

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PEOPLE QUOTED IN WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS,¹ NÉE BROWNE



(THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK ...)

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

1. See Caroline Moseley, “HDT and Felicia Dorothea Hemans,” Concord Saunterer 13 (Summer 1978):5-8.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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

I felt proud to know that the liberties of Massachusetts and of our fatherland were in such safe keeping; and as I turned to my hoeing again I was filled with an inexpressible confidence, and pursued my labor cheerfully with a calm trust in the future.

When there were several bands of musicians, it sounded as if the village was a vast bellows, and all the buildings expanded and collapsed alternately with a din. But sometimes it was a really noble and inspiring strain that reached these woods, and the trumpet that sings of fame, and I felt as if I could spit a Mexican with a good relish, -for why should we always stand for trifles?-and looked round for a woodchuck or a skunk to exercise my chivalry upon. These martial strains seemed as far away as Palestine, and reminded me of a march of crusaders in the horizon, with a slight tantivy and tremulous motion of the elm-tree tops which overhang the village. This was one of the *great* days; though the sky had from my clearing only the same everlastingly great look that it wears daily, and I saw no difference in it.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

VIRGIL

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

WAR ON MEXICO



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

A WEEK: Some spring the white man came, built him a house, and made a clearing here, letting in the sun, dried up a farm, piled up the old gray stones in fences, cut down the pines around his dwelling, planted orchard seeds brought from the old country, and persuaded the civil apple-tree to blossom next to the wild pine and the juniper, shedding its perfume in the wilderness. Their old stocks still remain. He culled the graceful elm from out the woods and from the river-side, and so refined and smoothed his village plot. He rudely bridged the stream, and drove his team afield into the river meadows, cut the wild grass, and laid bare the homes of beaver, otter, muskrat, and with the whetting of his scythe scared off the deer and bear. He set up a mill, and fields of English grain sprang in the virgin soil. And with his grain he scattered the seeds of the dandelion and the wild trefoil over the meadows, mingling his English flowers with the wild native ones. The bristling burdock, the sweet-scented catnip, and the humble yarrow planted themselves along his woodland road, they too seeking "freedom to worship God" in their way. And thus he plants a town. The white man's mullein soon reigned in Indian cornfields, and sweet-scented English grasses clothed the new soil. Where, then, could the Red Man set his foot? The honey-bee hummed through the Massachusetts woods, and sipped the wild-flowers round the Indian's wigwam, perchance unnoticed, when, with prophetic warning, it stung the Red child's hand, forerunner of that industrious tribe that was to come and pluck the wild-flower of his race up by the root. The white man comes, pale as the dawn, with a load of thought, with a slumbering intelligence as a fire raked up, knowing well what he knows, not guessing but calculating; strong in community, yielding obedience to authority; of experienced race; of wonderful, wonderful common sense; dull but capable, slow but persevering, severe but just, of little humor but genuine; a laboring man, despising game and sport; building a house that endures, a framed house. He buys the Indian's moccasins and baskets, then buys his hunting-grounds, and at length forgets where he is buried and ploughs up his bones. And here town records, old, tattered, time-worn, weather-stained chronicles, contain the Indian sachem's mark perchance, an arrow or a beaver, and the few fatal words by which he deeded his hunting-grounds away.

PEOPLE OF
A WEEK

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1793

September 25, Wednesday: Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, England.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT





THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

v

1801



At age 8, in England, Felicia Dorothea Browne was already writing poetry.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?
— NO, THAT'S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN'S STORIES.
LIFE ISN'T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1808



At the high end of the literary scale, Part I of [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's](#) *FAUST. DER TRAGÖDIE ERSTER TEIL*.



Also, Felicia Dorothea Browne published POEMS written between age 8 and age 13:

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

POEMS,
BY
FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE.
LIVERPOOL:
PRINTED BY G. F. HARRIS,
FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND,
LONDON.
1808.

(DEDICATION)
To
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES,
THE



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

FOLLOWING PRODUCTIONS OF EARLY YOUTH

ARE

(BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION)

MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S HIGHLY OBLIGED

AND MOST GRATEFUL SERVANT, F. D. BROWNE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following pieces are the genuine productions of a young lady, written between the age of eight and thirteen years. By this information it is not intended to arrogate to them that favour to which they may perhaps have no intrinsic claim; but if it should appear that they possess a degree of merit sufficient to obtain the approbation of the reader, the circumstances under which they have been produced may give them that additional interest to which they are most truly intitled. They owe their publication to the kind and condescending favour of the RIGHT HONOURABLE VISCOUNTESS KIRKWALL, to the regard and partialities of friendship, and to the hope that they may in some degree be rendered subservient to the earnest wish of the young authoress for intellectual improvement.

