

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

MADAM IDA LAURA REYER PFEIFFER



"Ida went first to the Holy Land, ostensibly on a pilgrimage, knowing that in choosing this destination she would encounter less disapproval from family and friends, who were already alarmed at her decision to travel alone."

1797

Ida Laura Reyer was born, in Vienna in Austria, to a family in which there would be five or six brothers and in which she would be regarded by her father as just another of his boys. As a young girl she would wear a boy's clothing and have the benefits of the same sort of education as was usually accorded to a male child. She would be encouraged to develop physical strength and independence through strenuous outdoor activities.

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1806



In Vienna, Austria, Ida Laura Reyer's father died. At the age of nine her mother persuaded her to wear clothing and take up activities considered suitable for a young lady of her era and class. She reluctantly began to don dresses and take piano lessons.

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1814

At the age of seventeen, when Ida Laura Reyer and her tutor fell in love in Vienna, Austria and desired to be wed, Ida's mother refused to cooperate. She hoped for a more appropriate match for her daughter.

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1820

When Ida Laura Reyer was 22 years of age she agreed to a marriage with a Herr Pfeiffer, an older man, a widower, a lawyer with an important position in the Austrian government. The Pfeiffers would have two sons together, but some time after their marriage, her husband fell into government disfavor and the family became impoverished. [Ida Pfeiffer](#) began to offer music and drawing lessons, but of course what she could earn in such a manner didn't meet the needs of a family of four and so her brothers helped finance the education of their two nephews.



1831

➔ When [Ida Pfeiffer](#)'s mother died there was but a small inheritance, only enough for living expenses and for the educational expenses of the two sons.

1835

➔ [Ida Pfeiffer](#) and her husband separated.



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1842

Both of her sons having at this point established their own homes, and living apart from her estranged husband, [Ida Pfeiffer](#) became entirely free of family obligations and decided to travel. Knowing that a “pilgrimage” would encounter less interference from family and friends who were alarmed at the idea of a woman traveling alone, she first went to the Levant (Palestine). She made out a last will and testament before departing on the Danube River toward the Black Sea. She passed through Constantinople, Jerusalem, and [Cairo](#), visiting the Giza pyramids and Sphinx and learning to ride a dromedary. She embarked at the Isthmus of Suez for a return home by way of Italy.



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1846

[Ida Pfeiffer](#)'s travel journal was published in Austria. She used the returns from VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, AND ITALY to finance a new adventure into Iceland. Unlike other travelers to Iceland of the time, she was alone and on a tight budget. She relied upon the local pony carts and for some six months lived as the Icelanders did. She sold the plant and rock collections she had made to museums. Her observations would become JOURNEY TO ICELAND, AND TRAVELS IN SWEDEN AND NORWAY. Then, still in the same year, she embarked on a Danish ship with the destination being Rio de Janeiro on the coast of South America. She hired a guide and went into the rain forest to visit the Puri. Then she continued on around the world by way of Cape Horn, her entire journey consuming three years and completing in Vienna only in November 1848. Along the way she became just outraged at the open sensuality of Tahitian females.¹



She rode up the river from Portuguese [Macau](#) aboard a cargo junk and at Canton she crossed paths with Professor [Louis Agassiz](#).

[CHINA](#)

1. In America during this year, [Herman Melville](#)'s narrative of his sailor sojourn on an island in Polynesia was being republished (it had already appeared in England under the title NARRATIVE OF A FOUR MONTHS' RESIDENCE AMONG THE NATIVES OF A VALLEY OF THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS; OR, A PEEP AT POLYNESIAN LIFE) by Wiley and Putnam, as *TYPEE: A PEEP AT POLYNESIAN LIFE*. Melville was "dedicating" this book to his father-in-law Judge Shaw, who had been advancing the cause of racial fairness from the bench. [Henry Thoreau](#) read this new book (it may be the only thing by Melville that he ever read) and stuck a reminder to himself into a journal notebook he was keeping that fall, that he would use in his writings about his Maine adventures and then put into his 1st draft of WALDEN, a reminder to cite this work by Melville as proof that elderly people in primitive societies are healthier than their civilized counterparts. Longfellow was praising Melville's "glowing description of Life in the Marquesas," and Amos Bronson Alcott was referring to the volume as "charming." [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#), who by the influence of his friends Horatio Bridge and [Franklin Pierce](#) in the Democratic party, had secured a morning job, "Surveyor of Port," at the Salem Custom House, was provided with a review copy by Evert Duyckinck and commented in the Salem [Advertiser](#) that he knew of "no work that gives a freer and more effective picture of barbarian life."



