tom I visited the site of an old camp on the hill side behind us overlooking the pond—He lead the way confidently where the path once ran by the spring at which we drank—to the ruins which were over grown with weeds & underbrush. There were the remains even of the Blacksmiths forge for even this worthy had been in requisition here.

On our way up to this camp which was some distance from the water we noticed a whole brick upon a rock—which had been brought thus far to tamper with in blasting—and was remembered with the ring bolts in the rocks & the forge on the hill side—Uncle Geo afterward regretted that we had not carried this brick on with us to the Mt—for our mark. This would certainly be a simple evidence of civilized man though rather cumbersome in climbing mountains.

I could imagine what tales the loggers told here in hard winters to keep their blood circulating—looking over to Joe merry for exhilaration.

In the midst of a dense growth in the middle of the little stream upon a rock—where there were no other traces of man in sight—lay this brick—clean and red as in the brick-yard.

—Thus had this lake shore its antiquity and ruins alreaday.

Mc C said that large wooden crosses made of oak still sound were sometimes found in this wilderness—which were set up by the first Catholic missionaries who came through to the Kennebeck. Go where you will somebody has been there before you.

It is worth the while to feel the stark & grim wilderness of nature sometimes as to drink some stringent diet drink of evergreens and roots and bark.

Having reached the head of the lake we made our way along the shore leaping from rock to rock and creeping under the bushes—while the boatmen poled up the rapids stopping to take us in where a stream emptied in to the river. A few rods above this we reached a portage of 90 rods round what is called Umbedegis Falls—where it was necessary to carry over. Here was the roughest path imaginable cut through the woods now up hill at angle of nearly 45 degrees over rocks and logs without end. By the shore stood a pork barrel with a hole 8 or 9 inches
square cut in one side which was set against the upright side of a large rock—but without turning or upsetting
the barrel the bears had gnawed a large hole in the opposite sides big enough to put their heads in—It looked
precisely like an enormous rat hole—and at the bottom of the barrel were still left a few mangled slices of pork.
We first carried over our baggage and deposited it upon the green bank at the other end While we were resting
here and quenching our thirst with the river water—I noticed breams in the water—the first fishes I had seen.
Returning to the batteau we fixed a couple of straight sticks as yokes to the painter by which 2 couple stood
ready to pull abreast—While the boatmen stood at the ends of the boat to steer & save it from rocks. Then at
the word from our driver at the stern we dragged it up the first hill and so on with frequent pauses over half the
portage
Commonly 3 men walk over with the batteau on their heads and shoulders—one standing under the middle of
the boat turned over—and one at each end– More cannot well take hold at once. But this requires some use as
well as strength and as in any case the hardest work that is done on these waters–
Our men at length took the batteau upon their shoulders and while two of us steadied the boat one upon each
side to prevent it from rocking and wearing into their shoulders walked bravely over—with 2 or three pauses.
These carries where there are few strong and practised hands are the severest toil the boatman has to endure
With this weight they must climb and stumble along over slippery rocks of all sizes—while the men who walked
by the side the widest part are continually brushed off by trees and rocks on account of the narrowness of the
path.
We were an invalid party on the whole and could render our boatmen but little assistance.
Then we had a mile & a half of Passamagummuck lake which is narrow and river like to the falls of the same
name. over a small meadow on our left we could see into a large cove or lake in that direction which connects
with this. Umbedegis stream comes in some where on our right
Remembering the difficulty of the last portage our men determined to warp up the Passamagummuck Falls—So
while the rest walked round carrying the baggage one of us remained in the batteau to assist in warping up. We
were soon in the midst of the rapids which were more rapid and tumultuous than any we had poled up—and
turning to the side of the stream to prepare for warping when—the boatmen who had observed me taking a few
notes—feeling some pride in their skill and ambitious to do something more than usual took one more view of
the rapids or rather falls—and in answer to ones question whether we could get up there the other answered that
