

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN:

HONORÉ-GABRIEL RIQUETI, *COMTE DE MIRABEAU*



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

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1749

March 9, Thursday (1748, Old Style): Honoré-Gabriel Riqueti (who would become the *comte de* [Mirabeau](#)) was born.

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT



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#### 1788

The Reverend [Pierre Étienne Louis Dumont](#) visited Paris with Sir Samuel Romilly. They stayed only a couple of months, but during that period Dumont interacted on almost a daily basis with [Honoré Gabriel Riqueti, comte de Mirabeau](#).



On their return from Paris Dumont made the acquaintance of [Jeremy Bentham](#). Becoming enthusiastic over the writings of Bentham, he schemed to bring them out in a truncated French version suitable for the general public.

**DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.**



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1789

Summer: At the request of the Genevan exiles in London, [Pierre Étienne Louis Dumont](#) formed an intent to return to Paris, in the company of M. Duroverai, ex-attorney of the republic of [Geneva](#), and obtain, through their countryman Necker, who had just returned to office, an unrestricted restoration of Genevese liberty, by cancelling the treaty of guarantee between France and [Switzerland](#) which prevented the republic from enacting new laws without the consent of the parties to this treaty, and journeyed again to Paris. There he necessarily came into connection with most of the leading men in the Constituent Assembly, and enjoyed (?) a front-row seat in the events of the French Revolution. He was able to renew his acquaintance with [Mirabeau](#), finding him now occupied both with his duties as a deputy and with writing for his journal, the [Courier de Provence](#). Dumont would begin to actively supply this journal with reports and with original articles, and also would begin to ghost-write speeches for Mirabeau to read in the assembly (we can view this activity in the posthumous edition *SOUVENIRS SUR MIRABEAU*, of 1832).

**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.**



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1791

March: Discouraged by recent French political developments and by the poor financial situation of the Courier de Provence, and stung by an accusation that he not only ghosted speeches for Mirabeau but also personally endorsed his policies, Pierre Étienne Louis Dumont returned to England. For a couple of years he would oscillate back and forth between London and Paris.

April 2, Saturday: The enormously popular French orator Honoré-Gabriel Riqueti died shortly before being found out. (The people he had been betraying to the French crown would have to find a way to be content with attempting to humiliate his dry bones, and dry bones simply don't humiliate at all well.)

WALDEN: It is said that Mirabeau took to highway robbery "to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society." He declared that "a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a foot-pad," -"that honor and religion have never stood in the way of a well-considered and firm resolve." This was manly, as the world goes; and yet it was idle, if not desperate. A saner man would have found himself often enough "in formal opposition" to what are deemed "the most sacred laws of society," through obedience to yet more sacred laws, and so have tested his resolution without going out of his way. It is not for a man to put himself in such an attitude to society, but to maintain himself in whatever attitude he find himself through obedience to the laws of his being, which will never be one of opposition to a just government, if he should chance to meet with such.

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THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



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1802



Under the close editorship of the Reverend [Pierre Étienne Louis Dumont](#), [Jeremy Bentham](#)'s *TRAITÉ DE LEGISLATION CIVILE ET PÉNALE* (Paris, three volumes). At about this point, Dumont was writing his *SOUVENIRS SUR [MIRABEAU](#)*, which would be published only posthumously, and would be read by [Henry Thoreau](#).



*SOUVENIRS SUR MIRABEAU*



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**WALDEN:** It is said that Mirabeau took to highway robbery "to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society." He declared that "a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a foot-pad," -"that honor and religion have never stood in the way of a well-considered and firm resolve." This was manly, as the world goes; and yet it was idle, if not desperate. A saner man would have found himself often enough "in formal opposition" to what are deemed "the most sacred laws of society," through obedience to yet more sacred laws, and so have tested his resolution without going out of his way. It is not for a man to put himself in such an attitude to society, but to maintain himself in whatever attitude he find himself through obedience to the laws of his being, which will never be one of opposition to a just government, if he should chance to meet with such.

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CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1832



Posthumous publication of [Pierre Étienne Louis Dumont](#)'s *SOUVENIRS SUR MIRABEAU*, which had been written in about 1802. In 1835 college student [David Henry Thoreau](#) would check out from the [Harvard College](#) library the English edition, RECOLLECTIONS OF MIRABEAU, AND OF THE TWO FIRST LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES OF FRANCE. BY ETIENNE DUMONT, OF GENEVA (London: Edward Bull, Holles Street).