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For several months she traveled in India with a leather pouch for water, a small pan for cooking, some salt, and bread and rice.

INDIA

Continuing on to Baghdad she joined a camel caravan for the 300-mile trek through the desert to Mosul, and then went into Persia, to Tabriz, where she amazed the British consul. Joining a caravan going toward Russia, she was of course briefly detained as a spy and jotted in her journal, "Oh you good Arabs, Turks, Persians, Hindoos! How safely did I pass through your heathen and infidel countries; and here, in Christian Russia, how much have I had to suffer in this short space."

WALDEN: When Madam Pfeiffer, in her adventurous travels round the world, from east to west, had got so near home as Asiatic Russia, she says that she felt the necessity of wearing other than a travelling dress, when she went to meet the authorities, for she "was now in a civilized country, where ... people are judged of by their clothes." Even in our democratic New England towns the accidental possession of wealth, and its manifestation in dress and equipage alone, obtain for the possessor almost universal respect. But they who yield such respect, numerous as they are, are so far heathen, and need to have a missionary sent to them.

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Madame Pfeiffer continued through Turkey, Greece, and Italy to her home in Vienna and reunion with her two sons.



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1848

November: [Ida Pfeiffer](#) arrived home in Vienna, Austria after her solitary trip around the world. In 1852, her A LADY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD would render her name a household word.



(She would, for instance, by virtue of her amazing saunter, achieve the immortality of being mentioned by [Henry Thoreau](#) in [WALDEN](#)!)

[WALDEN](#): When Madam Pfeiffer, in her adventurous travels round the world, from east to west, had got so near home as Asiatic Russia, she says that she felt the necessity of wearing other than a travelling dress, when she went to meet the authorities, for she "was now in a civilized country, where ... people are judged of by their clothes." Even in our democratic New England towns the accidental possession of wealth, and its manifestation in dress and equipage alone, obtain for the possessor almost universal respect. But they who yield such respect, numerous as they are, are so far heathen, and need to have a missionary sent to them.

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1851

Upon pronouncing that she was ready to resume her travels, [Ida Pfeiffer](#) began to receive numerous invitations from Europeans in various locations, plus offers of transportation by publicity-seeking railroad and steamship firms. She would sail from London to Cape Town, and around the Cape of Good Hope to Singapore to Borneo, where she spent six months in the rain forest visiting among Dyak known to still practice ritual headhunting: “I shuddered, but I could not help asking myself whether, after all, we Europeans are not really just as bad or worse than these despised savages? Is not every page of our history filled with horrid deeds of treachery and murder?” She would comment that “I should like to have passed a longer time among the free Dyaks, as I found them, without exception, honest, good-natured, and modest in their behavior. I should be inclined to place them, in these respects, above any of the races I have ever known.” She then went on to Sumatra in the Dutch East Indies, where she visited Batak cannibals who had never before allowed a European into their territory. She then sailed via San Francisco to tour the Andes Mountains of South America.





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1852

Madam [Ida Pfeiffer](#)'s A LADY'S VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND, [EGYPT](#), AND ITALY was published in London by Ingram Cooke & Co. as translated from German into English by H.W. Dulcken. Her A JOURNEY TO ICELAND AND TRAVELS IN SWEDEN AND NORWAY was published in New-York by G.P. Putnam as translated from the German by Charlotte Fenimore Cooper, and was simultaneously published in London by Ingram, Cooke, and Company as VISIT TO ICELAND AND THE SCANDINAVIAN NORTH. WITH NUMEROUS EXPLANATORY NOTES AND EIGHT TINTED ENGRAVINGS. TO WHICH ARE ADDED AN ESSAY ON ICELANDIC POETRY, FROM THE FRENCH OF M. BERGMANN; A TRANSLATION OF THE ICELANDIC POEM, THE VOLUSPA; AND A BRIEF SKETCH OF ICELANDIC HISTORY.



She was a publisher's dream, a publishing phenomenon.