he guessed he’ed try it—so we pushed into the midst of the fall—and then came the tug of war While I sat in the
mid of the boat to trim it moving slightly to the right or left as it grazed a rock—with an uncertain and wavering
motion we would and bolted our way up until the bow was actually raised some feet above the stern in the
steepest pitch—and then when everything depended upon his exertions the bowman’s pole snapped in two but
before he had time to take the spare one I handed to him—he had saved him self by the fragment, upon a rock
—and we got up by a hair’s breadth— And Uncle Geo. exclaimed that that was never done before—he had not
tried it if he had not know whom he had got in the bow—nor he in the bow if he had not known him in the stern.
At This place there was a regular portage cut through the woods & our boatman never had known a batteau to
ascend the falls.
I could not sufficiently admire the admirable skill & coolness with which they performed this feat—never
speaking to each other—and the bowman not looking behind—but knowing exactly what the other is about —
works as if he worked alone now springing to this side now to that—and setting his pole afresh—now feeling in
vain in 15 feet of water for a bottom while the sternman holds the bottom—and now barely holding his ground
for an instant with his feet braced against the bows of the boat. The pole is set close to the boat—and the bow is
made to overshoot and just turn the corners of the rocks in the very teeth of the rapids nothing but the length
and lightness and the slight draught of the boat enables them to make any headway— The bow man must quickly
choose his course—there is no time to deliberate—frequently the boat is shoved between rocks where both sides
touch—and the waters on either hand are a perfect maelstrom.
Taking in our companions we had proceeded a half a mile to a slight rapid—where the boatman proposed that
two of us would try our hands at poling up We had got over bravely and were just surmounting the last difficulty
when an unlucky rock confounded our calculations and while the batteau was whirling round like a weather
cock—amid the eddies we were obliged to resign the poles to more skilful hands.— These rips were christened
with the name of one of the party.
Think what a mean and wretched place this world is—that half the time we have to light a lamp that we may see
to live in’t.
Then we are begotten and our life has its source from what a trivial and sensual pleasure.
That the trivial titillation of the vulgar sense should be the exciting cause that calls man into life
I though as I waked from a transient sleep between twilight and dark—handing upon my chair I aroused to
darkness deeper than daylight— I fell asleep one evening in my chair Betwixt day-light and dark— Whither my
spirit went meanwhile I know not only it came back more proud—and with some half expressed unquestionable arguments sneered at its fate—when some trivial sound which had authority called me back to life. It was thick darkness— I had to light a lamp that I might see. And this is half our life? Who’d undertake the enterprize if it were all? And pray what more has day to offer— A lamp that burns more clear—a purer oil—and winter strained—that so we may pursue our idleness with less obstruction. Bribed with a little sunlight and a few prismatic tints—we bless the maker—and deprecate his wrath with hymns.

It is only your lean men that have a word to say about life & the philosophies— The full orbed belly well encased in fat in no place worn down to the bone rolls through the world without a creak or sound. They are your dry and fleshless bones that rattle eloquence—your empty gullets that sing hymns—Until some care wears a man to the quick he’s silent as the grave—whether about good or ill or joy or pain.

Your epic poets must all be blinded first ere they can see the Elysium of nature and the divinity in man. They are now plenty—even up to the sources of the river.

To be so born and so continued in life—requiring the veriest gentleman of us all daily every morning the stay & support of some ridiculous potatoe saved from the rot—by the hired cunning of men of science.

We next rowed 2 miles through Depskaneig lake—first more northerly—then more easterly—Passamagummuck stream coming in on the left—For this is generally the order of names—as you ascend first the lake or dead water, then the falls,—then the stream of the same name emptying into the lake or river above.

This lake is nor large—and very shallow and weedy, and looked as if it might abound in pickerel—Pickerel are caught in these lakes along with trout—the former are said to have been put in originally by the white man. They are now plenty—even up to the sources of the river.

