

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



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

ON HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP, AND THE HEROIC IN HISTORY
by Thomas Carlyle:

- I. The Hero as Divinity. Odin. Paganism:
Scandinavian Mythology.
- II. The Hero as Prophet. Mahomet: Islam.
- III. The Hero as Poet. Dante; Shakspeare.
- IV. The Hero as Priest. Luther; Reformation: Knox; Puritanism.
- V. The Hero as Man of Letters. Johnson,
Rousseau, Burns.
- VI. The Hero as King. Cromwell, Napoleon: Modern Revolutionism.

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

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



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A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS :

My books I'd fain cast off, I cannot read,
'Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large
Down in the meadow, where is richer feed,
And will not mind to hit their proper targe.

Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,
Our Shakespeare's life were rich to live again,
What Plutarch read, that was not good nor true,
Nor Shakespeare's books, unless his books were men.

Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough,
What care I for the Greeks or for Troy town,
If juster battles are enacted now
Between the ants upon this hummock's crown?

Bid Homer wait till I the issue learn,
If red or black the gods will favor most,
Or yonder Ajax will the phalanx turn,
Struggling to heave some rock against the host.

Tell Shakespeare to attend some leisure hour,
For now I've business with this drop of dew,
And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower, —
I'll meet him shortly when the sky is blue.

This bed of herd's grass and wild oats was spread
Last year with nicer skill than monarchs use.
A clover tuft is pillow for my head,
And violets quite overtop my shoes.

And now the cordial clouds have shut all in,
And gently swells the wind to say all's well;
The scattered drops are falling fast and thin,
Some in the pool, some in the flower-bell.

I am well drenched upon my bed of oats;
But see that globe come rolling down its stem,
Now like a lonely planet there it floats,
And now it sinks into my garment's hem.

Drip, drip the trees for all the country round,
And richness rare distills from every bough;
The wind alone it is makes every sound,
Shaking down crystals on the leaves below.

For shame the sun will never show himself,
Who could not with his beams e'er melt me so;
My dripping locks — they would become an elf,
Who in a beaded coat does gayly go.

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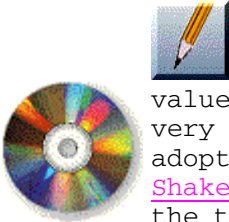
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"The real facts of a poet's life would be of more value to us than any work of his art. I mean that the very scheme and form of his poetry (so called) is adopted at a sacrifice of vital truth and poetry. Shakespeare has left us his fancies and imaginings, but the truth of his life, with its becoming circumstances, we know nothing about. The writer is reported, the liver not at all. Shakespeare's house! how hollow it is! No man can conceive of Shakespeare in that house. But we want the basis of fact, of an actual life, to complete our Shakespeare, as much as a statue wants its pedestal. A poet's life with this broad actual basis would be as superior to Shakespeare's as a lichen, with its base or thallus, is superior in the order of being to a fungus."



—Thoreau's JOURNAL, October 27, 1857

In reality we have merely about five salient factoids about Shakespeare's life. The remainder of what we suppose we know amounts to sheer inference and hypothesis. "It is a great comfort," Charles Dickens wrote in 1847, "that so little is known concerning the poet. The life of Shakespeare is a fine mystery and I tremble every day lest something should turn up." This Elizabethan playwright could have been as walleyed as J-P Sartre – and we just don't know. Thus it comes about that the recent effort to richly imagine his life by the Shakespeare scholar Stephen Greenblatt, entitled *WILL IN THE WORLD*, is being mocked by an Oxford don, Richard Jenkins:

Some people have birthmarks, and so Shakespeare may have had one.
If he had a birthmark (and this cannot be proved), it would have added to his self-consciousness when he came to London.
In romances, the lost princess is often identified by a birthmark, but Perdita, the lost princess in *The Winter's Tale*, is identified by some tokens; and this at once becomes explicable if Shakespeare was sensitive about his birthmark.



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1057 CE

August 15, Friday: Macbeth, King of Scotland, was slain by the son of King Duncan. Hector Boece's (Boethius's) *SCOTORUM HISTORIAE*¹ inaccurate history of Scotland would be recycled in Holinshed's CHRONICLE, which would be the source from which [William Shakespeare](#) would derive his misinformation as to this king.

1. Chambers, R.W., E.C. Batho and H.W. Husbands, eds. THE CHRONICLES OF SCOTLAND. COMPILED BY HECTOR BOECE AND TRANSLATED INTO SCOTS BY [JOHN BELLENDEN](#). Edinburgh and London: STS, 2 volumes, 1936-1937



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1072 CE

This is the manner in which the [Dunbars](#) of [Scotland](#) are descended from a Celt who was hereditary lay abbot of Dunkeld, a personage known as Crinan the Thane, Senechal of the Isles, who was said to be “of the kin of Columba” and probably was a grandson of Duncan, the lay-abbot who had been killed in 965. He had been born in 975 and had married the princess Beatrice, daughter and heiress of King Malcolm II. Duncan, the son of Crinan and Beatrice, would ascend to the throne of Scotland and would then, as per [William Shakespeare](#) (who got some of the details wrong in his play *Macbeth*, but never mind), be murdered by Macbeth. In 1057



his son Malcolm Canmore or Malcolm the 3rd would join with his grandfather Crinan the Thane (who at this point had reached age 82) in an attack on the forces of Macbeth in Aberdeenshire, and the result would be the Battle of Lumphannan in which both Macbeth and Crinan fell. In England, prior to the arrival of William the Conqueror from France, there had been a grandson of Crinan, named Gospatric. This Gospatric was Seneschal of the Isles and nephew to King Duncan I, and after his father’s death had become the Earl of Northumberland. When William the Conqueror (otherwise known as William the Bastard, here pictured on a 20th-Century

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cigarette card) stripped the title Earl of Northumberland from Earl Gospatric in this year, he fled to Scotland



in return for Malcolm III's grant to him of the lands and earldom of Dunbar on the southern shoulder of the Firth of Forth where it becomes the North Sea. It was in this manner that he became Earl of Dunbar and the founder of [Clan Dunbar](#) of Scotland. The Dunbars of [Scotland](#) who had existed prior to this point in time don't count (any more than those Picts who originally in the 9th Century had built that wood-and-wattle fort atop the cliff at Dunbar) — because they had been other Scots people who had lost influence, who were no relation at all to this Earl Gospatric the inheritor, grandson of Crinan, were merely the usurped, had become, so to speak,



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“history.”



[Henry Thoreau](#), whose mother was a Dunbar, would refer to the [William Shakespeare](#) play based in part on this history, *Macbeth*, in his [WALDEN](#), when he used the descriptor “Wise midnight hags!” in regard to the screech owls in the trees around Walden Pond:

DUNBAR FAMILY



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1135 CE

From this year until 1147 CE, in Wales, Geoffrey of Monmouth would be creating more or less out of whole cloth the Latin manuscript *HISTORIA REGUM BRITANNIAE* (THE HISTORY OF THE KINGS OF BRITAIN). Having been of course a Brit, King Arthur wasn't a mere imaginary mob *capo* but instead had been more important



than the real King Charles the Great of France –*Charlemagne*– and his guy Merlin rather than figuring as a slightly batty imaginary poet had been this influential *consigliere* war counselor. Geoffrey brought into being also bit players named Uther Pendragon, Gawain, Mordred, and Kay.

Geoffrey cited a 10th-Century British monarch known as Leir or Leyr or Llyr, who having no male issue determined to divide his kingdom among three daughters. In choosing which one would receive the better part, this monarch supposedly asked them which one loved him the most. The youngest, who spoke last, was reported as failing to be sufficiently unabashed in her flattery — and as consequently finding herself disinherited.

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1417

December 14 or 15: Sir John Oldcastle, a boyhood friend of Henry V, of a prominent Welsh border family, the prototype for [William Shakespeare](#)'s Falstaff, on the 1st of his committals to the [Tower of London](#), in 1413, had escaped from Beauchamp Tower. At this point he had been recaptured, charged with the same Lollard heresy and treasonable offences as before, and sentenced as before. Lady Joan Cobham, the wife of Lord Cobham-Oldcastle, had also been confined in the Tower. Taken from the Tower to St. Giles Field, Sir John was strung up by a chain about the waist, a fire was kindled beneath him, and he was burned to death, that being considered to be the suitable fate for a Lollard.² After her husband's death the wife would be released.

LONDON

2. Sir John Oldcastle had been excommunicated by the Catholic church and then clapped into the [Tower](#) for heresy. There were rival popes in Rome and Avignon. The Lollards condemned many practices of the Church. John Wycliffe had declared that the Bible, not the Church, was the true guide to faith, and had made the Bible accessible not merely to the clergy who were educated in Latin but also to those who could read English. The lay establishment of King Henry IV and the clerical establishment of Archbishop Arundel of Canterbury were therefore cooperating in the burning of Lollards at the stake. After escaping from the Tower, Sir John Oldcastle was suspected of being involved in the organization of a new rebellion by the Lollards. After years in hiding, he was eventually betrayed and captured, and his followers were dispersed.



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1485

August 22, Monday (Old Style): There had been another rebellion against the deformed monarch [Richard III](#). On Bosworth Field in Leicestershire, England in what we now consider to have been the last medieval sort of battle engagement, [Henry Tudor of the House of Lancaster](#) defeated, with a smaller army, the forces of the House of York, by killing Richard on the field when on his white horse Richard attempted to lead a cavalry charge that would dispose once and for all of the main personage of his opposition. He had arrived within swords-length of Henry Tudor when his horse got onto a piece of marshy ground and he was surrounded, and then he was dispatched by a blow to the head with a halberd wielded by a Welshman. The blow took away the back portion of his skull. The royal corpse would be stripped of its armor, repeatedly desecrated, thrown over a horse with an arrow in the back and a dagger handle protruding up from between the ass cheeks, and then dumped without casket into a grave at Greyfriars in Leicester — a grave so short that even with the corpse's feet hacked off, its chin was forced onto its chest with what remained of the skull wedged against the dirt.

Since the first blow with the halberd had carried away the back portion of the skull, it would appear that the other head wounds would have been superfluous or symbolic, and if they were symbolic, what they would have symbolized was that this was not the head that should have been wearing England's crown. However, since there never was any issue as to Richard's [Plantagenet](#) lineage or entitlement, it could be suspected that the reason why this was not the head that should have been wearing England's crown was merely that this was the head atop a deformed spine. "Only the upright shall rise above us."

The arrow positioned in the back of the corpse was distinctly symbolic. Normally a wound in the back would indicate that one had been killed while attempting to flee, which would be taken as an indication of contemptible cowardice. "Return with your shield or upon it," the Spartan mother instructed.

Anal penetration of the corpse by dagger would also have been distinctly symbolic.³ The corpse would be depicted as performing the role of the willing passive partner (the "female" if you will) in an act of copulation, or as performing the role of the powerless victim of an act of homosexual rape. The message to be read in this final desecration of the corpse, clearly, was "Here was a man of contemptible weakness." We were righteous because we were able to kill him and he unrighteous because he was unable to prevent us from killing him, QED. Now that he is dead we can proceed to tell lies about him. (The lies that we will have our poets and historians and playwrights tell will portray him, of course, as the culprit rather than as our victim in order to portray us, of course, as defenders of the realm rather than as regicides.)

3. In the case of [Colonel Muammar Gaddafi](#), we can see on the cellphone video that he was still being held standing as one of his captors rammed a bayonet or military knife up through his pants in the rear.

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This nastiness ended the War of the Roses by destroying the dynasty (the sole surviving male Plantagenet would be executed in 1499 by the winner, [Henry Tudor, as King Henry VII](#)) and kick-starting the following dynasty — which as we all understand would be Tudor and vastly less nasty.



Per [William Shakespeare](#)'s RICHARD III:

CATESBY: Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

RICHARD: A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

CATESBY: Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK



[Henry Thoreau](#) would reference the soliloquy with which [Shakespeare](#) began *RICHARD III*, “Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious summer by this sun of York,” in *WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS* and elsewhere in his writings:

WALDEN: Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. The ice in the pond was not yet dissolved, though there were some open spaces, and it was all dark colored and saturated with water. There were some slight flurries of snow during the days that I worked there; but for the most part when I came out on to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere, and the rails shone in the spring sun, and I heard the lark and pewee and other birds already come to commence another year with us. They were pleasant spring days, in which the winter of man’s discontent was thawing as well as the earth, and the life that had lain torpid began to stretch itself.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

KING RICHARD III
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

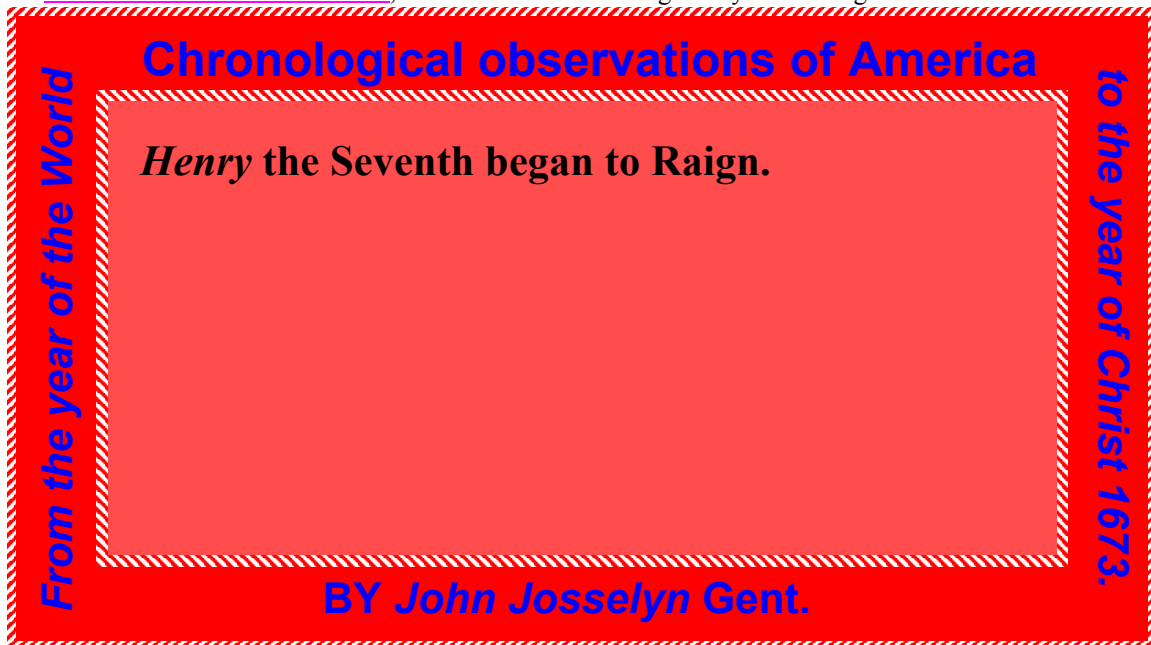


PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

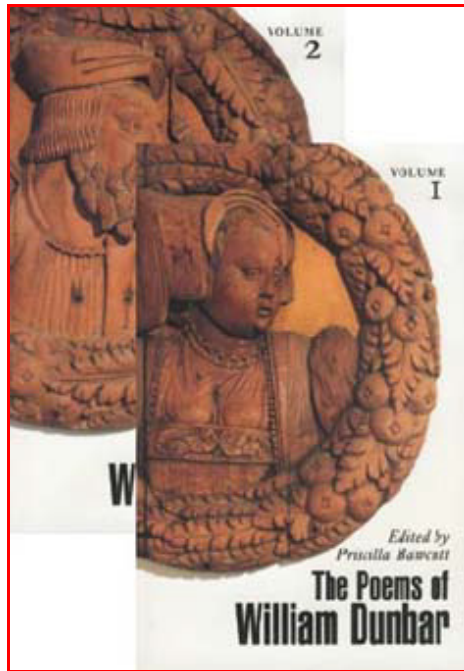
PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

John Byron, who would be the ancestor of [George Gordon, Lord Byron](#), served in the victorious army of [Henry Tudor of the House of Lancaster](#), who would become King Henry VII of England and Wales:



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[Scotland](#)'s 1st printing [press](#) was set up in Edinburgh by Andrew Myllar and Walter Chapman. Their 1st publication would consist of poetry by Henryson and [William Dunbar](#), and they would maintain a monopoly on printing in Scotland until 1536, when Thomas Davidson would print the Scots translation by the poet [John Bellenden](#) of the *SCOTORUM HISTORIAE* of "Boethius" (Hector Boece). Boethius's inaccurate history of Scotland would be recycled in Holinshed's "Chronicle," which would become [William Shakespeare's](#) source for the story of King Macbeth (*circa* 1005-1057).





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1536

THE COMPLAYNT AND PUBLICT CONFESSION OF THE KINGIS AULD HOUND CALLIT BAGSCHE, by David Lyndsay.

Thomas Davidson broke a monopoly on printing in [Scotland](#) by publishing a Scots translation by the poet [John Bellenden](#) (floruit 1533) of the *SCOTORUM HISTORIAE* of “Boethius” (Hector Boece).⁴



Bellenden may have been educated at the universities of St. Andrews in Scotland, and Paris. He was a priest with royal patronage, and also translated Livy's HISTORY OF ROME.⁵ Sir David Lyndsay would describe Bellenden as a poet “quhose ornat workis my wit can nocht defyne.” Boethius's inaccurate history of Scotland would be recycled in Holinshed's CHRONICLE, which would be the source from which [William Shakespeare](#) would derive his misinformation as to King Macbeth (circa 1005-1057).

Macbeth (Shakespeare) – The story is taken from Holinshed, who copied it from the HISTORY OF SCOTLAND by Hector Boece or Boyce, in seventeen volumes (1527). The history, written in Latin, was translated by [John Bellenden](#) (1531-1535).

History states that Macbeth slew Duncan at Bothgowan, near Elgin, in 1039, and not as Shakespeare says, at his castle of Inverness: the attack was made because Duncan had usurped the throne, to which Macbeth had the better claim. As a king Macbeth proved a very just and equitable prince, but the partisans of Malcolm got head, and succeeded in deposing Macbeth, who was slain in 1056, at Lumphanan. He was thane of Cromarty [Glamis], and afterwards of Moray [Cawdor].

–Lardner's CABINET CYCLOPOEDIA

Lady Macbeth (Shakespeare) – The wife of Macbeth. Ambition is her sin, and to gain the object of her ambition she hesitates at nothing. Her masterful mind sways the weaker Macbeth to “the mood of what she liked or loathed.” She is a Mede'a, or Catherine de' Medici, or Cæsar Borgia in female form.

The real name of Lady Macbeth was Graoch, and instead

4. Chambers, R.W., E.C. Batho and H.W. Husbands, eds. THE CHRONICLES OF SCOTLAND. COMPILED BY HECTOR BOECE AND TRANSLATED INTO SCOTS BY [JOHN BELLENDEN](#). Edinburgh and London: STS, 2 volumes, 1936-1937

5. Craigie, W.A., ed. LIVY'S HISTORY OF ROME TRANSLATED INTO SCOTS BY [JOHN BELLENDEN](#). Edinburgh and London: STS, 2 volumes, 1901-1902



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

of being urged to the murder of Duncan through ambition, she was goaded by deadly injuries. She was, in fact, the granddaughter of Kenneth IV., killed in 1003, fighting against Malcolm II.

-Lardner's CABINET CYCLOPOEDIA



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1560

With the accession in 1533 of a [Roman Catholic](#) queen, “Bloody” Mary, religious reformers had fled from England to [Geneva](#) and local progress in well-done English translations of the BIBLE had halted. However, in Geneva these religious refugees had continued their work and by this point they had prepared a so-called “GENEVA BIBLE.”



The illustrations surrounding the text block above include fanciful coats of arms for the tribes of ancient Israel. The principal translators were William Whittingham, Anthony Gilbey, and Thomas Sampson. The Geneva BIBLE was produced by Miles Coverdale, William Whittingham, John Knox, and others in Geneva after Mary became queen. This was not only the 1st English BIBLE to be printed in roman type but also the 1st to divide off the chapters into verses. It would be the one studied by [William Shakespeare](#), by [John Bunyan](#), and by many of the participants in the English Civil War. By 1640, 140 editions would have been issued.

HISTORY OF
THE BIBLE

On the 1st page of the Book of Exodus—although it’s not very visible in this tiny illustration— it should be noted that rather than using a large hand-painted initial, printers had at this point begun typesetting the initial letter. Note also that use of printed explanatory marginal glosses had begun:



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1564

[Conrad Gesner](#), the 1st chap to draw a picture of a [pencil](#), was in this year granted a title of nobility, and became Conrad von Gesner.⁶



[Graphite](#) came to be used as a marker, when the purest deposit ever found was revealed near Borrowdale, in Cumberland in the Lake District of north-western England, when an oak fell during a storm. Shepherds found the rough chunks useful to mark their flocks, but the material was messy to handle. That problem would be addressed by cutting the material into small square-cornered sticks and wrapping them in string to make them easier to hold, and then people would begin to glue the graphite sticks into grooves cut in small wands of wood. The material would be referred to as “plumbago” (imitation lead). The first handmade [pencils](#), in the form that we know today are the “*Crayons d’Angleterre*,” would be made from Borrowdale graphite.



6. Shades of Escher! —One may suppose that Von Gesner may have used a pencil at least to create the 1st draft of this woodcut (which has above been enhanced somewhat, for purposes of clarity).



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Among the users of the pencil would be a chap name of [William Shakespeare](#) who would be known on occasion to scribble quickly in order to pay the rent. In this year, we suspect, he was born. For some time he wouldn't look very much like this, if he ever looked like this at all (the representation is fanciful, and based upon approximately nothing):



We have about five hard facts about Shakespeare's life, such as that he rented his [London](#) room from a [Huguenot](#) — which means that there are only about a couple of facts left after this. But who's counting?

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1565

Antwerp doctor Samuel Quicchelberg published a description of the curiosity cabinet of Hans Jacob Fugger, which included items from the animal, vegetable, and mineral world.

THE SCIENCE OF 1565

In *DE OMNI RERUM FOSSILIIUM GENERE, GEMMIS, LAPIDIBUS, METALLIS, ET HUIUSMODI...* (TREATISE ON FOSSIL OBJECTS), [Conrad von Gesner](#) of [Zürich](#) provided us with the earliest surviving description of a [pencil](#), accompanied with a woodcut prepared by himself, depicting a wooden tube holding a piece of [graphite](#).



Since the object derived its name from Middle English and Middle French words meaning “brush,” it was presumably of a round cross-section. Some scholars believe [William Shakespeare](#) did considerable play drafting with a “Gesner pencil” — although of course not while he was “Shakespeare in Love” on camera stage center with a considerably more photogenic inky quill.

[PALEONTOLOGY](#)

Sweden began its own [papermaking](#), at Norrström.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1590

In Sir Philip Sidney's *ARCADIA*, King Gloucester was tricked by a bastard son to turn out his faithful legitimate son.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1591

[Robert Greene](#)'s A NOTEABLE DISCOVERY OF COOSNAGE.

DISCOVERY OF COOSNAGE

Also, his GREENE'S FAREWELL TO FOLLY / SENT TO COURTIERES AND SCHOLARS AS A PRECEDENT TO WARN THEM FROM THE VAIN DELIGHTS THAT DRAWS YOUTH ON TO REPENTANCE / SERO SED SERIO / ROBERT GREENE VTRIUSQUE ACADEMIAE IN ARTIBUS MAGISTER (Imprinted at London By Thomas Scarlet for T. Gubbin and T. Newman).

FAREWELL TO FOLLY

The English Parliament ordered [London](#) theaters closed on Thursdays. The reason was that they were distracting the public from "the game of bear-baiting and like pastimes which are maintained for her Majesty's pleasure." (The British only banned animal baiting in 1835 and cock-fighting in 1849. Even then, the chief opposition was on religious rather than humanitarian grounds, as the slaughtered animals were eaten afterwards.) Professional fencers and wrestlers were particularly hard hit by such bans, as they greatly reduced their access to paying audiences.





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

[William Shakespeare](#) created one of his initial historical plays, [RICHARD III](#), rendering onstage the conflict of August 22, 1485 on Bosworth Field in Leicestershire that had pitted the red roses against the white ones, brought the [Plantagenets](#) to their terminus, and begun the regime of the Tudors. He buys 100% the standard line, that Richard's subjects had attacked and killed him and desecrated his corpse because he was immensely evil and unhappy rather than because they perceived such a spinal deformity to indicate weakness and vulnerability:

CATESBY: Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

RICHARD: A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

CATESBY: Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

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[WATCH THE TRAILER!](#)



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1598

[Richard Barnfield](#)'s poems THE ENCOMION OF LADY PECUNIA (in praise of money) and THE COMPLAINT OF POETRY FOR THE DEATH OF LIBERALITY. This 2d volume contained as an appendix POEMS IN DIVERSE HUMOURS in which one of the poems mentioned [William Shakespeare](#), "A Remembrance of some English Poets" (this seems to be the 1st occasion on record in which Shakespeare was regarded as a major figure).

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT



Publication of *Love's Labour's Lost*, one of [William Shakespeare](#)'s earlier plays, probably written in 1594/1595.

This production would be classified as a comedy in the First Folio although it does not like his other comedies end with a marriage, since it offers witty exchanges between the characters and does not have a sad ending.

[Henry Thoreau](#) would make reference to it in WALDEN by deploying the phrase "tu-whit tu-who" when describing the vocalizations of the owls at Walden Pond:

HDT

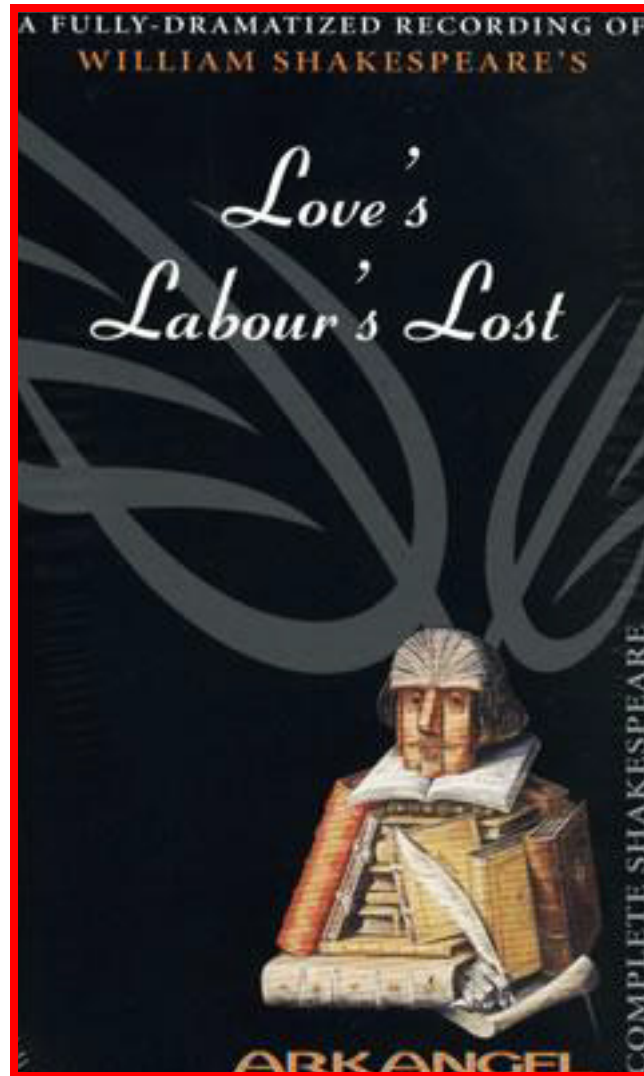
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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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WALDEN: Sometimes, on Sundays, I heard the bells, the Lincoln, Acton, Bedford, or Concord bell, when the wind was favorable, a faint, sweet, and, as it were, natural melody, worth importing into the wilderness. At a sufficient distance over the woods this sound acquires a certain vibratory hum, as if the pine needles in the horizon were the strings of a harp which it swept. All sound heard at the greatest possible distance produces one and the same effect, vibration of the universal lyre, just as the intervening atmosphere makes a distant ridge of earth interesting to our eyes by the azure tint it imparts to it. There came to me in this case a melody which the air had strained, and which had conversed with every leaf and needle of the wood, that portion of the sound which the elements had taken up and modulated and echoed from vale to vale. The echo is, to some extent, an original sound, and therein is the magic and charm of it. It is not merely a repetition of what was worth repeating in the bell, but partly the voice of the wood; the same trivial words and notes sung by a wood-nymph.

At evening, the distant lowing of some cow in the horizon beyond the woods sounded sweet and melodious, and at first I would mistake it for the voices of certain minstrels by whom I was sometimes serenaded, who might be straying over hill and dale; but soon I was not unpleasantly disappointed when it was prolonged into the cheap and natural music of the cow. I do not mean to be satirical, but to express my appreciation of those youths' singing, when I state that I perceived clearly that it was akin to the music of the cow, and they were at length one articulation of Nature.

Regularly at half past seven, in one part of the summer, after the evening train had gone by, the whippoorwills chanted their vespers for half an hour, sitting on a stump by my door, or upon the ridge pole of the house. They would begin to sing almost with as much precision as a clock, within five minutes of a particular time, referred to the setting of the sun, every evening. I had a rare opportunity to become acquainted with their habits. Sometimes I heard four or five at once in different parts of the wood, by accident one a bar behind another, and so near me that I distinguished not only the cluck after each note, but often that singular buzzing sound like a fly in a spider's web, only proportionally louder. Sometimes one would circle round and round me in the woods a few feet distant as if tethered by a string, when probably it was near its eggs. They sang at intervals throughout the night, and were again as musical as ever just before and about dawn.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

BEN JONSON

EURIPIDES

AEOLIAN HARP

WHIPPOORWILL



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

When other birds are still the screech owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient *u-lu-lu*. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt *tu-whit tu-who* of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the wood-side, reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, no expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in their scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then -that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n! echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and -bor-r-r-r-n! comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

I was also serenaded by a hooting owl. Near at hand you could fancy it the most melancholy sound in Nature, as if she meant by this to stereotype and make permanent in her choir the dying moans of a human being, -some poor weak relic of mortality who has left hope behind, and howls like an animal, yet with human sobs, on entering the dark valley, made more awful by a certain gurgling melodiousness, - I find myself beginning with the letters *gl* and I try to imitate it, -expressive of a mind which has reached the gelatinous mildewy stage in the mortification of all healthy and courageous thought. It reminded me of ghouls and idiots and insane howlings. But now one answers from far woods in a strain made really melodious by distance, -*Hoo hoo hoo, hoorer hoo*; and indeed for the most part it suggested only pleasing associations, whether heard by day or night, summer or winter.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

EURIPIDES
SHAKESPEARE
BEN JONSON
COLERIDGE



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

I rejoice that there are owls. Let them do the idiotic and maniacal hooting for men. It is a sound admirably suited to swamps and twilight woods which no day illustrates, suggesting a vast and undeveloped nature which men have not recognized. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have. All day the sun has shone on the surface of some savage swamp, where the double spruce stands hung with usnea lichens, and small hawks circulate above, and the chickadee lisps amid the evergreens, and the partridge and rabbit skulk beneath; but now a more dismal and fitting day dawns, and a different race of creatures awakes to express the meaning of Nature there.