WALDEN: When Madam Pfeiffer, in her adventurous travels round the world, from east to west, had got so near home as Asiatic Russia, she says that she felt the necessity of wearing other than a travelling dress, when she went to meet the authorities, for she "was now in a civilized country, where ... people are judged of by their clothes." Even in our democratic New England towns the accidental possession of wealth, and its manifestation in dress and equipage alone, obtain for the possessor almost universal respect. But they who yield such respect, numerous as they are, are so far heathen, and need to have a missionary sent to them.

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In this same year was published, in New-York, her A WOMAN'S JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD FROM VIENNA TO BRAZIL, CHILI, TAHITI, CHINA, HINDOSTAN, PERSIA AND ASIA MINOR. Some material from which [Henry Thoreau](#) would extrapolate, about the Puri natives of eastern Brazil, appeared on page 36:

WALDEN: I did not read books the first summer; I hoed beans. Nay, I often did better than this. There were times when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of the head or hands. I love a broad margin to my life. Sometimes, in a summer morning, having taken my accustomed bath, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a revery, amidst the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang around or flitted noiseless through the house, until by the sun falling in at my west window, or the noise of some traveller's wagon on the distant highway, I was reminded of the lapse of time. I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been. They were not time subtracted from my life, but so much over and above my usual allowance. I realized what the Orientals mean by contemplation and the forsaking of works. For the most part, I minded not how the hours went. The day advanced as if to light some work of mine; it was morning, and lo, now it is evening, and nothing memorable is accomplished. Instead of singing like the birds, I silently smiled at my incessant good fortune. As the sparrow had its trill, sitting on the hickory before my door, so had I my chuckle or suppressed warble which he might hear out of my nest. My days were not days of the week, bearing the stamp of any heathen deity, nor were they minced into hours and fretted by the ticking of a clock; for I lived like The Puri Indians, of whom it is said that "for yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow they have only one word, and they express the variety of meaning by pointing backward for yesterday, forward for to-morrow, and overhead for the passing day." This was sheer idleness to my fellow-townsmen, no doubt; but if the birds and flowers had tried me by their standard, I should not have been found wanting. A man must find his occasions in himself, it is true. The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove his indolence.



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January 17, Saturday, or 22, Thursday: Per Leary, [Henry Thoreau](#) began the process of creative reshaping of [WALDEN](#), onto 67 leaves of white and cream paper marked with the GOODWIN*HARTFORD anchor watermark, which following Ronald Earl Clapper we refer to as “Draft D.” For instance [WALDEN](#) 314, added into draft D of 1852:

We should be fortunate & blessed if we were so sane & in season, with our robes always tucked up, that we were able & could afford to live in the present without any definite or recognized object from day to day. If we could without be thus [?] always where God & Nature are, and not live on a tangent to the sphere, for the world is round. As an old poet says “Though man proposeth, God disposeth all.” What have we to boast of. We make ourselves the very sewers, the cloacae of nature. I too revive as does the grass after rain. We are never so floundering, our day is never so fair, but that the sun may come out a little brighter through mists and we yearn to live after a better fashion.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

WALDEN A → G

This process would continue into September.

[Henry Thoreau](#) reminisced about the two young women who borrowed his dipper while he was living at the pond and then failed to bring it back:



January 17, Saturday, 1852: One day two young women—a Sunday—stopped at the door of my hut and asked for some water. I answered that I had no cold water but I would lend them a dipper. They never returned the dipper—and I had a right to suppose that they came to steal. They were a disgrace to their sex and to humanity. ... Pariahs of the moral world— Evil spirits that thirsted not for water but threw the dipper into the lake.— Such as Dante saw. What the lake to them but liquid fire & brimstone. They will never know peace till they have returned the dipper— In all the worlds this is decreed. ...

DANTE

A disgrace to their sex and to humanity! —It really sounds as if these two had attempted to flirt with him. However, this is all of the incident that got into the book manuscript:

[WALDEN](#): Many a traveller came out of his way to see me and the inside of my house, and, as an excuse for calling, asked for a glass of water. I told them that I drank at the pond, and pointed thither, offering to lend them a dipper. Far off as I lived, I was not exempted from that annual visitation which occurs, methinks, about the first of April, when every body is on the move; and I had my share of good luck, though there were some curious specimens among my visitors.