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1812



Felicia Browne's THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS, which probed the rigors of a domestic poetics in the context of world war.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1813



At the age of 19 the accomplished English Romantic poet Felicia Dorothea Browne married Captain Alfred Hemans.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1816



In England, Mrs. Felicia Hemans's *THE RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY: A POEM* was being published anonymously after having been read and admired by [George Gordon, Lord Byron](#) and thus taken up for publication and promotion by Murray. Mrs. Hemans had begun her incredible record of publication of popular Romantic poetry, in which she would be bringing approximately one volume per year out of her oven through 1834, sometimes more than that.²



FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

The statement one commonly sees, that Mrs. Hemans was much quoted in her day in comparison with other English-language poets, simply is not accurate, as can be readily seen by consulting the Chadwyck-Healey Full-Text English Poetry Database, which of course cannot detect allusions but is quite capable of calculating the number of total entries and number of different poets who refer **by proper name** to selected Romantic era writers. Here is the tabulation for Hemans in comparison with some other poets of the period. She was not so often referred to as Byron, Wordsworth, or Shelley, being more or less in the same category as Letitia Elizabeth Langdon (1802-1838):

COMPARATIVE OBSCURITY

Poet	1800-1835		1835-1870		1870-1900	
	entries	poets	entries	poets	entries	poets
BYRON	304	64	213	45	120	40
WORDSWORTH	232	54	173	55	139	35

2. Meanwhile, she and Captain Hemans were also making babies.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

COMPARATIVE OBSCURITY

SHELLEY	44	14	88	38	195	44
HEMANS	16	13	13	10	1	1
L.E. LANGDON	9	6	23	12	0	0

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



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1817



[Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#)'s MODERN GREECE (anonymous), a poem opposing [George Gordon, Lord Byron](#) on the topic of the Elgin Marbles.

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1818



The immensely popular British Romantic poet, [Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Brown Hemans](#), and her husband Captain Alfred Hemans went their separate ways. In that era in which –quite unlike our own era– it was normal for a father to retain possession of his own children, in this case it was the mother who was allowed the custody of the five children produced by this union.

In this year Mrs. Hemans produced her TRANSLATIONS FROM [CAMOENS](#), AND OTHER POETS, WITH ORIGINAL POETRY.



HDT

WHAT?

INDEX

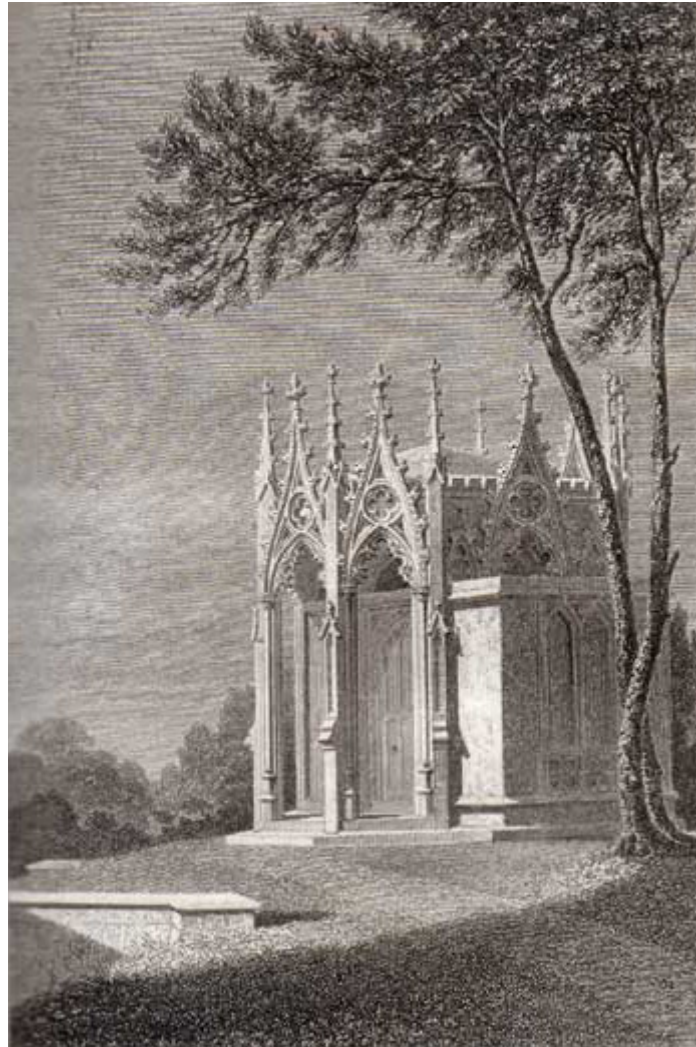
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