*SOUVENIRS SUR MIRABEAU*

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





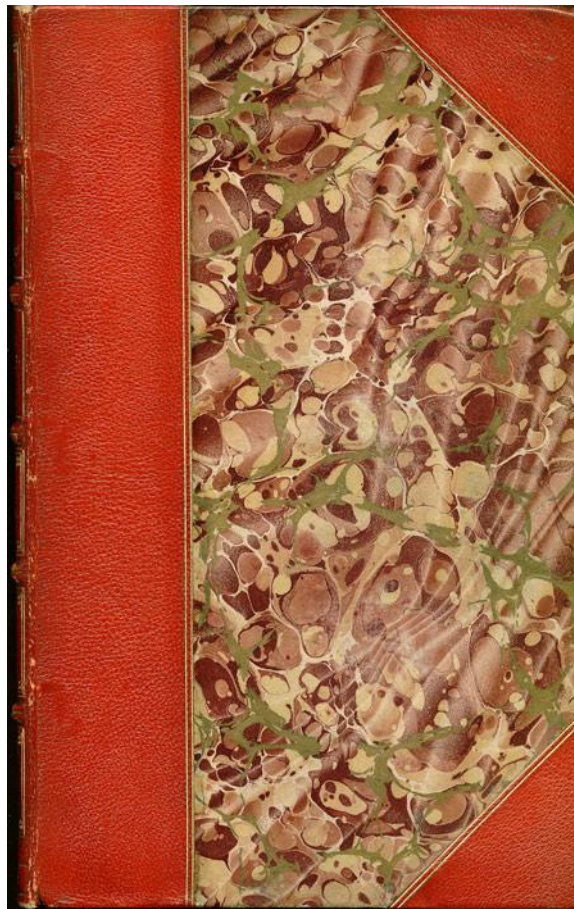
## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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1835

→ January 13, Tuesday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), [Pierre Étienne Louis Dumont](#)'s RECOLLECTIONS OF [MIRABEAU](#), AND OF THE TWO FIRST LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES OF FRANCE (London: Edward Bull, 1832).



### RECOLLECTIONS OF MIRABEAU

[Thoreau](#) also checked out John Ranking's HISTORICAL RESEARCHES ON THE CONQUEST OF PERU, MEXICO, BOGOTA, NATCHEZ, AND TALOMEKO, IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, BY THE MONGOLS, ACCOMPANIED WITH ELEPHANTS; AND THE LOCAL AGREEMENT OF HISTORY AND TRADITION, WITH THE REMAINS OF ELEPHANTS AND MASTODONTES, FOUND IN THE NEW WORLD (London: Longman & Company, 1827).<sup>1</sup>

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



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According to the records of the [“Institute of 1770”](#) at [Harvard College](#), there was a brief business meeting.

1. According to Ranking, in the 13th Century Mongols came over to America from Asia and, relying upon the American mammoth, not yet extinct, as their engine of war, conquered the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru. –Uh, prof, would that be the 13th Century AD, or BC?

The historian Hubert H. Bancroft has attempted an explanation of Ranking’s fantasy:

In the thirteenth century the Mongol emperor Kublai Khan sent a formidable armament against Japan. The expedition failed, and the fleet was scattered by a violent tempest. Some of the ships, it is said, were cast upon the coast of Peru, and their crews are supposed to have founded the mighty empire of the Incas, conquered three centuries later by Pizarro. Mr. John Ranking, who leads the van of theorists in this direction, has written a goodly volume upon this subject, which certainly, if read by itself, ought to convince the reader as satisfactorily that America was settled by Mongols, as Kingsborough’s work that it was reached by the Jews, or Jones’s argument that the Tyrians had a hand in its civilization. That a Mongol fleet was sent against Japan, and that it was dispersed by a storm, is matter of history; but that any of the distressed ships were driven upon the coast of Peru can be but mere conjecture, since no news of such an arrival ever reached Asia.



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**1840**

[Percy Bysshe Shelley](#)'s ESSAYS, LETTERS FROM ABROAD, TRANSLATIONS AND FRAGMENTS, and A DEFENCE OF POETRY.