At Depskaneig Falls which are considerable and quite picturesque we stopped to dine—While some of the party were building a fire and getting dinner ready the rest went to fishing for trout in the falls. This is a famous place for trout well known to our skipper—who had seen them caught here by the barrel full—But in this bright sun light we could not get so much as a nibble. Leaping from one slippery rock to another we soon learned to walk as securely as our boatmen or as upon the flagstones in the streets until we had reached the very middle of the stream we cast our lines into the very falls them-selves—where the water was white with foam but no trout rose to our bait.

Some were fain to dine off the remnant of our salmon placed on chips with hard bread and pork and a dipper of black tea to wash it down.—One of the party who had lost a tooth in the encounter with a piece of hard bread which last had lodged fast in the esophagus—while taking a draught of river water in order to expel the obstruction—detected a larger—a larger and perhaps less rusty kettle than our own reposing on the bottom of the river—condemned and left by some party of lumberers.

This portage was about the same length with that around Umbedegis falls, and mid way over in the woods we could see where frequent parties had encamped the slight rafters and cedar beds still remaining. As before we first carried our packs over and then returned for the batteau—which after several stages—by the way—at one I remember Uncle George thrusting a dipper down into a hold in the ground the length of the arm for a drink of cool spring water—We launched it in Pockwockomus lake—At the furthest side we discovered another rusty and bruised tin dipper which we added to our tea set.

Half way over this carry thus far in the Main wilderness on its way to the Provinces we noticed a large flaming oak hall advertisement about 2 feet long wrapped round the trunk of a pine from which the bark had been stripped to which it was fast glued by the pitch. This should be recorded among the advantages of this mode of advertising by handbills—that even bears and wolves—may learn where they can fit themselves according to the fashion—or at least recover some of their lost garments.

Through Pockwockomus lake which is but a slight expansion of the river we rowed for a couple of miles to a small grassy island—on which we landed to consult concerning our true progress whether we should leave the river there and commence our tramp through the woods to the Mt or go up the river 2 or 3 miles further before we left it. We decided upon the last course—

This isle was covered with a kind of rush or cut grass and near where we landed was the recent track of a moose, a large roundish hole in the soft wet ground—evincing great weight in the animal that made it.—They visit all these island meadows swimming as easily as they make their way through the thickets on land. There were occasional small meadows of a few acres waving with uncut grass up here which attracted the regard of our boatmen—who regretted that they were not a little nearer to their own clearings—and calculated how much hay they might cut for the loggers the ensuing winter.

It was 1 mile from this to the next portage—The Depskaneig stream come sin on the left—and now and then we passed what is called a poke logan—or what the Drivers might have reason to call a “poke logs in”—which is an inlet that leads no where—if you get in you’ve got to get out again the same way—These and the frequent run-rounds—which come into the river again—would embarrass the inexperienced voyageur not a little.