April: [Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#)'s "Stanzas on the Death of Princes Charlotte" were published in BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. And here is the exterior of her tomb:



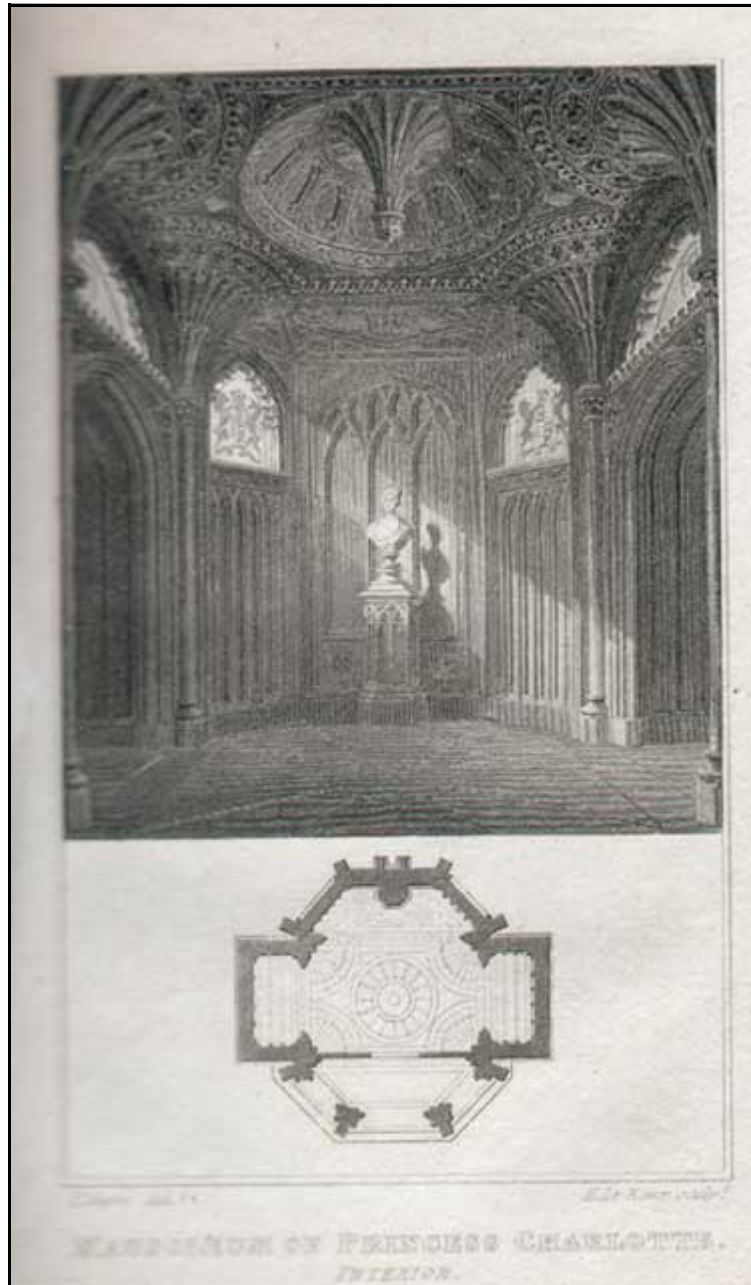


THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

The interior of this tomb:





THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1819



Mrs. [Felicia Dorothea Hemans](#)'s TALES AND HISTORIC SCENES IN VERSE; "Wallace's Invocation to Bruce" was chosen to accompany the Wallace Monument in Edinburgh.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1820



[Felicia Dorothea Hemans](#)'s "Stanzas to the Memory of the Late King," and her THE SKEPTIC attacking [George Gordon, Lord Byron](#) and [Percy Bysshe Shelley](#).



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1822



[Felicia Dorothea Hemans](#)'s SONGS OF CID, and her WELSH MELODIES featuring music by John Parry.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1824



December 9, Thursday: The revolutionary forces of Peru led by Antonio José de Sucre decisively defeated the forces of their Spanish overlords near Ayacucho, southeast of Lima. The Spanish would be thrown out of the American mainland, in the north, in the central region, and in the south. Spain still would retain control, however, over two major islands of the West Indies: Cuba and Puerto Rico.