[Mary Godwin Wollstonecraft Shelley](#)'s LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT FRENCH WRITERS ... (Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard).<sup>2</sup>



**EMINENT FRENCH WRITERS, I**  
**EMINENT FRENCH WRITERS, II**

Mary Shelley's timelines for the lives of these writers:

<a href="#">Montaigne</a> 1533-1592	<a href="#">Rabelais</a> 1483-1553	<a href="#">Corneille</a> 1606-1684	<a href="#">Rochefoucauld</a> 1613-1680	<a href="#">Molière</a> 1622-1673	<a href="#">La Fontaine</a> 1621-1695
<a href="#">Pascal</a> 1623-1662	<a href="#">Madame de Sévigné</a> 1626-1696	<a href="#">Boileau</a> 1636-1711	<a href="#">Racine</a> 1639-1699	<a href="#">Fénélon</a> 1651-1715	<a href="#">Voltaire</a> 1694-1778
<a href="#">Rousseau</a> 1712-1778	<a href="#">Condorcet</a> 1744-1794	<a href="#">Mirabeau</a> 1749-1791	<a href="#">Madame Roland</a> 1754-1793	<a href="#">Madame De Staël</a> 1766-1817	



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The Kouroo Contexture's thumbnails for the lives of these writers:

<u><i>Michel de Montaigne</i></u>	<u><i>François Rabelais</i></u>	<u><i>Pierre Corneille</i></u>	<u><i>François VI, duc de la Rochefoucauld, prince de Marcillac</i></u>	<u><i>Jean-Baptiste Poquelin (Molière)</i></u>	<u><i>Jean de La Fontaine</i></u>
<u><i>Blaise Pascal</i></u>	<u><i>Madame de Sévigné</i></u>	<u><i>Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux</i></u>	<u><i>Jean Racine</i></u>	<u><i>François de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénélon</i></u>	<u><i>François-Marie Arouet (Voltaire)</i></u>
<u><i>Jean-Jacques Rousseau</i></u>	<u><i>Marie-Jean-Antoine-Nicolas de Caritat, marquis de Condorcet</i></u>	<u><i>Honoré Gabriel Riqueti, comte de Mirabeau</i></u>	<u><i>Marie-Jeanne Roland de la Platière (Madame Roland)</i></u>	<u><i>Anne-Louise-Germaine Necker, baronne de Staël-Holstein (Madame De Staël)</i></u>	

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### 1851

July 21, Monday: An article containing material on Honoré-Gabriel Riqueti, *comte de Mirabeau* which had been obtained by way of [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal](#) appeared in the American [Harper's Monthly Gentleman's](#)



CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

[Magazine](#) (I, 648) and [Henry Thoreau](#) was intrigued enough by this French *desperado*-wannabee to copy quotes into his journal. One of these quotes, or part of it, would eventually find its way into the concluding chapter of [WALDEN](#):

[WALDEN](#): It is said that Mirabeau took to highway robbery "to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society." He declared that "a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a foot-pad," -"that honor and religion have never stood in the way of a well-considered and firm resolve." This was manly, as the world goes; and yet it was idle, if not desperate. A saner man would have found himself often enough "in formal opposition" to what are deemed "the most sacred laws of society," through obedience to yet more sacred laws, and so have tested his resolution without going out of his way. It is not for a man to put himself in such an attitude to society, but to maintain himself in whatever attitude he find himself through obedience to the laws of his being, which will never be one of opposition to a just government, if he should chance to meet with such.

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MIRABEAU

[Thoreau](#) referenced a snippet from [Richard Lovelace](#)'s "To Althea from Prison" in his journal, and also wrote that "With most men, life is postponed to some trivial business, and so therefore is heaven. Men think foolishly they may abuse and misspend as they please and when they get to heaven turn over a new leaf."



