PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

ALMOST MENTIONED IN WALDEN:

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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

Four Approaches to the Writer's Estate				
Approach	"Old Money"	"New Money"	"Sweat Equity"	"Just Enough Money"
Writer	Lord Byron	Sir Walter Scott	Henry Thoreau	Virginia Wolff
Estate	Newstead Abbey	Abbotsford	Walden Pond	A Room of One's Own
Results	Bailout	Insolvency	Immortality	Feminism

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

WALDEN: I should not forget that during my last winter at the pond there was another welcome visitor, who at one time came through the village, through snow and rain and darkness, till he saw my lamp through the trees, and shared with me some long winter evenings. One of the last of the philosophers, –Connecticut gave him to the world,– he peddled first her wares, afterwards, as he declares, his brains. These he peddles still, prompting God and disgracing man, bearing for fruit his brain only, like the nut its kernel. I think that he must be the man of the most faith of any alive. His words and attitude always suppose a better state of things than other men are acquainted with, and he will be the last man to be disappointed as the ages revolve. He has no venture in the present. But though comparatively disregarded now, when his day comes, laws unsuspected by most will take effect, and masters of families and rulers will come to him for advice.–

"How blind that cannot see serenity!"

A true friend of man; almost the only friend of human progress. An Old Mortality, say rather an Immortality, with unwearied patience and faith making plain the image engraven in men's bodies, the God of whom they are but defaced and leaning monuments. With his hospitable intellect he embraces children, beggars, insane, and scholars, and entertains the thought of all, adding to it commonly some breadth and elegance. I think that he should keep a caravansary on the world's highway, where philosophers of all nations might put up, and on his sign should be printed. "Entertainment for man, but not for his beast. Enter ye that have leisure and a quiet mind, who earnestly seek the right road." He is perhaps the sanest man and has the fewest crotchets of any I chance to know; the same yesterday and tomorrow. Of yore we had sauntered and talked, and effectually put the world behind us; for he was pledged to no institution in it, freeborn, *ingenuus*. Whichever way we turned, it seemed that the heavens and the earth had met together, since he enhanced the beauty of the landscape. A blue-robed man, whose fittest roof is the overarching sky which reflects his serenity. I do not see how he can ever die; Nature cannot spare him.

BRONSON ALCOTT
SIR WALTER SCOTT
ROBERT PATERSON

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1220

Birth of Thomas Learmonth, the Rhymer, a soothsayer incorrectly given credit, by Walter Scott, for the romance “Sir Tristrem.”

SCOTLAND

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1500

The William Dunbar who eventually would be termed, by Walter Scott, the "darling of the Scottish Muses," was at this point granted, as a token of royal esteem, due to his abject penury, a pension of £10 per year. Here, I'd like to make sure you're not short of pocket money. He would travel both to England and to France in King James IV's service, and may well have done some of this traveling as a Franciscan novice. He would never, however, attain to a rank higher than that of Friar, while meanwhile a better-connected relative Alexander Dunbar, Prior of Pluscarden, was relentlessly laundering the incomes and properties of this church asset into the coffers of his relatives:

> Belief does leap, trust does not tarry,
> Office does flit, and courts do vary,
> Purpose does change as wind and rain;
> Which to consider is a pain.
>
> The people so wicked are of feiris [manners]
> The fruitless earth all witness bears,
> The air infected and profane;
> Which to consider is a pain.

Fifes were popular. The flute we know, which we hold sidewise to our right, is referred to technically as the *flauto traverso* or cross flute or German flute (to distinguish it from the common flute or recorder, from duct flutes such as the Arabic *nay,* from panpipes, from the nose flute, etc.). In the 16th Century in Europe, a tenor flute pitched in the key of G would be played in concert with a descant flute pitched in the key of D and a bass flute pitched in the key of C. Typically, these early flutes would be fashioned of boxwood, would be fashioned in one piece as a straight tube, and typically they would have six finger holes with no keys.

> WALDEN: In warm evenings I frequently sat in the boat playing the flute, and saw the perch, which I seemed to have charmed, hovering around me, and the moon travelling over the ribbed bottom, which was strewed with the wrecks of the forest. Formerly I had come to this pond adventurously, from time to time, in dark summer nights, with a companion, and making a fire close to the water's edge, which we thought attracted the fishes, we caught pouts with a bunch of worms strung on a thread; and when we had done, far in the night, threw the burning brands high into the air like skyrockets, which, coming down into the pond, were quenched with a loud hissing, and we were suddenly groping in total darkness. Through this, whistling a tune, we took our way to the haunts of men again. But now I had made my home by the shore.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1526

The last clan battle between the Kers and the Scotts took place in the Border country, on a piece of ground which Walter Scott would acquire in 1811 in the creation of the historical fantasy he would refer to as his "Abbotsford."

The Author's Fantasy

An Anglo/Scottish peace treaty was signed.

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

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1715

Robert Paterson was born near Hawick, Scotland. This Scottish stonemason would make it his practice to commemorate and keep in repair the tombs of the Covenanters. He would meet Sir Walter Scott in Dunnotar churchyard.

The 1st Jacobite rising in Britain and Scotland attempted to restore the exiled James Francis Edward Stuart of the Stuart dynasty to the throne (James would become King James VII of Scotland and James III of England). England implemented on August 1st of this year a Riot Act, according to which if one dozen or more citizens were assembled and were disturbing the peace, and refused to disperse upon proper warning, they would face felony charges. This new procedure seemed less provocative and less dangerous than previous practices such as the military or police proceeding directly to fire over the heads of a group that might transform itself into an angry mob. The formal warning by the police would come to be termed "reading them the Riot Act":

WALDEN: Far through unfrequented woods on the confines of towns, where once only the hunter penetrated by day, in the darkest night dart these bright saloons without the knowledge of their inhabitants; this moment stopping at some brilliant station-house in town or city, where a social crowd is gathered, the next in the Dismal Swamp, scaring the owl and fox. The startings and arrivals of the cars are now the epochs in the village day. They go and come with such regularity and precision, and their whistle can be heard so far, that the farmers set their clocks by them, and thus one well conducted institution regulates a whole country. Have not men improved somewhat in punctuality since the railroad was invented? Do they not talk and think faster in the depot than they did in the stage-office? There is something electrifying in the atmosphere of the former place. I have been astonished at the miracles it has wrought; that some of my neighbors, who, I should have prophesied, once for all, would never get to Boston by so prompt a conveyance, were on hand when the bell rang. To do things "railroad fashion" is now the by-word; and it is worth the while to be warned so often and so sincerely by any power to get off its track. There is no stopping to read the riot act, no firing over the heads of the mob, in this case. We have constructed a fate, an *Atropos*, that never turns aside. (Let that be the name of your engine.) Men are advertised that at a certain hour and minute these bolts will be shot toward particular points of the compass; yet it interferes with no man's business, and the children go to school on the other track. We live the steadier for it. We are all educated thus to be sons of Tell. The air is full of invisible bolts. Every path but your own is the path of fate. Keep on your own track, then.

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

WILLIAM TELL

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1745

David Hume's A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND IN EDINBURGH: CONTAINING SOME OBSERVATIONS ON A SPECIMEN OF THE PRINCIPLES CONCERNING RELIGION AND MORALITY, SAID TO BE MAINTAIN'D IN A BOOK LATELY PUBLISH'D, INTITULED A TREATISE OF HUMAN NATURE, ETC. contains a defense against charges of atheism and scepticism, in the process of applying for the Chair of Pneumatics and Moral Philosophy at the University of Edinburgh.

The "lairds" of Scotland had an agenda to break the power of the clans over the Highlands, so that this area could be used for the growing of marketable sheep rather than the growing of nonnegotiable humans. During this year and the next there would be an uprising of the Highland peasants in opposition to this plan, the 2nd Jacobite rising, led by Bonnie Prince Charlie, attempting but failing to restore the exiled House of Stuart to the British throne. The rebellion would be finally quelled by the battle of Culloden in the following year, after which a number of these Scottish rebels would be coming to the New World as new white slaves. The British Parliament banned the wearing of the kilt (that had been invented in 1727 by an Englishman but which had at this point become a symbol of local pride for Scots workmen).[1]

Through the patronage of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, whose cook he had married, Robert Paterson had obtained the lease of a quarry at Gatelawbrig, but at this point, since he was a pronounced Cameronian, he was taken prisoner by retreating Jacobites and his house plundered. He would subsequently devote himself to cutting and erecting stones for the graves of the Covenanters, and would for 40 years wander from place to place in the lowlands.

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

1. Walter Scott would claim, in an essay in 1805, that the Scottish kilt went back to the 3rd Century. This was of course puffery. It is the Scottish long shirt that went back to the 3rd Century. A shirt may be a dress, as in a shirt-dress, but a skirt it ain't, and no matter what you call it, a kilt is a skirt not a shirt.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1746

Some of Walter Scott's relations fell at the battle of Culloden, when the Highlanders of Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie) were defeated.

Robert Blair went to his grave.

Tobias Smollett's ADVICE: A SATIRE.

David Hume was appointed Secretary to Lieutenant-General St. Clair (this would go on for 3 years during which he would author PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS ASSOCIATED WITH HUMAN UNDERSTANDING, later to be presented under the title AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING) and traveled on a military expedition to Brittany.

The initial volume of William Guthrie's A GENERAL HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS TO THE PRESENT TIME (this 10-volume set would not be complete until 1767).

GUTHRIE'S SCOTLAND, I

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1771

August 15, Thursday: Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh in a house of the College Wynd. His father, also a Walter, had come from Sandy Knowe near Kelso and was a lawyer. His mother was Anne Rutherford.

SCOTLAND

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1773

When 18 months old, Walter Scott had an attack of polio that would leave him with a shrunken right leg. He would be sent to his grandfather's farm, Sandy Knowe, to recuperate as best he might.

SCOTLAND

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: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1775

At the age of 4 Walter Scott was taken to London and then to Bath to try the waters there as a cure for his polio lameness in his shrunken right leg.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1776

Five-year-old Walter Scott, who had been at a spa undergoing treatment for his polio-injured leg, was taken back to Sandy Knowe and there learned to ride horseback.

While Alexander Wilson was about ten years of age and was known as "Sandy," his mother died and his father quickly remarried.

Professor Adam Ferguson's membership of The Poker Club was recorded in its Minute Book. He prepared an anonymous pamphlet on the American Revolution, in opposition to Dr Richard Price's OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURE OF CIVIL LIBERTY, &C (London: Printed for G. Kearsley ...), and in this pamphlet sympathized with the attitude being taken by the British legislature.

While James Hogg was a child of six, his father, a tenant farmer, became bankrupt. There would be no more schooling for him. He was to spend the balance of his childhood in service on various farms. Between the age of 6 and the age of 15, he would later claim, he neither had any opportunity to read, or to write.

SCOTLAND

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1778

At the age of 7 Walter Scott was sent to the Royal High School of Edinburgh, where he would become a competent Latinist.

The skating club of Edinburgh, founded in 1642, had acquired documented membership requirements. Candidates, who had to be male and had to be either of the nobility or from of excellent family, needed to demonstrate a complete circle on either foot and then jump over first one, then two, then three hats placed on the ice. Skating in pairs was common among these men.

(Of course, this was something to which poor little Walter –with his polio-shrunken right leg– would never be able to aspire. His sport would need to be horseback riding.)

Professor Adam Ferguson of the University of Edinburgh was appointed secretary to the Carlisle commission which endeavoured, but without success, to negotiate an arrangement with the revolted colonies.

SCOTLAND

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1783

At the age of 12 Walter Scott was sent to Edinburgh University, where he would study for a couple of years.

SCOTLAND

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1792

After a study of the law, Walter Scott was called to the Bar as an Advocate (Barrister).

SCOTLAND

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1793

Fall: Walter Scott and Robert Paterson were staying at the manse of Dunnottar. Sir Walter was draining the well of the castle, while Paterson was repairing the headstone on the tomb of the martyrs who had died in the Whig's Vault. It was here that Sir Walter encountered for the one and only time, "Old Mortality," Paterson, who was given the nickname from his devotion to erecting tombstones over the graves of the Covenanters who had been killed in their struggle for religious freedom. Paterson was born in 1715 near Hawick in the Borders and moved to Dumfries-shire at the time of his marriage. He was a stone-mason and quarrier to trade and he obtained the lease of a quarry at Gatelawbridge near Dumfries. His interest in Covenanters grew and in his spare time he would travel over southern Scotland with his pony and slabs of red sandstone to place on the graves of martyrs, carving a suitable inscription. After a time his interest became an obsession and he gave up his business and left his wife and family to devote the last forty years of his life to repairing the inscriptions and erecting tombstones, without any reward, over the graves of the Covenanters. Paterson's wife had to open a small school in Balmaclellan in Galloway to support her family and she would send her son on journeys to find his father to persuade him to return home, but to no avail.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1796

THE CHASE, and WILLIAM AND HELEN, TWO BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN, by Walter Scott (trans.).

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1797

Christmas Eve: Walter Scott and Margaret Charlotte Charpentier, the daughter of a French refugee whom he first had seen in Cumberland that autumn, were married. She would bear him two sons and two daughters. They took a lease on a country cottage at Lasswade near Edinburgh and finally came to live at No. 39 North Castle Street inside the city, until the death of the wife in 1826.

Orpah Bryant of Concord was born. She would not survive to see a 2d Christmas.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1799

Upon the death of his father, Walter Scott was appointed to his father's position as the Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, Scotland. He would be obliged to reside for at least four months annually in this sheriffdom. The 1st child, Charlotte Sophia, was born.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1801

Walter Scott's and Margaret Charlotte Charpentier Scott's 2d child, Walter, was born.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1802

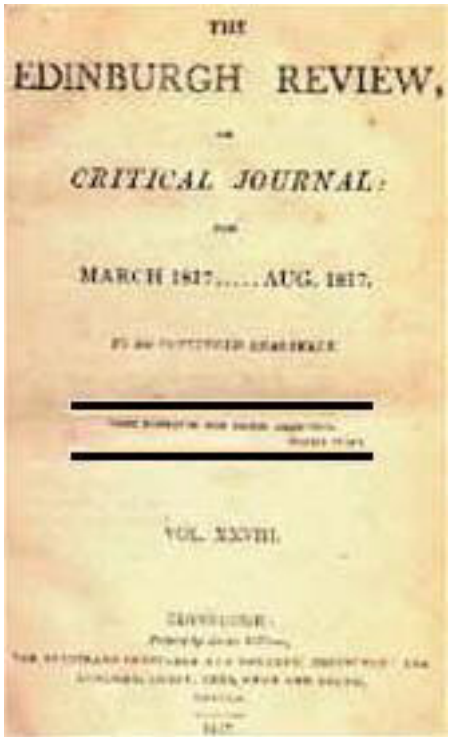
Publication of the first two volumes of Walter Scott's MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

Scott's work on this publication had brought to his attention a shepherd working on the land of Scott's friend William Laidlaw. Some of the poems in Scott's collection had in fact, although Scott had reworked the material, originated with this shepherd James Hogg.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

October: The Edinburgh Review, a quarterly magazine, was founded by Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith and Henry Peter Brougham. The owners of the journal favoured the Whigs in Parliament and most of the writers selected for this journal, such as William Hazlitt and Thomas Babington Macaulay, would be those who would tend to favor political reform. Although Walter Scott would be an early contributor, he would eventually declined to contribute further articles because the journal would come to be in such general conflict with his Toryism. The Review would become the most influential magazine of its day.


THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,
OR
CRITICAL JOURNAL:
FOR
MARCH 1817,..... AUG. 1817.
VOL. XXVIII.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1803

Publication of the 3d volume of Walter Scott's MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.
The 3d child, Anne, was born.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1804

Walter Scott took a lease on the property of Ashiestiel, on the River Tweed near Selkirk. From this point until the purchase of "Abbotsford" in 1811, the guy would be spending more than half his time there.

Malcolm Laing prepared a revised second, 4-volume edition of his THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, FROM THE UNION OF THE CROWNS, ON THE ACCESSION OF KING JAMES VI TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND, TO THE UNION OF THE KINGDOMS IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. WITH TWO DISSERTATIONS, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL, ON THE GOWRIE CONSPIRACY [BY PINKERTON], AND ON THE SUPPOSED AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN'S POEMS (his merciless attack on the authenticity of the Ossian materials was creating no little indignation, Highlanders in particular being "loud in their wail"). His first two volumes concentrated on the "Dissertation on the participation of Mary Queen of Scots in the Murder of Darnley," making a strong case against Queen Mary. During this year he also edited THE LIFE AND HISTORIE OF JAMES VI.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND

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THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1805

The Highland Society of Scotland declared "Ossian" to have been a forgery.

Malcolm Laing's 2-volume POEMS OF OSSIAN, CONTAINING THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES MACPHERSON IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS (Malcolm had never been among the deceived and this was his, and Dr. Johnson's, and Shaw's "victory lap").

Walter Scott's THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. When a 3d edition of the Lay would become possible, Messrs. Longman would offer £500 for the copyright and would tack on another £100 in compensation for the loss of a horse which had unexpectedly died under the author while he was out riding with one of the publishers.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

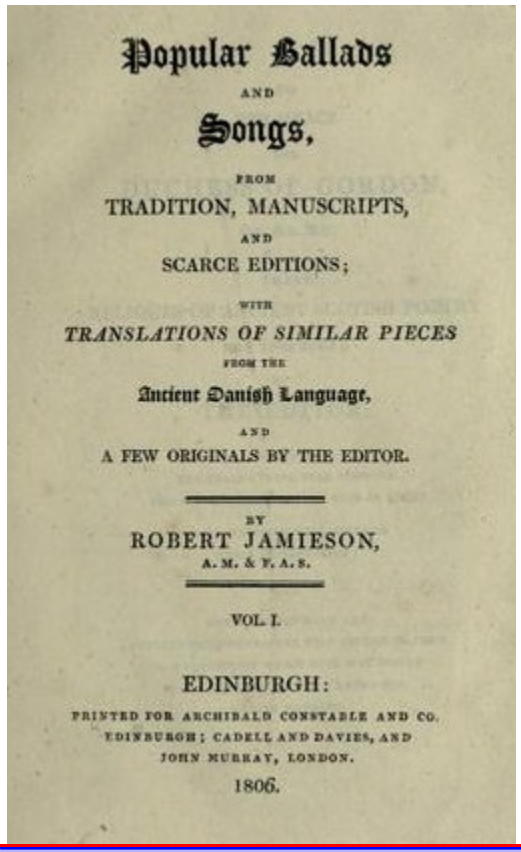
1806

Walter Scott, who in this year was issuing his BALLADS AND LYRICAL PIECES, was granted a permanent post which would relieve him of anxiety for the future as a man with a withered leg, as Clerk of the supreme court of Scotland, the "Court of Session."

Robert Jamieson's collection of 149 traditional ballads and songs, along with two lyrics of his own, entitled *POPULAR BALLADS* AND *SONGS*, FROM TRADITION, MANUSCRIPTS, AND SCARCE EDITIONS; WITH TRANSLATIONS OF SIMILAR PIECES FROM THE *ANCIENT DANISH LANGUAGE*, AND A FEW ORIGINALS BY THE EDITOR (Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; Cadell and Davies, and John Murray, London).

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



Popular Ballads
AND
Songs,
FROM
TRADITION, MANUSCRIPTS,
AND
SCARCE EDITIONS;
WITH
TRANSLATIONS OF SIMILAR PIECES
FROM THE
Ancient Danish Language,
AND
A FEW ORIGINALS BY THE EDITOR.

BY
ROBERT JAMIESON,
A. M. & F. A. S.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.
EDINBURGH; CADELL AND DAVIES, AND
JOHN MURRAY, LONDON.
1806.

JAMIESON'S BALLADS I

JAMIESON'S BALLADS II

Scott would come to hold Jamieson in high esteem, pointing out his skill in discovering the connection between Scandinavian and Scottish legends, and would help secure for him a government post at Edinburgh.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1808

Walter Scott's MARMION. He also prepared an edition of John Dryden in 18 volumes.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1809

Walter Scott anonymously published “The Bridal of Triermain,” a curious amalgam of Arthurian legend with the Sleeping Beauty story.

KING ARTHUR

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1810

Walter Scott visited the Highlands scenes of his latest fiction, for instance riding the course his hero Douglass was to take from the mouth of Loch Venachar to Stirling Castle to make certain this could be accomplished in three hours.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

May 8, Tuesday: Walter Scott's THE LADY OF THE LAKE was published. It featured a "Lord James of Douglas" character who had unjustly been outlawed:

Frederick Douglass's NARRATIVE

On the morning after our arrival at New Bedford, while at the breakfast-table, the question arose as to what name I should be called by. The name given me by my mother was, "Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey." I, however, had dispensed with the two middle names long before I left Maryland so that I was generally known by the name of "Frederick Bailey." I started from Baltimore bearing the name of "Stanley." When I got to New York, I again changed my name to "Frederick Johnson," and thought that would be the last change. But when I got to New Bedford, I found it necessary again to change my name. The reason of this necessity was, that there were so many Johnsons in New Bedford, it was already quite difficult to distinguish between them. I gave Mr. Johnson the privilege of choosing me a name, but told him he must not take from me the name of "Frederick." I must hold on to that, to preserve a sense of my identity. Mr. Johnson had just been reading the "Lady of the Lake," and at once suggested that my name be "Douglass." From that time until now I have been called "Frederick Douglass;" and as I am more widely known by that name than by either of the others, I shall continue to use it as my own.

NEW BEDFORD MA

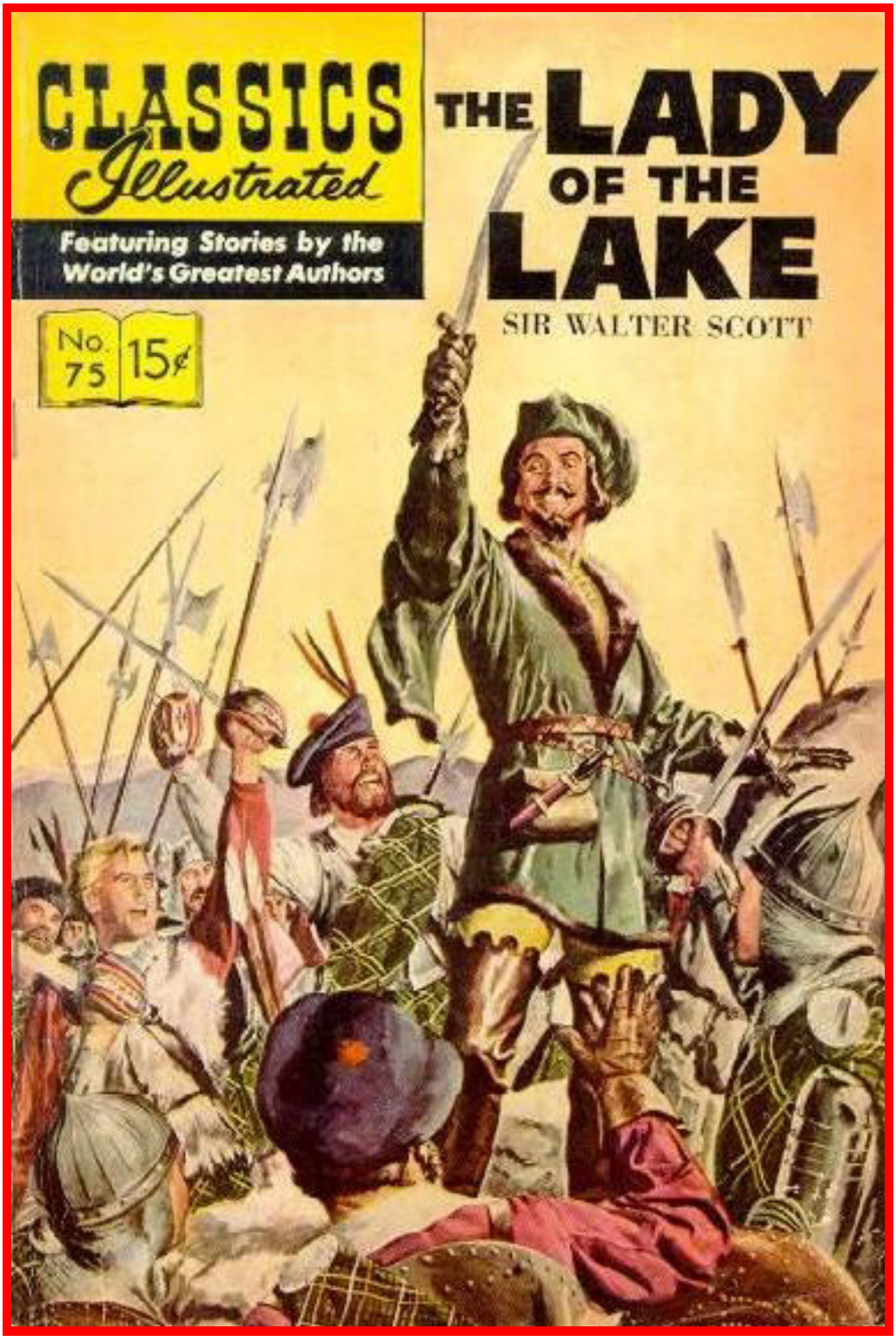
Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *3rd day 8 of 5 Mo// But little brought to pass in the line of my occupation, however I have earned something - the mind occupied about things which tend to but little or no advantage spiritually or temporally.*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1811

Walter Scott acquired the Border-country property he later, inventively, named "Abbotsford."[2] His DON RODERICK.

SCOTLAND

2. The last clan battle, between the Kers and the Scotts, had taken place on the south bank of the Tweed River at Clarty Hole, in 1526. Sir Walter coined the name "Abbotsford" for Clarty Hole after it became his residence. The conceit in which he indulged was that obviously in ancient times the abbots of Melrose Abbey would have needed to pass over the Tweed at one ford or another.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1812

Thomas Campbell was delivering a series of lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution in London when Walter Scott suggested to him that he might offer himself as a candidate for the chair of literature at Edinburgh University.

Walter Scott's MARMION; A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD (Baltimore: Published by Joseph Cushing).

(Henry Thoreau would have a copy of this 1812 American edition in his personal library. The electronic copy we have from Google Books is, however, the 1813 version published in England.)

SCOTT'S MARMION

Sir Alexander Mackenzie got married, returned to Scotland, and retired to Avoch on the Black Isle of the Moray Firth.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1813

September: Walter Scott's THE VISION OF DON RODERICK, ROKEBY, and THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

Robert Southey was anointed Poet Laureate to the Royal Family of England after Scott declined that honor.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1814

Walter Scott toured the Orkney, Shetland, and Hebridean islands with Robert Lewis Stevenson's grandfather and a group of other lighthouse commissioners.

Sir Walter visited Malcolm Laing at his estate on Orkney: "Our old acquaintance, though an invalid, received us kindly; he looks very poorly, and cannot walk without assistance, but seems to retain all the quick, earnest, and vivacious intelligence of his character and manner."

Robert Jamieson, Henry William Weber, and Walter Scott's ILLUSTRATIONS OF *NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES*: FROM THE EARLIER TEUTONIC AND SCANDINAVIAN ROMANCES; BEING AN *ABSTRACT OF THE BOOK OF HEROES, AND NIBELUNGEN LAY*; WITH TRANSLATIONS OF METRICAL TALES, FROM THE *OLD GERMAN, DANISH, SWEDISH, AND ICELANDIC LANGUAGES*; WITH NOTES AND DISSERTATIONS (Edinburgh: Printed by J. Ballantyne and Co. for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London; and John Ballantyne and Co., Edinburgh).

NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

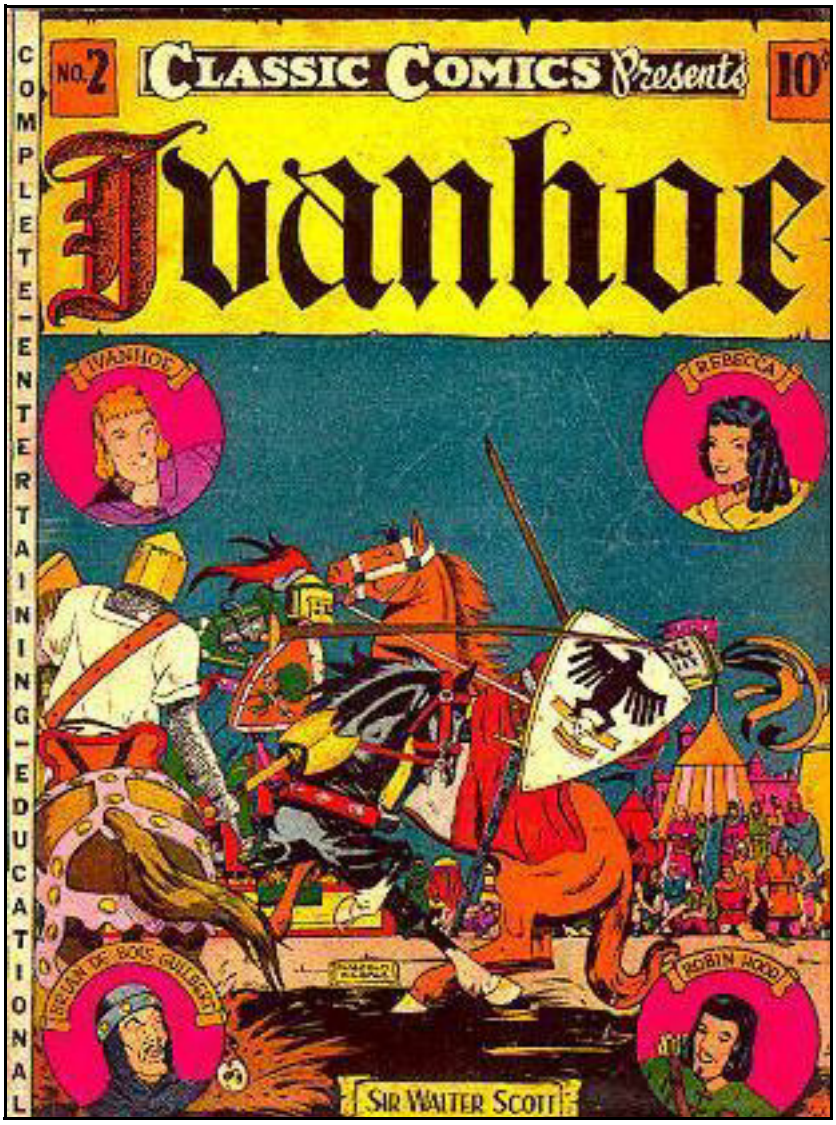
July 7, Thursday: Austrian sovereignty was reestablished over Voralberg.

King Friedrich August I of Saxony returned to Dresden to resume his rule.

By order of the Prince Regent, on account of the end of the war with France this day was proclaimed a day of "General Thanksgiving to Almighty God" throughout the United Kingdom.

Walter Scott's WAVERLEY, the first of his series of historico-heroic novels. He published this anonymously out of fear that being known as the author of such a fiction might damage his reputation as a poet. This would be a novel much printed in America because unprotected by copyright, and it began to create in our popular consciousness the very acceptable idea of a sturdy Anglo-Saxon past. By 1823 there would be perhaps 500,000 volumes by Scott, including IVANHOE, in circulation in America. Scott's white "Southron" characters were particularly valued in the American South, where steamboats, stagecoaches, and even barges were named in

their honor.


