“… by the blushes of Aurora and the music of Memnon …”¹

And yet – in fact you need only draw a single thread at any point you choose out of the fabric of life and the run will make a pathway across the whole, and down that wider pathway each of the other threads will become successively visible, one by one.

— Heimito von Doderer, *Die Dämonen*

¹. Memnon—for whatever this is worth— was a supposed “Ethiopian king” of post-Homeric Greek mythology, who fought against Achilles alongside the defenders of Troy.
You may wonder what a file about the wrecked remainders of two humongous statues of Pharaoh Amenhotep III (1417-1379BCE) west of Thebes in Egypt, all that remains of a massive mortuary temple after 34 centuries, is doing in a directory which includes South Carolina cities such as /kouroo/places/Charleston, locations in the vicinity of Concord such as /kouroo/places/Lee’s Bridge, etc. Well, the answer is, those two statues in the desert above the big bend of the Nile constitute a place in the real world. They are a place which now figures in our fables, and in our literary productions such as WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS, yet they are nevertheless also of the stuff of ZIP codes. I’m trying to deal here with the sort of literary person who may or may not be trapped in his or her own head but is surely accurately describable as being trapped in a world made up entirely of books which make reference only to other books — so bear with me if you can. We’re dealing with a topic which may help us understand how the music of silence and the music of natural noises and the side-effects of human artifacts and agencies “worked” for Henry Thoreau, in conjunction with his deliberative waiting and with his paying of the most exquisite attention, as conditions of the message of the god or as harbingers of devotion. First let us review an entry from Thoreau’s account of his and his brother’s famous journey:

Travelling on foot very early one morning due east from here about twenty miles, from Caleb Harriman’s tavern in Hampstead toward Haverhill, when I reached the railroad in Plaistow, I heard at some distance a faint music in the air like an Æolian harp, which I immediately suspected to proceed from the cord of the telegraph vibrating in the just awakening morning wind, and applying my ear to one of the posts I was convinced that it was so. It was the telegraph harp singing its message through the country, its message sent not by men but by gods. Perchance, like the statue of Memnon, it resounds only in the morning when the first rays of the sun fall on it. It was like the first lyre or shell heard on the sea-shore,— that vibrating cord high in the air over the shores of earth. So have all things their higher and their lower uses. I heard a fairer news than the journals ever print. It told of things worthy to hear, and worthy of the electric fluid to carry the news of, not of the price of cotton and flour, but it hinted at the price of the world itself and of things which are priceless, of absolute truth and beauty.
To grok this stuff about the statue of Memnon that “resounds only in the morning when the first rays of the sun fall on it,” you have to have it as part of you general education that in an earthquake which occurred in 27BCE, the two Egyptian statues were pretty well trashed. It turned out to be a nice thing, for before that ancient earthquake they were just a couple of big uggy statues, very like any other of the pieces of dreck that we leave lying around.

Very like that shattered limestone kiln that stood in the countryside of Concord town, for instance, a leftover from the days when the main attraction in Concord was extraction, of bog iron from the floors of its swamps. After the 'quake the rubble that constituted one of the two statues was so configured that, in the temperature changes of the dawn, it would give out little sounds like the snapping of a cord. This squeaking statue of the pair came to be referred to as “Memnon” not only because after 13 centuries of being very dead Pharaoh Amenhotep the Magnificent was the stuff of history but also because the stack of rubble put out this music (of sorts) in response to the dawn, and blushing Aurora who of course is the dawn is also of course the mommy of a child named Memnon. This Memnon was supposed to be an Ethiopian prince who came to Asia Minor by mistake and got himself trashed by a walking earthquake name of Achilles in the ILIAS of Homeros. In the dawn his blushing Mommy was said to came and shed tears of dew over his funeral pyre. We notice that Greek and Roman tourists in antiquity scratched all sorts of graffiti all over this statue at Thebes while they were visiting it to hear it calling out to its mommy. You can be sure they pissed on its toes before they went back to the village for breakfast. I would’ve, maybe you would’ve, and for sure HDT would’ve.

2 Nota Bene: Never you mind that in Egypt’s climate, where they have their annual rainfall flowing from south to north along the surface of the ground, so there’s no dew to speak of. You get this sort of ancien bul out of sources like Bulfinch and it's enough if knowing it shows that you’re cultured and enables you to have social pretensions. –No, Nota Bene is not a word processor, it is NotaBene that is the word processor.– Bulfinch proves how important the guy is by quoting that he was in a 1794-1795 poem by Darwin, meaning of course the famous Erasmus Darwin not his infamous grandson:

So to the sacred Sun in Memnon’s fane
Spontaneous concords chanted the matin strain;
Touched by his orient beam responsive rings
The living lyre and vibrates all its strings;
Accordant aisles the tender tones prolong,
And hole echoes swell the adoring song.
Now, having heard a piece of Thoreau testimony, let us consider the testimony of another poet, more recently descanted. In R.S. Thomas’s poems God speaks only by way of a silence which confronts our misconceived questionings. For instance, in the “Questions” of 1983:

Prepare yourself for the message.
You are prepared? Silence.
Silence is the message.
The message is ... Wait.
Are you sure? An echo?
An echo of an echo? Sound.
Was it always there with us failing
to hear it?
What was the shell doing on the shore? An ear endlessly drinking?
What? Sound? Silence?
Which came first? Listen.
I’ll tell you a story as it was told me by the teller of stories.
Where did he hear it?
By listening? To silence? To sound?
To an echo? To an echo of an echo?
Wait.

Here then are the various contexts which I have been able to discover, in which Thoreau attempted to make some use of this antique Memnon/Aurora trope, beginning with his summer of 1845 at Walden Pond:
During this year a book of lithographs of Egyptian antiquities was issued. Illustrated here are the statues ascribed to Memnon which figure in the legend of Aurora as referred to by Henry Thoreau in *A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS* and *WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS*.
We read that Aristeus "obtained of Jupiter and Neptune, that the pestilential heat of the dog-days, wherein was great mortality, should be mitigated with wind." This is one of those dateless benefits conferred on man, which have no record in our vulgar day, though we still find some similitude to them in our dreams, in which we have a more liberal and juster apprehension of things, unconstrained by habit, which is then in some measure put off, and divested of memory, which we call history. According to fable, when the island of Ægina was depopulated by sickness, at the instance of Æacus, Jupiter turned the ants into men, that is, as some think, he made men of the inhabitants who lived meanly like ants. This is perhaps the fullest history of those early days extant. The fable which is naturally and truly composed, so as to satisfy the imagination, ere it addresses the understanding, beautiful though strange as a wild-flower, is to the wise man an apothegm, and admits of his most generous interpretation. When we read that Bacchus made the Tyrrhenian mariners mad, so that they leapt into the sea, mistaking it for a meadow full of flowers, and so became dolphins, we are not concerned about the historical truth of this, but rather a higher poetical truth. We seem to hear the music of a thought, and care not if the understanding be not gratified. For their beauty, consider the fables of Narcissus, of Endymion, of Memnon son of Morning, the representative of all promising youths who have died a premature death, and whose memory is melodiously prolonged to the latest morning; the beautiful stories of Phaeton, and of the Sirens whose isle shone afar off white with the bones of unburied men; and the pregnant ones of Pan, Prometheus, and the Sphinx; and that long list of names which have already become part of the universal language of civilized men, and from proper are becoming common names or nouns, — the Sibyls, the Eumenides, the Parcae, the Graces, the Muses, Nemesis, &c. It is interesting to observe with what singular unanimity the farthest sundered nations and generations consent to give completeness and roundness to an ancient fable, of which they indistinctly appreciate the beauty or the truth. By a faint and dream-like effort, though it be only by the vote of a scientific body, the dullest posterity slowly add some trait to the mythus.
Walden: Most men appear never to have considered what a house is, and are actually though needlessly poor all their lives because they think that they must have such a one as their neighbors have. As if one were to wear any sort of coat which the tailor might cut out for him, or, gradually leaving off palmleaf hat or cap of woodchuck skin, complain of hard times because he could not afford to buy him a crown! It is possible to invent a house still more convenient and luxurious than we have, which yet all would admit that man could not afford to pay for. Shall we always study to obtain more to these things, and not sometimes to be content with less? Shall the respectable citizen thus gravely teach, by precept and example, the necessity of the young man’s providing a certain number of superfluous glow-shoes, and umbrellas, and empty guest chambers for empty guests, before he dies? Why should not our furniture be as simple as the Arab’s or the Indian’s? When I think of the benefactors of the race, whom we have apotheosized as messengers from heaven, bearers of divine gifts to man, I do not see in my mind any retinue at their heels, any car-load of fashionable furniture. Or what if I were to allow—would it not be a singular allowance?—that our furniture should be more complex than the Arab’s, in proportion as we are morally and intellectually his superiors! At present our houses are cluttered and defiled with it, and a good housewife would sweep out the greater part into the dust hole, and not leave her morning’s work undone. Morning work! By the blushes of Aurora and the music of Memnon, what should be man’s morning work in this world? I had three pieces of limestone on my desk, but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and I threw them out the window in disgust. How, then, could I have a furnished house? I would rather sit in the open air, for no dust gathers on the grass, unless where man has broken ground.
WALDEN: That man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier, more sacred, and auroral hour than he has yet profaned, has despaired of life, and is pursuing a descending and darkening way. After a partial cessation of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day, and his Genius tries again what noble life it can make. All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere. The Vedas say, "All intelligences awake with the morning." Poetry and art, and the fairest and most memorable of the actions of men, date from such an hour. All poets and heroes, like Memnon, are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labors of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? They are not such poor calculators. If they had not been overcome with drowsiness they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?
Note: For $295 you can obtain this 26 1/2” by 20” original folio copperplate engraving out of the 2nd edition of *Description de l’Égypte ou Recueil des observations et des recherches qui ont été faites en Égypte pendant l’expédition de l’armée française. (Description of Egypt and Collection of Observations and Research that were done in Egypt during the expedition of the French Army)*, a work of eleven large folio volumes of plates and 26 octavo volumes of text on hand-made, chain-linked, rag paper, originally commissioned by Napoleon Bonaparte and then republished in Paris by C.L.F. Panckoucke from 1820 to 1830. Yes, everything’s for sale in capitalism, even Nappy’s withered authentic penis (which passed from art auction to art auction in England, and eventually was purchased by an American urologist).

