

## PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN:

#### JOHN MILTON



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

[Henry Thoreau](#) has been well known for his attitude toward work, an attitude which he began to express while yet in college. We readily understand that he derived this attitude from Jesus's Sermon on the Mount ("Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.... Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.... Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these.") and the *GENESIS* story of the Garden of Eden. What is not so well understood is that we can trace this appreciation of such sources back into his college study of *PARADISE LOST*. It had been [John Milton](#)'s "take" on these materials that Thoreau had found persuasive.

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A WEEK: Still the drum rolled on, and stirred our blood to fresh extravagance that night. The clarion sound and clang of corselet and buckler were heard from many a hamlet of the soul, and many a knight was arming for the fight behind the encamped stars.

“Before each van  
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.”

Away! away! away! away!  
Ye have not kept your secret well,  
I will abide that other day,  
Those other lands ye tell.  
Has time no leisure left for these,  
The acts that ye rehearse?  
Is not eternity a lease  
For better deeds than verse?  
'T is sweet to hear of heroes dead,  
To know them still alive,  
But sweeter if we earn their bread,  
And in us they survive.  
Our life should feed the springs of fame  
With a perennial wave,  
As ocean feeds the babbling founts  
Which find in it their grave.  
Ye skies drop gently round my breast,  
And be my corselet blue,  
Ye earth receive my lance in rest,  
My faithful charger you;  
Ye stars my spear-heads in the sky,  
My arrow-tips ye are;  
I see the routed foemen fly,  
My bright spears fixed are.  
Give me an angel for a foe,  
Fix now the place and time,  
And straight to meet him I will go  
Above the starry chime.  
And with our clashing bucklers' clang  
The heavenly spheres shall ring,  
While bright the northern lights shall hang  
Beside our tourneying.  
And if she lose her champion true,  
Tell Heaven not despair,  
For I will be her champion new,  
Her fame I will repair.

PEOPLE OF  
A WEEK

MILTON



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

WALDEN: Philanthropy is almost the only virtue which is sufficiently appreciated by mankind. Nay, it is greatly overrated; and it is our selfishness which overrates it. A robust poor man, one sunny day here in Concord, praised a fellow-townsmen to me, because, as he said, he was kind to the poor; meaning himself. The kind uncles and aunts of the race are more esteemed than its true spiritual fathers and mothers. I once heard a reverend lecturer on England, a man of learning and intelligence, after enumerating her scientific, literary, and political worthies, Shakspeare, Bacon, Cromwell, Milton, Newton, and others, speak next of her Christian heroes, whom, as if his profession required it of him, he elevated to a place far above all the rest, as the greatest of the great. They were Penn, Howard, and Mrs. Fry. Every one must feel the falsehood and cant of this. The last were not England's best men and women; only, perhaps, her best philanthropists.

PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
SIR FRANCIS BACON  
OLIVER CROMWELL  
JOHN MILTON  
ISAAC NEWTON  
WILLIAM PENN  
JOHN HOWARD  
ELIZABETH FRY



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

**WALDEN:** While these things go up other things come down. Warned by the whizzing sound, I look up from my book and see some tall pine, hewn on far northern hills, which has winged its way over the Green Mountains and the Connecticut, shot like an arrow through the township within ten minutes, and scarce another eye beholds it; going

“to be the mast  
Of some great ammiral.”

And hark! here comes the cattle-train bearing the cattle of a thousand hills, sheepcots, stables, and cow-yards in the air, drovers with their sticks, and shepherd boys in the midst of their flocks, all but the mountain pastures, whirled along like leaves blown from the mountains by the September gales. The air is filled with the bleating of calves and sheep, and the hustling of oxen, as if a pastoral valley were going by. When the old bell-wether at the head rattles his bell, the mountains do indeed skip like rams and the little hills like lambs. A car-load of drovers, too, in the midst, on a level with their droves now, their vocation gone, but still clinging to their useless sticks as their badge of office. But their dogs, where are they? It is a stampede to them; they are quite thrown out; they have lost the scent. Methinks I hear them barking behind the Peterboro' Hills, or panting up the western slope of the Green Mountains. They will not be in at the death. Their vocation, too, is gone. Their fidelity and sagacity are below par now. They will slink back to their kennels in disgrace, or perchance run wild and strike a league with the wolf and the fox. So is your pastoral life whirled past and away. But the bell rings, and I must get off the track and let the cars go by;-

What's the railroad to me?  
I never go to see  
Where it ends.  
It fills a few hollows,  
And makes banks for the swallows,  
It sets the sand a-blowing,  
And the blackberries a-growing,

but I cross it like a cart-path in the woods. I will not have my eyes put out and my ears spoiled by its smoke and steam and hissing. Now that the cars are gone by, and all the restless world with them, and the fishes in the pond no longer feel their rumbling, I am more alone than ever. For the rest of the long afternoon, perhaps, my meditations are interrupted only by the faint rattle of a carriage or team along the distant highway.

PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

KING SOLOMON



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1608

December 9, Friday (Old Style): [John Milton](#) was born in [London](#).

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT





## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1623

[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 desert; 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.

NO-ONE'S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE



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## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

**JOHN MILTON**

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

**1625**

[John Milton](#) matriculated at [Christ College at Cambridge University](#).



**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:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1632

[John Milton](#) graduated with a scholastic M.A. from [Christ College at Cambridge University](#) and began private study in his father's home. His first works would be the poem "Lycidas" and the masque COMUS, a dramatization of the conflict between good and evil.



[Phineas Fletcher](#)'s theological treatises THE WAY TO BLESSEDNESS and JOY IN TRIBULATION (London: James Boler).

At London, performance of [John Ford](#)'s *Love's Sacrifice* (printed 1633).

There was talk of [Sir Kenelm Digby](#) becoming the secretary of state.

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT







## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1634

[John Milton](#)'s masque *COMUS*, a dramatization of the conflict between good and evil (published 1637).



[Thomas Heywood](#)'s *A MAYDEN-HEAD WELL LOST*, and, written with Richard Brome, *THE LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES*.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1641

[John Milton](#) became a pamphleteer for civil and religious liberties, in the cause of the Puritans.  
(In the government of [Oliver Cromwell](#), he would serve as secretary for foreign languages.)



- 1610 Henry IV. is murdered at Paris by Ravallac, a priest.
- 1611 Baronets first created in England by James I.
- 1614 Napier of Marcheston, in Scotland, invents the logarithms.  
Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London, from Ware.
- 1616 The first permanent settlement in Virginia.
- 1619 Dr. W. Harvey, an Englishman, discovers the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.
- 1620 The broad silk manufactory from raw silk introduced into England.
- 1621 New England planted by the Puritans.
- 1625 King James dies, and is succeeded by his son, Charles I.  
The island of Barbadoes, the first English settlement in the West Indies, is planted.
- 1632 The battle of Lutzen, in which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and head of the protestants in Germany, is killed,
- 1635 Province of Maryland planted by lord Baltimore.  
Regular posts established from London to Scotland, Ireland, &c.
- 1640 King Charles disoblges his Scottish subjects, on which their army, under general Lesley, enters England, and takes Newcastle, being encouraged by the malcontents in England.
- 1641 The massacre in Ireland, when 40,000 English protestants were killed.
- 1642 King Charles impeaches five members, who had opposed his arbitrary measures, which begins the civil war in England.
- 1643 Excise on beer, ale, &c. first imposed by parliament.
- 1649 Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, aged 49.
- 1654 Cromwell assumes the protectorship.
- 1655 The English, under admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.
- 1658 Cromwell dies, and is succeeded in the protectorship by his son Richard.
- 1660 King Charles II. is restored by Monk, commander of the army, after an exile of twelve years in France and Holland.



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1644

[John Milton](#)'s *AEROPAGITICA*: A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING, which was illegally dispersed through the underground London printing network; its spread was a vindication of the very argument it contained within itself.



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## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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1645

During this year in England fewer than 700 new book titles would be brought into circulation, but by the year 1648 that number would have grown to over 1,400. One of the fewer than 700 new titles this year, however, was a comparatively hot little number, [John Milton](#)'s *L'ALLEGRO*:

HENCE loathèd Melancholy  
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,  
In Stygian Cave forlorn  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy.  
Find out som uncouth cell,  
Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-Raven sings;  
There, under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,  
As ragged as thy Locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But com thou Goddes fair and free,  
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth  
With two sister Graces more  
To Ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;  
Or whether (as som Sager sing)  
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,  
Zephir with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a Maying,  
There on Beds of Violets blew,  
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blith, and debonair.  
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd Smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrincled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Com, and trip it as ye go  
On the light fantastick toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crue  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unprovèd pleasures free;  
To hear the Lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-towre in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to com in spight of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,  
Or the twisted Eglantine.  
While the Cock with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,  
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,  
Stoutly struts his Dames before,  
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn

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Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,  
From the side of som Hoar Hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
Som time walking not unseen  
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,  
Right against the Eastern gate,  
Wher the great Sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,  
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.  
While the Plowman neer at hand,  
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,  
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the Mower whets his sithe,  
And every Shepherd tells his tale  
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.  
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,  
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,  
Where the nibling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren brest  
The labouring clouds do often rest:  
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,  
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.  
Towers, and Battlements it sees  
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,  
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two agèd Okes,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savory dinner set  
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves;  
Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,  
Som times with secure delight  
The up-land Hamlets will invite,  
When the merry Bells ring round,  
And the jocond rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;  
And young and old com forth to play  
On a Sunshine Holyday,  
Till the live-long day-light fail,  
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How Faery Mab the junkets eat,  
She was pincht, and pull'd the sed,  
And he by Friars Lanthorn led  
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,  
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,  
His shadowy Flale hath thresh'd the Corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end,  
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend,  
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And Crop-full out of dores he flings,  
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.  
Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.  
Towred Cities please us then,

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And the busie humm of men,  
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,  
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of Ladies, whose bright eies  
Rain influence, and judge the prise  
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend  
To win her Grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique Pageantry,  
Such sights as youthfull Poets dream  
On Summer eeves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonsons learned Sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespear fancies childe,  
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,  
And ever against eating Cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,  
Married to immortal verse  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linckèd sweetnes long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running;  
Untwisting all the chains that ty  
The hidden soul of harmony.  
That Orpheus self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear  
Such streins as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half regain'd Eurydice.  
These delights, if thou canst give,  
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.





## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1651

During this and the following year [John Milton](#) would be losing his eyesight.



DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1654

[John Milton](#)'s THE SECOND DEFENSE OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT







## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1655

[John Milton](#)'s "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont." [Henry Thoreau](#) knew very well that he was descended from primitive Christians, the [Waldenses](#) and the [Huguenots](#) who had fled France to wherever in the world they could go—such as to [Saffron Walden](#) across the water in England in the first wave of diaspora in the 12th Century and to the vicinity of Mount Wachusett in the Massachusetts-Bay Colony across the water in America<sup>1</sup> in the second wave of diaspora in the 17th Century—antinomians in regard to whom Milton had penned the lines:

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine meadows cold.



1. As Thoreau reported in his Harvard classbook autobiography, he was a man "of French extract" whose ancestors had been forced to take "refuge in the isle of Jersey, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, by Lewis 14th, in the year 1685." Presumably the Thoreau family had fled from France to the isle of [Jersey](#) braving their fears of being sent to row in the galleys—for this was the usual penalty if detected—at roughly the same time that the Jacques Louis Guillet family had fled to that island in the English Channel, because the two families were intermarried. It is Jacques Thoreau's son Philippe who was the ancestor of Henry David. His daughter Jean's daughter Marie married Charles William Guillet in AD1796 and their son John Guillet emigrated in AD1832 to Cobourg on Lake Ontario east of Toronto, producing Edwin Clarence Guillet, the Canadian historian. Since the American branch of the Thoreau family came to an end with the unmarried generation of Helen, John, Henry, and Sophia, this Edwin Clarence Guillet (who died in 1974) was one of Henry David's few modern relatives. As we can see in the following footnote from page 230 of his *THE PIONEER FARMER AND BACKWOODSMAN* (Toronto: The Ontario Publishing Company, Ltd., 1963), he was quite proud of Henry although reluctant to brag about being a relative:

The period of the settlement of Upper Canada was too late for the inclusion of religious refugees among its settlers. But a large number of descendants of French [Huguenots](#), driven from France in the sixteen-eighties, came to the United States and Canada, where they have tended to retain an independent and non-conformist attitude. The greatest of them all, of course, is Henry David Thoreau, whose philosophy and example have been so influential in shaping the career of Gandhi, British labour leaders, and broader loyalties of every type throughout the world.





## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

In this year Milton began to compose PARADISE LOST.



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



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1660

August 27, Monday (Old Style): With the restoration of [Charles II](#) as monarch of England, [John Milton](#) had been placed under arrest as a notorious defender of the Commonwealth. He soon was released but on this date, at [Oxford](#), his *PRO POPULO ANGLICANO DEFENSIO* and *ICONOCLASTES* were consigned to the flames.



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1665

In about this year [John Milton](#) completed the composition of PARADISE LOST. In this poem he referred to a [comet](#) that burn'd "In th' Artick sky, and from its horrid hair / Shakes pestilence and war." He had been ten years of age when the second comet of the year 1618 had appeared, and he had evidently been well briefed on his culture's dread of comets as portents of misfortune.