July 21, Monday: 8 AM The forenoon is fuller of light. The butterflies on the flowers look like other & frequently larger flowers themselves. Now I yearn for one of those old meandering dry uninhabited roads

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which lead away from towns –which lead us away from temptation, which conduct to the outside of earth –over its uppermost crust –where you may forget in what country you are travelling –where no farmer can complain that you are treading down his grass –no gentleman who has recently constructed a seat in the country that you are trespassing –on which you can go off at half cock –and waive adieu to the village –along which you may travel like a pilgrim –going nowhither. Where travellers are not too often to be met. Where my spirit is free – where the walls & fences are not cared for –where your head is more in heaven than your feet are on earth<sup>3</sup> – which have long reaches –where you can see the approaching traveller half a mile off and be prepared for him –not so luxuriant a soil as to attract men –some root and stump fences which do not need attention– Where travellers have no occasion to stop –but pass along and leave you to your thoughts– Where it makes no odds which way you face whether you are going or coming –whether it is morning or evening –mid noon or mid-night– Where earth is cheap enough by being public. Where you can walk and think with least obstruction – there being nothing to measure progress by. Where you can pace when your breast is full and cherish your moodiness. Where you are not in false relations with men –are not dining nor conversing with them. By which you may go to the uttermost parts of the earth– It is wide enough –wide as the thoughts it allows to visit you. Some-times it is some particular half dozen rods which I wish to find myself pacing over –as where certain airs blow then my life will come to me methinks like a hunter I walk in wait for it. When I am against this bare promontory of a hucklebery hill then forsooth my thoughts will expand. Is it some influence as a vapor which exhales from the ground, or something in the gales which blow there or in all things there brought together agreeably to my spirit? The walls must not be too high imprisoning me –but low with numerous –gaps– The trees must not be too numerous nor the hills too near bounding the view –nor the soil too rich attracting the attention to the earth– It must simply be the way and the life. A way that was never known to be repaired nor to need repair within the memory of the oldest inhabitant–<sup>4</sup> I cannot walk habitually in those ways that are

3. William M. White's version would be:

*Now I yearn for one of those old, meandering,  
Dry, uninhabited roads,  
Which lead away from towns,  
Which lead us away from temptation,  
Which conduct to the outside of earth,  
Over its uppermost crust;  
Where you may forget in what country you are travelling;  
Where no farmer can complain  
That you are treading down his grass,  
No gentleman  
Who has recently constructed a seat in the country  
That you are trespassing;  
On which you can go off at half-cock  
And wave adieu to the village;  
Along which you may travel like a pilgrim,  
Going nowhither;  
Where travellers are not too often to be met;  
Where my spirit is free;  
Where the walls and fences are not cared for;  
Where your head is more in heaven  
Than your feet are on earth....*

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liable to be repaired, for sure it was the devil only that wore them –never by the heel of thinkers (of thought) were they worn –the zephyrs could repair that damage. The saunterer wears out no road –even though he travel on it –& therefore should pay no highway tax –he may be taxed to construct a higher way than men travel. A way which no geese defile nor hiss along it –but only some times their wild brethren [**Canada Goose** ***Branta canadensis***] fly far overhead –which the king bird [**Eastern Kingbird** ***Tyrannus tyrannus***] & the swallow ***Hirundo*** twitter over –& the song sparrow [**Melospiza** ***melodia***] sings on its rails. where the small red butterfly is at home on the yarrow –& no boys threaten it with imprisoning hat. There I can walk & stalk & pace & plod– Which no body but Jonas Potter travels beside me –where no cow but his is tempted to linger for the herbage by its side– Where the guide board is fallen & now the hand points to heaven significantly –to a sudbury & Marlborough in the skies. That’s a road I can travel that the particular sudbury I am bound for 6 miles an hour or 2 as you please– And few there be that enter thereon. There I can walk and recover the lost child that I am without any ringing of a bell– Where there was nothing ever discovered to detain a traveller but all went through about their business– Where I never passed the time of day with any –indifferent to me were the arbitrary divisions of time– Where Tullus Hostilius might have disappeared –at any rate has never been seen The road to the corner –the ninety & nine acres that you go through to get there I would rather see it again though I saw it this morning, than Gray’s churchyard. The road whence you may hear a stake driver [**American Bittern** ***Botaurus lentiginosus***] –a whipporwill [**Whip-Poor-Will** ***Caprimulgus Vociferus***] –a quail [**Northern Bobwhite** ***Colinus Virginianus***] in a mid summer day –a yes a quail comes nearest to the gum C bird heard there– Where it would not be sport for a sportsman to go.– (and the may weed looks up in my face –not there) the pale lobelia & the Canada Snap Dragon rather. a little hard hack & meadow sweet peeps over the fence –nothing more serious to obstruct the view– And thimble berries are the food of thought –before the droubt along by the walls.