Late in the evening I heard the distant rumbling of wagons over bridges, - a sound heard farther than almost any other at night, - the baying of dogs, and sometimes again the lowing of some disconsolate cow in a distant barn-yard. In the mean while all the shore rang with the trump of bullfrogs, the sturdy spirits of ancient wine-bibbers and wassailers, still unrepentant, trying to sing a catch in their Stygian lake, - if the Walden nymphs will pardon the comparison, for though there are almost no weeds, there are frogs there, - who would fain keep up the hilarious rules of their old festal tables, though their voices have waxed hoarse and solemnly grave, mocking at mirth, and the wine has lost its flavor, and become only liquor to distend their paunches, and sweet intoxication never comes to drown the memory of the past, but mere saturation and waterloggedness and distention. The most aldermanic, with his chin upon a heart-leaf, which serves for a napkin to his drooling chaps, under this northern shore quaffs a deep draught of the once scorned water, and passes round the cup with the ejaculation *tr-r-r-oonk, tr-r-r-oonk, tr-r-r-oonk!* and straightway comes over the water from some distant cove the same password repeated, where the next in seniority and girth has gulped down to his mark; and when this observance has made the circuit of the shores, then ejaculates the master of ceremonies, with satisfaction, *tr-r-r-oonk!* and each in his turn repeats the same down to the least distended, leakiest, and flabbiest paunched, that there be no mistake; and then the bowl goes round again and again, until the sun disperses the morning mist, and only the patriarch is not under the pond, but vainly bellowing *troonk* from time to time, and pausing for a reply.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

September 22, Friday (Old Style): The 2d play by [Ben Jonson](#) of which we presently have knowledge, *Every Man in His Humour*, had been performed by the Lord Chamberlain's Men at the Globe Theatre, with [William Shakespeare](#) in the cast. The author had become something of a celebrity. On this day he and a fellow actor, Gabriel Spencer, fought a duel to the death in the Fields at Shoreditch and, despite the fact that Spencer's blade was ten inches longer, Jonson won. He would stand trial at Old Bailey for murder and would escape the death penalty only by benefit of clergy (which means, he was spared as one knowing how to read and write, an ancient privilege in Britain). During his imprisonment he would convert to Roman Catholicism. Eventually released from prison forfeit of all possessions, his thumb would be branded to mark him as a felon.





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1599

[Richard Barnfield](#)'s THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM appeared, featuring the words "By W. Shakespeare" on the title-page. The volume contained 20 poems but only 5 had actually been authored by [William Shakespeare](#), the bulk of the book being Barnfield's own.



WE ARE CONFIDENT WE HAVE NO IDEA WHATEVER
WHAT WILL SHAKESPEARE MIGHT HAVE LOOKED LIKE.

The Globe Theatre was built outside [London](#), and the first play produced there was *Julius Caesar*, by a playwright who was named (or was presenting himself as) [Shakespeare](#). The reception of [Ben Jonson](#)'s *Every Man Out of His Humour* was not, however, as good as had been expected.



WE ARE CONFIDENT WE DO KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT BEN JONSON LOOKED LIKE.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



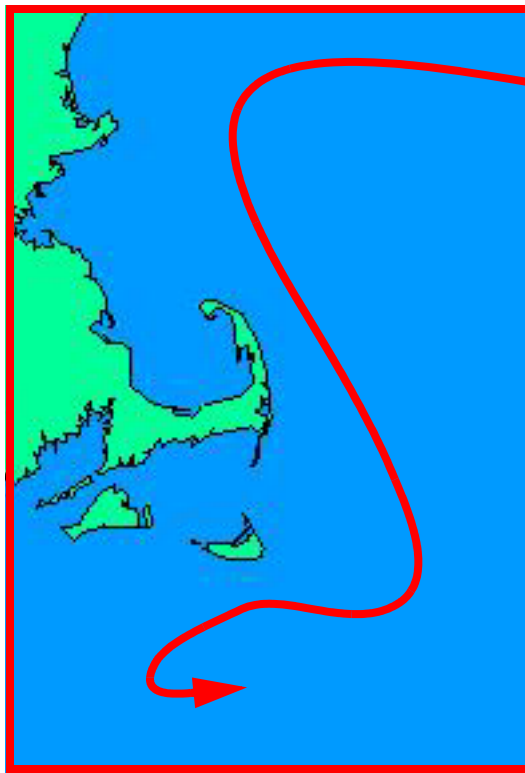
PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1602

May 14, Friday (Old Style): [Captain Bartholomew Gosnold](#), in the vessel *Concord* commissioned by the Earl of Southampton in March to establish a New World colony, had sighted Cape Neddick (Latitude 43 degrees) on the Maine coast:



They skirted the coastline for several days and then on this day came to anchor in York Harbor, where they were greeted by “a Biscay shallop [a small fishing vessel used by the Basque of Spain on the Bay of Biscay] with sails and oars, having eight persons in it, whom we supposed to be Christians distressed. But approaching us nearer, we perceived them to be savages.” It is to be noted that even at this early point, one of the natives was attired in a waistcoat, breeches, stockings, shoes, and a hat, and knew some English words, and was able to draw a map of the coastline, on which he marked out the Newfoundland fisheries. Clearly, the New England coast had previously been being visited by trading or fishing vessels.

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

One of these intrusives, the [Reverend John Brereton](#), reporting on the voyage, would author a BRIEFE AND TRUE RELATION OF THE DISCOVERIE OF THE NORTH PART OF VIRGINIA. The sponsor of this voyage, the Earl of Southampton, was also a patron of [William Shakespeare](#), and about three years later this playwright would be writing a little something called *The Tempest* — quite probably accessing, for inspiration, Brereton's accounts of Cuttyhunk.

[RHODE ISLAND](#)

BRERETON'S RELATION

[Brereton](#) described the [Wampanoag](#):

exceeding courteous, gentle of disposition and well-conditioned, excelling all others that we have seen; so for shape of body and lovely favour ... of a stature much higher than we ... complexion ... dark olive; their eyebrows and hair black ... of a perfect constitution of body, active, strong, healthful and very wittie [intelligent].



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1603

October: The two eldest daughters of the aged and sickly Mr. Brian Annesley, of Kent County, England, began proceedings to have their father certified as insane, so that they could invalidate his will and get themselves in control of his large holdings. Cordell, his youngest daughter, authored a battery of letters to the powers that be, and succeeded in blocking this proceeding. This lawsuit, combined with the 1805 anonymous play THE TRUE CHRONICLE HISTORIE OF KING LEIR, would presumably be on the mind of the playwright [William Shakespeare](#) as he would be penning his KING LEAR in 1606 (or, on someone else's mind — depending entirely upon the unresolved question of precisely who it is who has penned this play).

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1604

In London, a family of Huguenot wig-makers accepted a lodger named William Shakespeare.



**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.**

November 1, Thursday (Old Style): William Shakespeare’s tragedy “Othello” was 1st presented at Whitehall Palace in London.

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1605

[Thomas Heywood](#)'s IF YOU KNOW NOT ME, YOU KNOW NOBODY, OR, THE TROUBLES OF QUEENE ELIZABETH.

On the principle that anyone who killed Roman Catholics couldn't be all bad, English merchants forwarded shiploads of musket and sword parts to Ottoman Turkey.

[Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra](#) was living in poverty with his sisters, his niece, and his illegitimate daughter [Isabel Saavedra](#) in Valladolid when the first part of his *EL INGENIOSO HIDALGO DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA* came into the bookstalls.



(In this same year, [William Shakespeare](#)'s KING LEAR appeared.)

Now you might suppose that the runaway success of such a publication and its sequel would have set the Saavedras up for a life of comfort and security — but no, things did not work out that way.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1607

Upon the death of his bride Jacobmijntje van Loor, [Johannes de Laet](#) returned from [London](#) to Leiden.

Publication of CERTAINE SMALL WORKES HERETOFORE DIVULGED BY [SAMUEL DANIEL](#), a revised version of all his works with the exceptions of DELIA and THE CIVILE WARES BETWEEN THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER AND YORKE CORRECTED AND CONTINUED.... The commoner poet was made a gentleman-extraordinary and one of the grooms of the Queen's privy chamber, sinecure offices which did not interfere with his literary career. [William Shakespeare](#), John Selden, and [George Chapman](#) were among the few who were welcome to visit him in his seclusion in Old Street, St Luke's in [London](#), where according to Fuller he would "lie hid for some months together, the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses, and then would appear in public to converse with his friends."



THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT\



June 5, Friday (Old Style): John Hall got married with Susanna Shakespeare, daughter of [William Shakespeare](#).



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1609

There was a particularly dramatic shipwreck en route to the region known as “Virginia” of the New World in this year. An account of this shipwreck would come to the attention of [William Shakespeare](#) of the Globe Theatre company in [London](#) (or to somebody using his name), and would get recycled into a play, *The Tempest*.

TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

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

[Giles Fletcher the Younger](#) was awarded the M.A. Master of Arts degree at [Trinity College of Cambridge University](#).

The tragicomedy of [Francis Beaumont](#) and [John Fletcher](#) PHILASTER, OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING was successfully performed by the King's Men at the Globe Theatre, and at Blackfriars. In this year also, they created their tragedy THE MAID'S TRAGEDY and their comedy THE CAPTAIN.⁷



7. Fletcher would collaborate also with other Elizabethan playwrights such as [William Shakespeare](#).



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1611

November 1, Friday (Old Style): [William Shakespeare](#)'s comedy "The Tempest" was 1st presented at Whitehall Palace in [London](#).



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1613

June 29, Tuesday (Old Style): The thatched roof of the Globe Theatre, on the south side of the Thames near [London Bridge](#), was set on fire by a cannon shot used as a stage effect down during a performance of [William Shakespeare](#)'s play *Henry VIII*. The structure burned to the ground.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1616

April 23, Tuesday (Old Style): [Miguel de Cervantes](#) died in Madrid. Just four days prior he had finished his *PERSILES Y SIGISMUNDA*, another allegorical novel — and we note in the prologue that the author has foreshadowed his own demise.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

And, [William Shakespeare](#) died as of this same date (albeit not on this same day⁸):

A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS :

My books I'd fain cast off, I cannot read,
'Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large
Down in the meadow, where is richer feed,
And will not mind to hit their proper targe.

Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,
Our Shakespeare's life were rich to live again,
What Plutarch read, that was not good nor true,
Nor Shakespeare's books, unless his books were men.

Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough,
What care I for the Greeks or for Troy town,
If juster battles are enacted now
Between the ants upon this hummock's crown?

Bid Homer wait till I the issue learn,
If red or black the gods will favor most,
Or yonder Ajax will the phalanx turn,
Struggling to heave some rock against the host.

Tell Shakespeare to attend some leisure hour,
For now I've business with this drop of dew,
And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower, —
I'll meet him shortly when the sky is blue.

This bed of herd's grass and wild oats was spread
Last year with nicer skill than monarchs use.
A clover tuft is pillow for my head,
And violets quite overtop my shoes.

And now the cordial clouds have shut all in,
And gently swells the wind to say all's well;
The scattered drops are falling fast and thin,
Some in the pool, some in the flower-bell.

I am well drenched upon my bed of oats;
But see that globe come rolling down its stem,
Now like a lonely planet there it floats,
And now it sinks into my garment's hem.

Drip, drip the trees for all the country round,
And richness rare distills from every bough;
The wind alone it is makes every sound,
Shaking down crystals on the leaves below.

For shame the sun will never show himself,
Who could not with his beams e'er melt me so;
My dripping locks — they would become an elf,
Who in a beaded coat does gayly go.

PEOPLE OF
A WEEK

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

8. At this point England was still using the Julian calendar but Spain had already switched to the Gregorian calendar. [Cervantes](#) had actually therefore been dead for ten days, before [Shakespeare](#) died. "Synchronize your watches, authors."



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Some folks have supposed that this Shakespeare may have looked a bit like this, although actually we haven't so much as a clue.⁹



9. We not only don't know what [Shakespeare](#) looked like in real life, we have no idea of even **approximately** what he looked like. He could have been as walleyed as J-P Sartre and we just don't know. Thus it is that the recent effort to richly imagine his life, by the Shakespeare scholar Stephen Greenblatt, entitled *WILL IN THE WORLD*, has been being mocked by Oxford don Richard Jenkins:

Some people have birthmarks, and so Shakespeare may have had one.

If he had a birthmark (and this cannot be proved), it would have added to his self-consciousness when he came to London.

In romances, the lost princess is often identified by a birthmark, but Perdita, the lost princess in *The Winter's Tale*, is identified by some tokens; and this at once becomes explicable if Shakespeare was sensitive about his birthmark.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1623

A brother (John Daniel?) prepared THE WHOLE WORKES OF [SAMUEL DANIEL](#) ESQUIRE IN POETRIE.



First folio of [Shakespeare](#).



August 6, Wednesday (Old Style): [Anne Hathaway](#), [Shakespeare](#)'s wife, died at the age of 67.

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

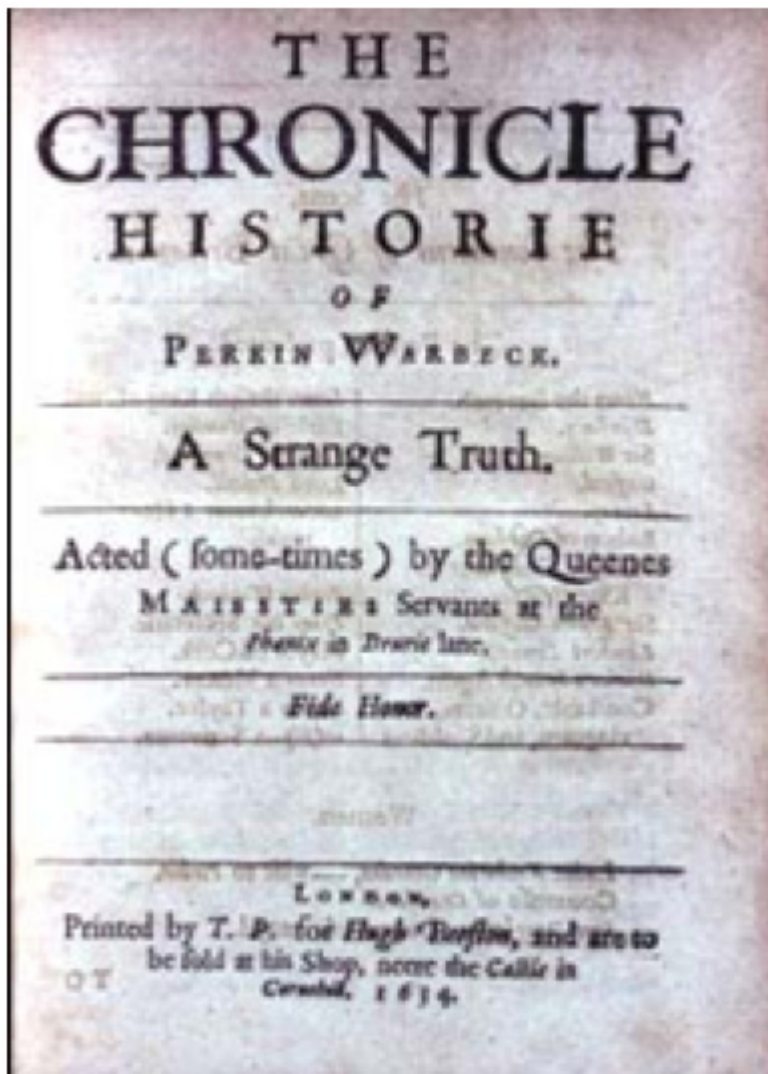
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1629

The younger [Sir John Beaumont](#), the athlete, prepared BOSWORTH FIELD; WITH A TASTE OF THE VARIETY OF OTHER POEMS LEFT BY [SIR JOHN BEAUMONT](#), a retrospective of his father's poetry containing an over-the-top elegy (Bosworth Field, scene of the "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" battle celebrated by [William Shakespeare](#), was near the poet's estate at Grace-Dieu).

At about this point performances were beginning for [John Ford](#)'s *The Chronicle Historie of Perkin Warbeck. A Strange Truth* (perhaps in conjunction with Thomas Dekker), although this would not be printed, as we can see below, until 1634.



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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

The playwright [Ford](#) is best known, however, for his *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, which also began to be staged in this timeframe. This tragedy's title would be often changed in successive stagings (sometimes it would be offered for instance as *Giovanni and Annabella* and eventually historians of the stage would coyly be referring to it, and its incest theme, as *The Brother and Sister*).

·TIS
Pitty Shee's a Whore

Acted by the *Queenes Maiesties Ser-
uants, at The Phenix in
Drury-Lane.*



L O N D O N.
Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *Richard
Collins*, and are to be sold at his shop
in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the signe
of the three Kings. 1633.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whore.

Car. Well, for thee; since what thou did'st, was done
Not for thy selfe, being so Italian,
Wee banish thee for euer, to depart
Within three dayes, in this wee doe dispense
With grounds of reason not of thine offence.

Vas. 'Tis well; this Conquest is mine, and I reioyce that a
Spaniard out-went an *Italian* in reuenge. *Exit Vas.*

Car. Take vp these slaughtered bodies, see them buried,
And all the Gold and Jewells, or whatsoever,
Confiscate by the Canons of the Church,
Wee cease vpon to the Popes proper vse.

Richar. Your Graces pardon, thus long I liu'd disguis'd
To see the effect of *Pride* and *Luſt* at once
Brought both to shamefull ends.

Car. What *Richardetto* whom wee thought for dead?

De. Sir was it you—

Richar. Your friend.

Car. Wee shall haue time
To talke at large of all, but neuer yet
Incest and *Murther* haue so strangely met.
Of one so young, so rich in Natures store,
Who could not say, *'Tis pittie shee's a Whore?* *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

The generall Commendation deferred by the Actors, in
their Presentment of this Tragedy, may easily excuse such
few faults, as are escaped in the Printing: A common
charity may allow him the ability of spelling, whom a le-
cure confidence assures that hee cannot ignorantly erre in
the Application of Sense.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1672

[Sir William Davenant](#) writings were collected in folio. His final effort had been to travesty [William Shakespeare](#)'s *Tempest* in company with [John Dryden](#).



[Dryden](#)'s comedy *Marriage A-la-Mode*.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1677

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



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1753

THE WORKS OF [SHAKESPEARE](#) (8 volumes, edited anonymously by [Hugh Blair](#)).

In Madrid, Ibarra printed Euclid's ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY.

In Glasgow, the University of Glasgow printed Foulis' LUCRETIUS using type cut by Alexander Wilson.

HISTORY OF
THE PRESS



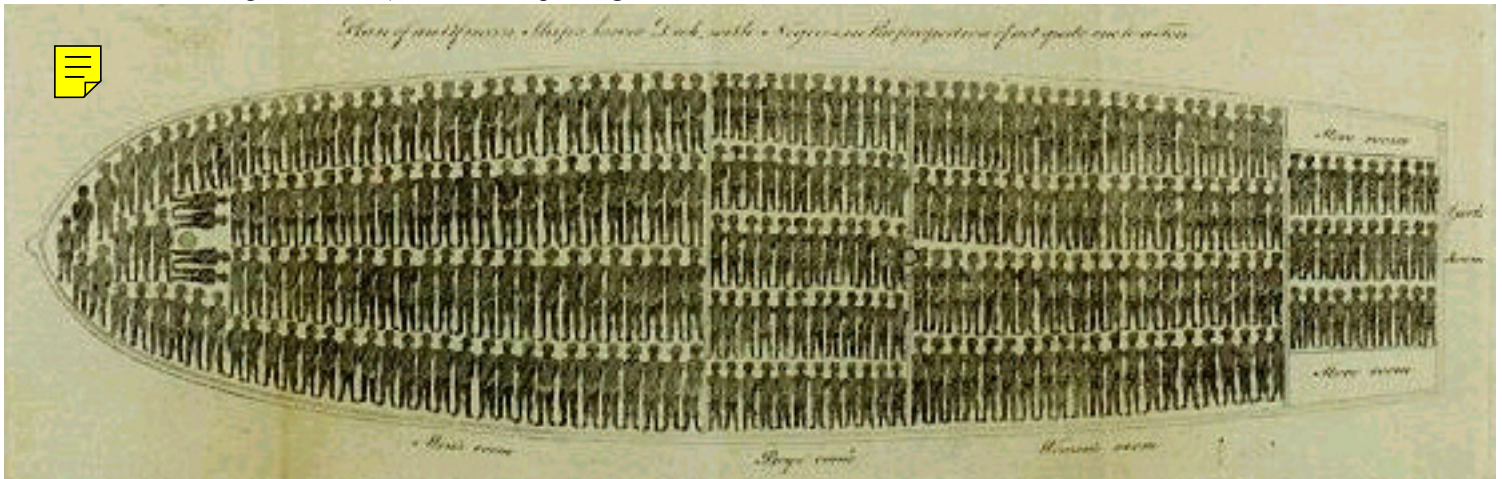
PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1755

In [Rhode Island](#) harbors during this year, it has been estimated by Alexander Boyd Hawes, some 9 vessels were being fitted out for the [international slave trade](#). If an average cargo of [slaves](#) was 109 –as we have estimated on the basis of a number of known cargos– then a total of 981 souls were transported during this year in Rhode Island bottoms alone. For instance, we know that during this year the Rhode Island ship *Africa* was transporting a cargo of 120, the schooner *Hawke* a cargo of 46, the ship *Othello* 200,¹⁰ the square-rigged brigantine *Sally* 80, the schooner *Sierra Leone* 57 (Captain David Lindsay received her sailing orders on August 15, 1755), and the sloop *Young Bachelor* 120.



10. *Othello*, what a strange name for a [negrero](#) vessel during an era in which, in presentations of [Shakespeare](#)'s play, the title role was of necessity being performed by an American white man wearing dark body makeup! –Obviously, some Shakespeare nut in Rhode Island had a considerable sense of humor! –What's next, the brigantine *Gen. Nat Turner*?



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1765

[Samuel Johnson](#)'s edition of the plays of [William Shakespeare](#). During a period of depression he first met the Thrale family, Hester Lynch Salusbury Thrale and Henry Thrale of Streatham Park, and they took him into their home and into their hearts.



(Henry Thoreau would access the 4th edition of this, printed in 1793.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1767

John Quincy Adams was born, the 2nd of four children of Abigail Adams and John Adams. Despite the reputations these folks have acquired in historical imagination, it would be Abigail who would prove to be a stern and disapproving parent while John would prove to be the warmer, more loving parent. Alcoholism and related problems would ravage Abigail's brothers, and would later ravage her younger son. To ensure that John Quincy, her 1st-born son, would avoid this fate, she would throughout his life belabor him with a steady barrage of admonitions and criticisms. A biographer, Paul C. Nagel, would accuse Abigail of being "a calamity as a mother" who forced her own "ambitions and apprehensions upon her children."¹¹ Young John Quincy would temporarily escape his mother's tirades by spending much of his youth in Europe where his father was serving in different diplomatic posts. Europe came to represent to him not only intellectual freedom but also personal freedom from familial expectations and intrusions. However, the almanac which John Quincy kept during his early twenties would describe encounters with [prostitutes](#) or lower-class pickups in [Boston](#): "my taste" in erotics, he would explain to himself, "is naturally depraved." His fiancée Louisa Johnson, be it noted, was schooled in Nantes (where, according to a song, the ladies wear no panties). She wrote poetry and played the harp nicely enough, but those were only a couple of her proclivities. The dynamic duo would not limit themselves to reading [Chaucer](#), Spenser, Scott, and Maria Edgeworth aloud to one another, for the swain would draw his young lady's attention to the Reverend [John Donne](#)'s randy couplet in celebration of pubic hair: "Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew / The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow."

During the second Continental Congress, Abigail Adams entreated her husband John to "remember the ladies" in the new code of laws he was writing.

FEMINISM

11. Abigail Adams was a racist with a pronounced case of Negrophobia, who could not witness an American white man playing the role of *Othello*, in the [Shakespeare](#) play, wearing dark body makeup, without reporting that her "whole soul shuddered" as she witnessed "the sooty heretic Moor touch the fair Desdemona." I don't think that anyone has to date bothered to evaluate the impact this sort of mindset must have had on her children. (No black American would portray this character until Paul Robeson was cast for the role in 1942, and even then no theater on Broadway in New York City could be found that would book such a production.)

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

W.E. Burghardt Du Bois: The history of slavery and the slave-trade after 1820 must be read in the light of the industrial revolution through which the civilized world passed in the first half of the nineteenth century. Between the years 1775 and 1825 occurred economic events and changes of the highest importance and widest influence. Though all branches of industry felt the impulse of this new industrial life, yet, "if we consider single industries, cotton manufacture has, during the nineteenth century, made the most magnificent and gigantic advances."¹⁴ This fact is easily explained by the remarkable series of inventions that revolutionized this industry between 1738 and 1830, including Arkwright's, Watt's, Compton's, and Cartwright's epoch-making contrivances.¹⁵ The effect which these inventions had on the manufacture of cotton goods is best illustrated by the fact that in England, the chief cotton market of the world, the consumption of raw cotton rose steadily from 13,000 bales in 1781, to 572,000 in 1820, to 871,000 in 1830, and to 3,366,000 in 1860.¹⁶ Very early, therefore, came the query whence the supply of raw cotton was to come. Tentative experiments on the rich, broad fields of the Southern United States, together with the indispensable invention of Whitney's cotton-gin, soon answered this question: a new economic future was opened up to this land, and immediately the whole South began to extend its cotton culture, and more and more to throw its whole energy into this one staple.

Here it was that the fatal mistake of compromising with slavery in the beginning, and of the policy of *laissez-faire* pursued thereafter, became painfully manifest; for, instead now of a healthy, normal, economic development along proper industrial lines, we have the abnormal and fatal rise of a slave-labor large farming system, which, before it was realized, had so intertwined itself with and braced itself upon the economic forces of an industrial age, that a vast and terrible civil war

13. Bear in mind that in early periods the Southern states of the United States of America produced no significant amount of [cotton](#) fiber for export — such production not beginning until 1789. In fact, according to page 92 of Seybert's STATISTICS, in 1784 a small parcel of cotton that had found its way from the US to Liverpool had been refused admission to England, because it was the customs agent's opinion that this involved some sort of subterfuge: it could not have originated in the United States.

14. Beer, *GESCHICHTE DES WELTHANDELS IM 19^{TE} JAHRHUNDERT*, II. 67.

15. A list of these inventions most graphically illustrates this advance: —

1738, John Jay, fly-shuttle. John Wyatt, spinning by rollers.

1748, Lewis Paul, carding-machine.

1760, Robert Kay, drop-box.

1769, Richard Arkwright, water-frame and throstle. James Watt, steam-engine.

1772, James Lees, improvements on carding-machine.

1775, Richard Arkwright, series of combinations.

1779, Samuel Compton, mule.

1785, Edmund Cartwright, power-loom.

1803-4, Radcliffe and Johnson, dressing-machine.

1817, Roberts, fly-frame.

1818, William Eaton, self-acting frame.

1825-30, Roberts, improvements on mule.

Cf. Baines, HISTORY OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE, pages 116-231; *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*, 9th ed., article "Cotton."

16. Baines, HISTORY OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE, page 215. A bale weighed from 375 lbs. to 400 lbs.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

was necessary to displace it. The tendencies to a patriarchal serfdom, recognizable in the age of Washington and Jefferson, began slowly but surely to disappear; and in the second quarter of the century Southern slavery was irresistibly changing from a family institution to an industrial system.

The development of Southern slavery has heretofore been viewed so exclusively from the ethical and social standpoint that we are apt to forget its close and indissoluble connection with the world's cotton market. Beginning with 1820, a little after the close of the Napoleonic wars, when the industry of cotton manufacture had begun its modern development and the South had definitely assumed her position as chief producer of raw cotton, we find the average price of cotton per pound, 8½d. From this time until 1845 the price steadily fell, until in the latter year it reached 4d.; the only exception to this fall was in the years 1832-1839, when, among other things, a strong increase in the English demand, together with an attempt of the young slave power to "corner" the market, sent the price up as high as 11d. The demand for cotton goods soon outran a crop which McCullough had pronounced "prodigious," and after 1845 the price started on a steady rise, which, except for the checks suffered during the continental revolutions and the Crimean War, continued until 1860.¹⁷ The steady increase in the production of cotton explains the fall in price down to 1845. In 1822 the crop was a half-million bales; in 1831, a million; in 1838, a million and a half; and in 1840-1843, two million. By this time the world's consumption of cotton goods began to increase so rapidly that, in spite of the increase in Southern crops, the price kept rising. Three million bales were gathered in 1852, three and a half million in 1856, and the remarkable crop of five million bales in 1860.¹⁸

Here we have data to explain largely the economic development of the South. By 1822 the large-plantation slave system had gained footing; in 1838-1839 it was able to show its power in the cotton "corner;" by the end of the next decade it had not only gained a solid economic foundation, but it had built a closed oligarchy with a political policy. The changes in price during the next few years drove out of competition many survivors of the small-farming free-labor system, and put the slave *régime* in position to dictate the policy of the nation. The zenith of the system and the first inevitable signs of decay came in the years 1850-1860, when the rising price of cotton threw the whole economic energy of the South into its cultivation, leading to a terrible consumption of soil and slaves, to a great increase in the size of plantations, and to increasing power and effrontery on the part of the slave barons. Finally, when a rising moral crusade conjoined with threatened economic disaster, the oligarchy, encouraged by the state of the cotton market, risked all on a political *coup-d'état*, which failed in the war of 1861-1865.¹⁹

17. The prices cited are from Newmarch and Tooke, and refer to the London market. The average price in 1855-60 was about 7d.

18. From United States census reports.

19. Cf. United States census reports; and Olmsted, THE COTTON KINGDOM.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1793

The 4th edition of [Dr. Samuel Johnson's](#) THE PLAYS OF [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](#). WITH THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF VARIOUS COMMENTATORS. TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOTES BY SAMUEL JOHNSON AND GEORGE STEEVENS. THE 4TH ED. REV. AND AUGM. (WITH A GLOSSARIAL INDEX) BY THE EDITOR OF DODSLEY'S COLLECTION OF OLD PLAYS (15 volumes; London: T. Longman, B. Law and son, [etc.]) (Henry Thoreau would access Volumes I,²⁰ III, and IV of this in early 1835).



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, III

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, IV

20. You will note that, unfortunately, the very best I am able to provide electronically at the present moment in regard to Volume I of this Johnson edition is an 1822 reprint!



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1807

 [Charles and Mary Lamb](#)'s TALES FROM [SHAKESPEARE](#), in which he had dealt with the tragedies and she with the comedies (this became a bestseller in [William Godwin](#)'s "Children's Library").



WILLIAM GODWIN'S LIFE



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1808



[Charles Lamb](#)'s THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES and SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS WHO LIVED ABOUT THE TIME OF [SHAKESPEARE](#).

LAMB'S SPECIMENS




PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1811

 [Charles Lamb](#)'s ON THE TRAGEDIES OF [SHAKESPEARE](#).

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

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

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

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1812



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

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

HDT

WHAT?

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1813



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

The Websters visited Newstead Abbey.



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



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1817



[William Hazlitt](#)'s THE CHARACTERS OF [SHAKESPEARE](#)'S PLAYS, and his THE ROUND TABLE: A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS ON LITERATURE, MEN AND MANNERS.



CHARACTERS IN THE PLAYS

THE ROUND TABLE





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1818

➡ [Sarah Fuller](#), age 8, was reading [William Shakespeare](#) under the tutelage of her father Timothy Fuller. At age 8 or 9 she would encounter the play *Romeo and Juliet* and would be deeply moved. As an adult she would write “At eight or nine years old the passions are not infrequently felt in their full shock.”²¹



MARGARET FULLER

21. At age 10 she would ask to assume her mother’s name, [Margaret](#).



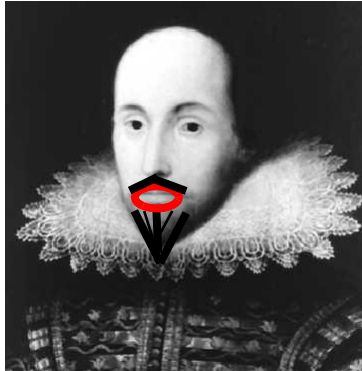
PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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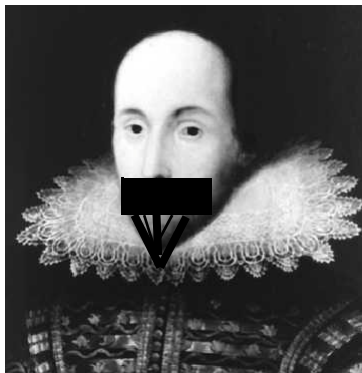


While still an undergraduate at [Exeter College of Oxford University](#), [Alexander Dyce](#) edited John William Jarvis's attempt at a dictionary of the language of [William Shakespeare](#).



(Lieutenant-General Alexander Dyce of the East India Company's Madras infantry's plan was for his son likewise to enter the service of the East India Company — but the college student would soon elect instead to take holy orders.)

We would derive our term “bowdlerize” from Thomas Bowdler's activities in this year, expurgating a ten-volume edition of [William Shakespeare](#)'s plays entitled FAMILY SHAKESPEARE, “in which nothing is added to the original text; but those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family.”





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

In the next six years this edition would go through four printings and, emboldened with his success, the expurgator would turn to producing a similarly needed six-volume reduction of [Edward Gibbon](#)'s 12-volume THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.