COMPLETE-ENTERTAINING-EDUCATIONAL
NO. 2
CLASSIC COMICS Presents
10¢
Ivanhoe
IVANHOE
REBECCA
ROBIN HOOD
SIR WALTER SCOTT

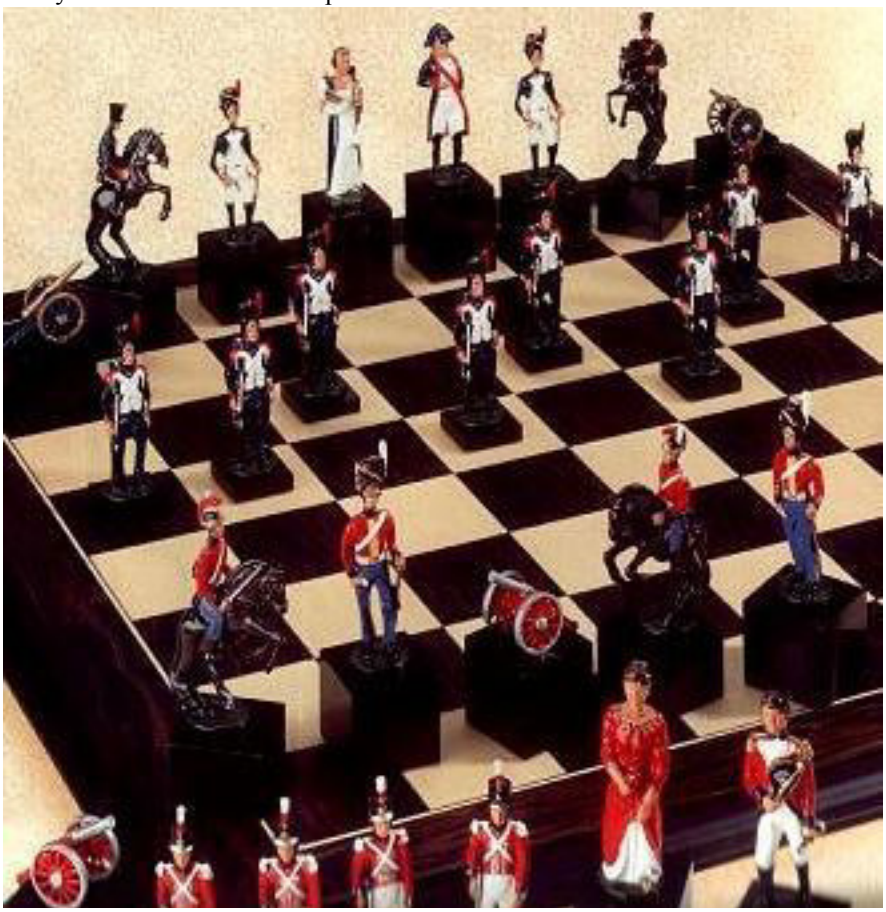
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1815

In France, after a loud boom, a stone fell out of the open sky. That presumably didn't have anything to do with what was happening here on this planet of ours. But, on the ground, Louis XVIII was being restored to the throne. When Napoléon Bonaparte left Elba and landed in France in March, Louis XVIII fled and "The Hundred Days" began. Britain secured a declaration against the international slave trade at the Congress of Vienna. Sugar prices continued high. The slave trade to Cuba began to rise sharply. Austria, Britain, Prussia and Russia formed a new alliance.

Wellington and Blucher would defeat Napoleon Bonaparte at Waterloo on June 18th — an event which would give rise to any number of sets of chesspieces.



(Carl Phillip Gottfried von Clausewitz, who it would seem knew a whole lot about war, fought in the Waterloo campaign as chief of staff to General Thielmann's IIId Prussian army corps.)

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

(Napoleon would for the 2nd time abdicate, and would this time be banished not to Sardinia but, by John Barrow as 2d Secretary to the Admiralty, to the island of St. Helena in the South Atlantic.)

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Louis XVIII returned to Paris. Marshall Ney was executed for aiding Napoleon at Waterloo. Prince Klemens von Metternich, who would dominate Austrian politics until 1848, represented his country at Vienna, and the Congress of Vienna decided the map of Europe (the German Confederation was formed, and the Swiss Confederation was reestablished and its territory expanded). Walter Scott visited the battlefield of Waterloo, meeting Wellington, Blucher, and other famous generals, and got himself publicly kissed on both cheeks by the commander of the Cossack contingent. When he would entertain French prisoners-of-war from Selkirk at Abbotsford he would ask for their reminisces about Napoleon Bonaparte. (This would help him in his 9-volume LIFE OF NAPOLEON, to be issued in 1827.)

Walter Scott's GUY MANNERING.

At the age of 15 William Jardine, who to this point had been educated at home in Edinburgh, was sent to York "to learn English." He would be returning to Scotland and to the University of Edinburgh for his study of medicine and anatomy under Professor John Lizars, and would attend the geological lectures and excursions of Professor Jameson and the botanical lectures of Mr. James Scott.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

April 7, Friday: George Gordon, Lord Byron met Walter Scott at Jon Murray's.

December 5, Tuesday: Meyer Beer (Giacomo Meyerbeer) and his companions arrived in London.

In England, the Enclosure Movement was creating the necessity for new forms for the sports of the common people. Traditionally, gangs of males would oppose each other for possession of a kicked ball, with the game ranging freely over the common land. Although the "rules" of such "sports" varied wildly from place to place, these rules would always allow for two prime varieties known as "civil play" and "rough play," the latter almost always involving fighting (usually, of course, hand to hand fighting, without weapons). A very common form of football was merely to kick the ball into one's home village and manage to keep it there, so the game could be termed in all directness a patriotic sport. With enclosure of the common lands, it was becoming necessary to arrange for a field upon which football could be played, which meant that the sport needed sponsors. One of the 1st such sponsors was Walter Scott, and on this date the 1st "modern" soccer match took place, at Carterhaugh in the Ettrick Forest of England, before a crowd of 2,000. It was Selkirk against Yarrow and the 1st match was won by Selkirk. Scott wrote a ballad of sorts for the team (American party politics could with justice be alleged to have arisen directly out of this sort of "team dueling"):

Then strip lads and to it,
        though sharp be the weather
And if by mischance
        you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life
        than a tumble on heather
And life is itself
        but a game of football.

FOOTBALL
SPORTS
BALL-ROLLING POLITICS

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1816

December: Walter Scott's (anonymous) novel about the Covenanters of Scotland, THE TALE OF OLD MORTALITY. Scott tried to find the grave of Robert Paterson in order to erect a proper memorial, but was unable to determine the place of burial. Henry Thoreau would refer, implicitly, to this tale, in WALDEN.

WALDEN: I should not forget that during my last winter at the pond there was another welcome visitor, who at one time came through the village, through snow and rain and darkness, till he saw my lamp through the trees, and shared with me some long winter evenings. One of the last of the philosophers, –Connecticut gave him to the world,– he peddled first her wares, afterwards, as he declares, his brains. These he peddles still, prompting God and disgracing man, bearing for fruit his brain only, like the nut its kernel. I think that he must be the man of the most faith of any alive. His words and attitude always suppose a better state of things than other men are acquainted with, and he will be the last man to be disappointed as the ages revolve. He has no venture in the present. But though comparatively disregarded now, when his day comes, laws unsuspected by most will take effect, and masters of families and rulers will come to him for advice.–

"How blind that cannot see serenity!"

A true friend of man; almost the only friend of human progress. An Old Mortality, say rather an Immortality, with unwearied patience and faith making plain the image engraven in men's bodies, the God of whom they are but defaced and leaning monuments. With his hospitable intellect he embraces children, beggars, insane, and scholars, and entertains the thought of all, adding to it commonly some breadth and elegance. I think that he should keep a caravansary on the world's highway, where philosophers of all nations might put up, and on his sign should be printed. "Entertainment for man, but not for his beast. Enter ye that have leisure and a quiet mind, who earnestly seek the right road." He is perhaps the sanest man and has the fewest crotchets of any I chance to know; the same yesterday and tomorrow. Of yore we had sauntered and talked, and effectually put the world behind us; for he was pledged to no institution in it, freeborn, *ingenuus*. Whichever way we turned, it seemed that the heavens and the earth had met together, since he enhanced the beauty of the landscape. A blue-robed man, whose fittest roof is the overarching sky which reflects his serenity. I do not see how he can ever die; Nature cannot spare him.

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

BRONSON ALCOTT
SIR WALTER SCOTT
ROBERT PATERSON

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

This stone would be erected by Sir Walter's publishers, in 1869. The bottom part of the inscription reads:

WHY SEEKS HE WITH UNWEARIED TOIL
THROUGH DEATH'S DIM WALKS TO URGE HIS WAY,
RECLAIM HIS LONG-ASSERTED SPOIL,
AND LEAD OBLIVION INTO DAY.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1817

Walter Scott's HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

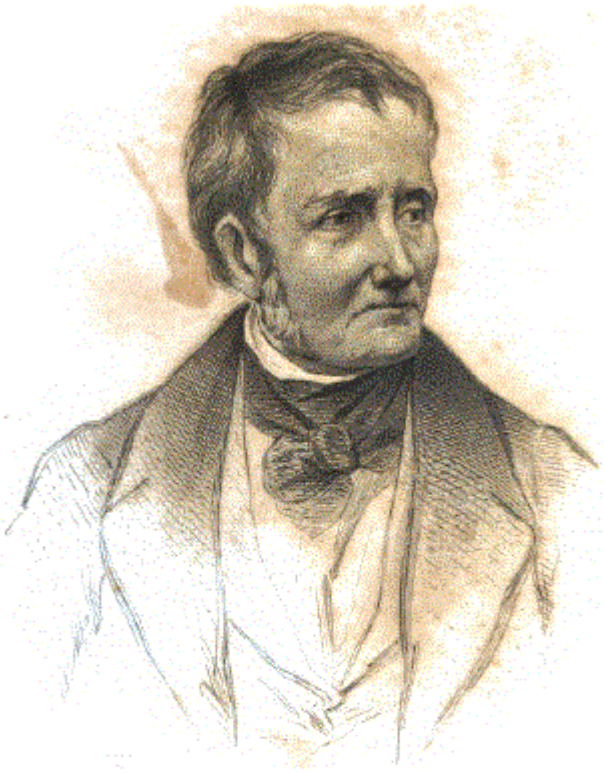
PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

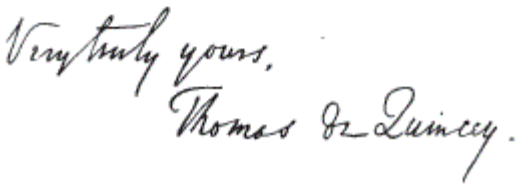
1818

In this year Thomas De Quincey, an English opium addict,[3] wrote his mother that his intention was to become the intellectual benefactor of "my species," to place education upon a new footing, to be the first founder of

3. In studying the early 19th Century in the US, we are studying a period in which opium was legal, omnipresent, and cheap. A child could push a penny across a market counter and obtain opium to make it through the school day, literally. Yet nowhere do we find any remark about opium withdrawal presenting any sort of problem. Today, I understand, opium is widely used in elder homes in England, and the chief problem with this is that it tends to cause a degree of constipation. The nurses need to keep after these oldsters to hydrate themselves and add fiber to their diets.
Today, of course, there would be much talk about addiction and withdrawal. However, do we know for sure that opium is addictive? It may be that the "addiction and withdrawal" scenario which we have constructed is a social consequence of a socially imposed illegality and scarcity and expense. It may be that we focus on this "addiction and withdrawal" scenario in order to legitimate our social taboos about recreational drug use. Too sudden withdrawal from a customary dose of opium can definitely be unpleasant and can definitely have health side-effects. Illegality, and the consequent scarcity and expense, however, have created this situation in which withdrawal from a customary dose of opium can easily become too sudden. For instance, nowadays a person who is accustomed to a daily dose of opium may be arrested for theft (because due to the artificially high cost of a dose of opium, theft had become a way of life for them), and when thrown into jail, suddenly the customary dose would be unavailability and the result would be a very unpleasant and unhealthy "cold turkey" withdrawal. However, the determinants of that scenario would be in the social situation as now constructed by us (illegality, scarcity, expense) rather than in the substance itself or in the practice itself.
I have been told, and I don't know whether this is accurate or inaccurate, that in China, when a person has needed to withdraw from opium use for one reason or another, withdrawal has not been regarded as any sort of problem. One simply reduces one's dose gradually until use ceases. The 1994 movie "To Live" (directed by Zhang Yimou based on a novel by Yu Hua) may be instructive in that regard, for in this movie a wealthy opium user is portrayed as losing his money by gambling, and needing consequently to discontinue his opium use, and in this movie, although his financial loss is depicted as having a great impact on his life and the life of his family, his withdrawal itself is treated by the script and the director as being entirely unremarkable.
We do know that there is such a thing as "the addictive personality." There are in fact compulsions and they do in fact cause problems. A person who is compulsive in this way may select opium use as his or her compulsion, and this may be an unpleasant thing, but I would wonder: is the unpleasantness of this a consequence of the substance, opium, or is it a consequence of the mental condition, compulsiveness? If the unpleasantness of this is indeed a consequence of the substance, opium, then of course we are doing the correct and the effective thing, in attempting to control use of the substance. However, if the unpleasantness of this is a consequence of the mental condition, compulsiveness, then what we are doing, in attempting to control opium, is evading the real problem, while persecuting people who have the mental disorder of being compulsive.
It seems to me that we simply have not done the research which would indicate to us, whether the problem is opium (or, expanding this, recreational drugs in general) or whether the problem is compulsiveness (in its many manifestations). Until we have done that research, I would suggest, we are the blind leading the blind, and cannot even begin a proper study of the 19th Century, let alone a proper management of the 21st Century.

a true Philosophy, and to be the re-establisher in England (with great accessions) of Mathematics.

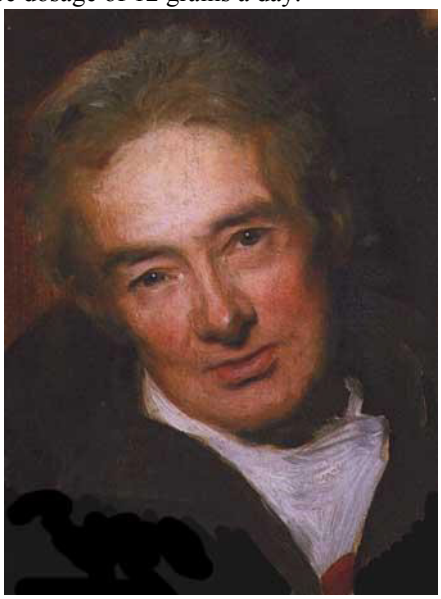




With Wordsworth, De Quincey published CLOSE COMMENTS UPON A STRAGGLING SPEECH, a Tory denunciation of Henry Brougham, an Independent Whig candidate in the parliamentary election campaign at Westmorland. He was appointed editor of the local Tory newspaper, The Westmorland Gazette. He slid deeper into debt.

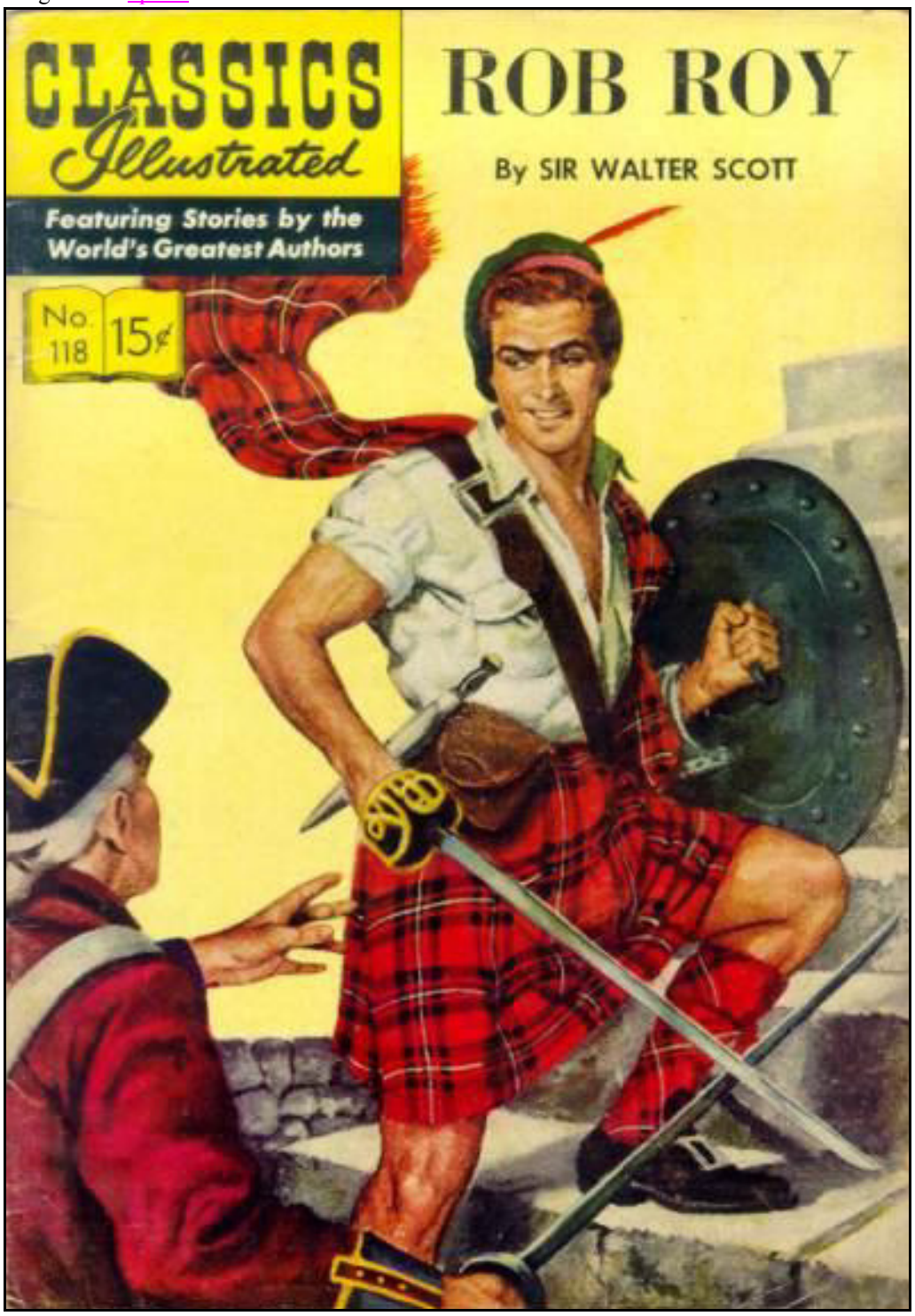
Another English opium eater, William Wilberforce, was in this year managing with medical assistance to bring

himself down to a maintenance dosage of 12 grains a day.



During this year and the next the daily dosage maintained by Walter Scott, who had completed ROB ROY and THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN and was writing THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, would be 200 drops of laudanum

and 6 grains of opium.[4]



4. Hayter, A. OPIUM AND THE ROMANTIC IMAGINATION. London, 1968.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

At the author's request the Scottish Regalia, which is to say the Crown and Sceptre and Sword of State presented in 1507 to James IV by Pope Julius II, were recovered from a dusty trunk and displayed to him.

Robert Jamieson and Walter Scott edited the 5th edition of a 1754 volume, LETTERS FROM A GENTLEMAN IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND TO HIS FRIEND IN LONDON: CONTAINING THE DESCRIPTION OF A CAPITAL TOWN IN THAT NORTHERN COUNTRY, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME UNCOMMON CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS; LIKEWISE *AN ACCOUNT OF THE HIGHLANDS*, WITH THE CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE HIGHLANDERS. TO WHICH IS ADDED, A LETTER RELATING TO THE MILITARY WAYS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS, BEGUN IN THE YEAR 1726 (two volumes, London: Printed for Rest Fenner, Paternoster-Row).

EDWARD BURT'S LETTERS

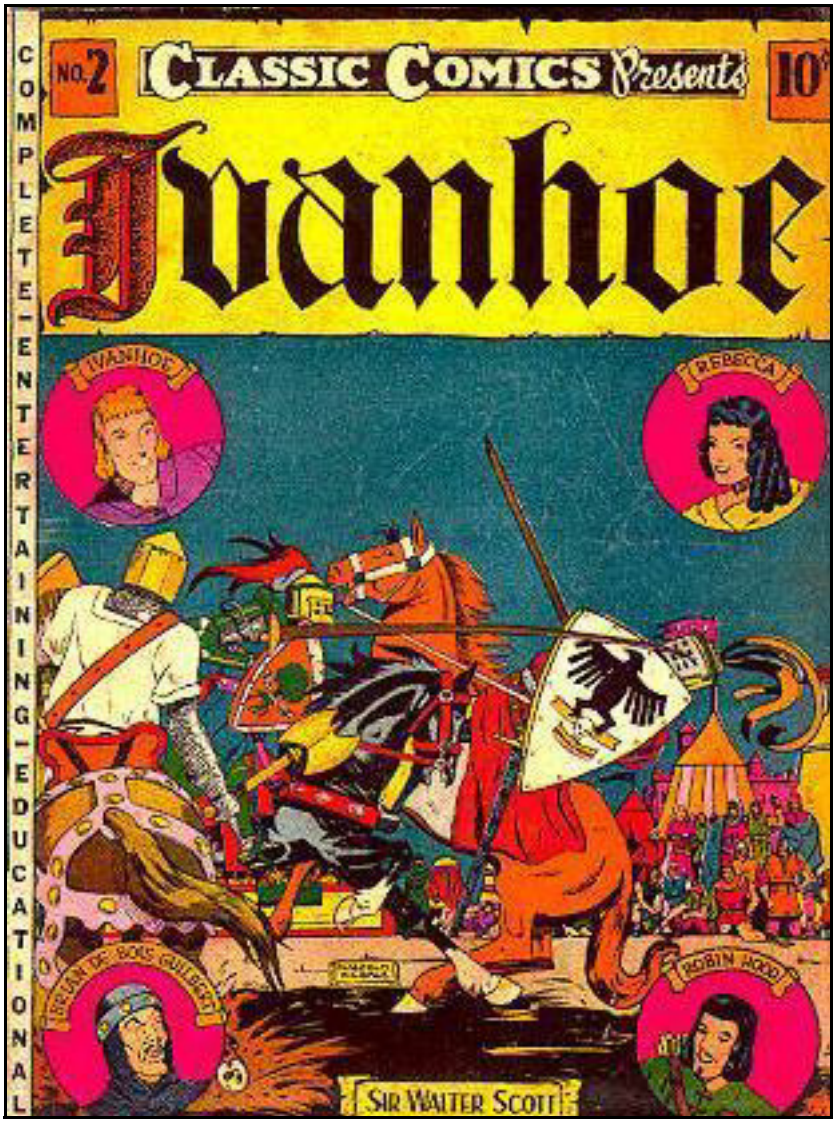
EDWARD BURT'S LETTERS

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1819

Walter Scott's BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR and IVANHOE.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1820

Walter Scott came to London and was created a Baronet, knighted, made “Sir.” His THE ABBOTT and THE MONASTERY.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1821

James Cooper attempted a 2d novel, THE SPY: A TALE OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND, more or less in the style of Sir Walter Scott.

THE SPY: A TALE ...

January 8, Monday: King Ferdinando arrived from Naples at Laibach (Ljubljana), where he was to meet with other crowned heads of Europe.

KENILWORTH by Sir Walter Scott was published by Constable & Co.

In the 97th year of his age a Mr. Huddy, on a wager, made his way the 15 miles from Lismore in Ireland ("A"), where he was postmaster, to Fermoy ("B") with a large red night-cap on his head, in a Dungarvan oyster-tub, drawn by a pig, a badger, two cats, a goose, and a hedgehog, by the application of a pig-driver's whip and a common cow's horn. The newspapers recorded that as "one fool makes many," the penalty of this wager was well observed along the way.[5]

5. This was "Plough Monday," marking the end of the Christmas holidays and the need for husbandmen to return to their labors. In some regions, especially the north counties, a plough would be pulled on long ropes by teams of men in their shirtsleeves decorated with gay ribbons, to the doors of the villagers and townspeople. There would be music and morris-dancers, a youth would dress up as an old woman and be addressed as "Bessy," and money would be collected which was usually spent on a supper.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

July: It was discovered that a number of oak trees at Plantation on St. Helena were dying because of white worm infestation.

Sir Walter Scott had returned to London in order to be present at the coronation of King George IV.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1822

Sir Walter Scott's THE PIRATE.

PIRATES

He accessed the tradition that William Goffe headed the citizens of Hadley, Massachusetts in repelling an attack by Native Americans in his PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

REGICIDE

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1823

Sir Walter Scott's QUENTIN DURWARD.

Galt's THE ENTAIL, and RINGHAN GILHAIZE.

Wilson's THE TRIALS OF MARGARET LYNDSAY.

Michel Eugène Chevreul's discovery of stearin would lead to radical improvement in candle manufacture.

Fonthill Abbey in Wiltshire had been sold in the previous year. In this year its pictures, statues, etc. were disposed of in an auction which continued for 41 days. (The grand tower would fall on December 21, 1825 irreparably damaging the building, which would be parceled out and converted into a private villa, a cloth-factory, etc.)

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Gas lighting, although hot and smelly and not all that bright, had become very popular in England, and Sir Walter Scott, being the world's richest author, was living up to his role by building new digs for himself at Abbotsford in Scotland –a Gothic fantasy that would eventually be completed at a cost of £76,000, which was about seven years of royalty income on his fictions– so he had a system of gas lights installed for the entire place. While they were at it, he had them install a central steam heating system, as well. Because of this, but even more because of his business dealings and the businessmen with whom he was entangled, who lived well and did business out of fine offices, he would spend the rest of his life digging out from under a pile of debt, and having meetings with creditors.

And him "a baronet, too," as Dorothy Wordsworth would comment when she learned that Sir Walter had partners:

> *He that sleeps too long in the morning, let him borrow the pillow of a debtor.*

> *I will be their vassal for life and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds.*

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Four Approaches to the Writer's Estate				
Approach	**"Old Money"**	**"New Money"**	**"Sweat Equity"**	**"Just Enough Money"**
Writer	**Lord Byron**	**Sir Walter Scott**	**Henry Thoreau**	**Virginia Wolff**
Estate	**Newstead Abbey**	**Abbotsford**	**Walden Pond**	**A Room of One's Own**
Results	**Bailout**	**Insolvency**	**Immortality**	**Feminism**

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1824

James Hogg's THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS AND CONFESSIONS OF A JUSTIFIED SINNER and Sir Walter Scott's REDGAUNTLET (one notices interesting similarities between these works).

1824'S NEW LITERATURE

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1825

William McGonagall was born in Edinburgh.

Wilson's THE FORESTERS.

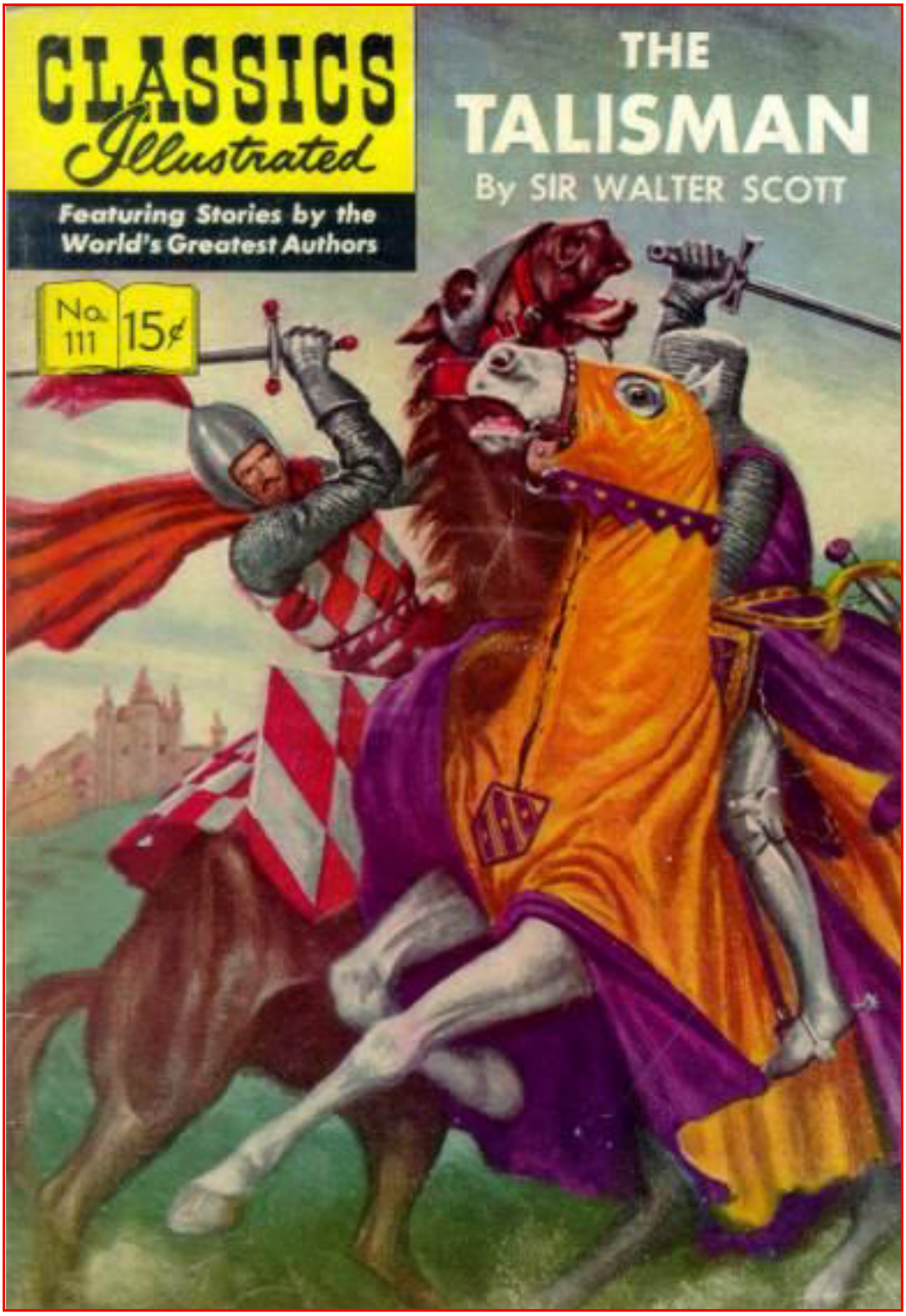
Sir Walter Scott began to keep a journal.

Sir Walter's romance THE TALISMAN had its setting in the period of the Crusades, or, at least, in an imaginary Middle Ages.

SCOTLAND

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

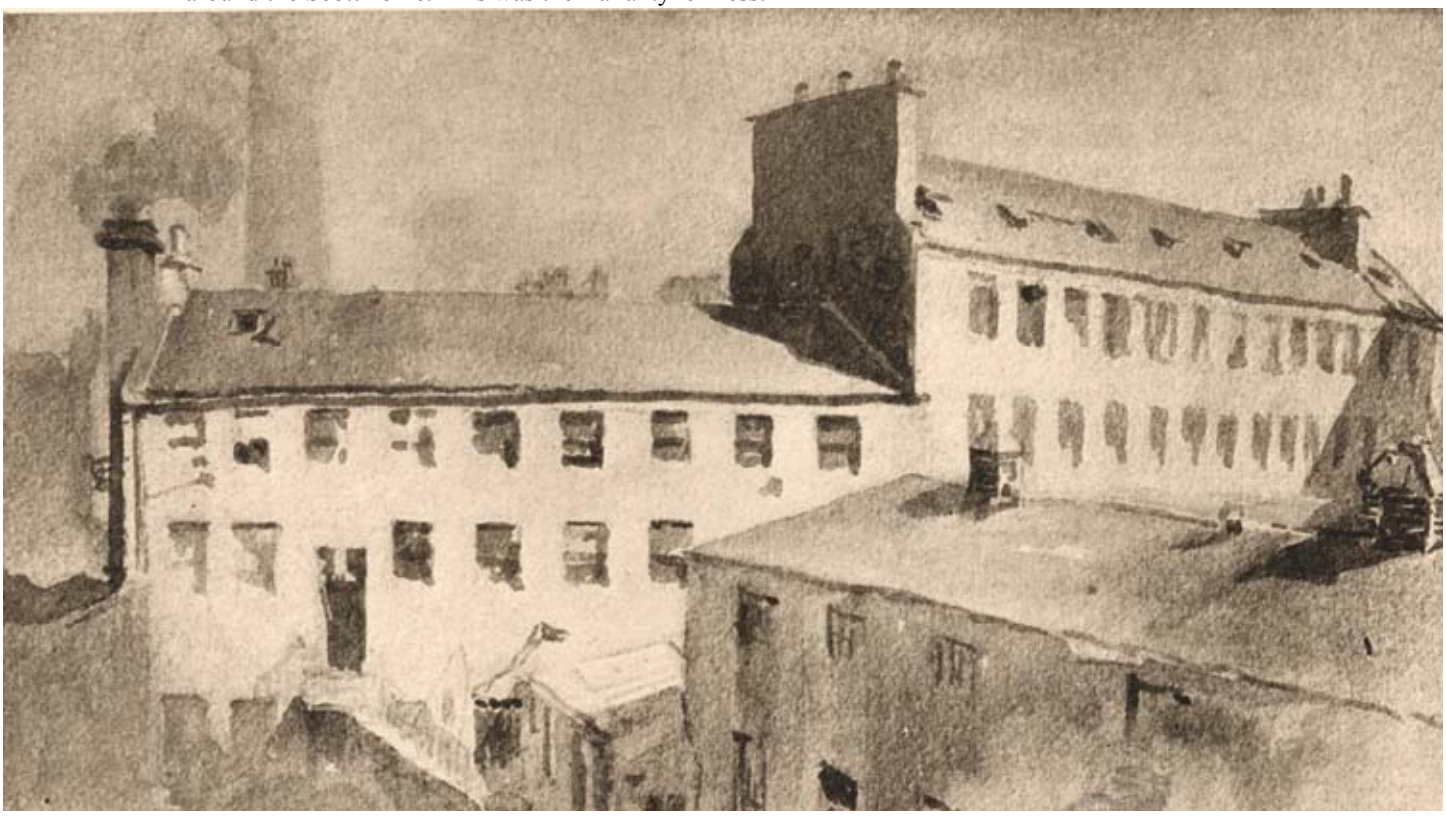
PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

April 24, Sunday: Robert Michael Ballantyne was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, a scion of a well-known family of printers and publishers. His father was newspaper editor and printer Sandy Ballantyne. One uncle was James Ballantyne, printer for the most famous writer in Scotland, Sir Walter Scott, and he grew up in and around the Scott home. This was the Ballantyne Press:



When Sir Walter made bad investments, this Ballantyne family would also be financially ruined.