It is they who go to Brighton & to market that wear out the roads –& they should pay all the tax –the deliberate pace of a thinker never made a road the worse for travelling on. There I have freedom in my thought & in my soul am free– Excepting the omnipresent butcher with his calf cart –followed by a distracted & anxious cow– Be it known that in Concord where the first forcible resistance to British aggression was made in the year 1775 they chop up the young calves & give them to the hens to make them lay –it being considered the cheapest & most profitable food for them –& they sell the milk to Boston.

On the promenade deck of the world –an outside passenger– The inattentive ever strange baker –whom no weather detains that does not bake his bread in this hemisphere –and therefore it is dry before it gets here– Ah there is a road where you might advertise to fly –& make no preparations till the time comes where your wings will sprout if anywhere. where your feet are not confined to earth. An airy head makes light walking.

Where I am not confined & balked by the sight of distant farm houses which I have not gone past. In roads the obstructions are not under my feet –I care not for rough ground or wet even –but they are in my vision & in the thoughts or associations which I am compelled to entertain I must be fancy free– I must feel that wet or dry

4. William M. White’s version would be:

*The walls must not be too high,  
Imprisoning me,  
But low, with numerous gaps.  
The trees must not be too numerous,  
Nor the hills too near,  
Bounding the view,  
Nor the soil too rich,  
Attracting the attention to the earth.*

*It must simply be the way and the life, —  
A way that was never known to be repaired,  
Nor to need repair,  
Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.*



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high or low it is the genuine surface of the planet & not a little chip dirt or a compost heap –or made land or redeemed. Where I can sit by the wall side and not be peered at by any old ladies going a shopping –not have to bow to one whom I may have seen in my youth –at least not more than once –I am engaged and cannot be polite.

Did you ever hear of such a thing as a man sitting in the road –& then have four eyes levelled at you. Have we any more right sometimes to look at one than to point a revolver at him –it might go off –& so perchance we might *see* him –which would be equally fatal –if it **should** ever happen –though perhaps it never has.–

A thinker's weight is in his thought not in his tread –when he thinks freely his body weighs nothing. He cannot tread down your grass farmers.

I thought to walk this forenoon instead of this afternoon –for I have not been in the fields & woods much of late except when surveying –but the least affair of that kind is as if you had black veil drawn over your face which shut out nature as that eccentric & melancholy minister whom I have heard of. It may be the fairest day in all the year & you shall not know it –one little chore to do –one little commission to fulfil –one message to carry would spoil heaven itself. Least of all is the lover **engaged!** And all you get is your dollars– To go forth before the heat is intolerable –and see what is the difference between forenoon & afternoon. It seems there is a little more coolness in the air; there is still some dew even on this short grass in the shade of the walls & woods –and a feeling of vigor the walker has. There are few sounds but the slight twittering of swallows & the **springy** note of the sparrow in the grass or trees –& a lark [**Eastern Meadowlark** ***Sturnella magna***] in the meadow (now at 8 AM) and the cricket under all to ally the hour to night. Day is in fact about as still as night. draw the veil of night over this landscape and these sounds would not disturb nor be inconsistent for their loudness with the night. It is a difference of white & black. Nature is in a white sleep. It threatens to be a hot day & the haymakers are whetting their scythes in the fields where they have been out since 4 o'clock. When I have seen them in the twilight commencing their labors, I have been impressed as if it were last night. There is something ghastly about such very early labor. I cannot detect the whole & characteristic difference between this and afternoon –though it is positive & decided enough –as my instincts know.

By two o'clock it will be warmer & hazier obscuring the mts, & the leaves will curl –& the dust will rise more readily. Every herb is fresher now –has recovered from yesterdays drought– The cooler air of night still lingers in the fields as by night the warm air of day. The noon is perchance the time to stay in the house.

There is no glory so bright but the veil of business can hide it effectually With most men life is postponed to some trivial business & so therefore is heaven. Men think foolishly they may abuse & misspend life as they please and when they get to heaven turn over a new leaf.