➡ The Hathornes moved to family property in Raymond, Maine, and Nathaniel was sent to school in Portland. During nine months in Raymond he “ran quite wild,” he later remembered, skating, fishing, and hunting in the woods, reading [William Shakespeare](#) and [John Bunyan](#) on rainy days. There, by his account, he acquired his “cursed habits of solitude.”

Until into his 15th year, [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) would be sleeping with his uncle Robert Manning. This was the successful businessman uncle who was trying to become for Nathaniel a substitute for the father he had lost while he was yet three years of age. One of the possibilities, a possibility which has been suggested by James R. Mellow in NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE IN HIS TIMES (Boston MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1980), is that there was some sort of sexual tension between Robert and Nathaniel during this period, in that this would provide a complete explanation for the extreme squeamishness which [Hawthorne](#) would later exhibited while visiting the Shakers with Melville, when he saw that the men of that community were sleeping two by two in “particularly narrow beds”: they “must needs be a filthy set” due to “their close junction man with man ... hateful and disgusting to think of.” Note also that when he would visit the home of Robert Burns he would denounce its cramped sleeping arrangements in parlor and attic as of a “narrowness and filth” which was enough to “make beasts of men and women.”

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

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




PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1820

 [Edwin Forrest](#) made his theatrical debut at the Walnut Street theatre in Philadelphia, in the tragedy *Douglas*.



At a demonstration of the effects of [nitrous oxide](#), this 14-year-old continued to recite a long passage from [Shakespeare](#)'s *Richard III* even while under the influence.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1821



William A. Brown opened an African Theatre, in lower Manhattan, and began to produce plays by [William Shakespeare](#), in addition to musicals and pantomimes — this was probably New-York's first black theater.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1825



May 29, Sunday: An event which little [David Henry Thoreau](#) would have enjoyed attending, had he been invited, to wit, the coronation of Charles X as King of France. Victor Hugo had decided to attend the ceremonies in the Cathedral of Rheims, since he had been invited to accept the post of chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur. Victor stood with the other elect as Charles lay prone in his white satin garment of seven holes and the appropriate priests inserted the Holy Oil of Rheims, given to Saint Remi by a dove from heaven for the coronation of Clovis in the sixth century, administered to Clovis prostrate on that very spot, and preserved by the Divine Power from the depredations of the French National Convention of October 6, 1793, into each of the seven orifices of his body in its turn:

- his ears,
- his nostrils,
- his mouth,
- his ureter, and
- his anus.

That evening in his hotel, Hugo opened for the first time the pages of a renowned English playwright, and [William Shakespeare](#) changed his life.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1826



[Edwin Forrest](#) was back from the Wild West, where he had been wielding a Bowie knife given to him by Jim Bowie himself, challenging people on paddle steamers to knife fights, etc. His ultra-manly performances at the Park Theatre in New-York in the lead role of [William Shakespeare](#)'s *Othello* were propelling him into a then unparalleled career of critical success and public renown. His loud jingoism was making him especially popular with a certain type of America-Firster theater buff. Privately, Forrest was hanging out with a Choctaw named Push-ma-ta-ha whose savage body he very much admired. He very much enjoyed getting out into the woods with his friend and persuading him to strip and parade naked at night around their campfire. Of course, this was all strictly business, homoerotics were not involved, for the artist was simply preparing himself to enrich his stage presence as the sachem [Metacom](#) of the [Wampanoag](#) and the prototype of a new type on the world stage, the American Ultramanly Man.



METAMORA



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1828



Hartley Coleridge's "[Shakespeare](#), a Tory and a Gentleman"

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1830



March: Two especially beautiful dresses were made for [Fanny Kemble](#) in her role as Portia in [Shakespeare's](#) *The Merchant of Venice*.





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1831



Abraham Lincoln made a second flatboat trip to New Orleans. His father moved again but Abe didn't go along with the family this time. Instead he settled in New Salem, [Illinois](#), where he would work as a clerk in the village store and sleep in the back. He was learning basic math, reading [William Shakespeare](#) and Robert Burns, and participating in a local debating society. In this year he wrestled a man named Jack Armstrong to a draw.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1833

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

→ THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM THE TEXT OF THE CORRECTED COPY LEFT BY THE LATE GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ. WITH A GLOSSARY, AND NOTES, AND A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE (Hartford, Connecticut: Andrus & Judd). This 2-volume set would be in the personal library of David Henry Thoreau.²²



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, II

Thoreau would on April 21, 1835 supplement (or anticipate) his own personal set of the plays by obtaining from Harvard Library three volumes of a 15-volume London 1793 4th edition of Dr. Samuel Johnson's THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. WITH THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF VARIOUS COMMENTATORS. TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOTES BY SAMUEL JOHNSON AND GEORGE STEEVENS. THE 4TH ED. REV. AND AUGM. (WITH A GLOSSARIAL INDEX) BY THE EDITOR OF DODSLEY'S COLLECTION OF OLD PLAYS (T. Longman, B. Law and son, [etc.]).

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, III

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, IV

From these volumes Thoreau would use a snippet from *Anthony and Cleopatra* in REFORM PAPERS on page 12, snippets from *As You Like It* in A WEEK on pages 68, 248, and 341 and in CAPE COD on page 186, snippets 22. You will observe that the closest Google Books has gotten to this 1833 edition is the 1837/1838 edition by the same Hartford, Connecticut publishing house.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

from *Hamlet Prince of Denmark* in A WEEK on page 63 and in REFORM PAPERS on page 66, snippets from *Julius Caesar* in A WEEK on pages 41, 124, and 287, in EXTENDED ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES on pages 70 and 72, in WALDEN on page 67, and in the JOURNAL for 1842-1844, a snippet from *King John* in REFORM PAPERS on page 66, a snippet from *I Henry IV* or *Henry V* in EXCURSIONS on page 5, a snippet from *King Lear* in A WEEK on page 282, snippets from *Macbeth* in EXCURSIONS on page 119 and in the JOURNAL for July 7, 1840, a snippet from *The Merchant of Venice* in the JOURNAL for September 1, 1843, a snippet from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in EXTENDED ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES on page 74, snippets from *Richard III* in WALDEN on page 41, in EXCURSIONS on page 125, and in the JOURNAL for January 2, 1841, a snippet from *The Tempest* in CAPE COD on page 266, a snippet from *Twelfth Night* in the JOURNAL on January 3, 1843, a snippet from "Venus and Adonis" in the JOURNAL for June 19, 1843, and a snippet from "Sonnet 33" in A WEEK on pages 189-190.

WALDEN: Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. The ice in the pond was not yet dissolved, though there were some open spaces, and it was all dark colored and saturated with water. There were some slight flurries of snow during the days that I worked there; but for the most part when I came out on to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere, and the rails shone in the spring sun, and I heard the lark and pewee and other birds already come to commence another year with us. They were pleasant spring days, in which the winter of man's discontent was thawing as well as the earth, and the life that had lain torpid began to stretch itself.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

KING RICHARD III
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



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

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

strength to resist temptation.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1834



Walter Savage Landor's CITATION AND EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE EUSEBY TREEN JOSEPH CARNABY AND SILAS GOUGH CLERK BEFORE THE WORSHIPFUL SIR THOMAS LUCY KNIGHT TOUCHING DEER-STEALING ON THE 19TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER IN THE YEAR OF GRACE 1582 NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS. TO WHICH IS ADDED A CONFERENCE OF MASTER EDMUND SPENSER A GENTLEMAN OF NOTE WITH THE EARL OF ESSEX TOUCHING THE STATE OF IRELAND A.D. 1595 (London: Saunders and Otley of Conduit Street).

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



After December 23, 1845: ... {*One-fourth page blank*} Landor's works are
 1st A small volume of poems 1793 out of print
 next Poems of "Gebir" "Chrysaor", the "Phocaeans" &c
 The "Gebir" eulogized by Southey & Coleridge
 Wrote verses in Italian & Latin.
 The dramas "Andrea of Hungary" "Giovanna of Naples" and "Fra Rupert."
 "Pericles & Aspasia"
 "Poems from the Arabic & Persian" 1800 pretending to be translations.
 "A Satire upon Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors" printed 1836 not published
 Letters called "High & Low Life in Italy"
 "Imaginary Conversations"
 "Pentameron & Pentalogia"
 "Examination of William Shakspeare before Sir Thomas Lucy, Knt., touching Deer-stealing."
 {*One-fourth page blank*} Vide again Richard's sail in "Rich. 1st & the Abbot"
 Phocion's remarks in conclusion of "Eschines & Phocion"
 "Demosthenes & Eubulides"
 In Milton & Marvel speaking of the Greek poets –he says
 "There is a sort of refreshing odor flying off it perpetually; not enough to oppress or to satiate; nothing is beaten or bruized; nothing smells of the stalk; the flower itself is half-concealed by the Genius of it hovering round."
 Pericles & Sophocles
 Marcus Tullius Cicero & his Brother Quinctus in this a sentence on Sleep and Death.
 Johnson & Tooke for a criticism on words. {*Three-fifths page blank*} ...

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

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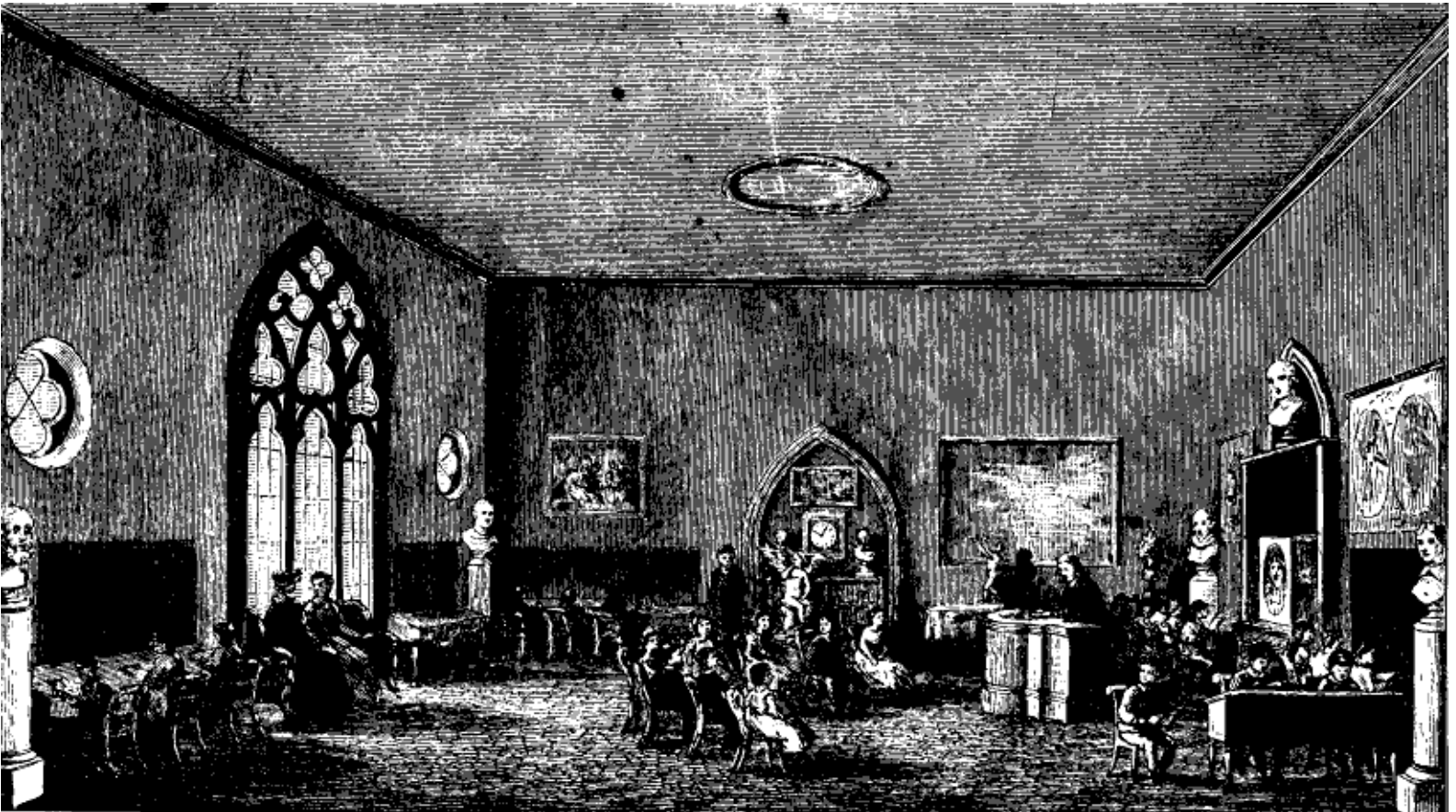
PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK



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.





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

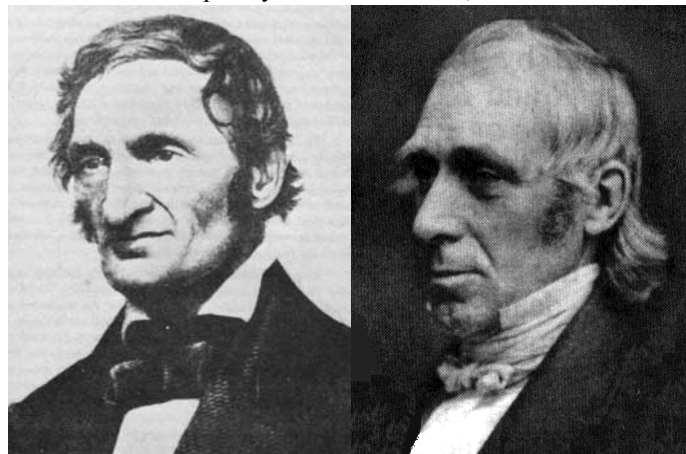
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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](#).





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1835

➡ April 21, Tuesday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), and would make notes from, Volumes I,²³ III, and IV of the 15 volumes of the 4th edition of [Dr. Samuel Johnson's](#) THE PLAYS OF [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](#). WITH THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF VARIOUS COMMENTATORS. TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOTES BY SAMUEL JOHNSON AND GEORGE STEEVENS. THE 4TH ED. REV. AND AUGM. (WITH A GLOSSARIAL INDEX) BY THE EDITOR OF DODSLEY'S COLLECTION OF OLD PLAYS (London: T. Longman, B. Law and son, [etc.], 1793).



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, III

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, IV

23. You will note that, unfortunately, the very best I am able to provide electronically at the present moment in regard to Volume I of this Johnson edition is an 1822 reprint!



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

WALDEN: Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. The ice in the pond was not yet dissolved, though there were some open spaces, and it was all dark colored and saturated with water. There were some slight flurries of snow during the days that I worked there; but for the most part when I came out on to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere, and the rails shone in the spring sun, and I heard the lark and pewee and other birds already come to commence another year with us. They were pleasant spring days, in which the winter of man's discontent was thawing as well as the earth, and the life that had lain torpid began to stretch itself.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

KING RICHARD III
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



December 10, Thursday: Waldo Emerson lectured in Boston. This was lecture Number 5 of the series, the 1st of two on "Shakspear."



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK



December 17, Thursday: [Waldo Emerson](#) lectured in [Boston](#). This was lecture Number 6 of the series, the 2d of two on “Shakspear.”



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE




PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1836

 November 24, Thursday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) supplemented his borrowings from the [Harvard Library](#) by checking out, from the library of the “[Institute of 1770](#)”, SHAKESPEARE’S ROMANCES COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY SHAKESPEARE II (two volumes, London, 1825 — there is a copy of this rare pseudonymous work in the British Museum), as well as Volume 93 of the [North American Review](#) — the volume which contains:

- a survey of Greek folk lyrics entitled “Romaic Popular Poetry”
- a survey of works on education by the Reverend Joseph Emerson of Malden (a great-grandfather of Waldo Emerson who had prayed every night that no descendant of his might ever be rich), Dr. [Timothy Dwight](#), and Warren Burton entitled “Principle of Emulation,” including an account of German universities
- an article “Lives of Pinckney, Ellery, and Mather”
- a review of Volume VI of the Reverend [Jared Sparks](#)’s LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY (LIFE OF WILLIAM PINKNEY, by Henry Wheaton; LIFE OF WILLIAM ELLERY, by Edward T. Channing; LIFE OF COTTON MATHER, by William B.O. Peabody.)

LIBRARY OF AM. BIOG. VI

- a critical notice of the Reverend John Snelling Popkin’s THREE LECTURES ON LIBERAL EDUCATION (which was a book, published during this year, which [Harvard College](#) students would be needing to deal with in taking that professor’s course in “Greek Literature” and the “good taste of the ancients”)

Richard Wagner got married with Christine Wilhelmine (Minna) Planer, an actress, in Tragheim near Königsberg (Kaliningrad).

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

5th day 24th of 11th M / Our first Meeting was a very remarkably favoured one. Father was favoured to exceed almost any thing I ever heard from him then Hannah Dennis, & then Mary Hicks in a well Authorised & truly Gospel testimony - We had considerable business in the last & pretty well resulted - Benjn. Mott & Jonathon & Hannah Dennis dined with us When I returned home I found two parcels & a letter from my friend Thos Thompson of Liverpool.- Cousin Henry Gould & Thos Nichols called & sat most of the evening with us. - When we returned from Meeting we were shocked with the information that our dear little neighbour Sam Bailey about an hour before had by some means at the Coal grate got shockingly burned & the case was very doubtful as to his living - his stomach, Arm, face & Neck was sad to behold so that he could talk but not sensing his pains - his feet was cold & she rubbed them he asked who it was that rubbed him, some of the bystanders told him it was Miss Gould & asked him if he did not know her, he said I cant see her, something is in my eye” he is a little boy not quite three years old grandson for our neighbour



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

*Faisneay & came in to see us nearly every day & was a sweet
little interesting fellow
He died about twelve hours after it happened. –*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



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



[Thoreau](#) supplemented his borrowings from the college library by checking out, from the library of the "[Institute of 1770](#)", the November 1836 issue of [American Monthly Magazine](#) (New Series, Volume I, Boston and New-York, 1836),²⁴ containing:

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

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

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



December 16, Friday: The iron fence around Boston Common was complete at a total expenditure of \$80,000.



[David Henry Thoreau](#)'s [Harvard College](#) essay on an assignment in Professor Channing's class, "Show how it is that a writer's nationality and individual genius may be fully manifested in a Play or other Literary work upon a Foreign or Ancient subject — and yet full justice be done to the Subject." In this essay he begged to differ with [Dr. Samuel Johnson](#), who had famously opined that [William Shakespeare](#)'s "adherence to the real story, and to the Roman manners has impeded the natural vigor of his genius."



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

In constructing this essay Thoreau had made reference to the CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE of [Isaac C. D'Israeli](#) in one or another edition available at that point in time (however, since as an adult Thoreau would acquire a one-volume 1851 New-York edition of this for his personal library, that is the edition presented here in electronic form):



CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE

Show how it is that a Writer's Nationality and Individual Genius may be fully manifested in a Play or other Literary Work, upon a Foreign or Ancient Subject – and yet full Justice be done to the Subject.

Man has been called a bundle of habits.²⁵ This truth, I imagine, was the discovery of a philosopher – one who spoke as he thought and thought before he spoke – who realized it, and felt it to be, as it were, literally true. It has a deeper meaning, and admits of a wider application than is generally allowed. The various bundles which we label French, English and Scotchmen, differ only in this, that while the first is made up of gay, showy and fashionable habits, –the second is crowded with those of a more sombre hue, bearing the stamp of utility and comfort; –and the contents of the third, it may be, are as rugged and unyielding as their very envelope. The color and texture of these contents vary with different bundles; but the material is uniformly the same.

Man is an abstract and general term, it denotes the genus; French, English, Scotch, &c., are but the differentiae. It is with the genus alone that the philosopher and poet have to do. Where then shall they study it? As well here as there, surely, if it be every where the same; one may as well view the moon

25. The [Reverend William Paley](#) on "Virtue," in THE PRINCIPLES OF MORAL AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY, 1786: "There are habits, not only of drinking, swearing, and lying, ... but of every modification of action, speech, and thought: Man is a bundle of habits...."



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

from mount Aetna as from the Andes, her phenomena will be equally obvious, his map equally correct, whatever the point from which he observes her. But he must look through a national glass. It may be desirable, indeed, to see clearly with the naked eye; we should then need no astronomers; yet the same glass, since a glass we must use, will afford us an equally accurate view, whatever station we choose. If our view be affected at all by the quality of the instrument, the effect will be constant and uniform, though our observatories be rolled about upon wheels. It would seem then, that an author's nationality may be equally obvious, and yet full justice be done to his subject, whether that subject be an ancient or modern, foreign or domestic one. By full justice I mean, he may do all he intended to, or that any one can reasonably expect or require. Nay further, his nationality may be even more striking in treating of a foreign than a domestic subject; since what is peculiar and national in the writer, by the side of what is real history and matter-of-fact in the description, will be made the more manifest by the contrast. What is peculiar in the French character will sooner appear in a book of travels than a domestic diary; in his descriptions of foreign scenes and customs the Frenchman himself will be the most conspicuous object. Suppose him to weave these materials into a novel or poem, to introduce his innkeeper or postillion, he is fully adequate to his task – he has only to learn particulars – his must be an inductive method – the phenomena he observes are to be referred to a general law. Is human nature our study, the humanity of the Romans, for instance, we ourselves, our friends, the community, are our best text book. We wish to paint, perhaps, the old Roman courtier; so far as we know anything of him, we know him as a man; as possessing in a greater or less degree, the same faults and virtues that we observe in men of modern times; does he possess different ones, he is a sealed book to us – he is no longer one of us; we can no more conceive of him, describe him, class him, than the naturalist can class or conceive of, he knows not what; an animal, it may be, but he neither walks, swims nor flies, eats, drinks, nor sleeps, and yet lives.

I come now to speak of that peculiar structure and bent of mind which distinguishes an individual from his nation. Much that has already been said will apply equally well to this part of our subject. In a play or poem the author's individual genius is distinguished by the points of character he seizes upon, and the features most fondly dwelt upon, as well as the peculiar combination he delights in, and the general effect of his picture. Into his idea of his fellow enters one half himself; he views his subject only through himself, and strange indeed would it be, did not the portrait betray the medium through which the original was observed. As the astronomer must use his own eyes, though he looks through a national glass, not only are we to consider the quality of the lens, but also the condition of the observer's visual organs. A defect in his sight will not be made up for by distance, will be equally evident, whether it be



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

the instrument itself or the star to which it points, that is subjected to his scrutiny. To read history with advantage one must possess, we are told, a vivid imagination, that he may in a measure realize and enter into the spirit of the story, so as to make himself familiar with the scenes and characters there described. Every one is differently impressed, and each impression bears the stamp of the individual's taste and genius. One seizes greedily upon circumstances which another neglects; one associates with an event those scenes which witnessed it, one grasps the ludicrous, another the marvellous; and thus, when the taste and judgment come to weave these conceptions into poetry, their identity is not lost. Here, then, surely, one's individual genius is fully manifested.

The original 'Sweet Auburn' has been ascertained to be Lishoy in the county of Westmeath, Ireland. Though [Goldsmith](#) intended to represent an English village, "he took from Lishoy," says his biographer, "only such traits and characteristics as might be applied to village life in England, and modified them accordingly. He took what belonged to human nature in rustic life, and adapted it to the allotted scene. In the same way a painter takes his models from real life around him, even when he would paint a foreign or a classic group." We may suppose [Goldsmith](#) to have written this justly celebrated poem in the Irish village named, where he passed his youth. Many of his observations apply rather, in their full extent, to an Irish than an English village; but this is a difference not in kind, but degree. The desolation which was the subject of these verses was by no means confined to his native country.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

is, alas! a truth but too universal in its application. Has not this author done full justice to his subject? Let the popularity of his poem answer. [Goldsmith](#) is visible in every line. As to his nationality, I will only add that the hypercritical have discovered that many of his descriptions "savor more of the rural scenery and rustic life of an English than an Irish village"; which is proof enough that what is national makes no mean figure in the "Deserted Village." D'Israeli, speaking of Dante, observes; "Every great genius is influenced by the objects and feelings which occupy his own times, only differing from the race of his brothers by the magical force of his developments; the light he sends forth over the world he often catches from the faint and unobserved spark which will die away and turn to nothing in another hand." So confident were his commentators that his 'Inferno' was but an earthly hell after all, that the poem had no sooner appeared than they set about tracing its original; which, satisfactorily to their own minds, they finally discovered. His biographer relates that in the year 1304, among the novel and diverse sports on an occasion of public rejoicing, one was, the representation of the Infernal regions upon a stage of boats on the Arno at Florence. This, he adds, was the occasion of the 'Inferno.' Dante himself has remarked,



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

"I found the original of my hell in the world which we inhabit." Shakspeare is justly styled the 'poet of nature'; here is the secret of his popularity. His was no ideal standard, man was his hobby. It was one of the characteristics of his genius that it adapted itself to the reality of things, and was on familiar terms with our feelings. His characters are men, though historically faulty, yet *humanly* true; domesticated at once, they are English in all but the name. Now this characteristic is capable of being made equally manifest, whether his genius be employed upon an ancient or modern, foreign or domestic subject. He is as much the poet of nature in the one case as in the other, in describing a Roman as a London mob; in Antony's speech over the dead body of Caesar, as in the character of Falstaff. Were Antony Percy, and Percy Antony,

— "There were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits" —

and exert perhaps as magical an influence over the wounds of Caesar and the stones of Rome as did the true Roman orator. We are told by one author (Pope) that "Invention is one of the great characteristics of the genius of Shakspeare." "Yet," he asks,

"What can we reason but from what we know?"

This separating Invention from Imagination, as he does, seems altogether unnecessary, as another remarks, "seems to be merely dividing the included from the including term". It may be, as Johnson has observed, that "Shakspeare's adherence to the real story and to Roman manners has impeded the natural vigor of his genius"; he may have been confined, but he was no less Shakspeare; though chained he was not tamed. We are not to compare Shakspeare chained with Shakspeare at liberty, but Shakspeare in chains with others in the same condition. A caravan is made up of animals as distinct in their nature and habits as their fellows of the forest.

I question, in the next place, whether our Poet's powers of Imagination are less manifest when employed upon an ancient or foreign subject. Take, for instance, one of the most powerful passages of his 'Julius Caesar,' beginning

"But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world;" &c.

What is there foreign in the sentiment here? To be sure, the word Caesar occurs thrice, Brutus and Cassius each once; but they were no impediment, no more so, at least, than Hotspur or Macbeth would have been. The individual is merged in the man. Is it answered that in the latter case the character will be well known, and therefore the poet will feel more at ease, more at home, and under less restraint? I answer, this very familiarity, though a desideratum with the biographer, may prove a hindrance to the poet; facts are so many guideboards, confining him to a beaten track and leaving no room for Imagination. Some talk as if this faculty, wearied by a flight to so distant a scene, would be unable to exhibit its accustomed



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fertility and vigor: or among so many strange scenes and faces, being overcome by feelings of home sickness and loneliness, would lose a great portion of its energy and creative power. But this objection is far from applying to Shakspeare. He was, as we say, never less alone than when alone. Fortunately, his familiarity with Roman history was not so remarkable as to multiply guideboards to a troublesome degree; or supersede the necessity of his judging for himself, or hazarding a conjecture now and then.

Shakspeare is Shakspeare, whether at home or abroad.



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1837

➡ In Blackwood's Magazine, Thomas De Quincey's "The Revolt of the Tartars." He supplied articles on Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, and Pope to the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*.

The author's wife Margaret De Quincey died.

During this year the author was twice summoned into court on account of his debts.

➡ June 2, Friday: David Henry Thoreau's Harvard College essay on assignment "The mark or standard by which a nation is judged to be barbarous or civilized. Barbarities of civilized states."

(This assigned essay was intended to be based upon the class's study of Henri Benjamin Constant de Rebecque's *DE LA RELIGION CONSIDÉRÉE DANS SA SOURCE, SES FORMES ET SES DÉVELOPPEMENTS*.)



DE LA RELIGION, 1

DE LA RELIGION, 2

DE LA RELIGION, 3

(An interesting question would be, how much of Thoreau's lifelong preoccupation with tribal red Americans, as we find in his "Indian Notebooks," can we find presaged in this early response to Constant's musings?)

The justice of a nation's claim to be regarded as civilized seems to depend mainly upon the degree in which Art has triumphed over



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Nature. Civilization is the influence of Art, and not Nature, on Man. He mingles his own will with the unchanged essences around him, and becomes in his turn the creature of his own creations.

The end of life is education. An education is good or bad according to the disposition or frame of mind it induces. If it tend to cherish and develope [sic] the religious sentiment, – continuously to remind man of his mysterious relation to God and Nature, – and to exalt him above the toil and drudgery of this matter-of-fact world, it is good.

Civilization we think not only does not accomplish this, but is directly adverse to it. The civilized man is the slave of Matter. Art paves the earth, lest he may soil the soles of his feet; it builds walls that he may not see the Heavens; year in, year out, the sun rises in vain to him; the rain falls and the wind blows, but they do not reach him. From his wigwam of brick and mortar he praises his Maker for the genial warmth of a sun he never saw, or the fruitfulness of an earth he disdains to tread upon. Who says that this is not mockery? So much for the influence of Art.

Our rude forefathers took liberal and enlarged views of things, – rarely narrow or partial. They surrendered up themselves wholly to Nature; to contemplate her was a part of their daily food. Was she stupendous? so were their conceptions. The inhabitant of a mountain can hardly be brought to use a microscope; he is accustomed to embrace empires in a single glance. Nature is continually exerting a moral influence over man; she accommodates herself to the soul of man. Hence his conceptions are as gigantic as her mountains. We may see an instance of this if we will but turn our eyes to the strongholds of Liberty, – Scotland, Switzerland and Wales. What more stupendous can Art contrive than the Alps? What more sublime than the thunder among the hills? The savage is far-sighted; his eye, like the Poet's, –

“Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven.”²⁶

He looks far into futurity, wandering as familiarly through the Land of Spirits, as the civilized man through his woodlot or pleasure-grounds. His life is practical poetry, a perfect epic. The earth is his hunting-ground; he lives summers and winters; the sun is his time-piece, – he journeys to its rising or its setting; to the abode of Winter, or the land whence Summer comes. He never listens to the thunder but he is reminded of the Great Spirit, – it is his voice. To him the lightning is less terrible than it is sublime; the rainbow less beautiful than it is

26. This snippet is from [William Shakespeare](#)'s “Midsummer Night's Dream,” Act v. Scene 1:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.



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wonderful; the sun less warm than it is glorious. The savage dies and is buried; he sleeps with his forefathers, and before many winters his dust returns to dust again, and his body is mingled with the elements. The civilized man can scarce sleep even in his grave. Not even there are the weary at rest, nor do the wicked cease from troubling. What with the hammering of stone, and the grating of bolts, the worms themselves are wellnigh deceived. Art rears his monument. Learning contributes his epitaph, and Interest adds the "Carey fecit" as a salutary check upon the unearthly emotions which a perusal might otherwise excite.

A nation may be ever so civilized, and yet lack wisdom. Wisdom is the result of education; and education being the bringing-out or development of that which is in man, by contact with the Not-me, — that is by Life, — is far safer in the hands of Nature than of Art.

The savage may be, and often is a sage. Our Indian is more of a man than the inhabitant of a city. He lives as a man, he thinks as a man, he dies as a man. The latter, it is true, is learned. Learning is Art's creature, but it is not essential to the perfect man; it cannot educate. A man may spend days in the study of a single species of animalcule, invisible to the naked eye, and thus become the founder of a new branch of science, — without having advanced the great objects for which life was given him, at all. The naturalist, the chemist, the mechanist is no more a man for all his learning. Life is still as short as ever, death as inevitable, and the heavens as far off.

THE ACTUAL DOCUMENT



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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1838

[Richard Henry Dana, Sr.](#) was lecturing on [William Shakespeare](#) in [Providence](#), [Rhode Island](#), most likely to classes made up of women.



Charles Armitage Brown's SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEMS.