ASTRONOMY



*John Milton*



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1667

Publication of [John Milton](#)'s PARADISE LOST, from which [Henry Thoreau](#) would derive via [William Gilpin](#) a snippet to deploy in derogation of the conceit of a "bottomless" [Walden](#).

[Pond](#):  
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;  
Evil be thou my good.





## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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**WALDEN**: A factory owner, hearing what depth I had found, thought that it could not be true, for judging from his acquaintance with dams, sand would not lie at so steep an angle. But the deepest ponds are not so deep in proportion to their area as most suppose, and, if drained, would not leave very remarkable valleys. They are not like cups between the hills; for this one, which is so unusually deep for its area, appears in a vertical section through its centre not deeper than a shallow plate. Most ponds, emptied, would leave a meadow no more hollow than we frequently see. William Gilpin, who is so admirable in all that relates to landscapes, and usually so correct, standing at the head of Loch Fyne, in Scotland, which he describes as "a bay of salt water, sixty or seventy fathoms deep, four miles in breadth," and about fifty miles long, surrounded by mountains, observes, "If we could have seen it immediately after the diluvian crash, or whatever convulsion of Nature occasioned it, before the waters gushed in, what a horrid chasm it must have appeared!"

So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad, and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters—."

But if, using the shortest diameter of Loch Fyne, we apply these proportions to Walden, which, as we have seen, appears already in a vertical section only like a shallow plate, it will appear four times as shallow. So much for the **increased** horrors of the chasm of Loch Fyne when emptied. No doubt many a smiling valley with its stretching cornfields occupies exactly such a "horrid chasm," from which the waters have receded, though it requires the insight and the far sight of the geologist to convince the unsuspecting inhabitants of this fact. Often an inquisitive eye may detect the shores of a primitive lake in the low horizon hills, and no subsequent elevation of the plain has been necessary to conceal their history. But it is easiest, as they who work on the highways know, to find the hollows by the puddles after a shower. The amount of it is, the imagination, give it the least license, dives deeper and soars higher than Nature goes. So, probably, the depth of the ocean will be found to be very inconsiderable compared with its breadth.

PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

CALVIN CARVER DAMON

WILLIAM GILPIN



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

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Thoreau would also derive “ammiral” as a descriptor of a grand tall-masted sailing vessel:

**WALDEN:** While these things go up other things come down. Warned by the whizzing sound, I look up from my book and see some tall pine, hewn on far northern hills, which has winged its way over the Green Mountains and the Connecticut, shot like an arrow through the township within ten minutes, and scarce another eye beholds it; going

“to be the mast  
Of some great ammiral.”

And hark! here comes the cattle-train bearing the cattle of a thousand hills, sheepcots, stables, and cow-yards in the air, drovers with their sticks, and shepherd boys in the midst of their flocks, all but the mountain pastures, whirled along like leaves blown from the mountains by the September gales. The air is filled with the bleating of calves and sheep, and the hustling of oxen, as if a pastoral valley were going by. When the old bell-wether at the head rattles his bell, the mountains do indeed skip like rams and the little hills like lambs. A car-load of drovers, too, in the midst, on a level with their droves now, their vocation gone, but still clinging to their useless sticks as their badge of office. But their dogs, where are they? It is a stampede to them; they are quite thrown out; they have lost the scent. Methinks I hear them barking behind the Peterboro’ Hills, or panting up the western slope of the Green Mountains. They will not be in at the death. Their vocation, too, is gone. Their fidelity and sagacity are below par now. They will slink back to their kennels in disgrace, or perchance run wild and strike a league with the wolf and the fox. So is your pastoral life whirled past and away. But the bell rings, and I must get off the track and let the cars go by;—

What’s the railroad to me?  
I never go to see  
Where it ends.  
It fills a few hollows,  
And makes banks for the swallows,  
It sets the sand a-blowing,  
And the blackberries a-growing,

but I cross it like a cart-path in the woods. I will not have my eyes put out and my ears spoiled by its smoke and steam and hissing. Now that the cars are gone by, and all the restless world with them, and the fishes in the pond no longer feel their rumbling, I am more alone than ever. For the rest of the long afternoon, perhaps, my meditations are interrupted only by the faint rattle of a carriage or team along the distant highway.

PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN

KING SOLOMON

In addition:



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

- [Thoreau](#)'s "MOONLIGHT" explores the realm that [Milton](#)'s PARADISE LOST describes as "Chaos and Old Night."
- [Milton](#) used "compute" in PARADISE LOST iii., 580. *Compute* is derived from the latin *com-* for together and *putare*, to think, settle, adjust. [William Shakespeare](#) is reputed to be the first person to coin and use the term "computation," which appears in COMEDY OF ERRORS, ii. 2, 4. [Dr. Thomas Browne](#) probably first used the term "compute" in VULGAR ERRORS, b. vi., c. 4 Section 4 – along with "computists" and "computable."

April 27, Saturday (Old Style): [John Evelyn](#)'s diary entry for this day was in part as follows:

#### John Evelyn's Diary

*I had a greate deale of discourse with his Majestie at dinner. Afternoone I went againe with my Wife to the Dutchesse of N. Castle, who received her in a kind of Transport: suitable to her extravagant humor & dresse, which was very singular; Then came in the Bish[op] of Winchester, my Lo[rd] Percy, & so we came away, & returned home:*

#### THIS DAY IN PEPYS'S DIARY

[John Milton](#) sold his authorial rights to PARADISE LOST for a grand sum total of £10.





## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

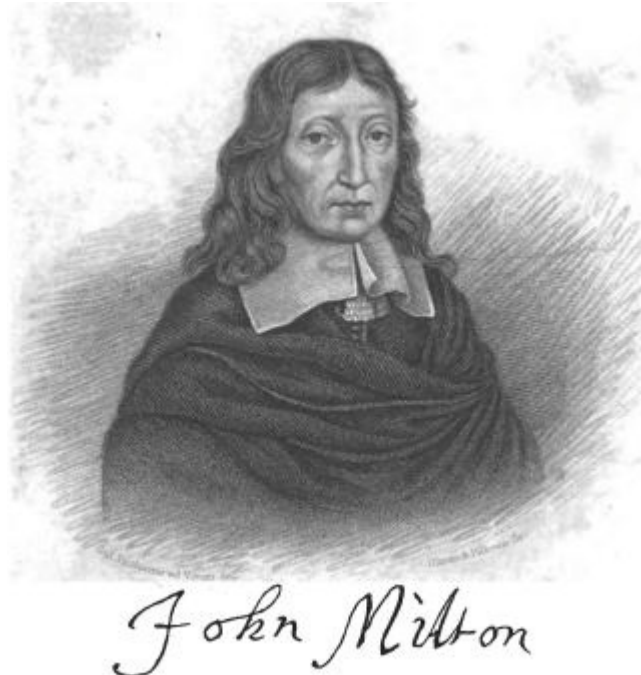
JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1671

A 2d edition of Barnabas Oley's 1652 [HERBERT'S REMAINS](#) ... appeared as A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE OR THE COUNTRY PARSON, with a new preface signed by Oley.

[John Milton](#)'s PARADISE REGAINED and SAMSON AGONISTES.



Please notice that Milton's version of the BIBLE legend about Judge Samson carries within it some interesting commentary on how enslavement was regarded in the 17th Century in the Anglo world. Samson, when he was captured by the Philistines, was made a slave. The Philistines, being Indo-Europeans, were heathen. The Jew, or Christian, who is taken captive by a heathen people, has been granted a special opportunity for the display of faith in God. Whereas the account in the book of Judges is quite a bit more simple and straightforward, in Milton's poem the Samson protagonist becomes a very contemporary sort of hero. First of all, Samson's father Manoa attempts to ransom him, and in accordance with the sort of attitude sponsored in Roman law and in the practice of medieval chivalry, a person who can thus be recused is not considered to be inalienable property and can therefore hardly be considered to be a slave by nature. Secondly, Samson considers that his primary enslavement is not that he was conquered in battle but that he was married to Delila. Thirdly, where in the BIBLE Samson is simply called out of the prison house by the Philistines so that he can make them "sport," in Milton's poem he is commanded to perform in honor of Dagon, the Philistine idol. Well, Samson can allow himself "by labour / Honest and lawful to deserve my food / Of those who have me in their civil power," but this "Idol-worship" is something else again. This calls for *jihad*:

those two massy Pillars  
With horrible convulsion to and fro  
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew  
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counsellors, or Priests,  
Their choice nobility and flower ...  
Samson with these immixt, inevitably  
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself.



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

**JOHN MILTON**

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

**1674**

November 8, Sunday (Old Style): [John Milton](#) died in Chalfont St. Giles in Buckinghamshire. His corpse would not be left to rest in peace.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1677

[John Dryden](#) adapted [William Shakespeare](#)'s *All for Love*, a retelling of Antony and Cleopatra.  
He wrote the libretto for an opera *The State of Innocence*, an adaptation of [John Milton](#)'s PARADISE LOST.



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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1683

The Convocation of [Oxford](#), Thomas Hobbes's alma mater, caused his book *LEVIATHAN* to be publicly burnt.

ENGLISH TRAITS: Oxford is old, even in England, and conservative. Its foundations date from Alfred, and even from Arthur, if, as is alleged, the Pheryllt of the Druids had a seminary here. In the reign of Edward I., it is pretended, here were thirty thousand students; and nineteen most noble foundations were then established. Chaucer found it as firm as if it had always stood; and it is, in British story, rich with great names, the school of the island, and the link of England to the learned of Europe. Hither came Erasmus, with delight, in 1497. Albericus Gentilis, in 1580, was relieved and maintained by the university. Albert Alaskie, a noble Polonian, Prince of Sirad, who visited England to admire the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth, was entertained with stage-plays in the Refectory of Christchurch, in 1583. Isaac Casaubon, coming from Henri Quatre of France, by invitation of James I., was admitted to Christ's College, in July, 1613. I saw the Ashmolean Museum, whither Elias Ashmole, in 1682, sent twelve cart-loads of rarities. Here indeed was the Olympia of all Antony Wood's and Aubrey's games and heroes, and every inch of ground has its lustre. For Wood's *ATHENAE OXONIENSES*, or calendar of the writers of Oxford for two hundred years, is a lively record of English manners and merits, and as much a national monument as PURCHAS'S *PILGRIMS* or HANSARD'S *REGISTER*. On every side, Oxford is redolent of age and authority. Its gates shut of themselves against modern innovation. It is still governed by the statutes of Archbishop Laud. The books in Merton Library are still chained to the wall. Here, on August 27, 1660, John Milton's *PRO POPULO ANGLICANO DEFENSIO*, and *ICONOCLASTES* were committed to the flames. I saw the school-court or quadrangle, where, in 1683, the Convocation caused the *LEVIATHAN* of Thomas Hobbes to be publicly burnt. I do not know whether this learned body have yet heard of the Declaration of American Independence, or whether the Ptolemaic astronomy does not still hold its ground against the novelties of Copernicus.

JOHN MILTON



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## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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1772

Spring: The [Boston](#) poet [Phillis Wheatley](#) “went for her orals,” so to speak:<sup>2</sup>

One bright morning in the spring of 1772, a young African girl walked demurely into the courthouse at Boston to undergo an oral examination, the results of which would determine the direction of her life and work. Perhaps she was shocked upon entering the appointed room. For there, gathered in a semicircle, sat eighteen of Boston’s most notable citizens. Among them was John Erving, a prominent Boston merchant; the Reverend Charles Chauncey, pastor of the Tenth Congregational Church; and John Hancock, who would later gain fame for his signature on the [Declaration of Independence](#). At the center of this group would have sat His Excellency, [Thomas Hutchinson](#), governor of the colony, with Andrew Oliver, his lieutenant governor, close by his side.



6 3/4 inches, \$75, on the internet

Why had this august group been assembled? Why had it seen fit to summon this young African girl, scarcely eighteen years old, before it? This group of “the most respectable characters in *Boston*,” as it would later define itself, had assembled to question closely the African adolescent on the slender sheaf of

2. Gates, Henry Louis, Jr., ed. Editor’s Introduction “Writing ‘Race’ and the Difference It Makes” in “RACE,” WRITING, AND DIFFERENCE. Chicago IL: U of Chicago P, 1986, pages 1-20. He quotes initially from the prefatory material “To the Publick” for Wheatley’s POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, RELIGIOUS AND MORAL. London, 1773; New York, 1985, page vii.



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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poems that she claimed to have written by herself. We can only speculate on the nature of the questions posed to the fledgling poet. Perhaps they asked her to identify and explain -for all to hear- exactly who were the Greek and Latin gods and poets alluded to so frequently in her work. Perhaps they asked her to conjugate a verb in Latin, or even to translate randomly selected passages from the Latin, which she and her master, John Wheatley, claimed that she "had made some progress in." Or perhaps they asked her to recite from memory key passages from the texts of [John Milton](#) and Alexander Pope, the two poets by whom the African claimed to be most directly influenced. We do not know.