Napoleon’s penis does not photograph well. It looks, report has it, sort of like a worm. Here, therefore, so you won’t be too terribly disappointed, is the preserved organ of Grigori Rasputin, still in a museum in Russia, and to make your day complete, a photograph of Napoleon’s sword and pistols, currently at the West Point...
The price for the DESCRIPTION DE L’EGYPTE is high because only 1,000 copies of this work were ever produced (beware, do not offer to purchase any copies of the guy’s withered authentic penis).

Here are some reconstructions of what the two colossal ruined statues may once have looked like. First, the
one on the south:
And what the south statue presumably looked like when viewed from the back:
The one on the north seems to have differed in its inscriptions as well as slightly in its artwork:
The above is Plate I of André and Étienne Bernard’s *LES INSCRIPTIONS GRECQUES ET LATINES DU COLOSSE DE MEMNON*, Institut Français d’Archéologie Orientale, 1960. “Memnon” the squeaker is the guy on the right. You might be interested to know that this Pharaoh Amenhotep III the Magnificent was the daddy of the Pharaoh Akhenaton who believed you should put all your eggs in one basket—worship that is not the temple pigs and not the lesser luminaries but only that one big unary light in the sky, the Sun which is so puissant, which in practice meant being obedient on the ground only to the one big unary puissance in the capitol city, himself— and who should maybe therefore be credited with inventing not only the concept of Monotheism which has played such a large role in Judaism, Islam, and Christianity, but also the doctrine of the *Fürherprinzip* which has played such a large role in recent European history.

“**HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE**” BEING A VIEW FROM A PARTICULAR POINT IN TIME (JUST AS THE PERSPECTIVE IN A PAINTING IS A VIEW FROM A PARTICULAR POINT IN SPACE), TO “LOOK AT THE COURSE OF HISTORY MORE GENERALLY” WOULD BE TO SACRIFICE PERSPECTIVE ALTOGETHER. THIS IS FANTASY-LAND, YOU’RE FOOLING YOURSELF. THERE CANNOT BE ANY SUCH THINGIE, AS SUCH A PERSPECTIVE.
Giovanni Battista Belzoni issued his brag of the theft of a giant “head of Memnon” (actually this was a head of Ramesses II, pharaoh *circa* 1292BCE-1225BCE, now at the British Museum), the theft of the sarcophagus of Pharaoh Seti I from the Valley of the Tombs of Kings (Soane Museum in London), the theft of an obelisk from ruins on an island in the Nile near Aswan (this obelisk was re-stolen by an armed gang of French colonialists, there being no honor among thieves), and of being the first to achieve penetration of the pyramid tomb of Pharaoh Khafre at Giza, as a two-volume *Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs and Excavations, in Egypt and Nubia* …

[Jo] was prevailed upon to escort Miss Crocker to a lecture, and in return for her virtue was rewarded with a new idea. It was a People’s Course — the lecture on the Pyramids, — and Jo rather wondered at the choice of such a subject for such an audience, but took it for granted that some great social evil would be remedied or some great want supplied by unfolding the glories of the Pharaohs to an audience whose thoughts were busy with the price of coal and flour, and whose lives were spent in trying to solve harder riddles than that of the Sphinx. … Here the lecture began, but Jo heard very little of it, for while Professor Sands was proing away about Belzoni, Cheops, scarabei, and hieroglyphics, she was covertly … deep in the concoction of her story, being unable to decide whether the duel should come before the elopement or after the murder.
SQUEAKING MEMNON

HDT
WHAT?
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BLUSHING AURORA
THE TASK OF THE HISTORIAN IS TO CREATE HINDSIGHT WHILE INTERCEPTING ANY ILLUSION OF FORESIGHT. NOTHING A HUMAN CAN SEE CAN EVER BE SEEN AS IF THROUGH THE EYE OF GOD.
August 6, Wednesday: Waldo Emerson delivered “Discourse” at the commencement exercises of Connecticut Wesleyan University in Middletown. The president of the university was so alarmed by some of the things that were said that he begged Emerson not to repeat them and thus alienate the institution’s financial backers. Emerson promised. From Middletown Emerson went on to Staten Island, to visit his brother.

The Thoreaus had removed from Whitwell’s house on Pinckney Street in Boston to “Brick House, Concord,
to spring of 1826,” and from that point forward had remained in the town of Concord.

Playing the flute at his cabin on Walden Pond at some point in time subsequent to August 6th, 1845, Henry Thoreau recollected that the Thoreau family, John Thoreau, Sr. and Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau with their little David Henry, as well as the two older two siblings Helen Louisa Thoreau and John Thoreau, Jr. and the younger Sophia Elizabeth Thoreau, with their grandmother the widow Mary Jones Dunbar Minot, had spent a pic nic day on Walden Pond. When at this point in time he wrote this into his WALDEN manuscript, as below, he was recollecting it as his having been at the age of four, but later he would correct this to his having already
turned five:

**WALDEN**: When I was four years old, as I well remember, I was brought from Boston to this my native town, through these very woods and this field, to the pond. It is one of the oldest scenes stamped on my memory. And now to-night my flute has waked the echoes over that very water. The pines still stand here older than I; or, if some have fallen, I have cooked my supper with their stumps, and a new growth is rising all around, preparing another aspect for new infant eyes. Almost the same johnswort springs from the same perennial root in this pasture, and even I have at length helped to clothe that fabulous landscape of my infant dreams, and one of the results of my presence and influence is seen in these bean leaves, corn blades, and potato vines.

The remark about the flute at this point in **WALDEN** may remind us that Thoreau’s intent was, importantly, to see with “new infant eyes.”

After August 6, 1845: … Well now to-night my flute awakes the echoes over this very water, but one generation of pines has fallen and with their stumps I have cooked my supper, And a lusty growth of oaks and pines is rising all around its brim and preparing its wilder aspect for new infant eyes. …

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

At this point in Thoreau’s life, was the cloth pouch with drawstrings in which he carried his flute already made from a piece of one of Friend Lucretia Mott’s old gray-lady Quaker dresses? For we know from a letter he had written to his sister that by this point Thoreau had already encountered Friend Lucretia, at a Quaker silent worship:

I liked all the proceedings very well –their plainly greater harmony and sincerity than elsewhere. They do nothing in a hurry. Every one that walks up the aisle in his square coat and expansive hat– has a history, and comes from house to a house. The women come in one after another in their Quaker bonnets and handkerchiefs, looking all like sisters and so many chick-a-dees– At length, after a long silence, waiting for the
spirit, Mrs Mott rose, took off her bonnet, and began to utter very deliberately what the spirit suggested. Her self-possession was something to say, if all else failed—but it did not. Her subject was the abuse of the Bible—and thence she straightway digressed to slavery and the degradation of woman. It was a good speech—transcendentalism in its mildest form. She sat down at length and after a long and decorous silence in which some seemed to be really digesting her words, the elders shook hands and the meeting dispersed. On the whole I liked their ways, and the plainness of their meeting house. It looked as if it was indeed made for service.

Aug 6, 1845: I have just been reading a book called “The Crescent & the Cross” till now
I am somewhat ashamed of myself. Am I sick, or idle—that I can sacrifice my energy—America—and to-day—to this man's ill remembered and indolent story—Carnac and Luxor are but names, and still more desert sand and at length a wave of the great ocean itself are needed to wash away the filth that attaches to their grandeur. Carnac—Carnac—this is carnac for me and I behold the columns of a larger and a purer temple. May our childish and fickle aspirations be divine, while we descend to this mean intercourse. Our reading should be heroic—in an unknown tongue—a dialect always but imperfectly learned—through which we stammer line by line, catching but a glimmering of the sense—and still afterward admiring its unexhausted hieroglyphics—its untranslated columns. Here grow around me nameless trees and shrubs each morning freshly sculptured—rising new stories day by day—instead of hideous ruins—their myriad-handed worker—uncompelled as uncompelling. This is my carnac—that its unmeasured dome—the measuring art man has invented flourishes and dies upon this temples floor nor ever dreams to reach that ceilings height. Carnac & Luxor crumble underneath—their shadowy roofs let in the light once more reflected from the ceiling of the sky. Behold these flowers—let us be up with Time not dreaming of 3000 years ago. Erect ourselves and let those columns lie—not stoop to raise a foil against the sky—Where is the spirit of that time but in this present day—this present line 3000 years ago are not agone—they are still lingering here aye every one,

And Memnon's mother sprightly greets us now
Wears still her youthful blushes on her brow
And Carnac's columns why stand they on the plain?
T' enjoy our Opportunities they would fain remain

This is my Carnac whose unmeasured dome
Shelters the measuring art & measurer's home
Whose propylaeum is the system nigh
And sculptured facade the visible sky