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September 15, Saturday: [Jones Very](#)'s brother Washington, a Freshman, was asked to escort him home to Salem. Very wanted to go through Concord and speak with [Waldo Emerson](#), but was disregarded. His younger brother allowed him, however, to post a letter to Emerson with a promised manuscript on [William Shakespeare](#):

My Brother

I am glad at last to be able to transmit what has been told me of Shakespeare 'tis the faint echo of that which speaks to you now. That was the utterance of the soul still in its travail but the hour is past of which I have often spoken to you and you hear not mine own words but the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Rejoice with me my brother and give thanks with me to the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ who have now taken me to themselves and will not let me go any more from them. I feel that the day now is when "the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people." The gathering time has come and the harvest is now reaping from the wide plains of earth. Here, even here the will of the Father begins to be done as in heaven. My friend I tell you these things as they are told me and hope soon for a day or two of leisure perhaps in two or three weeks when I may speak with you face to face as I now write....

Edwin Gittleman glosses Very's "Shakespeare" of the December 1837-September 1838 period as a "Poetics of Revelation" and as an "omnium-gatherum of his basic attitudes ... both a spiritual autobiography and a blueprint for action." He characterizes both Very's "Shakespeare" and his "Hamlet" as "more revealing as autobiography than as literary criticism." I will attempt the feat of glossing Gittleman's gloss:



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In ["Shakespeare"] Very contrasted the man of [mere] genius (exemplified by Shakespeare) with the man of virtue (clearly Very himself, but figured as Christ).... Very [had] once told Emerson that if he could first "move Shakespeare" he could then "move the world."... Shakespeare's mind functioned spontaneously, without deliberate control. Its actions were not willed but reflexive and automatic ... in harmony with Nature ... childlike.... The child, like Nature, just **is** and automatically loves whatever else **is**. The man of genius, with his undifferentiated love of activity and existence, is thus a **child-man**, retaining his prelapsarian heritage through unwitting obedience to the Divine Will.... [However, b]ecause the obedience of the virtuous man is conscious, his greatness is superior to that of genius[,] ... moral rather than [merely] innocent.... Since man's mind is so constituted by nature that it is not his own, he sins whenever he acts as if it were. He must therefore learn from genius and revelation that his "highest glory" consists of "conscious submission" to the Divine Will.... If ... the poet ... depicts "what **ought to be**, his teaching is false and ineffectual; it is then merely the handiwork of his own mind. But if "what **is**" is seen and understood "with a spirit more nearly allied to Him who sees all things as they are," then poetry will exhibit God's presence.... The only proper subject ... is "what **is**" – the "ever new, ever changing aspect of nature and of man." ... [V]irtue need not be "brightened" nor vice "darkened" by the poet's independent judgment.

Evidently, at about this point, although the promise was not publicized, [Very](#) was pledging to his mother and siblings that whatever the outcome of this Jesus-Christ venture of his, he would "come out of it" before a year had passed.

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

7th day 15th of 9th M / This evening Steam Boat bore away our dear Son & daughter with our interesting & truly lovely grandchild, we regretted they could not stay to the funeral of their Grandfather Clarke Rodman, which is to be tomorrow After Meeting in the Afternoon but their child not being well, & having staid one day longer than they expected to, they were anxious to return to their home, & under the considerations we were reconciled to their going being truly thankful for their company as long as we have had it, & in particular that they came while their Grandfather was living & could know they were with him.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

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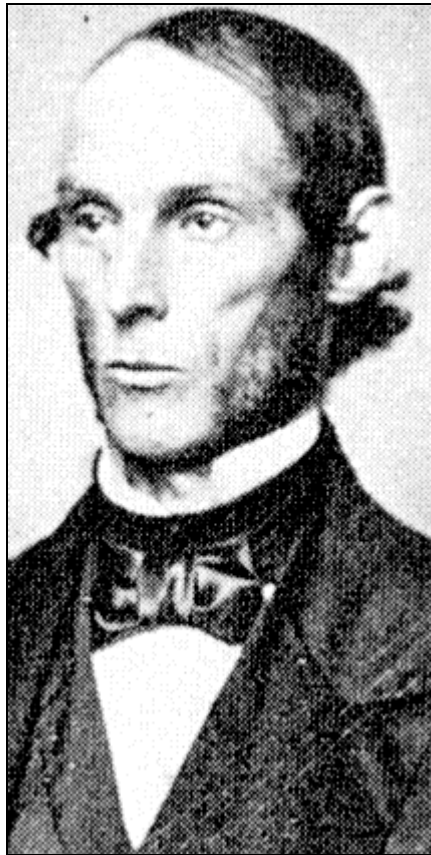
PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1839

Early in June: [Waldo Emerson](#) and [Jones Very](#) had for some time been discussing the publication of a book, ESSAYS AND POEMS BY JONES VERY, to be made up of an autobiographical prologue, the three essay or lectures “Epic Poetry,” “[Shakespeare](#),” and “Hamlet,” and a selection of the sonnets.



At this point, from the isolation of his chamber in Salem, Very packed up all these manuscripts and sent them off to the Emerson home in Concord. Although Emerson would be welcome to visit him in Salem, he wrote, he would be unable to visit Concord. He requested that his book be dedicated: “To Edward Tyrrell Channing, Boylston Professor in [Harvard University](#), This Volume is Inscribed, As a Token of Gratitude, By the Author.”



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1840

During this decade Walt Whitman was striding the sands of Coney Island declaiming “[Homer](#) and [Shakspeare](#) to the surf and seagulls.” There were a few resort hotels in the area at which more well-heeled gents such as Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun might hang out but there was no amusement park as yet — and would be none until subsequent to the US Civil War.

February 3, Monday: The 1st performance of Hans Christian Andersen’s early play *Mullatten*, about a romance between a white woman and her mulatto [slave](#), had an appreciative audience at the Royal Theater in Copenhagen, and would go on to be performed also in Stockholm and Odense. Although a charge of plagiarism was leveled against the author, evidently nothing came of this. (This play, in which the white countess falls in love with her [Shakespeare](#)-reading mulatto slave named Horatio and [manumits](#) him, and they are wed, then totally fell off our radar screens — and has been recovered from the stacks of a library that has wisely implemented an electronic search capability! Now the Odense Theatre has commissioned the Danish composer Sebastian to create a festive musical based on this recently rediscovered play.)

RACE POLITICS

May 12, Tuesday: [Thomas Carlyle](#) gave the lecture “The Hero as Poet. [Dante](#); [Shakspeare](#)” which would achieve publication in 1892  as [Lecture 3](#) in [ON HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP, AND THE HEROIC IN HISTORY](#).



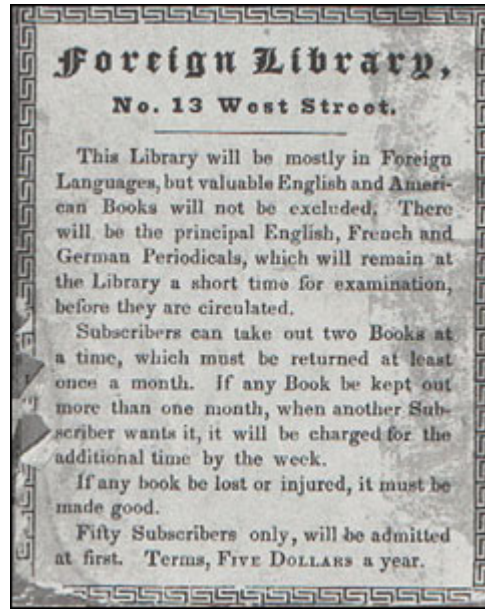


PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

July: Early in this month Miss [Elizabeth Palmer Peabody](#) opened, in the front parlor of the building she had leased at 13 West Street in Boston, her Foreign Library, a bookstore and circulating library.²⁷



At the suggestion of [Washington Allston](#) she would stock imported art supplies. One section was allocated to the homeopathic nostrums created by her father, Dr. Nathaniel Peabody. She displayed on the walls the paintings her sister Sophia was offering for sale. [Margaret Fuller](#) had staged her “conversations” here in late 1839 and this would continue in the early 1840s. The Reverend William Ellery Channing would stop by to read the newspaper. Sophia would marry Nathaniel Hawthorne at West Street in 1842. The editors of and contributors to THE DIAL would meet there, and for a time in 1842 and 1843 she would publish this journal as well as writing for it (her “A Glimpse of Christ’s Idea of Society,” a piece about Brook Farm, would appear in the October 1841 issue, and her “Fourierism” would appear in the April 1844 issue).

I had ... a foreign library of new French and German books, and then I came into contact with the world as never before. The Ripleys were starting Brook Farm, and they were friends of ours. [Theodore Parker](#) was beginning his career, and all these things were discussed in my book-store by Boston lawyers and Cambridge professors. Those were very living years for me.

27. Circulating libraries were privately owned collections of books and periodicals lent out for profit at fixed rates; this institution had its heyday in America in the first half of the 19th Century, just prior to the rise of the public library movement.



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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

In this year Miss Peabody issued the first of two printed catalogs of her book collection.²⁸ The collection included such titles as GERMAN LITERATURE. TR. FROM THE GERMAN OF [WOLFGANG MENZEL](#). BY [C.C. FELTON](#).... (3 volumes, Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Company, 1840),²⁹ Miss Peabody's edition of Anna Cabot Lowell's THEORY OF TEACHING, Lamartine's HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS and TRAVELS IN THE EAST, Michelet's *MÉMOIRES DE LUTHER*, [Waldo Emerson](#)'s NATURE, the Reverend Ripley's LETTERS ON THE LATEST FORM OF INFIDELITY (a response to Andrews Norton's attack on Transcendentalism), Robespierre's *MÉMOIRES*, and Rosini's LUISA STROZZI, in addition to classic works by [Æschylus](#), [Ludovico Ariosto](#), Honoré de Balzac, [George Bancroft](#), [George Gordon](#), [Lord Byron](#), [Thomas Carlyle](#), [Miguel de Cervantes](#), the Reverend Channing, [Chateaubriand](#), Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Cousin, [Dante](#), Dumas, [Euripides](#), [Gerando](#), Goethe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Hesiod, [Homer](#), Victor Hugo, Mirabeau, Molière, Petrarch, Plato, Racine, Richter, Rousseau, George Sand, Schiller, Schlegel, [William Shakespeare](#), [Madame de Staël](#), Alexis de Tocqueville, [Voltaire](#), William Wordsworth, and Xenophon. The collection also included various periodicals such as the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Boston Quarterly Review*, THE DIAL, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Journal des Literarische Unterhaltung*, the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, the *Musical Journal*, the *New-York Review*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the *Western*

28. A facsimile of this catalog still exists, as part of Madeleine B. Stern's "Elizabeth Peabody's Foreign Library (1840)," *American Transcendental Quarterly*, No. 20 Supplement, Part 1, pages 5-12.

29. Henry Thoreau would consult this on December 5, 1840. His extracts would consist of quotations from [Lorenz Oken](#) and from [Gothilf Heinrich von Schubert](#).

GERMAN LITERATURE, I

GERMAN LITERATURE, II

GERMAN LITERATURE, III

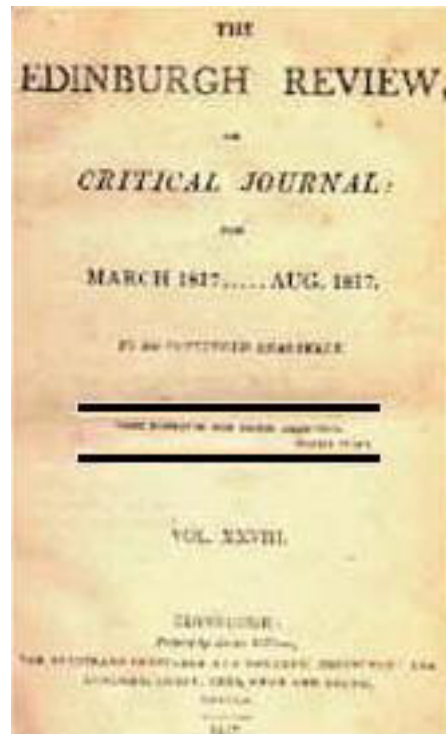


PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN **WALDEN**

Messenger.





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1841

[John Payne Collier](#)'s MEMOIRS OF EDWARD ALLEYN; INCLUDING SOME NEW PARTICULARS RESPECTING [SHAKESPEARE](#), [BEN JONSON](#), MASSINGER, MARSTON, DEKKER, & C., for the Shakespeare Society.

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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15 WEST STREET

NOVELIST NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE ONCE DESCRIBED 15 WEST STREET AS "MRS. PEABODY'S GARAVANSARY," IN REFERENCE TO THE DIVERSE ACTIVITIES OF THE PEABODY FAMILY WHO FROM 1840 TO 1854 MADE THEIR HOME IN THIS BUILDING. IN THE FRONT PARLOR, DAUGHTER ELIZABETH OPENED A BOOKSTORE, THE FIRST IN BOSTON TO OFFER WORKS BY FOREIGN AUTHORS. HERE SHE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON PUBLISHED *THE DIAL*, THE QUARTERLY PERIODICAL OF THE TRANSCENDENTALIST POETS. HERE ALSO, JOURNALIST-CRITIC MARGARET FULLER HELD HER FAMOUS "CONVERSATIONS" WHICH TODAY ARE CONSIDERED LANDMARK TRACTS IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN FEMINISM. IN THE PRIVATE, REAR PARLOR, DAUGHTER SOPHIA IN 1842 MARRIED HAWTHORNE AND DAUGHTER MARY IN 1843 MARRIED HORACE MANN, THE FATHER OF PUBLIC EDUCATION IN AMERICA. DURING THE YEARS THE PEABODY FAMILY LIVED ON WEST STREET, THEY WERE HOSTS — AND FRIEND — TO MANY WHO HELPED BROADEN AMERICAN THOUGHT AND LITERATURE.




PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1843

In Potsdam, [Felix Mendelssohn](#)'s music to [William Shakespeare](#)'s *Midsummer Night's Dream* was performed for the first time. In Dresden, Richard Wagner's opera *Der fliegende Holländer* was premiered.

April: When the [Reverend William Adam](#) was challenged in his direction of the educational effort by those who experienced his teaching as dry, stilted, and boring (which, clearly, it was), he did the same thing he had done in 1828  when he had been in charge of Rajah Rammohan Roy's school in Calcutta: he withdrew totally, both as director of education and as secretary of the community. This man had a thin skin! [David Mack](#) and [Lucy Maria Kollock Brastow Mack](#) had suddenly to assume responsibility for the [Association of Industry and Education](#)'s educational arm, and implement a considerably altered curriculum. Corporal punishment was to be forbidden. In the future, instead of long hours of classroom study, during the summer the children were to be taken into the woods and meadows to learn their botany and zoology from 7AM until noon. Although this sounds a whole lot like playing in the water, they would be allowed to "build the different geographical formations, miniature islands, capes, promontories, peninsulas, and isthmuses" along the bank of the mill

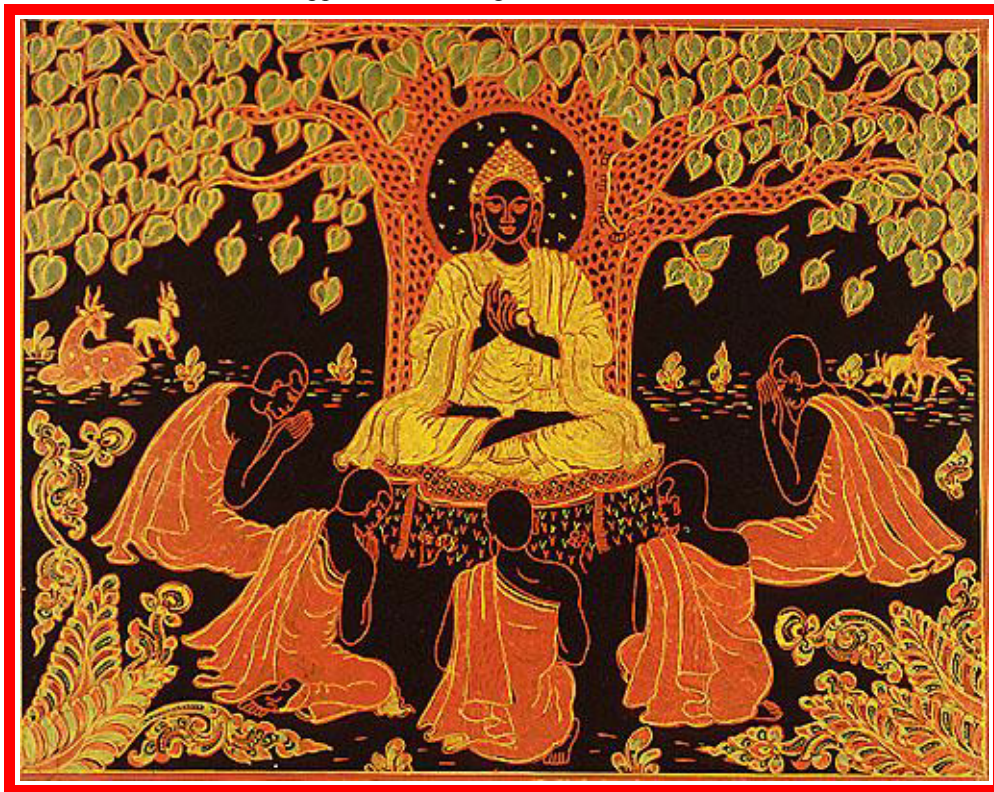
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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

pond. And, they would expedition by carriage to Mount Holyoke to collect mineral specimens. Then, during the winter months, from 7AM until noon the students were to learn “sewing, braiding straw, knitting [silk](#) and beaded purses and other useful things” while being read to out of “[Shakespeare](#)’s plays, Scott’s novels, Prescott’s HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, Undine and many other ... books.” Each afternoon and evening, from 1PM until sunset, of course, occupied all children in useful factory labor at the Cocoonery — learning by doing. All this was so popular in the surrounding community of [Northampton](#) that a boarding school was begun, to accommodate children from outside the Association group at a tuition level of \$100 per annum (this didn’t include the cost for the student of books, stationery, or clothing). Not only would this regimen prove popular among the parents, but also, a review of reports made by the students later in their lives indicates that the children also appreciated this regimen while it lasted.³⁰

[COMMUNITARIANISM](#)

30. But by 1846 this more lenient schedule had, due to financial pressures, disappeared, and the children of the community were reduced to laboring all day six days a week in the Cocoonery and receiving instructions only after their supper until their bedtime.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN: WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1844

The Reverend [Alexander Dyce](#)'s REMARKS ON COLLIER'S AND KNIGHT'S EDITIONS OF [SHAKESPEARE](#).

REMARKS OF A. DYCE

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1845

[Edwin Forrest](#) was mercilessly hissed by British audiences while touring as the male lead in *MacBeth*, bellowing the lines of [William Shakespeare](#) in his trademark Americanist style. He alleged that his competitor, the British actor William Macready whose performance he had been observed to have hissed in 1836, was responsible for this critical reception, and initiated a vitriolic and very public feud that would play itself out, in a manner exacerbated by jingo sentiments on both sides, between mobs of theater fans.



(One thing you should definitely grasp about the United States of this period is that it had embraced [Shakespeare](#) as its own. For instance, in camp awaiting action against the Mexican army in Texas, a young

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

lieutenant named Ulysses S. Grant took up the role of Desdemona in Shakespeare's play *Othello*.)






PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1846

 April 8, Wednesday: [Waldo Emerson](#) delivered in Concord the 4th of his “Representative Man” series of lectures, “[Shakespeare](#),” and [Henry Thoreau](#), listening, considered such praise of the playwright to be in excess.

November: [Margaret Fuller](#) reported to the New-York [Tribune](#) from Paris about the wrap-up of her trip through the British Isles (after her death this would be reprinted in AT HOME AND ABROAD):

Paris, November, 1846.

I am very sorry to leave such a wide gap between my letters, but I was inevitably prevented from finishing one that was begun for the steamer of the 4th of November. I then hoped to prepare one after my arrival here in time for the Hibernia, but a severe cold, caught on the way, unfitted me for writing. It is now necessary to retrace my steps a long way, or lose sight of several things it has seemed desirable to mention to friends in America, though I shall make out my narrative more briefly than if nearer the time of action.

If I mistake not, my last closed just as I was looking back on the hill where I had passed the night in all the miserable chill and amid the ghostly apparitions of a Scotch mist, but which looked in the morning truly beautiful, and (had I not known it too well to be deceived) alluring, in its mantle of rich pink heath, the tallest and most full of blossoms we anywhere saw, and with, the waterfall making music by its side, and sparkling in the morning sun.

Passing from Tarbet, we entered the grand and beautiful pass of Glencoe, – sublime with purple shadows with bright lights between, and in one place showing an exquisitely silent and lonely little lake. The wildness of the scene was heightened by the black Highland cattle feeding here and there. They looked much at home, too, in the park at Inverary, where I saw them next day. In Inverary I was disappointed. I found, indeed, the position of every object the same as indicated in the “Legend of Montrose,” but the expression of the whole seemed unlike what I had fancied. The present abode of the Argyle family is a modern structure, and boasts very few vestiges of the old romantic history attached to the name. The park and look-out upon the lake are beautiful, but except from the brief pleasure derived from these, the old cross from Iona that stands in the market-place, and the drone of the bagpipe which lulled me to sleep at night playing some melancholy air, there was nothing to make me feel that it was “a far cry to Lochawe,” but, on the contrary, I seemed in the very midst of the prosaic, the civilized world. Leaving Inverary, we left that day the Highlands too, passing through. Hell Glen, a very wild and grand defile. Taking boat then on Loch Levy, we passed down the Clyde, stopping an hour



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or two on our way at Dumbarton. Nature herself foresaw the era of picture when she made and placed this rock: there is every preparation for the artist's stealing a little piece from her treasures to hang on the walls of a room. Here I saw the sword of "Wallace wight," shown by a son of the nineteenth century, who said that this hero lived about fifty years ago, and who did not know the height of this rock, in a cranny of which he lived, or at least ate and slept and "donned his clothes." From the top of the rock I saw sunset on the beautiful Clyde, animated that day by an endless procession of steamers, little skiffs, and boats. In one of the former, the Cardiff Castle, we embarked as the last light of day was fading, and that evening found ourselves in Glasgow.

I understand there is an intellectual society of high merit in Glasgow, but we were there only a few hours, and did not see any one. Certainly the place, as it may be judged of merely from the general aspect of the population and such objects as may be seen in the streets, more resembles an *Inferno* than any other we have yet visited. The people are more crowded together, and the stamp of squalid, stolid misery and degradation more obvious and appalling. The English and Scotch do not take kindly to poverty, like those of sunnier climes; it makes them fierce or stupid, and, life presenting no other cheap pleasure, they take refuge in drinking.

I saw here in Glasgow persons, especially women, dressed in dirty, wretched tatters, worse than none, and with an expression of listless, unexpected woe upon their faces, far more tragic than the inscription over the gate of Dante's *Inferno*. To one species of misery suffered here to the last extent, I shall advert in speaking of London.

But from all these sorrowful tokens I by no means inferred the falsehood of the information, that here was to be found a circle rich in intellect and in aspiration. The manufacturing and commercial towns, burning focuses of grief and vice, are also the centres of intellectual life, as in forcing-beds the rarest flowers and fruits are developed by use of impure and repulsive materials. Where evil comes to an extreme, Heaven seems busy in providing means for the remedy. Glaring throughout Scotland and England is the necessity for the devoutest application of intellect and love to the cure of ills that cry aloud, and, without such application, erelong help *must* be sought by other means than words. Yet there is every reason to hope that those who ought to help are seriously, though, slowly, becoming alive to the imperative nature of this duty; so we must not cease to hope, even in the streets of Glasgow, and the gin-palaces of Manchester, and the dreariest recesses of London.

From Glasgow we passed to Stirling, like Dumbarton endeared to the mind which cherishes the memory of its childhood more by association with Miss Porter's Scottish Chiefs, than with "Snowdon's knight and Scotland's king." We reached the town too late to see the castle before the next morning, and I took up at the inn "The Scottish Chiefs," in which I had not read a word



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since ten or twelve years old. We are in the habit now of laughing when this book is named, as if it were a representative of what is most absurdly stilted or bombastic, but now, in reading, my maturer mind was differently impressed from what I expected, and the infatuation with which childhood and early youth regard this book and its companion, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," was justified. The characters and dialogue are, indeed, out of nature, but the sentiment that animates them is pure, true, and no less healthy than noble. Here is bad drawing, bad drama, but good music, to which the unspoiled heart will always echo, even when the intellect has learned to demand a better organ for its communication.

The castle of Stirling is as rich as any place in romantic associations. We were shown its dungeons and its Court of Lions, where, says tradition, wild animals, kept in the grated cells adjacent, were brought out on festival occasions to furnish entertainment for the court. So, while lords and ladies gay danced and sang above, prisoners pined and wild beasts starved below. This, at first blush, looks like a very barbarous state of things, but, on reflection, one does not find that we have outgrown it in our present so-called state of refined civilization, only the present way of expressing the same facts is a little different. Still lords and ladies dance and sing, unknowing or uncaring that the laborers who minister to their luxuries starve or are turned into wild beasts. Man need not boast his condition, methinks, till he can weave his costly tapestry without the side that is kept under looking thus sadly. The tournament ground is still kept green and in beautiful order, near Stirling castle, as a memento of the olden time, and as we passed away down the beautiful Firth, a turn of the river gave us a very advantageous view of it. So gay it looked, so festive in the bright sunshine, one almost seemed to see the graceful forms of knight and noble pricking their good steeds to the encounter, or the stalwart Douglas, vindicating his claim to be indeed a chief by conquest in the rougher sports of the yeomanry.

Passing along the Firth to Edinburgh, we again passed two or three days in that beautiful city, which I could not be content to leave so imperfectly seen, if I had not some hope of revisiting it when the bright lights that adorn it are concentrated there. In summer almost every one is absent. I was very fortunate to see as many interesting persons as I did. On this second visit I saw James Simpson, a well-known philanthropist, and leader in the cause of popular education. Infant schools have been an especial care of his, and America as well as Scotland has received the benefit of his thoughts on this subject. His last good work has been to induce the erection of public baths in Edinburgh, and the working people of that place, already deeply in his debt for the lectures he has been unwearied in delivering for their benefit, have signified their gratitude by presenting him with a beautiful model of a fountain in silver as an ornament to his study. Never was there a place



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where such a measure would be more important; if cleanliness be akin to godliness, Edinburgh stands at great disadvantage in her devotions. The impure air, the terrific dirt which surround the working people, must make all progress in higher culture impossible; and I saw nothing which seemed to me so likely to have results of incalculable good, as this practical measure of the Simpsons in support of the precept, "Wash and be clean every whit."

We returned into England by the way of Melrose, not content to leave Scotland without making our pilgrimage to Abbotsford. The universal feeling, however, has made this pilgrimage so common that there is nothing left for me to say; yet, though I had read a hundred descriptions, everything seemed new as I went over this epitome of the mind and life of Scott. As what constitutes the great man is more commonly some extraordinary combination and balance of qualities, than the highest development of any one, so you cannot but here be struck anew by the singular combination in Scott's mind of love for the picturesque and romantic with the plainest common sense, — a delight in heroic excess with the prudential habit of order. Here the most pleasing order pervades emblems of what men commonly esteem disorder and excess.

Amid the exquisite beauty of the ruins of Dryburgh, I saw with regret that Scott's body rests in almost the only spot that is not green, and cannot well be made so, for the light does not reach it. That is not a fit couch for him who dressed so many dim and time-worn relics with living green.

Always cheerful and beneficent, Scott seemed to the common eye in like measure prosperous and happy, up to the last years, and the chair in which, under the pressure of the sorrows which led to his death, he was propped up to write when brain and eye and hand refused their aid, the product remaining only as a guide to the speculator as to the workings of the mind in case of insanity or approaching imbecility, would by most persons be viewed as the only saddening relic of his career. Yet when I recall some passages in the Lady of the Lake, and the Address to his Harp, I cannot doubt that Scott had the full share of bitter in his cup, and feel the tender hope that we do about other gentle and generous guardians and benefactors of our youth, that in a nobler career they are now fulfilling still higher duties with serener mind. Doubtless too they are trusting in us that we will try to fill their places with kindly deeds, ardent thoughts, nor leave the world, in their absence, "A dim, vast vale of tears, Vacant and desolate."

Paris, 1846.

We crossed the moorland in a heavy rain, and reached Newcastle late at night. Next day we descended into a coal-mine; it was quite an odd sensation to be taken off one's feet and dropped down into darkness by the bucket. The stables under ground had a pleasant Gil-Blas air, though the poor horses cannot like it much; generally they see the light of day no more after they have once been let down into these gloomy recesses, but pass



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their days in dragging cars along the rails of the narrow passages, and their nights in eating hay and dreaming of grass!! When we went down, we meant to go along the gallery to the place where the miners were then at work, but found this was a walk of a mile and a half, and, beside the weariness of picking one's steps slowly along by the light of a tallow candle, too wet and dirty an enterprise to be undertaken by way of amusement; so, after proceeding half a mile or so, we begged to be restored to our accustomed level, and reached it with minds slightly edified and face and hands much blackened.

Passing thence we saw York with its Minster, that dream of beauty realized. From, its roof I saw two rainbows, overarching that lovely country. Through its aisles I heard grand music pealing. But how sorrowfully bare is the interior of such a cathedral, despoiled of the statues, the paintings, and the garlands that belong to the Catholic religion! The eye aches for them. Such a church is ruined by Protestantism; its admirable exterior seems that of a sepulchre; there is no correspondent life within.

Within the citadel, a tower half ruined and ivy-clad, is life that has been growing up while the exterior bulwarks of the old feudal time crumbled to ruin. George Fox, while a prisoner at York for obedience to the dictates of his conscience, planted here a walnut, and the tall tree that grew from it still "bears testimony" to his living presence on that spot. The tree is old, but still bears nuts; one of them was taken away by my companions, and may perhaps be the parent of a tree somewhere in America, that shall shade those who inherit the spirit, if they do not attach importance to the etiquettes, of Quakerism. In Sheffield I saw the sooty servitors tending their furnaces. I saw them, also on Saturday night, after their work was done, going to receive its poor wages, looking pallid and dull, as if they had spent on tempering the steel that vital force that should have tempered themselves to manhood.

We saw, also, Chatsworth, with its park and mock wilderness, and immense conservatory, and really splendid fountains and wealth of marbles. It is a fine expression of modern luxury and splendor, but did not interest me; I found little there of true beauty or grandeur.

Warwick Castle is a place entirely to my mind, a real representative of the English aristocracy in the day of its nobler life. The grandeur of the pile itself, and its beauty of position, introduce you fitly to the noble company with which the genius of Vandyke has peopled its walls. But a short time was allowed to look upon these nobles, warriors, statesmen, and ladies, who gaze upon us in turn with such a majesty of historic association, yet was I very well satisfied. It is not difficult to see men through the eyes of Vandyke. His way of viewing character seems superficial, though commanding; he sees the man in his action on the crowd, not in his hidden life; he does not, like some painters, amaze and engross us by his revelations as to the secret springs of conduct. I know not by what hallucination I forebore to look at the picture I most desired



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to see, — that of Lucy, Countess of Carlisle. I was looking at something else, and when the fat, pompous butler announced her, I did not recognize her name from his mouth. Afterward it flashed across me, that I had really been standing before her and forgotten to look. But repentance was too late; I had passed the castle gate to return no more.

Pretty Leamington and Stratford are hackneyed ground. Of the latter I only observed what, if I knew, I had forgotten, that the room where [Shakespeare](#) was born has been an object of devotion only for forty years. England has learned much of her appreciation of Shakespeare from the Germans. In the days of innocence, I fondly supposed that every one who could understand English, and was not a cannibal, adored Shakespeare and read him on Sundays always for an hour or more, and on week days a considerable portion of the time. But I have lived to know some hundreds of persons in my native land, without finding ten who had any direct acquaintance with their greatest benefactor, and I dare say in England as large an experience would not end more honorably to its subjects. So vast a treasure is left untouched, while men are complaining of being poor, because they have not toothpicks exactly to their mind.

At Stratford I handled, too, the poker used to such good purpose by Geoffrey Crayon. The muse had fled, the fire was out, and the poker rusty, yet a pleasant influence lingered even in that cold little room, and seemed to lend a transient glow to the poker under the influence of sympathy.