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January 17, Saturday, 1852: ... Evergreens would be a good title for some of my things.— or Gill-go-over the Ground.— or Winter green—or Checker-berry. or Esnea lichens. &c &c Iter Canadense....

One day an inoffensive simple minded pauper from the almshouse—who with others I often saw used as fencing stuff standing or sitting on a bushel in the fields to keep cattle from straying—visited me. and expressed a wish to live as I did. He told me in the simplest manner—(and therefore quite superior to anything that is called humility—it was too simple & truthful for that) that he was deficient in intellect these were his words—the Lord had made him so—and yet he supposed that the Lord cared for him as much as for another. Said he I have always been so from my childhood I never had much mind. It was the Lord’s will I suppose. I am weak in the head”— I was not like other children.” I have rarely been so fortunate as to meet a fellow man on such promising ground. It was so solemnly true—all that he said.

The other day the 14th, as I was passing the further Garfield house beyond Holden’s with my pantaloons as usual tucked into my boots (there was no path beyond Holden’s) I heard some persons in Garfields shed but did not look round—and when I had got a rod or two beyond—I heard some one call out impudently from the shed—quite loud—something like “Ho’lloa—mister—what do you think of the walking?” I turned round directly and saw three men standing in the shed. I was resolved to discomfit them—that they should prove their manhood if they had any—and find something to say though they had nothing before.— that they should make amends to the universe by feeling cheap. They should either say to my face & eye what they had said to my back—or they should feel the meanness of having to change their tone. So I called out looking at one do you wish to speak to me Sir? no answer— So I stepped a little nearer & repeated the question— When one replied yes sir. So I advanced with alacrity up the path they had shovelled. In the meanwhile one ran into the house. I thought I had seen the nearest one— He called me by name faintly & with hesitation & held out his hand half unconsciously which I did not decline—and I inquired gravely if he wished to say anything to me, he could only wave me to the other & mutter my brother. I approached him & repeated the question. He looked as if he was shrinking into a nutshell—a pitiable object he was—he looked away from me while he began to frame some business some surveying that he might wish to have done I saw that he was drunk—that his brother was ashamed of him—and I turned my back on him in the outset of this indirect but drunken apology.

IDA PFEIFFER

When Madame Pfeiffer arrived in Asiatic Russia she felt the necessity—of wearing other than a travelling dress, when she went to meet the authorities—for as she remarks she “was now in a civilized country where — people are judged of by their clothes.” This is another barbarous trait.

It seemed that from such a basis as the poor weak headed pauper had laid—such a basis of truth & frankness—our intercourse might go forward to something better than the intercourse of sages.

It was on the 4th of July that I put a few things into a hay-rigging some of which I had made myself, & commenced housekeeping.

There is the worldwide fact that from the mass of men—the appearance of wealth—dress & equipage alone command respects,—they who yield it are the heathen who need to have missionaries sent to them—and they who cannot afford to live & travel but in this **respectable** way are if possible more pitiable still.

In proportion as I have celestial thoughts, is the necessity for me to be out and behold the western sky before sunset these winter days. That is the symbol of the unclouded mind that knows neither winter nor summer. What is your thought like? That is the hue—that the purity & transparency and distance from earthly taint of my inmost mind—for whatever we see without is a symbol of something within—& that which is farthest off—is the symbol of what is deepest within. The lover of contemplation accordingly will gaze much into the sky.—Fair thoughts & a serene mind make fair days.

The rain bow is the symbol of the triumph which succeeds to a grief that has tried us to our advantage—so that at last we can smile through our—tears— It is the aspect with which we come out of the house of mourning. We have found our relief in tears.

As the skies appear to a man so is his mind. Some see only clouds there some prodigies & portents—some rarely look up at all, their heads like the brutes are directed toward earth. Some behold there serenity—purity beauty ineffable.

The World run to see the panorama when there is a panorama in the sky which few go out to see.

Methinks there might be a chapter—when I speak of hens in the thawy days & spring weather on the chips—called Chickweed. or Plantain.

To sea-going men the very Mts are but boats turned upside down—as the North men in Norway speak of the “keel-ridge of the country” i.e. the ridge of the Mts which divide the waters flowing east & west

Those western vistas through clouds to the sky—show the clearest heavens—clearer & more elysian than if the whole sky is comparatively free from clouds—for then there is wont to be a vapor more generally diffused especially near the horizon—which in cloudy days is absorbed as it were & collected into masses. And the vistas are clearer than the unobstructed cope of heaven.