Where there is memory which compelleth time the muse’s mother and the muses nine –there are all ages– past and future time unwearied memory that does not forget the actions of the past –that does not forego –to stamp them freshly– That old mortality industrious to retouch the monuments of time, in the world’s cemetery through out every clime
The student may read Homer or AEschylus in the original Greek –for to do so implies to emulate their heroes –the consecration of morning hours to their page–
The heroic books though printed in the character of our mother tongue –are always written in a foreign language dead to idle & degenerate times, and we must laboriously seek the meaning of each word and line, conjecturing a larger sense than the text renders us at last out of our own valor and generosity.
A man must find his own occasions in himself. The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reproove our indolence. If there is no elevation in our spirits –the pond will not seem elevated like a mountain tarn, but a low pool a silent muddy water –a place for fishermen.
I sit here at my window like a priest of Isis –and observe the phenomena of 3000 years ago, yet unimpaired. The tantivy of wild pigeons [American Passenger Pigeon Ectopistes migratorius], an ancient race of birds –gives a voice to the air –flying by twos and threes athwart my view or perching restless on the white pine boughs occasionally –a fish-hawk dimples the glassy surface of the pond and brings up a fish And for the last half hour I have heard the rattle of rail-road cars conveying travellers from Boston to the country.
After the evening train has gone by and left the world to silence and to me The Whippoorwill chants her vesper for half an hour– And when all is still at night the owls take up the strain like mourning women their ancient ululu. Their most 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 –but the mutual consolation of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love –in the infernal groves.
And 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 The spirits –the low spirits –and melancholy forebodings –of fallen spirits –who once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness now expiating with their wailing hymns –threnodia their sins in the very scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of the vastness and mystery of that nature which is the common dwelling of us both.
Oh-o-o-o-o –that I never had been bor-or-or-or-orn –sighs one on this side of the pond and circles in the restlessness of despair to some new perch in the grey oaks. “That I never had been bor-or-or-or-orn” echoes one on the farther side with a tremulous sincerity –and “born or-or-or-orn” comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.
And then the frogs –bull Frogs– They are the more sturdy spirits of ancient wine bibbers and wassailers still unrepentant–trying to sing a catch in their stygian lakes. They would fain keep up the hilarious good fellowship and all the rules of their old round tables –but they have waxed hoarse and solemnly grave and serious their voices mocking at mirth –and their wine has lost its flavor and is only liquor to distend their paunches –and never comes sweet intoxication to drown the memory of the past but mere saturation and waterlogged dulness
and distension—Still the most Aldermonic with his chin upon a pad, which answers for a napkin to his drooling chaps under the eastern shore quafs 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 self-same pass word where the next in seniority and girth has gulped down to his mark—and when the strain has made the circuit of the shores—then ejaculates the master of ceremonies with satisfaction Tr-r-r-oonk—and each in turn repeats the sound—down to the least distended, leakiest—flabbiest paunched—that their be no mistake—And the bowl goes round again until the sun dispels the mornings mist and only the Patriarch is not under—the pond—but vainly bellowing—Troonk from time to time—pausing for a reply.

After August 6: All nature is classic and akin to art—The sumack and pine and hickory which surround my house remind me of the most graceful sculpture. Some times the trees do not make merely a vague impression—but their tops or a single limb or leaf seems to have grown to a distinct expression and invites my life to a like distinctness and emphasis.

Poetry Painting Sculpture claim at once and associate with themselves those perfect pieces of art—leaves—vines acorns—The critic must at last stand as mute though contented before a true poem—as before an acorn or a vine leaf. The perfect work of art is received again into the bosom of nature whence its material proceeded—and that criticism which can only detect its unnaturalness has no longer any office to fulfill.

The choicest maxims that have come down to us are more beautiful or integrally wise—that they are wise to our understandings—This wisdom which we are inclined to pluck from their stall is the fruit only of a single association. Every natural form—palm leaves and acorns—oak-leaves and sumack and dodder—are untranslateable aphorisms.

I love to gaze at the opposite or south side of the pond which has a foreign shore—low hills skirted with oaks and pines which seem but the front rank of a forest beyond which stretches a level country, the earth I read of, as far as Tartary and the empire of the Grand Khan—where tribes of men dwell in tents. The struggle of the hero Ajax are thus forcibly described in the 16th book of the Iliad. He endeavors to ward off fire from the ships while Patroclus is interceeding with Achilles for his armor and his Myrmidons.

“Thus they spoke such words to one another.
But Ajax no longer stood fast; for he was forced by javelins;
Both the will of Zeus overcame him & the illustrious Trojans,
Hurling (their darts); and his bright helmet being struck
Had a terrible clanging about his temples; and he was struck incessantly
Upon his well-made armor. he was disabled in his left shoulder
Always holding firm his variegated shield;—nor were they able
(Around him to make an impression), striving with their weapons.
But all the while he was breathing hard, and the sweat
And much sweat ran down from him on every side from his limbs, nor ever had he
To breathe; and on every side misfortune succeeded surely to misfortune.

Thus they were speaking such words to one another.
i.e. (Patroclus & Achilles)
But Ajax no longer stood his ground; for he was compelled by weapons;
The will of Zeus subdued him, and the illustrious Trojans,
Hurling (their javelins); and his bright helmet being struck
Had a terrible clang about his temples, & he was struck incessantly
Upon his well-made armor; he was wounded in his left shoulder
Always holding firm his variegated shield; nor were they able
Around to stagger him, striving with their weapons.
But constantly he breathed with difficulty; and much sweat
Ran down on every side from his limbs, nor ever had he
(A chance) to breathe; And on every side misfortune was riveted to misfortune.

Twenty three years since when I was 5 years old, I was brought from Boston to this pond, away in the country which was then but another name for the extended world for me—one of the most ancient scenes stamped on the tablets of my memory—the oriental asiatic valley of my world—whence so many races and inventions have gone forth in recent times. That woodland vision for a long time made the drapery of my dreams. That sweet solitude my spirit seemed so early to require that I might have room to entertain my thronging guests, and that speaking silence that my ears might distinguish the significant sounds. Some how or other it at once gave the
preference to this recess among the pines where almost sunshine & shadow were the only inhabitants that varied the scene, over that tumultuous and varied city –as if it had found its proper nursery.

Well now to-night my flute awakes the echoes over this very water, but one generation of pines has fallen and with their stumps I have cooked my supper, And a lusty growth of oaks and pines is rising all around its brim and preparing its wilder aspect for new infant eyes.

Almost the same johnswort springs from the same perennial root in this pasture.–

Even I have at length helped to clothe that fabulous landscape of my imagination – – and one result of my presence and influence is seen in the bean leaves and corn blades and potatoes vines.

Seek to preserve the tenderness of your nature as you would the bloom upon a peach.

Most men are so taken up with the cares and rude practice of life — that its finer fruits can not be plucked by them. Literally the laboring man has not leisure for a strict and lofty integrity day by day he cannot afford to sustain the fairest and nobest relations. His labor will depreciate in the market.

How can he remember well his ignorance who has so often to use his knowledge

**NEVER READ AHEAD! TO APPRECIATE AUGUST 6TH, 1845 AT ALL ONE MUST APPRECIATE IT AS A TODAY (THE FOLLOWING DAY, TOMORROW, IS BUT A PORTION OF THE UNREALIZED FUTURE AND IFFY AT BEST).**

August 23, Saturday: Edgar Allan Poe’s “The Tell-Tale Heart” was published in The Broadway Journal.

In England, John Lindley reported that “A fatal malady has broken out amongst the potato crop. On all sides we hear of the destruction.”

There had since Wednesday been showers and thunderstorms from Maine to New-York, breaking what had been in eastern Massachusetts a severe drought. The lightning strikes on this day in the vicinity of Littleton, ten miles to the northwest of Walden Pond, both in the morning storm and in the afternoon storm, were particularly devastating, initiating several woodlot fires and several structure fires (such as the Tremont Hotel), stunning cattle in the fields, killing a couple of people, etc. On this afternoon Henry Thoreau got caught in a rainshower and thunderstorm, as he would report in WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS, and sought refuge in the isolated shanty of a local Irish immigrant family. The infant of the family would be described in WALDEN as still “cone-headed” by recent passage through the birth canal, and that girl baby had been born in May of this year:³

³. Note that “cone-headed,” an accurate medical description of a neonate condition, is not an epithet of derision.
Sat Aug 23d I set out this afternoon to go a-fishing to Fair-Haven, through the woods, to eke out my scanty fare of vegetables. My way led through Pleasant Meadow, an adjunct of the Baker Farm, that retreat of which a poet has since sung, beginning,-

“Thy entry is a pleasant field,
Which some mossy fruit trees yield
Partly to a ruddy brook,
By gliding musquash undertook,
And mercurial trout,
Darting about.”

I thought of living there before I went to Walden. I “hooked” the apples, leaped the brook, and scared the musquash and the trout. It was one of those afternoons which seem indefinitely long before one, in which many events may happen, a large portion of our natural life, though it was already half spent when I started. By the way there came up a shower, which compelled me to stand half an hour under a pine, piling boughs over my head, and wearing my handkerchief for a shed; and when at length I had made one cast over the pickerel-weed, standing up to my middle in water I found myself suddenly in the shadow of a cloud, and the thunder began to rumble with such emphasis that I could do no more than listen to it. The gods must be proud, thought I, with such forked flashes to rout a poor unarmed fisherman.
couple of fins while I was catching a fair string –& he said it was his luck –and when he changed seats –luck changed seats too.