In Newport, Rhode Island, Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *1st day 24th of 4 M / Our forenoon Meeting was pretty well attended, & our frd Abigail Robinson was largely engaged in testimony beyond any thing we have heard from her in some time — "What will a Man give up in exchange for his soul" was her opening which branched out into much wise counsil & warning & the Youth was feelingly included in the testimony. — Hannah Dennis was also lively in a short communication*
> *In the Afternoon, the Meeting small but a season of some favour — With John & Richard & set the evening at D Buffums*
>
> RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1826

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL: INCLUDING THEODRIC, AND MANY OTHER PIECES NOT CONTAINED IN ANY FORMER EDITION (Philadelphia: J. Crissy, and J. Grigg).

THOMAS CAMPBELL

In a competition between Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Campbell for Lord Rector of Glasgow University, it was Campbell who was selected. He would serve until 1829.

SCOTLAND

Early in this year Sir Walter Scott's publishers and business associates, Ballantynes, found themselves bankrupt to the tune of some £130,000. The English government began to consider a proposal to forbid the Scots from printing their own banknotes. A publishing firm had once gotten off paying a shilling and threepence on the pound on a similar debt of £300,000 but Ballantyne, at Scott's insistence, would in the end pay off its entire debt.

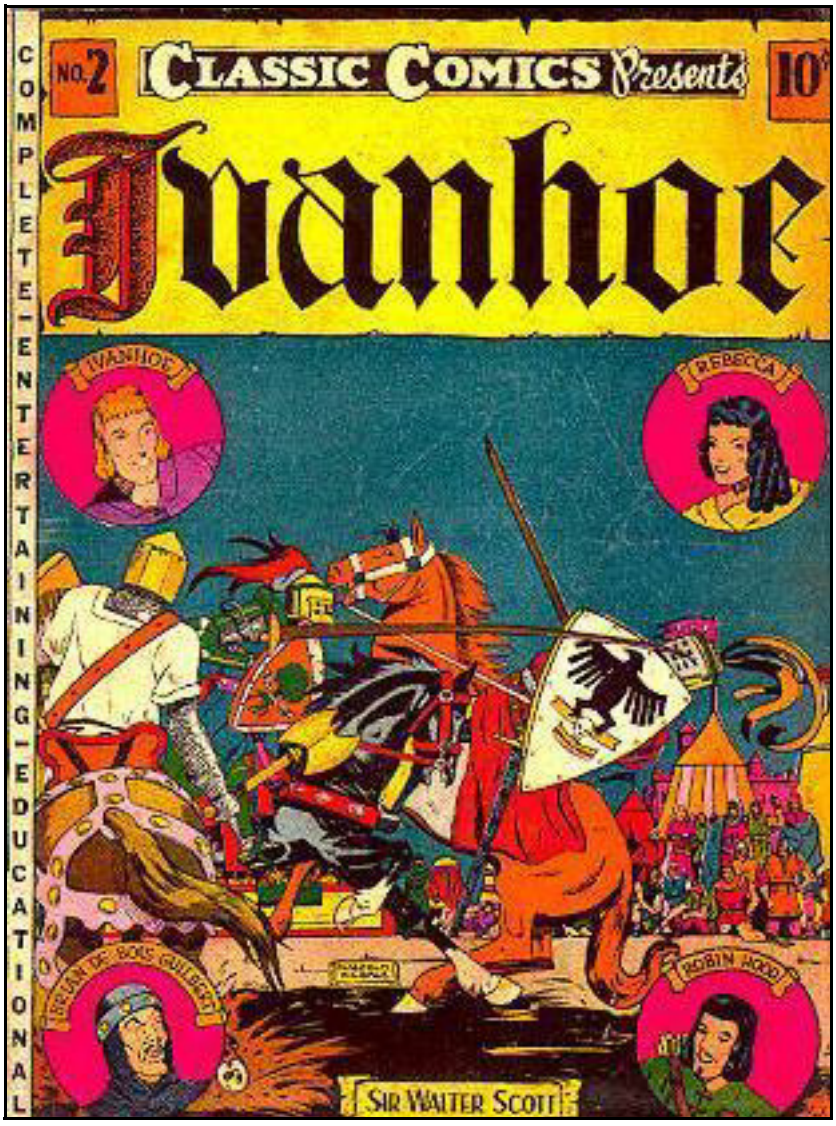
ROBERT MICHAEL BALLANTYNE

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

May: James Cooper was awarded a silver medal by the Corporation of the City of New-York.

Margaret Charlotte Charpentier Scott died at Abbotsford. For his forthcoming book on Napoleon Bonaparte, Sir Walter Scott visited London, breakfasting with King George IV and giving sittings to painters, and then went on to Paris where he met King Charles X and other famous plus attended a performance of an opera based upon his IVANHOE.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1827

Francis Galton, by the age of five, had memorized Sir Walter Scott's MARMION — all 6,000 lines of it.

Thomas Hood, 2d series of WHIMS AND ODDITIES, THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES (with homage to Keats), HERO AND LEANDER, LYCUS THE CENTAUR, NATIONAL TALES.

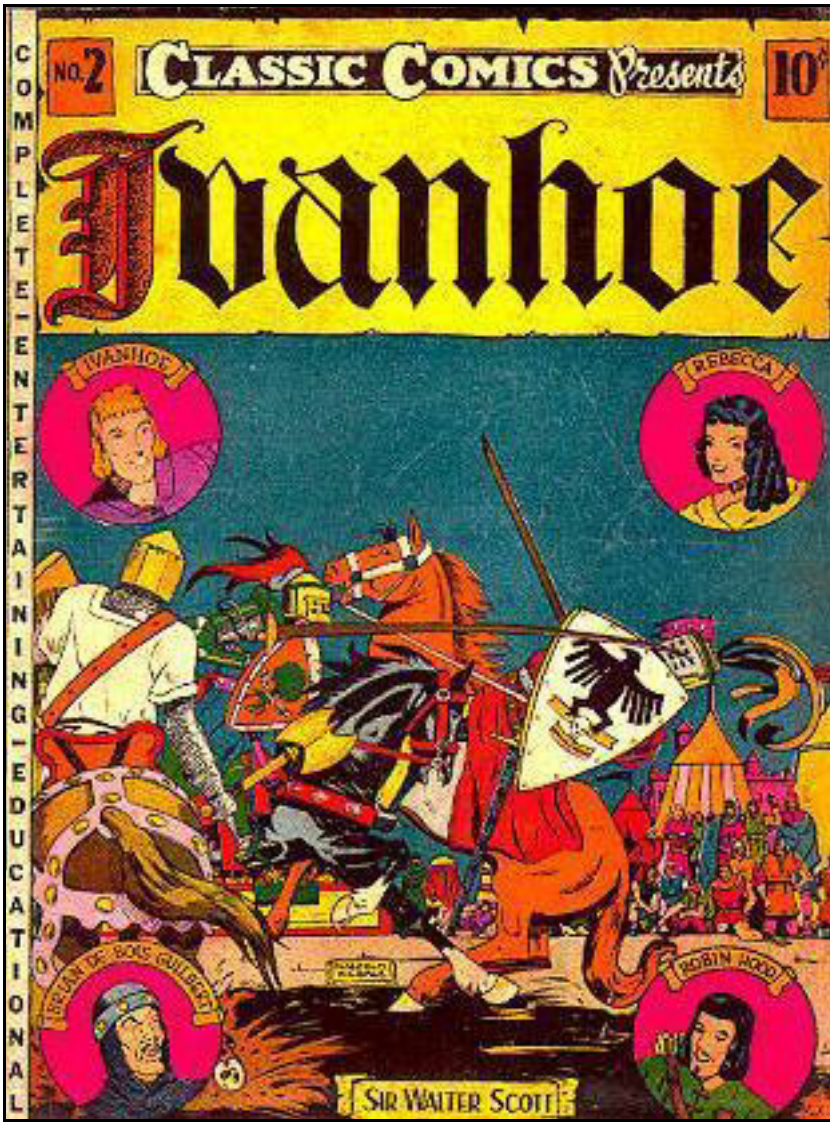
Felicia Dorothea Hemans negotiated with Blackwood's to be paid over 1 pound per sheet of poetry — which was more than was being paid to either Hood or, for that matter, Sir Walter Scott.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

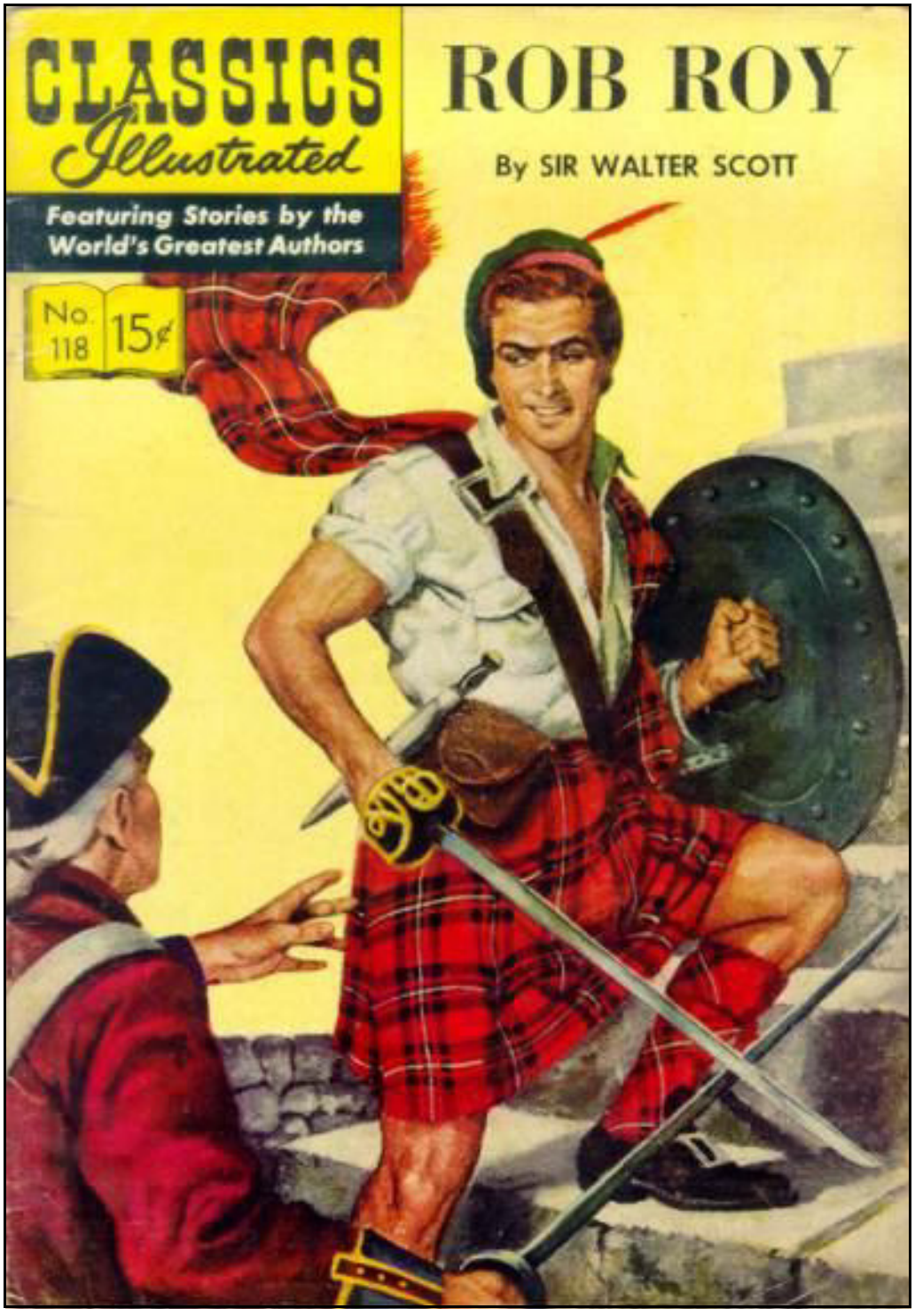
The prison created by the East India Company on its waystation St. Helena in 1683 was at this point replaced with a new such facility (the site is to this day in use as a prison).

Sir Walter Scott's 9-volume LIFE OF NAPOLEON. The author had a reception at the Theatrical Fund dinner and there Lord Meadowbank, with his consent, revealed that he was the author also of the anonymous series of popular novels WAVERLEY, THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, IVANHOE, ROB ROY, GUY MANNERING, THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN, etc.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

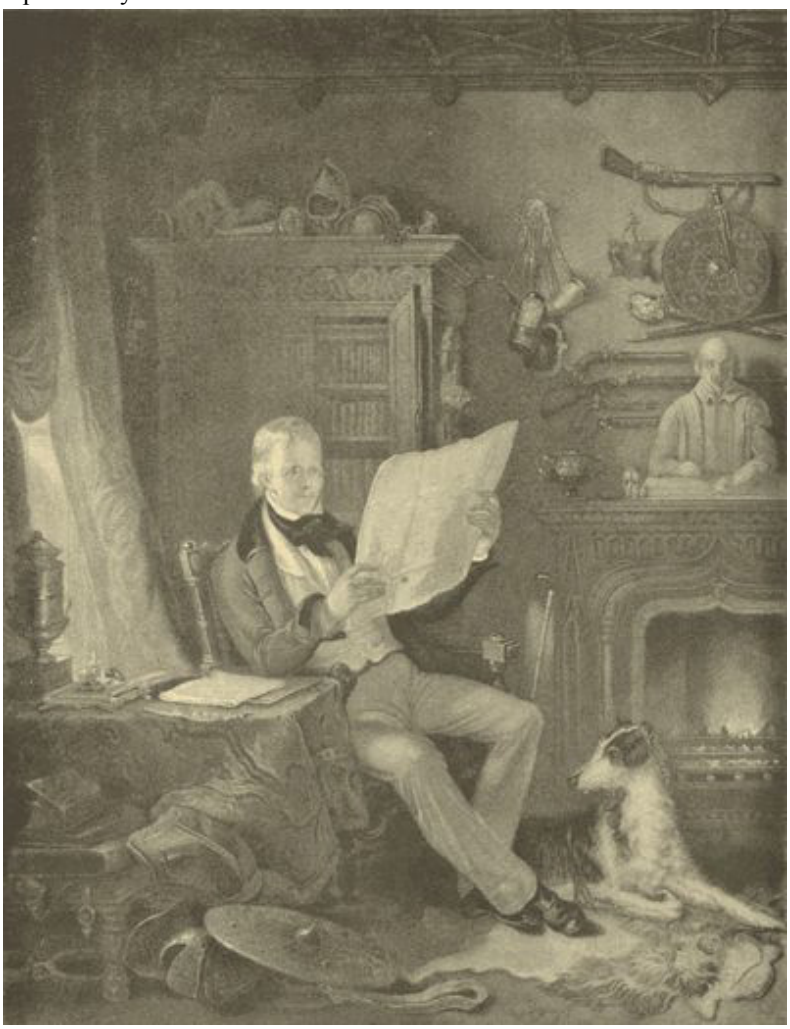
PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

December: Sir Walter Scott's TALES OF A GRANDFATHER, the history of Scotland as told to Hugh Littlejohn, his daughter Sophia's boy.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1828

The 2d series of Sir Walter Scott's TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

November: Angelina Emily Grimké (called by some "Devilina") returned from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania to her home in Charleston, South Carolina, committed to Quakerism — and to what was a new concept for her, the idea that human slavery was an outrage against the human spirit.[6]

6. When the sisters broke with their Southern slaveholding upbringing and mindset, one of the ways in which they made this real to themselves was by destroying their collection of the chivalric novels of Sir Walter Scott. This underlines the contention that would later be made by Mark Twain, that Scott with his conceit about "chivalry" had been the dude responsible for the Civil War.

> To-day I have torn up my novels. My mind has long been troubled about them. I did not dare either to sell them or lend them out, and yet I had not resolution to destroy them until this morning, when, in much mercy, strength was granted.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1829

George Payne Rainsford James's RICHELIEU: A TALE OF FRANCE IN THE REIGN OF KING LOUIS XIII. After this new volume had been given to him by a friend, and after receiving a letter from the author, Sir Walter Scott would advise him to take up literature as a profession. This author would also receive encouragement from Washington Irving.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

The 3d series of Sir Walter Scott's TALES OF A GRANDFATHER and the 1st volume of his HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

Also, his ANNE OF GRIERSTEIN and his WOODSTOCK.

The following is a snippet from Charles Haskell's REMINISCENCES OF NEW YORK BY AN OCTOGENARIAN:[7]

> This was the year of the "burking" excitement, beginning with reports that several persons had disappeared unaccountably. The public mind was already full of the atrocious murders committed in Edinburgh by Burke and Hare and their accomplices, who decoyed poor people and stragglers into secluded places and there murdered them, merely to get bodies to sell to the anatomists; thus making, as Sir Walter Scott said, "an end of the *Cantabit vacuus* the last prerogative of beggary, which entitled him to laugh at the risk of robbery." With Burke's deeds fresh in memory, ... women and children never ventured forth alone after nightfall, and citizens generally were armed during their evening walks, though only with heavy sticks. The delusion was specially prevalent among the negroes, who almost universally kept close within doors during the dark hours. It was a considerable time before public feeling on this subject abated and there was any cessation of the wild tales that had agitated the community, though having very little if any serious foundation.

THE MARKET FOR HUMAN BODY PARTS

7. The reference is to "*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*" (Juvenal).

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

July 26, Sunday: Felix Mendelssohn and his friend Karl Klingemann reach Edinburgh. They will spend three days there attending a bagpipe competition, visiting Holyrood Castle and "the Mecca of the Romantics," Scott's home in Abbotsford.

4,000 Spanish troops landed near Veracruz to reestablish Spain's control over Mexico (they would surrendered on September 11th).

July 31, Friday: Fryderyk Franciszek Chopin arrived in Vienna for the 1st time.

Felix Mendelssohn and Karl Klingemann made the trek from Edinburgh to Scott's home in Abbotsford. They caught the author on his way out the door: "We found Sir Walter just leaving Abbotsford, gaped at him like imbeciles, drove 80 miles and lost a whole day for the sake of nothing more than half-an-hour's trivial conversation."

According to an almanac of the period, "Corner-stone of a College Hall for the Pennsylvania University laid in Philadelphia."

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *6th day 31 of 7 M / Several more failures heard of today some in & some our of Providence. — times in the Moeny Market of World are perilous. - al for wnat of attending to our wholewsome Queries - "Do none lanch into buisness beyond their Ability to manage in the Truth." A desire to be rich & great hath hurt many - indeed may it not be Said to have Slain its thousands & tens of thousands, & will it not continue to Slay many more. — I know that to be poor & destitute in this world, has also its snares & such a situation in life is our duty to endeavour to shun by prudence & industry as nearly as in us lies - but an over reaching desire for wealth is destructive to all religious growth. —*
>
> RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1830

Professor Robert Hamilton[1] of Marischal College and University's posthumous THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY analyzed economic principles by tracing their origin and position in the development of social life.

TWO OR THREE ROBERT HAMILTONS

The 4th series of Sir Walter Scott's TALES OF A GRANDFATHER and the 2d volume of his HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. In New-York, his LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT ADDRESSED TO J.G. [JOHN GIBSON] LOCKHART (Illustrated by George Cruikshank; Harper's Family Library; J. & J. Harper).

LETTERS ON DEMON...

In two years the author had paid off nearly £40,000 of his publisher's debt. He had a fainting fit. By a couple of years after Scott's death in 1832, nearly £90,000 had been paid off by income including that from a LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT written by his son-in-law Lockhart. The remainder would be paid off by copyright income over the next 14 years. In this year also, his play "The Doom of Devergoil."

ROBERT MICHAEL BALLANTYNE

From the 2nd act of this white delight, a snippet of tribalist tunefulness would eventually be added by Louisa

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

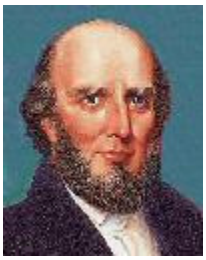
May Alcott which would prove useful to young folks tussling on the living-room couch:

> "I'd rather stay here, thank you."
>
> "Well, you can't, there isn't room. Go and make yourself useful, since you are too big to be ornamental. I thought you hated to be tied to a woman's apron-string?" retorted Jo, quoting certain rebellious words of his own.
>
> "Ah, that depends on who wears the apron!" and Laurie gave an audacious tweak at the tassel.
>
> "Are you going?" demanded Jo, diving for the pillow.
>
> He fled at once, and the minute it was well 'Up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee,' she slipped away to return no more till the young gentleman departed in high dudgeon.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

September 10, Friday: The Reverend Charles Grandison Finney began half a year of ministering in Rochester and other parts of western New York.



Robert Schumann received a certificate of study from the University of Heidelberg.

Secretary of War John Eaton, and other officials meet with Choctaw chiefs and headmen to pressure them to sign over their territory and move across the Mississippi River.

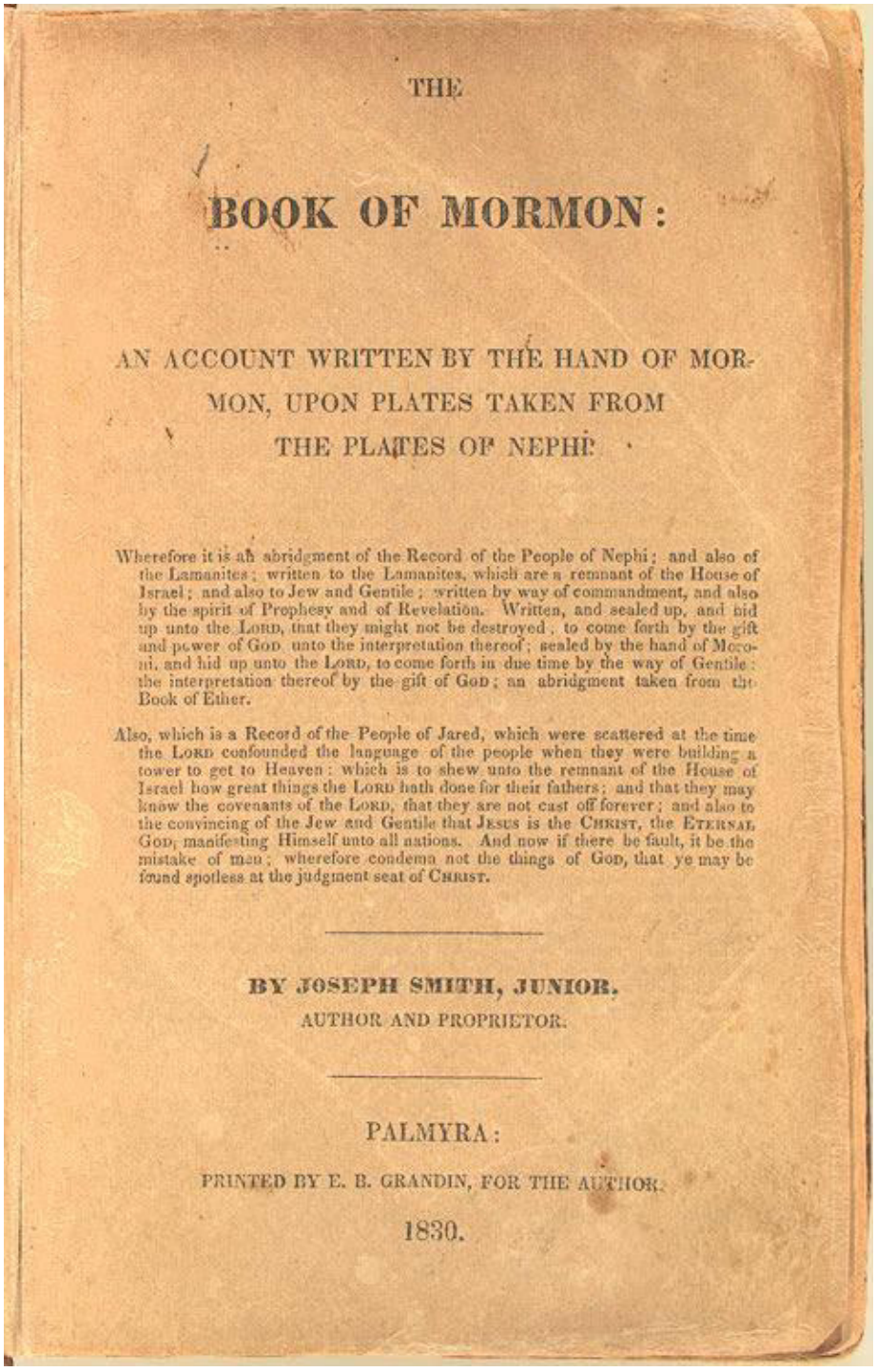
The following is a snippet from Charles Haskell's REMINISCENCES OF NEW YORK BY AN OCTOGENARIAN:

> John Henry Hobart, Bishop of New York, died at Auburn NY, and on the 16th occurred his funeral, a very solemn and impressive sight. The procession is said to have contained five thousand persons, and the streets were thronged through which it passed. The funeral service was performed in Trinity Church. Bishop Hobart was a great man and born ruler, and a very eminent citizen of New York. He at one time became engaged in a polemical discussion with Dr. Mason, who was termed the Goliath of Calvinism, and of Hobart's defence the lines of Sir Walter Scott in his "Lady of the Lake" were aptly quoted: "While less expert, though stronger far / The Gael maintain'd unequal war." The BOOK OF MORMON of Joseph Smith, alleged by him to have been found, was first published in this year. It is claimed, however, that the book was written by a clergyman at Mormon Hill in 1819; being essentially a plagiarism of a romance, which was clandestinely taken or copied by a printer, and adopted as the BIBLE of the "Latter Day Saints," as Smith and his proselytes termed themselves.

MORMONISM

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



THE

BOOK OF MORMON:

AN ACCOUNT WRITTEN BY THE HAND OF MORMON, UPON PLATES TAKEN FROM THE PLATES OF NEPHI.

Wherefore it is an abridgment of the Record of the People of Nephi; and also of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites, which are a remnant of the House of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile; written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of Prophesy and of Revelation. Written, and sealed up, and hid up unto the LORD, that they might not be destroyed; to come forth by the gift and power of GOD unto the interpretation thereof; sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the LORD, to come forth in due time by the way of Gentile: the interpretation thereof by the gift of GOD; an abridgment taken from the Book of Ether.

Also, which is a Record of the People of Jared, which were scattered at the time the LORD confounded the language of the people when they were building a tower to get to Heaven: which is to shew unto the remnant of the House of Israel how great things the LORD hath done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the LORD, that they are not cast off forever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that JESUS is the CHRIST, the ETERNAL GOD, manifesting Himself unto all nations. And now if there be fault, it be the mistake of men; wherefore condemn not the things of GOD, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment seat of CHRIST.

BY JOSEPH SMITH, JUNIOR.

AUTHOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PALMYRA:

PRINTED BY E. B. GRANDIN, FOR THE AUTHOR.

1830.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1831

Henry Mackenzie died.

Foundation of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, the 1st of the many Field Clubs that would come into existence throughout Great Britain.

Ferrier's DESTINY.

Sir Walter Scott's CASTLE DANGEROUS. At some point in time, perhaps not exactly here, this famous author began grumbling about postage being chargeable to the addressee. The fan mail of this popular author was costing him, he estimated tartly, about £150 per year. Great Scott!

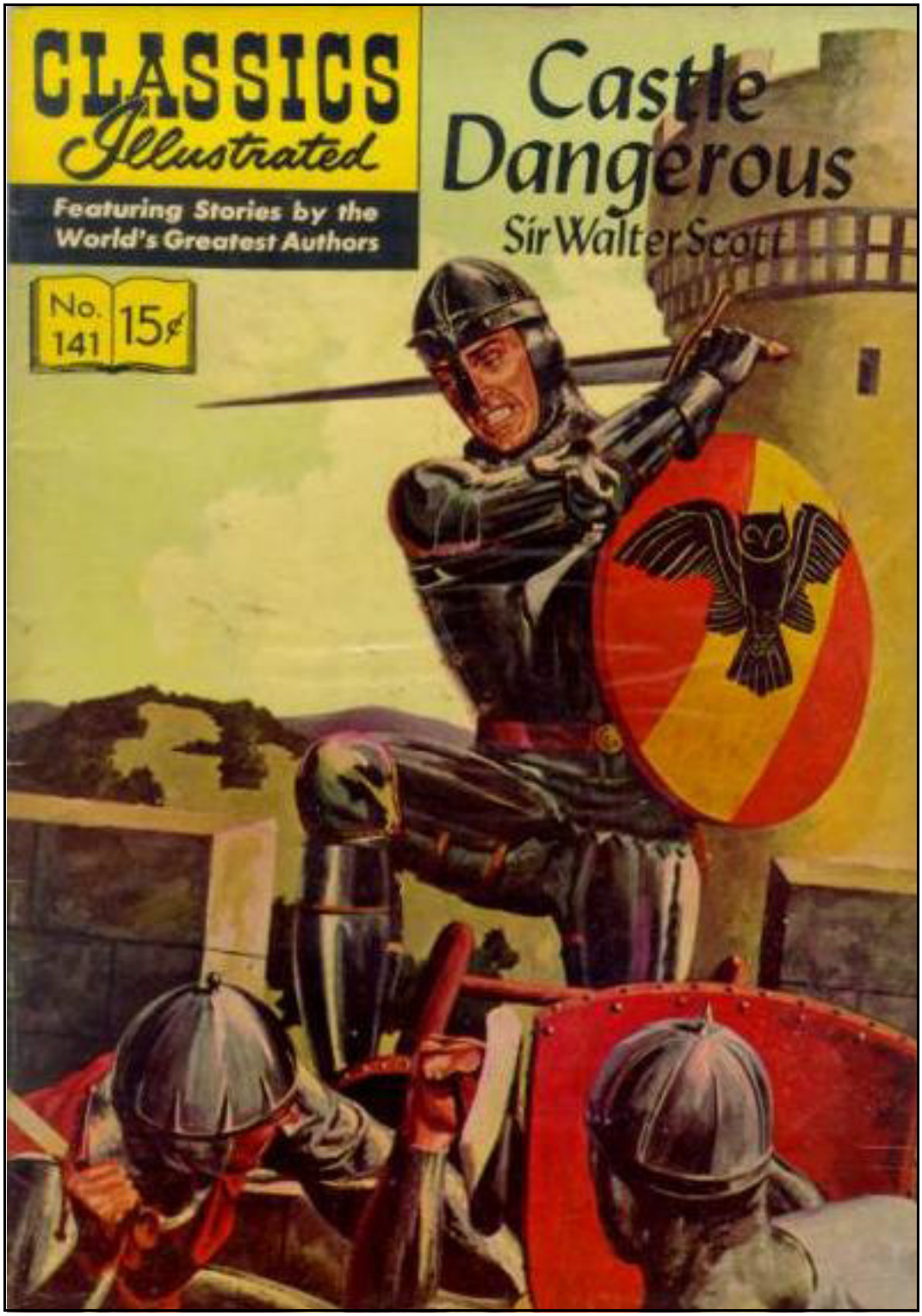
SCOTLAND

October: On medical advice, Sir Walter Scott began an overseas tour, sailing from Portsmouth in the *Barham*, provided by the government. He sailed past Cape St. Vincent, Trafalgar, and Gibraltar to Naples and to Rome, where he visited the monument to Bonnie Prince Charlie in St. Peter's. He went north to the Tyrol, west across Germany, and then down the Rhine into Holland.

During this month, in Lyon, France, manufacturing was so depressed that artisans were able to earn only eightpence by working an 18-hour day.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1832

Sir David Brewster FRS's LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC. ADDRESSED TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

BREWSTER'S MAGIC

Allan Cunningham's SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT (Boston: Stimpson & Clapp, 72 Washington Street). David Henry Thoreau would need to access this volume to complete his assignment of May 3, 1836 at Harvard College.