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

5th day 9th of 12 M / This morning before meeting a season of feeling - & at meeting a season of some favour - tho' thought which I wished to be clear of would intrude upon me. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1825



[Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#)'s THE FOREST SANCTUARY and LAYS OF MANY LANDS.

Mrs. Hemans was being besieged with invitations to contribute to gift-book annuals.



FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1827



[Thomas Hood](#), second series of WHIMS AND ODDITIES, THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES (with homage to Keats), HERO AND LEANDER, LYCUS THE CENTAUR, NATIONAL TALES.



[Felicia Dorothea Hemans](#) negotiated with Blackwood's to be paid over 1 pound per sheet of poetry — which was more than was being paid to either Hood or, for that matter, [Sir Walter Scott](#).



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1829

➡ [Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#)'s THE FOREST SANCTUARY was republished with new lyrics.

Maria Jane Jewsbury dedicated her LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS to [Mrs. Hemans](#).

➡ October: Francis Jeffrey reviewed [Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#) in the Edinburgh Review, arguing that she was some sort of female [William Wordsworth](#).



(not a deathmask, this was a “lifemask” of Wordsworth)



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1830



[Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#)'s SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS, RECORDS OF WOMAN (3d ed.)



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1832



THE POETICAL WORKS OF [MRS. F. HEMANS](#) (Philadelphia: Thos. T. Ash). [Henry Thoreau](#) would extract the phrase “freedom to worship God” from “The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England” and “The Voice of Music” for use in [A WEEK](#).

LANDING OF FATHERS

THE VOICE OF MUSIC



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

A WEEK: Some spring the white man came, built him a house, and made a clearing here, letting in the sun, dried up a farm, piled up the old gray stones in fences, cut down the pines around his dwelling, planted orchard seeds brought from the old country, and persuaded the civil apple-tree to blossom next to the wild pine and the juniper, shedding its perfume in the wilderness. Their old stocks still remain. He culled the graceful elm from out the woods and from the river-side, and so refined and smoothed his village plot. He rudely bridged the stream, and drove his team afield into the river meadows, cut the wild grass, and laid bare the homes of beaver, otter, muskrat, and with the whetting of his scythe scared off the deer and bear. He set up a mill, and fields of English grain sprang in the virgin soil. And with his grain he scattered the seeds of the dandelion and the wild trefoil over the meadows, mingling his English flowers with the wild native ones. The bristling burdock, the sweet-scented catnip, and the humble yarrow planted themselves along his woodland road, they too seeking "freedom to worship God" in their way. And thus he plants a town. The white man's mullein soon reigned in Indian cornfields, and sweet-scented English grasses clothed the new soil. Where, then, could the Red Man set his foot? The honey-bee hummed through the Massachusetts woods, and sipped the wild-flowers round the Indian's wigwam, perchance unnoticed, when, with prophetic warning, it stung the Red child's hand, forerunner of that industrious tribe that was to come and pluck the wild-flower of his race up by the root. The white man comes, pale as the dawn, with a load of thought, with a slumbering intelligence as a fire raked up, knowing well what he knows, not guessing but calculating; strong in community, yielding obedience to authority; of experienced race; of wonderful, wonderful common sense; dull but capable, slow but persevering, severe but just, of little humor but genuine; a laboring man, despising game and sport; building a house that endures, a framed house. He buys the Indian's moccasins and baskets, then buys his hunting-grounds, and at length forgets where he is buried and ploughs up his bones. And here town records, old, tattered, time-worn, weather-stained chronicles, contain the Indian sachem's mark perchance, an arrow or a beaver, and the few fatal words by which he deeded his hunting-grounds away.

PEOPLE OF
A WEEK

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.³

“Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.”
— CHILDE HAROLD.

WHENCE is the might of thy master-spell ?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound ! and tell :
How canst thou wake, by one gentle breath,
Passionate visions of love and death ?

How call'st thou back, with a note, a sigh,
Words and low tones from the days gone by —
A sunny glance, or a fond farewell ? —
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound ! and tell.

What is thy power, from the soul's deep spring
In sudden gushes the tears to bring ?
Even midst the swells of thy festal glee,
Fountains of sorrow are stirr'd by thee !

Vain are those tears ! vain and fruitless all —
Showers that refresh not, yet still must fall ;
For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,
For a brighter home while the spirit yearns !