Thinking to live by some derivative old country mode in this primitive new country e.g. to catch perch –with shiner.

I find an instinct in me conducting to a mystic spiritual life –and also another –to a primitive savage life–

Toward evening — as the world waxes darker I am permitted to see the woodchuck stealing across my path, and tempted to seize and devour it. The wildest most desolate scenes are strangely familiar to me

Why not live a hard and emphatic life? not to be avoided –full of adventures and work! Learn much –in it. travel much though it be only in these woods I some-times walk across a field with unexpected expansion and long-missed content –as if there were a field worthy of me. The usual daily boundaries of life are dispersed and I see in what field I stand.

When on my way this after noon shall I go down this long hill in the rain to fish in the pond “I ask myself”–

and I say to my-self yet roam far –grasp life & conquer it– learn much –& live– Your fetters are knocked off –
you are really free. Stay till late in the night –be unwise and daring– See many men far and near –in their fields and cottages before the sun set –though as if many more were to be seen– And yet much rencontre shall be so satisfactory and simple that no other shall seem possible

Do not repose every night as villagers do– The noble life is continuous and unintermitting

At least, live with a longer radius– Men come home at night only for the next field or street –where their house hold echoes haunt –and their life pines and is sickly because it breathes its own breath. Their shadows morning & evening reach farther than their daily steps. But come home from far –from ventures & perils –from enterprise and discovery –& crusading –with faith and experience and character. Do not rest much. Dismiss prudence –fear –conformity – Remember only –what is promised. Make the day light you and the night hold a candle –though you be falling from heaven to earth –“from morn to dewy eve a summer’s day.”

for Vulcan’s fall occupied a day but our highest aspirations and performances fill but the interstices of time.

Are we not reminded in our better moments that we have been needlessly husbanding somewhat –perchance –

our little God-derived capital –or title to capital guarding it by methods we know? but the most diffuse prodigality a better wisdom teaches –that we hold nothing –we are not what we were–

By usurers craft –by Jewish methods –we strive to retain and increase the divinity in us –when the greater part of divinity is out of us. Most men have forgotten that it was ever morning– But a few serene memories –healthy & wakeful natures there are who assure us that the Sun rose clear, heralded by the singing of birds

This very day’s sun which rose before memnon was ready to greet it.

In all the dissertations –on language –men forget the language that is –that is really universal –the inexpressible meaning that is in all things & every where with which the morning & evening teem. As if language were especially of the tongue. Of course with a more copious hearing or understanding –of what is published the present languages will be forgotten.
The rays which streamed through the crevices will be forgotten when the shadow is wholly removed.

**DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.**
April 18, Saturday: At Los Angeles in Alta California, Pío de Jesus Pico was sworn in as Mexican governor and Colonel José Antonio Castro was made Commandante General of the Mexican army.

Thomas Carlyle wrote from Chelsea to Waldo Emerson, promising to send him his Daguerreotype as soon as the exposure had been made: “Furthermore, —yes, you shall have that Sun-shadow, a Daguerreotype likeness, as the sun shall please to paint it: there has often been talk of getting me to that establishment, but I never yet could go. If it be possible, we will have this also ready for the 3d of May. Provided you, as you promise, go and do likewise! A strange moment that, when I look upon your dead shadow again; instead of the living face, which remains unchanged within me, enveloped in beautiful clouds, and emerging now and then into strange clearness! Has your head grown greyish? On me are “grey hairs here and there,” — and I do “know it.” I have lived half a century in this world, fifty years complete on the 4th of December last: that is a solemn fact for me! Few and evil have been the days of the years of thy servant,—few for any good that was ever done in them. Ay de mi!”

April 18th The morning: must remind every one of his ideal life— Then if ever we can realize the life of the Greeks We see them Aurora. The morning brings back the heroic ages.

I get up early and bathe in the pond—that is one of the best things I do—so far the day is well spent. In some unrecorded hours of solitude whether of morning or evening whose stillness was audible—when the atmosphere contained an arousal perfume the hum of a mosquito was a trumpet that recalled what I had read of most ancient history and heroic ages. There was somewhat that I fancy the Greeks meant by ambrosial about it—more than Sybilline or Delphic— It expressed the infinite fertility and fragrance and the everlastingness of the χοϊκος It was θεσον Only Homer could name it. The faintest is the most significant sound.

I have never felt lonely or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude but once, and that was a few weeks after I came here to live when for an hour I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essentially to a healthy life— To be alone was something. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity—and seemed to foresee my recovery—in the midst of a gentle rain while these thoughts prevailed— There suddenly seemed such sweet and beneficent society in nature—and the very patterning of the drops—and in evry sound & sight around my house—as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of my kindred, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild, that the nearest of blood to me & humanest was not a person nor a villager—that no place could be strange to me. Cheerful society is worthy employment.

The morning which is the most memorable season of the day—is the awaking hour—then there is least somnolence in us—and for an hour at least some part of us seems to awake which slumbers all the rest of the day and night— After a partial cessation of our sensual life—the soul of man, or its organs—seem to be reinvigorated each day. And the Genius tries again what noble life it can make. I know of no more encouraging fact that the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life—by a conscious endeavor. All memorable events in my experience transpire in morning time—and a morning atmosphere— Their atmosphere is auroral– Greek poetry & art are auroral to me— And the evening & the morning are one. The wood thrush sings at morning & at evening—and to him who has kept pace with the sun there is no difference

It is some thing to be able to paint a particular picture—or carve a statue—and so to make a few objects beautiful—but it is far sublimer to carve & paint the very atmosphere & medium through which we look—which morally we can do.

To affect the quality of the day that is highest of arts.

It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes & labors of men—morning is when I am awake & there is a dawn in me. Moral reform & improvement is the effort to throw off sleep & somnolency— How is it that men can give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering— They are not such poor calculators If they had not been over come with drowsiness they would have performed some-what. The millions are awake enough for physical labor & activity—but only one in the million is awake enough for mental exertion—only one in a hundred million —spiritually— (more than intellectually) awake. To be awake is to be alive. My thoughts which are either the memory or the expectation of my actions—are the causes which determine life & death.

Every man is tasked to make his life even in its details worthy the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour
THE FALLACY OF MOMENTISM: THIS STARRY UNIVERSE DOES NOT CONSIST OF A SEQUENCE OF MOMENTS. THAT IS A FIGMENT, ONE WE HAVE RECURS TO IN ORDER TO PRIVILEGE TIME OVER CHANGE, A PRIVILEGING THAT MAKES CHANGE SEEM UNREAL, DERIVATIVE, A MERE APPEARANCE. IN FACT IT IS CHANGE AND ONLY CHANGE WHICH WE EXPERIENCE AS REALITY, TIME BEING BY WAY OF RADICAL CONTRAST UNEXPERIENCED — A MERE INTELLECTUAL CONSTRUCT. THERE EXISTS NO SUCH THING AS A MOMENT.

After April 18: Events were shaping up along the banks of the rivers vaguely separating Mexico from Texas. The Mexican army had just been reinforced by the Mexico Light and 8th Line Cavalry Regiments, 4th Line Infantry, Mexico, Puebla & Morelia Active Battalions and 6 guns, and acting on secret orders direct from President and Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces James Knox Polk, General Zachary Scott was about to send out a reconnaissance in force of about 70 US Dragoons commanded by Captain Seth Thornton with orders to scout an area 20 miles northwest of what later would become Brownsville, Texas and “determine whether the Mexican Army had crossed the Rio Grande for a possible attack on Fort Texas.” The actual purpose of these orders, of course, was to get these unsuspecting dragoons done to death by the Mexican army on land between the rivers that we could reasonably allege was “American soil,” so we would have plausible cause to declare “defensive” war — and launch our preplanned invasion of Mexico.

War on Mexico

Commerce is brave & serene –alert –adventurous –unwearied –
It is very natural –much more than many fantastic enterprises –sentimental experiments and hence its success –
I am refreshed and expanded when the freight-train rattles past me on the rail road –and I smell the stores which have been dispensing their odors from long-wharf last –which remind me of foreign parts of coral reefs & Indian oceans and tropical climes —& the extent of the globe– I feel more a citizen of the world at the sight of the palm leaf which will cover so many new England flaxen heads the next summer –the manilla cordage —& the cocoanut husks— The old Junk & scrap iron, and worn out sails —are full of history more legible & significant now these old sails than if they could be wrought into writing paper.

Here goes lumber from the Maine woods which did not go out to sea in the last freshet —risen 4 dollars on the thousand by reason of what did go out or was split up —pine spruce cedar —1st 2nd 3d & 4th quality so lately all of one quality, to wave over the bear & moose & caribou.