We do know, however, that the African poet's responses were more than sufficient to prompt the eighteen august gentlemen to compose, sign, and publish a two-paragraph "Attestation," an open letter "To the Publick" that prefaces Phillis Wheatley's book, and which reads in part:

We whose Names are underwritten, do assure the World, that the poems specified in the following Page, were (as we veribly [*sic*] believe) written by Phillis, a young Negro Girl, who was but a few Years since, brought an uncultivated Barbarian from Africa, and has ever since been, and now is, under the Disadvantage of serving as a Slave in a Family in this Town. She has been examined by some of the best judges, and is thought qualified to write them.

So important was this document in securing a publisher for Phillis Wheatley's poems that it forms the signal element in the prefatory matter printed in the opening pages of her POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, RELIGIOUS AND MORAL, published at London in 1773.

LITERACY





## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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1790

August 4, Wednesday: The floor of the parish church of St. Giles Cripplegate in [London](#) was dug up, in a search for the bones of [John Milton](#). A lead sarcophagus was recovered. Inside it, although the wooden coffin of 1674 had completely disintegrated, the bones and hair of the poet could still be seen. When the poet's shroud was touched, the rib cage collapsed — what fun:

Mr. Fountain told me that he pulled hard at the teeth, which resisted, until some one hit them a knock with a stone, when they easily came out. There were but five in the upper jaw, which were all perfectly sound and white.... Mr. Laming told me that he had, at one time, a mind to bring away the whole underjaw, with the teeth in it; he had it in his hand, but tossed it back again.

DIGGING UP THE DEAD



ember: On August 4th, people had dug up a lead sarcophagus from beneath the floor of the parish church of St. Giles Cripplegate in London, and had purported that they had discovered the bones of [John Milton](#). In consequence, according to a report, during this month there were more than a hundred human teeth being hawked in London, teeth being represented as “the furniture of Milton's mouth.”

THE MARKET FOR HUMAN BODY PARTS



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1792

While writing his LIFE OF [MILTON](#), [William Hayley](#) made the acquaintance of [William Cowper](#). A warm friendship sprang up that would endure until Cowper's death (it would be largely through the efforts of [Hayley](#) that [Cowper](#) would be granted a pension).



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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1801



Henry John Todd's THE POETICAL WORKS OF [JOHN MILTON](#), in which [David Henry Thoreau](#) would read in 1837.



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1811



November 18, Monday: [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) would be lecturing on [Shakespeare](#) and [Milton](#) at Scot's Corporation Hall, London Philosophical Society, until January 27, 1812.

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

*2nd day 18th of 11th Mo// E W Lawton is consider'd more dangerous, as his fever seems to have a putrid aspect. – The day has passed as usual.*

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RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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1812



October: During this month and the following one, [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) would be in Bristol, England lecturing on [Shakespeare](#) and on education, and in Clifton, lecturing on [Milton](#) and on poetry.

In this period his Wedgwood annuity was being reduced by half, to £75.



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1813

 October: [George Gordon, Lord Byron](#) returned to Aston Hall.

The Websters visited Newstead Abbey.



From this month into April of the following year, [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) lectured in Bristol, England on [Milton](#), [Cervantes](#), taste, [Shakespeare](#), education, the French revolution, and [Napoléon](#).



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1818



December: [Percy Bysshe Shelley](#) drafted “A Philosophical View of Reform.”

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) began a series of lectures on [Shakespeare](#), [Milton](#), [Dante](#), [Spenser](#), and [Cervantes](#), that would persist into March of the following year.



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1825



The Fellows' Garden of Christ's College, the site for which had been purchased in 1554, achieved the form it would preserve. One of the highlights of this garden is a still-producing [mulberry](#) tree that had been planted in 1608 to boost the English [silk](#) industry. Busts along the north side of the pool commemorate three Collegians: the blind professor of Mathematics Nicholas Sanderson; the poet [John Milton](#), and the philosopher [Ralph Cudworth](#), 14th Master of the College.







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1830

➡ By about this point the writings of the naturalist Reverend [Gilbert White](#) had become so popular in England, that what has been termed “the cult of Gilbert White” was beginning to reach even into America. The steady stream of visitors to Selborne, England would eventually include both [Charles Darwin](#) and [John Burroughs](#), and the money that was being made off the sale of such books would eventually draw even the American editor and critic wannabee [James Russell Lowell](#).



The rise of the natural history essay in the latter half of the nineteenth century was an essential legacy of the Selborne cult. It was more than a scientific-literary genre of writing, modeled after White's pioneering achievement. A constant theme of the nature essayists was the search for a lost pastoral haven, for a home in an inhospitable and threatening world.... [N]atural history was the vehicle that brought readers to the quiet peace of hay barns, orchards, and mountain valleys. These virtuosi of the nature essay were among the best selling writers of their age.



In this regard, here is a quote from Professor Lawrence Buell's analysis of the manner in which [Henry Thoreau](#)



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has entered the American canon:



A generation after Henry Thoreau, John Burroughs, America's leading nature essayist at the turn of the twentieth century, wrote about Thoreau in somewhat the same way eighteenth-century and romantic poets tended to write about John Milton: as the imposing precursor figure whose shadow he must disown or destroy in order to establish his own legitimacy.



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1833



Elizabeth Oakes Smith, who had been contributing poems, sketches, and stories to The Argus both anonymously and over the signature “E,” acted as editor when her husband Seba Smith went to Boston to supervise the publication of THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MAJOR JACK DOWNING, a work in the Rural Wit tradition of New England. She wrote an unpublished autobiography at about this point which indicates that she was studying Shakespeare, Milton, Blackstone, Mill, etc. after the others of the family had retired to bed.

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The [Reverend Joseph Ivimey](#)'s [JOHN MILTON](#): HIS LIFE AND TIMES, RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL OPINIONS: WITH AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING ANIMADVERSIONS UPON DR. JOHNSON'S LIFE OF MILTON, ETC., ETC. BY JOSEPH IVIMEY, AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BAPTISTS," &C. &C. (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200, Broadway. And for sale by booksellers generally throughout the United States).



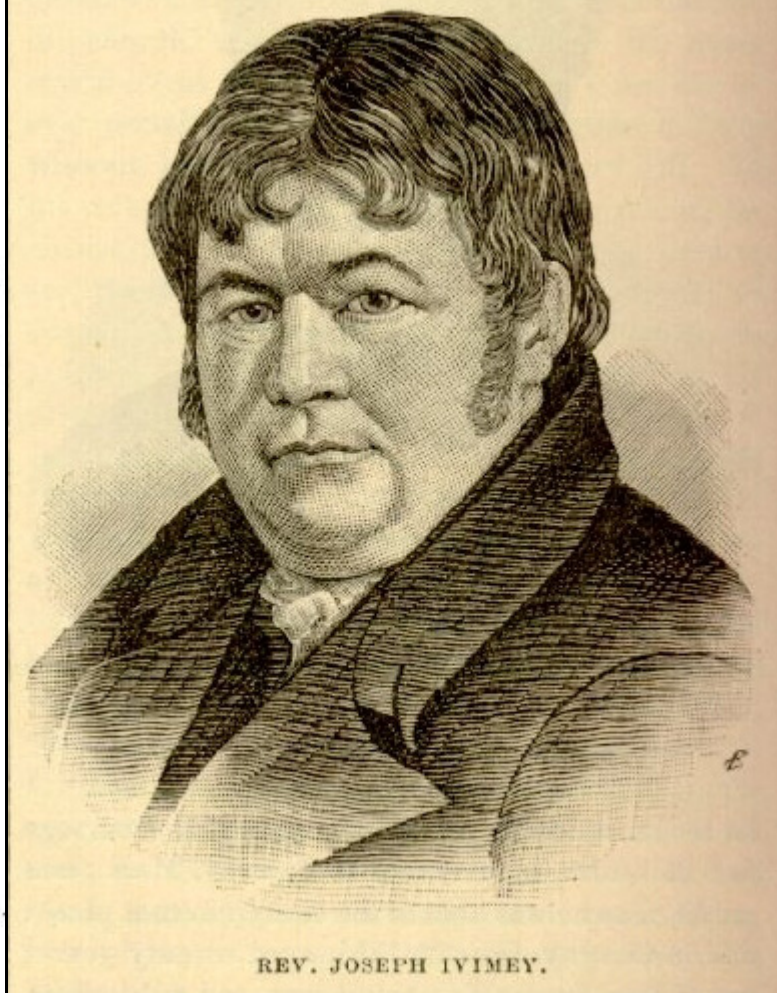
John Milton

*Engraved for Ivimey's Life of Milton.*

NEW YORK.

Daniel Appleton & Co. 200, Broadway.

1833.



REV. JOSEPH IVIMEY.

### REVEREND JOSEPH IVIMEY

([David Henry Thoreau](#) would soon be consulting this volume in the library of the "[Institute of 1770](#)" at [Harvard College](#).)



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1835



February 5, Thursday: Having completed his introductory lecture “Tests of Great Men” at Boston’s Masonic Temple for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, [Waldo Emerson](#) began the substance of his new “Biography” series of lectures with an account of [Michael Angelo Buonaroti](#): on succeeding Thursdays he would deal with [Martin Luther](#), [John Milton](#), Friend [George Fox](#), and [Edmund Burke](#).



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

*5th day The Public & Private Meeting was large & a pretty good Meeting - Sophrona Page had the weight of Service in the Ministry & Mary B Allen appeared in Supplication*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



February 26, Thursday: Having introduced his Masonic Temple Thursday-night audience to [Michael Angelo Buonaroti](#), [Martin Luther](#), and [John Milton](#), [Waldo Emerson](#) proceeded to introduce them to Friend [George Fox](#).



March 5, Thursday: [Waldo Emerson](#) completed the 1st delivery of his “Biography” series of lectures for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge at [Boston](#)’s Masonic Temple, an offering of [Michael Angelo Buonaroti](#), [Martin Luther](#), [John Milton](#), Friend [George Fox](#), and [Edmund Burke](#) on successive Thursdays.





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JOHN MILTON

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November 28, Saturday: [Robert Schumann](#) visited Clara Wieck at the Wieck house in Leipzig before she departed on a concert tour. At the end of the evening, as she was showing him out, they kissed for the 1st time. “I thought I was on the point of fainting ... everything went black in front of my eyes; I could barely hold the lamp that was supposed to light your way, — I thought I was dreaming.”

There was a birthday party at Temple School, for the schoolmaster Bronson Alcott. The children presented him with a crown of laurel and a copy of [John Milton](#)’s PARADISE LOST. Alcott reminisced about his early years and about his struggles. The fact that their teacher was musing on his likeness to Jesus of Nazareth had not been lost upon the children, and when Alcott asked one of them

Who is the most perfect emblem of Christ?

the child responded, and was recorded as responding by [Elizabeth Palmer Peabody](#)

I think you are a little like Jesus Christ.

(Probably with the benefit of hindsight she came later to greatly regret that she had elected to make a public record of this particular childish response.)



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1836



After October 24, Monday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) supplemented his borrowings from the [Harvard Library](#) by checking out, from the library of the “[Institute of 1770](#),” the 1st of the five volumes of Professor Adam Ferguson’s THE HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS AND TERMINATION OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC (1773, new edition Edinburgh, 1813) and the [Reverend Joseph Ivimey](#)’s [JOHN MILTON](#): HIS LIFE AND TIMES, RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL OPINIONS; WITH AN APPENDIX CONTAINING ANIMADVERSIONS UPON DR. JOHNSON’S LIFE OF MILTON, &C, &C (London: Effingham Wilson, 1833; New-York, 1833).



### REVEREND JOSEPH IVIMEY



October 27, Thursday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), the 1st, 5th, and 6th volumes of the 6-volume edition by the Reverend Henry John Todd (1763-1845), THE POETICAL WORKS OF [JOHN MILTON](#): WITH NOTES OF VARIOUS AUTHORS. TO WHICH ARE ADDED ILLUSTRATIONS, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MILTON, BY THE REV. HENRY J. TODD (probably the 3d edition, London: Rivington, Cuthell, Nunn, et. al., 1826), and also an unidentified volume labeled NOTES ON MILTON and numbered “B.11.5.”



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

*5th day 27th of 10 M / Since the last date I have been much engaged in some buisness which required attention -- Today with my dear wife rode to [Portsmouth](#) to attend our Moy [Monthly] Meeting - it was not a very lively time to me thio' II felt it right to attend to the buisness before us*





## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

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*We came directly home after Meeting without stoping to Dine.—*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



December 5, Monday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) had previously checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), three of the six volumes of the Reverend Henry John Todd's THE POETICAL WORKS OF [JOHN MILTON](#). At this point he checked out the 7th and final volume of the Charles Symmons edition of THE PROSE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON (London: for J. Johnson et al., 1806).