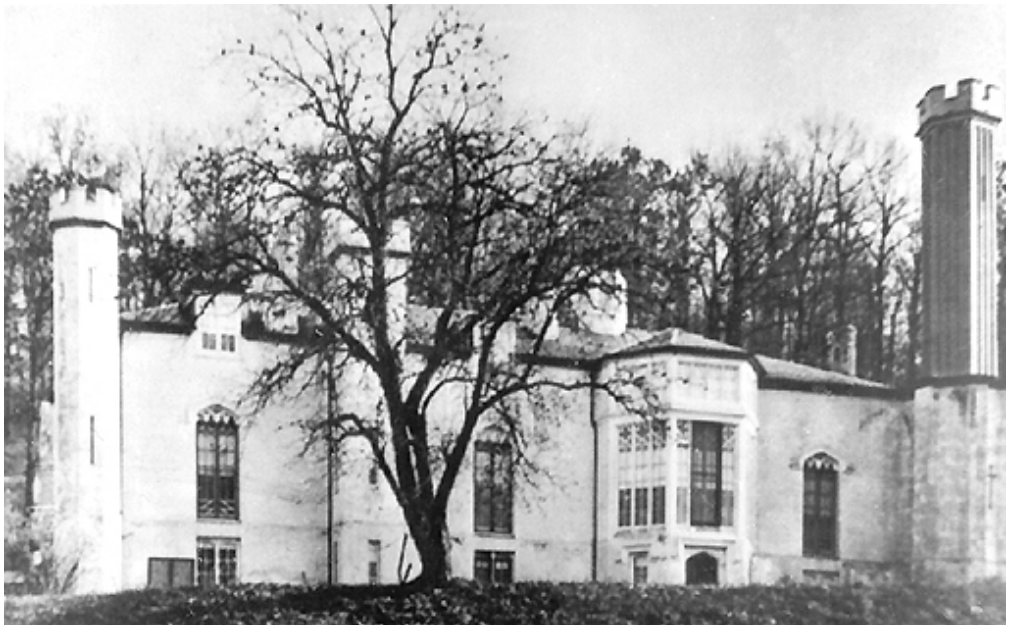
CUNNINGHAM ON SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott's TALES OF MY LANDLORD and COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

After a visit to Sir Walter Scott's *Abbotsford*, Alexander Jackson Davis of the New York firm of Towne, Davis, and Hastings designed *Glen Ellen*, the 1st medieval-revival home in America, as a residence for Robert Gilmor III (Harvard Class of 1828). This is what the structure would look like almost a century later, in June 1921 before its abandonment:



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

By way of invidious contrast, here is the 1st White Castle in Cincinnati, Ohio, which would open for business in 1927:

Eventually the abandoned Gilmor residence would appear as illustrated on a following screen.

In New-York, Sixth Street north and to the west of Washington Square Park was renamed Waverly Place after local fans of Sir Walter Scott's novel of that title petitioned the city for such a name change.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

June: Upon Sir Walter Scott's return to England from his continental tour, for three weeks he was very ill in London while the newspapers chronicled his progress and the royal family inquired frequently as to his condition. While being carried to his home Tweeddale he recovered consciousness long enough to exclaim, when the "three crests against a saffron sky" of Eildon Hills came into view.

September 21, Friday: Maria W. Stewart, a free black New Englander who had been reduced to domestic service after being cheated out of inheriting her dead husband's estate, desiring, like Emerson, to do nothing which she could not do with her whole heart, made a speech about the wrong she had been forced to endure, in the Franklin Hall in Boston.[8]

Walter Scott died in Abbotsford, Roxburgh, Scotland at the age of 61. "About half past one on 21st September Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day so warm that every window was wide open — and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

ROBERT MICHAEL BALLANTYNE

Lecture Season: The 4th course of lectures offered by the Salem Lyceum.

8. Although this speech has often been cited by historians as the 1st public lecture delivered by an American woman (apparently unaware that Maria W. Stewart had made a public speech in the previous year), Catherine A. Brekus, in STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS: FEMALE PREACHING IN AMERICA, 1740-1845 (Gender and American History Series; Chapel Hill and London: U of North Carolina P, 1998, pages 38, 49, 197), contends that this sort of reconstruction actually is far off the mark. During the 1740s and 1750s, black and white women emboldened by a new "heart-centered piety" were, while being careful not to formally interpret Scripture, publicly exhorting lay men and women to seek emotional conversions. Brekus has discovered the names of only 13 full-time female public exhorters during this period, none of whom left letters or written accounts of their own, but nevertheless has been able to conclude on the basis of ministers' journals, letters, memoirs, and revival accounts that "scores or even hundreds of women may have witnessed to their faith every Sunday" by speaking and praying out loud in Separate churches.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

The Salem Lyceum — 4th Season

Rufus Choate of Salem
Applicability of American Scenes and History to the performances and genius of Sir Walter Scott

W.H. Brooks of Salem
Advantages of Commerce, with sketches of its history as connected with Salem

William Sullivan
On the Rules of Evidence as Applied to Common Life

George S. Hillard
Comparison of Ancient and Modern Literature

Caleb Foote of Salem
Value of the Union and Consequences of Disunion

James W. Thompson of Salem
Connexion of Literature with Morality

R.D. Mussey
Anatomy of the Chest and Spine

Samuel Worcester
Indian Eloquence

James Walker
Phrenology

M.S. Perry
Diseases peculiar to the different classes of society

Nathaniel West, Jr. of Salem
Imprisonment for Debt

George H. Devereux of Salem
Feudal Ages

Amos D. Wheeler
Geology

Samuel G. Howe
Education of the Blind

Lowell Mason
Science of Music

Nehemiah Cleaveland
Poetry

Professor John Farrar
Advantages of Knowledge

Joshua H. Ward of Salem
History of Spain

Rufus Babcock of Salem
Moral Nature of Man

Thomas Spencer of Salem
History of India

William B. Calhoun
Political Economy

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1833

Publication, during this year and the following one, of THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, by Conner & Cooke in New-York. Out of this collection Henry Thoreau would mention "Lady of the Lake" in his journal on May 21, 1839 AND "Thomas the Rhymer" on September 28, 1843. There would be a mention in A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS, and in EXCURSIONS there would be casual mention of a category that would include IVANHOE, QUENTIN DUNWARD, and THE TALISMAN. In Rome, the painter Karl Briullov (Carlo Brullo) –who is said to have made himself the first internationally known Russian– completed his "The Last Day of Pompeii":

Reportedly Sir Walter Scott, after having stared at this Disneyish fantasia for all of an hour at the studio during the process of its composition, had declared it to be not so much a painting as an epic. (Part of this may have

been politeness toward his host, of course, but surely a small part of this would have been the enormous doses of opiates that Scott was needing to rely upon in order to live in his pain-wracked body.)

September 28, Saturday: On this day and the following one Henry C. Wright was deciding to leave behind him not only masturbation but also, shudder, fiction. Having perused Sir Walter Scott's SCOTTISH CHIEFS he was concluding that such tale-spinning was "pernicious" (he would later visit Abbotsford and Scott's gravesite there, and his summation would be that despite the manner in which other tourists treated this as if it were some sort of shrine, the reputation which this tale-spinner Scott had left behind was an entirely insignificant one):

> I believe [Shakespear (*sic*) & Scott] have ruined many souls. WOuld God they had never seen the light of day & that I had more strength to resist temptation.
>
> WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1834

January 19, Sunday: Over the course of ten days, Henry C. Wright would religiously view every piece of Scott memorabilia there was to be seen at Abbotsford. Wright had read Scott's SCOTTISH CHIEFS and had concluded, on September 28-29, 1833, that such works were "pernicious." He visited Scott's gravesite. His summation was that despite the manner in which other tourists were treating this place as if it were some sort of shrine, the reputation which Sir Walter Scott had left behind was an insignificant one:

> I believe [Shakespear (*sic*) & Scott] have ruined many souls. WOuld God they had never seen the light of day & that I had more strength to resist temptation.

Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *1st day 19 of 1 M / I have been quite unwell for some days with a cold Cough & some fever, but feel some better this evening. — -Our meetings were both silent but I was favourd with some feeling - A portion of J J Gurneys Portable Evidences were read this evening in our School collection, & tho' I do not unit with every thing he has written, yet I thought what was read was very good. —*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

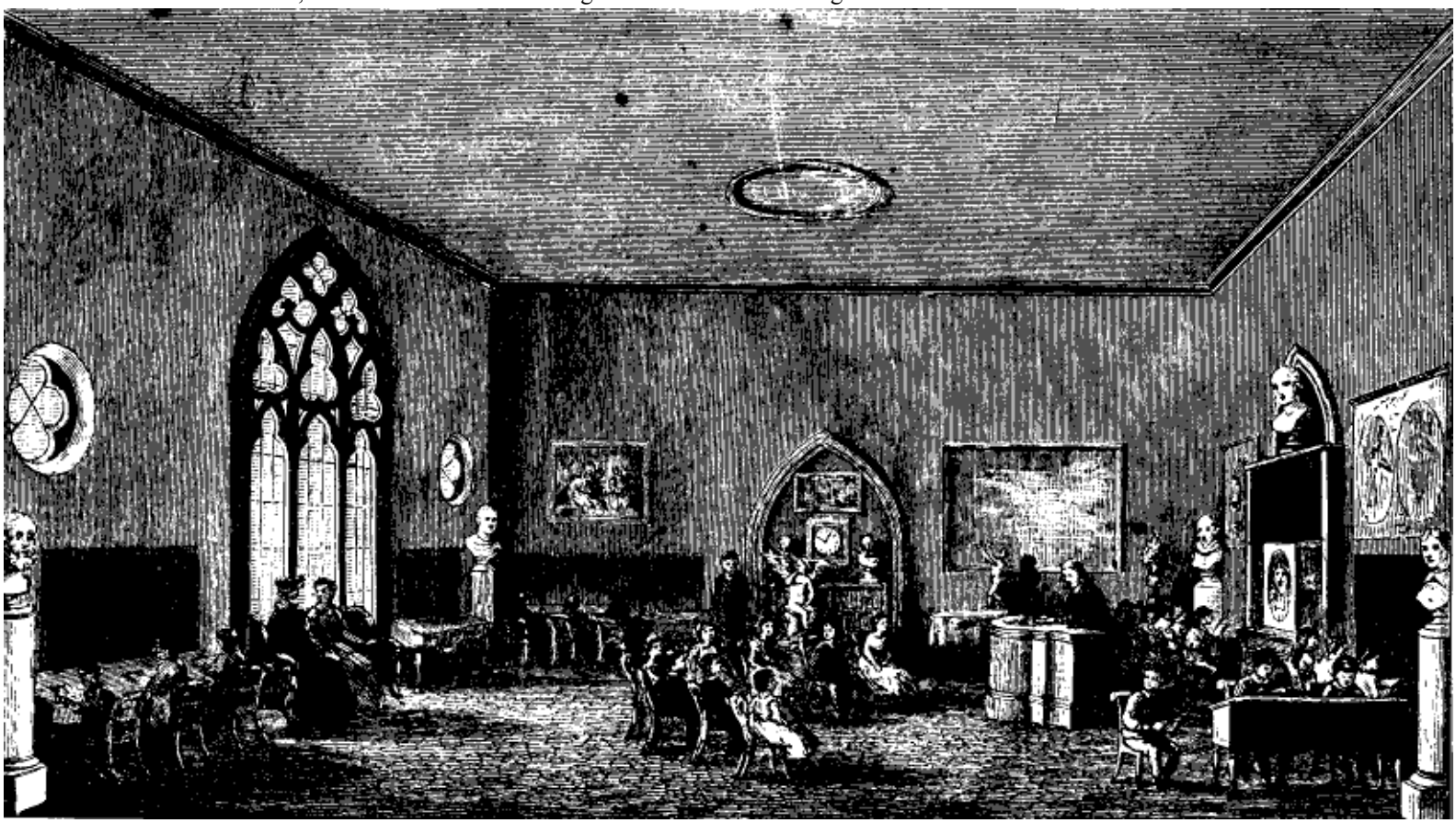
April: James Hogg had been offering a manuscript, FAMILIAR ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, for publication. The manuscript was so offensive to Scott's son-in-law John Gibson Lockhart (who was at that time working up an official biography), that he had effectively prevented its publication in the United Kingdom. James Hogg had "insulted his dust." –How could this uncouth rustic James Hogg be allowed to present Sir Walter as having been a chronic suck-up on the nobility? –How did he dare raise questions about the parentage of Lady Scott? –Where did this man get off, characterizing Sir Walter in the final stage of his illness, as in the condition of a drunken man? Since Scott was in fact a Tory with aristocratic aspirations, a member of the local gentry educated at the capital city of Edinburgh, such remarks were much too close to home for comfort. Sir Walter had not only been a patron of Hogg but had in fact been outrageously "patronizing" toward him. However, it would be wrong, very very wrong, for the peasantry ever to be allowed to get familiar with the gentry. Finally the volume was published, by Harper and Brothers in New-York.

FAMILIAR ANECDOTES

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

September 22, Monday: At 10AM, the School of Human Culture opened its doors for business in the Masonic Temple on Tremont Street directly across from the Tremont House and the Boston Common. The school occupied two rooms on the fourth floor, the top floor, at a rent of $300.00 per year. The furnishings, for which Bronson Alcott went further into debt, included not only a larger-than-life "bass-relievo" of Jesus Christ over a bookcase behind the schoolmaster's enormous desk, and busts of Plato, William Shakespeare, Socrates, and Sir Walter Scott in the four corners of the classroom, but also a portrait of the Reverend William Ellery Channing (father of one of the pupils) and two geranium plants. Alcott had heard Waldo Emerson preach in 1828, and now Emerson was doing him the honor of visiting his school.

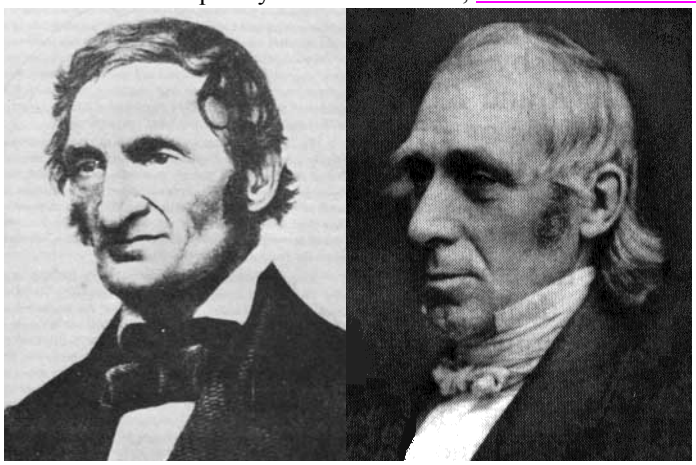


THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Elizabeth Palmer Peabody became Bronson Alcott's assistant at this Temple School, and began boarding with the Alcott family. There were, initially, 30 pupils.

The students used desks having individual shelves and a hinged blackboard that could swing forward or back. Evidently, this desk had been developed by Bronson's cousin, Dr. William Andrus Alcott.



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1835

June: A pirated edition of James Hogg's FAMILIAR ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT (New-York: Harper and Brothers) appeared in Glasgow (John Reid & Co.), under the title THE DOMESTIC MANNERS AND PRIVATE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. This pirated edition did omit various passages found offensive by Sir Walter's son-in-law John Gibson Lockhart.

FAMILIAR ANECDOTES

June 4, Thursday: Franz Liszt arrived in Basel, where Marie d'Agoult had arrived within the last few days accompanied by her mother.

In Northampton, Samuel Whitmarsh the wannabee silk manufacturer bought $3,500 more meadowland for his mulberry seedlings. Money was going to grow on these trees.

There could be no better commentary on the now-put-foundations-under-your-air-castle advice that Henry Thoreau would give in WALDEN, that some material he copied out of Washington Irving's THE CRAYON MISCELLANY on this date or shortly thereafter.

> WALDEN: I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Our guy was copying, none to accurately, into his college literary notebook, from the just-available Volume II, presumably from a copy purchased by the Institute of 1770. The none-too-exact extracts given below come from Volume Two, ABBOTSFORD AND NEWSTEAD ABBEY, announced on this day in the Boston Daily Advertiser as "just received" from the Philadelphia printer by Munroe & Francis, and hence deal with the fanciful architecture of the estates of Sir Walter Scott and George Gordon, Lord Byron:

> On the following morning, the sun darted his beams from over the hills through the low lattice window. I rose at an early hour, and looked out between the branches of eglantine which overhung

the casement. To my surprise Scott was already up and forth, seated on a fragment of stone, and chatting with the workmen employed on the new building. I had supposed, after the time he had wasted upon me yesterday, he would be closely occupied this morning; but he appeared like a man of leisure, who had nothing to do but bask in the sunshine and amuse himself. [42-43]

I soon dressed myself and joined him. He talked about his proposed plans of Abbotsford; happy would it have been for him could he have contented himself with his delightful little vine covered cottage, and the simply, yet heart and hospitable style, in which he lived at the time of my visit. The great pile of Abbotsford, with the huge expense it entailed upon him of servants, retainers, guests, and baronial style, was a drain upon his purse, a task upon his exertions, and a weight upon his mind, that finally crushed him. [§] As yet, however, all was in embryo and perspective, and Scott pleased himself with picturing out his future residence, as he would one of the fanciful creations of his own romances. "It was one of his air castles," he said, "Which he was reducing to solid stone and mortar," — [... §] After passing by the domains of honest Lauckie, Scott pointed out, at a distance, the Eildon stone. There in ancient days stood the Eildon tree, beneath which Thomas the Rhymer, according to popular tradition, dealt forth his prophecies, some of which still exist in antiquated ballads. [§] Here we turned up a little glen with a small burn or brook whimpering and dashing alone it, making an occasional waterfall, and overhung, in some places, with mountain ash and weeping birch. We are now, said Scott, treading classic, or rather fairy ground. This is the haunted glen of Thomas the Rhymer, where he met with the queen of fairy land, and this the bogle burn, or goblin brook, along which she rode on her dapple grey palfrey, with silver bells, ringing at the bridle. – [... §] Scott continued on, leading the way as usual, and limping up the wizard glen, talking as he went, but as his back was toward me, I could only hear the deep growling tones of his voice, like the low breathing of an organ, with [out] distinguishing the words, until pausing, and turning his face towards me, I found he was reciting some scrap of border minstrelsy about Thomas the Rhymer. This was continually the case in my ramblings with him about this storied neighbourhood. [43, 54, 55]

His mind was fraught with the traditionary fictions connected with every object around him and he would breath [sic] it forth as he went, apparently as much for his own gratification as for that of his companion.

"Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
but had its legend or its song."

His voice was deep and sonorous, he spoke with a Scottish accent, and with somewhat of the Northumbrian "burr," which, to my mind, gave a doric strength and simplicity to his elocution. His recitation of poetry was, at times, magnificent – [... §] Whenever Scott touched, in [t]his way, upon local antiquities

and in all his familiar conversations about local traditions and superstitions, there was always a sly and quiet humor running at the bottom of his discourse, and playing about his countenance, as if he sport[e]d with the subject. It seemed to me as if he distrusted his own enthusiasm, and was disposed to droll upon his own humors and peculiarities, yet, at the same time, a poetic glean in his eye would show that he really took a strong relish and interest in them. "It was a pity," he said, "that antiquarians were generally so dry, for the subjects they handled were rich in historical and poetic recollections, in picturesque details, in quaint and heroic characteristics, and in all kinds of curious and obsolete ceremonials. They are are [sic] always groping among the rarest materials for poetry, but they have no idea of turning them to poetic use. Now every fragment from old time has, in some degree, its story with it, or gives an inkling of something characteristic of the circumstances and manners of its day, and so sets the imagination at work." – [§] For my own part I never met with antiquarian so delightful, either in his writings or his conversation, and the quiet subacid humor that was prone to mingle in his disquisitions, gave them, to me, a peculiar and an exquisite flavor. But he seemed, in fact, to undervalue every thing that concerned himself. The play of his genius was so easy that he was unconscious of its mighty power, and made light of those sports of intellect that shamed the efforts and labors of other minds[.] [55, 74-76]

The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit he inclined to the comic rather than the grave, in his anecdotes and stories, and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke, or a trait of humor in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. He talked not for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigor of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration, and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversation reminded me continually of his novels; and it seemed to me, that during the whole time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully. [90-91]

He was as good a listener as talker, appreciated everything that others said, however humble might be their rank or pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. He arrogated nothing to himself, but was perfectly unassuming and unpretending, entering with heart and soul into the business, or pleasure, or, I had almost said folly, of the hour and company. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts, no one's opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures seemed beneath him. He

made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly as their ease. – [§] It was delightful to observe the generous mode in which he spoke of all his literary contemporaries, quoting the beauties of their works, and this, too, with respect to persons with whom he might have been supposed to be at variance in literature or politics. Jeffrey, it was thought, had ruffled his plumes in one of his reviews, yet Scott spoke of him in terms of high and warm eulogy, both as an author and as a man. [§] His humor in conversation, as in his works, was genial and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles, but he looked upon poor human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleas[ant,] tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil. It is this beneficent spirit which gives such an air of bonhommie to Scott's humor throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights, but the kindness and generosity of his nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation any more than there is throughout his works. – [...] Of his public character and merits, all the world can judge. His works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilized world, for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. But when did a human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there that, on looking [back] over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still guard his works as a treasury of pure enjoyment, an armory to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and the griefs of life? For my own part, in periods of dejection, I have hail[e]d the announcement of a new work from his pen as an earnest of certain pleasure in store for me, and have looked forward to it as a traveller in a waste looks to a given spot at a distance, where he feels assured of solace and refreshment. When I consider how much he has thus contributed to the better hours of my past existence, and how independent his works still make me, at times, of all the world for my enjoyment, I bless my stars that cast my lot in his days, to be thus cheered and gladdened by the outpourings of his genius. I consider it one of the greatest advantages that I have derived from my literary career, that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit." [91-94]

Irving again, speaking of Byron.

I leaned over the stone balustrade of the terrace, and gazed upon the valley of Newstead, with its silver sheets of water

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

gleaming in the morning sun. It was a Sabbath morning, which always seems to have a hallowed influence over the landscape probably from the quiet of the day, and the cessation of all kinds of week day labor. As I mused upon the mild and beautiful scene, and the wayward destinies of the man, whose stormy temperament forced him from this tranquil paradise to battle with the passions and perils of the world, the sweet chime of bells from a village a few miles distance, came stealing up the valley. Every sight and sound this morning seemed calculated to summon up touching recollections of poor Byron. The chime was from the village spire of Hucknall Torkard, beneath which his remains lie buried." [125]

[On pages 183-194, Irving has a chapter, "Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest."]

Four Approaches to the Writer's Estate

Approach	"Old Money"	"New Money"	"Sweat Equity"	"Just Enough Money"
Writer	Lord Byron	Sir Walter Scott	Henry Thoreau	Virginia Wolff
Estate	Newstead Abbey	Abbotsford	Walden Pond	A Room of One's Own
Results	Bailout	Insolvency	Immortality	Feminism

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THE CRAYON MISCELLANY

George Gordon, Lord Byron's Newstead Abbey

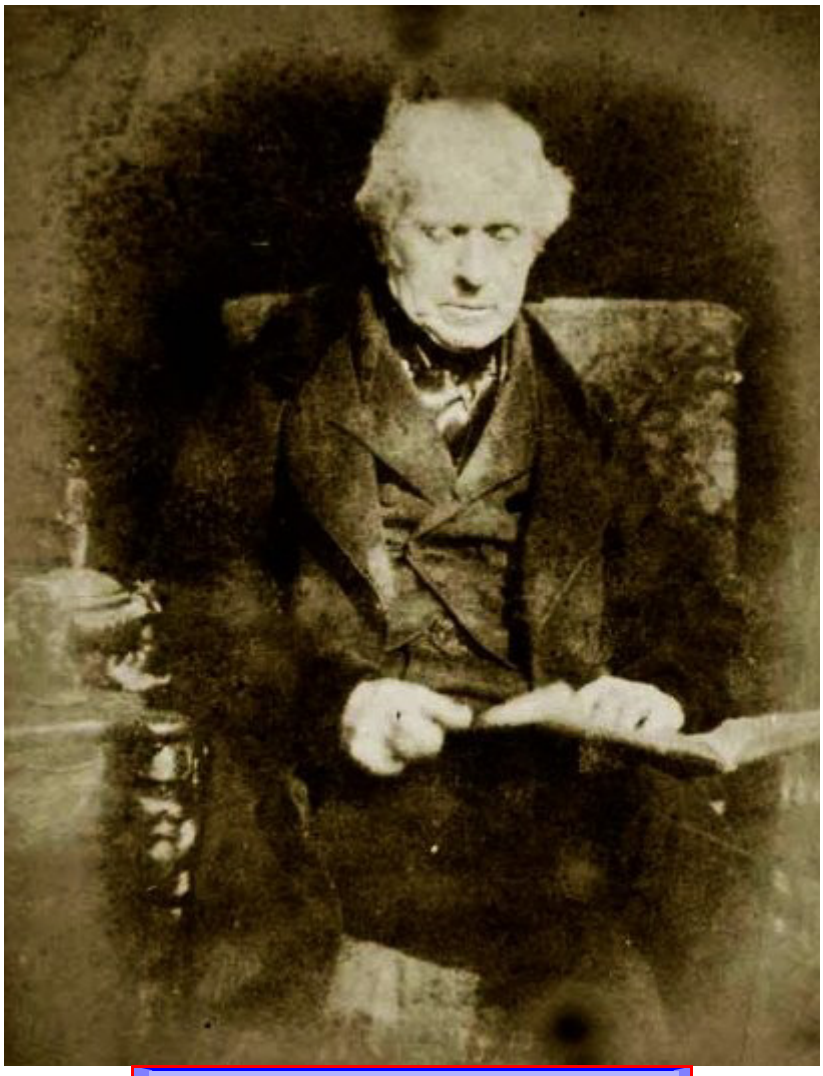
Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1836

Sir David Brewster FRS's LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC. ADDRESSED TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. (New York: Harper & bros.). A copy of this would be purchased by the Concord Town Library and would be read by Henry Thoreau, who in about 1857 would make notes on it in his Fact Book.



BREWSTER'S MAGIC

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Second week of March: During fumigation of the *Alert*, Richard Henry Dana, Jr. read aloud from Scott's WOODSTOCK (1829) for the amusement of the sailors.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONTINUED:

We continued at work in this manner until the lower hold was filled to within four feet of the beams, when all hands were called aboard to commence steeving. As this is a peculiar operation, it will require a minute description.

Before stowing the hides, as I have said, the ballast is levelled off, just above the keelson, and then loose dunnage placed upon it, on which the hides rest. The greatest care is used in stowing, to make the ship hold as many hides as possible. It is no mean art, and a man skilled in it is an important character in California. Many a dispute have I heard raging high between professed "beach-combers," as to whether the hides should be stowed "shingling," or back-to-back, and flipper-to-flipper;" upon which point there was an entire and bitter division of sentiment among the savans. We adopted each method at different periods of the stowing, and parties ran high in the forecastle, some siding with "old Bill" in favor of the former, and others scouting him, and relying upon "English Bob" of the *Ayacucho*, who had been eight years in California, and was willing to risk his life and limb for the latter method. At length a compromise was effected, and a middle course, of shifting the ends and backs at every lay, was adopted, which worked well, and which, though they held it inferior to their own, each party granted was better than that of the other.

Having filled the ship up, in this way, to within four feet of her beams, the process of steeving commenced, by which an hundred hides are got into a place where one could not be forced by hand, and which presses the hides to the utmost, sometimes starting the beams of the ship, resembling in its effects the jack-screws which are used in stowing cotton. Each morning we went ashore, and beat and brought off as many hides as we could steeve in the course of the day, and, after breakfast, went down into the hold, where we remained at work until night. The whole length of the hold, from stem to stern, was floored off level, and we began with raising a pile in the after part, hard against the bulkhead of the run, and filling it up to the beams, crowding in as many as we could by hand and pushing in with oars; when a large "book" was made of from twenty-five to fifty hides, doubled at the backs, and put into one another, like the leaves of a book. An opening was then made between two hides in the pile, and the back of the outside hide of the book inserted. Two long, heavy spars, called steeves, made of the strongest wood, and sharpened off like a wedge at one end, were placed with their wedge ends into the inside of the hide which was the centre of the book, and to the other end of each, straps were fitted, into which large tackles were hooked, composed each of two huge purchase blocks, one hooked to the strap on the end of the steeve, and the other into a dog, fastened into one of the beams, as far aft as it could be got. When this was arranged, and the ways greased upon which the book was to slide, the falls of the tackles were stretched forward, and all hands tallied on, and bowsed away until the book was well entered; when these tackles were nippered, straps and toggles clapped upon the falls, and two more luff tackles hooked on, with dogs, in the same manner; and thus, by luff upon luff, the power was multiplied, until into a pile in which one hide more could not be crowded by hand, an hundred or an hundred and fifty were often driven in by this complication of purchases. When the last luff was hooked on, all hands were called to the rope– cook, steward, and all– and ranging ourselves at the falls, one behind the other, sitting down on the hides, with our heads just even with the beams, we set taught upon the tackles, and striking up a song, and all lying back at the chorus, we bowsed the tackles home, and drove the large books chock in out of sight.

The sailor's songs for capstans and falls are of a peculiar kind, having a chorus at the end of each line. The burden is usually sung, by one alone, and, at the chorus, all hands join in,– and the louder the noise, the better. With us, the chorus seemed almost to raise the decks of the ship, and might be heard at a great distance, ashore. A song is as necessary to sailors as the drum and fife to a soldier. They can't pull in time, or pull with a will, without it. Many a time, when a thing goes heavy, with one fellow yo-ho-ing, a lively song, like "Heave, to the girls!" "Nancy oh!" "Jack Crosstree," etc., has put life and strength into every arm. We often found a great difference in the effect of the different songs in driving in the hides. Two or three songs would be tried, one after the other, with no effect;– not an inch could be got upon the tackles– when a new song, struck up, seemed to hit the humor of the moment, and drove the tackles "two blocks" at once. "Heave round hearty!" "Heave round hearty!" "Captain gone ashore!" and the like, might do for common pulls, but in an emergency, when we wanted a heavy, "raise-the-dead" pull, which should start the beams of the ship, there was nothing like "Time for us to go!" "Round the corner," or "Hurrah! hurrah! my hearty bullies!"

THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:

This was the most lively part of our work. A little boating and beach work in the morning; then twenty or thirty men down in a close hold, where we were obliged to sit down and slide about, passing hides, and rowsing about the great steeves, tackles, and dogs, singing out at the falls, and seeing the ship filling up every day. The work was as hard as it could well be. There was not a moment's cessation from Monday morning till Saturday night, when we were generally beaten out, and glad to have a full night's rest, a wash and shift of clothes, and a quiet Sunday. During all this times,– which would have startled Dr. Graham– we lived upon almost nothing but fresh beef; fried beefsteaks, three times a day,– morning, noon, and night. At morning and night we had a quart of tea to each man; and an allowance of about a pound of hard bread a day; but our chief article of food was the beef. A mess, consisting of six men, had a large wooden kid piled up with beefsteaks, cut thick, and fried in fat, with the grease poured over them. Round this we sat, attacking it with our jack-knives and teeth, and with the appetite of young lions, and sent back an empty kid to the galley. This was done three times a day. How many pounds each man ate in a day, I will not attempt to compute. A whole bullock (we ate liver and all) lasted us but four days. Such devouring of flesh, I will venture to say, was seldom known before. What one man ate in a day, over a hearty man's allowance, would make a Russian's heart leap into his mouth. Indeed, during all the time we were upon the coast, our principal food was fresh beef, and every man had perfect health; but this was a time of especial devouring; and what we should have done without meat, I cannot tell. Once or twice, when our bullocks failed and we were obliged to make a meal upon dry bread and water, it seemed like feeding upon shavings. Light and dry, feeling unsatisfied, and, at the same time, full, we were glad to see four quarters of a bullock, just killed, swinging from the fore-top. Whatever theories may be started by sedentary men, certainly no men could have gone through more hard work and exposure for sixteen months in more perfect health, and without ailings and failings, than our ship's crew, let them have lived upon Hygela's own baking and dressing.

Friday, and a part of Saturday, we were engaged in this work, until we had thrown out all but what we wanted under our cargo on the passage home; when, as the next day was Sunday, and a good day for smoking ship, we cleared everything out of the cabin and forecastle, made a slow fire of charcoal, birch bark, brimstone, and other matters, on the ballast in the bottom of the hold, calked up the hatches and every open seam, and pasted over the cracks of the windows, and the slides of the scuttles, and companionway. Wherever smoke was seen coming out, we calked and pasted, and, so far as we could, made the ship smoke tight. The captain and officers slept under the awning which was spread over the quarter-deck; and we stowed ourselves away under an old studding-sail, which we drew over one side of the forecastle. The next day, from fear that something might happen, orders were given for no one to leave the ship, and, as the decks were lumbered up with everything, we could not wash them down, so we had nothing to do, all day long. Unfortunately, our books were where we could not get at them, and we were turning about for something to do, when one man recollected a book he had left in the galley. He went after it, and it proved to be Woodstock. This was a great windfall, and as all could not read it at once, I, being the scholar of the company, was appointed reader. I got a knot of six or eight about me, and no one could have had a more attentive audience. Some laughed at the "scholars," and went over the other side of the forecastle, to work, and spin their yarns; but I carried the day, and had the cream of the crew for my hearers. Many of the reflections, and the political parts, I omitted, but all the narrative they were delighted with; especially the descriptions of the Puritans, and the sermons and harangues of the Round-head soldiers. The gallantry of Charles, Dr. Radcliffe's plots, the knavery of "trusty Tompkins,"– in fact, every part seemed to chain their attention. Many things which, while I was reading, I had a misgiving about, thinking them above their capacity, I was surprised to find them enter into completely.