The endless variety in the forms & texture of the clouds! Some fine some coarse grained. I saw tonight over



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head—stretching ²/₃l] across the sky what looked like the back bone with portions of the ribs of a fossil monster. Every form & creature is thus shadowed forth in vapor in the heavens.

Saw a teamster coming up the Boston road this afternoon sitting on his load which was bags of corn or salt apparently behind 2 horses & beating his hands for warmth. He finally got off & walked behind to make his blood circulate faster— and I saw that he was a large man— But when I came near him I found that he was a monstrous man & dwarfed all whom he stood by—so that I did not know whether he was large or they were small. Yet though he stood so high he stooped considerably more than anybody I think of & he wore a flat glazed cap to conceal his height. & when he got into the village he sat down on his bags again. I heard him remark to a boy that it was a cold day & it was. But I wondered that he should feel the cold so sensibly—for I thought it must take a long time to cool so large a body.

I learned that it was Kimball of Littleton—that probably he was not 20. The family was not **large** Wild who took the census—said so and that his sister said he could 'nt do much" health & strength not much. It troubled him that he was so large—for people looked at him. There is at once something monstrous in the bad sense suggested by the sight of such a man. Great size is inhuman. It is as if a man should be born with the earth attached to him. I saw him standing upon a sled talking with the driver while his own team went on ahead. And I supposed from their comparative height that his companion was sitting—but he proved to be standing. Such a man is so much less human—that is what may make him sad.

Those old Northmen were not like so many men in these days whom you can pass your hand through because they have not any back-bone. When Asmund was going to kill Harek of Thiottö with a thin hatchet, King Magnus said "Rather take this axe of mine". It was thick, and made like a club. 'Thou must know, Asmund,' added he, 'that there are hard bones in the old fellow.'" Asmund struck Harek on the head & gave him his death wound, but when he returned to the king's house, it appeared that "the whole edge of the axe was turned with the blow".

It appears to me that at a very early age—the mind of man—perhaps at the same time with his body, ceases to be elastic. His intellectual power becomes something defined—& limited. He does not think expansively as he would stretch himself in his growing days— What was flexible sap hardens into heartwood and there is no further change. In the season of youth methinks man is capable of intellectual effort & performance which surpass all rules & bounds— As the youth lays out his whole strength without fear or prudence & does not feel his limits. It is the transition from poetry to prose. The young man can run & leap—he has not learned exactly how far—he knows no limits— The grown man does not exceed his daily labor. He has no strength to waste.

Some men are never where they For the most part, we are not where we are, but in a false position. By Through an infirmity of their our natures, they we suppose a case, and put themselves ourselves into it, and hence they we are in two cases, the actual and the supposed, at the same time, which is to be in a dilemma, and it is doubly difficult to get out. A few healthy & true men In healthy and true moments In sane moments we regard only the facts, the case that is.... Any truth is presentable. better than make-believe. (Clapper 862-7; WALDEN, 326-7)

[I]n an imperfect work time is an ingredient, but into a perfect work time does not enter.... [T]ime had been an illusion.... Some men are never where they For the most part, we are not where we are, but in a false position. By Through an infirmity of their our natures, they we suppose a case, and put themselves ourselves into it, and hence they we are in two cases, the actual and the supposed, at the same time, which is to be in a dilemma, and it is doubly difficult to get out. A few healthy & true men In healthy and true moments In sane moments we regard only the facts, the case that is.... Any truth is presentable. better than make-believe. (Clapper 862-7; WALDEN, 326-7)

Wherever I sat, there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly. (Clapper 256-7; WALDEN, 81)



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January 18, Sunday: The Reverend Convers Francis preached in Concord. His prooftext for the morning service was 1st Corinthians 3:17 and his topic was "The Agency of God and Man in Union with Each Other." His prooftext for the afternoon service was Acts 5:38-39 and his topic was "Gamaliel's Advice."



MARY EMERSON

January 18, Sunday: E Hosmer tells me that his daughter walking with Miss Mary Emerson to some meeting or lecture, perhaps it was Mrs Smith's—the latter was saying that she did not want to go— She did not think it was worth the while to be running after such amusements &c &c Whereupon Miss Hosmer asked "what do you go for then?"— "None of your business." was the characteristic reply. Sometimes when a woman was speaking where gentlemen were present—she put her hand on her & said "be still—I want to hear the men talk."