[Thoreau](#) supplemented his borrowings from the college library by checking out, from the library of the "[Institute of 1770](#)", the November 1836 issue of [American Monthly Magazine](#) (New Series, Volume I, Boston and New-York, 1836),<sup>3</sup> containing:

- a review of Orville Dewey's THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW
- F.W.S.'s translation of Horace's ODE (Book I, Ode V)
- G.S.S.'s "Sketches of the South Santee," about slavery in the American South
- "Chao Kang: An incident in [Chinese](#) History"
- "Sacred Music"
- "Einleben," a translation of a romantic tale by Gottesgabe von Thiergarten
- S.A.C.'s "The Morality of [Shakespeare](#)"
- "Wild Scenes Near Home," an article about nature in the Hudson River Valley and on Long Island
- "Scenes in the Levant"
- "Byron and his Traducers," an article taking to task Thomas Carlyle, Henry Taylor, and others who had criticized George Gordon, Lord Byron

3. Refer to Kenneth Walter Cameron's "Thoreau Discovers Emerson: A College Reading Record" in the [Bulletin of the New York Public Library](#) 57, no. 7 (June 1953): 319-334.





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1837



January: [David Henry Thoreau](#) the [Harvard College](#) senior was assigned by Professor Channing an essay on the topic of *L'ALLEGRO & IL PENSEROSO*, and he kicked off this topic with a comment by [Dr. Samuel Johnson](#), who had well observed in his biographical notice of [John Milton](#) that “No mirth can indeed be found in his melancholy; but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth.” Thoreau turned this snippet into a hook upon which to hang his essay by characterizing it as a “transition from *L'Allegro* to *Il Penseroso*.”

### THE ACTUAL DOCUMENT

However, this Harvard senior also wrote, in a more serious vein, that:

*[T]ime loiters in his course, were it for but a moment  
-past -present -future -mingle as one.*



### TIME AND ETERNITY

It is my opinion that Thoreau was in possession of an attitude about perspectival space and of the eternity behind time which was fully formed by the point at which he copied his first journals into the first record we have of these journals, the new blank book he began in 1837 as “Gleanings — Or What Time Has Not Reaped Of My Journal.” Presumably these ideas antedate 1837 to at least some extent, for in an essay written in September 1836, his Junior year at Harvard, speaking of the human imagination, he wrote:



*Its province is unbounded, its flights are not confined  
to space, the past and the future, time and eternity,  
all come within the sphere of its range.*



However, the manner in which Thoreau held this attitude, and the manner in which he sought to communicate it to others, do seem to have developed over time, as his communication skills were elaborated by his experience as a writer and as a lecturer, and as he observed more and more the consequences in the lives of others of other sorts of attitude toward time and eternity.

{1/3d of the sheet is missing} college {the remainder of the line has been torn away} bright spot in the student's history, a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night, shedding a grateful lustre over long years of toil, and cheering him onward to the end of his pilgrimage. Immured within the dank but classic walls of a Stoughton or Hollis his wearied and {a sheet, or perhaps more, is missing here} The precise date of these poems is not known, they were probably, however, together with his *Comus* and *Lycidas*, the fruit of those five years of literary leisure, from 1632 to 1637, which our author is known to have spent at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Surely {about 5/6ths of the sheet is missing} so faithfully the spirit of its divine Author? They were first published in 1645, but for nearly a century obtained but little notice from the lovers of polite literature, the Addisons and Popes of the day. They are thought, by



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*Dr. Warton, to have been originally indebted to Handels' music for whatever notice they at last obtained.*

*L'Allegro is not an effort of Genius, but rather an out-pouring of poetic feeling. We have here a succession of pleasing and striking images, which are dwelt upon just long enough. {the remainder of the line has been torn away} at {a sheet, or perhaps more, is missing here} never been heard of since the days of Robinhood.*

*The metre of these verses is admirably adapted to the subject. The reader can hardly believe that he is not one of the party, tripping it over hill and dale "on the light fantastic toe".*

*A verse of poetry should strike the reader, as it did the poet, as a whole, not so much as the sign of an idea as that idea itself.*

*-As Imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes-*

*{the first half of the line has been torn away} to which they are already {about 1/3d of the sheet is missing} in every respect, so as to satisfy its aerial occupant, it is enough, whatever may be the order of architecture. Thus was it with our architect.*

*But the parts and members of his verses are equally appropriate and striking. With the idea comes the very word, if its sense is not wanted, its sound is.*

*But lo! the sun is up, the hounds are out, the ploughman has already driven his team afield, and as he gaily treads the fragrant furrow, his merry whistle "is heard the fields around," responsive to the milkmaid's song, who now repairs with pail on head, and quick elastic step, to her humble stool. The mower, too, has commenced his labors in the meadow at hand,*

*And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorne in the dale.*

*Such a picture of rural felicity as is presented in these and the following lines, is rarely to be met with even in poetry. Fancy has her hands full, a thousand images are flitting before her, bringing with them a crowd of delightful associations, and she is forced, in spite of herself, to join the revel and thread the mazes of the dance. And then for*

*the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat-*

*There are the "delights", the "recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream". The poet leaves not a single chord untouched if the reader will but yield himself up to his influence. This whole poem is to be regarded rather as a "sweet digression" than an elaborate effort, as an effusion rather than a production. Johnson has well observed, in his biographical notice of Milton, "No mirth can indeed be found in his melancholy; but I am afraid*



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*that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth." His mirth wears a pensive hue, his melancholy is but a pleasing contemplative mood. The transition from L'Allegro to Il Penseroso is by no means abrupt, the vain deluding joys which are referred to in the commencement of the latter, are not those unreprieved pleasures which the poet has just recounted, for they are by no means inconsistent with that soft melancholy which he paints, but rather, the fickle pensioners of that Euphrosyne whose sister graces are Meat and Drink, a very different crew from that which waits upon the "daughter fair" of Zephyr and Aurora. The latter are content with daylight and a moderate portion of the night – when tales are done*

*– "to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep."*

*but the others proceed to evening amusements, and even to the London theatres, and the "well-trod stage," –but only*

*"If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild."*

*Beginning with the warning to idle joys, that they depart and leave the poet to "divinest Melancholy," we soon come to that picture of her, perhaps, the finest in the whole poem.*

*A sable stole thrown over her decent shoulders, with slow and measured steps, and looks that hold "sweet converse" with the skies, reflecting a portion of their own placidness, she gradually draws near. But lo! the "cherub contemplation" delays her lingering steps, her eyes upraised to heaven, the earth is for a space forgot – time loiters in his course, were it but for a moment – past – present – future – mingle as one {about 2 1/2 sheets are missing}*

*The picture of Morning in "Il Penseroso" differs greatly from that in "L'Allegro," and introduces that mention of the storm-wind in a cloudy day,–*

*"When rocking winds are piping loud,"–*

*a very poetic touch. A later poet, [Thomson](#), attributes its sighing to the "sad Genius of the coming storm," [Gray](#) too, seems to have been equally affected by it. "Did you never observe," he writes, "that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive tone, like the swell of an [Æolian harp](#)? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit."*

*We are told, that it was while exposed to a violent storm of wind and rain, attended by frequent flashes of lightning, among [sic] the wilds of Glen-Ken, in Galloway, that Burns composed his far-famed song, the "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled". Ossian was the child of the storm, its music was ever grateful to his ear. Hence his poetry breathes throughout a tempestuous spirit – when read, as it should be, at the still hour of night, the very rustling of a leaf stirred*



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

*by the impatient reader, seems to his excited imagination the fitful moaning of the wind, or sighings of the breeze.*

*But if Milton's winds rock they pipe also, even the monotony of a summer shower is relieved by the cheerful pattering of 'minute drops from off the eaves', and if the heavens are for a few moments overcast, the splendor of the succeeding sunshine is heightened by contrast.*

*It is amusing to know that Milton was a performer on the bass-viol. He is said even to have been a composer, though nothing remains to prove the assertion. It was his practice, say his biographers, when he had dined to play on some musical instrument, and either sing himself or make his wife sing, who, he said, had a good voice but no ear. This partiality for the sister muse is no where more manifest than in these poems; whether in; a mirthful or a pensive mood, the "linked sweetness" of "soft Lydian airs", "the pealing organ", or 'the full-voiced quire', 'dissolve him into ecstasies.'*

*These poems are to be valued, if for no other reason, on account of the assistance they afford us in forming our estimate of the man Milton. They place him in an entirely new, and extremely pleasing, light to the reader who was previously familiar with him as the author of the Paradise Lost alone. If before he venerated, he may now admire and love him. The immortal Milton seems for a space to have put on mortality, to have snatched a moment from the weightier cares of heaven and hell, to wander for awhile among the sons of men. But we mistake; though his wings, as he tells us, were already sprouted, he was as yet content to linger awhile, with childlike affection, amid the scenes of his native earth.*

*The tenor of these verses is in keeping with the poets' early life; he was, as he confesses, a reader of romances, an occasional frequenter of the playhouse, and not at all averse to spending a cheerful evening, now and then, with some kindred spirits about town. We see nothing here of the Puritan. the "storied windows" which were afterwards an abomination in his eyes, admit a welcome, though sombre, light. The learning of Johnson [sic], and the wild notes of Shakspeare, are among the last resources of the mirthful L'Allegro.*

*The student of Milton will ever turn with satisfaction from contemplating the stern and consistent non conformist, and bold defender of civil and religious liberty, engaged, but not involved, in a tedious and virulent controversy,*

*With darkness and with dangers compassed round,*

*his dearest hopes disappointed, and himself shut out from the cheering light of day, to these fruits of his earlier and brighter years; though of the earth, yet the flights of one who was contemplating to soar 'Above the Aonian mount', a heavenward and unattempted course.*

*I have not undertaken to write a critique, I have dwelt upon the poet's beauties and not so much as glanced at his blemishes. This may be the result of pure selfishness; Poetry is but a recreation. A pleasing image, or a fine sentiment, loses none of its charms,*



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*though Burton, or Beaumont and Fletcher, or Marlowe, or Sir Walter Raleigh, may have written something very similar; or even, in another connexion, have used the identical word whose aptness we so much admire. It always appeared to me that that contemptible kind of criticism which can deliberately, and in cold blood, dissect the sublimest passage, and take pleasure in the detection of slight verbal incongruities, was, when applied to Milton, little better than sacrilege, and that those critics who condescended to practice it, were to be ranked with the parish officers who, prompted by a profane and mercenary spirit, tore from their grave and exposed for sale, what were imagined to be the remains of Milton.*



February 6, Monday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, again, from [Harvard Library](#), the 5th volume of the 6-volume edition by the Reverend Henry John Todd (1763-1845), THE POETICAL WORKS OF [JOHN MILTON](#): WITH NOTES OF VARIOUS AUTHORS. TO WHICH ARE ADDED ILLUSTRATIONS, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MILTON, BY THE REV. HENRY J. TODD (probably the 3d edition, London: Rivington, Cuthell, Nunn, et. al., 1826).





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For the beginning of what would come to be referred to as the “Week of the Slaves’ Petitions,” Representative John Quincy Adams offered petitions from nine free women of Fredericksburg and from slaves.

Representative Waddy Thompson of South Carolina made a motion that Representative Adams be censured by the House.

On the floor of the Senate, John Caldwell Calhoun declared “Slavery a Positive Good”:



### READ MY LIPS.

I do not belong, said Mr. C., to the school which holds that aggression is to be met by concession. Mine is the opposite creed, which teaches that encroachments must be met at the beginning, and that those who act on the opposite principle are prepared to become slaves. In this case, in particular. I hold concession or compromise to be fatal. If we concede an inch, concession would follow concession — compromise would follow compromise, until our ranks would be so broken that effectual resistance would be impossible. We must meet the enemy on the frontier, with a fixed determination of maintaining our position at every hazard. Consent to receive these insulting petitions, and the next demand will be that they be referred to a committee in order that they may be deliberated and acted upon. At the last session we were modestly asked to receive them, simply to lay them on the table, without any view to ulterior action.... I then said, that the next step would be to refer the petition to a committee, and I already see indications that such is now the intention. If we yield, that will be followed by another, and we will thus proceed, step by step, to the final consummation of the object of these petitions. We are now told that the most effectual mode of arresting the progress of abolition is, to reason it down; and with this view it is urged that the petitions ought to be referred to a committee. That is the very ground



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which was taken at the last session in the other House, but instead of arresting its progress it has since advanced more rapidly than ever. The most unquestionable right may be rendered doubtful, if once admitted to be a subject of controversy, and that would be the case in the present instance. The subject is beyond the jurisdiction of Congress – they have no right to touch it in any shape or form, or to make it the subject of deliberation or discussion....

As widely as this incendiary spirit has spread, it has not yet infected this body, or the great mass of the intelligent and business portion of the North; but unless it be speedily stopped, it will spread and work upwards till it brings the two great sections of the Union into deadly conflict. This is not a new impression with me. Several years since, in a discussion with one of the Senators from Massachusetts (Mr. Webster), before this fell spirit had showed itself, I then predicted that the doctrine of the proclamation and the Force Bill – that this Government had a right, in the last resort, to determine the extent of its own powers, and enforce its decision at the point of the bayonet, which was so warmly maintained by that Senator, would at no distant day arouse the dormant spirit of abolitionism. I told him that the doctrine was tantamount to the assumption of unlimited power on the part of the Government, and that such would be the impression on the public mind in a large portion of the Union. The consequence would be inevitable. A large portion of the Northern States believed slavery to be a sin, and would consider it as an obligation of conscience to abolish it if they should feel themselves in any degree responsible for its continuance, and that this doctrine would necessarily lead to the belief of such responsibility. I then predicted that it would commence as it has with this fanatical portion of society, and that they would begin their operations on the ignorant, the weak, the young, and the thoughtless, – and gradually extend upwards till they would become strong enough to obtain political control, when he and others holding the highest stations in society, would, however reluctant, be compelled to yield to their doctrines, or be driven into obscurity. But four years have since elapsed, and all this is already in a course of regular fulfilment.