We had soon reached the carry of 40 rods round Pockwockomus Falls—passing through a small and shallow
lines in the shallow mouth of the brook standing in the batteau which was moored. Instantly a shoal of white or which some party of Indians or lumberers had left on the shore and baiting our hooks with pork –we cast our should find trout enough– So while some prepared the ca mp the rest fell to fish ing –seizing the birch poles more accustomed to scanning mountains said to be nearer 14.– Here we had been told by Uncle Geo. that we Aboljacknagesac broad off from the Mt. and as our experienced waterman said about 4 miles distant –but eyes the Sowdehunk river which comes in a mile above– Here at the mouth of Murch brook and the read their own marks upon them. This last half mile carried us to the Sowdehunk dead water –occasioned by swift rapid about half a mile –the logs lay like huge cannon piled up high and dry upon the rocks on either hand –and pointing in every direction some partially hollow to make the resemblance stronger– some of our party still the vestiges of a jam of logs wh ich had taken place in the famous freshet in the spring. As we poled up a with a fine broad and flat rock at the end from which to launch our boat. Just at the head of the falls. Here were here we had not noticed lately, and so shallow that we had to get out to lighten the boat –while the boatmen walked in the stream shoving the boat along. It reminded me of the scenery on Concord river. This carry though short was exceeding rough & rocks– The batteau having to be lifted directly from the water up 4 or 5 feet on a rock –and launched again down a similar bank. Here also was an empty pork barrel left by a lumbering party. The rocks in this portage were covered with the dents made by the spikes in the lumberers’ boots while staggering over under the weight of their batteaux– We also afterwards noticed that the rocks projecting above water in the worst rapids were marked by the pike poles of numerous voyageurs –who had braced themselves against them. You could see the surface of some larger rock whereon they had rested their batteaux worn quite smooth with use. I am astonished at the singular pertinacity and endurance of our lives The miracle is that what is –is –precisely that –that our particular life succeeds so far. That every man can get a living and so few can do any more So much I can accomplish ere strength and health are gone and yet this much suffices. I am never rich in money and I am never meanly poor –if debts are incurred why debts are in the course of events cancelled –as it were by the same law by which they were incurred. [One leaf missing] the rapids as far as possible keeping close to the shore– One seized the painter and leaped out upon a rock but slightly exposed –but the spikes in his shoes did not avail him and he was amid the rapids –but soon recovering himself he passed me the painter –and took his place in the bow– Leaping from rock to rock in the shoal water close to the shore I held the boat while one reset his pole –getting a bite each time round some large rock –and so we progressed upwards through the worst of it. The man on shore bracing himself against a rock holds the boat while those in the boat reset their poles –and then all three work upward against any rapid. When some of us walked round we generally took the precaution to take out the most valuable part of the baggage –for fear of swamping.

We next rowed and poled ourselves for 3/4 of a mile through the Aboljacarmegus lake a slight expansion of the river to the carry of an eighth of a mile around Aboljacarmegus falls– This was a comparatively smooth portage with a fine broad and flat rock at the end from which to launch our boat. Just at the head of the falls. Here were still the vestiges of a jam of logs which had taken place in the famous freshet in the spring. As we poled up a swift rapid about half a mile –the logs lay like huge cannon piled up high and dry upon the rocks on either hand –and pointing in every direction some partially hollow to make the resemblance stronger– some of our party read their own marks upon them. This last half mile carried us to the Sowdehunk dead water –occasioned by the Sowdehunk river which comes in a mile above– Here at the mouth of Murch brook and the Aboljacknagesac broad off from the Mt. and as our experienced waterman said about 4 miles distant –but eyes more accustomed to scanning mountains said to be nearer 14.– Here we had been told by Uncle Geo. that we should find trout enough– So while some prepared the camp the rest fell to fishing –seizing the birch poles which some party of Indians or lumberers had left on the shore and baiting our hooks with pork –we cast our lines in the shallow mouth of the brook standing in the batteau which was moored. Instantly a shoal of white or silvery roaches Cousin trout (Leucisci Pulchelli) or what not large and small fell upon our bait and one after another were landed on the shore amid the bushes. Anon their cousins the true trout, took their turn –but they were not heavy enough to content us So pushing up the stream about 40 rods to the mouth of the Aboljacknagesack a very different stream with a swift pure water and sandy bottom –and running our boat into the bushes–we recommenced the sport in good earnest– Alternately the trout and their cousins the roaches swallowed the boat as fast as we could throw in– And the finest specimens of both that I have ever seen –were heaved upon the shore in vain to wriggle down into the water again. But soon we learned to remedy this accident for one who had lost his hook stood there to catch –and there they fell in a perfect shower about him –the heaviest near the shore the lighter farther off. While yet alive and before their tints had faded they glistened like the fairest flowers, and he stood over them as if in a trance unable to trust his senses –that these jewels should have swum away in that Aboljacknagesac water for so long! so many dark ages these bright flowers seen of Indians only!– It passed all the fables of Proteus Few things have seemed so incredible and strange to me– But there is the rough voice of Uncle Geo. who commands at the frying pan –to send over what you’ve got and then you may stay till morning– The pork sizzles and cries for fish– Luckily for that generation of trouts the night shut down at last –not a little deepened by the dark sides of Ktadn which like a permanent shadow reared itself from the eastern bank.