—next rolls of Thomaston lime a prime lot which will get far among the hills before it gets slacked— These rags
in bales of all hues & qualities the last and lowest condition of dress –of patterns which are now no longer cried up those splendid articles –poplin & muslin de laines –& pongees –from all quarters both of fashion & of poverty –going to become paper of one color –or a few shades
This closed car smells of salt fish the strong scent –the commercial scent –reminding me of the grand banks & the fisheries & fish flakes
A hoghead of molasses or rum –directed John Brown –Cuttings-ville Vt. –some trader among the growers who imports from the farmers near his clearing and now perchance stands over his bulk head and thinks of the last arrivals on the coast
Is telling his customers perhaps –has told 20 this morning that he expects some by the next arrivals– It is advertised in the cuttingsville Times
I know a woman who possess a restless & intelligent mind –interested in her own culture & that of the family and earnest to enjoy the highest possible advantages. I meet her with pleasure as a natural person who a little provokes me –& I suppose is stimulated in turn by myself– Yet our acquaintance plainly does not attain that degree of confidence & sentiment –which women –while all –covet –
I am glad to help her, as I am helped by her, I like very well to know her with a sort of strangers privilege –and hesitate to visit her often like her other friends– My nature paruses here & I do not well know why. Perhaps she does not make the highest demand on me –not a religious demand. Some with whose prejudices or peculiar bias I have no faith –yet inspire me with confidence –and I trust they consider in me also as a religious heathen at least, –a good Greek– I too have principles as well founded as their own –
If this person would conceive that without willfulness I associate with her as far as our destinies are coincident –as far as our good geniuses permit –and still value such intercourse it would be a grateful assurance to me. I feel as if I appeared careless & indifferent & without principle –or requisition –to her –not expecting more & yet not content with less– If she could know that I make an infinite demand on myself, as well as all others –she would see that this true though incomplete intercourse was infinitely better than a more abandoned & unresolved though falsely grounded one –without the principle of growth in it.
For a companion I require one who will make an equal demand on me with my own genius– Such a one will always be rightly tolerant. It is suicide –it corrupts good manners to welcome any less than this. I value & trust those who love & praise my aspiration and tendency –not my performance –
If you would not stop to look at me, –but look whither I am looking & further –then my education could not dispense with thy company.
The struggle in me is between a love of contemplation and a love of action –the life of a philosopher & of a hero. The poetic and philosophic have my constant vote –the practic hinders & unfit me for the former. How many things that my neighbors do bunglingly could I do skillfully & effectually –but I fain would not have leisure– My tendency is, on the one hand to the poetic life –on the other to the practic –and the result is the indifference of both –or the philosophic.
In the practic the poetic loses its intensity –and fineness but gains in health & assurance. The practical life is the poetic making for itself a basis –and in proportion to the breadth of the base will be the quantity of material at the apex– The angle of slope for various materials is determined by science. The fabric of life is pyramidal.
The man of practice is laying the foundations of a poetic life
The poet of great sensibility is rearing a superstructure without foundation.
To make a perfect man –the Soul must be much like the body not to unearthly & the body like the soul. The one must not deny & oppress the other.
The line of greatest breadth intersects the line of greatest length at the point of greatest depth or height
A law so universal –and to be read in all material –in Ethics as well as mechanics –that it remains its own most final statement.
It is the heart in man– It is the sun in the system –it is the result of forces– In the case of the pond it is the law operating without friction. Draw lines through the length & breadth of the aggregate of a man’s particular daily experiences and volumes of life into his coves and inlets –and where they intersect will be the height or depth of his character.
You only need to know how his shores trend & the character of the adjacent country to know his depth and concealed bottom.
There is a bar too across the entrance of his every cove –every cove is his harbor for a season –and in each successively is he detained –land locked.
There is no exclusively moral law –there is no exclusively physical law. Carlyle is a brave and genuine man earnest & sincere
A most talented writer of English –an art of which he is master
If he is sometimes an extreme praiser he is never a fatal detractor
A Detector of shams
A practical bent.
He inspires us to greater earnestness & effort –and useful activity
I find I cannot fish without falling a little in my own respect. I have tried it again & again –and have skill at it
–and a certain instinct for it which revives from time to time but always I feel that it would have been better if
I had not fished I think I am not mistaken. It is perhaps a faint intimation– Yet so are the streaks of morning.
It tempts me as one means of becoming acquainted with nature not only with fishes but with night & water
and the scenery –which I should not see under the same aspects; –and occasionally though [Two leaves missing]
boat
I seem to hear a faint music from the horizon– When our senses are clear and purified we always may hear the
notes of music in the air– This is the tradition under various forms of all nations –the statue of Memnon–
The music of the spheres –of the sun flower in its circular motion –with the sun &c. &c.
Carlyles place & importance in English Literature is not yet recognised –
For the most part I know not how the hours go. Certainly I am not living the heroic life I had dreamed of– And
yet all my veins are full of life –and nature whispers no reproach– The day advances as if to light some work
of mine –and I defer in my thought as if there were some where busier men– It was morning & lo! it is now
evening– And nothing memorable is accomplished– Yet my nature is almost content with this– It hears no
reproach in nature.
What are these pines & these birds about? What is this pond a-doing? I must know a little more –& be forever
ready. Instead of singing as the birds I silently smile at my incessant good fortune but I dont know that I bear
any flowers or fruits– Methinks if they try me by their standards I shall not be found wanting –but men try one
another not so. The elements are working their will with me.
As the fields sparrow has its trill sitting on the hickory before my door –so have I my chuckle as happy as he –
which he may hear out of my nest.
Man is like a plant and his satisfactions are like those of a vegetable –his rarest life is lest his own– One or two
persons come to my house –there being proposed it may be to their vision the faint possibility of intercourse –
& joyous communion. They are as full as they are silent and wait for your plectrum or your spirit to stir the
strings of their lyre. If they could ever come to the length of a sentence or hear one –or that ground they are
thinking of!! They speak faintly –they do not obtrude themselves
They have heard some news which none, not even they themselves can impart. What come they out for to seek?
If you will strike my chord?
They come with somethings in their minds no particular fact or information –which yet is ready to take any form
of expression on the proper impulse. It is a wealth they bear about them which can be expended in various
ways Laden with its honey the bee straightway flies to the hive to make its treasure common stock– The poet
is impelled to communicate at every risk and at any sacrifice.
I think I have this advantage in my present mode of life over those who are obliged to look abroad for
amusement –to theatres & society –that my life itself is my amusement –and never ceases to be novel –the
commencement of an experiment –or a drama which will never end.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

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“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project
MONDAY EVENING OF WEEK: Soon the village of Nashua was out of sight, and the woods were gained again, and we rowed slowly on before sunset looking for a solitary place in which to spend the night. A few evening clouds began to be reflected in the water, and the surface was dimpled only here and there by a muskrat crossing the stream. We camped at length near Penichook Brook, on the confines of what is now Nashville, by a deep ravine, under the skirts of a pine wood, and their tawny boughs stretched overhead. But fire and smoke soon tamed the scene; the rocks consented to be our walls, and the pines our roof. A woodside was already the fittest locality for us.

The wilderness is near, as well as dear, to every man. Even the oldest villages are indebted to the border of wild wood which surrounds them, more than to the gardens of men. There is something indescribably inspiriting and beautiful in the aspect of the forest skirting and occasionally jutting into the midst of new towns, which, like the sand-heaps of fresh fox burrows, have sprung up in their midst. The very uprightness of the pines and maples asserts the ancient rectitude and vigor of nature. Our lives need the relief of such a back-ground, where the pine flourishes and the jay still screams.

We had found a safe harbor for our boat, and as the sun was setting carried up our furniture, and soon arranged our house upon the bank, and while the kettle steamed at the tent door, we chatted of distant friends, and of the sights which we were to behold, and wondered which way the towns lay from us. Our cocoa was soon boiled, and supper set upon our chest, and we lengthened out this meal, like old voyageurs, with our talk. Meanwhile we spread the map on the ground, and read in the gazetteer when the first settlers came here and got a township granted. Then, when supper was done, and we had written the journal of our voyage, we wrapped our buffaloes about us, and lay down with our heads pillowed on our arms, listening awhile to the distant baying of a dog, or the murmurs of the river, or to the wind, which had not gone to rest,—

The western wind came lumbering in,
Bearing a faint Pacific din,
Our evening mail, swift at the call
Of its Post-Master General;
Laden with news from California’,
Whate’er transpired hath since morn,
How wags the world by brier and brake
From hence to Athabasca lake;—

or half awake and half asleep, dreaming of a star which glimmered through our cotton roof. Perhaps at midnight one was awakened by a cricket shrilly singing on his shoulder, or by a hunting spider in his eye, and was lulled asleep again by some streamlet purling its way along at the bottom of a wooded and rocky ravine in our neighborhood. It was pleasant to lie with our heads so low in the grass, and hear what a tinkling ever-busy laboratory it was. A thousand little artisans beat on their anvils all night long.

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

“When the drum beat at dead of night.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

What are ears? what is Time? that this particular series of sounds called a strain of music, an invisible and fairy
troop which never brushed the dew from any mead, can be wafted down through the centuries from Homer to
me, and he have been conversant with that same aerial and mysterious charm which now so tinges my ears?
What a fine communication from age to age, of the fairest and noblest thoughts, the aspirations of ancient men,
even such as were never communicated by speech, is music! It is the flower of language, thought colored and
curved, fluent and flexible, its crystal fountain tinged with the sun’s rays, and its purling ripples reflecting the
grass and the clouds. A strain of music reminds me of a passage of the Vedas, and I associate with it the idea of
infinite remoteness, as well as of beauty and serenity, for to the senses that is furthest from us which addresses
the greatest depth within us. It teaches us again and again to trust the remotest and finest as the divinest instinct,
and makes a dream our only real experience. We feel a sad cheer when we hear it, perchance because we that
hear are not one with that which is heard.

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

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

Plutarch says that “Plato thinks the gods never gave men music, the science of melody and harmony, for mere
delection or to tickle the ear; but that the discordant parts of the circulations and beauteous fabric of the soul,
and that of it that roves about the body, and many times, for want of tune and air, breaks forth into many
extravagances and excesses, might be sweetly recalled and artfully wound up to their former consent and
agreement.”