I see the track of a bare human foot in the dusty road, the toes & muscles all faithfully imprinted– Such a sight is so rare that it affects me with surprise as the foot print on the shore of Juan Fernandez did Crusoe– It is equally rare here I am affected as if some Indian or South Sea Islander had been along –some man who had a foot. I am slow to be convinced that any of my neighbors –the judge on the bench –the parson in the pulpit might have made that or some thing like it however irregular. It is pleasant as it is to see the tracks of cows & deer & birds. I am brought so much nearer to the tracker –when again I think of the sole of my own foot –than when I behold that of his shoe merely, or am introduced to him & converse with him in the usual way.

Men are very generally spoiled by being so civil and well disposed. You can have no profitable conversation with them they are so conciliatory –determined to agree with you. They exhibit such long suffering & kindness in a short interview. I would meet with some provoking strangeness. So that we may be guest and host & refresh one another. It is possible for a man wholly to disappear & be merged in his manners. The thousand and one gentlemen whom I meet I meet despairingly & but to part from them for I am not cheered by the hope of any rudeness from them. A cross man a coarse man an eccentric man a silent –a man who does not drill well of him there is some hope. Your gentlemen, they are all alike They utter their opinions as if it was not a man that uttered them. It is “just as you please” –they are indifferent to everything– They will talk with you for nothing. The interesting man will rather avoid –and it is a rare chance if you get so far as talk with him. The laborers whom I know –the loafers –fishers & hunters –I can spin yarns with profitably –for it is hands off –they are they & I am I still –they do not come to me & quarter themselves on me for an day or an hour to be treated politely –they do not cast themselves on me for entertainment –they do not approach me with a flag of truce. They do not go out of themselves to meet me. I am never electrified by my gentleman –he is not an electric eel, but one of the common kind that slip through your hands however hard you clutch them & leave them covered with slime.

He is a man every inch of him –is worth a groom–

To eat berries on the dry pastures of Conantum as if they were the food of thought –dry as itself. Berries are now thick enough to pick. 9 A M on Conantum

A quarter of a mile is distance enough to make the atmosphere look blue now. This is never the case in spring

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or early summer. It was fit that I should see an Indigo bird [**Indigo Bunting** [█](#) *Passerina cyanea*]<sup>5</sup> here concerned about its young –a perfect imbodiment of the darkest blue that ever fills the vallies at this season– The meadow grass reflecting the light has a bluish cast also.

Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth. i.e. Lay up a store of natural influences –sing while you may before the evil days come –he that hath ears let him hear –see –hear –smell –taste –&c while these senses are fresh & pure

There is always a kind of fine AEolian harp music to be heard in the air– I hear now as it were the mellow sound of distant horns in the hollow mansions of the upper air –a sound to make all men divinely insane that hear it – far away over head subsiding into my ear. to ears that are expanded what a harp this world is! The occupied ear thinks that beyond the cricket no sound can be heard –but there is an immortal melody that may be heard morning noon and night by ears that can attend & from time to time this man or that hears it –having ears that were made for music.<sup>6</sup> To hear this the hard hack & the meadow sweet **aspire** They are thus beautifully painted because they are tinged in the lower stratum of that melody.

I eat these berries as simply & naturally as thoughts come to my mind.

Never yet did I chance to sit in a house –except my own house in the woods –and hear a wood thrush [**Catharus** [█](#) *mustelina*] sing –would it not be well to sit in such a chamber –within sound of the finest songster of the grove?

The quail [**Northern Bobwhite** [█](#) *Colinus Virginianus*] –invisible –whistles –& who attends

10 A M– The white lily has opened how could it stand these heats –it has pantingly opened –and now lies stretched out by its too-long stem on the surface of the shrunken river. The air grows more & more blue.– making pretty effects when one wood is seen from another through a little interval. Some pigeons [**American Passenger Pigeon** [█](#) *Ectopistes migratorius*] here are resting in the thickest of the white pines during the heat of the day –migrating no doubt. They are unwilling to move for me. Flies buz and rain about my hat –& the dead twigs & leaves of the White pine which the choppers have left here exhale a dry & almost sickening scent. A cuckoo [**Black-billed Cuckoo** [█](#) *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*] chuckles half throttled on a neighboring tree – & now flying into the pine scares out a pigeon which flies with its handsome tail spread dashes this side and that between the trees helplessly like a ship carrying too much sail<sup>7</sup> in midst of a small creek some great amiral.– having no room to manoeuvre– A fluttering flight.