So we accompanied Tom into the woods to cut cedar twigs for our bed– While he went ahead with the axe and
lopped off the smallest twigs of the flat-leaved cedar—we gathered them up and returned with them to the boat, until it was loaded.

This was an old camping ground and there was the skeleton of a moose whose bones some Indian hunters had picked on this very spot.

Our bed was made with as much care and skill as a roof is shingled beginning at the foot and laying the twig end of the cedar upward we advanced to the head thus successively covering the stub ends and producing a soft and level bed—For us six it was about ten feet long by six in breadth. After supper which was eaten off a large log while my companions were stretched upon their couch—I sat up studying a large white roach which I had reserved from the pan counting its fin rays and the scales upon he lateral line to identify it by the light of the fire sitting upon a log.

This night we made an experiment and diversion—in obedience to the satire and levity of one of the party who thought that we might concoct some more savory drink than the tea and more in harmony with our circumstances out of the leaves and plants about—We made a dipper of cedar tea. But one who ventured the length of a few swallows may be trusted when he declares that it resembled nothing so much—at least in his experience as a dose of rhubarb.

I waked before morning to dream of trout fishing—it seemed an incredible fable that this painted fish swam there and rose to our hooks last evening. I doubted if I had not dreamed it and rose by moon light to test its truth while my companions were sleeping. There stood Ktadn at last with distinct and cloudless outline in the moon-light—and the rippling of the rapids was the only sound to break the stillness.

Standing on the shore I once more cast my line into the mouth of Murch Brook—and found the dream to be real and the fable truth. The speckled trout & silvery roach light air describing an arc upon the dark side of like flying fish sped swiftly through the silvery moon light air describing an arc upon the dark side of Ktadn—until the moonlight now fading into daylight brought satiety to my mind and the mind of my companions who had joined me. As Homer would say of fishing εὖ ἐπινοῦν ἐπιτοιχία that is they had got enough of it—And then we seated ourselves around the log where Uncle Geo. presided—oude ti qumoV edeueto daitoV eishV nor did any one fail of his fair share of the fish.

The largest trout would weigh 3 or 4 pounds and the roach a pound and a half.

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by 6 o’clock having mounted our packs and our tent and a good blanket full of trout—and having swung up such of their contents and such provision as we wished to leave behind upon the tops of saplings to be out of the way of bears—and fastened our batteau to a tree a few rods up the Aboljacknagesac—we started for the Mt—travelling up the north side of this stream through burnt lands—now partially over grown with aspens and shrubs. Soon recrossing this stream upon logs and rocks—we struck for the highest peak over a mile or more of open land still. Here it fell to the lot of the oldest mt climber to take the lead—so scanning the woody sides of the mt—we determined to steer for a slight spur which extended south from the mt—keeping parallel to a dark seam in the forest which marked the bed of a torrent and having attained this lower but bare eminence, which afforded a look out to steer directly up the peak which would be close at hand. So setting the compass for a north eastern course we were soon buried in the wood.

Fresh blue berries still hung upon the bushes—and bunch berries the fruit of the cornus Canadensis were abundant. We soon began to meet with bears and moose dung and the tracks of the latter more or less recent covered every square rod of the mt. Sometimes we found our selves travelling in faint paths which they had made—and every where the twigs had been browsed by them—clipt as smoothly as by a scythe. The bark of the trees was stript up by them to the height of 8 or 9 feet in long narrow strips an inch wide—still showing the marks of their teeth—We expected nothing less than to meet a herd of them every moment—and our nimrod held his shooting iron in readiness. At this season the bull moose is dangerous to encounter, and frequently will not turn out for the traveller but furiously rushes upon him. The largest weigh 1200 weight—and are said to step over a 5 foot gate in their natural walk. They are an exceedingly awkward looking animal with their extremely long legs & short bodies making a ludicrous figure when in full run—but making great headway nevertheless.