Music is the sound of the universal laws promulgated. It is the only assured tone. There are in it such strains as
far surpass any man’s faith in the loftiness of his destiny. Things are to be learned which it will be worth the
while to learn. Formerly I heard these

RUMORS FROM AN ÆOLLAN HARP.

There is a vale which none hath seen,
Where foot of man has never been,
Such as here lives with toil and strife,
An anxious and a sinful life.

There every virtue has its birth,
Ere it descends upon the earth,
And thither every deed returns,
Which in the generous bosom burns.

There love is warm, and youth is young,
And poetry is yet unsung,
For Virtue still adventures there,
And freely breathes her native air.

And ever, if you hearken well,
You still may hear its vesper bell,
And tread of high-souled men go by,
Their thoughts conversing with the sky.

According to Jamblichus, “Pythagoras did not procure for himself a thing of this kind through instruments or the
voice, but employing a certain ineffable divinity, and which it is difficult to apprehend, he extended his ears and
fixed his intellect in the sublime symphonies of the world, he alone hearing and understanding, as it appears,
the universal harmony and consonance of the spheres, and the stars that are moved through them, and which
produce a fuller and more intense melody than any thing effected by mortal sounds.”

Travelling on foot very early one morning due east from here about twenty miles, from Caleb Harriman’s tavern
in Hampstead toward Haverhill, when I reached the railroad in Plaistow, I heard at some distance a faint music
in the air like an Æolian harp, which I immediately suspected to proceed from the cord of the telegraph vibrating
in the just awakening morning wind, and applying my ear to one of the posts I was convinced that it was so.

It was the telegraph harp singing its message through the country, its message sent not by men but by gods.
Perchance, like the statue of Memnon, it resounds only in the morning when the first rays of the sun fall on it.
It was like the first lyre or shell heard on the sea-shore,—that vibrating cord high in the air over the shores of
earth. So have all things their higher and their lower uses. I heard a fairer news than the journals ever print.
It told of things worthy to hear, and worthy of the electric fluid to carry the news of, not of the price of cotton
and flour, but it hinted at the price of the world itself and of things which are priceless, of absolute truth and
beauty.

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

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

May 5, Tuesday: Henryk Adam Aleksander Pius Sienkiewicz was born in Poland.

May 5th: Now I hear the whippoorwill every night—they are my clock—now two are singing one
a stanza behind the other. Like Scotland’s burning, now together in exact time now one lags.
The subject of sex is a most remarkable one—since though it occupies the thoughts of all so much, and our lives
& characters are so affected by the consequences which spring from this source—Yet mankind as it were tacitly
agrees to be silent about it—at least the sexes do one to another. Here is the most interesting of all human facts
or relations still veiled, more completely than the Eleusinian mystery—Out of such secrecy & awe one would
think that some religion would spring. I am not sorry for the silence— It is a golden reserve which speech has not yet desecrated— I believe it is unusual for the most intimate friends to impart the pleasures—or the anxieties connected with this fact— This is wonderfully singular—and when from this soil our flowers grow and music has its root here.

I love men with the same distinction that I love woman—as if my friend were of some third sex—some other or stranger and still my friend.

I do not think the shakers exaggerate this fact—but all mankind exaggerate it much more by silence. In the true and noblest relations of the sexes there is somewhat akin to the secret of all beauty & art in the universe.

The imagination of the Greeks filled the heavens full of love & benignity in a thousand forms—flitting from this side to that— From Apollo in the sun to Aurora in the morning—still charming the world with this inexplicable variety— What sort of Dualism or difference there is who ever conceived? If there are Gods there are Goddesses—Apollo & Venus—Neptune & Ceres— And the Hebrew's God is Love too.

What the difference is between man and woman—that they should be so attracted to one another I never saw adequately stated.

Man and man are more nearly of the same sex.

What an infinite and divine demand is made on us forever to sustain this relation worthily—

It is easy to see that the education of mankind has not commenced—there is so little interaction—The life of the Greek would be forgotten in noble relations of the sexes to one another—and to themselves—

What can the university do to develop the inert faculties of men—if they go not hence to the more catholic university of friendship—

The end of love is not housekeeping—but it consists as much or more with the letting go of the house. Men can help one another indeed but not by money or by kindness & just & upright & neighborly behavior much—but by being gods to one another—objects of adoration—The wisest philosopher that ever lived is not such an instructor as the illiterate love of any human-being— The world is full of suspicion when it might be full of love—There is contempt where there might as well be respect & adoration. Instead of imprisoning or executing the criminal we might so easily apotheosize him or translate him by love and admiration for what is god-like in him—

If men would steadily observe realities only and not allow themselves to be deluded—life would be like a fairy tale & the Arabian nights entertainments. When I am calm & wise and unhurried I perceive that only great and worthy things have any permanent & absolute existence—That petty fears and petty pleasures—are but the shadows of the reality. By closing the eyes and slumbering and consenting to be deceived by shows—men establish their daily life of routine and habit everywhere—which however is built on imaginary foundations—

If men could discriminate always and were never deluded by appearances life would never be mean—not unworthy. Children who play life discern its true law & relations more clearly than men who fail to live it worthily—but think they are wise by experience.

Carlyle was 50 years old on the 4th Dec. 1845.—
Caught pouts from the boat—in 20 ft water off Cove May 2nd—
People had caught them from the shore four or five nights previous.—
Early in May or by the last of April the oaks hickory—maples & other trees—just putting out amidst the pine woods—give them the appearance in cloudy days especially of the sun just breaking through mists and shining on them—their green bursting buds or expanding leaves scatter a slight sun-shine over the hillsides—It is moist bright & spring-like

The first week in May I hear the Whippoorwill—the brown-thrasher—the veery—the wood pewee—the chewink—The wood thrush long before
The 3d or 4th of may I saw a loon? in the pond

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.

I would suggest that Thoreau’s remarks about the music of natural sounds, and the music of silence, are to be valued, if for no other reason, on account of the assistance they afford us in forming our estimate of the human Thoreau. They place him in an entirely new, and extremely pleasing, light to the reader who was previously familiar with him as the author of WALDEN and WEEK alone. They present a prayerful Thoreau. If before we venerated, we may now admire and love him (EARLY ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES, 77). I would suggest that in the following passage Thoreau was raising echo beyond a mere metaphor for poetry-reading, into a metaphor for the attitude of prayerful waiting:

After July 16 and before August 6, 1845: When I play my flute tonight earnest as if to leap the bounds that narrow fold where human life is penned, and range the surrounding plain — I hear echo from a neighboring wood a stolen pleasure occasionally not rightfully heard — much more for other ears than ours for tis the reverse of sound. It is not our own melody that comes back to us — but an amended strain. And I would hear my echo — corrected and repronounced for me. It is as when my friend reads my verse. The borders of our plot are set with flowers —whose seeds were blown from more Elysian fields adjacent —which our laborious feet have never reached — and fairer fruits and unaccustomed fragrance betray another realm’s vicinity. There too is Echo found with which we play at evening.

There is the abutment of the rainbow’s arch

Fall: Clearly, from the journal entries below, Thoreau was also reading in the 1814 English translation that Frederick Shoberl had prepared of François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand’s 1811 book about his 1806/1807 travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt, and Barbary, ITINÉRAIRE DE PARIS À JÉRUSALEM.
approaches the bay of Typee one of the Marquesan isles the news is shouted from man to man—from the tops
of cocomut trees up the valley 8 or 9 miles, and soon its whole population is on the stir—stripping off the husks
from Cocoa nuts—throwing down bread fruit—and preparing leafen baskets in which to carry them to the beach
to sell. The young warrior may be seen polishing his spear and maiden adorning her person for the occasion.
I cannot help being affected by the very fine—the slight but positive relation of the inhabitants of some remote
isle of the Pacific to the mysterious white mariner. It is a barely recognised fact to the natives—that he exists
and has his home far away somewhere and is glad to by their fresh fruits with his superfluous commodities.
Their customs are mutually unknown and yet this commerce exists— The savage is still a dusky and unexplored
nature—the white man a mysterious demigod
No sooner is the mariner’s boat seen to put off from his vessel for the shore than the inhabitants of the remotest
recesses of these isles which stand like watch towers in the Pacific make haste to repair to the beach—with its
fruits.
Such is commerce which shakes the cocoa nut and the breadfruit tree in the remotest isle—and sometimes dawns
upon the duskiest and most ignorant savage
The savage & the civilized states offer no more striking contrast than when referred respectively to the element
of fire— Fire is the white man’s servant and is near to him, and comes at his call. He subdues nature by fire—
steam powder the forge—the furnace—the oven—he draws down lightning—and with heat comes enlightenment
and all amelioration & maturation— It is genial and cordial—it imparts flavor—and comfort— With the friction
of a match the master calls his servant.
But how far from Fire stand the savage—cold—and dark—how ineffectual his authority. With what pain & sweat
he rubs his two sticks together, before the fire will come.
His fire as distant as the sun. There is no forge nor furnace for him.
I am struck by the force of habit in considering the history of Salt. We are accustomed to regard it as a necessary
of life—and by some thing more than a figure of speech even go so far as to say sometimes that they have not
salt enough to save their souls. The doctors say you cannot live without salt. Then to hear of a race who know
not its use. We are at a loss to know what saves them–
All the good what are they but the salt of the earth—that which saves it— To do without salt why it is to live on
air and as it were to find out some other principle of life.
What is the secret of the charm of invention and discovery? To find out the relation of something in nature to
man. On which side to place it that the light may fall upon it aright— To put things in their place— To play a
tune and put an end to discord. The savage splits the fibre of the breadfruit leaf and inserts his head in it—and
is naturally delighted with his “superb head-dress”—for he has discovered a slight use of nature or relation to
himself in her works.
The author of Typee describes the very simple and childlike behavior of the savages—who would sometimes
when the freak took them as old Marheyo—hastily polish his spear—and don his finery—and go forth to display
himself to day light—not for display but to give vent to his simple emotions and aspirations—his perseverance
magnanimity—training an hour of his life—and then doff his gear—and calmly resume his employments.
Not promenade Broadway or Washington street—but the paths of his remote isle
It seems to me that in warm latitudes and among primitive races where clothing is dispensed with—tattooing is
not necessarily the hideous and barbarous custom it is described to be. It is the same taste that prints the calico
which he puts off and on—and the skin itself—which is always worn.
The consistent objection is to the style of the print—not to the practice itself. Where is the barbarity

Henry Thoreau

made a brief visit to a tavern at Mattawamkeag, Maine. There he was able to consult, and to
copy from, a map in the 3d edition of Moses Greenleaf’s Map of the State of Maine with the Province
of New Brunswick (1844).