In Birmingham I heard two discourses from one of the rising lights of England, George Dawson, a young man of whom I had earlier heard much in praise. He is a friend of the people, in the sense of brotherhood, not of a social convenience or patronage; in literature catholic; in matters of religion antisectarian, seeking truth in aspiration and love. He is eloquent, with good method in his discourse, fire and dignity when wanted, with a frequent homeliness in enforcement and illustration which offends the etiquettes of England, but fits him the better for the class he has to address. His powers are uncommon and unfettered in their play; his aim is worthy. He is fulfilling and will fulfil an important task as an educator of the people, if all be not marred by a taint of self-love and arrogance now obvious in his discourse. This taint is not surprising in one so young, who has done so much, and in order to do it has been compelled to great self-confidence and light heed of the authority of other minds, and who is surrounded almost exclusively by admirers; neither is it, at present, a large speck; it may be quite purged from him by the influence of nobler motives and the rise of his ideal standard; but, on the other hand, should it spread, all must be vitiated. Let us hope the best, for he is one that could ill be spared from the band who have taken up the cause of Progress in England.

In this connection I may as well speak of James Martineau, whom I heard in Liverpool, and W.J. Fox, whom I heard in London.

Mr. Martineau looks like the over-intellectual, the partially



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developed man, and his speech confirms this impression. He is sometimes conservative, sometimes reformer, not in the sense of eclecticism, but because his powers and views do not find a true harmony. On the conservative side he is scholarly, acute, – on the other, pathetic, pictorial, generous. He is no prophet and no sage, yet a man full of fine affections and thoughts, always suggestive, sometimes satisfactory; he is well adapted to the wants of that class, a large one in the present day, who love the new wine, but do not feel that they can afford to throw away *all* their old bottles.

Mr. Fox is the reverse of all this: he is homogeneous in his materials and harmonious in the results he produces. He has great persuasive power; it is the persuasive power of a mind warmly engaged in seeking truth for itself. He sometimes carries homeward convictions with great energy, driving in the thought as with golden nails. A glow of kindly human sympathy enlivens his argument, and the whole presents thought in a well-proportioned, animated body. But I am told he is far superior in speech on political or social problems, than on such as I heard him discuss.

I was reminded, in hearing all three, of men similarly engaged in our country, W.H. Charming and Theodore Parker. None of them compare in the symmetrical arrangement of extempore discourse, or in pure eloquence and communication of spiritual beauty, with Charming, nor in fulness and sustained flow with Parker, but, in power of practical and homely adaptation of their thought to common wants, they are superior to the former, and all have more variety, finer perceptions, and are more powerful in single passages, than Parker.

And now my pen has run to 1st October, and still I have such notabilities as fell to my lot to observe while in London, and these that are thronging upon me here in Paris to record for you. I am sadly in arrears, but 't is comfort to think that such meats as I have to serve up are as good cold as hot. At any rate, it is just impossible to do any better, and I shall comfort myself, as often before, with the triplet which I heard in childhood from a sage (if only sages wear wigs!): –

"As said the great Prince Fernando, What *can* a man do, More than he can do?"

ARTHUR FULLER'S BOOK

Winter: Irish laborers stacked Walden Pond's ice into "a vast blue fort or Valhalla."

[Henry Thoreau](#) recorded to his journal:



It is hard to have a Southern overseer; it is worse to have a Northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself!"

Heroic books, "even if printed in the character of our mother tongue, will always be in a language dead to degenerate times; and we must laboriously seek the meaning of each word and line, conjecturing a larger sense than common use permits out of what wisdom and valor and generosity we have."

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As the sparrow had its trill, sitting on the hickory before my door, so I had my chuckle or suppressed warble which he might hear out of my nest.



As I sit at my window this summer afternoon, hawks are circling about my clearing; the tantivy of wild pigeons, flying by twos and threes athwart my view, or perching restless on the white-pine boughs behind my house, gives a voice to the air; a fishhawk dimples the glassy surface of the pond and brings up a fish; a mink steals out of the marsh before my door and seizes a frog by the shore; the sedge is bending under the weight of the reed-birds flitting hither and thither; and for the last half hour I have heard the rattle of railroad cars, now dying away and then reviving like the beat of a partridge [Ruffed Grouse ■ *Bonasa umbellus* (Partridge)], conveying travellers from Boston to the country. For I did not live so out of the world as that boy, who, as I hear, was put out to a farmer in the east part of the town, but ere long ran away and came home again, quite down at the heel and homesick. He had never seen such a dull and out-of-the-way place; the folks were all gone off; why,





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you couldn't even hear the whistle! I doubt if there is such a place in Massachusetts now:—

“In truth, our village has become a butt
For one of those fleet railroad shafts, and o'er
Our peaceful plain its soothing sound is —Concord.” (114-5)

When other birds are still the screech owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient *u-lu-lu*. Their dismal scream is truly [Ben Jonsonian](#). Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt *tu-whit tu-who* of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the wood-side, reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, no expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in their scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then —*that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and —*bor-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods. (124)

On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like popguns to these woods, and some waifs of martial music occasionally penetrate thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field at the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff ball had burst; and when there was a military turnout of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all the day of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon, either scarlatina or canker-rash, until at length some more favorable puff of wind, making haste over the fields and up the Wayland road, brought me information of the “trainers.” It seemed by the distant hum as if somebody's bees had swarmed, and that the neighbors, according to Virgil's advice, by a faint *tintinnabulum* upon the most sonorous of their domestic utensils, were endeavoring to call them down into the hive again. And when the sound died quite away, and the hum had ceased, and the most favorable breezes told no tale, I knew that they had got the last drone of them all safely into the Middlesex hive, and that now their minds were bent on the honey with which it was smeared. (161)



After September 10: It was with pleasant sensations that we rowed over the North Twin lake by moonlight —now fairly beyond the last vestige of civilized, perhaps of human life —in the midst of such environment and such civility there as nature allows For still I could think of nothing but vaster cities there concealed on the distant shore and ports and navies —and the orient and occident —the levant and the Pacific of trade—

Over that high table land so open to the sun and light and yet uninhabited. Continuous forests bounded the view on every side —the shore rising into gentle wooded hills —and now and then a mountain reared itself above the level woods —Joe Merry or Double-top —or Ktadn.

The loon laughed and dived as we held on our way —the fir and spruce and cedar, occasionally hanging with moss, stood like the ghosts of trees on the distant shore— We sang, at least with enthusiasm, such boat song as we could remember —and listened to hear if any wolf responded —aware that we had perchance disturbed many a deer or moose quietly feeding on the shore —and even then gazing at us —but we heard only the hooting of owls On entering the lake we steered for a little dot of an island hardly visible in the dark —where we amused ourselves with planning that the light house should be —and how we should like to live and be the light-house man. At length we drew up our batteau upon a smooth white sandy shore at the head of the lake —gliding in between some large dark rocks and proceeded to make our camp—

It is difficult to conceive of an country uninhabited by man we naturally suppose them on the horizon everywhere— And yet we have not seen nature unless we have once seen her thus vast and grim and drear —whether in the wilderness or in the midst of cities —for to be Vast is how near to being waste.

Coming down the Mt perhaps I first most fully realized that that this was unhanselled and ancient Demonic Nature, natura, or whatever man has named it.

The nature primitive —powerful gigantic awful and beautiful, Untamed forever. We were passing over burnt lands with occasional strips of timber crossing it,³¹ and low poplars springing up —open and pasture-like —with blue berries sloping away down toward the river —for our convenience I found myself traversing it familiarly like some pasture run to waste —or partially reclaimed by man —but when I reflected what a man —what brother or sister or kindred of our race farmed it —and made it firm ground and convenient for us to walk on— The earth



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seemed recent –and I expected the proprietor to dispute my passage– When then did my ancestors acquire the preemptive right? But only the moose browsed here, and the bear skulked –and the black partridge fed on the berries and the buds.

The main astonishment at last is that man has brought so little change– And yet man so overtops nature in his estimation.

The trout fishing at the mouth of the Aboljacknagesic –in that part of the river called the Sowdehunk still water, was as it were fabulous, to describe There those fishes made beautiful the lord only knows why, to swim there, leaped from he stream to our frying pan by some orphic process

It impressed me so like a vision that late at night or early in the morning I rose by moonlight to learn if I were indeed there and this dream were true. And there by the moonlight –in the wholly visionary dream land –the speckled trout again rose to the bait and the fable proved true again.– The outline of Ktadn was plainly visible a dozen miles off in the warm light –

I could understand the truth of mythology –and the fables of Proteus and all those beautiful sea monsters– How all history put to a terrestrial use is history, but put to a celestial is mythology ever.

There we lay where Indians once –and since adventurous loggers seeking the white pine had camped before us and caught trout like us. There were the moose on which some party had feasted, of which we brought away some teeth –and we used the birch poles that had been left by them.

One memorable evening and moon lighted dawn I first caught the trout in the Maine wilderness at the mouth of the Aboljacknagesic which comes into to the West Branch of the Penobscot from Mount Ktadn– And the fable of the trout was realized to me. I had long sought a larger specimen of its cousin the White Chivin or roach and here my first captive was the fish I sought –fishes large than the red distinctly white or silvery –swam here and were forward to take the bait –at the mouth of Murch Brook –in dark water. I had come so far to catch my fish.

There are singular reminiscences in the life of every man –of seasons when he was leading a wholly unsubstantial and as it were impossible life –in circumstances so strange –in company so unfit and almost this time the creature of Chance. As the hours spent in travelling by steam boat night or day– It is a transient and

31. It is difficult to conceive

~~region~~

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~~burnt by lightning perchance~~

over burnt land ^ with occasional

strips of timber crossing it.... (Berg 89-90)



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dream like experience—for which I have no other place in any memory but such as I assign to dreams. In a longer voyage no doubt the circumstances and scenery would become familiar and we might realize how we too could be sailors—and so lead our lives. But in these voyages of a night in which the power of a new genius or demon steam—surpassing the relations of eastern fables are summoned to waft us to a distant spot—we pass too rapidly from our associations to a new era— All men but a few cooks and waiters and engineers and deck hands seem as much in a dream as yourself— All are as if they had taken something—wine or opium or been— All are familiar as in dreams and each represents a class—is the best specimen of his class— See the man in a rich fur cap and velvet cloak— Now trying to get sleep—now pacing the deck and looking round upon us—with assurance as if he were some prince and travelled there rightfully and more entirely than we—we who are the same old six pences any where just as homely and simple the other side the Globe as where we belong—and the last day as this hour—

He is a fabulous man—not fed and sustained as we are— The Sea faring man lighting his pipe at midnight and pacing the deck one more—guessing we are now about off white head whose light we see yonder—has often sailed this shore knows all the lights— By the bye Where's Jim how many times has he been to bed and got up again—now knowing but it was day light—hoping it was— Now he'll borrow your pipe if you please— Has he slept any—he says he slept well does'nt want any more—but here he is up at mid night— He declares he sees the day breaking—we shall be in the bay in an hour—thats' nigger Island—that's Owl's head-light— It grows light apace— We begin to trig up—slick hair—smooth pants snuff the breeze a little and shake ourselves— By the by what time is it? One says its 3 o'clock one says its one—one says it's only eleven— And the cook passing answers half past eleven gentlemen— And that light was the moon rising and the sailors who had sailed these shores—exeunt to bed again and now determine to sleep this time— Some not abaft the shaft choose again a soft recess among the bales—some stagger down—seeming to the risen heads to have come upon the business of the boat—or as if going down town at leisure



Winter: {pages missing} shorter and more adventurous way.

I had thoughts of returning to this house the next day—which was neatly kept & so nobly placed—for the husband was not at home though the mistress entertained me kindly—and perhaps remaining a week in the valley.

As I passed the last house a man called out to know what I had to sell, for seeing my knapsack he thought that I might be a peddler who was taking this unusual rout for nearness over the ridge at the head of the valley to South Adams. He told me that—it was 4 or 5 miles to the summit by the path, which I had left but not more than 2 miles in a straight line—but nobody ever went this way—there was no path and I should {Two-fifths page missing} I was of that age when an unexplored country road furnishes objects of interest enough—when any deeper ravine—or higher hill—or novel bridge and unknown stream—detains us a long time—and once we go on with the interest and adventurous feeling of childhood not knowing what we shall see next. I was interested by such sights for instants as pigs and geese with yokes, which were new to me—bridges whose side rails only were covered with a projecting eve—virginia fences—and guide boards—which said right and left or Rt. Lt. or if it chanced to say so many miles to Esqr M'Gaws {MS torn} charmed and felt myself {Two-fifths page missing} {Thirty-two pages missing} guage— And the vast majority of those who at one period of their lives have been compelled to study Latin & Greek—have remained as ignorant of the genius of their authors as those inhabitants of the early centuries of our era—who though they could speak the language of Rome—erased the monuments of her noblest children to make way for a Father—or a dull Romance.

I know it is advised by some to overlook at last and forget what ancient and heroic men have done, what wise and studious men have thought—what inspired poets have sung— The most valuable monuments of human labor and life— But it will be soon enough to forget when we have the experience which will enable us well to remember them— That age will be rich indeed when those relics shall have still further accumulated—when at some remote epoch the Vaticans shall be filled with Homers & [Shakespeares](#)—where the ages shall have successively deposited their trophies in a heap in the forum. This way may we plausibly hope to scale the heavens.

The works of the great poets have never yet been read, for only great poets can read them. There was never gathered an assembly of men who could appreciate them—but they have ever been read partially and by snatches in solitude as men view the stars. Only they talk of forgetting the ancients who never knew them.

HDT

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

Ovid thus describes Chaos

“And where there was Earth there also was there sea & air;
So was the earth not to be stood upon, the waves not to be swum in,
The air without light.”

* *

And he secreted the liquid heavens from the thick air

* *

And he confined the descending rivers within slipping banks;
Which in different places, are part absorbed by the earth,
Part reach the sea, and being received within the plain
Of its freer water, beat the shores for banks.

* *

The East Wind withdrew to Aurora & the Nabothaeon kingdom
And the Persian, and the ridges placed under the morning rays

* * *

Scarcely had he fenced off all these with certain {*MS torn*}
When the stars, which had long lain hid pressed down under
That mass, began to effervesce into every part of the heavens

The beautiful story of Phaeton and Apollo adds—

The first part of the way is steep, and where scarcely the steeds
Fresh in the morning strive; in the mid heaven it is highest;
Whence to behold Sea and earth there is often fear
To me myself, and my breast trembles with fearful dread

(He cannot translate a foreign language or even read his own—who does not simply by his ear distinguish some



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of the meaning of a word)

The last part of the way is descending; and requires sure management
Then even Tethys herself, is wont to fear, who receives
Me with waves placed underneath, lest I be borne headlong.
Add, that heaven is whirled with constant revolution;
And draws the lofty stars, and whirls them with swift revolution
I strive against it; nor does the impetus which conquers the rest,
Conquer me; and I am born contrary to the rapid sphere.
Suppose the charriot granted. What canst thou do? wilt thou be able
To go against the rotating poles, that the swift axis may not carry thee away,
Perhaps you conceive in your mind that there are groves there,
And cities of the gods and shrines rich with gifts. –
Through snares is the way, and the forms of wild beasts.
And although You should keep the way, and with no error be borne,
Nevertheless you will advance through the horns of Taurus, opposite.
And the Haemonian bows, and the features of the raging lion
And the Scorpion curving with long circuit its dread
Arms, and the Crab –ending its arms in another way
Nor is it possible for thee without preparation to manage the steeds
Excited with those flames which they have in their breasts
And breath forth from their mouths & nostrils. Scarcely do they endure me
When their sharp spirits have grown hot, and their necks spurn the reins.

Apollo tells his son he need not doubt of his descent

Some proofs thou askest; I give sure proofs by fearing
And prove myself father by my paternal fear–

His father cannot reveal his oath sworn by the sacred marsh of Styx –but he may persuade–

Nevertheless he resists his words

And holds fast his purpose: and he burns with desire of the chariot.
Therefore the father having delayed as far as it was lawful, conducts
The youth to the lofty chariot –the work of Vulcan
The axle was golden –the beam golden, golden the extreme
curvature of the wheel, of the spokes a silvery order –
About the yokes chrysolite and gems placed orderly
reflecting Phoebus gave back clear rays
And while high-minded Phaeton admires these things & surveys
The work; lo, wakeful Aurora from the glittering east
Opened the purple doors and the halls full of roses
The stars disperse; whose troops Lucifer
Drives away, and the last of all withdraws from his station in the heavens,
But the father Titan when he saw the lands and world grow red
And the extremities of the moon's horns as it were to vanish
Commands the swift hours to yoke the horses.
The swift Goddesses perform his orders; and they lead the steeds
From the high stalls, breathing fire,
Filled with the juice of ambrosia; and they add the sounding bridles.
Then the father anointed the face of his son with the sacred
Tincture, and made it patient of the fervid flame.
And unfixed the rays in his hair.

Of the late the victor whom all our Pindars praised –has won another palm contending with

“Olympian bards who sung
Divine Ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.”

Aspiring to guide that chariot which coursed olympia's sky.– What will the Delphians say & Eleusinian priests
–where will the Immortals hide their secrets now –which earth or Sea –mountain or stream –or Muses spring or
grove –is safe from his all searching eye –who drives off apollo's beaten track –visits unwonted zones –& makes
the serpent writhe {*MS blotted*} a Nile-like river of our day flow back –and hide its head.

Spite of the eternal law, from his

“lips of cunning fell

The thrilling Delphic oracle.”

I have seen some impudent connecticut or Down east man in his crack coaster with tort sail, standing beside his
galley with his dog with folded arms while his cock crowed aboard –scud through the surf by some fast

PINDAR



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anchored Staten island farm –but just outside the line where the astonished Dutchman digs his clams, or half ploughs his cabbage garden with unbroken steeds & ropy harness.– while his squat bantam whose faint voice the lusty shore wind drownd responded feebly there for all reply

I have awaked in the morning with the impression that some question had been put to me which I had been struggling to answer in my sleep –but there was dawning nature, in whom all creatures live –looking in at the window, with serene & satisfied face and no question on *her* lips.

Men are not commonly greatly servicable to one another –because they are not servicable to themselves – Their lives are devoted to trivial ends, and they invite only to an intercourse which degrades one another. Some are too weakly sensitive by a defect of their constitution, magnifying what

{Twenty-eight pages missing} grown; –hoary tower –of azure tinted marble.– an acre yielded about 1000 tons. They stacked up in a good day about 1000 tons.

The parched inhabitants of Madras Bombay –Calcutta –Havana –charleston & New Orleans drink at my well– While I incredulous read the vast cosmogonical philosophy of Ancient India –in modern New England The Brahmen's Stoic descendant still sits in his native temples and cools his parched lips with the ice of my Walden well.

Though incredible ages ages have intervened –I am a denizen of the same earth with their descendants.

The descendant of the religious devotee who dwelt at the roots of trees with his crust of bread and water jug cools his water today with ice from my well. If I am not a modern hindoo we are near neighbors –and by the miracle of commerce we quench our thirst and cool our lips at the same well.

And concord fixed air is carried in that ice to mingle with the sultry zephyrs of the Indus & the Ganges.

I bathe my intellect in the stupendous wisdom of the Bhagvat Geeta –the Puranas –the Vedas –the laws of menu –which last three make the Dharma Sastra of the Hindoos– Since whose composition years of the gods have lapsed –and in comparison with which this modern world and its literature seem puny & trivial– And I wonder if those are not to be referred to another state of existence than this of ours.– So remote is that religion & sublimity from our conceptions–

Where is that India where these sons of Brahma dwelt– Alexander seems the most recent traveller to it.

Wondering at the remoteness of this my modern N E. life from that fabulous life of theirs –and if by any link I am related to them –I go to my well for a bucket of water and there I meet the servant of the modern Brahmin priest of veeshnoo & Indra & Brahma –come to draw a bucket full for his master also.– And I refuse not to fill his water-jug. *{Six pages missing}* for shoes. If the cormorant family would but begin with this little reading for I suppose it is elementary and introductory to better things –& read a little it would be a promising sing–

The result is dullness of sight –a stagnation of the vital circulations and a general deliquium of the intellectual faculties–

The “Skip of the tip-toe Hop” by the celebrated author of Tittle-tol-tan &c&c a romance –to appear in monthly parts –a great rush –dont all come together. —

There was such a rush I hear at one of the offices to learn the foreign news by the last arrival as broke several large squares of plates glass– News which I seriously think a ready wit might right a twelve month –or 12 years before hand with sufficient accuracy– As for foreign news if one may judge who rarely looks into the newspapers I should say that nothing new ever does happen in foreign parts– As for spain for instance, if you know how to throw in Don carlos and the Infanta and don pedro & Seville & Gibraltar from time to time skilfully & serve up a bull fight when other entertainments fail –it will be true to the letter– —

The best books ar not read even by those who have learned their letters. What does our Concord culture amount to? There is in this town –with a very few exceptions no taste for the best or the very good books even in English literature which all can red– Even college bred –& so called liberally educated men here & elsewhere have no acquaintance with the English Classics.– and as for the recorded wisdom of mankind –which accesible to all who will know of it –there are but the feeblest efforts made to study or to become acquainted with it. One who has just come from reading perhaps the best of English books will find how few to converse with respecting it! It is for the most part foreign & unheard of. One who comes from reading a Greek –or Latin book –in the original –whose praises are familiar even to the illiterate will find nobody at all to speak to and must keep silence about it.

Indeed there is hardly the professor in our colleges who if he has mastered the difficulties of the language has in any like proportion mastered the difficulty of the wisdom & the poetry. And the zealous morning reader of Homer or of the Greek Dramatic poets might find no more valuable sympathy in the atmosphere of Cambridge A man –any man will go considerably *{Thirty-four pages missing}* your gone –pull it up –pull it up But this –was Beans and not corn & so it was safe from such enemies as he

–In summer days which some devoted to the fine arts –away in Italy –and others to contemplation away in India and some to trade in London & New York –I with other farmers of N.E. devoted to field-labor

ICE

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

ITALY

When my hoe tinkled on a stone it was no longer beans that I hoed nor I that hoed beans.— But such sugar plums they tempt us to live this life of man —however mean and trivial

Or it was my amusement when I rested in the shrub oaks to watch a pair of hen-hawks circling high in the sky as silently as the humors on my eye —alternately soaring and descending —approaching and leaving one another —the imbodiment of some of my won thoughts which some times soar as high & sail & circle as majestically there. —

I should not care if our village life were greatly modified or totally changed It would be agreeable to me if men dwelt more in the country —a more rural life a life in the fields— I love to see a house standing in the middle of a field away from any road —it is an evidence of originality & independance in its inhabitants —& that they do not in other respects copy their neighbors. The state & the town should be a confederacy of independant families living apart each with is own territory —or small families may be united —like separate principalities A true family is in my eyes more commannding of respect —& of more authority and importance than the state— It is the older and more venerable state— The nobility of every country belong to families which are behind & prior to and in some sense independent on the state & the state can confer no honor equal to that of the family.

While the Robins are building their nest & rearing their family in the apple tree in the orchard they attract the favor and the interest of man —& represent all their tribe —but when they are about to migrate in the fall and have no further interest in the soil they band together in flocks with a forlorn & alien look —commanding the respect of none, and are at the mercy of every sportsman. A flock {*MS torn*} hundred robins is not so interesting {*MS torn*} me as a single family.

I could even dispense with the post office— I hardly receive more than one letter a year— And I think that there are very few important communications made through the post office— I am infinitely more interested in the old books than in the new I had rather wait for the new to become old before I read them than for the old to become new— I never read any memorable news in a newspaper in my life.— If we have read that one man was robbed or murdered or killed by accident —or one house was burned —or one mad dog killed or one vessel wrecked —why need one ever read of another —one is enough. I think that every man's private affairs his bargains his adventures his accidents & his thoughts or whims from morning till night are fully —as interesting as uncle Sams— But every man unless he is naturally stupid & a bore knows better than to trouble us with these things. Why should we live with such hurry & bustle —let us spend one day as deliberately as nature— Let us rise early & fast or break fast gently and without noise— What if the milk-man does not come in season {*MS torn*} white wash our coffee —let us murmur an inward prayer that we may be sustained under this trial & forget him Let company come & let company go determined to make a day of it. Let the bells ring & the children cry why should we knock under —& go with the stream. The sun has not got to the zenith yet. Let us not be upset & overwhelmed in that terrible rapid & whirlpool called a dinner —situated in the meridian shallows —weather this danger and you are safe for the rest of the way is down hill— with unrelaxed nerves —with morning vigor sail by it looking another way —ties to the mast— If the engine wistles let it whistle for its pains —and we will consider what kind of music it is like Let us not be starved before we are hungry.— Men have the st Vitus' dance. & cant possibly keep their heads still— Why if I should only give a few pulls at the bell-rope yonder fiery like —i.e. without setting the bell why there is not a man on his farm in the outskirts of the town notwithstanding that press of engagement {*One-half page missing*} sympathy with the devouring element. As for our work we havent any —any thing can command— hardly a man takes a half hour's nap after dinner but when he wakes he holds up his head and inquires whats the news— some give directions to be waked every half hour, doubtless for no other purpose. & then in return they tell what they have dreamed. Let us not be thrown off the track by every nut-shell & mosquito's wing that comes in our way.

Men say that a stitch in time saves nine —and so they take a thousand stitches today to save nine tomorrow — They do nothing to stitch in time —when possibly there may be {*One-half page missing*}

In these woods ranged the {*MS torn*} fox the wood chuck & the raccoon —the crow & the wood cock —in this hollow willow & alder thicket the muskrats builded & burrowed —along this meadow side the blackbirds congregated— Under the grove of Elms & buttonwoods in the horizon there was a village of busy men.— I went there frequently to observe their habits.— Mine was a solitary fox or woodchuck hole —

In the fall before my house was plastering but a fire had become necessary in the cool evenings I passed ...



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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1849

[Fanny Kemble Butler](#) gave [Shakespeare](#) readings to support herself during and after her divorce from her slaveowning and indolent American husband, in Boston, New-York, Chicago, Indianapolis, and Philadelphia,



slaveholding
and indolent
American
husband →

and used her savings after this divorce to purchase a cottage she named “Perch,” in Lenox, Massachusetts near the Hawthorne and Melville families. She would grow increasingly eccentric and would, for instance, be seen fishing locally while attired in a man’s shirt and hat.

(Presumably it would have been during this period that she, Gerrit Smith of the Secret “Six”, and Frederick Douglass would attend a dinner party at the home of Friends [James](#) and [Lucretia Mott](#) in Philadelphia.)

[Richard Henry Dana, Sr.](#) gave a highly successful lecture series in Philadelphia.





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Early January: Early in this month, the trial of seaman [Washington Goode](#) began. Since this was a capital case, it was held before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Since this was Massachusetts in the first half of the 19th Century, all twelve members of the jury were, of course, men and all twelve were, of course, white men. The murderer (we already knew he was the murderer, from reading the [Boston](#) newspapers) didn't have nearly as much money as O.J. Simpson — and so he came to be represented by an attorney, William Aspinwall, who had not previously defended any capital case. Aspinwall was assisted by Edward F. Hodges. After two days of testimony the [Courier](#) reported a general impression that the prisoner was going to be convicted because the evidence—though admittedly circumstantial—appeared to the white newsmen to be “very strong.” For instance, a witness had testified that from 50 feet away on that dark and stormy night, despite having been unable to obtain “any distinct view of his features,” by the technique “judging by his clothes” (dark pants, striped jacket), reported that they had a “strong belief” that it must in fact have been Goode whom they had seen running, after having heard a noise — that they supposed might well have been made by some sort of blow.³² The prosecutor, Samuel D. Parker, had pointed out the interesting parallels between this case and the play “Othello.” One of the interesting parallels which the prosecutor had noted was the involvement of a handkerchief. Hey, just like Shakespeare! Another of the interesting parallels pointed out by the prosecutor was the fact that this “Othello” character had been, like this murderer, a black man. (What more evidence might anyone demand?) District Attorney Parker orated:

There may have been some slight jealousy about a woman, but only on the prisoner's part; and in this case a mere trifle, a little paltry thing called a handkerchief, as also in the case of a much more celebrated colored man, the far-famed Othello, of Shakespeare, was the cause of a foul murder.

DA Parker quoted, from [Shakespeare](#)'s play, a passage shortly prior to the murder of Desdemona:

By heaven I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

32. We know that the jacket the assailant was wearing was striped, but apparently they did not interrogate the witness as to what color the stripes were, or how wide they were, or whether they ran vertically, diagonally, or horizontally. We therefore do not know whether the “striped jacket” which the suspect was wearing when he was captured actually was a match with this previously observed “striped jacket,” in the color of its stripes, or in the direction in which its stripes ran, or in the breadth of its stripes. We may presume that dark pants were not unusual attire but we are forced to presume, to preserve the honor of the justice system, that striped jackets must have been at that time in that locale a great rarity, so great a rarity indeed that in a municipality the size of Boston on a given night no more than one person could have been wearing such attire. Such lack of judicial interest in relevant details now seems outrageous. Also, after the trial another Boston bystander would come forward, and informed the public that he had seen the fatal blow — but had that night been of the impression **that the assailant was a white man.**



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May 10, Thursday: [Edwin Forrest](#)'s 20-year rivalry with the British actor William Macready put the torch to a powder-keg of [nativist](#) sentiment when –due to head-on competition between simultaneous New-York productions of [William Shakespeare](#)'s *Macbeth*, and due to Macready's status as a mere foreigner, and due to Forrest's Americans-first [Know-Nothing](#) jingoism– that professional rivalry induced a riot of 25,000 nativists at the Astor Place Opera House during which 22 of his manly fans were killed by the police and the 7th Regiment of the militia, and 36 very seriously wounded.



Commenting on the Scorsese movie "Gangs of New York":
"In my own research of New York history, through first-person accounts and newspaper reports, I have found that our past was often at least as violent and squalid, if not more so, than the movie depicts."
– Kevin Baker



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Though Edwin Forrest was only indirectly responsible for the New-York militia's having fired into this mob he had so endeavored to create, as his manly fans attempted to invade and disrupt Macready's effete performance, his reputation would suffer, and then he would fall further in the eyes of his public due to a protracted and, once again, very public attempt at divorce.

For Edwin Forrest, reenacting "[King Phillip's War](#)" was a step on the path toward an American national drama. Like so many other artists of his generation, Forrest appropriated Indianness and Indian ancestors to make himself American, to distance himself from all that was English. In this he exactly reversed what writers like Increase Mather and [William Hubbard](#) had tried to do so furiously -and so prolifically- a century and a half earlier. Late-seventeenth-century colonists had tried to purify themselves of the contamination of America's indigenous inhabitants and make themselves more English. Early-nineteenth-century Americans tried to take on the attributes of Indianness to make themselves less English.