I still remember those wonderful sparkles at Pelham Pond. The very sportsmen in the distance—with their guns & dogs—presented some surfaces on which a sparkle could impinge—such was the transparent flashing air. It was a most exhilarating intoxicating air—as when poets sing of the sparkling wine.

I have seen some men in whom the usually posthumous decay appeared to have commenced— They impressed me as actually rotting alive— As if there was not salt enough in their composition to preserve them. I could not approach them without a smelling bottle at my nose—not till the Fates strengthened the pickle in which they were.

While the snow is falling, the telegraph harp is resounding across the fields. As if the telegraph approached So near an attribute of divinity, that music naturally attends it.

To day again I saw some of the blue in the crevices of the snow— It is snowing—but not a moist snow. Perhaps the snow in the air as well as on the ground—takes up the white rays & reflects the blue There is no blue to be seen overhead & it has as it were taken refuge in the chinks & crevices in the snow.

What is like the peep or whistle of a bird in the midst of a winter storm?

The pines—some of them—seen through this fine driving snow have a bluish hue.

IDA PFEIFFER
CHINESE

Barbarous as we esteem the Chinese they have already built their steam boat Swiftly the arts spread in these days. Madame Pfeiffer visited the garden of a mandarin in Canton² "in which" says she "I was the more interested because it was the birthplace of the first Chinese steamboat, built by order of the mandarin and by Chinese workmen. The Mandarin had gone through his studies in N America, where he remained for 13 years". She was there after '46.

2. Note that when Canton MA had been named in 1797, it had been so named because someone had ignorantly asserted it to be on the exact opposite side of the earth from Canton, China.



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1855

Madam [Ida Pfeiffer](#) returned to Vienna, Austria after a 4-year absence.



Her *A LADY'S SECOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD* would be yet another bestseller.³ Although the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain would decline to admit a female, she would win election to the geographical societies of Berlin and Paris.

WALDEN: When Madam Pfeiffer, in her adventurous travels round the world, from east to west, had got so near home as Asiatic Russia, she says that she felt the necessity of wearing other than a travelling dress, when she went to meet the authorities, for she "was now in a civilized country, where ... people are judged of by their clothes." Even in our democratic New England towns the accidental possession of wealth, and its manifestation in dress and equipage alone, obtain for the possessor almost universal respect. But they who yield such respect, numerous as they are, are so far heathen, and need to have a missionary sent to them.

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(During this year [Henry Thoreau](#) was trying without any success to convince Ticknor & Fields of Boston to reissue another travel narrative, [A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS.](#))⁴



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1856

On yet another of her solitary trips, [Ida Pfeiffer](#) visited Madagascar, and was taken prisoner by Queen Ranavalona there on suspicions of being part of a plot to overthrow the government.

(Well, she was a woman and she was traveling in foreign climates, all alone. Come on, **obviously** she must be involved in **something!**)

3. Her publication contained some hoo-hah pseudoinformation she had picked up about America's "Winona" sacrificial Indian maiden legend.



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Although she would be released, she had acquired a tropical disease from which she would not recover.



Having been rebuffed in 1853 and again in 1854 as the official emissary of the London Missionary Society to Madagascar, the Reverend [William Ellis](#) returned for a 3d try. This 3d time was a charm — this time Queen Ranavalona allowed him to remain on the island. Remain, that is, for one month.

4. The poet W.H. Auden has in 1962 brought forward a snippet from [A WEEK](#) as:

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS, A PERSONAL SELECTION BY W.H. AUDEN...

Pg	Topic	Aphorism Selected by Auden out of Thoreau
104	Nature	A worm is as good a traveler as a grasshopper or a cricket, and a much wiser settler.
329	Opinions and Beliefs	Some minds are as little logical or argumentative as nature; they can offer no reason or “guess,” but they exhibit the solemn and incontrovertible fact. If a historical question arises, they cause the tombs to be opened.