It seemed a mystery to us how they could thread these woods—which required all our suppleness to accomplish climbing stooping winding alternately. They are said to drop their long and branching horns upon their backs and then make their way easily by the weight of their bodies. Our boatmen said but I know not with how much truth that their horns were gnawed away by vermin.

Rabbits dung was frequent along our rout. After travelling about 4 or 5 miles in damp and thick woods for the most part we reached the banks of a considerable stream—whose channel was filled with rocks—This we conjectured from its direction was Murch brook which entered the river exactly at camp.

Here was such a dash and flow of mountain water that it seemed this was the old poets “river god” that sung...
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning’s watering.”

This fellow did make his waters fly with a witness as if he were not afraid that his fontal springs would fail in any case. It is interesting to observe with what singular unanimity the most sundered nations & generations of men consent to give completeness and roundness to an ancient fable. of which they appreciate the beauty and the truth– By a faint and dream like effort –though it were by the vote of a scientific body the dullest posterity – slowly add some trait to the mythus– As when astronomers call the lately discovered asteroid Astraea –for this slightest recognition of poetic worth is significant, and so the virgin that was driven from earth at the end of the Golden ages –has her local habitation in the heavens– In the same spirit Atlas is proposed as the name of a newly discovered planet.

Here is some approach to a universal language– Even Leibnitz with all his ingenuity advanced not so far. This fond reiteration of the oldest truth by the latest posterity using the very figures and metaphors of antiquity, and content with slightly & religiously retouching & modifying the old material is one of the most impressive evidences of a universal and common humanity.

But such slow aggregation has the mythology grown from the first. Under the cunning disguise of mythology and fable truth has a firm hold upon the faith of men The parables of the first children are lovingly & magnanimously accepted and eked out by the last and every age and nation adds some trait to the fable. We had proceeded on thus till about noon with frequent pauses to refresh the weary all the time in woods – without having seen the summits and very gradually rising– When our watermen despairing a little and fearing that we had gone stray and were leaving the Mt on one side of us, Uncle Geo. climbed a fir tree from the top of which he could see the peak –and it appeared that we had not swerved from a right line.

The compass down below still pointed to the summit with his arm. Having reached a cool spring or mountain rill amid the woods we determined to lighten our packs here by cooking some of our fish. We had brought them in order to save our hard bread & pork in respect to which we were put upon allowance– We had soon a fire blazing and each stood round with a sharpened stick 3 or 4 feet in length upon which he spitit his trout or roach which he had previously salted– So we squatted round the fire our sticks radiating like the spokes of a wheel from one centre –and each crowding his particular fish into the most desirable exposure not with the truest regard always to his neighbors rights. Thus we regaled our selves drinking meanwhile at the spring till one mans pack was considerably lightened, when we again took up our line of march.

The wood was chiefly birch spruce fir mountain ash or round wood as Uncle Geo. called it which he prized for its medicinal properties –& moose wood– The cornel or bunch berries were very abundant as well as solomon’s seal and moose berries. Blueberries were distributed along our whole rout and in one place the buses were drooping with the weight of blue berries still as fresh as ever– Such patches afforded a grateful repast –and served to bait the weary party forward when the hindmost lagged the cry of blue berries was most effectual to bring him up.