I read nearly all day, until sundown; when, as soon as supper was over, as I had nearly finished, they got a light from the galley; and by skipping what was less interesting, I carried them through to the marriage of Everard, and the restoration of Charles the Second, before eight o'clock.

The next morning, we took the battens from the hatches, and opened the ship. A few stifled rats were found; and what bugs, cockroaches, fleas, and other vermin, there might have been on board, must have unrove their life-lines before the hatches were opened. The ship being now ready, we covered the bottom of the hold over, fore and aft, with dried brush for dunnage, and having levelled everything away, we were ready to take in our cargo. All the hides that had been collected since the *California* left the coast, (a little more than two years,) amounting to about forty thousand, were cured, dried, and stowed away in the house, waiting for our good ship to take them to Boston.

Now began the operation of taking in our cargo, which kept us hard at work, from the grey of the morning till star-light, for six weeks, with the exception of Sundays, and of just time to swallow our meals. To carry the work on quicker, a division of labor was made. Two men threw the hides down from the piles in the house, two more picked them up and put them on a long horizontal pole, raised a few feet from the ground, where they were beaten, by two more, with flails, somewhat like those used in threshing wheat. When beaten, they were taken from this pole by two more, and placed upon a platform of boards; and ten or a dozen men, with their trowsers rolled up, were constantly going, back and forth, from the platform to the boat, which was kept off where she would just float, with the hides upon their heads. The throwing the hides upon the pole was the most difficult work, and required a sleight of hand which was only to be got by long practice. As I was known for a hide-curer, this post was assigned to me, and I continued at it for six or eight days, tossing, in that time, from eight to ten thousand hides, until my wrists became so lame that I gave in; and was transferred to the gang that was employed in filling the boats, where I remained for the rest of the time. As we were obliged to carry the hides on our heads from fear of their getting wet, we each had a piece of sheepskin sewed into the inside of our hats, with the wool next to our heads, and thus were able to bear the weight, day after day, which would otherwise have soon worn off our hair, and borne hard upon our skulls. Upon the whole, ours was the best berth; for though the water was nipping cold, early in the morning and late at night, and being so continually wet was rather an exposure, yet we got rid of the constant dust and dirt from the beating of the hides, and being all of us young and hearty, did not mind the exposure. The older men of the crew, whom it would have been dangerous to have kept in the water, remained on board with the mate, to stow the hides away, as fast as they were brought off by the boats.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

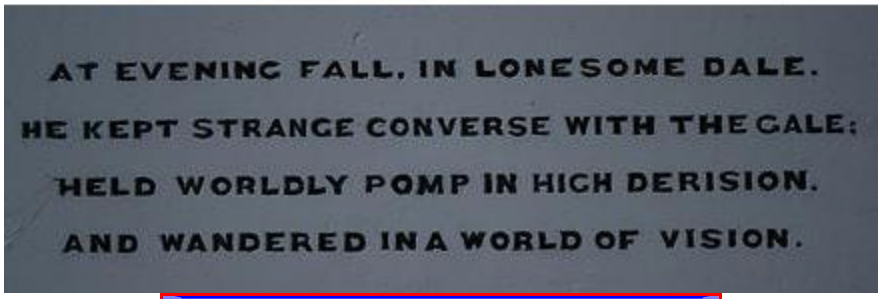
PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

May 3, Tuesday: David Henry Thoreau turned in his Harvard College essay on the assigned topic "SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SIR W. SCOTT by Allan Cunningham, FAMILIAR ANECDOTES OF SIR W. SCOTT BY JAMES HOGG, AND WITH A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE SHEPHERD by S. Dewitt [Simeon De

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Witt] Bloodgood."



SOME ACCOUNT OF ...

FAMILIAR ANECDOTES

At the Exhibition Program that took place on this day, Jones Very presented a new version of his Bowdoin Prize Essay of July 1835, "The Practical Application in This Life, by Men as Social and Intellectual Beings,

of the Certainty of a Future State," which he had for this occasion retitled simply "The Heroic Character."

> Our Literature is uncommonly rich in Biography. No sooner has a passing meteor, whose brilliance and length of train arrests the attention of the gaping multitudes of this nether world, sunk below the horizon, than the literary astronomers of the day set about tracing its orbit, and soon crowd a ponderous tome with the phenomena it presented. This is all very well as far as it goes, but, for my part, I am not satisfied with being acquainted with a man's actions merely. I want to be introduced to the man himself. "Biography," says Fuseli, "however useful to man, or dear to art, is the unequivocal homage of inferiority offered to the majesty of genius." This is not the character of the works before us; we here behold Scott in the capacity of a friend, and patron, free from all restraint.
>
> Divested of all the mystery in which genius is usually enveloped, he appears for the moment to have put on mortality, he is no longer the "Author of Waverly" the eighth wonder of the world. While we imagine him snugly ensconced in his antique armchair, poring over the pages of a huge black-letter folio containing the marvellous deeds of some Sir Tristram or Sir Guy who figured in border warfare, or performing a pilgrimage a la Terre Sante, we find him, perchance, "leistering kippers in Tweed", or seated on the river's bank, while Rob Fletcher is gone after another fiery peat, singing Hogg's ballad of "Gilman's-cleuch". The account of the Life and Works of Scott is written in a frank and impartial style, though the author appears to be a little vain of his intimacy with Sir Walter. The same may be said of Hogg. The former winds up with these words, "No other genius ever exercised over the world so wide a rule: no one, perhaps ever united so many great — almost godlike qualities, and employed them so generously for the benefit of the living. It is not to us alone that he has spoken: his voice will delight thousands of generations unborn, and charm his country while wood grows and water runs."
>
> The Ettrick Shepherd was the second son of Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw, and was born on the 25th of Jan'y, 1772, the anniversary of Burns' birth, who was born 1759. When 6 years of age he attended for a short time a neighboring school, and learned to read the Proverbs of Solomon and the Shorter Catechism, but at the age of 7 went to service as a cowherd, receiving for half a year's service, "a ewe lamb and a pair of shoes."
>
> It was in his 18th year that he first saw the "Life and Adventures of Sir W. Wallace", and Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd". It was in 1796 that he first felt the inspiration of the Muse; he now for the first time had access to a valuable library, and his genius shone forth so conspicuously, that he was known as "Jamie the Poeter." He could compose, but he could not write "and he wept to think, however fancy and inspiration might impart their influence, he could not 'catch their shadows as they passed'." The song commencing,
>
> "My name it is Donald McDonald,"

written at the time England was threatened with invasion by Napoleon, was the first he published.
The following is a list of his works.

- The Queen's Wake.
- Pilgrims of the Sun.
- The Hunting of Badlewe.
- Mador of the Moor.
- Poetic Mirror.
- Dramatic Tales.
- Brownie of Bodsbeck.
- Winter Evening Tales
- Sacred Melodies.
- Border Garland.
- Jacobite Relics of Scotland
- The Spy.
- Queen Hynde.
- The Three Perils of Man.
- The Three do. of Women.
- Confessions of a Sinner.
- The Shepherd's Calendar.
- A Selection of Songs.
- The Queer Book.
- The Royal Jubilee.
- The Mountain Bard.
- The Forest Minstrel.
- The Altrive Tales.

Now living, 1834.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> *3rd day 3 of 5 M / This Afternoon we found a ready conveyance to Greenwich direct in a Packet Cousins Henry & Thomas Gould, Thos Nichols & my wife & self went on board & in about two hours & three Quarters we arrived safely & pleasantly in Greenwich Our friend Thos Howland met us in the Street & took my wife our to his house & Henry & I walked on & got there before tea time - the two Thomas's stoping at Dr Eldredges.*

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1837

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

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

edition:[9]

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1795

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 —*

9. Page 88 did not scan adequately.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

July 14, Friday: David Henry Thoreau supplemented his borrowings from the Harvard Library by checking out, from the library of the "Institute of 1770," LETTERS, CONVERSATIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF S.T. COLERIDGE ... (2 volumes, London: Edward Moxon, 1836; New-York: Harper and Brothers, 1836, a publication that had been reviewed by Edgar Allan Poe),

COLERIDGE'S LETTERS, I
COLERIDGE'S LETTERS, II

the 2d of the nine volumes of the Alexander Young edition of LIBRARY OF OLD ENGLISH PROSE WRITERS (containing Sir Philip Sidney's DEFENSE OF POESY, Selden's TABLE TALK, and biographies of these two authors), 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),

HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY

and both volumes of Henry Fothergill Chorley's MEMORIALS OF MRS. HEMANS, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF HER LITERARY CHARACTER FROM HER PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE (New-York and London: Saunders and Otley, 1836).

HEMANS MEMORIALS I
HEMANS MEMORIALS II

It has been conjectured by Kenneth Walter Cameron that he checked out John Ford's DRAMATIC WORKS; WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY, in the 2-volume set made available by Harper's Family Library (New York: J. & J. Harper, 1831).

FORD'S DRAMATIC WORKS, I
FORD'S DRAMATIC WORKS, II

Thoreau also checked out "A Drama by ....," and it has been conjectured that this incomplete entry refers to

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's play *Götz von Berlichingen, with the iron hand*, in an edition published in 1814 of a translation by Sir Walter Scott.

GÖTZ VON BERLICHINGEN

"MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET"

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

London and Westminster Review NO. 12, VOLS. I.-VI.

EDINBURGH, 1837

Part I

THE American Cooper asserts, in one of his books, that there is "an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man who has become distinguished." True, surely: as all observation and survey of mankind, from China to Peru, from Nebuchadnezzar to Old Hickory, will testify! Why do men crowd towards the improved-drop at Newgate, eager to catch a sight? The man about to be hanged is in a distinguished situation. Men crowd to such extent, that Greenacre's is not the only life choked-out there. Again, ask of these leathern vehicles, cabriolets, neat-flies, with blue men and women in them, that scour all thoroughfares, Whither so fast? To see dear Mrs. Rigmarole, the distinguished female; great Mr. Rigmarole, the distinguished male! Or, consider that crowning phenomenon, and summary of modern civilisation, a soiree of lions. Glittering are the rooms, well-lighted, thronged; bright flows their undulatory flood of blonde-gowns and dress-coats, a soft smile dwelling on all faces; for behold there also flow the lions, hovering distinguished: oracles of the age, of one sort or another. Oracles really pleasant to see; whom it is worthwhile to go and see: look at them, but inquire not of them, depart rather and be thankful. For your lion-soiree admits not of speech; there lies the specialty of it. A meeting together of human creatures; and yet (so high has civilisation gone) the primary aim of human meeting, that soul might in some articulate utterance unfold itself to soul, can be dispensed with in it. Utterance there is not; nay, there is a certain grinning play of tongue-fence, and make-believe of utterance, considerably worse than none. For which reason it has been suggested, with an eye to sincerity and silence in such lion-soirees, Might not each lion be, for example, ticketed, as wine-decanters are? Let him carry, slung round him, in such ornamental manner as seemed good, his silver label with name engraved; you lift his label, and read it, with what farther ocular survey you find useful, and speech is not needed at all. Of Fenimore Cooper, it is most true there is 'an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man that has become distinguished'; and, moreover, an instinctive desire in men to become distinguished and be looked at!

For the rest, we will call it a most valuable tendency this; indispensable to mankind. Without it, where were star-and-garter, and significance of rank; where were all ambition, money-getting, respectability of gig or no gig; and, in a word, the main impetus by which society moves, the main force by which it hangs together? A tendency, we say, of manifold results; of manifold origin, not ridiculous only, but sublime; — which some incline to deduce from the mere gregarious purblind nature of man, prompting him to run, 'as dim-eyed animals do, towards any glittering object, were it but a scoured tankard, and mistake it for a solar luminary,' or even 'sheeplike, to run and crowd because many have already run'! It is indeed curious to consider how men do make the gods that themselves worship. For the most famed man, round whom all the world rapturously huzzahs and venerates, as if his like were not, is the same man whom all the world was wont to jootle into the kennels; not a changed man, but in every fibre of him the same man. Foolish world, what went ye out to see? A tankard scoured bright: and do there not lie, of the self-same pewter, whole barrowfuls of tankards, though by worse fortune all still in the

dim state?

And yet, at bottom, it is not merely our gregarious sheeplike quality, but something better, and indeed best: which has been called ‘the perpetual fact of hero-worship’; our inborn sincere love of great men! Not the gilt farthing, for its own sake, do even fools covet; but the gold guinea which they mistake it for. Veneration of great men is perennial in the nature of man; this, in all times, especially in these, is one of the blessedest facts predicable of him. In all times, even in these seemingly so disobedient times, ‘it remains a blessed fact, so cunningly has Nature ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to obey, he cannot but obey. Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher than himself is actually here; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship.’ So it has been written; and may be cited and repeated till known to all. Understand it well, this of ‘hero-worship’ was the primary creed, and has intrinsically been the secondary and ternary, and will be the ultimate and final creed of mankind; indestructible, changing in shape, but in essence unchangeable; whereon polities, religions, loyalties, and all highest human interests have been and can be built, as on a rock that will endure while man endures. Such is hero-worship; so much lies in that our inborn sincere love of great men! In favour of which unspeakable benefits of the reality, what can we do but cheerfully pardon the multiplex ineptitudes of the semblance; cheerfully wish even lion-soirees, with labels for their lions or without that improvement, all manner of prosperity? Let hero-worship flourish, say we; and the more and more assiduous chase after gilt farthings while guineas are not yet forthcoming. Herein, at lowest, is proof that guineas exist, that they are believed to exist, and valued. Find great men, if you can; if you cannot, still quit not the search; in defect of great men, let there be noted men, in such number, to such degree of intensity as the public appetite can tolerate.

Whether Sir Walter Scott was a great man, is still a question with some; but there can be no question with any one that he was a most noted and even notable man. In this generation there was no literary man with such a popularity in any country; there have only been a few with such, taking-in all generations and all countries. Nay, it is farther to be admitted that Sir Walter Scott’s popularity was of a select sort rather; not a popularity of the populace. His admirers were at one time almost all the intelligent of civilised countries; and to the last included, and do still include, a great portion of that sort. Such fortune he had, and has continued to maintain for a space of some twenty or thirty years. So long the observed of all observers: a great man or only a considerable man; here surely, if ever, is a singular circumstanced, is a ‘distinguished’ man! In regard to whom, therefore, the ‘instinctive tendency’ on other men’s part cannot be wanting. Let men look, where the world has already so long looked. And now, while the new, earnestly expected Life ‘by his son-in-law and literary executor’ again summons the whole world’s attention round him, probably for the last time it will ever be so summoned; and men are in some sort taking leave of a notability, and about to go their way, and commit him to his fortune on the flood of things, — why should not this Periodical Publication likewise publish its thought about him? Readers of miscellaneous aspect, of unknown quantity and quality, are waiting to hear it done. With small inward vocation, but cheerfully obedient to destiny and necessity, the present reviewer will follow a multitude: to do evil or to do no evil, will depend not on the multitude but on himself. One thing he did decidedly wish; at least to wait till the Work were finished: for the six promised Volumes, as the world knows, have flowed over into a Seventh, which will not for some weeks yet see the light. But the editorial powers, wearied with waiting, have become peremptory; and declare that, finished or not finished, they will have their hands washed of it at this opening of the year. Perhaps it is best. The physiognomy of Scott will not be much altered for us by that Seventh Volume; the prior Six have altered it but little; — as, indeed, a man who has written some two hundred volumes of his own, and lived for thirty years amid the universal speech of friends, must have already left some likeness of himself. Be it as the peremptory editorial powers require.

First, therefore, a word on the Life itself. Mr. Lockhart’s known powers justify strict requisition in his case. Our verdict in general would be, that he has accomplished the work he schemed for himself in a creditable workmanlike manner. It is true, his notion of what the work was, does not seem to have been very elevated. To picture-forth the life of Scott according to any rules of art or composition, so that a reader, on adequately examining it, might say to himself, “There is Scott, there is the physiognomy and meaning of Scott’s appearance

and transit on this earth; such was he by nature, so did the world act on him, so he on the world, with such result and significance for himself and us": this was by no manner of means Mr. Lockhart's plan. A plan which, it is rashly said, should preside over every biography! It might have been fulfilled with all degrees of perfection, from that of the Odyssey down to Thomas Ellwood or lower. For there is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man: also, it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed. It is a plan one would prefer, did it otherwise suit; which it does not, in these days. Seven volumes sell so much dearer than one; are so much easier to write than one. The Odyssey, for instance, what were the value of the Odyssey sold per sheet? One paper of Pickwick; or say, the inconsiderable fraction of one. This, in commercial algebra, were the equation: Odyssey equal to Pickwick divided by an unknown integer.

There is a great discovery still to be made in Literature, that of paying literary men by the quantity they do not write. Nay, in sober truth, is not this actually the rule in all writing; and, moreover, in all conduct and acting? Not what stands above ground, but what lies unseen under it, as the root and subterrene element it sprang from and emblemed forth, determines the value. Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as Eternity: speech is shallow as Time. Paradoxical does it seem? Woe for the age, woe for the man, quack-ridden, bespeeched, bespouted, blown about like barren Sahara, to whom this world-old truth were altogether strange! — Such we say is the rule, acted on or not, recognised or not; and he who departs from it, what can he do but spread himself into breadth and length, into superficiality and saleability; and, except as filigree, become comparatively useless? One thinks, Had but the hogshead of thin wash, which sours in a week ready for the kennels, been distilled, been concentrated! Our dear Fenimore Cooper, whom we started with, might, in that way, have given us one Natty Leatherstocking, one melodious synopsis of Man and Nature in the West (for it lay in him to do it), almost as a Saint-Pierre did for the Islands of the East; and the hundred Incoherences, cobbled hastily together by order of Colburn and Company, had slumbered in Chaos, as all incoherences ought if possible to do. Verily this same genius of diffuse-writing, of diffuse-acting, is a Moloch; and souls pass through the fire to him, more than enough. Surely, if ever discovery was valuable and needful, it were that above indicated, of paying by the work not visibly done! Which needful discovery we will give the whole projecting, railwaying, knowledge-diffusing, march-of-intellect and otherwise promotive and locomotive societies in the Old and New World, any required length of centuries to make. Once made, such discovery once made, we too will fling cap into the air, and shout, "Io Paean! the Devil is conquered"; — and, in the mean while, study to think it nothing miraculous that seven biographical volumes are given where one had been better; and that several other things happen, very much as they from of old were known to do, and are like to continue doing.

Mr. Lockhart's aim, we take it, was not that of producing any such highflown work of art as we hint at: or indeed to do much other than to print, intelligently bound together by order of time, and by some requisite intercalary exposition, all such letters, documents and notices about Scott as he found lying suitable, and as it seemed likely the world would undertake to read. His Work, accordingly, is not so much a composition, as what we may call a compilation well done. Neither is this a task of no difficulty; this too is a task that may be performed with extremely various degrees of talent: from the Life and Correspondence of Hannah More, for instance, up to this Life of Scott, there is a wide range indeed! Let us take the Seven Volumes, and be thankful that they are genuine in their kind. Nay, as to that of their being seven and not one, it is right to say that the public so required it. To have done other, would have shown little policy in an author. Had Mr. Lockhart laboriously compressed himself, and instead of well-done compilation, brought out the well-done composition, in one volume instead of seven, which not many men in England are better qualified to do, there can be no doubt but his readers for the time had been immeasurably fewer. If the praise of magnanimity be denied him, that of prudence must be conceded, which perhaps he values more.

The truth is, the work, done in this manner too, was good to have: Scott's Biography, if uncomposed, lies printed and indestructible here, in the elementary state, and can at any time be composed, if necessary, by whosoever has a call to that. As it is, as it was meant to be, we repeat, the work is vigorously done. Sagacity, decision, candour, diligence, good manners, good sense: these qualities are throughout observable. The dates, calculations,

statements, we suppose to be all accurate; much laborious inquiry, some of it impossible for another man, has been gone into, the results of which are imparted with due brevity. Scott's letters, not interesting generally, yet never absolutely without interest, are copiously given; copiously, but with selection; the answers to them still more select. Narrative, delineation, and at length personal reminiscences, occasionally of much merit, of a certain rough force, sincerity and picturesqueness, duly intervene. The scattered members of Scott's Life do lie here, and could be disentangled. In a word, this compilation is the work of a manful, clear-seeing, conclusive man, and has been executed with the faculty and combination of faculties the public had a right to expect from the name attached to it.

One thing we hear greatly blamed in Mr. Lockhart: that he has been too communicative, indiscreet, and has recorded much that ought to have lain suppressed. Persons are mentioned, and circumstances, not always of an ornamental sort. It would appear there is far less reticence than was looked for! Various persons, name and surname, have 'received pain': nay, the very Hero of the Biography is rendered unheroic; unornamental facts of him, and of those he had to do with, being set forth in plain English: hence 'personality,' 'indiscretion,' or worse, 'sanctities of private life,' etc., etc. How delicate, decent is English Biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles' sword of Respectability hangs forever over the poor English Life-writer (as it does over poor English Life in general), and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. Thus it has been said 'there are no English lives worth reading except those of Players, who by the nature of the case have bidden Respectability good-day.' The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his Man's Biography, he wrote down anything that could by possibility offend any man, he had written wrong. The plain consequence was, that, properly speaking, no biography whatever could be produced. The poor biographer, having the fear not of God before his eyes, was obliged to retire as it were into vacuum; and write in the most melancholy, straitened manner, with only vacuum for a result. Vain that he wrote, and that we kept reading volume on volume: there was no biography, but some vague ghost of a biography, white, stainless; without feature or substance; vacuum, as we say, and wind and shadow, — which indeed the material of it was.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to elbow himself through the world, giving and receiving offence. His life is a battle, in so far as it is an entity at all. The very oyster, we suppose, comes in collision with oysters: undoubtedly enough it does come in collision with Necessity and Difficulty; and helps itself through, not as a perfect ideal oyster, but as an imperfect real one. Some kind of remorse must be known to the oyster; certain hatreds, certain pusillanimities. But as for man, his conflict is continual with the spirit of contradiction, that is without and within; with the evil spirit (or call it, with the weak, most necessitous, pitiable spirit), that is in others and in himself. His walk, like all walking (say the mechanicians), is a series of falls. To paint man's life is to represent these things. Let them be represented, fitly, with dignity and measure; but above all, let them be represented. No tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire! No ghost of a biography, let the Damocles' sword of Respectability (which, after all, is but a pasteboard one) threaten as it will. One hopes that the public taste is much mended in this matter; that vacuum-biographies, with a good many other vacuities related to them, are withdrawn or withdrawing into vacuum. Probably it was Mr. Lockhart's feeling of what the great public would approve, that led him, open-eyed, into this offence against the small criticising public: we joyfully accept the omen.

Perhaps then, of all the praises copiously bestowed on his Work, there is none in reality so creditable to him as this same censure, which has also been pretty copious. It is a censure better than a good many praises. He is found guilty of having said this and that, calculated not to be entirely pleasant to this man and that; in other words, calculated to give him and the thing he worked in a living set of features, not leave him vague, in the white beatified-ghost condition. Several men, as we hear, cry out, "See, there is something written not entirely pleasant to me!" Good friend, it is pity; but who can help it? They that will crowd about bonfires may, sometimes very fairly, get their beards singed; it is the price they pay for such illumination; natural twilight is safe and free to all. For our part, we hope all manner of biographies that are written in England will henceforth be written so. If it is that they be written otherwise, then it is still fitter that they be not written at all: to produce not things but ghosts of things can never be the duty of man.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

The biographer has this problem set before him: to delineate a likeness of the earthly pilgrimage of a man. He will compute well what profit is in it, and what disprofit; under which latter head this of offending any of his fellow-creatures will surely not be forgotten. Nay, this may so swell the disprofit side of his account, that many an enterprise of biography, otherwise promising, shall require to be renounced. But once taken up, the rule before all rules is to do it, not to do the ghost of it. In speaking of the man and men he has to deal with, he will of course keep all his charities about him; but all his eyes open. Far be it from him to set down aught untrue; nay, not to abstain from, and leave in oblivion much that is true. But having found a thing or things essential for his subject, and well computed the for and against, he will in very deed set down such thing or things, nothing doubting, having, we may say, the fear of God before his eyes, and no other fear whatever. Censure the biographer's prudence; dissent from the computation he made, or agree with it; be all malice of his, be all falsehood, nay, be all offensive avoidable inaccuracy, condemned and consumed; but know that by this plan only, executed as was possible, could the biographer hope to make a biography; and blame him not that he did what it had been the worst fault not to do.

As to the accuracy or error of these statements about the Ballantynes and other persons aggrieved, which are questions much mooted at present in some places, we know nothing at all. If they are inaccurate, let them be corrected; if the inaccuracy was avoidable, let the author bear rebuke and punishment for it. We can only say, these things carry no look of inaccuracy on the face of them; neither is anywhere the smallest trace of ill-will or unjust feeling discernible. Decidedly the probabilities are, and till better evidence arise, the fair conclusion is, that this matter stands very much as it ought to do. Let the clatter of censure, therefore, propagate itself as far as it can. For Mr. Lockhart it virtually amounts to this very considerable praise, that, standing full in the face of the public, he has set at naught, and been among the first to do it, a public piece of cant; one of the commonest we have, and closely allied to many others of the fellest sort, as smooth as it looks.

The other censure, of Scott being made unheroic, springs from the same stem; and is, perhaps, a still more wonderful flower of it. Your true hero must have no features, but be white, stainless, an impersonal ghost-hero! But connected with this, there is a hypothesis now current, due probably to some man of name, for its own force would not carry it far: That Mr. Lockhart at heart has a dislike to Scott, and has done his best in an underhand treacherous manner to dishero him! Such hypothesis is actually current: he that has ears may hear it now and then. On which astonishing hypothesis, if a word must be said, it can only be an apology for silence, — "That there are things at which one stands struck silent, as at first sight of the Infinite." For if Mr. Lockhart is fairly chargeable with any radical defect, if on any side his insight entirely fails him, it seems even to be in this: that Scott is altogether lovely to him; that Scott's greatness spreads out for him on all hands beyond reach of eye; that his very faults become beautiful, his vulgar worldlinesses are solid prudences, proprieties; and of his worth there is no measure. Does not the patient Biographer dwell on his Abbots, Pirates, and hasty theatrical scene-paintings; affectionately analysing them, as if they were Raphael-pictures, time-defying Hamlets, Othellos? The Novel-manufactory, with its 15,000£ a-year, is sacred to him as creation of a genius, which carries the noble victor up to Heaven. Scott is to Lockhart the unparalleled of the time; an object spreading-out before him like a sea without shore. Of that astonishing hypothesis, let expressive silence be the only answer.

And so in sum, with regard to Lockhart's Life of Scott, readers that believe in us shall read it with the feeling that a man of talent, decision and insight wrote it; wrote it in seven volumes, not in one, because the public would pay for it better in that state; but wrote it with courage, with frankness, sincerity; on the whole, in a very readable, recommendable manner, as things go. Whosoever needs it can purchase it, or purchase the loan of it, with assurance more than usual that he has ware for his money. And now enough of the written Life; we will glance a little at the man and his acted life.

Into the question whether Scott was a great man or not, we do not propose to enter deeply. It is, as too usual, a question about words. There can be no doubt but many men have been named and printed great who were vastly smaller than he: as little doubt moreover that of the specially good, a very large portion, according to any genuine standard of man's worth, were worthless in comparison to him. He for whom Scott is great may most innocently name him so; may with advantage admire his great qualities, and ought with sincere heart to emulate them. At

the same time, it is good that there be a certain degree of precision in our epithets. It is good to understand, for one thing, that no popularity, and open-mouthed wonder of all the world, continued even for a long series of years, can make a man great. Such popularity is a remarkable fortune; indicates a great adaptation of the man to his element of circumstances; but may or may not indicate anything great in the man. To our imagination, as above hinted, there is a certain apotheosis in it; but in the reality no apotheosis at all. Popularity is as a blaze of illumination, or alas, of conflagration, kindled round a man; showing what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into him; often abstracting much from him; conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes and caput mortuum! And then, by the nature of it, such popularity is transient; your 'series of years,' quite unexpectedly, sometimes almost all on a sudden, terminates! For the stupidity of men, especially of men congregated in masses round any object, is extreme. What illuminations and conflagrations have kindled themselves, as if new heavenly suns had risen, which proved only to be tar-barrels and terrestrial locks of straw! Profane Princesses cried out, "One God, one Farinelli!" — and whither now have they and Farinelli danced?

In Literature too there have been seen popularities greater even than Scott's, and nothing perennial in the interior of them. Lope de Vega, whom all the world swore by, and made a proverb of; who could make an acceptable five-act tragedy in almost as many hours; the greatest of all popularities past or present, and perhaps one of the greatest men that ever ranked among popularities. Lope himself, so radiant, far-shining, has not proved to be a sun or star of the firmament; but is as good as lost and gone out; or plays at best in the eyes of some few as a vague aurora-borealis, and brilliant ineffectuality. The great man of Spain sat obscure at the time, all dark and poor, a maimed soldier; writing his Don Quixote in prison. And Lope's fate withal was sad, his popularity perhaps a curse to him; for in this man there was something ethereal too, a divine particle traceable in few other popular men; and such far-shining diffusion of himself, though all the world swore by it, would do nothing for the true life of him even while he lived: he had to creep into a convent, into a monk's cowl, and learn, with infinite sorrow, that his blessedness had lain elsewhere; that when a man's life feels itself to be sick and an error, no voting of bystanders can make it well and a truth again.

Or coming down to our own times, was not August Kotzebue popular? Kotzebue, not so many years since, saw himself, if rumour and hand-clapping could be credited, the greatest man going; saw visibly his Thoughts, dressed-out in plush and pasteboard, permeating and perambulating civilised Europe; the most iron visages weeping with him, in all theatres from Cadiz to Kamtchatka; his own 'astonishing genius' meanwhile producing two tragedies or so per month: he, on the whole, blazed high enough: he too has gone out into Night and Orcus, and already is not. We will omit this of popularity altogether; and account it as making simply nothing towards Scott's greatness or non-greatness, as an accident, not a quality.

Shorn of this falsifying nimbus, and reduced to his own natural dimensions, there remains the reality, Walter Scott, and what we can find in him: to be accounted great, or not great, according to the dialects of men. Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name 'great.' It seems to us there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great what purpose, instinct or tendency, that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with His life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets: this is the highest quality to be discerned in him.

His power of representing these things, too, his poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius in extenso, as we may say, not in intenso. In action, in speculation, broad as he was, he rose nowhere high; productive without measure as to quantity, in quality he for the most part transcended but a little way the region of commonplace. It has been said, 'no man has written as many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted.' Winged words were not his vocation; nothing urged him that way: the great Mystery of Existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr; into no 'dark region to slay monsters for us,' did he, either led or driven, venture down: his conquests were for his own behoof mainly, conquests over common market-labour, and reckonable in good metallic coin of the realm. The thing he had faith in, except power, power of what sort soever, and even of the rudest sort, would

be difficult to point out. One sees not that he believed in anything; nay, he did not even disbelieve; but quietly acquiesced, and made himself at home in a world of conventionalities; the false, the semi-false and the true were alike true in this, that they were there, and had power in their hands more or less. It was well to feel so; and yet not well! We find it written, 'Woe to them that are at ease in Zion'; but surely it is a double woe to them that are at ease in Babel, in Domdaniel. On the other hand, he wrote many volumes, amusing many thousands of men. Shall we call this great? It seems to us there dwells and struggles another sort of spirit in the inward parts of great men!

Brother Ringletub, the missionary, inquired of Ram-Dass, a Hindoo man-god, who had set up for godhood lately, What he meant to do, then, with the sins of mankind? To which Ram-Dass at once answered, He had fire enough in his belly to burn-up all the sins in the world. Ram-Dass was right so far, and had a spice of sense in him; for surely it is the test of every divine man this same, and without it he is not divine or great, — that he have fire in him to burn-up somewhat of the sins of the world, of the miseries and errors of the world: why else is he there? Far be it from us to say that a great man must needs, with benevolence prepense, become a 'friend of humanity'; nay, that such professional self-conscious friends of humanity are not the fatalest kind of persons to be met with in our day. All greatness is unconscious, or it is little and nought. And yet a great man without such fire in him, burning dim or developed, as a divine behest in his heart of hearts, never resting till it be fulfilled, were a solecism in Nature. A great man is ever, as the Transcendentalists speak, possessed with an idea.