Standing at the point of time at which we have now arrived, it will not be more difficult to trace the course of future events now than it was then. They who imagine that the spirit now abroad in the North, will die away of itself without a shock or convulsion, have formed a very inadequate conception of its real character; it will continue to rise and spread, unless prompt and efficient measures to stay its progress be adopted. Already it has taken possession of the pulpit, of the schools, and, to a considerable extent, of the press; those great instruments by which the mind of the rising generation will be formed.

"We of the South will not, cannot, surrender our institutions. To maintain the existing relations between the two races, inhabiting that section of the Union, is indispensable to the





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peace and happiness of both." However sound the great body of the non-slaveholding States are at present, in the course of a few years they will be succeeded by those who will have been taught to hate the people and institutions of nearly one-half of this Union, with a hatred more deadly than one hostile nation ever entertained towards another. It is easy to see the end. By the necessary course of events, if left to themselves, we must become, finally, two people. It is impossible under the deadly hatred which must spring up between the two great nations, if the present causes are permitted to operate unchecked, that we should continue under the same political system. The conflicting elements would burst the Union asunder, powerful as are the links which hold it together. Abolition and the Union cannot coexist. As the friend of the Union I openly proclaim it, – and the sooner it is known the better. The former may now be controlled, but in a short time it will be beyond the power of man to arrest the course of events. We of the South will not, cannot, surrender our institutions. To maintain the existing relations between the two races, inhabiting that section of the Union, is indispensable to the peace and happiness of both. It cannot be subverted without drenching the country or the other of the races.... But let me not be understood as admitting, even by implication, that the existing relations between the two races in the slaveholding States is an evil: – far otherwise; I hold it to be a good, as it has thus far proved itself to be to both, and will continue to prove so if not disturbed by the fell spirit of abolition. I appeal to facts. Never before has the black race of Central Africa, from the dawn of history to the present day, attained a condition so civilized and so improved, not only physically, but morally and intellectually.

In the meantime, the white or European race, has not degenerated. It has kept pace with its brethren in other sections of the Union where slavery does not exist. It is odious to make comparison; but I appeal to all sides whether the South is not equal in virtue, intelligence, patriotism, courage, disinterestedness, and all the high qualities which adorn our nature.

"I hold that in the present state of civilization, where two races of different origin, and distinguished by color, and other physical differences, as well as intellectual, are brought together, the relation now existing in the slaveholding States between the two, is, instead of an evil, a good – a positive good."

But I take higher ground. I hold that in the present state of civilization, where two races of different origin, and distinguished by color, and other physical differences, as well as intellectual, are brought together, the relation now existing in the slaveholding States between the two, is, instead of an evil, a good – a positive good. I feel myself called upon to speak freely upon the subject where the honor and interests of those I represent are involved. I hold then, that there never has yet existed a wealthy and civilized society in which one





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portion of the community did not, in point of fact, live on the labor of the other. Broad and general as is this assertion, it is fully borne out by history. This is not the proper occasion, but, if it were, it would not be difficult to trace the various devices by which the wealth of all civilized communities has been so unequally divided, and to show by what means so small a share has been allotted to those by whose labor it was produced, and so large a share given to the non-producing classes. The devices are almost innumerable, from the brute force and gross superstition of ancient times, to the subtle and artful fiscal contrivances of modern. I might well challenge a comparison between them and the more direct, simple, and patriarchal mode by which the labor of the African race is, among us, commanded by the European. I may say with truth, that in few countries so much is left to the share of the laborer, and so little exacted from him, or where there is more kind attention paid to him in sickness or infirmities of age. Compare his condition with the tenants of the poor houses in the more civilized portions of Europe – look at the sick, and the old and infirm slave, on one hand, in the midst of his family and friends, under the kind superintending care of his master and mistress, and compare it with the forlorn and wretched condition of the pauper in the poorhouse. But I will not dwell on this aspect of the question; I turn to the political; and here I fearlessly assert that the existing relation between the two races in the South, against which these blind fanatics are waging war, forms the most solid and durable foundation on which to rear free and stable political institutions. It is useless to disguise the fact. There is and always has been in an advanced stage of wealth and civilization, a conflict between labor and capital. The condition of society in the South exempts us from the disorders and dangers resulting from this conflict; and which explains why it is that the political condition of the slaveholding States has been so much more stable and quiet than that of the North.... Surrounded as the slaveholding States are with such imminent perils, I rejoice to think that our means of defense are ample, if we shall prove to have the intelligence and spirit to see and apply them before it is too late. All we want is concert, to lay aside all party differences and unite with zeal and energy in repelling approaching dangers. Let there be concert of action, and we shall find ample means of security without resorting to secession or disunion. I speak with full knowledge and a thorough examination of the subject, and for one see my way clearly.... I dare not hope that anything I can say will arouse the South to a due sense of danger; I fear it is beyond the power of mortal voice to awaken it in time from the fatal security into which it has fallen.





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February 8, Wednesday: The foundation of the US Hotel was laid, in downtown [Boston](#).

Between this day and February 25, 1837, as a graduating senior, [David Henry Thoreau](#) would be studying [Milton](#)'s *L'ALLEGRO* and would make a note on this permutation of Psalm 137 in Milton's verse 141:

"If I forget thee, O Concord, let my right hand forget her cunning."<sup>4</sup>

Cunning is used in the same sense, in our Translation of the Psalms: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." -Which Sandys rightly paraphrases, "Let my fingers their melodious skill forget," -Todd.

4. Thoreau would insert this permutation of Psalm 137 in his Harvard Class Book.



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[David Henry Thoreau](#) read in Volume V of the Reverend Henry John Todd's THE POETICAL WORKS OF [JOHN MILTON](#). This volume contains the poet's "Song of Melancholy."



Of Milton, Dr. [Samuel Johnson](#) had noted, in the biography Thoreau would soon check out from [Harvard Library](#), "No mirth can indeed be found in his melancholy, but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth." Might this be the origin for the epigraph about melancholy (traveling here as "dejection," a synonym) with which Thoreau would begin his [WALDEN](#)?



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**WALDEN:** I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER

CHANTICLEER



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March 30, Thursday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), the Reverend Samuel Say (1676-1743)'s POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, AND TWO CRITICAL ESSAYS (1745).

[Thoreau](#) also checked out the initial volume of [Dr. Samuel Johnson](#)'s THE LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH POETS; WITH CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THEIR WORKS. IN FOUR VOLUMES. A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED (London: Printed for C. Bathurst, J. Buckland, [etc., etc.], 1783), the volume which included his study of the life of [John Milton](#).



Thoreau had only recently perused the Milton volume which included that poet's "Song of Melancholy." In this biography that Thoreau had checked out, Johnson alleged that "No mirth can indeed be found in his melancholy, but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth." Might this be the origin for the epigraph about melancholy (traveling here as "dejection," a synonym) with which Thoreau would begin his [WALDEN](#)?



Although I am unable to provide electronic text for the 1783 edition that Thoreau consulted, here is the 1795 edition:<sup>5</sup>

**SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1795**

5. Page 88 did not scan adequately.

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**WALDEN:** I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.

**PEOPLE OF  
WALDEN**[GEOFFREY CHAUCER](#)[CHANTICLEER](#)

[Thoreau](#) supplemented his borrowings from the [Harvard Library](#) by checking out, from the library of the "[Institute of 1770.](#)" [Sir Walter Scott](#)'s LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT ADDRESSED TO J.G. [JOHN GIBSON] LOCKHART (Illustrated by George Cruikshank; New-York: Harper's Family Library; J. & J. Harper, 1830).

### LETTERS ON DEMON...

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

*5th day 30 of 3 M / Our Moy [Monthly] Meeting held in Town was a pretty solid one Hannah Dennis engaged in testimony in the first - In the last George Carr was taken under the care of Friends -Jonathon & Hannah Dennis took a copy of a minute to visit their children near Philadelphia & while there expectedly to attend the appropriate Yearly Meeting next Month We had a goodly Number of Frineds to Dine with us & among them Edw & Elizabeth Wing -*



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April 27, Friday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), the 1st volume either of John Toland (1670-1722)'s A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THE HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF [JOHN MILTON](#), BOTH ENGLISH AND LATIN. WITH SOME PAPERS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISH'D (3 volumes, Amsterdam, 1698), or of Dr. Thomas Birch (1705-1766)'s A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THE HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF JOHN MILTON (2 volumes, London, 1738) — and we don't know which.



[Thoreau](#) also checked out the 1st of the five volumes of [Henri Benjamin Constant de Rebecque](#)'s *DE LA RELIGION CONSIDÉRÉE DANS SA SOURCE, SES FORMES ET SES DÉVELOPPEMENTS* (Paris: Bosange, 1824-1831).



*DE LA RELIGION, 1*



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## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

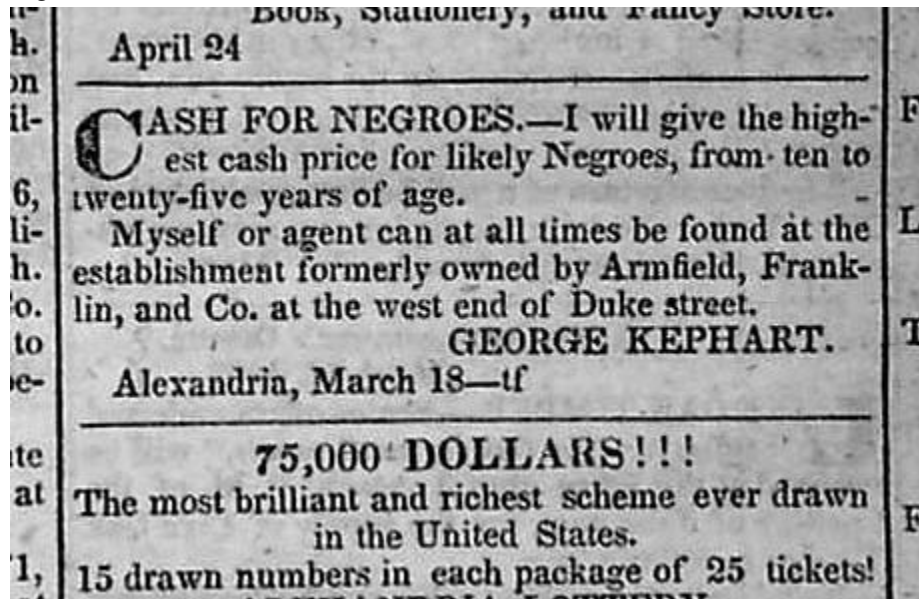
**JOHN MILTON**

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From George Templeton Strong's New-York diary:

*Matters very bad out of doors. Confidence annihilated, the whole community, big and little, traveling to ruin in a body. Strong fears entertained for the banks, and if they go, God only knows what the consequences will be. Ruin here, and on the other side of the Atlantic, and not only private ruin but political convulsion and revolution, I think ....*

In Washington DC, our nation's capital, George Kephart was advertising that his firm, located at the west end of Duke Street, would be willing to offer the highest cash price for "likely Negroes, from ten to twenty-five years of age."



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

5th day 27th of 4th M / Took Shaws Carryall & with my wife & Mary Williams rode to [Portsmouth](#) to attend Monthly Meeting - In the first Meeting Wm Jenkins abovementioned was present & preached - We thought him a concerned young man, but his offering was evidently premature & the fruit unripe - after Meeting Henry Gould & I felt it our duty to take an opportunity with him & advise him to return home as soon as he could, as he acknowledged he had come away against the advice of his friends - he seemed disposed to take our advice, & we felt satisfied we had done our duty toward him as caretakers in society. -  
The Buisness in the last meeting was orderly conducted -  
We all Dined at Benjamin Motts in the room where it is said Geo Fox once preached, but we had sense enough [to] know he is not there now. -





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June 25, Sunday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) gave his copy of [Waldo Emerson](#)'s [NATURE](#), suitably inscribed as "neither a song nor a sermon," to his classmate [William Allen](#), and promptly checked out a replacement copy from the library of his club "[Institute of 1770](#)" pending his purchase of another personal copy.<sup>6</sup>



6. The copy which now exists, bearing the inscription "D.H. Thor.", is this second copy that he purchased for himself just prior to his graduation.