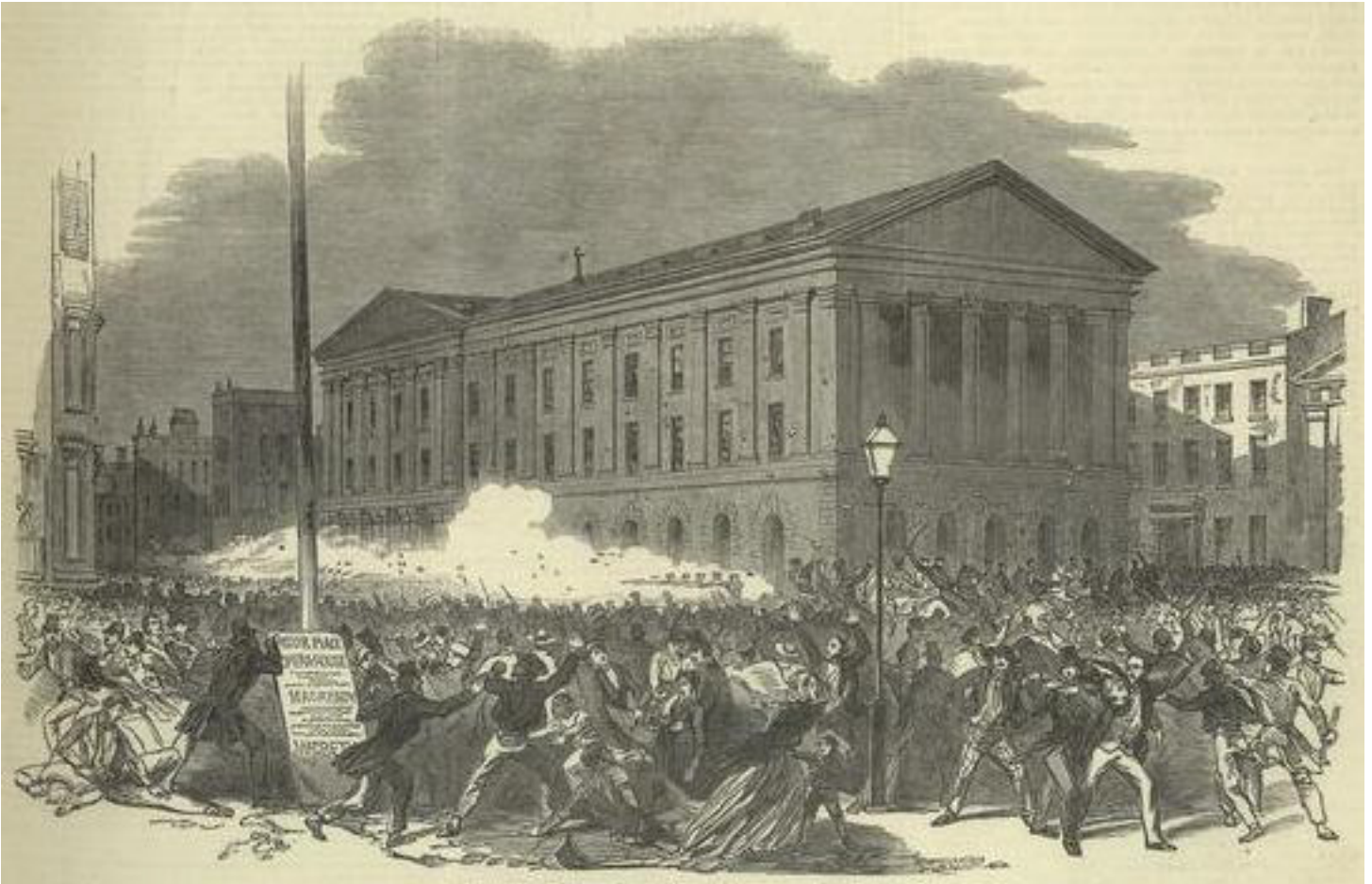
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On the 2nd of June, the Illustrated London News would be providing its readership with a front-page illustration of the rioting in front of the New-York opera house, complete with the powder smoke from the police volley into the crowd:





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May 12, Saturday: On the 3d day of the Astor Place Opera House riot in New-York, [Lydia Maria Child](#) and John and Rosa Hopper needed to go to the rescue of a friend, Marianne Silsbee, who happened to be staying at a hotel beleaguered by the [Know-Nothing](#) mob because it was occupied by the [Shakespearean](#) actor William Macready:



While bullets flew over their heads the three pushed their way through the infuriated mob then blocking the entrance to the hotel. They found Mrs. Silsbee inside, brought her back out through the excited crowd and, depositing her safely in a friend's carriage, drove back to the Hoppers' by a circuitous route. When the terrified Mrs. Silsbee exclaimed, 'Oh what a frightful city N. York is!' Maria could not resist reminding her friend that Boston had its own history of mob violence. Brave as she was under fire, and scornful as she might be of aristocratic squeamishness, Maria herself had little tolerance for mobs and even less for the "ruffianly" actor Edwin Forest, whom she accused of making "coarse wicked appeals to bad, petty" national prejudices. Nor did she have any good words for Isaiah Rynders, whom she dismissed as "that Jacobin demon, who guides the destinies of Tammany Hall," and who was "doing his best to kindle a war between rich and poor by attacks on 'the white kid gentry who frequent the opera.'" In a letter to Louisa Loring she described her anger and frustration with the whole incident: "God knows my sympathies are with the ignorant million. There are **instants**, when the sight of rags and starvation make **me** almost ready to smash thro' the plate-glass of the rich, and seize their treasures of silver and gold. But alas for such outbreaks as these! They right no wrongs.

[Lydia Maria Child](#) would write to Ellis Gray Loring and Louisa Loring later during this month, describing these Astor Place riots.

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1850

April: [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) was in the midst of a period of hopelessness, when he happened to purchase the December 1847  issue of [Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine](#), and read about the Unitarian Reverend [Waldo Emerson](#). He was transfixed by an italicized sentence in a quote from Emerson's essay on history: "*All that [Shakespeare](#) says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner, feels to be true of himself.*" Of course, this is trivial stuff, it is the old daydream "I'm not what I seem, just another person, actually I'm a lost prince," or, in its modern incantation, "When I take off my clothes to play with myself I notice that I am wearing a skin-tight blue suit and have a big red S-logo on my chest, the logo indicating that I am a Special man. When they say to me 'Hey, idiot, get your big red S over here,' they really don't understand to whom they are speaking or the risks they are running or the extent to which they are presuming upon the inherent graciousness which I display towards my inferiors." The Reverend Emerson had told the young Conway that he was that boy reading in the corner, and that therefore he was a prince of men in the transparent guise of just another Southern Methodist.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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Conway went back to the bookstore and, since the only thing they had on their shelves by an author named Emerson was a book of mathematics, he special-ordered a copy of ESSAYS, SECOND SERIES. He was determined to learn to be himself.



An illness in April was followed by a return to Falmouth for a few weeks, and there I entered upon a spiritual crisis of whose import I was long unconscious. One bright morning I took up my old flint-lock gun and wandered down the left bank of the Rappahannock. In earlier years I had been fond of shooting, but had not touched a gun for nearly two years, and perhaps took it on this occasion to try and revive in myself some of the boyish spirit that had left me. For I was listless and unhappy. I had begun to feel a repugnance to the idea of being a county lawyer, and was interested only in literature. With my flint-lock I took



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along an old volume of "Blackwood's Magazine." At the top of the first hill below Falmouth, and about halfway to the old mansion called "Chatham," there is near the road a pretty spring, from which I drank, with a folded leaf for my cup, and sat down to look at the scenery. The road was little used, and I was rather startled by some rustling in the bushes. Two mulatto children had come to get water in their cans, - a boy and a girl of seven or eight years, - and, as befitted the warm day and their Arcadian age, both entirely naked. Adam and Eve could not have been more unconscious than these pretty statuettes of yellow bronze. I talked with them a little, found them rather bright, and, when they had disappeared, meditated more deeply than ever before on the condition of their race in America. I then turned to my "Blackwood." In the number for December, 1847, the first article was entitled "Emerson," - a name previously unknown to me. The very first extract - it was from Emerson's essay on History - fixed itself in me like an arrow - It is remarkable that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not in their stateliest pictures - in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will or of genius - anywhere lose our ear, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for better men; but rather is it true, that in their grandest strokes we feel most at home. All that Shakespeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner feels to be true of himself. Precisely what there was in these words to influence my life I cannot say. I have a vague remembrance of sitting there beside the spring a long time meditating on Emerson's use of the phrase "true of himself." What "self" was this? Clearly not the same as "soul," with which I was so familiar. Whatever may have been the questionings, some revelation there was. A spiritual crisis, as I have said, - though it concerned only myself. Through a little rift I caught a glimpse of a vault beyond the familiar sky, from which flowed a spirit that was subtly imbreeding discontent in me, bereaving me of faith in myself, rendering me a mere source of anxiety to those around me. And what was I doing out there with a gun trying to kill happy little creatures of earth and sky? Was it for this I was born? There is a legend that old Governor Spotswood, wishing to introduce the English skylark into Virginia, brought over a shipload of them and set them free in our meadows. I had heard it talked of in my childhood, and one day felt sure that I heard the notes of a marvellous bird and saw it ascending toward the sky. My story raised a smile when I told it at home, and I had to agree that no skylark survived from those brought over nearly a hundred and fifty years before. But it was no fancy that now in my maturer life Emerson had set free in my heart a winged thought that sang a new song and soared - whither? I went home and laid aside my gun, - never again to be touched. I thought again and again of those naked little mulattoes at the spring, whose minds were no doubt as pretty as their bodies, but without a stitch of knowledge. I remembered how my mother had been warned not to



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teach coloured folk to read. I recognized on the streets debased faces of white people, their poverty of mind and body. They appeared worse off than the coloured people. Above them all my inner skylark sang,—

Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

But who more powerless than I to bring glad tidings to anybody! Straightway I went to Chester White's Bookstore, Fredericksburg, "Emerson's Arithmetic" was in stock, but Emerson's Essays unknown. However, the bookseller procured a copy of the "First Series," and I was deep in it when John Daniel passed a few days in Fredericksburg. I had remarked that since I had come upon the track of Emerson, cousin John had been writing about him in the "Richmond Examiner." What I never knew until lately, was that John had made an effort to found a liberal church at Richmond, and had actually delivered a sermon to a small company in the long-closed Universalist church there. In our talk in Fredericksburg he urged me to go into journalism "Whatever you do," he said, "don't be a preacher. It is a wretched profession. Its dependence is on absurd dogmas. The Trinity is a theological invention, and hell-fire simply ridiculous." He wrote for me a list of books that I ought to read, and among them were Emerson's works. I told him that I had got hold of Emerson. I find notes of that conversation (Spring of 1850): —

We got to talking of Emerson. He asked me which of his writings I liked best. I said I had read few, but of those I had been most fascinated by the Essay on Love. He said he liked that better than any other. "It should not," he said, "be called an essay nor a treatise, nor anything of that sort; there is no name for so divine a thing, — not even poem. It is more like a fine glorious strain of music. The heavens are opened in it, and you see everything." He asked me how I was agreeing with Poe. I said I had read him, and was growing, I feared, in love with "Eureka;" but I was surprised that in an article in the "Southern Literary Messenger" he had called "Eureka" the Parthenon of Reason. "So it is," he answered, "with the assumption of intuition he makes." We conversed on Poe's poetry. "The Raven," says John, "is as one of Beethoven's sublime overtures." I have noticed that in his comparisons John finds nothing that he thinks so high as comparing a thing to music. This shows his great soul. It reminds me of Plato calling all the grandeur of Nature music. When this talk occurred I was just beyond my eighteenth year, and had not really entered on any theological inquiry.

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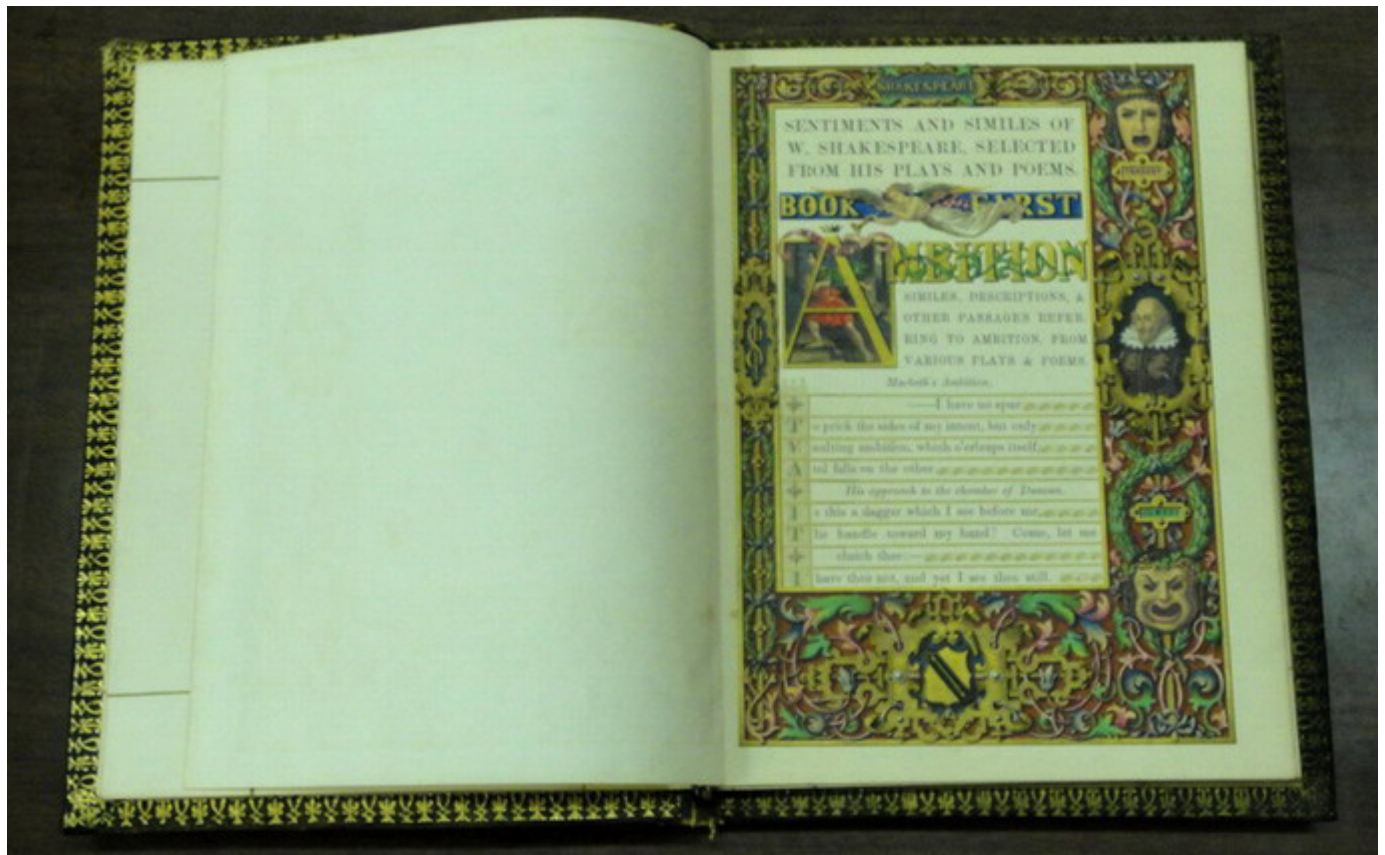
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1851

This was the 1st year of a [tuberculosis](#) outbreak in Britain, where over the course of five years 1851-1855 some 250,000 would die.

[William Dicks](#) provided the firm of Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans with illustrations for Henry Noel Humphreys's SENTIMENTS AND SIMILES OF [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](#). A CLASSIFIED SELECTION OF SIMILES, DEFINITIONS, DESCRIPTIONS, AND OTHER REMARKABLE PASSAGES IN THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE.





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He displayed specimens of oil color printing from raised surfaces at the Great Exhibition in London's Crystal Palace. He relocated his offices in London, to 5 Old Fish Street.

Gail Borden won a medal for meat biscuit, and on return home to Galveston, Texas from London (because the cows aboard ship had become too sick to provide milk for infants) got the idea that milk could be condensed through evaporation.

At the Great Exhibition, Arthur Leared presented a model of a double stethoscope, which he had fashioned out of gutta-percha.

Nathan Marsh of Cincinnati began to market a type of double stethoscope, made of india rubber, although his model really didn't work all that well.



"The advent of the stethoscope made it possible to unify tuberculosis."

— Doctor Jacalyn Duffin





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1852

[John Payne Collier](#)'s PERKINS FOLIO, a new edition of the 2d folio of [Shakespeare](#)'s plays (from an original copy having that name written on its 1632 title-page: "Tho. Perkins, his booke."). Collier took the liberty of including a section of emendations, NOTES AND EMENDATIONS TO THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, FROM EARLY MANUSCRIPT CORRECTIONS IN A COPY OF THE FOLIO 1632, IN THE AUTHORS POSSESSION, alleging that these emendations had originated with "an old corrector."

March 4, Thursday: The editor of the National Antislavery Standard, Sydney Gay, prophesied that if the antislavery people resorted to violence, the perceived issue before the nation would deteriorate from "liberty versus slavery" into "rebellion versus order," and that such a deterioration of the issue at hand would in effect "fasten upon a suffering people the very gigantic wrong which it was intended to remove."



March 4, Thursday: The gold-digger among the ravines of the Mts. is as much a gambler as his fellow in the saloons of San Francisco— What difference does it make whether you shake dirt or shake dice? If you win society is the loser. The gold-digger is the enemy of the honest laborer – whatever checks and compensations a Kind Fate? has provided.

The humblest thinker who has been to the mines sees & says that gold digging is of the character of a lottery – that the reward is not proportionate to the labor – that the gold has not the same look, is not the same thing, with the wages of honest toil – but he practically forgets what he has seen – for he has seen only the fact – not the principle– He looks out for "the main chance" still—he buys a ticket in another lottery nevertheless, where the fact is not so obvious.³³ It is remarkable that among all the teachers and preachers—there are so few moral teachers—. I find the prophets & preachers employed in excusing the ways of men.³⁴ My most reverend seniors Doctors deacons & the illuminated³⁵ – tell me with a smile betwixt an aspiration & a shudder not to be so tender about these things – to lump all that – i.e. make a lump of gold of it – I was never refreshed by any advice on this subject – the highest I have heard was grovelling. It is not worth the while for you to undertake to reform the world in this particular– They tell me not to ask how my bread is buttered – it will make me sick if I do – & the like.³⁶

It is discouraging to talk with men who will recognize no principles. How little use is made of reason in this world! You argue with a man for an hour – he agrees with you step by step – you are approaching a triumphant conclusion – you think that you have converted him but ah no he has a habit – he takes a pinch of snuff – he remembers that he entertained a different opinion at the commencement of the controversy – & his reverence for the past compels him to reiterate it now. You began at the butt of the pole to curve it – you gradually bent it round and planted the other end in the ground – and already in imagination saw the vine curling round this segment of an arbor – under which a new generation was to recreate itself –but when you had done just when the twig was bent it sprang back to its former stubborn and unhandsome position like a bit of whalebone.

This world is a place of business – what an infinite bustle. I am awaked almost every night by the panting of the steam-engine. It interrupts my dreams. There is no Sabbath– It would be glorious to see mankind at leisure



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for once.³⁷

Concord Fight! 2 killed on the patriots' side – & Luther Blanchard wounded – ! Why here every ant was a Buttrick– “Fire for godsake, fire” – and thousands shared the fate of Davis & Hosmer – I have no doubt it was a principle they fought for–as much as our ancestors and not a three-penny tax on their tea.³⁸

10 A M Up river on ice to Fair Haven Pond.

The steam of the steam engine rises to heaven this clear morning The other day when the weather was thick I observed that it hugged the earth– Was the air lighter then? Some refer the music of the telegraph harp to the electricity passing along the wire! others to the air passing through the glasses.

AEOLIAN HARP

–The air is fresher & the sky clearer in the morning– We have this morning the clear cold continent sky of January. The river is frozen solidly & I do not have to look out for openings Now I can take that walk along the river highway & the meadow–which leads me under–the boughs of the maples & the swamp white oaks &c which in summer overhang the water–there I can now stand at my ease & study their phenomena–amid the sweet gale & button bushes projecting above the snow & ice. I see the shore from the water side– A liberal walk–so level & wide & smooth without under brush. I easily approach & study the boughs which usually overhang the water.

In some places where the ice is exposed I see a kind of crystallized chaffy snow–like little bundles of asbestos on its surface.– I seek some sunny nook on the south side of a wood which keeps off the cold wind among the maples & the swamp white oaks which are frozen in–& there sit & anticipate the spring and hear the chickadees [Black-capped Chickadee] *Parus atricapillus* & the belching of the ice– The sun has got a new power in his rays after all–cold as the weather is– He could not have warmed me so much a month ago nor should I have heard such rumblings of the ice in December.– I see where a maple has been wounded the sap is flowing out–now then is the time to make sugar–

If I were to paint the short days of winter–I should represent two towering icebergs approaching each other like promontories for morning & evening–with cavernous recesses & a solitary traveller wrapping his cloak about him & bent forward against a driving storm just entering the narrow pass– I would paint the light of a taper at mid-day–seen through a cottage window–half buried in snow & frost–and even some pale stars in the sky– & the sound of the wood cutters axe– The ice bergs with cavernous recesses. In the foreground should appear the harvest–& far in the background through the pass should be seen the sowers in the fields & other evidences of spring The ice-bergs should gradually approach & on the right & left the heavens should be shaded off from the light of mid day to midnight with its stars. The sun low in the sky.

I look between my legs up the river across Fair Haven. Subverting the head we refer things to the heavens–the sky becomes the ground of the picture and where the river breaks through low hills which slope to meet each other $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile off appears a mountain pass–so much nearer is it to heaven– We are compelled to call it something which relates it to the heavens rather than the earth. But I think that the mirage is not so great in the morning. Perhaps there is some advantage in looking at the landscape thus at this season–since it is a plainer

33. [Henry Thoreau](#) would add a reference to PROVERBS and utilize this entry in his lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” as:

[Paragraph 44] The gold-digger in the ravines of the mountains is as much a gambler as his fellow in the saloons of San Francisco. What difference does it make, whether you shake dirt or shake dice? If you win, society is the loser. The gold-digger is the enemy of the honest laborer, whatever checks and compensations there may be. It is not enough to tell me that you worked hard to get your gold. So does the Devil work hard. The way of transgressors may be hard in many respects.¹ The humblest observer who goes to the mines sees and says that gold-digging is of the character of a lottery; the gold thus obtained is not the same thing with the wages of honest toil. But, practically, he forgets what he has seen, for he has seen only the fact, not the principle, and goes into trade there, that is, buys a ticket in what commonly proves another lottery, where the fact is not so obvious.

1. PROVERBS 13:15

34. Permuting [Milton](#)'s agenda of justifying the ways of God to men in Book I, line 26 of PARADISE LOST.

35. Echoing Shakespeare's OTHELLO, 1.3.78-9.



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white field hence to the horizon.

I cut my name on the Bee tree. Now—at 11^{1/2} perhaps, the sky begins to be slightly overcast— The N W is the god of the winter as the S W of the summer. Interesting the forms of clouds— Often as now like flames – or more like the surf curling before it breaks—reminding me of the prows of ancient vessels which have their pattern or prototype again in the surf as if the wind made a surf of the mist.— Thus as the fishes look up at the waves—we look up at the clouds. It is pleasant to see the reddish green leaves of the lambkill still hanging with fruit above the snow—for I am now crossing the shruboak plain to the cliffs.

I find a place on the S side of this rocky hill where the snow is melted & the bare grey rock appears covered with mosses & lichens & beds of oak leaves in the hollows—where I can sit—& an invisible flame & smoke seems to ascend from the leaves & the sun shines with a genial warmth—& you can imagine the hum of bees amid flowers—that is a near approach to summer. A summer heat reflected from the dry leaves which reminds you of the sweet fern & those summer afternoons which are longer than a winter day. Though you sit on a mere oasis in the snow.

I love that the rocks should appear to have some spots of blood on them. Indian blood at least—to be convinced that the earth has been crowded with men—living enjoying suffering—that races past away have stained the rocks with their blood— That the mould I tread on has been animated—aye humanized. I am the more at home. I farm the dust of my ancestors—though the chemists analysis may not detect it— I go forth to redeem the meadows they have become.— I compel them to take refuge in turnips.³⁹

The snow is melting on the rocks—the water trickles down in shining streams—the mosses look bright—the first awakening of vegetation at the root of the saxifrage

As I go by the farmer's yard the hens cackle more solidly, as if eggs burdened the strain.

A horse's fore legs are handier than his hind ones—the latter but fall into the place which the former have found.

They have the advantage of being nearer the head the source of intelligence— He strikes & paws with them— It is true he kicks with the hind legs—but that is a very simple & unscientific action—as if his whole body were a whiplash & his heels the snapper.

The constant reference in our lives—even in the most trivial matters, to the super human is wonderful. If a portrait is painted—neither the wife's opinion of the husband, nor the husband's of the wife—nor either's opinion of the artist not man's opinion of man—is final and satisfactory. Man is not the final judge of the humblest work—though it be piling wood. The Queen & the chambermaid—the king & the hired-man—the Indian & the Slave—alike appeal to God.

Each man's mode of speaking of the sexual relation proves how sacred his own relations of that kind are. We do not respect the mind that can jest on this subject.

If the husband & wife quarrel over their coffee—if the pie is underdone—if your partner treads on your toes—there is a silent appeal to the just & eternal Gods—or to time & posterity at least.

36. [Thoreau](#) would combine this with an entry made on October 26, 1853 and copy it into “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” as:

[Paragraph 45] It is remarkable that among all the preachers there are so few moral teachers. The prophets are employed in excusing the ways of men. Most reverend seniors, the illuminati of the age, tell me, with a gracious, reminiscent smile, betwixt an aspiration and a shudder, not to be too tender about these things, — to lump all that, that is, make a lump of gold of it. The highest advice I have heard on these subjects was grovelling. The burden of it was, — It is not worth your while to undertake to reform the world in this particular. Do not ask how your bread is buttered; it will make you sick, if you do, — and the like. A man had better starve at once than lose his innocence in the process of getting his bread. If within the sophisticated man there is not an unsophisticated one, then he is but one of the Devil's angels.



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Clearly, [Thoreau](#) could not have begun to reprocess the “Battle of the Ants” paragraphs he wrote into his journal in January of this year into Draft D of his [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#) manuscript prior to this date of March 4th, for the above entry constitutes the end of the first paragraph in D. Here is my inferred, reconstructed intermediate unattested form of this battle of the ants, first half of paragraph 1 of 3, on its way

37. [Thoreau](#) would add a reference to the phrase “work, work, work” which he used in his letter of December 19, 1853 to H.G.O. Blake, a phrase which recurs in an anonymous contribution to [Punch](#) “Song of the Shirt,” and copy it into “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” as:

“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”: This world is a place of business. What an infinite bustle! I am awaked almost every night by the panting of the locomotive. It interrupts my dreams. There is no Sabbath. It would be glorious to see mankind at leisure for once. It is nothing but work—work—work.

38. April 19, 1775. According to Lemuel Shattuck’s [A HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF CONCORD;...](#), Luther Blanchard was a fifer in the Acton company, and was slightly wounded. Major John Buttrick was a farmer who lived to the north of the river, and Shattuck reported that he exclaimed “Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God’s sake, fire” after the first British volley had killed Captain Isaac Davis (1745-1775) and Abner Hosmer (1754-1775) of the Acton company. Major John Buttrick was the grandfather of Stedman Buttrick (1796-1874), the Concord justice of the peace, town treasurer, and county treasurer of Middlesex county, who had inherited the ancestral Buttrick farm in north Concord near the Concord River (map, A4).



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39. William M. White's version of this is:

*I love that the rocks should appear
To have some spots of blood on them,
Indian blood at least;
To be convinced that the earth has been crowded with men,
Living, enjoying, suffering,
That races passed away have stained the rocks
With their blood,
That the mould I tread on has been animated,
Aye, humanized.*

I am the more at home.

*I farm the dust of my ancestors,
Though the chemist's analysis may not detect it.
I go forth to redeem the meadows they have become.
I compel them to take refuge in turnips.*

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out of the journal and into Draft D:

One day when I went out to my wood-pile ^' or rather my pile of stumps- ^' I observed two ^large ants—~~on the chips~~ ^' the one red, the other much larger & ^' and black, fiercely contending with one another, and rolling over ^and over on the chips. It was evidently a struggle for life & death which had grown out of a serious feud. Having once got hold they never let go of each other- ^' but struggled & ^and wrestled & ^and rolled on the chips each retaining his hold with mastiff-like pertinacity. Looking further ^farther, I found to my astonishment ^surprise that the chips were covered with such combatants — ^' that it was not a ~~duellum but a bellum~~ ^duellum, but a bellum, a war between two races of ants- ^' the red always pitted against the black- & ^' and frequently two reds ones to one black. They covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead, both red and black. It was the only war which I have ever witnessed- ^' the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging.- ^' internecine war.- The ^the red republicans & ^and the black ~~despots or~~ imperialists. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat ^' yet without any noise that I could hear- ^' and never human soldiers fought so resolutely. I watched a couple in a little sunny valley amid the chips- ^' that were fast locked in each others ^other's embraces- ^' now at noon^day prepared to fight till the sun went down. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversaries ^adversary's front- & ^' and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board- ^' while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side- & ^' and, as I saw on looking nearer ^' had divested him of several of his members. None ^Neither manifested a ^the least disposition to retreat ~~from the combat equal or unequal~~. It was evident that their battle-cry was conquer ^Conquer or die. They fought like mastiffs or bull^dogs, ~~who~~ ^that will not let go though all their legs are cut off.

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And here is my inferred, reconstructed intermediate form of the battle of the ants, second half of the first long paragraph:

In the mean while ~~their~~ ^{^there} came along a single red ant on the side hill of this valley- ^' evidently full of excitement- ^' who either had despatched his foe- or had not yet taken part in the ~~battles~~-The ~~latter the most probable~~ ^{^battle; probably the latter,} for he had lost none of his limbs- ^; *whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it.* He saw this unequal combat from afar ^' -for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red- ^'- He ^{^he} drew near with rapid pace — till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants- ^; then ^' watching his opportunity ^' he sprang upon the black warrior & ^' ^{^and} commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the ~~other~~ ^{^foe} to select among his own members- ^; And ^{^and} so there were 3 ^{^three} united for life & ^{^until} death ^--~~apparently. United for life — until death.~~ As ^--', ^{^as} if a new kind of attraction had been invented; which put all other locks & ^{^and} cements to shame.- I should not ~~wonder more if~~ ^{^have wondered by this time to find that} they had their respective musical bands stationed on some ^{^eminent} chip & ^' ^{^and} playing their national airs the while ^' to cheer the dying combatants.- (~~Whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it~~) I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men- ^' The more you think of it — ^' the less the difference. And certainly there is ~~no other~~ ^{^not the} fight recorded in Concord ^{^history if in the history of the world} that will bear a moment's comparison with this ^, *whether for the numbers engaged in it, or the heroism and patriotism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick, — "Fire! for God's sake fire!" — and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer.* I have no doubt ~~they had as just a cause — one or even both parties as our forefathers — & that the results will be as important & memorable — And there was far more patriotism & heroism — For numbers & for blood it was an Austerlitz — or Dresden. I saw no disposition to retreat~~ ^{^that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not a three-penny tax on their tea; and undoubtedly the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill.}

[EDMUND HOSMER](#)



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Here is my inferred, reconstructed intermediate form of the second of the three long paragraphs of the battle of the ants in WALDEN, as of this date leading out of Thoreau's journal and in the direction of Draft D:

I took up the chip on which the 3 ^{^three} I have particularly described were struggling ^' carried it into my house & ^' ^{and} placed it under a tumbler on my window[^]-sill, wishing to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first[^]-mentioned red ant- ^' I saw that ^' though he was assiduously gnawing at the near foreleg of his enemy ^' having severed his remaining feeler ^' his ~~own~~ breast was all torn away ^' exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior- ^' whose own breast-plate was apparently too thick for him- ^{^to pierce;} and the dark carbuncles of his eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They strug^{^g}led for half an hour longer under the tumbler ^' and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies & ^' and the ~~former~~ ^{^still} ~~living heads~~ were hanging on either side of him ^{^like ghastly trophies or ornaments,} still apparently as firmly fastened as ever- ^' and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles- ^' being without feelers & ^{^and} with only ~~one or two~~ ^{^remnants of} legs-~~&~~ ^' ^{and} I know not how many other wounds- ^' to divest himself of them ^' which at length ^' after half an hour more ^' he ~~had~~ accomplished ^' I raised the tumbler & ^' ^{and} he went off over the window[^]-sill in that crippled state- ^' Whether he finally survived that combat^' & had a pension settled on him^' I do not know-~~But~~ ^' ^{but} I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter.

Which party was victorious I never learned ^' ^{nor indeed could it be of much importance to mankind,} nor the cause of the war;~~but~~ ^' ^{But} I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings ~~harrowed & excited~~ ^{^excited and harrowed} by witnessing the struggle ^' the ferocity & ^{^and} carnage ^' of a human-battle before my door.

EDMUND HOSMER



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This is the final paragraph of the battle of the ants as it originated as an interlining in Draft D. Note that as of this point [Thoreau](#) has not yet fudged the date of his observation of the ant war in the manner in which the observation appears in [WALDEN](#):

Since making this record I learn from Kirby and Spence that the battles of ~~the~~ ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they state that "Huber is the only modern author that appears to have been witness to these combats." "Æneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," ~~states that~~ ^{^adds} "This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity.' A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden."