Napoleon himself, not the superfinest of great men, and ballasted sufficiently with prudences and egoisms, had nevertheless, as is clear enough, an idea to start with: the idea that Democracy was the Cause of Man, the right and infinite Cause. Accordingly he made himself 'the armed Soldier of Democracy'; and did vindicate it in a rather great manner. Nay, to the very last, he had a kind of idea; that, namely, of 'La carriere ouverte aux talens, The tools to him that can handle them'; really one of the best ideas yet promulgated on that matter, or rather the one true central idea, towards which all the others, if they tend anywhither, must tend. Unhappily it was in the military province only that Napoleon could realise this idea of his, being forced to fight for himself the while: before he got it tried to any extent in the civil province of things, his head by much victory grew light (no head can stand more than its quantity); and he lost head, as they say, and became a selfish ambitionist and quack, and was hurled out; leaving his idea to be realised; in the civil province of things, by others! Thus was Napoleon; thus are all great men: children of the idea; or, in Ram-Dass' phraseology, furnished with fire to burn-up the miseries of men. Conscious or unconscious, latent or unfolded, there is small vestige of any such fire being extant in the inner-man of Scott.

Yet on the other hand, the surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality or distortion dwelt in him; no shadow of cant. Nay, withal, was he not a right brave and strong man, according to his kind? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed in it; invincible to evil fortune and to good! A most composed, invincible man; in difficulty and distress knowing no discouragement, Samson-like carrying off on his strong Samson-shoulders the gates that would imprison him: in danger and menace laughing at the whisper of fear. And then, with such a sunny current of true humour and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things; what of fire he had all lying so beautifully latent, as radical latent heat, as fruitful internal warmth of life; a most robust, healthy man! The truth is, our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was, if no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy and withal very prosperous and victorious man. An eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul; we will call him one of the healthiest of men.

Neither is this a small matter: health is a great matter, both to the possessor of it and to others. On the whole, that humorist in the Moral Essay was not so far out, who determined on honouring health only; and so instead of humbling himself to the high-born, to the rich and well-dressed, insisted on doffing hat to the healthy: coroneted carriages with pale faces in them passed by as failures, miserable and lamentable; trucks with ruddy-cheeked strength dragging at them were greeted as successful and venerable. For does not health mean harmony, the synonym of all that is true, justly-ordered, good; is it not, in some sense, the net-total, as shown by experiment,

of whatever worth is in us? The healthy man is the most meritorious product of Nature so far as he goes. A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health, — it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of Heaven. Without artificial medicament of philosophy, or tight-lacing of creeds (always very questionable), the healthy soul discerns what is good, and adheres to it, and retains it; discerns what is bad, and spontaneously casts it off. An instinct from Nature herself, like that which guides the wild animals of the forest to their food, shows him what he shall do, what he shall abstain from. The false and foreign will not adhere to him; cant and all fantastic diseased incrustations are impossible; — as Walker the Original, in such eminence of health was he for his part, could not, by much abstinence from soap-and-water, attain to a dirty face! This thing thou canst work with and profit by, this thing is substantial and worthy; that other thing thou canst not work with, it is trivial and inapt: so speaks unerringly the inward monition of the man's whole nature. No need of logic to prove the most argumentative absurdity absurd; as Goethe says of himself, 'all this ran down from me like water from a man in wax-cloth dress.' Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly cooperative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one! In the harmonious adjustment and play of all the faculties, the just balance of oneself gives a just feeling towards all men and all things. Glad light from within radiates outwards, and enlightens and embellishes.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PART II

NOW all this can be predicated of Walter Scott, and of no British literary man that we remember in these days, to any such extent, — if it be not perhaps of one, the most opposite imaginable to Scott, but his equal in this quality and what holds of it: William Cobbett! Nay, there are other similarities, widely different as they two look; nor be the comparison disparaging to Scott: for Cobbett also, as the pattern John Bull of his century, strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialities shining through his thick skin, is a most brave phenomenon. So bounteous was Nature to us; in the sickliest of recorded ages, when British Literature lay all puking and sprawling in Werterism, Byronism, and other Sentimentalism tearful or spasmodic (fruit of internal wind). Nature was kind enough to send us two healthy Men, of whom she might still say, not without pride, "These also were made in England; such limbs do I still make there!" It is one of the cheerfulest sights, let the question of its greatness be settled as you will. A healthy nature may or may not be great; but there is no great nature that is not healthy.

Or, on the whole, might we not say, Scott, in the new vesture of the nineteenth century, was intrinsically very much the old fighting Borderer of prior centuries; the kind of man Nature did of old make in that birthland of his? In the saddle, with the foray-spear, he would have acquitted himself as he did at the desk with his pen. One fancies how, in stout Beardie of Harden's time, he could have played Beardie's part; and been the stalwart buff-belted terrae filius he in this late time could only delight to draw. The same stout self-help was in him; the same oak and triple brass round his heart. He too could have fought at Redswire, cracking crowns with the fiercest, if that had been the task; could have harried cattle in Tynedale, repaying injury with compound interest; a right sufficient captain of men. A man without qualms or fantasticalities; a hard-headed, sound-hearted man, of joyous robust temper, looking to the main chance, and fighting direct thitherward; valde stalwartus homo! — How much in that case had slumbered in him, and passed away without sign! But indeed who knows how much slumbers in many men? Perhaps our greatest poets are the mute Miltons; the vocals are those whom by happy accident we lay hold of, one here, one there, as it chances, and make vocal. It is even a question, whether, had not want, discomfort and distress-warrants been busy at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare himself had not lived killing calves or combing wool! Had the Edial Boarding-school turned out well, we had never heard of Samuel Johnson; Samuel Johnson had been a fat schoolmaster and dogmatic gerundgrinder, and never known that he was more. Nature is rich: those two eggs thou art eating carelessly to breakfast, could they not have been hatched into a pair of fowls, and have covered the whole world with poultry?

But it was not harrying of cattle in Tynedale, or cracking of crowns at Redswire, that this stout Border-chief was appointed to perform. Far other work. To be the song-singer and pleasant tale-teller to Britain and Europe, in the beginning of the artificial nineteenth century; here, and not there, lay his business. Beardie of Harden would have found it very amazing. How he shapes himself to this new element; how he helps himself along in it, makes it to do for him, lives sound and victorious in it, and leads over the marches such a spoil as all the cattle-droves the Hardens ever took were poor in comparison to; this is the history of the life and achievements of our Sir Walter Scott, Baronet; — whereat we are now to glance for a little! It is a thing remarkable; a thing substantial; of joyful, victorious sort; not unworthy to be glanced at. Withal, however, a glance here and there will suffice. Our limits are narrow; the thing, were it never so victorious, is not of the sublime sort, nor extremely edifying; there is nothing in it to censure vehemently, nor love vehemently; there is more to wonder at than admire; and the whole secret is not an abstruse one.

Till towards the age of thirty, Scott's life has nothing in it decisively pointing towards Literature, or indeed towards distinction of any kind; he is wedded, settled, and has gone through all his preliminary steps, without symptom of renown as yet. It is the life of every other Edinburgh youth of his station and time. Fortunate we must name it, in many ways. Parents in easy or wealthy circumstances, yet unencumbered with the cares and perversions of aristocracy; nothing eminent in place, in faculty or culture, yet nothing deficient; all around is

methodic regulation, prudence, prosperity, kindheartedness; an element of warmth and light, of affection, industry, and burgherly comfort, heightened into elegance; in which the young heart can wholesomely grow. A vigorous health seems to have been given by Nature; yet, as if Nature had said withal, "Let it be a health to express itself by mind, not by body," a lameness is added in childhood; the brave little boy, instead of romping and bickering, must learn to think; or at lowest, what is a great matter, to sit still. No rackets and trundling-hoops for this young Walter; but ballads, history-books and a world of legendary stuff, which his mother and those near him are copiously able to furnish. Disease, which is but superficial, and issues in outward lameness, does not cloud the young existence; rather forwards it towards the expansion it is fitted for. The miserable disease had been one of the internal nobler parts, marring the general organisation; under which no Walter Scott could have been forwarded, or with all his other endowments could have been producible or possible. 'Nature gives healthy children much; how much! Wise education is a wise unfolding of this; often it unfolds itself better of its own accord.'

Add one other circumstance: the place where; namely, Presbyterian Scotland. The influences of this are felt incessantly, they stream in at every pore. 'There is a country accent,' says La Rochefoucauld, 'not in speech only, but in thought, conduct, character and manner of existing, which never forsakes a man.' Scott, we believe, was all his days an Episcopalian Dissenter in Scotland; but that makes little to the matter. Nobody who knows Scotland and Scott can doubt but Presbyterianism too had a vast share in the forming of him. A country where the entire people is, or even once has been, laid hold of, filled to the heart with an infinite religious idea, has 'made a step from which it cannot retrograde.' Thought, conscience, the sense that man is denizen of a Universe, creature of an Eternity, has penetrated to the remotest cottage, to the simplest heart. Beautiful and awful, the feeling of a Heavenly Behest, of Duty God-commanded, over-canopies all life. There is an inspiration in such a people: one may say in a more special sense, 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.' Honour to all the brave and true; everlasting honour to brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true! That, in the moment while he and his cause, amid civil broils, in convulsion and confusion, were still but struggling for life, he sent the schoolmaster forth to all corners, and said, "Let the people be taught"; this is but one, and indeed an inevitable and comparatively inconsiderable item in his great message to men. His message, in its true compass, was, "Let men know that they are men; created by God, responsible to God; who work in any meanest moment of time what will last throughout eternity." It is verily a great message. Not ploughing and hammering machines, not patent-digesters (never so ornamental) to digest the produce of these: no, in no wise; born slaves neither of their fellow-men, nor of their own appetites; but men! This great message Knox did deliver, with a man's voice and strength; and found a people to believe him.

Of such an achievement, we say, were it to be made once only, the results are immense. Thought, in such a country, may change its form, but cannot go out; the country has attained majority; thought, and a certain spiritual manhood, ready for all work that man can do, endures there. It may take many forms: the form of hard-fisted money-getting industry, as in the vulgar Scotchman, in the vulgar New Englander; but as compact developed force and alertness of faculty, it is still there; it may utter itself one day as the colossal Scepticism of a Hume (beneficent this too though painful, wrestling Titan-like through doubt and inquiry towards new belief); and again, some better day, it may utter itself as the inspired Melody of a Burns: in a word, it is there, and continues to manifest itself, in the Voice and the Work of a Nation of hardy endeavouring considering men, with whatever that may bear in it, or unfold from it. The Scotch national character originates in many circumstances; first of all, in the Saxon stuff there was to work on; but next, and beyond all else except that, in the Presbyterian Gospel of John Knox. It seems a good national character; and on some sides not so good. Let Scott thank John Knox, for he owed him much, little as he dreamed of debt in that quarter! No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott: the good and the not so good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him.

Scott's childhood, school-days, college-days, are pleasant to read of, though they differ not from those of others in his place and time. The memory of him may probably enough last till this record of them become far more curious than it now is. "So lived an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet's son in the end of the eighteenth century,"

may some future Scotch novelist say to himself in the end of the twenty-first! The following little fragment of infancy is all we can extract. It is from an Autobiography which he had begun, which one cannot but regret he did not finish. Scott's best qualities never shone out more freely than when he went upon anecdote and reminiscence. Such a master of narrative and of himself could have done personal narrative well. Here, if anywhere, his knowledge was complete, and all his humour and good-humour had free scope:

'An odd incident is worth recording. It seems, my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, at this farm of Sandy-Knowe, that I might be no inconvenience to the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her, in the keeping of some wild fellow, it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was like to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh; and, as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred at poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection; for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper, that she had carried me up to the craigs under a strong temptation of the Devil to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subject to any farther temptation, at least so far as I was concerned. She was dismissed of course, and I have heard afterwards became a lunatic.

'It is here, at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather, already mentioned, that I have the first consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies recurred to, to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed-up in the skin warm as it was flayed from the carcass of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farmhouse, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl. I also distinctly remember the late Sir George M'Dougal of Mackerstown, father of the present Sir Henry Hay M'Dougal, joining in the attempt. He was, God knows how, a relation of ours; and I still recollect him, in his old-fashioned military habit (he had been Colonel of the Greys), with a small cocked-hat deeply laced, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, and a light-coloured coat, with milk-white locks tied in a military fashion, kneeling on the ground before me, and dragging his watch along the carpet to induce me to follow it. The benevolent old soldier, and the infant wrapped in his sheepskin, would have afforded an odd group to uninterested spectators. This must have happened about my third year (1774), for Sir George M'Dougal and my grandfather both died shortly after that period.'[10]

We will glance next into the 'Liddesdale Raids.' Scott has grown-up to be a brisk-hearted jovial young man and Advocate: in vacation-time he makes excursions to the Highlands, to the Border Cheviots and Northumberland; rides free and far, on his stout galloway, through bog and brake, over the dim moory Debatable Land, over Flodden and other fields and places, where, though he yet knew it not, his work lay. No land, however dim and moory, but either has had or will have its poet, and so become not unknown in song. Liddesdale, which was once as prosaic as most dales, having now attained illustration, let us glance thitherward: Liddesdale too is on this ancient Earth of ours, under this eternal Sky; and gives and takes, in the most incalculable manner, with the Universe at large! Scott's experiences there are rather of the rustic Arcadian sort; the element of whisky not wanting. We should premise that here and there a feature has, perhaps, been aggravated for effect's sake:

'During seven successive years,' writes Mr. Lockhart (for the Autobiography has long since left us), 'Scott made a raid, as he called it, into Liddesdale with Mr. Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburgh, for his guide; exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined peel from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district; — the first, indeed, was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor publichouse of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity, even such a "rowth of auld knicknackets" as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; and

10. Volume I. pp. 15-17.

not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches seems very doubtful. "He was makin' himsell a' the time," said Mr. Shortreed; "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed: at first he thought o' little, I daresay, but the queerness and the fun."

'"In those days," says the Memorandum before me, "advocates were not so plenty — at least about Liddesdale," and the worthy Sheriff-substitute goes on to describe the sort of bustle, not unmixed with alarm, produced at the first farmhouse they visited (Willie Elliot's at Millburnholm), when the honest man was informed of the quality of one of his guests. When they dismounted, accordingly, he received Mr. Scott with great ceremony, and insisted upon himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied Willie, however; and the latter, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, "out-by the edge of the door-cheek," whispered, "Weel, Robin, I say, de'il hae me if I's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think." Half-a-dozen dogs of all degrees had already gathered round "the advocate," and his way of returning their compliments had set Willie Elliot at once at his ease.

'According to Mr. Shortreed, this good man of Millburnholm was the great original of Dandie Dinmont.' * * *

'They dined at Millburnholm; and, after having lingered over Willie Elliot's punchbowl, until, in Mr. Shortreed's phrase, they were "half-glowrin'," mounted their steeds again, and proceeded to Dr. Elliot's at Cleughhead, where ("for," says my Memorandum, "folk werena very nice in those days") the two travellers slept in one and the same bed, — as, indeed, seems to have been the case with them throughout most of their excursions in this primitive district. Dr. Elliot (a clergyman) had already a large ms. collection of the ballads Scott was in quest of.' * * *

'Next morning they seem to have ridden a long way for the express purpose of visiting one "auld Thomas o' Tuzzilehope," another Elliot, I suppose, who was celebrated for his skill on the Border pipe, and in particular for being in possession of the real lilt[11] of Dick o' the Cowe. Before starting, that is, at six o'clock, the ballad-hunters had, "just to lay the stomach, a devilled duck or twae and some London porter." Auld Thomas found them, nevertheless, well disposed for "breakfast" on their arrival at Tuzzilehope; and this being over, he delighted them with one of the most hideous and unearthly of all specimens of "riding music," and, moreover, with considerable libations of whisky-punch, manufactured in a certain wooden vessel, resembling a very small milkpail, which he called "Wisdom," because it "made" only a few spoonfuls of spirits, — though he had the art of replenishing it so adroitly, that it had been celebrated for fifty years as more fatal to sobriety than any bowl in the parish. Having done due honour to "Wisdom," they again mounted, and proceeded over moss and moor to some other equally hospitable master of the pipe. "Ah me," says Shortreed, "sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himsell to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himself the great man, or took any airs in the company. I've seen him in a' moods in these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk — (this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was rare) — but, drunk or sober, he was aye the gentleman. He lookit excessively heavy and stupid when he was fou, but he was never out o' gude humour."'

These are questionable doings, questionably narrated; but what shall we say of the following, wherein the element of whisky plays an extremely prominent part? We will say that it is questionable, and not exemplary, whisky mounting clearly beyond its level; that indeed charity hopes and conjectures here may be some aggravating of features for effect's sake!

'On reaching, one evening, some Charlieshope or other (I forget the name) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception, as usual; but, to their agreeable surprise after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry-wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the "big ha' Bible," in the good old fashion of Burns' "Saturday Night"; and some progress had been already made in the service, when the good-man of the farm, whose "tendency," as Mr. Mitchell says, "was soporific," scandalised his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and, rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of "By ___,

11. Loud tune: German, lallen.

here's the keg at last!" and in tumbled, as he spoke the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, whom, on hearing a day before of the advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt, at some considerable distance, in quest of a supply of run brandy from the Solway Frith. The pious "exercise" of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot, or Armstrong, had the welcome keg mounted on the table without a moment's delay; and gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie, continued carousing about it until daylight streamed-in upon the party. Sir Walter Scott seldom failed, when I saw him in company with his Liddesdale companion, to mimic with infinite humour the sudden outburst of his old host on hearing the clatter of horses' feet, which he knew to indicate the arrival of the keg — the consternation of the dame — and the rueful despair with which the young clergyman closed the book.'[12]

From which Liddesdale raids, which we here, like the young clergyman, close not without a certain rueful despair, let the reader draw what nourishment he can. They evince satisfactorily, though in a rude manner, that in those days young advocates, and Scott like the rest of them, were alive and alert, — whisky sometimes preponderating. But let us now fancy that the jovial young Advocate has pleaded his first cause; has served in yeomanry drills; been wedded, been promoted Sheriff, without romance in either case; dabbling a little the while, under guidance of Monk Lewis, in translations from the German, in translation of Goethe's Gotz with the Iron Hand; — and we have arrived at the threshold of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and the opening of a new century.

Hitherto, therefore, there has been made out, by Nature and Circumstance working together, nothing unusually remarkable, yet still something very valuable; a stout effectual man of thirty, full of broad sagacity and good humour, with faculties in him fit for any burden of business, hospitality and duty, legal or civic: — with what other faculties in him no one could yet say. As indeed, who, after lifelong inspection, can say what is in any man? The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered unconscious part a small unknown proportion; he himself never knows it, much less do others. Give him room, give him impulse; he reaches down to the Infinite with that so straitly-imprisoned soul of his; and can do miracles if need be! It is one of the comfortablest truths that great men abound, though in the unknown state. Nay, as above hinted, our greatest, being also by nature our quietest, are perhaps those that remain unknown! Philosopher Fichte took comfort in this belief, when from all pulpits and editorial desks, and publications periodical and stationary, he could hear nothing but the infinite chattering and twittering of commonplace become ambitious; and in the infinite stir of motion nowhither, and of din which should have been silence, all seemed churned into one tempestuous yeasty froth, and the stern Fichte almost desired 'taxes on knowledge' to allay it a little; — he comforted himself, we say, by the unshaken belief that Thought did still exist in Germany; that thinking men, each in his own corner, were verily doing their work, though in a silent manner.[13]

Walter Scott, as a latent Walter, had never amused all men for a score of years in the course of centuries and eternities, or gained and lost several hundred thousand pounds sterling by Literature; but he might have been a happy and by no means a useless, — nay, who knows at bottom whether not a still usefuler Walter! However, that was not his fortune. The Genius of rather a singular age, — an age at once destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism, with little knowledge of its whereabout, with many sorrows to bear or front, and on the whole with a life to lead in these new circumstances, — had said to himself: What man shall be the temporary comforter, or were it but the spiritual comfit-maker, of this my poor singular age, to solace its dead tedium and manifold sorrows a little? So had the Genius said, looking over all the world, What man? and found him walking the dusty Outer Parliament-house of Edinburgh, with his advocate-gown on his back; and exclaimed, That is he!

The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border proved to be a well from which flowed one of the broadest rivers. Metrical Romances (which in due time pass into Prose Romances); the old life of men resuscitated for us: it is a mighty word! Not as dead tradition, but as a palpable presence, the past stood before us. There they were, the rugged old fighting men; in their doughty simplicity and strength, with their heartiness, their healthiness, their stout self-

12. Volume I, pp. 195-199.
13. Fichte, Uber das Wesen des Gelehrten.

help, in their iron basnets, leather jerkins, jack-boots, in their quaintness of manner and costume; there as they looked and lived: it was like a new-discovered continent in Literature; for the new century, a bright El Dorado, — or else some fat beatific land of Cockaigne, and Paradise of Donothings. To the opening nineteenth century, in its languor and paralysis, nothing could have been welcomer. Most unexpected, most refreshing and exhilarating; behold our new El Dorado; our fat beatific Lubberland, where one can enjoy and do nothing! It was the time for such a new Literature; and this Walter Scott was the man for it. The Lays, the Marmions, the Ladys and Lords of Lake and Isles, followed in quick succession, with ever-widening profit and praise. How many thousands of guineas were paid-down for each new Lay; how many thousands of copies (fifty and more sometimes) were printed off, then and subsequently; what complimenting, reviewing, renown and apotheosis there was: all is recorded in these Seven Volumes, which will be valuable in literary statistics. It is a history, brilliant, remarkable; the outlines of which are known to all. The reader shall recall it, or conceive it. No blaze in his fancy is likely to mount higher than the reality did.

At this middle period of his life, therefore, Scott, enriched with copyrights, with new official incomes and promotions, rich in money, rich in repute, presents himself as a man in the full career of success. 'Health, wealth, and wit to guide them' (as his vernacular Proverb says), all these three are his. The field is open for him, and victory there; his own faculty, his own self, unshackled, victoriously unfolds itself, — the highest blessedness that can befall a man. Wide circle of friends, personal loving admirers; warmth of domestic joys, vouchsafed to all that can true-heartedly nestle down among them; light of radiance and renown given only to a few: who would not call Scott happy? But the happiest circumstance of all is, as we said above, that Scott had in himself a right healthy soul, rendering him little dependent on outward circumstances. Things showed themselves to him not in distortion or borrowed light or gloom, but as they were. Endeavour lay in him and endurance, in due measure; and clear vision of what was to be endeavoured after. Were one to preach a Sermon on Health, as really were worth doing, Scott ought to be the text. Theories are demonstrably true in the way of logic; and then in the way of practice they prove true or else not true: but here is the grand experiment, Do they turn-out well? What boots it that a man's creed is the wisest, that his system of principles is the superfinest, if, when set to work, the life of him does nothing but jar, and fret itself into holes? They are untrue in that, were it in nothing else, these principles of his; openly convicted of untruth; — fit only, shall we say, to be rejected as counterfeits, and flung to the dogs? We say not that; but we do say, that ill-health, of body or of mind, is defeat, is battle (in a good or in a bad cause) with bad success; that health alone is victory. Let all men, if they can manage it, contrive to be healthy! He who in what cause soever sinks into pain and disease, let him take thought of it; let him know well that it is not good he has arrived at yet, but surely evil, — may, or may not be, on the way towards good.

Scott's healthiness showed itself decisively in all things, and nowhere more decisively than in this: the way in which he took his fame; the estimate he from the first formed of fame. Money will buy money's worth; but the thing men call fame, what is it? A gaudy emblazonry, not good for much, — except, indeed, as it too may turn to money. To Scott it was a profitable pleasing superfluity, no necessary of life. Not necessary, now or ever! Seemingly without much effort, but taught by Nature, and the instinct which instructs the sound heart what is good for it and what is not, he felt that he could always do without this same emblazonry of reputation; that he ought to put no trust in it; but be ready at any time to see it pass away from him, and to hold on his way as before. It is incalculable, as we conjecture, what evil he escaped in this manner; what perversions, irritations, mean agonies without a name, he lived wholly apart from, knew nothing of. Happily before fame arrived, he had reached the mature age at which all this was easier to him. What a strange Nemesis lurks in the felicities of men! In thy mouth it shall be sweet as honey, in thy belly it shall be bitter as gall! Some weakly-organised individual, we will say at the age of five-and-twenty, whose main or whole talent rests on some prurient susceptivity, and nothing under it but shallowness and vacuum, is clutched hold of by the general imagination, is whirled aloft to the giddy height; and taught to believe the divine-seeming message that he is a great man: such individual seems the luckiest of men: and, alas, is he not the unluckiest? Swallow not the Circe draught, O weakly-organised individual; it is fell poison; it will dry up the fountains of thy whole existence, and all will grow withered and parched; thou shalt be wretched under the sun!

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Is there, for example, a sadder book than that Life of Byron by Moore? To omit mere prurient susceptivities that rest on vaccum, look at poor Byron, who really had much substance in him. Sitting there in his self-exile, with a proud heart striving to persuade itself that it despises the entire created Universe; and far off, in foggy Babylon, let any pitifulest whipster draw pen on him, your proud Byron writhes in torture, — as if the pitiful whipster were a magician, or his pen a galvanic wire struck into the Byron's spinal marrow! Lamentable, despicable, — one had rather be a kitten and cry mew! O son of Adam, great or little, according as thou art lovable, those thou livest with will love thee. Those thou livest not with, is it of moment that they have the alphabetic letters of thy name engraved on their memory, with some signpost likeness of thee (as like as I to Hercules) appended to them? It is not of moment; in sober truth, not of any moment at all! And yet, behold, there is no soul now whom thou canst love freely, — from one soul only art thou always sure of reverence enough; in presence of no soul is it rightly well with thee! How is thy world become desert; and thou, for the sake of a little babblement of tongues, art poor, bankrupt, insolvent not in purse, but in heart and mind! 'The Golden Calf of self-love,' says Jean Paul, 'has grown into a burning Phalaris' Bull, to consume its owner and worshipper.' Ambition, the desire of shining and outshining, was the beginning of Sin in this world. The man of letters who founds upon his fame, does he not thereby alone declare himself a follower of Lucifer (named Satan, the Enemy) and member of the Satanic school?

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PART III

IT WAS in this poetic period that Scott formed his connexion with the Ballantynes; and embarked, though under cover, largely in trade. To those who regard him in the heroic light, and will have Vates to signify Prophet as well as Poet, this portion of his biography seems somewhat incongruous. Viewed as it stood in the reality, as he was and as it was, the enterprise, since it proved so unfortunate, may be called lamentable, but cannot be called unnatural. The practical Scott, looking towards practical issues in all things, could not but find hard cash one of the most practical. If by any means cash could be honestly produced, were it by writing poems, were it by printing them, why not? Great things might be done ultimately; great difficulties were at once got rid of, — manifold higglings of booksellers, and contradictions of sinners hereby fell away. A printing and bookselling speculation was not so alien for a maker of books. Voltaire, who indeed got no copyrights, made much money by the war-commissariat, in his time; we believe, by the victualling branch of it. St. George himself, they say, was a dealer in bacon in Cappadocia. A thrifty man will help himself towards his object by such steps as lead to it. Station in society, solid power over the good things of this world, was Scott's avowed object; towards which the precept of precepts is that of Iago, Put money in thy purse.

Here, indeed, it is to be remarked, that perhaps no literary man of any generation has less value than Scott for the immaterial part of his mission in any sense: not only for the fantasy called fame, with the fantastic miseries attendant thereon; but also for the spiritual purport of his work, whether it tended hitherward or thitherward, or had any tendency whatever; and indeed for all purports and results of his working, except such, we may say, as offered themselves to the eye, and could, in one sense or the other, be handled, looked at and buttoned into the breeches-pocket. Somewhat too little of a fantast, this Vates of ours! But so it was: in this nineteenth century, our highest literary man, who immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear, had, as it were, no message whatever to deliver to the world; wished not the world to elevate itself, to amend itself, to do this or to do that, except simply pay him for the books he kept writing. Very remarkable; fittest, perhaps, for an age fallen languid, destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism? Or, perhaps, for quite another sort of age, an age all in peaceable triumphant motion? Be this as it may, surely since Shakspeare's time there has been no great speaker so unconscious of an aim in speaking as Walter Scott. Equally unconscious these two utterances: equally the sincere complete products of the minds they came from: and now if they were equally deep? Or, if the one was living fire, and the other was futile phosphorescence and mere resinous firework? It will depend on the relative worth of the minds; for both were equally spontaneous, both equally expressed themselves unencumbered by an ulterior aim. Beyond drawing audiences to the Globe Theatre, Shakspeare contemplated no result in those plays of his. Yet they have had results! Utter with free heart what thy own daemon gives thee: if fire from heaven, it shall be well; if resinous firework, it shall be — as well as it could be, or better than otherwise!

The candid judge will, in general, require that a speaker, in so extremely serious a Universe as this of ours, have something to speak about. In the heart of the speaker there ought to be some kind of gospel-tidings, burning till it be uttered; otherwise it were better for him that he altogether held his peace. A gospel somewhat more decisive than this of Scott's, — except to an age altogether languid, without either scepticism or faith! These things the candid judge will demand of literary men; yet withal will recognise the great worth there is in Scott's honesty if in nothing more, in his being the thing he was with such entire good faith. Here is a something, not a nothing. If no skyborn messenger, heaven looking through his eyes; then neither is it a chimera with his systems, crotchets, cants, fanaticisms, and 'last infirmity of noble minds,' — full of misery, unrest and ill-will; but a substantial, peaceable, terrestrial man. Far as the Earth is under the Heaven does Scott stand below the former sort of character; but high as the cheerful flowery Earth is above waste Tartarus does he stand above the latter. Let him live in his own fashion, and do honour to him in that.

It were late in the day to write criticisms on those Metrical Romances: at the same time, we may remark, the great popularity they had seems natural enough. In the first place, there was the indisputable impress of worth, of

genuine human force, in them. This, which lies in some degree, or is thought to lie, at the bottom of all popularity, did to an unusual degree disclose itself in these rhymed romances of Scott's. Pictures were actually painted and presented; human emotions conceived and sympathised with. Considering what wretched Della-Cruscan and other vamping-up of old worn-out tatters was the staple article then, it may be granted that Scott's excellence was superior and supreme. When a Hayley was the main singer, a Scott might well be hailed with warm welcome. Consider whether the Loves of the Plants, and even the Loves of the Triangles, could be worth the loves and hates of men and women! Scott was as preferable to what he displaced, as the substance is to wearisomely repeated shadow of a substance.

But, in the second place, we may say that the kind of worth which Scott manifested was fitted especially for the then temper of men. We have called it an age fallen into spiritual languor, destitute of belief, yet terrified at Scepticism; reduced to live a stinted half-life, under strange new circumstances. Now vigorous whole-life, this was what of all things these delineations offered. The reader was carried back to rough strong times, wherein those maladies of ours had not yet arisen. Brawny fighters, all cased in buff and iron, their hearts too sheathed in oak and triple brass, caprioled their huge war-horses, shook their death-doing spears; and went forth in the most determined manner, nothing doubting. The reader sighed, yet not without a reflex solacement: "O, that I too had lived in those times, had never known these logic-cobwebs, this doubt, this sickliness; and been and felt myself alive among men alive!" Add lastly, that in this new-found poetic world there was no call for effort on the reader's part; what excellence they had, exhibited itself at a glance. It was for the reader, not the El Dorado only, but a beatific land of Cockaigne and Paradise of Donothings! The reader, what the vast majority of readers so long to do, was allowed to lie down at his ease, and be ministered to. What the Turkish bathkeeper is said to aim at with his frictions, and shampooings, and fomentings, more or less effectually, that the patient in total idleness may have the delights of activity, — was here to a considerable extent realised. The languid imagination fell back into its rest; an artist was there who could supply it with high-painted scenes, with sequences of stirring action, and whisper to it, Be at ease, and let thy tepid element be comfortable to thee. 'The rude man,' says a critic, 'requires only to see something going on. The man of more refinement must be made to feel. The man of complete refinement must be made to reflect.'