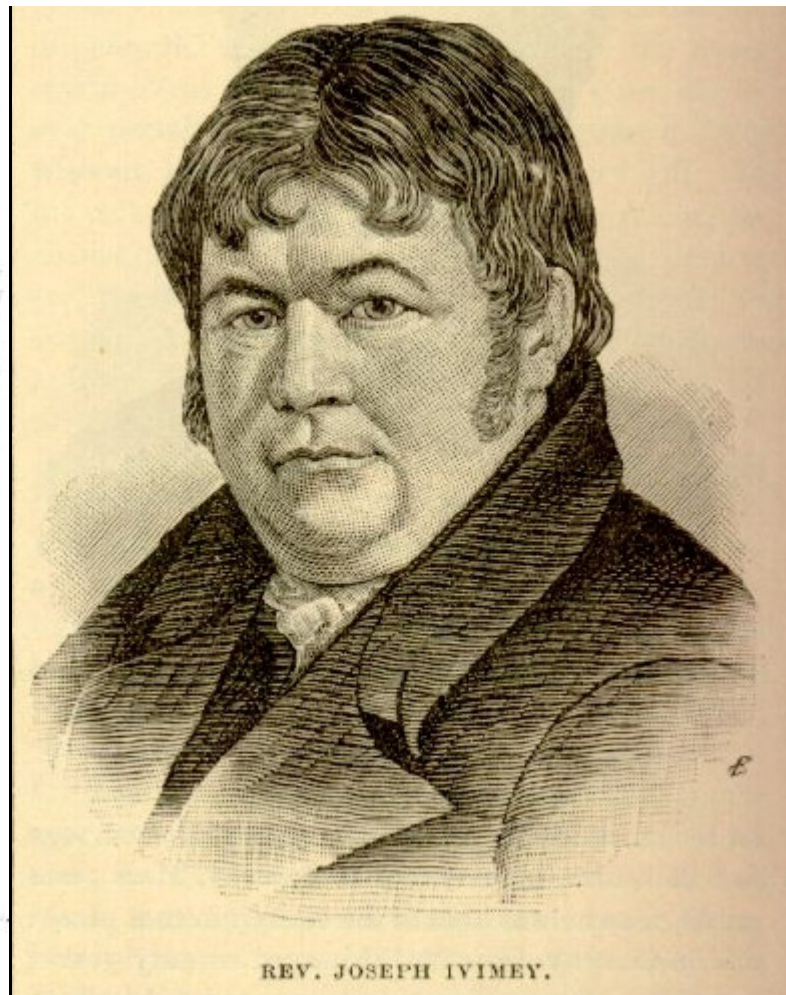
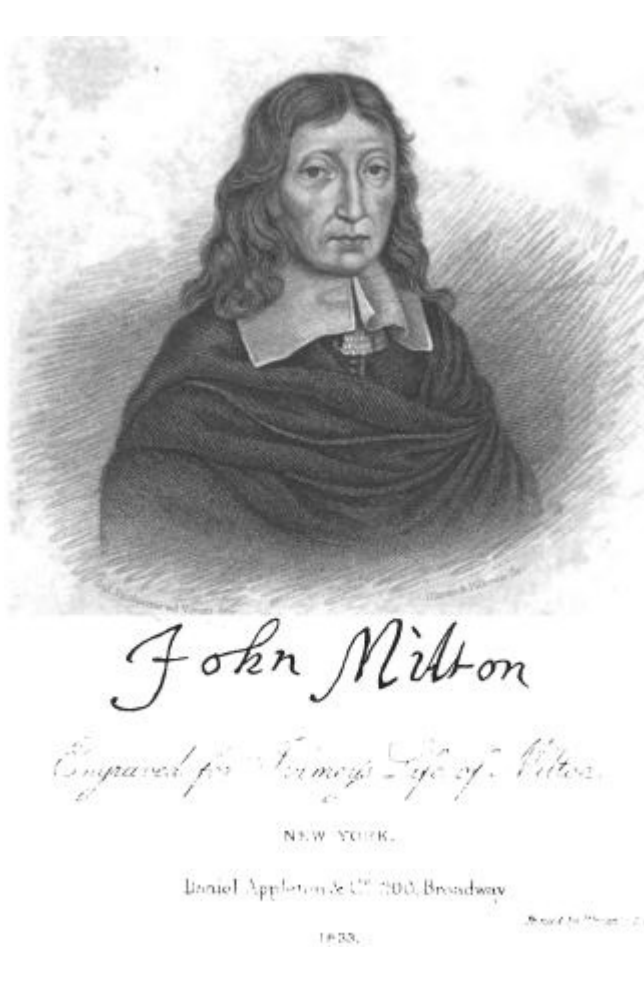


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[Thoreau](#) at the same time supplemented his borrowings from [Harvard Library](#) by checking out, again, from his club's library, the [Reverend Joseph Ivimey](#)'s [JOHN MILTON: HIS LIFE AND TIMES, RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL OPINIONS; WITH AN APPENDIX CONTAINING ANIMADVERSIONS UPON DR. JOHNSON'S LIFE OF MILTON](#) (London and New-York, 1833)



### REVEREND JOSEPH IVIMEY

and Henning Gottfried Linberg's translation from the French of INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, BY [VICTOR COUSIN](#), PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY OF THE FACULTY OF LITERATURE AT PARIS (Boston: Hilliard, Gray, Little, and Wilkins, 1832).

### HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

*1st day 25th of 6 M / Our Meetings were well attended & on the whole pretty favourable seasons – Father had a short testimony.*

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December 27, Wednesday: Miss [Elizabeth Palmer Peabody](#) heard [Jones Very](#) speak at the Salem Lyceum, on the epic poetry of the antique [Homer](#), [Virgil](#), [Dante](#), and [Milton](#) — and on the epic poetry of one who was almost their contemporary, [Coleridge](#).



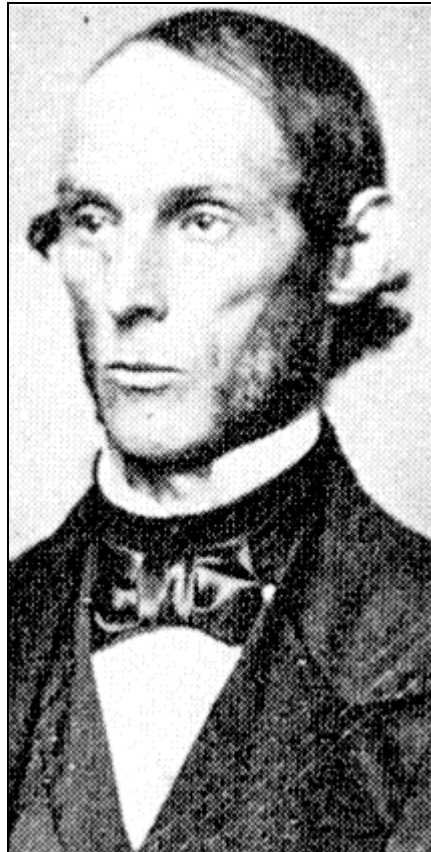


## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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At the end, she invited him to come home with her and her father. Shortly after Very had left their home that night, she took up her pen and wrote to [Waldo Emerson](#), saying that he should send for [Very](#) “at once” to make his acquaintance and to hear him lecture.



[Henry Thoreau](#) wrote in his journal in such manner as to indicate that [Emerson](#) was sharing with him a book of self-congratulatory racist “herstory” that he had recently checked out from the library of the Athenaeum, [Sharon Turner](#)’s HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS:

TIMELINE OF A WEEK

## REVOLUTIONS



Dec. 27. Revolutions are never sudden. Not one man, nor many men, in a few years or generations, suffice to regulate events and dispose mankind for the revolutionary movement. The hero is but the crowning stone of the pyramid, — the keystone of the arch. Who was Romulus or Remus, Hengist or Horsa, that we should attribute to them Rome or England? They are famous or infamous because the progress of events has chosen to make them its stepping-stones. But we would know where the avalanche commenced, or the hollow in the rock whence springs the Amazon. The most important is apt to be some silent and unobtrusive fact in history. In 449 three Saxon cyules arrived on the British coast, — “Three scipen gode comen mid than flode, three hundred enihten.”<sup>7</sup> The pirate of the British coast was no more the founder of a state than the scourge of

7. Cf. the essay “Reform and the Reformers”: “In the year 449 three Saxon cyules arrived on the British coast. ‘Three scipen gode comen mid than flode.’”



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the German shore.

#### HEROES

The real heroes of minstrelsy have been ideal, even when the names of actual heroes have been perpetuated. The real Arthur, who “not only excelled the experienced past, but also the possible future,” of whom it was affirmed for many centuries that he was not dead, but “had withdrawn from the world into some magical region; from which at a future crisis he was to reappear, and lead the Cymri in triumph through the island,” whose character and actions were the theme of the bards of Bretagne and the foundation of their interminable romances, was only an ideal impersonation.

Men claim for the ideal an actual existence also, but do not often expand the actual into the ideal. “If you do not believe me, go into Bretagne, and mention in the streets or villages, that Arthur is really dead like other men; you will not escape with impunity; you will be either hooted with the curses of your hearers, or stoned to death.”

#### HOMESICKNESS

The most remarkable instance of homesickness is that of the colony of Franks transplanted by the Romans from the German Ocean to the Euxine, who at length resolving to a man to abandon the country, seized the vessels which carried them out, and reached at last their native shores, after innumerable difficulties and dangers upon the Mediterranean and Atlantic.

#### THE INTERESTING FACTS IN HISTORY

How cheering is it, after toiling through the darker pages of history, — the heartless and fluctuating crust of human rest and unrest, — to alight on the solid earth where the sun shines, or rest in the checkered shade. The fact that Edwin of Northumbria “caused stakes to be fixed in the highways where he had seen a clear spring,” and that “brazen dishes were chained to them, to refresh the weary sojourner, whose fatigues Edwin had himself experienced,” is worth all Arthur’s twelve battles. The sun again shines along the highway, the landscape presents us sunny glades and occasional cultivated patches as well as dark primeval forests, and it is *merry* England after all.





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**A WEEK:** Ancient history has an air of antiquity. It should be more modern. It is written as if the spectator should be thinking of the backside of the picture on the wall, or as if the author expected that the dead would be his readers, and wished to detail to them their own experience. Men seem anxious to accomplish an orderly retreat through the centuries, earnestly rebuilding the works behind, as they are battered down by the encroachments of time; but while they loiter, they and their works both fall a prey to the arch enemy. History has neither the venerableness of antiquity, nor the freshness of the modern. It does as if it would go to the beginning of things, which natural history might with reason assume to do; but consider the Universal History, and then tell us, – when did burdock and plantain sprout first? It has been so written for the most part, that the times it describes are with remarkable propriety called **dark ages**. They are dark, as one has observed, because we are so in the dark about them. The sun rarely shines in history, what with the dust and confusion; and when we meet with any cheering fact which implies the presence of this luminary, we excerpt and modernize it. As when we read in the history of the Saxons that Edwin of Northumbria “caused stakes to be fixed in the highways where he had seen a clear spring,” and “brazen dishes were chained to them to refresh the weary sojourner, whose fatigues Edwin had himself experienced.” This is worth all Arthur’s twelve battles.

PEOPLE OF  
A WEEK

SHARON TURNER, F.A.S.



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1839

September 2, Monday: "Camped in Merrimack, on the west bank, by a deep ravine."

A WEEK: (September 2, Monday, 1839) We had found a safe harbor for our boat, and as the sun was setting carried up our furniture, and soon arranged our house upon the bank, and while the kettle steamed at the tent door, we chatted of distant friends and of the sights which we were to behold, and wondered which way the towns lay from us. Our cocoa was soon boiled, and supper set upon our chest, and we lengthened out this meal, like old voyageurs, with our talk. Meanwhile we spread the map on the ground, and read in the Gazetteer when the first settlers came here and got a township granted.

COCOA



A WEEK: (September 2, Monday, 1839) The bass, *Tilia Americana*, also called the lime or linden, which was a new tree to us, overhung the water with its broad and rounded leaf, interspersed with clusters of small hard berries now nearly ripe, and made an agreeable shade for us sailors. The inner bark of this genus is the bast, the material of the fisherman's matting, and the ropes and peasant's shoes of which the Russians make so much use, and also of nets and a coarse cloth in some places. According to poets, this was once Philyra, one of the Oceanides. The ancients are said to have used its bark for the roofs of cottages, for baskets, and for a kind of paper called Philyra. They also made bucklers of its wood, "on account of its flexibility, lightness, and resiliency." It was once much used for carving, and is still in demand for sounding-boards of piano-fortes and panels of carriages, and for various uses for which toughness and flexibility are required. Baskets and cradles are made of the twigs. Its sap affords sugar, and the honey made from its flowers is said to be preferred to any other. Its leaves are in some countries given to cattle, a kind of chocolate has been made of its fruit, a medicine has been prepared from an infusion of its flowers, and finally, the charcoal made of its wood is greatly valued for gunpowder.

CHOCOLATE

LINDEN TREE



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Although the following is an entry in [Henry Thoreau](#)'s JOURNAL of June 13, 1851, Thoreau ascribed this remark, while working on his [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS](#) manuscript, to the night of his mystic experience, September 2, 1839: "I heard partridges drumming to-night as late as 9 o'clock. What singularly space penetrating and filling sound! Why am I never nearer to its source? We do not commonly live our life out and full; we do not fill all our pores with our blood; we do not inspire and expire fully and entirely enough, so that the wave, the comber, of each inspiration shall break upon our extremest shores, rolling till it meets the sand which bounds us, and the sound of the surf come back to us. Might not a bellows assist us to breathe? That our breathing should create a wind on a calm day! We live but a fraction of our life. Why do we not let on the flood, raise the gates, and set all our wheels in motion? He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Employ your senses."