HDT

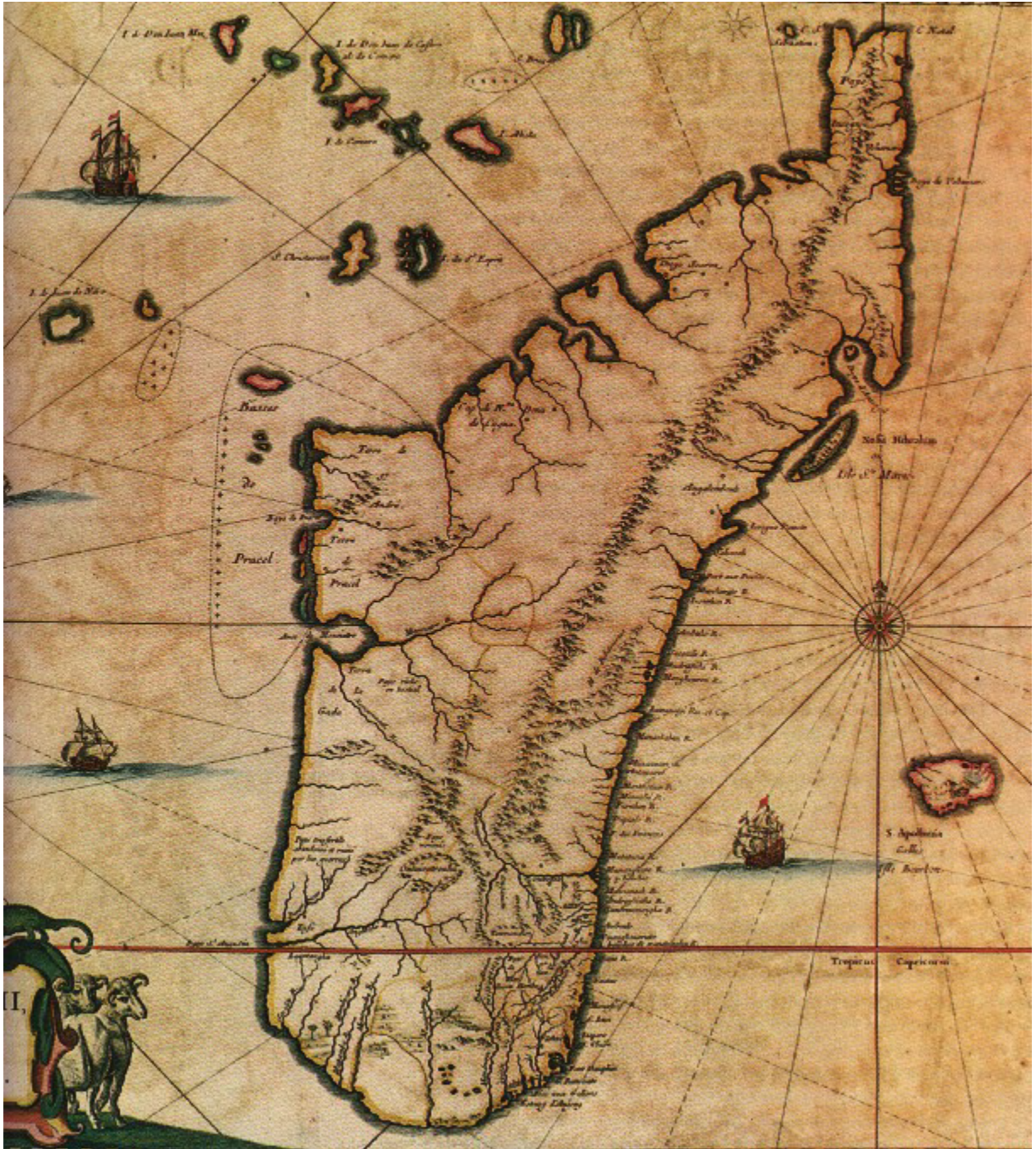
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1858

[Ida Pfeiffer](#) died in Vienna at the age of 61, of a tropical disease acquired somewhere during her years of travel (presumably, during her imprisonment in Madagascar accused of revolutionary plotting).

1861

December: [Ida Pfeiffer](#)'s THE LAST TRAVELS OF IDA PFEIFFER: INCLUSIVE OF A VISIT TO MADAGASCAR. WITH AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR as translated by H.W. Dulcken was published in New-York by Harper & Brothers and offered in bookstores at \$1.²⁵.

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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: May 29, 2013



IDA PFEIFFER

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

ARRGH AUTOMATED RESearch REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE



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



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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

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

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