TIMELINE OF WALDEN



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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1853

John Payne Collier's PERKINS FOLIO of 1852 was re-issued with its emendations no longer in a separate section, NOTES AND EMENDATIONS TO THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE, but instead incorporated into the Shakespeare corpus itself. Collier alleged that he was merely bringing forward emendations made in a previous generation of scholarship. Samuel Weller Singer, however, in THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE VINDICATED FROM THE INTERPOLATIONS AND CORRUPTIONS ADVOCATED BY JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., IN HIS NOTES AND EMENDATIONS, disputed the authenticity of these emendations.

The Reverend Alexander Dyce's A FEW NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE

May 17, Tuesday: California dealt with mental illness by providing for the involuntary confinement of persons diagnosed with mental illness and by providing state funding for the care of indigents. California's 1st such facility would be an Insane Asylum of California opened in Stockton in 1853, later to be known as Stockton State Hospital.⁴⁰

PSYCHOLOGY

Henry Thoreau surveyed some land belonging to John Raynolds (Reynolds) in the southwest part of Concord near John Potter and E.J. Hayden, probably on Fair Haven Road near Sudbury Road.

View Henry Thoreau's personal working drafts of his surveys courtesy of AT&T and the Concord Free Public Library:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/Thoreau_Surveys.htm

(The official copy of this survey of course had become the property of the person or persons who had hired this Concord town surveyor to do their surveying work during the 19th Century. Such materials have yet to be recovered.)

View this particular personal working draft of a survey in fine detail:

http://www.concordlibrary.org/scollect/Thoreau_Surveys/99a.htm

In a sheaf of Thoreau's notes titled "The Moon" extracts from which had been utilized by someone as the basis for the short article "Night and Moonlight" ascribed to Thoreau in The Atlantic Monthly in November 1863, and afterward republished in the EXCURSIONS volume (a sheaf that was delivered to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. along with the 39 ms volumes of Thoreau's journal) we find some notes from this date, informing us that "Large insects begin to fly at night. Dumping of frogs at eve begun, telling the weather is warm. First nighthawk seen May 17th, '53."



May 17: He who cuts down woods beyond a certain limit exterminates birds.

40. Street, W.R. A CHRONOLOGY OF NOTEWORTHY EVENTS IN AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGY. Washington DC: American Psychological Association, 1994




PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:


WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK



May 17. The west slope of Fair Haven orchard an hour before sunset. With the stillness of the air comes the stillness of the water. The sweetest singers among the birds are heard more distinctly now, as the reflections are seen more distinctly in the water, —the veery [**Veery**  *Catharus fuscescens*] constantly now.



May 17. The river reflects the golden light of the sun just before his setting. The sough of the wind in the pines is more noticeable, as if the air were otherwise more still and hollow. The wood thrush [**Wood Thrush**  *Catharus mustelina*] has sung for some time. He touches a depth in me which no other bird's song does. He has learned to sing, and no thrumming of the strings or tuning disturbs you. Other birds may whistle pretty well, but he is a master of a finer-toned instrument. His song is musical, not from association merely, not from variety, but the character of its tone. It is all divine, —a Shakespeare among birds, and a Homer too.

SHAKESPEARE

Summer: [Moncure Daniel Conway](#) spent the summer boarding in a house on Ponkawatset Hill so he could chat with [Waldo Emerson](#), and read in Montaigne, Giovanni Bocaccio's *DECAMERON*, Browning, [Shakespeare](#), and Richard Hurrell Froude's *NEMESIS OF FAITH*.

Being homeless in the North, my summer vacation (1853) was passed at Concord. The Emersons found for me a very pleasant abode at "Hillside," on Ponkatasset Hill, about a mile out of the village, where Ellery Channing once lived, and where he wrote his poem on New England. Two sisters, the Misses Hunt, educated ladies, received me into this pleasant cottage, where I was the only boarder. These ladies were cousins of Miss Martha Hunt, whose suicide in Concord River and the recovery of her body are described in Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance." They were troubled because G.W. Curtis, in his "Homes of American Authors," had suggested that Martha's suicide was due to the contrast between her transcendental ideals and the coarseness of her home. They described the family of their cousin as educated people. One of these sisters walked with me to the river and pointed out all the places connected with the tragedy, and some years later another cousin drowned herself there.

Emerson introduced me to his friends. First of all he took me to Henry Thoreau, who lived in the village with his parents and his sister. The kindly and silent pencil-maker, his father, John Thoreau, was French in appearance, and Henry resembled him physically; but neither parent impressed me as possessing mental qualities that could account for such a rare spirit as Henry. He was thirty-six when I met him. He received me pleasantly, and asked what we were studying at Cambridge. I answered, "The Scriptures." "Which?" he asked. Emerson said, "You will find our Thoreau a sad pagan." Thoreau had long been a reverent reader of Oriental scriptures, and showed me his bibles, translated from various languages into French and English.

[Emerson](#) talked to him about the *BHAGAVAD GITA*, the *DESATIR*, and the *GULISTAN* and introduced him to interesting women.

During this summer of rustication in Concord, [Conway](#) would be going on a number of saunters in Walden Woods with [Henry Thoreau](#). During their discussions Thoreau evidently apprised Conway of the investigation he was conducting into the touristic scenery aesthetic of the [Reverend William Gilpin](#), that of the "picturesque" — for in 1869 Conway would write stupidly of Thoreau as having amounted to a sort of American Gilpin:



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

The pleasantest association I have hitherto had with the New Forest was that it had been the haunt of one whose name I had heard from the lips of Henry Thoreau -one who might almost be thought of as having reappeared in Thoreau- William Gilpin, author, artist, man of science, and clergyman. The descendant of that Bernard Gilpin, the pupil of Erasmus, whom the death of Mary unbound beside the stake upon which he was about to suffer, William Gilpin received the surplice almost as an hereditary mantle; but his heart worshiped with truest enthusiasm amidst these forest aisles. His works on the trees, forests, and general scenery of England, illustrated by his own pencil (with which he was almost as skillful as his brother, Sawney Gilpin, the painter of animals), still have a value which few works written in the last century on subjects related to science possess.

He was an Oxonian, and upward of fifty years old when he received his living -(he was poor, and had married an undowered girl because he loved her)- in the village of Boldre, which was worth £700 - a snug sum in 1777. An earnest, simple, and impressive preacher, a warm-hearted, industrious man, healthy and cheerful, he set to work in this wilderness; and while having an artist's eye, and a singular subtlety of observation, he divined the treasures of thought and beauty every where. He transmuted the money their publication brought him into schools for day-laborers. He was thus able to endow the schools at Boldre, Brockenhurst, and elsewhere, which still exist. In the Boldre school the day-laborers' children are taught free, the endowment being for twenty boys to be taught reading, writing, and ciphering, and the same number of girls reading, sewing, and spinning. In addition, the boys receive annually a jacket, breeches, and green vest, and the girls a black petticoat and green frock. The "green" was meant to be a kind of uniform. Near Brockenhurst Howard, the philanthropist, lived and labored three years, and the place became part of the parish in which Gilpin worked in the same spirit during the twenty-seven years of his life in the New Forest, where now his works succeed him in beneficent influence.... Gilpin had the same disposition with Thoreau -the disposition, one may call it, of all men of genius- to find a glory in things generally regarded as mean... He finds an especial beauty in the notes of the woodpecker and the jay.... Gilpin sometimes, though not like Thoreau always, saw the landscape tinted by "the light that never was on sea or land."

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1854

The Reverend [Alexander Dyce](#) contributed biographies of [William Shakespeare](#), Alexander Pope, Akenside, and Beattie to the series PICKERING'S ALDINE POETS.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1855

Andrew Edmund Brae's LITERARY COOKERY WITH REFERENCE TO MATTER ATTRIBUTED TO COLERIDGE AND [SHAKESPEARE](#). A LETTER ADDRESSED TO "THE ATHENAEUM"; WITH A POSTSCRIPT CONTAINING SOME REMARKS UPON THE REFUSAL OF THAT JOURNAL TO PRINT IT disputed the authenticity of the emendations that [John Payne Collier](#) had been making to Shakespeare's texts.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1856

March 10, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) commented in his journal on how strange it seemed to him that people “are in such haste to get fame as teachers rather than knowledge as learners.”



March 10: Thermometer at 7 A.M. 6° below zero. Dr. Bartlett's, between 6.30 and 7 A.M., was at -13°; Smith's at -13° or -14°, at 6 A.M.

P. M. — Up river to Hubbard Bridge.

Thermometer +9° at 3.30 P.M. (the same when I return at five). The snow hard and dry, squeaking under the feet; excellent sleighing. A biting northwest wind *compels* to cover the ears. It is one of the hardest days of the year to bear. Truly a memorable 10th of March. There is no opening yet in the main stream at Prichard's, Hubbard Bath, or the Clamshell, or probably anywhere but at Merrick's, and that a dozen rods long by ten feet; and it is tight and strong under the bridges. A bluebird would look as much out of place now as the 10th of January.

I suspect that in speaking of the springing of plants in previous years I have been inclined to make them start too early generally.

The ice on ponds is as solid as ever. There has been no softening of it. Now is a good time to begin to cut; only its great thickness would hinder you. The blue shadows on snow are as fine as ever. It is hard to believe the records of previous years.

I have not seen a tree sparrow, methinks, since January. Probably the woods have been so generally buried by the snow this winter that they have migrated further south. There has not been one in the yard the past winter, nor a redpoll. I saw perhaps one redpoll in the town; that is all. The pinched crows are feeding in the road to-day in front of the house and alighting on the elms, and blue jays also, as in the middle of the hardest winter, for such is this weather. The blue jays hop about in yards.

The past has been a winter of such unmitigated severity that I have not chanced to notice a snow-flea, which are so common in thawing days.

I go over the fields now in any direction, sinking but an inch or two to the old solid snow of the winter. In the road you are on a level with the fences, and often considerably higher, and sometimes, where it is a level causeway in summer, you climb up and coast down great swells of hard-frozen snow, much higher than the fences. I may say that I have not had to climb a fence this winter, but have stepped over them on the snow.

Think of the art of printing, what miracles it has accomplished! Covered the very waste paper which flutters under our feet like leaves and is almost as cheap, a stuff now commonly put to the most trivial uses, with thought and poetry! The woodchopper reads the wisdom of ages recorded on the paper that holds his dinner, then lights his pipe with it. When we ask for a scrap of paper for the most trivial use, it may have the confessions of Augustine or the sonnets of [Shakespeare](#), and we not observe it. The student kindles his fire, the editor packs his trunk, the sportsman loads his gun, the traveller wraps his dinner, the Irishman papers his shanty, the schoolboy peppers the plastering, the belle pins up her hair, with the printed thoughts of men. Surely he who can see so large a portion of earth's surface thus darkened with the record of human thought and experience, and feel no desire to learn to read it, is without curiosity. He who cannot read is worse than deaf and blind, is yet but half alive, is still-born.

Still there is little or no chopping, for it will not pay to shovel the snow away from the trees; unless they are quite large, and then you must work standing in it two feet deep. There is an eddy about the large trees beside, which produces a hollow in the snow about them, but it lies close up to the small ones on every side.

10 P.M. — Thermometer at zero.

I read, when last at Cambridge, in the Philadelphia Philosophical Transactions, that, in the cold winter of 1780, many shellfish; frogs, insects, etc., as well as birds and plants, perished.

December 3, Wednesday: In regard to [George Minotti](#) and a number of other Concordians, [Henry Thoreau](#) had this to say in his 40th year:



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



December 3, Wednesday: Six weeks ago I noticed the advent of chickadees and their winter habits. As you walk along a wood-side, a restless little flock of them, whose notes you hear at a distance, will seem to say, "Oh, there he goes! Let's pay our respects to him." And they will flit after and close to you, and naively peck at the nearest twig to you, as if they were minding their own business all the while without any reference to you....

How I love the simple, reserved countrymen, my neighbors, who mind their own business and let me alone, who never waylaid nor shot at me, to my knowledge, when I crossed their fields though each one has a gun in his house! For nearly two-score years I have known, at a distance, these long-suffering men whom I never spoke to, who never spoke to me, and now feel a certain tenderness for them, as if this long probation were but the prelude to an eternal friendship. What a long trial we have withstood and how much more admirable we are to each other, perchance, than if we had been bedfellows! I am not only grateful because Veias, and Homer, and Christ, and [Shakespeare](#) have lived, but I am grateful for Minott and Rice and Melvin and Goodwin and Puffer even. I see Melvin all alone filling his sphere, in russet suit, which no other could fill or suggest. He takes up as much room in nature as the most famous.

GEORGE MINOTT



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN: WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1857

The Reverend [Alexander Dyce](#)'s edition of [William Shakespeare](#) was published by Moxon (a 2d edition would be issued by Chapman & Hall in 1866).

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

With H. Grimm's *ESSAY UEBER GOETHE UND [SHAKESPEARE](#)*, published in Leipzig, [Waldo Emerson](#)'s writings began to become available in German translation.

[JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE](#)

Delia Bacon's *THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAYS OF [SHAKESPEARE](#) UNFOLDED* proposed that the plays had actually been authored by none other than [Francis Bacon](#).



(He kept them
under his hat.)

This Baconian hypothesis would be supported to some extent both by [Waldo](#) and by [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#).



At an exhibition, [Nathaniel](#) viewed John Millais's painting "Autumn Leaves" which would appear in *THE MARBLE FAUN*. The painting is now at the Manchester City Art Gallery.

[Nathaniel](#)'s *A RILL FROM THE TOWN-PUMP, WITH REMARKS, BY TELBA*.

Henry Peter Brougham founded the Social Science Association.





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

October 27:



October 27, Tuesday: P.M. –Up river.

The third day of steady rain; wind northeast. The river has now risen so far over the meadows that I can just cross Hubbard's Great Meadow in my boat.

Stedman Buttrick tells me that a great many ducks and large yellow-legs have been killed within a day or two. It is rather late for ducks generally. He says that the spruce swamp beyond Farmer's is called Fox Castle Swamp and has been a great place for foxes. Some days ago he was passing under a black oak on his land, when he saw the dust of acorn shells (or cups?) falling about him. Looking up, he saw as many as twenty (!) striped squirrels busily running out to ends of the twigs, biting off the nuts, running back and taking off the shells (cups?) and stowing the nuts away in their cheeks.

I go up the river as far as Hubbard's Second Grove, in order to share the general commotion and excitement of the elements, –wind and waves and rain. A half-dozen boats at the landing were full, and the waves beating over them. It was hard work getting at and hauling up and emptying mine. It was a rod and a half from the water's edge. Now look out for your rails and other fencing-stuff and loose lumber, lest it be floated off. I sailed swiftly, standing up and tipping my boat to make a keel of its side, though at first it was hard to keep off a lee shore. I looked for cranberries drifted up on the lee side of the meadows, but saw few. It was exciting to feel myself tossed by the dark waves and hear them surge about me. The reign of water now begins, and how it gambols and revels! Waves are its leaves, foam its blossoms. How they run and leap in great droves, deriving new excitement from each other! Schools of porpoises and blackfish are only more animated waves and have acquired the gait and game of the sea itself. The high wind and the dashing waves are very inspiring. The clumps of that "west of rock" willow and a discolor are still thinly leaved, with peculiar silvery-yellow leaves in this light. The rising water is now rolling and washing up the river wreck of sparganium, etc., etc. Wool-grass tops appear thickly above the flood.

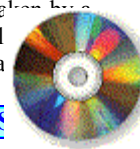
When I turn about, it requires all my strength and skill to push the boat back again. I must keep it pointed directly in the teeth of the wind. If it turns a little, the wind gets the advantage of me and I lose ground. The wind being against the stream makes it rise the faster, and also prevents the driftwood from coming down. How many a meadow my boat's bottom has rubbed over! I might perhaps consult with it respecting cranberry vines, cut-grass, pitcher-plant, etc., etc. I hear that Sammy Hoar saw geese go over to-day.

The fall (strictly speaking) is approaching an end in this probably annual northeast storm. Thus the summer winds up its accounts. The Indians, it is said, did not look for winter till the springs were full. Long-continued rain and wind come to settle the accounts of the year, filling the springs for winter. The ducks and other fowl, reminded of the lateness thus, go by. The few remaining leaves come fluttering down. The snow-flea (as to-day) is washed out of the bark of meadow trees and covers the surface of the flood. The winter's wood is bargained for and being hauled. This storm reminds men to put things on a winter footing. There is not much more for the farmer to do in the fields.

The real facts of a poet's life would be of more value to us than any work of his art. I mean that the very scheme and form of his poetry (so called) is adopted at a sacrifice of vital truth and poetry. Shakespeare has left us his fancies and imaginings, but the truth of his life, with its becoming circumstances, we know nothing about. The writer is reported, the liver not at all. Shakespeare's house! how hollow it is! No man can conceive of Shakespeare in that house. But we want the basis of fact, of an actual life, to complete our Shakespeare, as much as a statue wants its pedestal. A poet's life with this broad actual basis would be as superior to Shakespeare's as a lichen, with its base or thallus, is superior in the order of being to a fungus. The Littleton Giant brought us a load of coal within the week. He appears deformed and weakly, though naturally well formed. He does not nearly stand up straight. His knees knock together; they touch when he is standing most upright, and so reduce his height at least three inches. He is also very round-shouldered and stooping, probably from the habit of crouching to conceal his height. He wears a low hat for the same purpose. The tallest man looks like a boy beside him. He has a seat to his wagon made on purpose for him. He habitually stops before all doors. You wonder what his horses think of him, –that a strange horse is not afraid of him. His voice is deep and full, but mild, for he is quite modest and retiring, –really a worthy man, 't is said. Pity he could n't have been undertaken by a man in season and put through, like the boy Safford, been well developed bodily and also mental up his head and not mind people's eyes or remarks. It is remarkable that the giants have accordingly great hearts.



WILLIAM S





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



“The real facts of a poet’s life would be of more value to us than any work of his art. I mean that the very scheme and form of his poetry (so called) is adopted at a sacrifice of vital truth and poetry. [Shakespeare](#) has left us his fancies and imaginings, but the truth of his life, with its becoming circumstances, we know nothing about. The writer is reported, the liver not at all. Shakespeare’s house! how hollow it is! No man can conceive of Shakespeare in that house. But we want the basis of fact, of an actual life, to complete our Shakespeare, as much as a statue wants its pedestal. A poet’s life with this broad actual basis would be as superior to Shakespeare’s as a lichen, with its base or thallus, is superior in the order of being to a fungus.”

–Thoreau’s JOURNAL, October 27, 1857

In reality we have merely about five salient factoids about Shakespeare’s life. The remainder of what we suppose we know amounts to sheer inference and hypothesis. “It is a great comfort,” Charles Dickens wrote in 1847, “that so little is known concerning the poet. The life of Shakespeare is a fine mystery and I tremble every day lest something should turn up.” This Elizabethan playwright could have been as walleied as J-P Sartre – and we just don’t know. Thus it comes about that the recent effort to richly imagine his life by the Shakespeare scholar Stephen Greenblatt, entitled *WILL IN THE WORLD*, is being mocked by an Oxford don, Richard Jenkyns:

Some people have birthmarks, and so Shakespeare may have had one.
If he had a birthmark (and this cannot be proved), it would have added to his self-consciousness when he came to London.
In romances, the lost princess is often identified by a birthmark, but Perdita, the lost princess in *The Winter’s Tale*, is identified by some tokens; and this at once becomes explicable if Shakespeare was sensitive about his birthmark.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1858

Delia Bacon, who in the previous year had offered in THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAYS OF [SHAKESPEARE](#) UNFOLDED that the plays had actually been authored by [Francis Bacon](#), was shut up in an insane asylum at the age of 47.

November 4, Thursday: George Bradburn wrote to Charles Wesley Slack to inquire whether Mr. Joshua Reed Giddings was to lecture.



November 4: A rainy day.

Called to C. from the outside of his house the other afternoon in the rain. At length he put his head out the attic window, and I inquired if he did n't want to take a walk, but he excused himself, saying that he had a cold. "But," added he, "you can take so much the longer walk. Double it."

On the 1st, when I stood on Poplar Hill, I saw a man, far off by the edge of the river, splitting billets off a stump. Suspecting who it was, I took out my glass, and beheld Goodwin, the one-eyed Ajax, in his short blue frock, short and square-bodied, as broad as for his height he can afford to be, getting his winter's wood; for this is one of the phenomena of the season. As surely as the ants which he disturbs go into winter quarters in the stump when the weather becomes cool, so does G. revisit the stumpy shores with his axe. As usual, his powder-flask peeped out from a pocket on his breast, his gun was slanted over a stump near by, and his boat lay a little further along. He had been at work laying wall still further off, and now, near the end of the day, betook himself to those pursuits which he loved better still. It would be no amusement to me to see a gentleman buy his winter wood. It is to see G. get his. I helped him tip over a stump or two. He said that the owner of the land had given him leave to get them out, but it seemed to me a condescension for him to ask any man's leave to grub up these stumps. The stumps to those who can use them, I say,—to those who will split them. He might as well ask leave of the farmer to shoot the musquash and the meadow-hen, or I might as well ask leave to look at the landscape. Near by were large hollows in the ground, now grassed over, where he had got out white oak stumps in previous years. But, strange to say, the town does not like to have him get his fuel in this way. They would rather the stumps would rot in the ground, or be floated down-stream to the sea. They have almost without dissent agreed on a different mode of living, with their division of labor. They would have him stick to laying wall, and buy corded wood for his fuel, as they do. He has drawn up an old bridge sleeper and cut his name in it for security, and now he gets into his boat and pushes off in the twilight, saying he will go and see what Mr. Musquash is about.

When the Haverhill fishermen told me that they could distinguish the Concord River stuff (i. e. driftwood) I see they were right, for much of it is chestnut rails, and of these they have but few, and those in the southern part of New Hampshire.

If, about the last of October, you ascend any hill in the outskirts of the town and look over the forest, you will see, amid the brown of other oaks, which are now withered, and the green of the pines, the bright-red tops or crescents of the scarlet oaks, very equally and thickly distributed on all sides, even to the horizon. Complete trees standing exposed on the edges of the forest, where you have never suspected them, or their tops only in the recesses of the forest surface, or perhaps towering above the surrounding trees, or reflecting a warm rose red from the very edge of the horizon in favorable lights. All this you will see, and much more, if you are prepared to see it,—if you look for it. Otherwise, regular and universal as this phenomenon is, you will think for threescore years and ten that all the wood is at this season sere and brown. Objects are concealed from our view not so much because they are out of the course of our visual ray (continued) as because there is no intention of the mind and eye toward them. We do not reali7,e how far and widely, or how near and narrowly, we are to look. The greater part of the phenomena of nature are for this reason concealed to us all our lives. Here, too, as in political economy, the supply answers to the demand. Nature does not cast pearls before swine. There is just as much beauty visible to us in the landscape as we are prepared to appreciate,—not a grain more. The actual objects which one person will see from a particular hilltop are just as different from those which another will see as the persons are different. The scarlet oak must, in a sense, be in your eye when you go forth. We cannot see anything

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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

BOTANY

until we are possessed with the idea of it, and then we can hardly see anything else. In my botanical rambles I find that first the idea, or image, of a plant occupies my thoughts, though it may at first seem very foreign to this locality, and for some weeks or months I go thinking of it and expecting it unconsciously, and at length I surely see it, and it is henceforth an actual neighbor of mine. This is the history of my finding a score or more of rare plants which I could name.

Take one of our selectmen and put him on the highest hill in the township, and tell him to look! What, probably, would he see? What would he select to look at? Sharpening his sight to the utmost, and putting on the glasses that suited him best, aye, using a spy-glass if he liked, straining his optic nerve to its utmost, and making a full report. Of course, he would see a Brocken spectre of himself. Now take Julius Caesar, or Emanuel Swedenborg, or a Fiji-Islander, and set him up there! Let them compare notes afterward. Would it appear that they had enjoyed the same prospect? For aught we know, as strange a man as any of these is always at our elbows. It does not appear that anybody saw Shakespeare when he was about in England looking off, but only some of his raiment.

Why, it takes a sharpshooter to bring down even such trivial game as snipes and woodcocks; he must take very particular aim, and know what he is aiming at. He would stand a very small chance if he fired at random into the sky, being told that snipes were flying there. And so it is with him that shoots at beauty. Not till the sky falls will he catch larks, unless he is a trained sportsman. He will not bag any if he does not already know its seasons and haunts and the color of its wing,—if he has not dreamed of it, so that he can anticipate it; then, indeed, he flushes it at every step, shoots double and on the wing, with both barrels, even in corn-fields. The sportsman trains himself, dresses, and watches unweariedly, and loads and primes for his particular game. He prays for it, and so he gets it. After due and long preparation, schooling his eye and hand, dreaming awake and asleep, with gun and paddle and boat, he goes out after meadow-hens,—which most of his townsmen never saw nor dreamed of,—paddles for miles against a head wind, and therefore he gets them. He had them half-way into his bag when he started, and has only to shove them down. The fisherman, too, dreams of fish, till he can almost catch them in his sink-spout. The hen scratches, and finds her food right under where she stands; but such is not the way with the hawk.

The true sportsman can shoot you almost any of his game from his windows. It comes and perches at last on the barrel of his gun; but the rest of the world never see it, with the feathers on. He will keep himself supplied by firing up his chimney. The geese fly exactly under his zenith, and honk when they get there. Twenty musquash have the refusal of each one of his traps before it is empty.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1859

The Reverend [Alexander Dyce](#)'s STRICTURES ON [COLLIER](#)'S NEW EDITION OF [SHAKESPEARE](#) brought to an end a long friendship.

A. DYCE'S STRICTURES

The jury was in, in regard to the little matter of whether the noted Shakespeare scholar [John Payne Collier](#) was or was not a fraud. The Duke of Devonshire, owner of the original copy of the “Perkins” copy of the 2d folio of [Shakespeare](#)'s plays, had submitted that document to experts at the British Museum so that the “paper trail” on these emendations made by Collins could be most closely examined — and, Collier's story that he had merely been following emendations that had originated elsewhere and elsewhen, with “an old corrector” from a previous generation of Shakespeare scholarship, was entirely discountenanced. It had become abundantly clear that these emendations were recent, amounting to forgeries, and that Collier was either himself the forger or the unknowing dupe of some other contemporary scholar who was the forger.

Delia Bacon, who in 1857 had offered in THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAYS OF [SHAKESPEARE](#) UNFOLDED that the plays had actually been authored by Francis Bacon, and who in 1858 had been shut up in an insane asylum at the age of 47, in this year died in that institution. Too sad. (You know, just because she was crazy doesn't mean she wasn't right — those are different issues.) There is in the Grove Street Cemetery of New Haven, Connecticut a simple tombstone.




PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1860

In England, Nicholas Hamilton's INQUIRY had exposed prominent [Shakespeare](#) scholar [John Payne Collier](#) as either himself a forger, or the dupe of a contemporary forger. When other evidence was brought forward, evidence having to do with falsifications that it was clear Collier had himself perpetrated in some other manuscripts at Dulwich College, it became apparent to all that this man did not deserve the benefit of any further doubt. He had entirely sacrificed all scholarly reputation. No-one of his former colleagues would ever trust him again.

This was in addition the year in which Eugene Schieffelin released European  sparrows in New-York's Central Park because he was so enamored of [Shakespeare](#), and because that Elizabethan playwright had **mentioned** this bird. —Plus, Schieffelin in his environmental innocence considered that the sparrows might help us deal with our abundant caterpillars. (If only we had considered the merits of this Schieffelin's emendation of ecosystems as carefully as we had considered the merits of this Collier's emendations to Shakespeare manuscripts!)

[Henry Thoreau](#) delivered an address to the Middlesex, Massachusetts Agricultural Society entitled "The Succession of Forest Trees" in which he analyzes aspects of what would later come to be understood as forest ecology and urge farmers to plant trees in natural patterns of succession; the address would later be published, among other places in EXCURSIONS in 1863, becoming perhaps his most influential ecological contribution to the movement of that time that considered itself "conservationist thought."

ECOLOGY

Frederic Edwin Church painted "Twilight in the Wilderness;" throughout this era, he and numerous other eminent academic artists were exploring the power of American landscape as symbol and artistic subject in a profoundly influential body of work.

CONSERVATIONISM

Thomas Starr King published THE WHITE HILLS: THEIR LEGENDS, LANDSCAPE, AND POETRY, which would quickly be recognized as a classic celebration of the White Mountains of New Hampshire in the best tradition of mid-century nature-related travel literature.

CONSERVATIONISM

In this year and the following one, Thomas Starr King would be presenting a series of articles on Yosemite Valley, California in the Boston [Evening Transcript](#) which would help publicize the Yosemite wilderness to Easterners.⁴¹

CONSERVATIONISM



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1861

C.M. Ingleby's COMPLETE VIEW OF THE [SHAKESPEARE](#) CONTROVERSY.

41. The [conservation](#) movement was little more than a shabby fraud. From the historical record, these early environmental technocrats were intent not on solving our ecological crisis but on destroying the earth as quickly as possible. Their net impact has been negative: we would have been better off had we never had a conservation movement, to teach us how to manage our looting so that we looted with greater and greater effectiveness and economy. According to Samuel P. Hays's EXPLORATIONS IN ENVIRONMENTAL HISTORY: ESSAYS BY SAMUEL P. HAYS (Pittsburgh PA: U of Pittsburgh P, 1998), these men were mere pawns of the powers that be, careerists bought by their careers:

Conservation, above all, was a scientific movement, and its role in history arose from the implications of science and technology in modern society. Conservation leaders sprang from such fields as hydrology, forestry, agrostology, geology, and anthropology. Vigorously active in professional circles in the national capital, these leaders brought the ideals and practices of their crafts into federal resource policy. Loyalty to these professional ideals, not close association with the grass-roots public, set the tone of the Theodore Roosevelt conservation movement. Its essence was rational planning to promote efficient development and use of all natural resources. The idea of efficiency drew these federal scientists from one resource task to another, from specific programs to comprehensive concepts. It molded the policies which they proposed, their administrative techniques, and their relations with Congress and the public. It is from the vantage point of applied science, rather than of democratic protest, that one must understand the historic role of the conservation movement. The new realms of science and technology, appearing to open up unlimited opportunities for human achievement, filled conservation leaders with intense optimism. They emphasized expansion, not retrenchment; possibilities, not limitations.... They displayed that deep sense of hope which pervaded all those at the turn of the century for whom science and technology were revealing visions of an abundant future.... Conflicts between competing resource users, especially, should not be dealt with through the normal processes of politics. Pressure group action, logrolling in Congress, or partisan debate could not guarantee rational and scientific decisions. Amid such jockeying for advantage with the resulting compromise, concern for efficiency would disappear. Conservationists envisaged, even though they did not realize their aims, a political system guided by the ideal of efficiency and dominated by the technicians who could best determine how to achieve it.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

March 18, Monday: At the invitation of the government of Santo Domingo, Spain re-annexed its former colony. Spanish troops from Cuba entered the country.

A state convention in Arkansas turned down secession 39-35 but allowed for a plebiscite.

Governor [Sam Houston](#) of [Texas](#), having declined to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States of America, was deposed and retired.

Concord's annual exhibition was held in the new town hall. An announcement was made that [Mr. Thoreau](#) could not be present due to illness, but was still at work, hopefully, on the natural history of Concord that was to be used in the public schools there. Since the celebration that year was honoring [Bronson Alcott](#) as the Concord superintendent of schools, [Louisa May Alcott](#) had written a poem which, in the 2d verse, mentioned



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

John Brown.

THE ALCOTT FAMILY

An attempt was made to have this reference suppressed but the attempt was defeated, largely through the intervention of [Waldo Emerson](#). We have a letter briefly and unenthusiastically mentioning the program, from the 23-year-old daughter of [Dr. Josiah Bartlett](#), Annie Bartlett, to her soldier brother [Edward Jarvis "Ned" Bartlett](#) to whom she was writing religiously every Sunday:



Mr. Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Franklin B. Sanborn spoke in the Hall about education, but I did not trouble them.

FRANKLIN B. SANBORN

In about this timeframe [Thoreau](#) was copying from [HERODOTUS](#). A NEW AND LITERAL VERSION *FROM THE TEXT OF BAEHR*. WITH A GEOGRAPHICAL AND GENERAL INDEX. BY HENRY CARY, M.A., WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD (London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden, 1845) into his Indian Notebook #12 and Commonplace Book #2.