Fall: At about eleven o’clock I started with one companion in a buggy from Bangor—for “up river”
expecting to be overtaken at Matawamkeag Point the next day night. We had each a knapsack or carpet bag—
filled with such clothing and conveniences as we could conveniently carry—and my companion carried a double
barrelled gun— We rattled out of this depot of lumber—this worn Old Bangor—in to new Bangor still in its
swathing clothes—built of the lumber saved from exportation—till some 6 or seven miles brought us to Stillwater
—lucus a non lucendo I suppose—for here the river is particularly restless and uneasy and the falls furnish the
power which carries the ills night and day by which the sorely driven logs are at last driven through the
narrowest gut of all and most finely slitted. There your inch stuff or your two or your three inch begin to be. And Mr. Sawyer marks off those spaces which decide the destiny of so many prostrate forests. Through this jam over this fall they come out laths boards clapboards shingles such as the wind can take—and very few logs indeed get over whole.

Through this steel riddle is the arrowy Main forest from Chesuncook—and the head waters of the St John’s & from Ktdn relentlessly sifted.

Here is a close jam a hard rub at all seasons and then the Maine forest white as driven pine log—is lumber.

The log which has shot so many falls only with injury to its sap wood—and bears the scars of its adventures—may think here to lie quietly embraced by its boom with its companion’s as in a fold—but not so. for here comes the closest rub of all—one inch—two 3 inches at a time—with your sap pared off—and then you may go.—The best of eastern stuff—to Boston or New Haven—or New York.

Then are they slit and slit again till you get a size that will suit for the ship or house or lucifer match. think how stood the white pine tree with its branches soughing with the four winds—think how it is trimmed now. loped—scarfified—soaked bleached—shaved—and slit—and yet the mechanical gentry—with their cases of sharp cutting instruments commence operations upon it.

Then Upper still water & its mills—leaving the railroad still on our left away from—the river running through a cedar swamp. Here we stopped in our waggon to observe a party of watermen with spike poles in their hands selecting logs from the mill.—They were directed by a mulatto celebrated for his skill and judgment—and in their jumping from log to log get 3 or 4 duckings where the water was 3 or 4 feet deep while we were looking on.

At 12 miles we reached the village of Old Town, with its mills—and its depot—a large and rambling country town.

While waiting for the Ferry man’s scow to come over, for the bridge had been carried off in the freshet and they were now completing a new one 4 feet higher—we walked into a batteau manufactory.—There were some on the stocks and new ones just painted outside to dry.—They were made of the clearest and widest stuff as slightly as possible—secured to a few light maple knees with only two boards to a side—from 20 to 25 feet long and only 4 or 5 wide—sharp at both ends—and sloping seven or 8 feet over the water at the boughs—in order that they slip over the rocks as gently as possible—The bottom is left perfectly flat—not only from side to side by from end to end—sometimes even they become hogging after long use, and the boatmen then turn them over and straighten them by a weight at each end.

The making of batteaux is quite a business here and at several other places—for the supply of the penobscot river.—They told us that a batteau wore out in two years on the rocks—and they were sold for 14 to 16 dollars apiece. There was something refreshing to my ears in the very name of the white man’s canoe, reminding me of Charlevoix and Canadian voyagers—The batteau the “paddle—the water”? is a sort of mongrel between the canoe and the boat—a fur traders boat—and I know not that this boat is used in other parts of the world.

They weight from 5 to 800 pounds and commonly it takes 3 men to carry one over a portage one at each end and one in the middle underneath. At a little distance when I first observed them on the water, they had the sparse straight stealthy look of canoe.

Every log is marked by the chopper with the owners mark cut in the sap wood with the axe—and it requires considerable ingenuity to invent new marks where there are so many owners.—They have quite an alphabet of their own—which only the practised can read.—My companion read off from his memorandum book some marks of his own logs.—Among which there were crows feet and girdles and various other devices—as Y-girdle—crowfoot

We at length drove into the scow which is used as a temporary ferry boat and had now returned and the two boatmen had already shoved off some rods when a tin pedlar appeared on the bank and hailed us—earnest to carry his wares still further into the woods.—we were fain to push back and take him in. With him we jested awhile for our amusement—and he proved of the right stuff especially when he watered his horse in one of his large pans dipping in the river—we declared it would leak—a pedlar trying his own wares—didn’t he know better—it would certainly leak, and sure enough it did—but hadn’t he a composition which he sold with them—sure to stop leaks—and so increased his trade. And as he held it to horse it ran a stream.

This ferry took us past the Indian Island—lying between that and the falls—Just as our boat left the shore we observed one short ill-looking washerwoman looking Indian land on the old town side—as if just from up river—And drawing up his canoe he took out a bundle of skeins in one hand and an empty keg of half barrel in the other.—Here was his history written.

The island seemed nearly deserted this day.—Yet I noticed some new houses among the weather stained as if the tribe had a design to live—but generally they have a very shabby and forlorn & cheerless look all backside and woodshed and not homestead even Indian homestead but in stead of home an abroad-stead—for their life is domi et militiae—or rather venatus—and most of the latter.—The church is the only trim looking building—but
that is not Abenakis. That was Rome’s doings. Good Canadian it may be but poor Indian.

There was here a sort of swing somewhere called a fandango. I believe erected by a Canadian for the amusement of strangers and his own profit—a contrivance by which you were carried round in the air as it were sitting in the circumference of a skeleton wheel—with a radius of 60 feet or so—not horizontally but vertically—and your seat kept upright by your weight I judged. It was altogether a frail and trembling structure and I should have preferred to see a heavier man “come full’s circle” before I tried it.

We were at length landed in Milford and rode along on the east side of the Penobscot having a more or less constant view of the river and the islands in it—for they hold these as far up as Nickatow at the mouth of the East branch. It was the Houlton military road on which we were travelling—the main almost the only road of much importance in these parts. It is straight and as well made and kept in repair as you will find almost anywhere. Everywhere we saw signs of the great freshet this house standing awry—and that where it was not founded—and that other with a water-logged look as it were still airing and drying its basement—and logs with every body’s marks upon them—and sometimes the marks of their having served as bridges—strewed along the road.

We crossed at the Sunk haze a summerish Indian name—the Olemmon and other streams—which make a greater show on the map than they now did from the road.

At Passadumkeag we found anything but what the name implies—earnest politicians to wit on the alert to know how the election is likely to go—men who talk one can not help believing with factitious earnestness rapidly in subdued voice at dusk one on each side your chaise—endeavoring to say much in little for the time is short they see you hold the whip impatiently. Caucuses they have had caucuses they are like to have—victory and defeat and some body—may be elected! somebody may not—They grow warm—patently warm volatily warm the man on the right frightens the horse with his asseveration growing more solemnly positive as there is less though in him to be positive about—There are the lights are they not being lit in yonder school house where Cilley has the floor to night but you draw the rein firmly—And they step resignedly aside—with a loook which seems to say and must you go—and we have so much to say? well we can endure it.

This is mister so and so who lives in that house there—he does not know you or he does—he having just been “made acquainted” with you, and now talks in a low serious and long established voice with you—So did not Passadumkeag look on the map.

We left the river road awhile for shortness and went by a way of Enfield where we stopped for the night at Treats temperance house in a retired country. An orderly and domestic inn—where the traveller may really be refreshed and make himself at home. Here we found quite an orchard of healthy and well grown bearing apple trees—but beautiful lake 4 or 5 miles long—at least—It deserves to make greater show upon the maps—we observed that every farmer hereabouts was raising an orchard though there was no grafted fruit yet.

This being the oldest settlers house. The apple is almost the only fruit raised—and yet a poor apple is put up with. This is mister so and so who lives in that house there—he does not know you or he does—he having just been “made acquainted” with you, and now talks in a low serious and long established voice with you—So did not Passadumkeag look on the map.

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And so it commonly happens the farmer in a new country will go far to raise the trees but not to graft them. Here abouts they told us deer were not uncommon in the winter—and wolves some times still did them harm.

The next morning we drove along through a high and hilly country—in view of Cold Stream Pond a very beautiful lake 4 or 5 miles long—at least—It deserves to make greater show upon the maps—we observed that every farmer hereabouts was raising an orchard though there was no grafted fruit yet.

Lincoln which we passed through this forenoon is quite a village for this country. I observed an establishment for making pottery. We stopped awhile to learn if there were any Indians in the neighborhood as we wished to engage them as guides.