[TIMELINE OF A WEEK](#)

8. However, when he had copied the penciled events of Sept. 2nd 1839 into his journal on June 21, 1840, the only reference Thoreau had copied was "Sept. 2nd Camped in Merrimack, on the west bank, by a deep ravine...." Presumably, then, he first heard these famous partridges drumming and thought these famous thoughts when they were camped near Penichook Brook and Nashville, on the west bank of the Merrimack River in the vicinity of a deep ravine and a pine wood, on September 2, 1839 as described on pages 171-7 of [A WEEK](#). Possibly, when young [Thoreau](#) lay on his pine branches, and then wrote as above of "some tyro beating a drum incessantly, preparing for a country muster," he was mistaking the sound of a ruffed grouse for the sound of some boy in a nearby village, practicing incessantly on a drum.



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## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

**JOHN MILTON**

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

A WEEK: Far in the night as we were falling asleep on the bank of the Merrimack, we heard some tyro beating a drum incessantly, in preparation for a country muster, as we learned, and we thought of the line,—

“When the drum beat at dead of night.”

We could have assured him that his beat would be answered, and the forces be mustered. Fear not, thou drummer of the night, we too will be there. And still he drummed on in the silence and the dark. This stray sound from a far-off sphere came to our ears from time to time, far, sweet, and significant, and we listened with such an unprejudiced sense as if for the first time we heard at all. No doubt he was an insignificant drummer enough, but his music afforded us a prime and leisure hour, and we felt that we were in season wholly. These simple sounds related us to the stars. Ay, there was a logic in them so convincing that the combined sense of mankind could never make me doubt their conclusions. I stop my habitual thinking, as if the plough had suddenly run deeper in its furrow through the crust of the world. How can I go on, who have just stepped over such a bottomless skylight in the bog of my life. Suddenly old Time winked at me, — Ah, you know me, you rogue, — and news had come that IT was well. That ancient universe is in such capital health, I think undoubtedly it will never die. Heal yourselves, doctors; by God, I live.

Then idle Time ran gadding by  
And left me with Eternity alone;  
I hear beyond the range of sound,  
I see beyond the verge of sight, —

I see, smell, taste, hear, feel, that everlasting Something to which we are allied, at once our maker, our abode, our destiny, our very Selves; the one historic truth, the most remarkable fact which can become the distinct and uninvited subject of our thought, the actual glory of the universe; the only fact which a human being cannot avoid recognizing, or in some way forget or dispense with.

It doth expand my privacies  
To all, and leave me single in the crowd.

I have seen how the foundations of the world are laid, and I have not the least doubt that it will stand a good while.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,  
And only now my prime of life.  
I will not doubt the love untold,  
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,  
Which wooed me young and woos me old,  
And to this evening hath me brought.

What are ears? what is time? that this particular series of sounds called a strain of music, an invisible and fairy troop which never brushed the dew from any mead, can be wafted down through the centuries from Homer to me, and he have been conversant with that same aerial and mysterious charm which now so tingles my ears? What a fine communication from age to age, of the fairest and noblest thoughts, the aspirations of ancient men, even such as were never communicated by speech, is music! It is the flower of language, thought colored and curved, fluent and flexible, its crystal fountain tinged with the sun's rays, and its purling ripples reflecting the grass and the clouds.

[CAMPBELL](#)



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

A strain of music reminds me of a passage of the Vedas, and I associate with it the idea of infinite remoteness, as well as of beauty and serenity, for to the senses that is farthest from us which addresses the greatest depth within us. It teaches us again and again to trust the remotest and finest as the divinest instinct, and makes a dream our only real experience. We feel a sad cheer when we hear it, perchance because we that hear are not one with that which is heard.

Therefore a torrent of sadness deep,  
Through the strains of thy triumph is heard to sweep.

The sadness is ours. The Indian poet Calidas says in the Sacontala: "Perhaps the sadness of men on seeing beautiful forms and hearing sweet music arises from some faint remembrance of past joys, and the traces of connections in a former state of existence." As polishing expresses the vein in marble, and grain in wood, so music brings out what of heroic lurks anywhere. The hero is the sole patron of music. That harmony which exists naturally between the hero's moods and the universe the soldier would fain imitate with drum and trumpet. When we are in health all sounds fife and drum for us; we hear the notes of music in the air, or catch its echoes dying away when we awake in the dawn. Marching is when the pulse of the hero beats in unison with the pulse of Nature, and he steps to the measure of the universe; then there is true courage and invincible strength.

Continuing with this material about the drumming of the ruffed grouse that night, Thoreau modernized the spelling of a snippet from Book II of the Reverend [John Milton](#)'s PARADISE LOST:

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**A WEEK:** Still the drum rolled on, and stirred our blood to fresh extravagance that night. The clarion sound and clang of corselet and buckler were heard from many a hamlet of the soul, and many a knight was arming for the fight behind the encamped stars.

“Before each van  
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.”

Away! away! away! away!  
Ye have not kept your secret well,  
I will abide that other day,  
Those other lands ye tell.  
Has time no leisure left for these,  
The acts that ye rehearse?  
Is not eternity a lease  
For better deeds than verse?  
'T is sweet to hear of heroes dead,  
To know them still alive,  
But sweeter if we earn their bread,  
And in us they survive.  
Our life should feed the springs of fame  
With a perennial wave,  
As ocean feeds the babbling founts  
Which find in it their grave.  
Ye skies drop gently round my breast,  
And be my corselet blue,  
Ye earth receive my lance in rest,  
My faithful charger you;  
Ye stars my spear-heads in the sky,  
My arrow-tips ye are;  
I see the routed foemen fly,  
My bright spears fixed are.  
Give me an angel for a foe,  
Fix now the place and time,  
And straight to meet him I will go  
Above the starry chime.  
And with our clashing bucklers' clang  
The heavenly spheres shall ring,  
While bright the northern lights shall hang  
Beside our tourneying.  
And if she lose her champion true,  
Tell Heaven not despair,  
For I will be her champion new,  
Her fame I will repair.

PEOPLE OF  
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**1869**

March 4, Thursday: [Thomas Carlyle](#) visited the Queen of England in her castle home. At one point this confirmed explainer became so intense in informing her about the beauties of his Galloway that he pinned her dress to the floor with the leg of his chair.<sup>9</sup>



Ulysses S. Grant was inaugurated as President of the United States of America.

### INAUGURAL ADDRESS

[James Russell Lowell](#) would become so alarmed with the political corruption that would be so obvious in this president's administrations that he would attempt to manufacture models of heroism and idealism in literature. As co-editor, with Charles Eliot Norton, of the North American Review there would appear a series of critical essays on such major literary figures as [Dante Alighieri](#), [Geoffrey Chaucer](#), [Edmund Spenser](#), [John Milton](#), [William Shakespeare](#), [John Dryden](#), [William Wordsworth](#), and [John Keats](#). These and other critical essays would be collected in the two versions of AMONG MY BOOKS, the version of 1870 and the version of 1876.

9. Talk about captivating one's audience! We were not amused. To her journal, [Victoria](#) would describe this man as "a strange-looking eccentric old Scotchman, who holds forth, in a drawling melancholy voice, with a broad Scotch accent, upon Scotland and upon the utter degeneration of everything."



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JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1875

[John Payne Collier](#), with his reputation irretrievably stained by the revelation of his blatant [Shakespeare](#) forgery of more than three decades earlier, alleged that he had come into possession of a folio containing “[Milton](#)’s brief notes and references; 1500 of them.” This would indeed have been a major scholarly discovery; however, no-one was still willing to believe Collier (and indeed, no such folio has subsequently surfaced).



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

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### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1900

[Thomas Jefferson](#) had hoped to eliminate religion from his proposed public university by removing theology from the curriculum. However, as evangelical Protestantism came in the early 19th Century to dominate Virginia's culture, he had been forced to compromise and his University of Virginia had begun to provide nonsectarian religious instruction (under the rubric "Moral Philosophy"). Jefferson's compromise had then been reenacted at all the other institutions of higher education in the state, so that even denominational colleges had been able to adhere to one or another such "nonsectarian" pretense while offering an essentially religious education. By the end of the 19th Century [separation of church and state](#) in Virginia's public school system had become compatible with a generalized evangelical Protestantism — complete with all its Bible-thumping, all its obligatory-lecture "praying," all its singing of tendentiously worded "hymns," and all its dissing of any other religious understanding.



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

When asked to nominate the “Americans most deserving representation” for inclusion in a hall of fame that was being planned in Massachusetts, the Honorable George Frisbie Hoar needed to exclude his world-class heroes William Ewart Gladstone, [John Milton](#), the *Marquis de Lafayette*, General Simon Bolivar, [Giuseppe Mazzini](#), [Lajos Kossuth](#), and Miss Florence Nightingale because they were not Americans (well, in addition to being disqualified as a mere Brit, Miss Florence was not even male and not even yet deceased), and he excused [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#) and [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) because to be great a man must possess “more than the quality of a great artist,” and he banished [Benjamin Franklin](#) to the outer darkness for having been “without idealism, without lofty principle, and, on one side of his character, gross and immoral,” and, finally, aware that he could not get away with submitting his own name because he wasn’t dead yet (and besides that it would have been utterly immodest), he submitted the following dozen dead white American malenesses:

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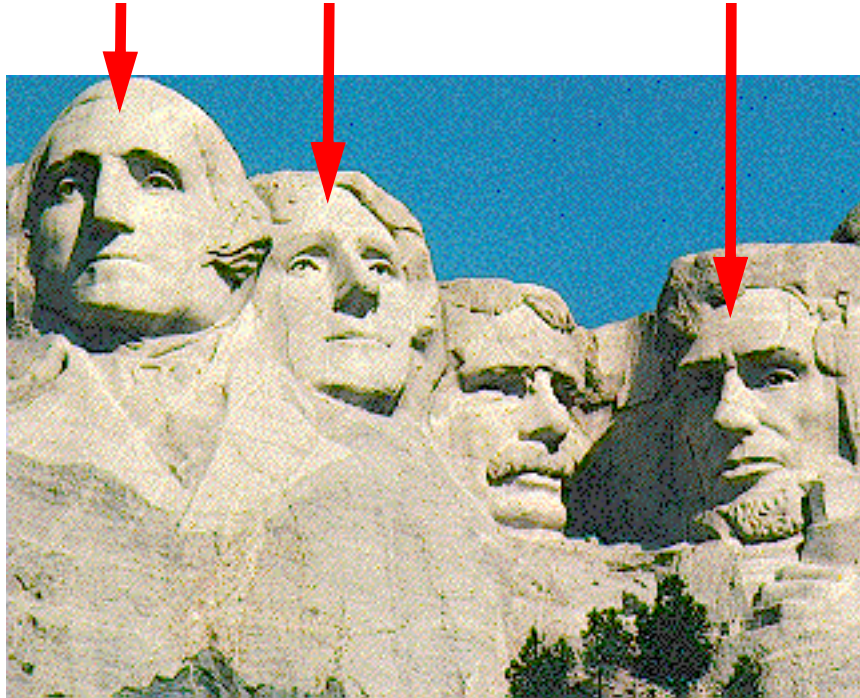
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- President [George Washington](#) (the most “noble” on the list, representing “the prime meridian of pure, exalted, human character”)
- President [Thomas Jefferson](#) (the most “influential” on the list, because of his alleged authorship of the [Declaration of Independence](#), a document endorsed by the Honorable George Frisbie Hoar’s grandfather Roger Sherman)
- President Abraham Lincoln
- The Reverend [Jonathan Edwards](#)
- President John Adams
- Sam Adams
- Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton
- Senator [Daniel Webster](#)
- Chief Justice John Marshall
- Senator Charles Sumner
- [Waldo Emerson](#)
- Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#)





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[Daniel Chester French](#) did an equestrian statue of George Washington, for [Paris](#).



(This isn't it — bronze horses are so easily mistaken for one another.)

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Oh, all right. How can I keep it from you?



The general had of course ridden various horses at various times. At least two of his mounts had been killed in combat. “Old Nelson,” “Roger Leo,” “Ellen Edenberg,” and “Blueskin” were among the survivors. We seem to have lost track of which of these the sculptor was here attempting to render immortal in bronze — perhaps he was merely immortalizing the spirit of horseness.



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1991

David Sprague Herreshoff expressed some opinions in regard to [Henry Thoreau](#)'s interpretation of Jesus's Sermon on the Mount by way of [John Milton](#)'s PARADISE LOST:<sup>10</sup>

There is a contemplative antipathy to rational, foresighted work in the Sermon on the Mount. There Jesus expresses a third biblical attitude toward work, distinct from aristocratic rejection and "bourgeois" celebration of it. It is an attack on the Proverbial celebration of work. "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on," he urges his audience. Like the makers of Proverbs he offers nonhuman living things as models for human conduct, but the ant, with her timely provisioning in summer for winter nourishment, cannot serve Jesus as a model. Instead he offers impulsive birds and sedate plants, the very antitheses of industriousness. "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.... Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these" (Matthew 6:25-29). The Proverbs ask the sluggard to consider the ant a model of liberating industriousness, but Jesus tells his hearers to imitate undomesticated fauna and flora because they are ideal, not industrious, and because they live for the day and are not anxiously working to make provision for the morrow. Because the needs of these creatures are met without any sowing, reaping, spinning, or toiling, he advises his audience that it can be so for them too.