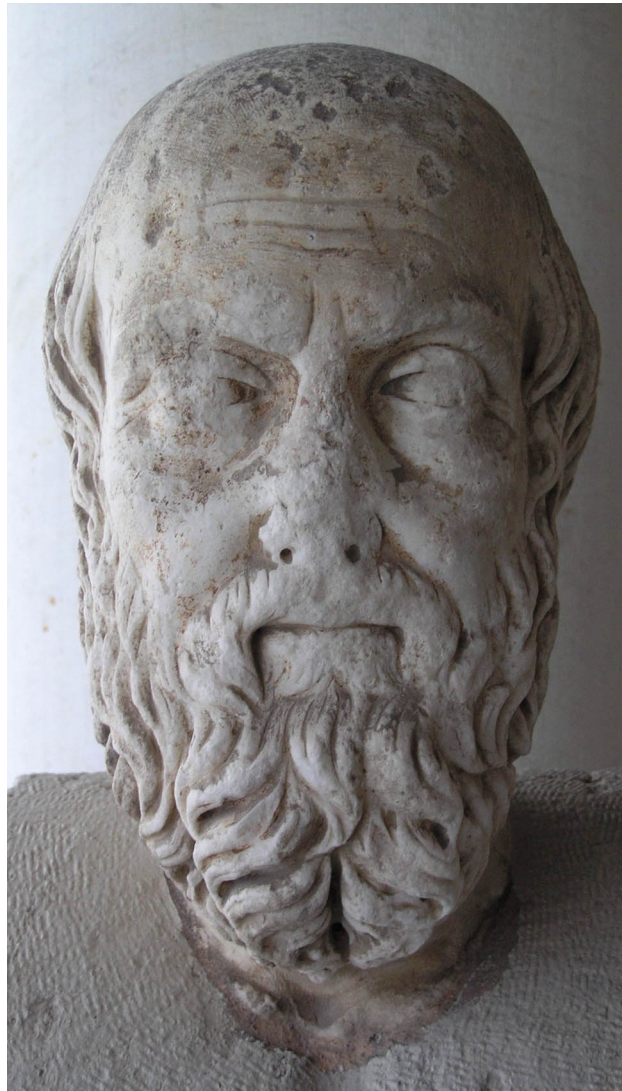
HERODOTUS' HISTORIES



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN



March 18. Tree sparrows have warbled faintly for a week.

When I pass by a twig of willow, though of the slenderest kind, rising above the sedge in some dry hollow early in December, or in midwinter above the snow, my spirits rise as if it were an oasis in the desert. The very name “sallow” (salix, from the Celtic sal-lis, near water) suggests that there is some natural sap or blood flowing there. It is a divining wand that has not failed, but stands with its root in the fountain.

The fertile willow catkins are those green caterpillar-like ones, commonly an inch or more in length, which develop themselves rapidly after the sterile yellow ones which we had so admired are fallen or effete. Arranged around the bare twigs, they often form green wands eight to eighteen inches long. A single catkin consists of from twenty-five to a hundred little pods, more or less ovate and beaked, each of which is closely packed with cotton, in which are numerous seeds so small that they are scarcely discernible by ordinary eyes.

I do not know what they mean who call this the emblem of despairing love! “The willow, worn by forlorn paramour!” It is rather the emblem of love and sympathy with all nature. It may droop, –it is so lithe, supple, and pliant,– but it never weeps. The willow of Babylon blooms not the less hopefully with us, though its other



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

half is not in the New World at all, and never has been. It droops, not to represent David's tears, but rather to snatch the crown from Alexander's head. (Nor were poplars ever the weeping sisters of Phaëton, for nothing rejoices them more than the sight of the Sun's chariot, and little reck they who drives it.)

Ah, willow! willow! Would that I always possessed thy good spirits.

No wonder its wood was anciently in demand for bucklers, for, take the whole tree, it is not only soft and pliant but tough and resilient (as Pliny says?), not splitting at the first blow, but closing its wounds at once and refusing to transmit its hurts.

I know of one foreign species which introduced itself into Concord as [a] withe used to tie up a bundle of trees. A gardener stuck it in the ground, and it lived, and has its descendants.

[Herodotus](#) says that the Scythians divined by the help of willow rods. I do not know any better twigs for this purpose.

How various are the habits of men! Mother says that her father-in-law, Captain Minott, not only used to roast and eat a long row of little wild apples, reaching in a semicircle from jamb to jamb under the andirons on the reddened hearth (I used to buy many a pound of Spanish brown at the stores for mother to redden the jambs and hearth with), but he had a quart of new milk regularly placed at the head of his bed, which he drank at many draughts in the course of the night. It was so the night he died, and my grandmother discovered that he was dying, by his not turning over to reach his milk. I asked what he died of, and mother answered apoplexy! at which I did not wonder. Still this habit may not have caused it.

I have a cousin, also, who regularly eats his bowl of bread and milk just before going to bed, however late. He is a very stirring man.

You can't read any genuine history—as that of [Herodotus](#) or the Venerable Bede—without perceiving that our interest depends not on the subject but on the man, — on the manner in which he treats the subject and the importance he gives it. A feeble writer and without genius must have what he thinks a great theme, which we are already interested in through the accounts of others, but a genius—a Shakespeare, for instance—would make the history of his parish more interesting than another's history of the world.

Wherever men have lived there is a story to be told, and it depends chiefly on the story-teller or historian whether that is interesting or not. You are simply a witness on the stand to tell what you know about your neighbors and neighborhood. Your account of foreign parts which you have never seen should by good rights be less interesting.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1862

Volume I of [Samuel Bailey](#)'s ON THE RECEIVED TEXT OF [SHAKESPEARE](#)'S DRAMATIC WRITINGS AND ITS IMPROVEMENT.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1866

Volume II of [Samuel Bailey](#)'s ON THE RECEIVED TEXT OF [SHAKESPEARE](#)'S DRAMATIC WRITINGS AND ITS IMPROVEMENT, the initial volume of which had appeared in 1862.

HDT

WHAT?

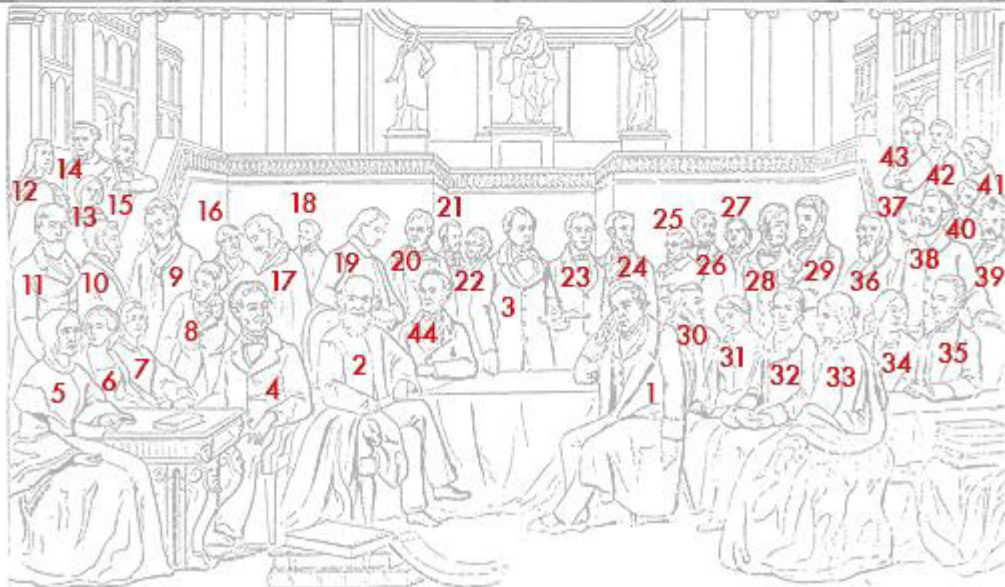
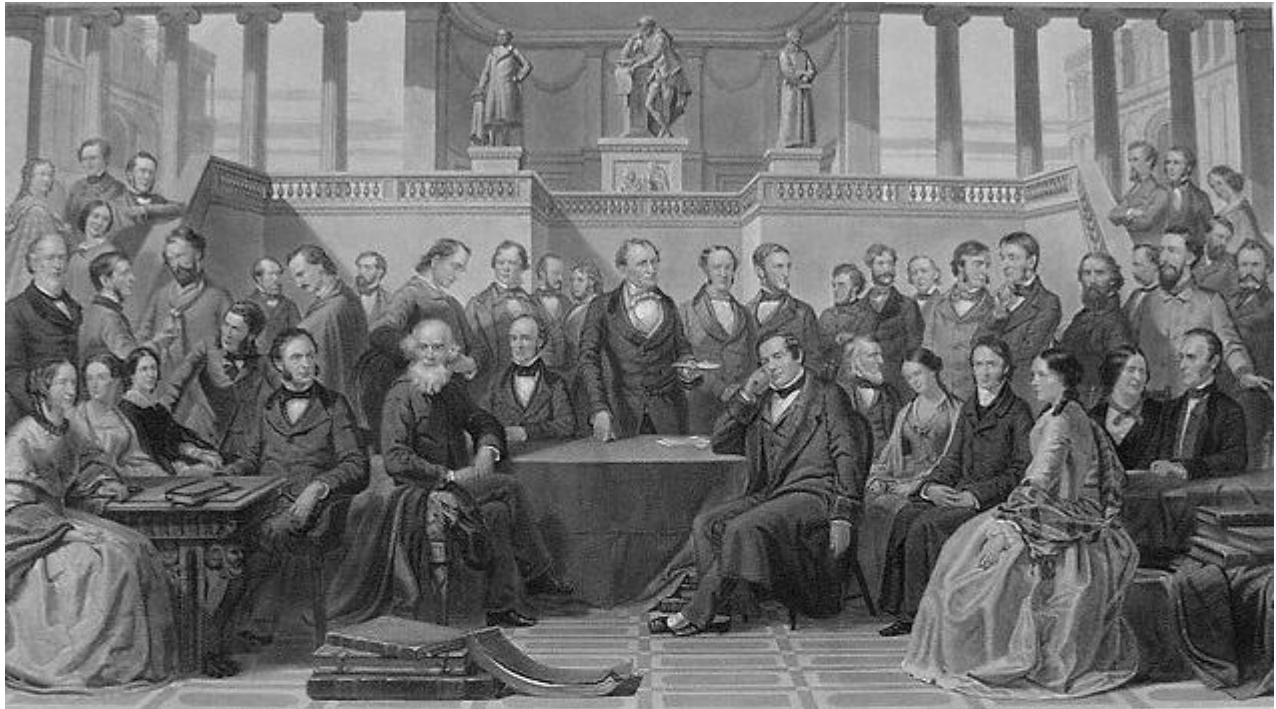
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PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

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PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

Thomas Hicks painted his “Authors of the United States” as a name-dropping set piece to show off various of the portraits of prominent personages he had painted at his studio in New-York. We have no idea as to the present whereabouts of the original of this, but an engraving of it was made by A.H. Ritchie. We note that the statues on the upper balcony are of course of founding literary giants [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe](#), [William Shakespeare](#), and [Dante Alighieri](#). [Henry Thoreau](#) is of course as always not noticeably absent, since he would not emerge into his present renown until well into the 20th Century.



The personages depicted are 1=[Washington Irving](#) 2=[William Cullen Bryant](#) 3=[James Fenimore Cooper](#)



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

4=[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#) 5=Miss Sedgwick 6=Mrs. [Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney](#) 7=Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth 8=Mitchell 9=Nathaniel Parker Willis 10=Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. 11=Kennedy 12=Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie 13=Alice Carey 14=Prentice 15=G.W. Kendall 16=Morris 17=[Edgar Allan Poe](#) 18=Frederick Goddard Tuckerman 19=[Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) 20=Simms 21=P. Pendelton Cooke 22=Hoffman 23=William H. Prescott 24=[George Bancroft](#) 25=Parke Godwin 26=John Lothrop Motley 27=Reverend Henry Ward Beecher 28=[George William Curtis](#) 29=[Ralph Waldo Emerson](#) 30=[Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) 31=Margaret Fuller, *marchesa d'Ossoli* 32=Reverend [William Ellery Channing](#) 33=Harriet Beecher Stowe 34=Mrs. Kirkland 35=Friend [John Greenleaf Whittier](#) 36=[James Russell Lowell](#) 37=Boker 38=Bayard Taylor 39=Saxe 40=Stoddard 41=Mrs. Amelia Welby 42=Gallagher 43=Cozzens 44=Halleck.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1869

February 3, Wednesday: The Booth Theater, at 23rd Street and 6th Avenue on Manhattan Island in New-York, opened with a production of [William Shakespeare](#)'s *Romeo and Juliet*.

March 4, Thursday: [Thomas Carlyle](#) visited the Queen of England in her castle home. At one point this confirmed explainer became so intense in informing her about the beauties of his Galloway that he pinned her dress to the floor with the leg of his chair.⁴²



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

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

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

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



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

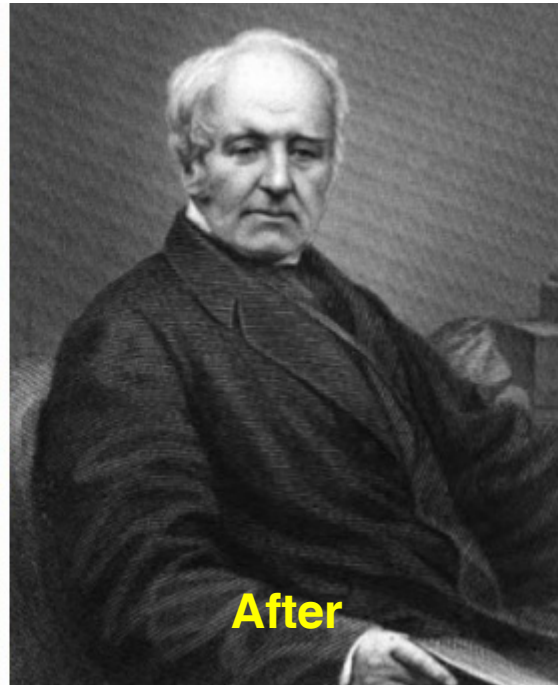
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

May 15, Saturday: [Alexander Dyce](#) died. The body would be interred beneath a granite ledger at marker #21,559 in Square 140 at London's Kensal Green cemetery.



Before



After

He left his library to the South Kensington Museum (now the Victoria and Albert Museum).

May 22, Saturday: The New-York Times reported the receipt, by way of a cablegram, of intelligence of the death in the 72d year of his age of the well-known commentator on the works of [William Shakespeare](#), the Reverend [Alexander Dyce](#), B.A. (We note not only that their obituary is carelessly constructed, in that it omits the date of the deceased's death, gets the deceased's birthdate wrong –placing his birth even in the wrong year so that they calculate him to have died in the 72d year of his age when he had reached 70 years and 11 months– but also we see that they are still, as of 2011 on the internet, as America's self-proclaimed “newspaper of record,” making this original bum scoop generally available.)

PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

OBITUARY.

Rev. Alexander Dyce, B. A.

By Cable telegram we have intelligence of the death, in the 72d year of his age, of Rev. ALEXANDER DYCE, B. A., the well-known commentator on the works of SHAKESPEARE. Mr. DYCE was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 20th June, 1797, being the son of General DYCE, of the Honorable East India Company's service. He was brought up by relations in Aberdeen, and at the usual age was sent to the High-school in Edinburgh. He afterward matriculated in the University of Oxford, where he graduated from Exeter College. In 1821, he took orders in the Established Church, and became curate, successively of Llantegloss, Cornwall and Nayland, Suffolk. He finally settled in London, in 1827, and devoted himself to literary and critical studies. His first work was a translation of the continuation of the *Iliad*, by QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS. But subsequently turning his attention to the, in that day, undeveloped treasures of early English poetry, he determined to devote himself to a critical review and study of the ancient writers. The results of these studies were given to the world in a succession of volumes, comprising the works of George Peele, Robert Greene, John Webster, Thomas Middleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, (1843-45,) Kit Marlowe, (1849,) John Skelton, Sir Henry Wotton and Michael Drayton. The preparation of an edition of the plays and poems of JAMES SHIRLEY had been undertaken by GIFFORD, but was left incomplete. This work was taken in hand by Mr. DYCE, and published complete in 1850. All these works manifest by their acute criticisms of the texts, and their happy elucidations or emendations of doubtful and obscure passages, a vast amount of study, and the possession by the editor of remarkable literary acumen. The whole series is much esteemed in England, and has formed the basis of all subsequent editions of these authors. These works, also, have had a beneficial tendency, apart from their direct influence in awakening public attention to the brilliant poetic genius of the older writers. Mr. DYCE, however, did not neglect the writers of a more recent period, having prepared an excellent edition, in three volumes, of the works of the great scholar, critic and theologian, Dr. RICHARD BENTLEY. For PICKERING's famous and elegant

edition of the *Aldine Poets*, Mr. DYCE furnished revised texts of POPE, COLLINS, BEATTIE and AKENSIDE, preparing also, in each case, excellent biographical sketches of these writers. Being a member of the Camden Society, he prepared, at their instance, editions of the old tragedies of "Timon" and "Sir Thomas Moore," which had undoubtedly furnished to SHAKESPEARE hints for two of his plays. His zeal in regard to the old poets seemed to acquire fresh impetus from these studies; for, in 1840, he was led, in conjunction with PAYNE, COLLIER, HALLIWELL, WRIGHT and others like himself, zealous Shakespearians and untiring explorers in the mine of old English poetry, to found the Percy Society, the object of which was the publication of the ancient ballads and plays then almost unknown except to antiquaries. To this Society his most remarkable contribution was a monograph of British sonnets, including a large number of exquisite specimens of this peculiar form of poetic art. As a relaxation from other labors he amused himself with a translation of the lyrical fragments of ATHENÆUS, to which he added an elaborate and learned commentary. All these labors, however, were but as the vestibule of his Shakesperian studies and meditations. Of SHAKESPEARE he could say, as SCHLEGEL had said, "he is a poet to the study of whom I have devoted many years of my life. I should never be able to end were I to say all that I have felt and thought on the perusal of his works." Every line—nay, almost every word—in the works of the great bard were to him a treasure of study and reflection. His researches in regard to SHAKESPEARE's life, his minute and careful commentaries on the Shakesperian text, exhibited surprising diligence and acuteness, and placed him in the front rank of critics. As the result of his long and careful examination of the plays and poems, he proposed to issue a revised edition of SHAKESPEARE's works, and in 1857 the publication was begun. For this great work he carefully collated all the earliest editions, made great improvements in the punctuation, and proposed some remarkably ingenious emendations of the text. But Mr. DYCE inclined to conservatism in this matter: although he did much to restore and purify doubtful passages, he was not disposed to tamper unnecessarily with the text of the first editions, preferring rather to elucidate and explain the work as it has come down to us. Mr. DYCE was not without his literary controversies upon these points, as his sharp criticisms of the editions of SHAKESPEARE by PAYNE COLLIER and CHARLES KNIGHT abundantly testify. One of the latest works is a volume of notes upon the emendations adopted by COLLIER from the manuscript corrections discovered by that gentleman in the second folio edition of the immortal Dramatist, in which he proved that many of the emendations were no better than corruptions of the text. Nor, on the other hand, was he without his charming literary friendships, as his record of the "Table-talk of SAMUEL ROGERS," the banker poet, prove likewise. He was a man



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1871

During this year and the following one, [John Payne Collier](#) issued his OLD MAN'S DIARY (had he titled it instead OLD FRAUD'S DIARY, his former colleagues who had once trusted him might yet have paid more respectful attention).



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1875

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



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1881

February 19, Saturday: [John Payne Collier](#) confided to his diary that “I have done many base things in my time — some that I knew to be base at the moment, and many that I deeply regretted afterwards and up to this very day.” This confession may of course have had to do with his infamous [Shakespeare](#) forgery of the 1850s.

[William Adam](#) died at Beaconsfield in Hampshire, England at the age of 84. Per his instructions, the body would be buried without ceremony in Brookwood Cemetery at Woking without the mention of his name. An obituary in the British Unitarian journal [The Inquirer](#) would include the detail “Mr. Adam was well known more than half-a-century ago.”



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1882

May 14, Sunday: [John Payne Collier](#) confided to his diary that “I am bitterly sad and most sincerely grieved that in every way I am such a despicable offender[.] I am ashamed of almost every act of my life...My repentance is bitter and sincere[.]” This confession may of course have had to do with his infamous [Shakespeare](#) forgery of the 1850s.





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1890

March 6, Thursday: According to Gene K. Hess et al, BIRDS OF DELAWARE (U. of Pittsburgh P, 2000), page 426), European Starlings  *Sturnus vulgaris* had been introduced into North America several times before the introduction that “took” as of this date. According to TINKERING WITH EDEN: A NATURAL HISTORY OF EXOTICS IN AMERICA by Kim Todd (W.W. Norton & Company), this atrocity was perpetrated under the sponsorship of a New-York pharmacist, one Eugene Schieffelin who had more money than sense — and too much time on his hands. A [Shakespeare](#) buff as well as a member of an “American Acclimatization Society” that had been founded in 1871 to assimilate “such foreign varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom as may be useful or interesting,” Schieffelin intended to introduce into the USA any bird species so much as mentioned in any Shakespeare play. Starlings were kept as pets because of their ability to mimic human speech. Hotspur had been so persistently after Henry IV to ransom Mortimer that the stage king had ordered him never to mention Mortimer again in his presence. Hotspur therefore had a bright idea he never implemented, of training a caged starling to mention Mortimer to the king on his behalf. Whatever: he had 80 of the caged birds imported, and opened their cages in, where else, New-York’s Central Park.

In 1860, this dude had brought English  sparrows to New-York because they also had been mentioned by Shakespeare. He had guessed they might help bring our caterpillars under control. At this point he was guessing that the starlings might help bring the sparrow population under control — hope springs eternal.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1901

Now that WALDEN has become federally mandated reading for all High Schoolers during their junior year, it is interesting for us to recollect that our high estimation of Thoreau as an author is of very recent origin. For about one half century subsequent to his death Thoreau had actually been *infra dig*, of lesser worth.

A good example of this is to be found in a set of tomes published during the period 1901-1905, dealing with the literary reputations of an entire potfull of English and American authors: Charles Wells Moulton's THE LIBRARY OF LITERARY CRITICISM OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS (Buffalo NY: The Moulton Publishing Company). Since each one of the eight tomes in this set is about 800 pages in length, we are dealing with 800x8 or a rough total of 6,400 pages of literary appreciation. In those thousands upon thousands of fine-print pages dealing with the remainders of hundreds upon hundreds of English and American authors, we ought to be able carefully to compare and contrast the attention given to Thoreau with the attention given to others. [Shakespeare](#) of course deserved a lengthy section, and [Hawthorne](#), and Quarles, and [Carlyle](#), and Dickens, and [De Quincey](#) — and even Thoreau's friend Alcott received a surprising amount of space.

But here in its entirety is the rather briefer citation awarded to our guy:

ATTITUDES ON THOREAU

(In these 6,400 pages the name of Thoreau also makes five other, minor appearances — because he had happened to make five incidental comments upon five English or American authors whose works were considered of cultural significance, to wit he had made recordable references to: Alcott, Carlyle, Hawthorne, Quarles, Shakespeare.)

This, for the authors of this set of eight 1901-1905 volumes of literary appreciation, had been the valuable portion of Thoreau's commentary on other authors:

A SNIPPET ON ALCOTT

A SNIPPET ON CARLYLE

A SNIPPET ON HAWTHORNE

A SNIPPET ON QUARLES

A SNIPPET ON SHAKESPEARE



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

Peruse it all if you dare!

TOME NUMBER ONE

TOME NUMBER TWO

TOME NUMBER THREE

TOME NUMBER FOUR

TOME NUMBER FIVE

TOME NUMBER SIX

TOME NUMBER SEVEN

TOME NUMBER EIGHT

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

PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1920

T.J. Looney identified Sir Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford (April 12, 1550-June 24, 1604), author of the poem “Love compared to a tennis playe,” as the real source of the plays we have been supposing to have been produced by one [William Shakespeare](#) (so very little actually is known for sure about the life of the playwright that since this point a sizeable body of “Oxfordians” have been able endlessly to speculate on such a theme).





PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

The movie “The Mark of Zorro” raised the possibility that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. might actually have had his *florut* in [Mexican](#) California in swashbuckling times.



PEOPLE OF A WEEK AND WALDEN:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN WALDEN

1942

Abigail Adams, when she had attended an 18th-Century production of [William Shakespeare](#)'s *Othello*, had revealed herself as a racist with a pronounced case of Negrophobia, because she reported that when an American white man played the role wearing dark body makeup, her "whole soul shuddered" to witness "the sooty heretic Moor touch the fair Desdemona." (Marital suggestion to John Adams: for a good ride, wear dark makeup to bed!) In this year no theatre along Broadway (the "great white way") on Manhattan Island in New York City could be found that would book the [Shakespeare](#) play *Othello* because the lead part, the black man Othello, was for the very 1st time being portrayed by an American who actually was black — Paul Robeson.



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1977

May 25, Wednesday: In [China](#), the Communist government decided it no longer needed to prevent performance and publication of the plays of [William Shakespeare](#).

In the Netherlands, the Labor Party under Prime Minister Joop den Uyl gained 10 seats in national elections, raising its total to 53. The Christian Democratic Appeal, newly reorganized, won 49 seats.

The premier of George Lucas's "Star Wars."



At Uppsala University, "Westerlings for chorus" by Peter Maxwell Davies was performed for the initial time, although in an incomplete state.

In Schwetzingen, String Quartet no.4 and String Quartet no.5 by Hans Werner Henze were performed for the initial time.



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May 26, Thursday: On the 150th anniversary of [Beethoven](#)'s death the [Chinese](#) government lifted its prohibition against his works.

Over the previous week the rebels in Zaire had recaptured all towns that had been held by the rebels of Katanga.



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2007

Richard J. Wolf's [CHARLES THOMAS JACKSON](#), "THE HEAD BEHIND THE HANDS": APPLYING SCIENCE TO IMPLEMENT DISCOVERY AND INVENTION IN EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY AMERICA (Novato, California: Jeremy Norman & Company).

Arthur Freeman's and Janet Ing Freeman's [JOHN PAYNE COLLIER](#): SCHOLARSHIP AND FORGERY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (New Haven and London: Yale UP) was reviewed by Nick Groom of the University of Exeter in [Victorian Studies](#) 49.2: 372-374.

John Payne Collier was one of the most prodigious men of letters of the nineteenth century. His HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETRY (3 volumes, 1831) was a standard work of the period, and he subsequently proved himself a tireless editor of [Shakespeare](#): Collier first edited the works in eight volumes (1842-1844) and published his final edition (1875-1878), just before his ninetieth birthday. Collier was, moreover, variously treasurer and vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries and a founding member of the Camden, Percy, and Shakespeare societies, for whom he edited a total of thirty-six works. He was still engaged in issuing reprints of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century works in his eighties – no fewer than eighty-one volumes appeared in 1871. Notwithstanding this, he also edited Edmond Spenser (5 volumes, 1862), several volumes of ballads –some penned by himself– an autobiography, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare (1856), which he had attended and made shorthand transcripts of in 1811 and 1812.

Yet today Collier's fame –or rather, his notoriety– rests upon his reputation as a literary forger. Central to this more wayward corpus is the "Perkins Folio," a second folio edition of Shakespeare's plays heavily annotated in what appeared to be a seventeenth-century hand. This "Old Corrector" was arguably a contemporary of Shakespeare's – arguably being the key word. Collier published the corrections (1853) and used them as the basis for two new editions (1853, 1858). In doing so he raised a gigantic rumpus. When the Perkins Folio was eventually inspected by Frederic Madden, keeper of manuscripts at the British Museum, he declared that the annotations had been forged. Collier maintained that the annotations had been in the book when he acquired it and continued his researches. But the accusation stuck and cast serious doubt over all of Collier's work, with, it transpires, complete justification.

In this extraordinarily dogged account of Collier, Arthur Freeman and Janet Ing Freeman reveal that Collier's fabrications began early, drifting into forgery from the mischievous hoaxes and jeux d'esprit of his earliest work, such as the fanciful additions he made to his history of Punch and Judy (1828, illustrated by George Cruikshank). Collier's HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETRY, for instance, contains dozens of often rather



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pointless fabrications, while for his life of Edward Alleyn (1841), Collier interpolated material into the manuscript sources he discovered at Dulwich College, actually writing on the manuscripts in the same pseudo-seventeenth-century hand he later deployed for the Perkins Folio.

The Freemans' untangling of Collier's vast legacy of misrepresentation is unerringly meticulous and completely convincing. The last monograph on Collier, Dewey Ganzel's *FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES* (1982) argued that Collier had been set up by characters such as Madden, who planted the Perkins Folio on him to exact some sort of revenge. The enormous extent of Collier's deceptions exposed by the Freemans, however, make Ganzel's thesis entirely untenable. Instead of a victim of a conspiracy, we are left with a much more complex figure: a precocious student (he was first admitted to the reading room of the British Library aged just fourteen) who devoted his entire life and boundless reserves of intellectual energy both to scholarship and to its perversion. In the ringing tones that open the book, "What distinguishes him ... is not the intrinsic merit or originality of his work (although much of it exhibits both, as well as prodigious labour), but the large-scale, pernicious, and pervasive corruption of literary history it has engendered, through a lifetime's supply of misinformation, false evidence, forgery, and fabrication" (xi).

The Freemans cover all this in the most scrupulous, and, it must be said, mind-numbing detail. *JOHN PAYNE COLLIER: SCHOLARSHIP AND FORGERY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY* is a remarkable, invaluable study and reference work, and simultaneously a staggeringly futile record of fifteen years academic hard labour. There is overly generous quoting of Collier's tedious Romantic period verse, laboriously comprehensive accounts of the reviews Collier's work elicited, and a persistent fascination with the book sales and auctions of the period. Hence, almost 600 pages are covered before we arrive at the Perkins Folio, "the most important event in the life of [Collier], and one of the key dates in the entire history of Shakespeare studies" (583), and thereafter another 400 pages pass before Collier finally dies. Even so, this marathon account is still barely two-thirds done. An epilogue covers the dispersal of his library and posthumous notices, and there follows almost 400 pages of closely-set appendices and bibliographies of Collier's works. The authors describe this as a "bio-bibliography," an unfortunate term that does not really do this compendious work justice, while indicating its ambitions to cover everything. There's material here for at least three separate books – a biography, an account of the Perkins Folio controversy, and an annotated bibliography; there's also a great deal that could have been confined to specialist articles. Among such a mass of information one might hope that authors would be selective and analytical, but the Freemans are neither. Admittedly they remark at the outset that there are "undoubtedly complex motives for a lifetime of intermittent perversity" (xiii) and even bewail the fact that Collier was not a mere



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victim; indeed, one of the more engaging qualities of this study is the Freemans' indulgent fondness for Collier, despite his textual misdemeanors. There are also some pointed personal observations: Collier's ballad imitations, for example, are described as "throwback ballads [that] allowed him to air his own sentiments about women, sexual freedom, matrimony, the nuisance of fatherhood, and the like" (509). But at the end of this juggernaut of a book one is still left wondering why Collier fabricated so much material.

In an attempt to distance themselves from what they perceive to be the "new school" of literary forgery studies (172n), then, the Freemans have produced a determinedly forensic scrutiny of Collier's work. Although we might be thankful that there is little supposition about the psychology of the forger, there is likewise an almost complete lack of curiosity about the nature of literary forgery in the period: how Collier's activities were fundamentally different from the sorts of literary forgery debated in the eighteenth century (and not so different, apparently, from some of the games played by the more reputable scholars of that earlier time); what the threat and detection of forgery entailed for textual research methods in the nineteenth century (microscopy was, for example, used to identify contemporary pencil annotations beneath those attributed to the "Old Corrector"); and why literary forgery held such a persistent fascination for the writers, poets, and artists of the period. Of course, pursuing any or all of these questions would have increased the size of what is already an unwieldy book. As it is, Arthur Freeman and Janet Ing Freeman have produced a study that will stand as a major and enduring contribution to nineteenth-century literary studies and bibliography. What one should hope for now is that this monumental work will provide the raw material for reconsidering scholarship and forgery in the period, and present opportunities to tell the tantalizing story of Collier in new ways.

"MAGISTERIAL HISTORY" IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



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

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



Prepared: December 12, 2014



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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.



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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.