Something of mystery there surely dwells,
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells ;
Something that finds not its answer here —
A chain to be clasp'd in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep
Through the stream of thy triumphs is heard to sweep,
Like a moan of the breeze through a summer sky —
Like a name of the dead when the wind foams high !

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught
With vain remembrance and troubled thought ;
Speak ! for thou tellest my soul that its birth
Links it with regions more bright than earth.

3. The reference of “freedom to worship God” is said by Professor Sattelmeyer to be a reference to the Hemans poem “The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England,” and yet this seems to me to have been far too common a phrase to be definitively attributed in such a manner to one singular source. Also, the reference to the poem “The Voice of Music” is asserted by Sattelmeyer to be on page 175 of Thoreau's text, and I have been unable to locate such a reference.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1834



[Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#)'s NATIONAL LYRICS AND SONGS FOR MUSIC; SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE WITH OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS (dedicated to William Wordsworth); HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD; paper on [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe](#)'s "*Torquato Tasso*" as it appeared in *New Monthly*.⁴

At some point prior to 1835 the Reverend [William Ellery Channing](#) visited this poet in her home near Windermere and commented that he had heard her hymn "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England" sung by a large crowd, on the spot where allegedly the Pilgrims had landed.



But when she asked him about this "stern and rock-bound" coast this divine was forced to advise her that it was actually nothing more than a low strip of featureless sand — and the poet began to sob. One wonders what would have happened had the Reverend gone on to advise her that in addition this American town stood at the mouth of no River Plym.⁵



FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

4. The play had been created in 1790 and would be translated into English in 1861.

5. And what would her reaction have been had she learned that the white Plymouth Rock is a strain of domestic poultry raised for broiler meat and brown eggs? (but that wouldn't begin until 1865 when the Dominic strain and the Black Cochon strain of chickens would be crossed to produce the 1st novelty version, the Barred Plymouth Rock).



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

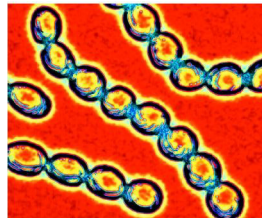
MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1835



May 16, Saturday: [Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#), the immensely popular British romantic poet who had for many years been issuing one or more books of poetry per year, died in Dublin, Ireland at the age of 42, reportedly of [tuberculosis](#) complicated by [scarlet fever](#).



The Reverend [Henry C. Wright](#) went to the downtown Boston office of the Garrisonians (this may have happened on the 16th, or it may have happened on the 18th), waited around until someone showed up, and asked to sign up for membership in the antislavery crusade.

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

*7th day 15th [sic] Spent this day in much sweetness of feeling
& in resting after our journey, finding our new acquaintance
highly interesting & affectionately disposed towards us. –*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1842

[Charles James Fox](#)'s and the Reverend Samuel Osgood's edition THE [NEW HAMPSHIRE](#) BOOK. BEING SPECIMENS OF THE LITERATURE OF THE GRANITE STATE (Nashua, New Hampshire: H.D. Marshall; Nashville, New Hampshire: Charles T. Gill, 1844).

STORIES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

On the title page of this collection you will note an extract from a poem. The poem is [Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#)'s "Hymn of the Vaudois Mountaineers in Times of Persecution," about the [Waldensians](#):

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge,
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where thy still, small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forest,
That by thy breath are stirr'd;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we, for thy communion,
Have sought the mountain sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain,
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves:
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence,



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee.
Our God, our fathers' God!



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1854

February/March to April/May: [Henry Thoreau](#) was working on his 8th draft of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), the G copy that was sent to the typesetter which evidently the printer threw away after the setting of the type. The paragraph about being able to live in the present always, about how this capability constitutes a “blessing,” the paragraph which now appears on page 314, underwent radical condensation and focusing so that there could no longer be any misreading that sometimes things can be very nice for us, and that when things are nice, such as on sunny days, we should hedonistically pay attention to this transitory niceness of nature:



We should be blessed if we lived in the present always, and took advantage of every accident that befell us, like the grass which confesses the influence of the slightest dew that falls on it; and did not spend our time in atoning for the neglect of past opportunities, which we call doing our duty. We loiter in winter while it is already spring.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

WALDEN A → G

Likewise the phrase I have emphasized in the material from [WALDEN](#) which follows, evidently added to the “Bean-Field” chapter of the manuscript by Thoreau at the last because it is not to be found in any existing draft despite the fact that the paragraph that precedes this material had been in the manuscript from the very beginning. This phrase is a paraphrase from [Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#)’s popular poem “The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England,” which Thoreau had already accessed for [A WEEK](#):





THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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

I felt proud to know that the liberties of Massachusetts and of our fatherland were in such safe keeping; and as I turned to my hoeing again I was filled with an inexpressible confidence, and pursued my labor cheerfully with a calm trust in the future.