Thoreau, sitting on the doorsill of his cabin, enjoying his solitude in a contemplative mood, thinks his fellow townsmen would regard what he is doing as sheer idleness but that it is not idleness if judged by the standards of the birds and the flowers. Dickinson describing a bird foraging in a New England farmer's field is on the side of the bird, which has neither sown nor reaped, and not on the side of the farmer who thinks that he who has not worked should not eat. Trusting in Providence they can be improvident. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and ... all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33). The Lord will provide the material wants of those called to leisure and contemplation. Industriousness is a kind of impiety, a common human folly of all prisoners of anxiety, women as well as men. Martha, the sister of Mary, who works like that jewel of a housewife in Proverbs, is rebuked by Jesus for being too busy in her kitchen to pay attention to the sacred word (Luke

10. Herreshoff, David Sprague. LABOR INTO ART: THE THEME OF WORK IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN LITERATURE. Detroit MI: Wayne State UP, 1991



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10:40-42).... For Marx and his followers humanity is on the threshold of a world community of peace and plenty in which human needs will be met without the exploitation of labor. Marxian summonses to socialist revolution in the twentieth century have frequently been justified on the assumption of the ripeness of the productive forces for the construction of a classless society. The implication is that the revolutionary project for the emancipation of labor was untimely in previous centuries.

Utopians like Thoreau, by contrast, do not acknowledge historical circumstances that limit the possibilities for radical social change. For them the challenge to drudgery and exploitation might be successfully made at any moment in history. It is always timely to ask why human beings are so docile, always timely to summon them to revolt against a slavish life. The inhabitants of Concord reminded Thoreau, when he considered their ways of making a living, of Hindu ascetics ritually humiliating themselves day by day. Why should this be so? It seemed to Thoreau to be a kind of mistake attributable to a lack of awareness of possible alternatives. Hence his eagerness "to wake my neighbors up," as he proclaims in his self-reliant epigraph to WALDEN (self-reliant because, departing from customary practice in the devising of epigraphs, he quotes himself rather than another author). All slaves can come out of bondage right now; the curse on Adam can be repealed at this instant.

When Thoreau lifts the curse of hard labor from the shoulders of the race and professes faith in the immediate accessibility of an Eden of unalienated humanity, the Eden of his vision is not a paradise of idleness, though it affords plenty of time for contemplation. It is rather a place where people work playfully and play productively; there the line between the serious and the sportive is erased or at least obscured. We are to take it easy in his Eden but are not to be passive consumers of its delights.

Thoreau is among the revolutionary-utopian interpreters of the myth of the Garden. Foremost in that tradition, in the English language, is [John Milton](#). Writing when the capitalist mode of production and its attendant work ethic were changing the world, Milton saw the Fall in the Garden from a point of view uncongenial to the kind of work normal in a fallen world where humanity must endure subordination coerced by violence or the threat of violence. Work, in Milton's account of it in PARADISE LOST, was originally a slow paced, amorous dressing and keeping of the Garden. Then unfortunately -it was fortunate only for the Messiah who, without the Fall, would have been out of work, deprived of a mission in history- Eve gives way to guilt feelings about the style, tempo, and consequent low productivity of the work she and Adam perform in the Garden. Eve's onset of guilt about work is a necessary preparation for the temptation and Fall. Eve fears that she and Adam do not do enough work to deserve their food; she wants to feel that they have earned their



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food. They could earn it by working harder, more productively. They would work more efficiently, she reasons, if they would work in isolation from each other rather than by cooperating as they began working.



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1996

August 1, Thursday: [Henry Thoreau](#) made the Los Angeles Times on this day, in a page B9 letter to the editor from indignant citizen Don K. Pierstorff on the topic of the Sickened Public vs the Professional Humanists of University Humanities Departments. These people who are staffing our institutions “have jammed political correctness and cultural diversity down our throats, masking each movement as if it were the key to American solidarity.” Mr. Pierstorff, hailing from Costa Mesa, California (the municipality in which I was sitting in a fast-food outlet doing this easy Sunday reading), continued:

Henry David Thoreau could battle unsympathetic probing; so could his mentor, Ralph Waldo Emerson. So could [John Milton](#), James Madison and Samuel Johnson. But university students don't read those writers anymore because they are all white, all male, all of European stock, and all dead; therefore university humanists do not teach their writings.... University humanists, using a polysyllabic vocabulary that masks the dust-covered trifles of their thinking, cannot correspond with a public sickened by the notion, for example, that literature means to a student whatever the student thinks it means.... Now university humanists weep on newspaper pages, bemoaning their outcast state. They brought it upon themselves.

(For the record, the date today is not April First, there are some who do not regard the LA Times as a humor publication, “Costa Mesa” means, roughly, “here be flatlands along the seacoast,” and — and although I omitted a few choice epithets, I fear I **didn't make up** the above-quoted letter. :-)



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2000

Samuel Lachise of Québec City discovered, by use of the Internet and a search engine, that [Henry Thoreau](#) had had a literary reference, in his 1859 essay “AUTUMNAL TINTS”, for writing that the deeply scalloped leaves of the scarlet oak *Quercus coccinea*, in fluttering down,

dance, arm in arm with the light — tripping it on fantastic points.... you can hardly tell at last what in the dance is leaf and what is light.

This reference was not to the now-famous line of the 1894 popular song by J.W. Blake, “Sidewalks of New York” — “trip the light fantastic,” which of course was several human generations from being penned – but to [John Milton](#)’s poem of 1645, *L’ALLEGRO*:

Com, and trip it as ye go



On the light fantastick toe....

HENCE loathèd Melancholy  
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,  
In Stygian Cave forlorn  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy.  
Find out som uncouth cell,  
Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-Raven sings;  
There, under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,  
As ragged as thy Locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But com thou Goddes fair and free,  
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth  
With two sister Graces more  
To Ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;  
Or whether (as som Sager sing)  
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,  
Zephir with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a Maying,  
There on Beds of Violets blew,  
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blith, and debonair.  
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd Smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

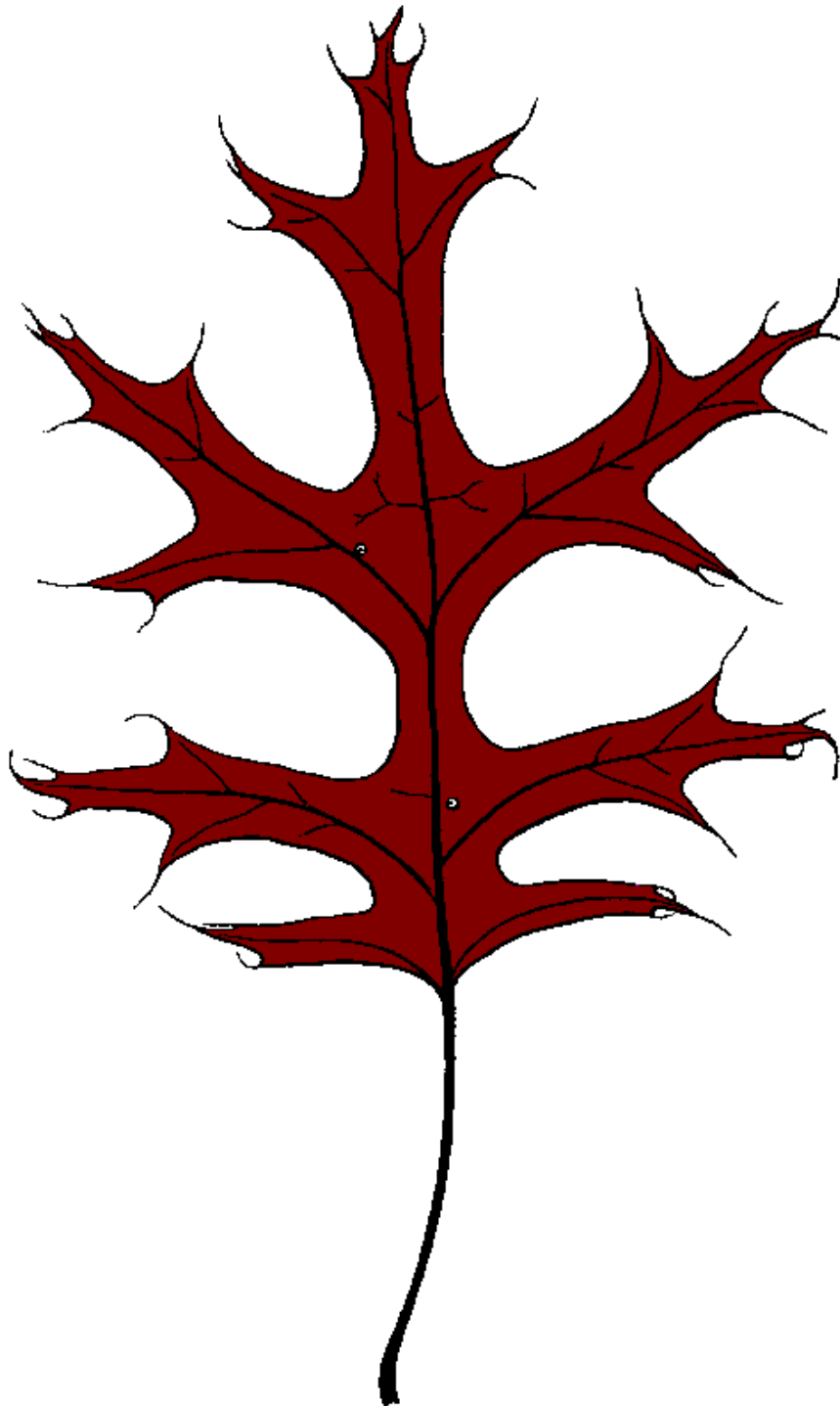




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And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinckled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Com, and trip it as ye go  
On the light fantastick toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crue  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unrepovèd pleasures free;  
To hear the Lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-towre in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to com in spight of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,  
Or the twisted Eglantine.  
While the Cock with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,  
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,  
Stoutly struts his Dames before,  
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn  
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,  
From the side of som Hoar Hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
Som time walking not unseen  
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,  
Right against the Eastern gate,  
Wher the great Sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,  
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.  
While the Plowman neer at hand,  
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,  
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the Mower whets his sithe,  
And every Shepherd tells his tale  
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.  
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,  
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,  
Where the nibling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren brest  
The labouring clouds do often rest:  
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,  
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.  
Towers, and Battlements it sees  
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,  
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two agèd Okes,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savory dinner set  
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves;  
Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,  
Som times with secure delight  
The up-land Hamlets will invite,  
When the merry Bells ring round,

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And the jocond rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;  
And young and old com forth to play  
On a Sunshine Holyday,  
Till the live-long day-light fail,  
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How Faery Mab the junkets eat,  
She was pincht, and pull'd the sed,  
And he by Friars Lanthorn led  
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,  
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,  
His shadowy Flale hath thresh'd the Corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end,  
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend,  
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And Crop-full out of dores he flings,  
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.  
Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.  
Towred Cities please us then,  
And the busie humm of men,  
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,  
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of Ladies, whose bright eies  
Rain influence, and judge the prise  
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend  
To win her Grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique Pageantry,  
Such sights as youthfull Poets dream  
On Summer eeves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonsons learned Sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespear fancies childe,  
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,  
And ever against eating Cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,  
Married to immortal verse  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linckèd sweetnes long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running;  
Untwisting all the chains that ty  
The hidden soul of harmony.  
That Orpheus self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear  
Such streins as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half regain'd Eurydice.  
These delights, if thou canst give,  
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Several Indian MPs demanded that the 106-carat Mountain of Light “Kohinoor” diamond on display at the Tower of London be returned by Britain to [India](#). (You can have three guesses as to when this game of keep-away over this sparkler is going to be brought to an end.)



WALDEN: White Pond and Walden are great crystals on the surface of the earth, Lakes of Light. If they were permanently congealed, and small enough to be clutched, they would, perchance, be carried off by slaves, like precious stones, to adorn the heads of emperors; but being liquid, and ample, and secured to us and our successors forever, we disregard them, and run after the diamond of Kohinoor. They are too pure to have a market value; they contain no muck. How much more beautiful than our lives, how much more transparent than our characters, are they! We never learned meanness of them. How much fairer than the pool before the farmer's door, in which his ducks swim! Hither the clean wild ducks come. Nature has no human inhabitant who appreciates her. The birds with their plumage and their notes are in harmony with the flowers, but what youth or maiden conspires with the wild luxuriant beauty of Nature? She flourishes most alone, far from the towns where they reside. Talk of heaven! ye disgrace earth.

LAKES OF LIGHT



## THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

### PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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



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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: March 16, 2015



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN:

JOHN MILTON

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:

JOHN MILTON

### 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.