We again struck the torrent I have mentioned but our course as soon diverged again. We crossed a moose yard 4 or 5 rods square –an opening caused by a large flat rock on which no trees grow – and such as the moose take advantage of as yards –where in the winter they tread down the snow. At length we reached an elevation which was sufficiently bare to afford us a view of the summit still distant and blue–as if retreating from us. A torrent was seen tumbling down in front, literally from out of the clouds –not a ribbon like rill but a considerable stream white with foam–and apparently of undiminished breadth to the very clouds. But this glimpse at our whereabouts was soon lost again and we were buried in woods.

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At length fearing that if we held the direct course to the summit we should not find any water near our camping ground we gradually swerved to the left till we struck the torrent we had seen at 4 o’clock. Here the weary party decided to camp that night. It was a drear and grim scenery –we looked long for a level and open space to pitch our camp.– at first there seemed only one of the thousand table rocks in the midst of the falls while my companions were seeking a resting place for the night I endeavored to improve the short remnant of day-light in climbing the mt alone– Following the course of the torrent –and I would lay an emphasis on the word up pulling myself up
perpendicular falls of 20 or 40 feet by the roots of firs and birches—and walking for a level rod or two in the thin stream—Thus ascending by huge steps—as if it were a giants stair way down which a river flowed—pausing on the successive shelves where the water was collected in pools or spread out in a thin sheet—to look back over the country beneath me—The stream was from 15 to 30 feet in width without tributary and seemingly not diminishing in breadth as I advanced. Still it came rushing and roaring with a copious tide where there was nothing but barren rock interspersed with the meagerest vegetation.

Leaving the stream at length when I had fairly cleared the trees I began to work my way—more arduous than satans in Pandemonium up the nearest peak. At fist scrambling on all fours over the tops of Ancient fir trees old as the flood—from 2 to 10 to 15 feet in height—Their tops were flat and spreading their foliage blue and nipt with cold—as if for centuries they had ceased growing upward against the bleak sky—the solid cold. Such was the country with large rocks interspersed and a cold wind that levelled all I walked some good rods erect upon the tops of trees—where were overrun with moss and cranberries. Once slipping through I look down 10 feet into a dark and cavernous region and saw the stem of a fir on which I stood fully 8 inches in diameter at the ground.

As if first rocks from the size of a table to a small house had been dropped here and there upon the mountain side—and then in the course of time these venerable fir-trees had filled up the intervals and levelled off the scene. This was the sort of garden I made my way over not seeing any path through it. Certainly the most treacherous and porous country I ever travelled—but nothing could exceed the toughness of the twigs not one snapped under my weight. They were slowly grown.

Having slumped scrambled rolled bounced & walked over this fiery country—I arrived upon a side hill—where rocks grey silent rocks of every shape & size were the flocks and herds that pastured—chewing a rocky cud at sunset. They looked hardly at me without a bleat or low. This brought me to the skirt of a cloud and bounded my walk this night.

But I had seen maine waving flowing rippling—and now darkling down below.

A water it was less stained with earthyness than Helicon—truly a strong water—When I returned my companions had selected a camping ground on the torrent’s edge—and were resting on the ground—one was on the sick list & rolled in a blanket on a shelf of rock. We could camp no higher for want of fuel—And trees here seemed so forever green and moist and sappy—that we doubted if they would acknowledge the influence of fire.

It was a grand and desolate place for a nights lodging—the more so for the neighborhood of the trees and stream—We went supperless to bed tonight for our remaining fish had contracted a green hue from the green blanket in which they had been rolled and so were condemned and other food was scarce.

Some more aerial and finer spirited winds roared through the ravine all night—from time to time arousing our fire—It was as if we lay in the very nest of a young whirlwind. At midnight I remember my bed fellow startled in his dreams by one of these sudden upblazings of a fallen fir whose green boughs were suddenly lighted by the wind sprang up with a cry from his spruce leaf couch—thinking the world afire and drew the whole camp after him.