When there were several bands of musicians, it sounded as if the village was a vast bellows, and all the buildings expanded and collapsed alternately with a din. But sometimes it was a really noble and inspiring strain that reached these woods, and the trumpet that sings of fame, and I felt as if I could spit a Mexican with a good relish, -for why should we always stand for trifles?-and looked round for a woodchuck or a skunk to exercise my chivalry upon. These martial strains seemed as far away as Palestine, and reminded me of a march of crusaders in the horizon, with a slight tantivy and tremulous motion of the elm-tree tops which overhang the village. This was one of the *great* days; though the sky had from my clearing only the same everlastingly great look that it wears daily, and I saw no difference in it.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

VIRGIL

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

WAR ON MEXICO

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore.
Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpets that sing of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free;
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home!
There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.
What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found
Freedom to worship God!



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself. I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say that characters were engraven on the bathing tub of king Tching-thang to this effect: "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again." I can understand that. Morning brings back the heroic ages. I was as much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito making its visible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn, when I was sitting with door and windows open, as I could be by **any trumpet that ever sang of fame**. It was Homer's requiem; itself an Iliad and Odyssey in the air, singing its own wrath and wanderings. There was something cosmical about it; a standing advertisement, till forbidden, of the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world. The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour. Then there is least somnolence in us; and for an hour, at least, some part of us awakes, which slumbers all the rest of the day and night. Little is to be expected of that day, if it can be called a day, to which we are not awakened by our Genius, but by the mechanical nudgings of some servitor, are not awakened by our own newly-acquired force and aspirations from within, accompanied by the undulations of celestial music, instead of factory bells, and a fragrance filling the air -to a higher life than we fell asleep from; and thus the darkness bear its fruit, and prove itself to be good, no less than the light. That man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier, more sacred, and auroral hour than he has yet profaned, has despaired of life, and is pursuing a descending and darkening way. After a partial cessation of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day, and his Genius tries again what noble life it can make. All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere. The Vedas say, "All intelligences awake with the morning." Poetry and art, and the fairest and most memorable of the actions of men, date from such an hour. All poets and heroes, like Memnon, are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labors of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. ...



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Draft G of the third paragraph of the Hollowell Farm ruminations, destined for the 2d chapter of WALDEN:

The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were; ^{1st} its complete retirement, being about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by a broad field; ^{2ndly} its bounding on the river, ^{^which the owner said ~~by its fogs~~ protected it ^{^by its fogs} from frosts in the spring, ^{^though that was nothing to me} but his words suggested more than was meant ^{^other values [?] than he suspected}; ^{3rdly} the gray color and ~~pleasing ruin~~ ^{^ruinous state} of the house and barn, ~~putting such an interval between me and the last occupant~~ and the dilapidated & picturesque fences, ^{^which put such an interval between me and the last occupant}; ^{4thly} the hollow and lichen-covered apple trees, gnawed by rabbits, ~~proving that there were rabbits there to gnaw them~~ ^{^suggesting ^showing what kind of neighbors I should have}; but ~~5thly &~~ above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples ~~which stood between it & the river~~ ^{^water}, through which I heard the house-dog bark. ~~Though it afforded no western prospect~~ I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out ~~the~~ ^{^some} rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture, or, in short, had made any more of his improvements.}

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



COPYRIGHT NOTICE: In addition to the property of others, such as extensive quotations and reproductions of images, this "read-only" computer file contains a great deal of special work product of Austin Meredith, copyright ©2015. Access to these interim materials will eventually be offered for a fee in order to recoup some of the costs of preparation. My hypercontext button invention which, instead of creating a hypertext leap through hyperspace –resulting in navigation problems– allows for an utter alteration of the context within which one is experiencing a specific content already being viewed, is claimed as proprietary to Austin Meredith – and therefore freely available for use by all. Limited permission to copy such files, or any material from such files, must be obtained in advance in writing from the "Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project, 833 Berkeley St., Durham NC 27705. Please contact the project at <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.

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

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



Prepared: January 8, 2015



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE



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



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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

First come first serve. There is no charge.

Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.