The mts can scarcely be seen for the blue haze only Wachusett and the near ones.

The thorny apple bush on Conantum has lately sent up branches from its top resolved to become a tree, & these spreading (and bearing fruit) the whole has the form of a vast hour-glass.– The lower part being the most dense by far you would say the sand had run out.

I now return through Conants leafy woods by the spring –whose floor is sprinkled with sun-light –low trees which yet effectually shade you

The dusty may weed now blooms by the roadside one of the humblest flowers.

The rough hawkweed too by the damp roadside –resembling in its flower the autumnal dandelion– That was probably the verbena hastata or com. blue vervain which I found the other day by Walden Pond The Antirrhinum Canadense Can. snap dragon in the Corner road. And the ragged Orchis on Conantum.

8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> PM

The streets of the village are much more interesting to me at this hour of a summer evening than by day. Neighbors and also farmers come ashopping after their day's haying are chatting in the streets and I hear the sound of many musical instruments and of singing from various houses. For a short hour or two the inhabitants are sensibly employed.

The evening is devoted to poetry such as the villagers can appreciate.

How rare to meet with a farmer who is a man of sentiment Yet there was one Gen. Joshua Buttrick who died the other day –who is said to have lived in his sentiments. He used to say that the smell of burning powder excited him.

It is said that **Mirabeau** took to highway robbery “to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society.” He declared that “a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad.” – “honor and religion have never stood in the way of a well considered & a firm resolve. Tell me, Du Saillant, when you lead your regiment into the heat of battle, to conquer a province to which he whom you call your master has no right whatever, do you consider that you are performing a better action than mine, in stopping your friend on the king's highway, and demanding his purse?”

“I obey without reasoning,” replied the count.

“And I reason without obeying, when obedience appears to me to be contrary to reason,” –rejoined **Mirabeau**.

5. **Thoreau's** “indigo-bird” of May 4, 1853 was a black-throated blue warbler *Dendroica caerulescens*.

[AEOLIAN HARP](#)



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

HONORÉ-GABRIEL RIQUETI

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Harpers New Month. vol 1st p 648 from Cham. Ed.– Journal

This was good & manly as the world goes– And yet it was desperate– A saner man would have found opportunities enough to put himself in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society and so test his resolution in the natural course of events without violating the laws of his own nature. It is not for a man to **put himself** in such an attitude to society –but to **maintain** himself in whatever attitude he find himself through obedience to the laws of his being. which will never be one of opposition to a just government. Cut the leather only where the shoe pinches– Let us not have a rabid virtue that will be revenged on society –that falls on it not like the morning dew but like the fervid noonday sun to wither it.

JONAS POTTER

JOSHUA BUTTRICK

DESPERATION

## “MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY

6. William M. White’s version would be:

*There is always a kind of fine æolian harp music  
To be heard in the air.  
I hear now, as it were,  
The mellow sound of distant horns  
In the hollow mansions of the upper air,  
A sound to make all men divinely insane that hear it,  
Far away overhead,  
Subsiding into my ear.*


*To ears that are expanded what a harp this world is!  
The occupied ear thinks that beyond the cricket  
No sound can be heard,  
But there is an immortal melody that may be heard  
Morning, noon, and night,  
By ears that can attend,  
And from time to time  
This man or that hears it,  
Having ears that were made for music.*



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:


HONORÉ-GABRIEL RIQUETI

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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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



7. William M. White's version would be:

*Flies buzz and rain about my hat,  
And the dead twigs and leaves of the white pine,  
Which the choppers have left here,  
Exhale a dry and almost sickening scent.*

*A cuckoo chuckles, half throttled,  
On a neighboring tree,  
And now, flying into the pine,  
Scares out a pigeon,  
Which flies with its handsome tail spread,  
Dashes this side and that  
Between the trees helplessly,  
Like a ship carrying too much sail...*



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

HONORÉ-GABRIEL RIQUETI

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Prepared: August 31, 2014



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

HONORÉ-GABRIEL RIQUETI

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:

HONORÉ-GABRIEL RIQUETI

**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.