Here was was no cedar so we made our bed of coarser feathered spruce but they were plucked alive. But fire prevailed and blazed here too like a good citizen of the world. In the morning after whetting our appetites on some pork and a hard wafer of bread—and a dipper of condensed cloud or waterspout, we all began to make our way up the falls I have described—this time we chose the right hand or highest peak—and soon my companions were lost to my sight behind the ever retreating mountain ridge over huge rocks loosely poised I climbed a mile or more—still edging toward the clouds—The mtn was a vast conglomerate or aggregation of loose rocks—as if sometime it had rained rocks—and they lay as they fell upon the mt. sides. Nowhere fairly at rest but leaning on each other with cavities between rarely any soil or smoother shelf. At length I entered within the skirts of the cloud which seemed forever drifting over the summit—and yet would never be gone—but was generated out of that pure air—fast as it flowed away, having reached the ridge summit and ridge were alike enveloped in clouds. Now the wind would blow me out a yard of clear sun light wherein I stood—then a grey dawning light was all it could accomplish—The cloud line ever rising and falling with the winds intensity. At one moment it seemed as if the summit would be cleared in a few moments and smile in sunshine but what was gained on one side was lost on another—It was like sitting on a Bakers chimney and waiting for the smoke to blow away—This was a cloud factory and the wind turned them off from bare rocks. Occasionally when the windy columns broke in to me—I caught sight of a dark damp crag to the right or left the mist driving ceaselessly between it & me

It reminded of the creations of the old epic and dramatic poets, of Atlas, Vulcan, the Cyclops, and prometheus—Such was Caucasus and the rock where he was bound. AEschylus had no doubt visited such scenery as this. It was vast titanic & such as man never inhabits. Some part of the beholder, even some vital part seems to escape
through the loose grating of his ribs as he ascends—He is more lone than one—there is less of substance less of fair calculation & intellectual fullness than in the plains where men inhabit. Vast Titanic inhuman nature has got him at disadvantage caught him alone—and pilfers him. She does not smile on him as in the plains—She seems to say sternly whey came Ye here before your time—This ground is not prepared for. Is it not enough that I smile in the vallies. I have never made this soil for thy feet, this air for thy breathing—these rocks for thy neighbors. I cannot pity thee then nor fondle thee here—but relentlessly drive thee where I am kind. Why seek me where I have not called you and then complain that I am not your genial mother.

These are among the unfinished parts of the globe—whither it is some slight insult to the Gods to climb and pry into their secrets and try their effect on our humanity. Simple races—as savages do not climb mountains. Their tops are are sacred and mysterious tracts unvisited by them. Pomola whom the Penobscot consider as the evil genius of the mt—or God in his angry mood is ever angry with him who climbs here.

For what canst thou pray here—but to be delivered from here.—And shouldst thou freeze or starve—or shudder thy life away—here is no shrine nor altar—nor access to my ear.

Knowing that my companions would be anxious to return and reach the river that night, and that the clouds might stand upon the mt for days I was at length compelled to descend. Occasionally the wind would blow me a vista open from which I could see the country eastward as the opposite—boundless forest and lake and streams gleaming in the sun—And a similar torrent which ran down that side—and probably emptied into the Seboois or E Branch. There were also new mts in sight. Now and then some small bird of the sparrow kind would flit away before—I like a fragment of the grey rock unable to command its course.38

[From THE MAINE WOODS] Occasionally, as I came down, the wind would blow me a vista open, through which I could see the country, eastward, boundless forests, and lakes, and streams, gleaming in the sun, some of them emptying into the East Branch. There were also new mountains in sight in that direction. Now and then some small bird of the sparrow kind would flit away before me, unable to command its course, like a fragment of the gray rock blown off by the wind.

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY

38. Thoreau was perhaps the 6th white man to reach the summit of Mount Katahdin although he never drank from the particular spring that now bears his name. We must guess at the identity of the sparrows he saw. The White-throated Sparrow is most abundant there, but he could have seen an American water pipit hurtle past in the wind and vanish in a cloud, and thought it was a sparrow.
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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: October 21, 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.