We named the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border the fountain from which flowed this great river of Metrical Romances; but according to some they can be traced to a still higher, obscurer spring; to Goethe's Gotz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand; or which, as we have seen, Scott in his earlier days executed a translation. Dated a good many years ago, the following words in a criticism on Goethe are found written; which probably are still new to most readers of this Review:

'The works just mentioned, Gotz and Werter, though noble specimens of youthful talent, are still not so much distinguished by their intrinsic merits as by their splendid fortune. It would be difficult to name two books which have exercised a deeper influence on the subsequent literature of Europe than these two performances of a young author; his first-fruits, the produce of his twenty-fourth year. Werter appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear. As usually happens too, this same word, once uttered, was soon abundantly repeated; spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all notes of the gamut, till the sound of it had grown a weariness rather than a pleasure. Sceptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide and desperation, became the staple of literary ware; and though the epidemic, after a long course of years, subsided in Germany, it reappeared with various modifications in other countries, and everywhere abundant traces of its good and bad effects are still to be discerned. The fortune of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, though less sudden, was by no means less exalted. In his own country, Gotz, though he now stands solitary and childless, became the parent of an innumerable progeny of chivalry plays, feudal delineations, and poetico-antiquarian performances; which, though long ago deceased, made noise enough in their day and generation: and with ourselves his influence has been perhaps still more remarkable. Sir Walter Scott's first literary enterprise was a translation of Gotz von Berlichingen: and, if genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of Marmion and the Lady of the Lake, with all that has followed from the same creative hand. Truly, a grain of seed that has lighted in the right soil! For if

not firmer and fairer, it has grown to be taller and broader than any other tree; and all the nations of the earth are still yearly gathering of its fruit.'

How far Gotz von Berlichingen actually affected Scott's literary destination, and whether without it the rhymed romances, and then the prose romances of the Author of Waverley, would not have followed as they did, must remain a very obscure question; obscure and not important. Of the fact, however, there is no doubt, that these two tendencies, which may be named Gotzism and Werterism, of the former of which Scott was representative with us, have made, and are still in some quarters making the tour of all Europe. In Germany too there was this affectionate half-regretful looking-back into the Past; Germany had its buff-belted watch-tower period in literature, and had even got done with it before Scott began. Then as to Werterism, had not we English our Byron and his genus? No form of Werterism in any other country had half the potency; as our Scott carried Chivalry Literature to the ends of the world, so did our Byron Werterism. France, busy with its Revolution and Napoleon, had little leisure at the moment for Gotzism or Werterism; but it has had them both since, in a shape of its own: witness the whole 'Literature of Desperation' in our own days; the beggarliest form of Werterism yet seen, probably its expiring final form: witness also, at the other extremity of the scale, a noble-gifted Chateaubriand, Gotz and Werter both in one. — Curious: how all Europe is but like a set of parishes of the same county; participant of the self-same influences, ever since the Crusades, and earlier; — and these glorious wars of ours are but like parish-brawls, which begin in mutual ignorance, intoxication and boastful speech; which end in broken windows, damage, waste and bloody noses; and which one hopes the general good sense is now in the way towards putting down, in some measure!

But leaving this to be as it can, what it concerned us here to remark, was that British Werterism, in the shape of those Byron Poems, so potent and poignant, produced on the languid appetite of men a mighty effect. This too was a 'class of feelings deeply important to modern minds; feelings which arise from passion incapable of being converted into action, which belong to an age as indolent, cultivated and unbelieving as our own'! The 'languid age without either faith or scepticism' turned towards Byronism with an interest altogether peculiar: here, if no cure for its miserable paralysis and languor, was at least an indignant statement of the misery; an indignant Ernulphus' curse read over it, — which all men felt to be something. Half-regretful lookings in the Past gave place, in many quarters, to Ernulphus' cursings of the Present. Scott was among the first to perceive that the day of Metrical Chivalry Romances was declining. He had held the sovereignty for some half-score of years, a comparatively long lease of it; and now the time seemed come for dethronement, for abdication: an unpleasant business; which however he held himself ready, as a brave man will, to transact with composure and in silence. After all, Poetry was not his staff of life; Poetry had already yielded him much money; this at least it would not take back from him. Busy always with editing, with compiling, with multiplex official commercial business, and solid interests, he beheld the coming change with unmoved eye.

Resignation he was prepared to exhibit in this matter; — and now behold there proved to be no need of resignation. Let the Metrical Romance become a Prose one; shake off its rhyme-fetters, and try a wider sweep! In the spring of 1814 appeared Waverley; an event memorable in the annals of British Literature; in the annals of British Bookselling thrice and four times memorable. Byron sang, but Scott narrated; and when the song had sung itself out through all variations onwards to the Don Juan one, Scott was still found narrating, and carrying the whole world along with him. All bygone popularity of chivalry-lays was swallowed up in a far greater. What 'series' followed out of Waverley, and how and with what result, is known to all men; was witnessed and watched with a kind of rapt astonishment by all. Hardly any literary reputation ever rose so high in our Island; no reputation at all ever spread so wide. Walter Scott became Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford; on whom Fortune seemed to pour her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour and worldly goods; the favourite of Princes and of Peasants, and all intermediate men. His 'Waverley series,' swift-following one on the other apparently without end, was the universal reading; looked for like an annual harvest, by all ranks, in all European countries.

A curious circumstance superadded itself, that the author though known was unknown. From the first most people suspected, and soon after the first, few intelligent persons much doubted, that the Author of Waverley was Walter Scott. Yet a certain mystery was still kept up; rather piquant to the public; doubtless very pleasant to the author,

who saw it all; who probably had not to listen, as other hapless individuals often had, to this or the other long-drawn 'clear proof at last,' that the author was not Walter Scott, but a certain astonishing Mr. So-and-so; — one of the standing miseries of human life in that time. But for the privileged Author it was like a king travelling incognito. All men know that he is a high king, chivalrous Gustaf or Kaiser Joseph; but he mingles in their meetings without cumber of etiquette or lonesome ceremony, as Chevalier du Nord, or Count of Lorraine: he has none of the weariness of royalty, and yet all the praise, and the satisfaction of hearing it with his own ears. In a word, the Waverley Novels circulated and reigned triumphant; to the general imagination the 'Author of Waverley' was like some living mythological personage, and ranked among the chief wonders of the world. How a man lived and demeaned himself in such unwonted circumstances, is worth seeing. We would gladly quote from Scott's correspondence of this period; but that does not much illustrate the matter. His letters, as above stated, are never without interest, yet also seldom or never very interesting. They are full of cheerfulness, of wit and ingenuity; but they do not treat of aught intimate; without impeaching their sincerity, what is called sincerity, one may say they do not, in any case whatever, proceed from the innermost parts of the mind. Conventional forms, due consideration of your own and your correspondents' pretensions and vanities, are at no moment left out of view. The epistolary stream runs on, lucid, free, gladflowing; but always, as it were, parallel to the real substance of the matter, never coincident with it. One feels it hollowish under foot. Letters they are of a most humane man of the world, even exemplary in that kind; but with the man of the world always visible in them; — as indeed it was little in Scott's way to speak, perhaps even with himself, in any other fashion. We select rather some glimpses of him from Mr. Lockhart's record. The first is of dining with Royalty or Prince-Regentship itself; an almost official matter:

'On hearing from Mr. Croker (then Secretary to the Admiralty) that Scott was to be in town by the middle of March (1815), the Prince said, "Let me know when he comes, and I'll get-up a snug little dinner that will suit him;" and after he had been presented and graciously received at the levee, he was invited to dinner accordingly, through his excellent friend Mr. Adam (now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland), who at that time held a confidential office in the royal household. The Regent had consulted with Mr. Adam, also, as to the composition of the party. "Let us have," said he, "just a few friends of his own, and the more Scotch the better;" and both the Commissioner and Mr. Croker assure me that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection. It comprised, I believe, the Duke of York — the Duke of Gordon (then Marquess of Huntly) — the Marquess of Hertford (then Lord Yarmouth) — the Earl of Fife — and Scott's early friend, Lord Melville. "The Prince and Scott," says Mr. Croker," were the two most brilliant story tellers, in their several ways, that I have ever happened to meet; they were both aware of their forte, and both exerted themselves that evening with delightful effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most. The Regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and on all his subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table." The Lord Chief Commissioner remembers that the Prince was particularly delighted with the poet's anecdotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers, which his Royal Highness sometimes capped by ludicrous traits of certain ermine sages of his own acquaintance. Scott told, among others, a story, which he was fond of telling, of his old friend the Lord Justice- Clerk Braxfield; and the commentary of his Royal Highness on hearing it amused Scott, who often mentioned it afterwards. The anecdote is this: Braxfield, whenever he went on a particular circuit was in the habit of visiting a gentleman of good fortune in the neighbourhood of one of the assize towns, and staying at least one night, which, being both of them ardent chess-players, they usually concluded with their favourite game. One Spring circuit the battle was not decided at daybreak; so the Justice-Clerk said, "Weel, Donald, I must e'en come back this gate, and let the game lie ower for the present:" and back he came in October, but not to his old friend's hospitable house; for that gentleman had in the interim been apprehended on a capital charge (of forgery), and his name stood on the Porteous Roll, or list of those who were about to be tried under his former guest's auspices. The laird was indicted and tried accordingly, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Braxfield forthwith put on his cocked hat (which answers to the black cap in England), and pronounced the sentence of the law in the usual terms — "To be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may the Lord have mercy upon your unhappy soul!" Having concluded this awful

formula in his most sonorous cadence, Braxfield, dismounting his formidable beaver, gave a familiar nod to his unfortunate acquaintance, and said to him in a sort of chuckling whisper, "And now, Donald my man, I think I've checkmated you for ance." The Regent laughed heartily at this specimen of Macqueen's brutal humour; and "I' faith, Walter," said he, "this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast

"The table spread with tea and toast, Death-warrants and the Morning Post?"

'Towards midnight the Prince called for "a bumper, with all the honours, to the Author of Waverley"; and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said "Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions; but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him." He then drank-off his claret; and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats, his Royal Highness, "Another of the same, if you please, to the Author of Marmion, — and now, Walter my man, I have checkmated you for ance." The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged: and Scott then rose, and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as "alike grave and graceful." This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape.' * * * 'Before he left town he again dined at Carlton House, when the party was a still smaller one than before, and the merriment if possible still more free. That nothing might be wanting, the Prince sang several capital songs.'[14]

Or take, at a very great interval in many senses, this glimpse of another dinner, altogether unofficially and much better described. It is James Ballantyne the printer and publisher's dinner, in St. John Street, Canongate, Edinburgh, on the birth-eve of a Waverley Novel:

'The feast was, to use one of James' own favourite epithets, gorgeous; an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with the suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous Madeira. When the cloth was drawn, the burly praeses arose, with all he could master of the port of John Kemble, and spouted with a sonorous voice the formula Macbeth,

"Fill full! I drink to the general joy of the whole table!"

This was followed by "the King, God bless him!" and second came — "Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has been nor shall be omitted in this house of mine: I give you the health of Mr. Walter Scott, with three times three!" All honour having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company, with some expressions of warm affection to their host, Mrs. Ballantyne retired; — the bottles passed round twice or thrice in the usual way; and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended; his eyes solemnly fixed on vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but with "bated breath," in the sort of whisper by which a stage-conspirator thrills the gallery, — "Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal Author of Waverley!" — The uproar of cheering, in which Scott made a fashion of joining, was succeeded by deep silence; and then Ballantyne proceeded

"In his Lord-Burleigh look, serene and serious, A something of imposing and mysterious"

to lament the obscurity, in which his illustrious but too modest correspondent still chose to conceal himself from the plaudits of the world; to thank the company for the manner in which the nominis umbra had been received; and to assure them that the Author of Waverley would, when informed of the circumstance, feel highly delighted — "the proudest hour of his life," etc., etc. The cool, demure fun of Scott's features during all this mummery was perfect; and Erskine's attempt at a gay nonchalance was still more ludicrously meritorious.

Aldiborontiphoscophornio, however, bursting as he was, knew too well to allow the new Novel to be made the subject of discussion. Its name was announced, and success to it crowned another cup; but after that, no more of Jedediah. To cut the thread, he rolled out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonour to almost any orchestra — The Maid of Lodi, or perhaps The Bay of Biscay, O! — or the Sweet little cherub that sits up aloft. Other toasts followed, interspersed with ditties from other performers; old George Thomson, the friend of Burns, was ready, for one, with The Moorland Wedding, or Willie brew'd a

14. Volume III, pp. 340-343.

peck o' maut; and so it went on, until Scott and Erskine, with any clerical or very staid personage that had chanced to be admitted, saw fit to withdraw. Then the scene was changed. The claret and olives made way for broiled bones and a mighty bowl of punch; and when a few glasses of the hot beverage had restored his powers, James opened ore rotundo on the merits of the forthcoming Romance. "One chapter — one chapter only!" was the cry. After 'Nav by'r Lady, nay!" and a few more coy shifts, the proof-sheets were at length produced, and James, with many a prefatory "hem," read aloud what he considered as the most striking dialogue they contained.

'The first I heard so read was the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyle and Queen Caroline, in Richmond Park; and, notwithstanding some spice of the pompous tricks to which he was addicted, I must say he did the inimitable scene great justice. At all events, the effect it produced was deep and memorable; and no wonder that the exulting typographer's one bumper more to Jedediah Cleishbotham preceded his parting-stave, which was uniformly The Last Words of Marmion, executed certainly with no contemptible rivalry of Braham.[15]

Over at Abbotsford things wear a still more prosperous aspect. Scott is building there, by the pleasant banks of the Tweed; he has bought and is buying land there; fast as the new gold comes in for a new Waverley Novel, or even faster, it changes itself into moory acres, into stone, and hewn or planted wood.

'About the middle of February' (1820), says Mr. Lockhart, 'it having been ere that time arranged that I should marry his eldest daughter in the course of the spring, — I accompanied him and part of his family on one of those flying visits to Abbotsford, with which he often indulged himself on a Saturday during term. Upon such occasions, Scott appeared at the usual hour in court, but wearing, instead of the official suit of black, his country morning-dress, green jacket and so forth, under the clerk's gown' — 'At noon, when the Court broke up, Peter Mathieson was sure to be in attendance in the Parliament Close; and, five minutes after, the gown had been tossed off; and Scott, rubbing his hands for glee, was under weigh for Tweedside. As we proceeded,' etc.

'Next morning there appeared at breakfast John Ballantyne, who had at this time a shooting or hunting-box a few miles off, in the vale of the Leader, and with him Mr. Constable, his guest; and it being a fine clear day, as soon as Scott had read the church-service and one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, we all sallied out before noon on a perambulation of his upland territories; Maida (the hound) and the rest of the favourites accompanying our march. At starting we were joined by the constant henchman, Tom Purdie, — and I may save myself the trouble of any attempt to describe his appearance, for his master has given us an inimitably true one in introducing a certain personage of his Redgauntlet: — "He was, perhaps, sixty years old; yet his brow was not much furrowed, and his jet-black hair was only grizzled, not whitened, by the advance of age. All his motions spoke strength unabated; and, though rather undersized, he had very broad shoulders, was square-made, thin-flanked, and apparently combined in his frame muscular strength and activity; the last somewhat impaired, perhaps, by years, but the first remaining in full vigor. A hard and harsh countenance; eyes far sunk under projecting eyebrows, which were grizzled like his hair; a wide mouth, furnished from ear to ear with a range of unimpaired teeth of uncommon whiteness, and a size and breadth which might have become the jaws of an ogre, completed this delightful portrait." Equip this figure in Scott's cast-off green jacket, white hat and drab trousers; and imagine that years of kind treatment, comfort and the honest consequence of a confidential grieve[16] had softened away much of the hardness and harshness originally impressed on the visage by anxious penury, and the sinister habits of a black-fisher; — and the Tom Purdie of 1820 stands before us.

'We were all delighted to see how completely Scott had recovered his bodily vigour, and none more so than Constable, who, as he puffed and panted after him, up one ravine and down another, often stopped to wipe his forehead, and remarked, that "it was not every author who should lead him such a dance." But Purdie's face shone with rapture as he observed how severely the swag-bellied bookseller's activity was tasked. Scott exclaimed exultingly, though, perhaps, for the tenth time, "This will be a glorious spring for our trees, Tom!" — "You may say that, Sheriff," quoth Tom, — and then lingering a moment for Constable — "My certy," he added, scratching his head, "and I think it will be a grand season for our buiks too." But indeed Tom always talked of our buiks, as if they had been as regular products of the soil as our aits and our birks. Having threaded first the Hexilcleugh

15. Volume IV, pp. 166-168.
16. Overseer; German, graf.

and then the Rhymer's Glen, we arrived at Huntly Burn, where the hospitality of the kind Weird Sisters, as Scott called the Miss Fergusons, reanimated our exhausted bibliopoles, and gave them courage to extend their walk a little farther down the same famous brook. Here there was a small cottage in a very sequestered situation' (named Chiefswood), 'by making some little additions to which Scott thought it might be converted into a suitable summer residence for his daughter and future son-in-law.' * * * 'As we walked homeward, Scott being a little fatigued, laid his left hand on Tom's shoulder, and leaned heavily for support, chatting to his "Sunday pony," as he called the affectionate fellow, just as freely as with the rest of the party; and Tom put-in his word shrewdly and manfully, and grinned and grunted whenever the joke chanced to be within his apprehension. It was easy to see that his heart swelled within him from the moment the Sheriff got his collar in his gripe.'[17]

That Abbotsford became infested to a great degree with tourists, wonder-hunters, and all that fatal species of people, may be supposed. Solitary Ettrick saw itself populous: all paths were beaten with the feet and hoofs of an endless miscellany of pilgrims. As many as 'sixteen parties' have arrived at Abbotsford in one day; male and female; peers, Socinian preachers, whatsoever was distinguished, whatsoever had love of distinction in it! Mr. Lockhart thinks there was no literary shrine ever so bepilgrimed, except Ferney in Voltaire's time, who, however, was not half so accessible. A fatal species! These are what Schiller calls the 'flesh-flies'; buzzing swarms of bluebottles, who never fail where any taint of human glory or other corruptibility is in the wind. So has Nature decreed. Scott's healthiness, bodily and mental, his massive solidity of character, nowhere showed itself more decisively than in his manner of encountering this part of his fate. That his bluebottles were blue, and of the usual tone and quality, may be judged. Hear Captain Basil Hall (in a very compressed state):

'We arrived in good time, and found several other guests at dinner. The public rooms are lighted with oil-gas, in a style of extraordinary splendour. The' etc. — 'Had I a hundred pens, each of which at the same time should separately write down an anecdote, I could not hope to record one half of those which our host, to use Spenser's expression, "welled out alway."' 'Entertained us all the way with an endless string of anecdotes;' — 'came like a stream of poetry from his lips;' — 'path muddy and scarcely passable, yet I do not remember ever to have seen any place so interesting as the skill of this mighty magician had rendered this narrow ravine.' — 'Impossible to touch on any theme, but straightway he has an anecdote to fit it.' — 'Thus we strolled along, borne, as it were, on the stream of song and story.' — 'In the evening we had a great feast indeed. Sir Walter asked us if we had ever read Christabel.' — 'Interspersed with these various readings were some hundreds of stories, some quaint, some pathetical.' — 'A breakfast today we had, as usual, some 150 stories — God knows how they came in.' — 'In any man so gifted — so qualified to take the loftiest, proudest line at the head of the literature, the taste, the imagination of the whole world!' — 'For instance, he never sits at any particular place at table, but takes' etc. etc.[18]

Among such worshippers, arriving in 'sixteen parties a-day,' an ordinary man might have grown buoyant; have felt the god, begun to nod, and seemed to shake the spheres. A slightly splenetic man, possessed of Scott's sense, would have swept his premises clear of them: Let no blue bottle approach here, to disturb a man in his work, — under pain of sugared squash (called quassia) and king's yellow! The good Sir Walter, like a quiet brave man, did neither. He let the matter take its course; enjoyed what was enjoyable in it; endured what could not well be helped; persisted meanwhile in writing his daily portion of romance-copy, in preserving his composure of heart; — in a word, accommodated himself to this loud-buzzing environment, and made it serve him, as he would have done (perhaps with more ease) to a silent, poor and solitary one. No doubt it affected him too, and in the lamentable way fevered his internal life, though he kept it well down; but it affected him less than it would have done almost any other man. For his guests were not all of the bluebottle sort; far from that. Mr. Lockhart shall furnish us with the brightest aspect a British Ferney ever yielded, or is like to yield: and therewith we will quit Abbotsford and the dominant and culminant period of Scott's life:

'It was a clear, bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine, and all was in readiness for a grand coursing-match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked-

17. Volume IV, pp. 349-353.
18. Volume V, pp. 375-402.

out other sport for himself was the stanchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he too was there on his shelty, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-net, and attended by his Hinves, and Charlie Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fisherman of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about, to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sibyl, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles-lettres, Henry Mackenzie. The Man of Feeling, however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our battue. Laidlaw, on a strong-tailed wiry Highlander, yclept Hoddin Grey, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this; but he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought, and his fisherman's costume — a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, and innumerable fly-hooks-jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white-cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black; and with his noble serene dignity of counterance might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the 76th year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leathern gaiters, buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had, all over, the air of as resolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntly Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sibyl Grey, barking for mere joy like a spaniel puppy.

'The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under weigh, when the Lady Anne broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, "Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet!" Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the background; — Scott, watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song

"What will I do gin my hoggie die? My joy, my pride, my hoggie! My only beast, I had na mae, And wow! but I was vogie!" — the cheers were redoubled — and the squadron moved on.

'This pig had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his tail along with the greyhounds and terriers: but, indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers; but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey, to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and the hen; but a year or two after this time, my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden-chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage, we were sure to see Hannah More and Lady Morgan (as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them) trotting from their pasture, to lay their noses over the paling, and, as Washington Irving says of the old white-haired hedger with the Parisian snuff-box, "to have a pleasant crack wi' the laird."[19]

'There' at Chiefswood 'my wife and I spent this summer and autumn of 1821; the first of several seasons which will ever dwell on my memory as the happiest of my life. We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant and constantly varying society; yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of newcomers entailed upon all the family, except Sir Walter himself. But, in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open housekeeping. Even his temper sank sometimes under the solemn applauses of learned dulness, the vapid raptures

of painted and periwigged dowagers, the horse-leech avidity with which underbred foreigners urged their questions, and the pompous simpers of condescending magnates. When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate; and, craving the indulgence of his guest over-night, appear at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of reveillee under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to "take his ease in his inn." On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing-room upstairs, and write a chapter of The Pirate; and then, having made-up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work — and sometimes to labour among them as strenuously as John Swanston — until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body towards evening; and surely he never appeared to more amiable advantage than when helping his young people with their little arrangements upon such occasions. He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment; he used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the brae ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced, — this primitive device being, he said, what he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice: and in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of very small rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing.'[20]

19. Volume V, pp. 7-10. On this subject let us report an anecdote furnished by a correspondent of our own, whose accuracy we can depend on: 'I myself was acquainted with a little Blenheim cocker, one of the smallest, beautifulest and wisest of lap-dogs or dogs, which, though Sir Walter knew it not, was very singular in its behaviour towards him. Shandy, so hight this remarkable cocker, was extremely shy of strangers: promenading on Princes Street, which in fine weather used to be crowded in those days, he seemed to live in perpetual fear of being stolen; if any one but looked at him admiringly, he would draw-back with angry timidity, and crouch towards his own ladymistress. One day, a tall, irregular, busy-looking man came halting by; the little dog ran towards him, began fawning, frisking, licking at his feet: it was Sir Walter Scott! Had Shandy been the most extensive reader of Reviews, he could not have done better. Every time he saw Sir Walter afterwards, which was some three or four times in the course of visiting Edinburgh, he repeated his demonstrations, ran leaping, frisking, licking the author of Waverley's feet. The good Sir Walter endured it with good humour; looked down at the little wise face, at the silky shagcoat of snow-white and chestnut-brown; smiled, and avoided hitting him as they went on, — till a new division of streets or some other obstacle put an end to the interview. In fact, he was a strange little fellow, this Shandy. He has been known to sit for hours looking out at the summer moon, with the saddest, wistfulest expression of countenance; altogether like a Werterean Poet. He would have been a poet, I daresay, if he could have found a publisher. But his moral tact was the most amazing. Without reason shown, without word spoken, or act done, he took his likings and dislikings; unalterable; really almost unerring. His chief aversion, I should say, was to the genus quack, above all, to the genus acrid-quack, these, though never so clear-starched, bland-smiling and beneficent, he absolutely would have no trade with. Their very sugar-cake was unavailing. He said with emphasis, as clearly as barking could say it: "Acrid-quack, avaunt!" Would to Heaven many a prime-minister and high-person in authority had such an invaluable talent! On the whole, there is more in this universe than our philosophy has dreamt of. A dog's instinct is a voice of Nature too; and farther, it has never babbled itself away in idle jargon and hypothesis, but always adhered to the practical, and grown in silence by continual communion with fact. We do the animals injustice. Their body resembles our body, Buffon says; with its four limbs, with its spinal marrow, main organs in the head, and so forth: but have they not a kind of soul, equally the rude draught and imperfect imitation of ours? It is a strange, an almost solemn and pathetic thing to see an intelligence imprisoned in that dumb rude form; struggling to express itself out of that; — even as we do out of our imprisonment; and succeed very imperfectly!'

20. Volume V, pp. 123, 124.

PART IV

SURELY all this is very beautiful; like a picture of Boccaccio's; the ideal of a country life in our time. Why could it not last? Income was not wanting: Scott's official permanent income was amply adequate to meet the expense of all that was valuable in it; nay, of all that was not harassing, senseless and despicable. Scott had some 2,000l. a-year without writing books at all. Why should he manufacture and not create, to make more money; and rear mass on mass for a dwelling to himself, till the pile toppled, sank crashing, and buried him in its ruins, when he had a safe pleasant dwelling ready of its own accord? Alas, Scott, with all his health, was infected; sick of the fearfulest malady, that of Ambition! To such a length had the King's baronetcy, the world's favour and 'sixteen parties a day,' brought it with him. So the inane racket must be kept up, and rise ever higher. So masons labour, ditchers delve; and there is endless altogether deplorable correspondence about marble-slabs for tables, wainscoting of rooms, curtains and the trimmings of curtains, orange-coloured or fawn-coloured: Walter Scott, one of the gifted of the world, whom his admirers call the most gifted, must kill himself that he may be a country gentleman, the founder of a race of Scottish lairds.

It is one of the strangest, most tragical histories ever enacted under this sun. So poor a passion can lead so strong a man into such mad extremes. Surely, were not man a fool always, one might say there was something eminently distracted in this, end as it would, of a Walter Scott writing daily with the ardour of a steam-engine, that he might make 15,000£ a-year, and buy upholstery with it. To cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armour and genealogical shields, what can we name it but a being bit with delirium of a kind? That tract after tract of moorland in the shire of Selkirk should be joined together on parchment and by ring-fence, and named after one's name, — why, it is a shabby small type edition of your vulgar Napoleons, Alexanders, and conquering heroes, not counted venerable by any teacher of men!

'The whole world was not half so wide To Alexander when he cried Because he had but one to subdue, As was a narrow paltry tub to Diogenes; who ne'er was said, For aught that ever I could read, To whine, put finger i' the eye and sob, Because he had ne'er another tub.'

Not he! And if, 'looked at from the Moon, which itself is far from Infinitude,' Napoleon's dominions were as small as mine, what, by any chance of possibility, could Abbotsford landed-property ever have become? As the Arabs say, there is a black speck, were it no bigger than a bean's eye, in every soul; which once set it a-working, will overcloud the whole man into darkness and quasi-madness, and hurry him balefully into Night!

With respect to the literary character of these Waverley Novels, so extraordinary in their commercial character, there remains, after so much reviewing, good and bad, little that it were profitable at present to say. The great fact about them is, that they were faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world. It must be granted, moreover, that they have a worth far surpassing what is usual in such cases; nay, that if Literature had no task but that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men, here was the very perfection of Literature; that a man, here more emphatically than ever elsewhere, might fling himself back, exclaiming, "Be mine to lie on this sofa, and read everlasting Novels of Walter Scott!" The composition, slight as it often is, usually hangs together in some measure, and is a composition. There is a free flow of narrative, of incident and sentiment; an easy masterlike coherence throughout, as if it were the free dash of a master's hand, 'round as the O of Giotto.'[21] It is the perfection of extemporaneous writing. Farthermore, surely he were a blind critic who did not recognise here a certain genial sunshiny freshness and picturesqueness; paintings both of scenery and figures, very graceful, brilliant, occasionally full of grace and glowing brightness blended in the softest composure; in fact, a deep

21. Venne a Firenze' (il cortigiano del Papa), 'e andato una mattina in bottega di Giotto, che lavorava, gli chiese un poco di disegno per mandarlo a sua Santita, Giotto, che garbatissimo era, prese un foglio, ed in quello con un pennello tinto di rosso, fermato il braccio al fianco per farne compasso, e girato la mano fece un tondo si pari di sesto e di profilo, che fu a vederlo una maraviglia. Cio fatto ghignando disse al cortigiano, Eccovi il disegno.' ... 'Onde il Papa, e molti cortigiani intendenti conobbero percio, quanto Giotto avanzasse d' eccelenza tutti gli altri pittori del suo tempo. Divolgatasi poi questa cosa, ne nacque il proverbio, che ancora e in uso dirsi a gli uomini di grossa pasta: Tu sei piu tondo che l' O di Giotto.' — Vasari, Vite (Roma, 1759), i. 46.

sincere love of the beautiful in Nature and Man, and the readiest faculty of expressing this by imagination and by word. No fresher paintings of Nature can be found than Scott's; hardly anywhere a wider sympathy with man. From Davie Deans up to Richard Coeur-de-Lion; from Meg Merrilies to Die Vernon and Queen Elizabeth! It is the utterance of a man of open soul; of a brave, large, free-seeing man, who has a true brotherhood with all men. In joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, freedom of eye and heart; or to say it in a word, in general healthiness of mind, these Novels prove Scott to have been amongst the foremost writers.

Neither in the higher and highest excellence, of drawing character, is he at any time altogether deficient; though at no time can we call him, in the best sense, successful. His Bailie Jarvies, Dinmonts, Dalgettys (for their name is legion), do look and talk like what they give themselves out for; they are, if not created and made poetically alive, yet deceptively enacted as a good player might do them. What more is wanted, then? For the reader lying on a sofa, nothing more; yet for another sort of reader, much. It were a long chapter to unfold the difference in drawing a character between a Scott, and a Shakespeare, a Goethe. Yet it is a difference literally immense; they are of different species; the value of the one is not to be counted in the coin of the other. We might say in a short word, which means a long matter, that your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them! The one set become living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automations. Compare Fenella with Goethe's Mignon, which, it was once said, Scott had 'done Goethe the honour' to borrow. He has borrowed what he could of Mignon. The small stature, the climbing talent, the trickiness, the mechanical case, as we say, he has borrowed; but the soul of Mignon is left behind. Fenella is an unfavorable specimen for Scott; but it illustrates in the aggravated state, what is traceable in all the characters he drew.

To the same purport indeed we are to say that these famed books are altogether addressed to the every-day mind; that for any other mind there is next to no nourishment in them. Opinions, emotions, principles, doubts, beliefs, beyond what the intelligent country gentleman can carry along with him, are not to be found. It is orderly, customary, it is prudent, decent; nothing more. One would say, it lay not in Scott to give much more; getting out of the ordinary range, and attempting the heroic, which is but seldom the case, he falls almost at once into the rose-pink sentimental, — descries the Minerva Press from afar, and hastily quits that course; for none better than he knew it to lead nowhither. On the whole, contrasting Waverley, which was carefully written, with most of its followers, which were written extempore, one may regret the extempore method. Something very perfect in its kind might have come from Scott; nor was it a low kind: nay, who knows how high, with studious self-concentration, he might have gone; what wealth Nature had implanted in him, with his circumstances, most unkind while seeming to be kindest, had never impelled him to unfold?

But after all, in the loudest blaring and trumpeting of popularity, it is ever to be held in mind, as a truth remaining true forever, that Literature has other aims than that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men: or if Literature have them not, then Literature is a very poor affair; and something else must have them, and must accomplish them, with thanks or without thanks; the thankful or thankless world were not long a world otherwise! Under this head there is little to be sought or found in the Waverley Novels. Not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating, in any shape! The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly-struggling heart no guidance: the Heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice. We say, therefore, that they do not found themselves on deep interests, but on comparatively trivial ones; not on the perennial, perhaps not even on the lasting. In fact, much of the interest of these Novels results from what may be called contrasts of costume. The phraseology, fashion of arms, of dress and life, belonging to one age, is brought suddenly with singular vividness before the eyes of another. A great effect this; yet by the very nature of it, an altogether temporary one. Consider, brethren, shall not we too one day be antiques, and grow to have as quaint a costume as the rest? The stuffed Dandy, only give him time, will become one of the wonderfulest mummies. In antiquarian museums, only two centuries hence, the steeple-hat will hang on the next peg to Franks and Company's patent, antiquarians deciding which is uglier: and the Stulz swallow-tail, one may hope, will seem as incredible as any garment that ever made ridiculous the respectable back of man. Not by slashed breeches, steeple-hats, buff-belts, or antiquated speech, can romance-heroes continue to interest us; but simply and solely, in the long-run, by being

men. Buff-belts and all manner of jerkins and costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial. He that has gone deeper into this than other men, will be remembered longer than they; he that has not, not. Tried under this category, Scott, with his clear practical insight, joyous temper, and other sound faculties, is not to be accounted little, — among the ordinary circulating-library heroes he might well pass for a demigod. Not little, yet neither is he great; there were greater, more than one or two, in his own age: among the great of all ages, one sees no likelihood of a place for him.

What, then, is the result of these Waverley Romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more! As many generations as they can; but not all generations: ah no, when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse! — Meanwhile, as we can discern, their results have been several-fold. First of all, and certainly not least of all, have they not perhaps had this result: that a considerable portion of mankind has hereby been sated with mere amusement, and set on seeking something better? Amusement in the way of reading can go no farther, can do nothing better, by the power of man; and men ask, Is this what it can do? Scott, we reckon, carried several things to their ultimatum and crisis, so that change became inevitable; a great service, though an indirect one.

Secondly, however, we may say, these Historical Novels have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others, till so taught: that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state-papers, controversies and abstractions of men. Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with colour in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features and vitalities of very men. It is a little word this; inclusive of great meaning! History will henceforth have to take thought of it. Her faint hearsays of 'philosophy teaching by experience' will have to exchange themselves everywhere for direct inspection and embodiment: this, and this only, will be counted experience; and till once experience have got in, philosophy will reconcile herself to wait at the door. It is a great service, fertile in consequences, this that Scott has done; a great truth laid open by him; — correspondent indeed to the substantial nature of the man; to his solidity and veracity even of imagination, which, with all his lively discursiveness, was the characteristic of him.

A word here as to the extempore style of writing, which is getting much celebrated in these days. Scott seems to have been a high proficient in it. His rapidity was extreme; and the matter produced was excellent, considering that: the circumstances under which some of his Novels, when he could not himself write, were dictated, are justly considered wonderful. It is a valuable faculty this of ready-writing; nay, farther, for Scott's purpose it was clearly the only good mode. By much labour he could not have added one guinea to his copyright; nor could the reader on the sofa have lain a whit more at ease. It was in all ways necessary that these works should be produced rapidly; and, round or not, be thrown off like Giotto's O. But indeed, in all things, writing or other, which a man engages in, there is the indispensablest beauty in knowing how to get done. A man frets himself to no purpose; he has not the sleight of the trade; he is not a craftsman, but an unfortunate borer and bungler, if he know not when to have done. Perfection is unattainable: no carpenter ever made a mathematically accurate right-angle in the world; yet all carpenters know when it is right enough, and do not botch it, and lose their wages, by making it too right. Too much painstaking speaks disease in one's mind, as well as too little. The adroit sound-minded man will endeavour to spend on each business approximately what of pains it deserves; and with a conscience void of remorse will dismiss it then. All this in favour of easy-writing shall be granted, and, if need were, enforced and inculcated.

And yet, on the other hand, it shall not less but more strenuously be inculcated, that in the way of writing, no great thing was ever, or will ever be done with ease, but with difficulty! Let ready-writers with any faculty in them lay this to heart. Is it with ease, or not with ease, that a man shall do his best, in any shape; above all, in this shape justly named of 'soul's travail,' working in the deep places of thought, embodying the True out of the Obscure and Possible, environed on all sides with the uncreated False? Not so, now or at any time. The experience of all men belies it; the nature of things contradicts it. Virgil and Tacitus, were they ready-writers? The whole Prophecies of Isaiah are not equal in extent to this cobweb of a Review Article. Shakespeare, we may fancy, wrote with rapidity; but not till he had thought with intensity: long and sore had this man thought, as the seeing eye may

discern well, and had dwelt and wrestled amid dark pains and throes, though his great soul is silent about all that. It was for him to write rapidly at fit intervals, being ready to do it. And herein truly lies the secret of the matter: such swiftness of mere writing, after due energy of preparation, is doubtless the right method; the hot furnace having long worked and simmered, let the pure gold flow out at one gush. It was Shakespeare's plan; no easy-writer he, or he had never been a Shakespeare. Neither was Milton one of the mob of gentlemen that write with ease; he did not attain Shakespeare's faculty, one perceives, of even writing fast after long preparation, but struggled while he wrote. Goethe also tells us he 'had nothing sent him in his sleep'; no page of his but he knew well how it came there. It is reckoned to be the best prose, accordingly, that has been written by any modern. Schiller, as an unfortunate and unhealthy man, 'konnte nie fertig werden, never could get done'; the noble genius of him struggled not wisely but too well, and wore his life itself heroically out. Or did Petrarch write easily? Dante sees himself 'growing lean' over his Divine Comedy; in stern solitary death-wrestle with it, to prevail over it, and do it, if his uttermost faculty may: hence, too, it is done and prevailed over, and the fiery life of it endures forevermore among men.

No: creation, one would think, cannot be easy; your Jove has severe pains, and fire-flames, in the head out of which an armed Pallas is struggling! As for manufacture, that is a different matter, and may become easy or not easy, according as it is taken up. Yet of manufacture too, the general truth is that, given the manufacturer, it will be worthy in direct proportion to the pains bestowed upon it; and worthless always, or nearly so, with no pains. Cease, therefore, O ready-writer, to brag openly of thy rapidity and facility; to thee (if thou be in the manufacturing line) it is a benefit, an increase of wages; but to me it is sheer loss, worsening of my pennyworth: why wilt thou brag of it to me? Write easily, by steam if thou canst contrive it, and canst sell it; but hide it like virtue! "Easy writing," said Sheridan, "is sometimes d--d hard reading." Sometimes; and always it is sure to be rather useless reading, which indeed (to a creature of few years and much work) may be reckoned the hardest of all.

Scott's productive facility amazed everybody; and set Captain Hall, for one, upon a very strange method of accounting for it without miracle; — for which see his Journal, above quoted from. The Captain, on counting line for line, found that he himself had written in that Journal of his almost as much as Scott, at odd hours in a given number of days; 'and as for the invention,' says he, 'it is known that this costs Scott nothing, but comes to him of its own accord.' Convenient indeed! — But for us, too, Scott's rapidity is great, is a proof and consequence of the solid health of the man, bodily and spiritual; great, but unmiraculous; not greater than that of many others besides Captain Hall. Admire it, yet with measure. For observe always, there are two conditions in work: let me fix the quality, and you shall fix the quantity! Any man may get through work rapidly who easily satisfies himself about it. Print the talk of any man, there will be a thick octavo volume daily; make his writing three times as good as his talk, there will be the third part of a volume daily, which still is good work. To write with never such rapidity in a passable manner, is indicative not of a man's genius, but of his habits; it will prove his soundness of nervous system, his practicality of mind, and in fine, that he has the knack of his trade. In the most flattering view, rapidity will betoken health of mind: much also, perhaps most of all, will depend on health of body. Doubt it not, a faculty of easy-writing is attainable by man! The human genius, once fairly set in this direction, will carry it far. William Cobbett, one of the healthiest of men, was a greater improviser even than Walter Scott: his writing, considered as to quality and quantity, of Rural tides, Registers, Grammars, Sermons, Peter Porcupines, Histories of Reformation, ever-fresh denouncements of Potatoes and Paper-money, seems to us still more wonderful. Pierre Bayle wrote enormous folios, one sees not on what motive principle: he flowed-on forever, a mighty tide of ditchwater; and even died flowing, with the pen in his hand. But indeed the most unaccountable ready-writer of all is, probably, the common Editor of a Daily Newspaper. Consider his leading articles; what they treat of, how passably they are done. Straw that has been thrashed a hundred times without wheat; ephemeral sound of a sound; such portent of the hour as all men have seen a hundred times turn out inane: how a man with merely human faculty, buckles himself nightly with new vigour and interest to this thrashed straw, nightly thrashes it anew, nightly gets-up new thunder about it; and so goes on thrashing and thundering for a considerable series of years; this is a fact remaining still to be accounted for, in human physiology. The vitality of man is great.

Or shall we say, Scott, among the many things he carried towards their ultimatum and crisis, carried this of ready-writing too, that so all men might better see what was in it? It is a valuable consummation. Not without results; results, at some of which Scott as a Tory politician would have greatly shuddered. For if once Printing have grown to be as Talk, then Democracy (if we look into the roots of things) is not a bugbear and probability, but a certainty, an event as good as come! 'Inevitable seems it me.' But leaving this, sure enough the triumph of ready-writing appears to be even now; everywhere the ready-writer is found bragging strangely of his readiness. In a late translated Don Carlos, one of the most indifferent translations ever done with any sign of ability, a hitherto unknown individual is found assuring his reader, 'The reader will possibly think it an excuse, when I assure him that the whole piece was completed within the space of ten weeks, that is to say, between the sixth of January and the eighteenth of March of this year (inclusive of a fortnight's interruption from over-exertion); that I often translated twenty pages a-day, and that the fifth act was the work of five days.'[22] O hitherto unknown individual, what is it to me what time it was the work of, whether five days or five decades of years? The only question is, How well hast thou done it?

So, however, it stands: the genius of Extempore irresistibly lording it, advancing on us like ocean-tides, like Noah's deluges of ditch-water! The prospect seems one of the lamentablest. To have all Literature swum away from us in watery Extempore, and a spiritual time of Noah supervene? That surely is an awful reflection; worthy of dyspeptic Matthew Bramble in a London fog! Be of comfort, O splenetic Matthew; it is not Literature they are swimming away; it is only Book-publishing and Book-selling. Was there not a Literature before Printing or Faust of Mentz, and yet men wrote extempore? Nay, before Writing or Cadmus of Thebes, and yet men spoke extempore? Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls; this, by the blessing of God, can in no generation be swum away, but remains with us to the end.

Scott's career, of writing impromptu novels to buy farms with, was not of a kind to terminate voluntarily, but to accelerate itself more and more; and one sees not to what wise goal it could, in any case, have led him. Bookseller Constable's bankruptcy was not the ruin of Scott; his ruin was, that ambition, and even false ambition, had laid hold of him; that his way of life was not wise. Whither could it lead? Where could it stop? New farms there remained ever to be bought, while new novels could pay for them. More and more success but gave more and more appetite, more and more audacity. The impromptu writing must have waxed ever thinner; declined faster and faster into the questionable category, into the condemnable, into the generally condemned. Already there existed, in secret, everywhere a considerable opposition party; witnesses of the Waverley miracles, but unable to believe in them, forced silently to protest against them. Such opposition party was in the sure case to grow; and even with the impromptu process ever going on, ever waxing thinner, to draw the world over to it. Silent protest must at length have come to words; harsh truths, backed by harsher facts of a world-popularity overwrought and worn-out, behoved to have been spoken; — such as can be spoken now without reluctance, when they can pain the brave man's heart no more. Who knows? Perhaps it was better ordered to be all otherwise. Otherwise, at any rate, it was. One day the Constable mountain, which seemed to stand strong like the other rock mountains, gave suddenly, as the icebergs do, a loud-sounding crack; suddenly, with huge clangor, shivered itself into ice-dust; and sank, carrying much along with it. In one day Scott's high-heaped money-wages became fairy-money and nonentity; in one day the rich man and lord of land saw himself penniless, landless, a bankrupt among creditors. It was a hard trial. He met it proudly, bravely, — like a brave proud man of the world. Perhaps there had been a prouder way still: to have owned honestly that he was unsuccessful, then, all bankrupt, broken, in the world's goods and repute; and to have turned elsewhither for some refuge. Refuge did lie elsewhere; but it was not Scott's course, or fashion of mind, to seek it there. To say, Hitherto I have been all in the wrong, and this my fame and pride, now broken, was an empty delusion and spell of accursed witchcraft! It was difficult for flesh and blood! He said, I will retrieve myself, and make my point good yet, or die for it. Silently, like a proud strong man, he girt himself to the Hercules' task of removing rubbish-mountains, since that was it; of paying large ransoms by what he could still write and sell. In his declining years, too; misfortune is doubly and trebly unfortunate that

22. Don Carlos, a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Schiller. Mannheim and London, 1837.

befalls us then. Scott fell to his Hercules' task like a very man, and went on with it unweariedly; with a noble cheerfulness, while his life-strings were cracking, he grappled with it, and wrestled with it, years long, in death-grips, strength to strength; — and it proved the stronger; and his life and heart did crack and break: the cordage of a most strong heart! Over these last writings of Scott, his Napoleons, Demonologies, Scotch Histories, and the rest, criticism, finding still much to wonder at, much to commend, will utter no word of blame; this one word only, Woe is me! The noble war-horse that once laughed at the shaking of the spear, how is he doomed to toil himself dead, dragging ignoble wheels! Scott's descent was like that of a spent projectile; rapid, straight down; — perhaps mercifully so. It is a tragedy, as all life is; one proof more that Fortune stands on a restless globe; that Ambition, literary, warlike, politic, pecuniary, never yet profited any man.

Our last extract shall be from Volume Sixth; a very tragical one. Tragical, yet still beautiful; waste Ruin's havoc borrowing a kind of sacredness from a yet sterner visitation, that of Death! Scott has withdrawn into a solitary lodging-house in Edinburgh, to do daily the day's work there; and had to leave his wife at Abbotsford in the last stage of disease. He went away silently; looked silently at the sleeping face he scarcely hoped ever to see again. We quote from a Diary he had begun to keep in those months, on hint from Byron's Ravenna Journal: copious sections of it render this Sixth Volume more interesting than any of the former ones:

'Abbotsford, May 11 (1826). — * * It withers my heart to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly hope again to seek confidence and counsel from that ear, to which all might be safely confided. But in her present lethargic state, what would my attendance have availed? — and Anne has promised close and constant intelligence. I must dine with James Ballantyne today en famille. I cannot help it; but would rather be at home and alone. However, I can go out too. I will not yield to the barren sense of hopelessness which struggles to invade me.'

'Edinburgh, — Mrs. Brown's lodgings, North St. David Street — May 12. I passed a pleasant day with kind J. B., which was a great relief from the black dog, which would have worried me at home. He was quite alone.'

'Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, "When I was at home I was in a better place"; I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Bailie Nicol Jarvie's consolation — "One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with one." Were I at ease in mind, I think the body is very well cared for. Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy, — a clergyman, and, despite his name, said to be a quiet one.'

'May 14. — A fair good-morrow to you, Mr. Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering. — Hogg was here yesterday, in danger, from having obtained an accommodation of 100l. from James Ballantyne, which he is now obliged to repay. I am unable to help the poor fellow, being obliged to borrow myself.'

'May 15. — Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.'

'Abbotsford, May 16. — She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days — easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. "Poor mamma — never return again — gone forever — a better place." Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger — what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel; sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family — all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. — Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.

'I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not, my Charlotte — my thirty-years companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic — but that yellow mask, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had

formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write-down my resolution, which I should rather write-up, if I could.'

May 18. — * * Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no.'

'May 22. — * * Well, I am not apt to shrink from that which is my duty, merely because it is painful; but I wish this funeral-day over. A kind of cloud of stupidity hangs about me, as if all were unreal that men seem to be doing and talking.'

'May 26. — * * Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits; and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by Heaven!'

'Edinburgh, May 30. — Returned to town last night with Charles. This morning resume ordinary habits of rising early, working in the morning, and attending the Court. I finished correcting the proofs for the Quarterly; it is but a flimsy article, but then the circumstances were most untoward. — This has been a melancholy day — most melancholy. I am afraid poor Charles found me weeping. I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is a terrible violence — a sort of throttling sensation — then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead.'[23]

This is beautiful as well as tragical. Other scenes, in that Seventh Volume, must come, which will have no beauty, but be tragical only. It is better that we are to end here.

And so the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A possession from him does remain; widely scattered; yet attainable; not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, When he departed, he took a Man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. Alas, his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it; — ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell.

23. Volume VI, pp. 297-307.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1838

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTES preserves for us the following snippets from Thomas Carlyle's SIR WALTER SCOTT in the London and Westminster Review in this year:

- There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man; also it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.
- Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time.
- To the very last, he [Napoleon] had a kind of idea; that, namely, of *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, — the tools to him that can handle them. [in his essay on Mirabeau of 1837, Carlyle had attributed this tools idiom to a "New England book."]
- Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly co-operative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one!
- The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others.
- Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls.
- It can be said of him, when he departed he took a Man's life with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time.

And in addition it preserves the following from another essay placed in the same journal:

- The eye of the intellect "sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing."

— VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S MEMOIRS

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1839

May 21, Tuesday: Henry Thoreau included a snippet from Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" in his journal:

Self-culture

Who knows how incessant a surveillance a strong man may maintain over himself — how far subject passion and appetite to reason, and lead the life his imagination paints? Well has the poet said— "by manly mind
Not e'en in sleep is will resigned."
By a strong effort, may he not command even his brute body in unconscious moments?

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1840

August 15, Monday: On Princes Street in Edinburgh, Scotland, the foundation stone was laid for a monument to commemorate Sir Walter Scott.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1841

December 7, Tuesday: Henry Thoreau checked out, from Harvard Library, the middle of the three volumes of Thomas Park's HELICONIA: COMPRISING A SELECTION OF ENGLISH POETRY OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE: WRITTEN OR PUBLISHED BETWEEN 1575 AND 1604 (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1815).[24]

THOMAS PARK'S HELICONIA

He also checked out the Reverend Charles Henry Hartshorne, M.A. (1802-1865)'s ANCIENT METRICAL TALES: PRINTED CHIEFLY FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES (London: William Pickering, MDCCCXXIX).[25]

ANCIENT METRICAL TALES

In Cabul, Afghanistan, Mahomed Shereef's fort had to be turned over to the 37th native infantry when Her Majesty's 44th foot regiment, which previously had been garrisoning it, became no longer worthy of trust. The British Envoy was writing again and again to the General about the impossibility of holding out, recommending that the Envoy lose no time in entering into negotiations. His latest letter of this sort, to give it extra weight, was countersigned by Brigadier Shelton, Brigadier Anquetil, and Colonel Chambers. The General, however, was making no response.

24. The middle volume contains 1584's "A Handefull of Pleasant Delites," 1585's "A Mirror of treue Honour and Christian Nobilitie, &c. in the Life, Death, &c. of Frauncis Earle of Bedford," by George Whetstone, 1593's "The Phœnix Nest," 1595's "A Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets," by Barnabe Barnes, Henry Constable's "Spirituall Sonnettes, to the Honour of God and hys Sayntes," 1596's "A Sad and Solemne Funerall of the Right Hon. Sir Frauncis Knowles, Knight," by Tho. Churchyard, and 1599's "The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinall," by Tho. Storer.

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25. This volume copies a "Kyng and the Hermite" fable that had stimulated Sir Walter Scott's imagination in his 1819 romance IVANHOE.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1842

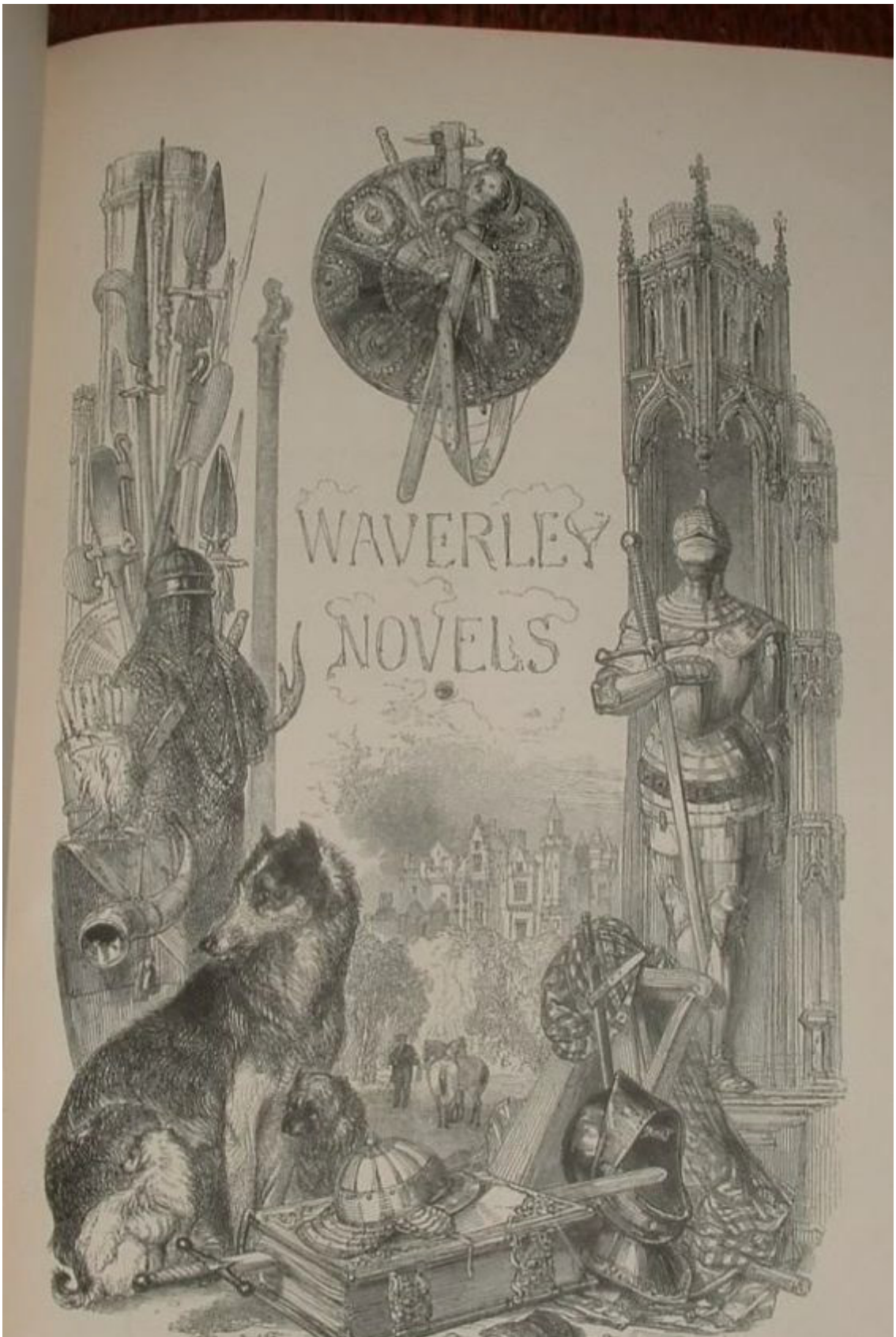
William Dickes engraved illustrations on wood for Captain Frederick Marryat's MASTERMAN READY; OR, THE WRECK OF THE PACIFIC.

HOUSE STRUCK WITH LIGHTNING.

Robert Cadell commissioned him to draw illustrations and to supervise engraving (mostly on wood) for the Abbotsford Edition of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1843

September 28, Monday: Frederick Douglass lectured in Richmond, Indiana.

In a ceremony in Nauvoo, Illinois, Joseph Smith, Jr. and his wife of many years Emma Hale Smith were the recipients of a 2d anointing, in which each was "anointed & ordained to the highest & holiest order of the priesthood."

During the harvest time, before September 29th, although Bronson Alcott had recovered from his dysentery and fainting, he was still exhibiting mental symptoms of excitedness and restlessness. He and Charles Lane had left in the middle of the harvest work on yet another trip of visiting and lecturing and attempting to garner the new recruitments and the renewed funding that was essential if this "pyramid scheme" of a community was not to collapse. They had lectured in Providence, Rhode Island, and in New-York, and in New Haven and Waterbury in Connecticut, stopping off in Alcott's old home town, Spindle Hill. When they came stopped off at Fruitlands, it was only to leave immediately for New Hampshire, and then for Concord, Massachusetts.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

During this period Waldo Emerson recorded a visit in his journal:

> *Alcott came, the magnificent dreamer, brooding as ever on the renewal or reedification of the social fabric after ideal law, heedless that he had been uniformly rejected by every class to whom he has addressed himself and just as sanguine & vast as ever; the most cogent example of the drop too much which nature adds of each man's peculiarity. To himself he seems the only realist, & whilst I & other men wish to deck the dulness of the months with here & there a fine action or hope, he would weave the whole a new texture of truth & beauty. Now he spoke of marriage & the fury that would assail him who should lay his hand on that institution, for reform: and spoke of the secret doctrines of Fourier. I replied, as usual — that, I thought no man could be trusted with it; the formation of new alliances is so delicious to the imagination, that St Paul & St John would be riotous; and that we cannot spare the coarsest muniment of virtue. Very pathetic it is to see this wandering emperor from year to year making his round of visits from house to house of such as do not exclude him, seeking a companion, tired of pupils.*

At about this period Anne Page, Abba Alcott's servant, was caught eating fish at a neighbor's table, and then a chunk of cheese was discovered inside her trunk. For thus exploiting the lives of animals, she was terminated by the Consociate Family of Fruitlands.

THE ALCOTT FAMILY

In his journal, Henry Thoreau mentioned "Thomas the Rhymer" out of THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, by Conner & Cooke in New-York in 1833.

Thursday, September 28.

We have never conceived how many natural phenomena would be revealed to a simpler and more natural life. Rain, wind, sunshine, day and night, would be very different to experience if we were always true.

We cannot deceive the ground under our feet. We never try. But we do not treat each other with the same sincerity. How much more wretched would the life of man be if there was the same formality and reserve between him and his intercourse with Nature that there is in human society!

It is a strange world we live in, with this incessant dream of friendship and love; where is any? Genius cannot do without these; it pines and withers. I believe that the office of music is to remind us continually of the reality and necessity of the fine elements of love and friendship. One mood always forgets another, and till we have loved we have not imagined the heights of love. Love is an incessant inspiration. By the dews of love the arid desert of life is made as fragrant and blooming as a paradise.

The world waits yet to see man act greatly and divinely upon man. What are social influences as yet? The poor human flower would hold up its drooping head at once, if this sun should shine on it. That is the dyspepsia with which all men ail.

In purer, more intellectual moods we translate our gross experiences into fine moralities. Sometimes we would fain see events as merely material, — wooden, rigid, dead; but again we are reminded that we actually inform them with better life, by which they live; that they are the slaves and creatures of our conduct. When dull and

sensual, I believe they are corn-stalks good for cattle, — neither more nor less. The laws of Nature are science; but, in an enlightened moment, they are morality and modes of divine life. In a medium intellectual state they are aesthetics. What makes us think that time has lapsed is that we have relapsed.

Strictly speaking, there can be no criticism of poetry other than a separating of that which is poetry from that which is not, — a detecting of falsehood. From the remotest antiquity we detect in the Literature of all nations, here and there, words of a loftier tone and purport than are required to transact the daily business of life. As Scott says, they float down the sea of time like the fragments of a parted wreck, — sounds which echo up among the stars rather than through the valleys of earth; and yet are heard plainly enough, to remind men of other spheres of life and activity. Perhaps I may say that I have never had a deeper and more memorable experience of life in its great serenity, than when listening to the trill of a tree sparrow among the huckleberry bushes after a shower. It is a communication to which a man must attend in solitude and silence, and may never be able to tell to his brother.

The least sensual life is that experienced through pure senses. We sometimes hear, and the dignity of that sense is asserted.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1844

William Henry Fox Talbot photographed Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott.

Fall: William Thomas Green Morton entered Harvard Medical School, where at the chemistry lectures of Dr. Charles T. Jackson he would learn of the anesthetic properties of sulfuric ether (the med student would leave without graduating).

Dr. Joseph Leidy opened an office as a general practitioner at No. 211 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. He would never make a satisfactory doctor; for instance, he might be so preoccupied in the dissection of a worm as to forget that a patient was waiting. A fellow doctor would angrily assert that under an impression that treatment would be pointless, Dr. Leidy had allowed a youth to expire whose life might well have been saved.

As the Thoreaus built their "Texas" House on Texas Street (now Belknap Street), it was Henry Thoreau who dug the cellar hole. This was to be the family home and boardinghouse "to August 29th, 1850" (this structure would be damaged beyond repair by fire and the devastating hurricane of 1938).

"Is a house but a gall on the face of the earth,
a nidus which some insect has provided for its young?"
–JOURNAL May 1, 1857

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

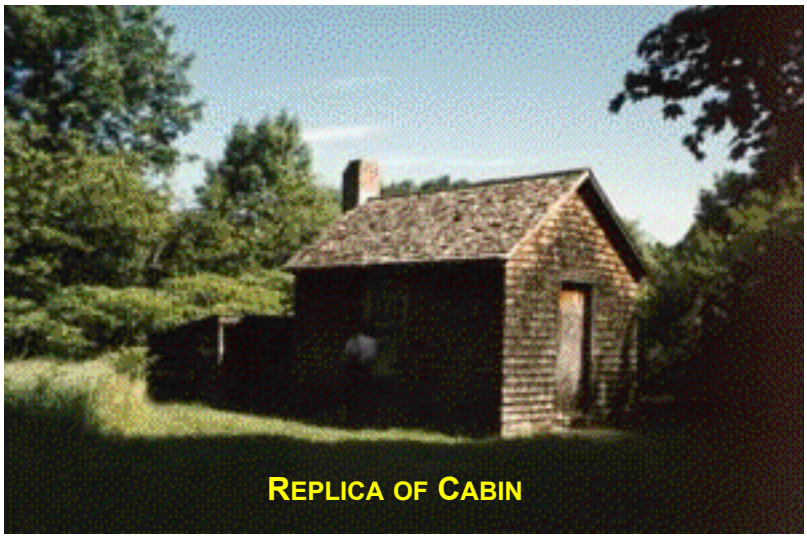
This structure, and the shanty Thoreau would build on Walden Pond in the spring, summer, and fall of 1845: were they traditionally framed or were they "balloon" framed[26]?

Americans' technologies of building in the first decades of the 19th Century had evolved gradually from those of their 17th- and 18th-Century ancestors and for the most part would have been recognizable to earlier generations of housewrights. But a radically new way of putting buildings together appeared in the early 1830s, probably first developed by carpenters struggling to keep pace with the rapid growth of the settlement of Chicago on the tree-poor Illinois prairie. "Balloon framing" replaced the massive timber frame with a structural skin of numerous light, weight-bearing members, later standardized as two-by-fours, which were simply nailed together, not intricately joined. Carpenters could put up a balloon frame more quickly and could use much smaller-dimensioned lumber. Balloon framing was adopted first by builders in fast-growing Western cities and commercial towns, for whom speed and economizing on materials were highly important. It was slower to arrive in older, Eastern cities and took even longer to arrive in the countryside, where it did not really begin to replace the old ways until after 1860. Eventually rapid construction with lighter lumber triumphed almost everywhere; traditional timber framing and log construction had almost disappeared by the end of the nineteenth century.

26. The house was damaged beyond repair by fire and hurricane in the 1930s.

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



REPLICA OF CABIN

THOREAU RESIDENCES

On Princes Street in Edinburgh, Scotland, the Scott Monument stood complete in all its magnificence.

The enormously expensive monument includes 64 statues mostly of characters from Sir Walter Scott's novels, but with some figures from Scottish history. One of the statues on the upper tier of the northeast buttress, next to Robert the Bruce, purports to represent Robert Paterson, called "Old Mortality."

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

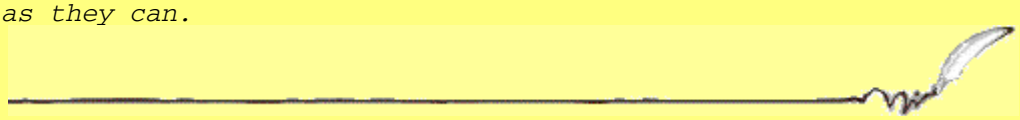
THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1847

March-April: Waldo Emerson, in his journal, determined that successful life amounted to the predation of other human beings — and expressed contempt for any of us who fail to be adequate as predators:

> *I feel ... that those who succeed in life, in civilized society, are beasts of prey.... I hate vulnerable people.... Novels, Poetry, Mythology must be well allowed for an imaginative being. You do us great wrong, Henry T., in railing at the novel reading. The novel is that allowance & frolic their imagination gets. Everything else pins it down. And I see traces of Byron & D'Israeli & Walter Scott & George Sand in the deportment of these stately young clerks in the streets & hotels. Their education is neglected but the ballroom & the circulating library, the fishing excursion & Trenton Falls make such amends as they can.*



WALTER SCOTT
BENJAMIN DISRAELI

(As someone once said, this is a very German attitude.)

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1869

It having been discovered that Robert Paterson had been buried in Caerlaverock Churchyard near Dumfries, Scotland, Sir Walter Scott's publishers paid for a stone to be erected: "Erected to the memory of Robert Paterson, the Old Mortality of Sir Walter Scott, who was buried here, February 1801."

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1870

The Reverend George Gilfillan's LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET (Oliphant).

SCOTLAND

"MAGISTERIAL HISTORY" IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: SIR WALTER SCOTT

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

"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: April 2, 2015

HDT WHAT? INDEX

THE PEOPLE OF WALDEN: **SIR WALTER SCOTT**

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: SIR WALTER SCOTT

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.