We were told that there were several wigwams half a mile from the road on one of their islands—So we left our horse and waggan and walked through the fields and woods to the river but it was not till after considerable search that we discovered their habitations—regular shanties—in a retired place out of sight of settlers—Taking one or 2 canoes which we found drawn up on the shore on the Lincoln side we paddled across to what seemed their landing on the island side. There were some canoes and a curious fish spear made of wood lying on the shore—such as they might have used before white men came. They afterward told us it was a salmon spear. Its point was an elastic piece of wood somewhat like the contrivance for holding the bucket on the end of the well pole. Near where we landed sat an Indian girl on a rock in the water washing and singing or humming a song meanwhile—This was an aboriginal strain—her hair hung down like the long grass at the bottom of the river—We walked up to the nearest house—but were met by a sally of a dozen wolfish looking dogs which might have been lineal descendants from the ancient Indian dogs which the first voyageurs describe as “their wolves.” The occupant soon appeared with a long pole in his hand with which he bet off the dogs—while he parleyed with us. He seemed half mulatto—He told us in his sluggish way that there were Indians going “up river” he and one other. And when were they going—? to-day—before noon—And who was the other—Louis Neptune who...
live in the next wigwam— Well let us go see Louis – The same doggish reception –the same development And Louis Neptune makes his appearance – a small wirey man with a puckered and wrinkled face— The same as I remembered who had guided Jackson to the Mt in 37— The same questions were put to him –and the same information obtained –while the other Ind. stood by. he going by noon with two canoes up to Chesuncook hunting—to be gone month— Well Louis suppose you get to the Point tonight—we walk on up the west branch tomorrow four of us— You overtake us tomorrow –and take us into your canoes– You stop for us we stop for you— Yea May be you carry some provision for use and so pay.— He said “me sure get some Moose —” and when I asked if he though Pomolar the genius of the Mt –would let us up he answered—we must plant one bottle of rum on the top—he had planted a good many—and when ever he looked again the rum was all gone–

No wonder—

He had been up 2 or 3 times– he had planted letter Eng –German –French. &c &c.— So we parted he would reach Mattawamkeag point tonight to camp—and over take us up the west branch the next day or the next—

When we reached the landing Mrs Neptune was just coming up the bank having been shopping in Lincoln and smilingly affirmed that we had stolen her canoe— We asked her too if Louis were going upriver and she answered “right away”.

So we left the Indians thinking ourselves lucky to have secured such guides and companions.

These Ind. were bare headed and lightly dressed like laborers They did not ask us in to their houses but met us outside.

There were occasional burnings on this road—where some settler was enlarging his farm or some new comer making a clearing— very few houses were built to logs — but we passed some log houses which had been deserted The evergreen such as are rare with us stood by the road side like a long front yard—beautiful specimens of the larch & cedar or arbor vitae—ball spruce —fir balsam —& norway pine— Also beech & birch— growing luxuriantly in the soil of the road side.

We stopped a few moments at a place called the “cottage inn” to water the horse and walking into the bar room with the ostler following—and as if we showed him the way— Our heads as empty just at that moment of any serious purpose as the room was empty of men or the bar of decanters—as travellers use— Perhaps we stamped—shook our coats and looked out the window to see which way we had come in. one thing we did—that at least would be reasonable we looked full in the face of the clock that hung on the wall, but alas it responded not to our gaze or remotely like harvard college as from behind the age—some life that had convened within it least would be reasonable we looked full in the face of the clock that hung on the wall, but alas it responded not to our gaze or remotely like harvard college as from behind the age—some life that had convened within it seemed to have adjourned sine die—perchance it chronicled the advent of the last travellers —like an empty Caucus chamber—but we put our finger upon the springs here a little and there a little and soon left the speaker running over his minutes to full house while the ostler grinned his satisfaction behind— And said he ‘we have got another in the dining room that has'nt been a going for some time—should like to have you look at that — and that we looked at over the bare tables ready set—but all desolate and unsavory ——and so we let him water the horse.

We walked into a shop over against the inn—the punt beginning of commerce which would grow at last in to a “firm” in the future town or city in deed it was already “Somebody & Co. The woman came from the penetralia of the attached house—for Mr —was in the “burning” perchance—and she sold percussion caps canalés or smooth and knew their prices & qualities and which the hunters preferred— Here was little of everything—to satisfy the wants and the ambition of the woods a stock selected with what pains & care —but there seemed to me as usual a preponderance of children’s toys dogs to bark and cats to mew and trumpets to blow where natives there hardly are yet— As if a child born into the Maine woods among the pine cones and the cedar berries couldnt do without such a sugar man and skipping jack as the young Rothschild has. It seem to me I was indebted to none of these things but my one pewter soldier which has left an impression.

I observed here pencils which are made in a bungling way by grooving a round piece of cedar then putting in the lead and filling up the cavity with a strip of wood.

About noon we reached the matawamkeag—and dined at a frequented house still on the Houlton Military road —where the stage stops and dines —& sleeps —and here was a substantial covered bridge over the Matawamkeag built, I think they said some 17 years ago. After dinner—where by the way and even at breakfast as well as supper—at the public houses on this road the front rank is composed of various kinds of “sweet cakes” in a continuous line from one end of the table to the other I think I may safely say that there was a row of 10 or dozen plates of this kind before us two here— To account for this they say that when the lumberers come out of the woods they have a craving for cakes and pies and such sweet things which there are scarcer— And this is the supply to satisfy that demand. They supply is always equal to the demand—and these hungry men think a good deal of getting their money’s worth

Well over this front rank I say you coming from the “sweet cake side” with a certain cheap philosophic indifference have to fight what there is behind which I dont by any means mean to insinuate is deficient to
supply that other demand of men not from the woods but from the towns for venison and strong country fare. After dinner we strolled down to the ‘point’—or the junction of the two rivers—said to be the scene of an ancient battle between the Eastern Ind. & the Mohawks and a place still much used by Ind bound up or down the river for camping. We grabbed in a small potato patch and found some points of arrowheads and on the shore some colored beads and one small leaden bullet—but nothing more remarkable.

On our way back to the tavern we passed a singular mound regularly formed—and after deciding that it was a work of art speculated upon its design—and what we might do with a spade and leisure, when one of us stooping and looking narrowly at a clod—exclaimed I have it—the mystery is solved and held up a piece of charcoal. The Matawamkeag was a mere rivers’ bed exceeding rocky & shallow—so that you could almost cross it dry shod in boots and I could hardly believe my companion when he told me that he had been 60 miles up it in a batteau—A batteau could hardly find a harbor now at its mouth.

Before our companions arrived we road on up the Houlton road 7 miles to where the Aroostook road comes into it—to Molunkus where there is a spacious mansion in the woods called the Molunkus House kept by one Libbey—which looked as if it had its hall for dancing and for military drilling. Just as we stopped the Houlton stage drove up and a Province Man addressed me as the landlord—regretting the dryness the bars on this road nothing since he left Houlton so—I asked him if it was low water now that the bars were dry—and if he should take in a little water whether he couldn’t go over. I looked off the piazza round the corner of the house up the aroostook road which is a track well-worn by the shoes of immigrants but showed no clearings in sight—And there was a man just adventuring upon it this evening in a rude original—what we call Aroostook wagon—a seat as it were with a wagon swung under it—a few bags and a dog asleep to watch them. He offered to carry any message to any body in that country—cheerfully—Here too was a small trader who kept store but no great store certainly in a small box over the way behind the Molunkus sign post. But his house—we could only conjecture where that was. He may have rented a corner of the Molunkus house. I saw him standing in his shop door his shop so small that if a customer should make demonstrations of coming in—he would have to go out—the back way—And then perchance confer with him through the window about his goods in the cellar— or rather that may be expected by the next arrivals—I was so green as not to go in though I might have invented an errand because I didn’t see at first where he would to to

I think there was not more than one house on the road to Molunkus—I remember one clearing where we got out to examine the crop. The mode of clearing & planting is this to fell the trees and burn once that will burn—then perhaps cut them up into lengths that may be rolled into heaps and burn again—then with a hoe plant potatoes where you can come at the ground between the stumps—and charred logs in the fall cut roll and burn again—the ashes sufficing for manure and no hoeing being necessary the first year—and soon it is ready for grain or to be laid down. We got over the fence in to a field here where the logs were still burning—and pulled up the vines found good sized potatoes nearly ripe growing like weeds and turnips mixed with them between the hills. Let those talk of poverty and hard times who will in the towns and cities cannot the immigrant who can pay his fare to N Y. or Boston pay 5 dollars more to get here and be as rich as anybody—where land virtually cost nothing—and houses only the labor of making. And if he will still remember the distinctions of poor and rich let him bespeak him a narrower house forthwith.

When we returned to the Matawamkeag the stage had already put up there and the Province man was betraying his greenness to the yankees.—Why Province money wont pass here when states money is good at Fredricton and St John. From what I saw then and after it appeared that the Province man was now the only real Jonathan and raw country bumpkin—left so far behind by his enterprising neighbors—that he did’n’t know enough to put a question to them. Here as every where in taverns there were men educated to make the bar room their parlor Chamber & withdrawing room who can sleep on a shelf or in a chest or a sink with a lid to it—without stopping up the hole—with two eyes peering out at you—but silent and motionless till stage hours waiting for night to be gone. On the parlor table we found a peculiar literature which I fancy never stops short of the frontiers and then only because there is no more illiterate place to go to—Flash novels manufactured in N Y and Boston expressly for these markets and never heard of there—by Prof. Ingraham and others—all printed as it were in colored ink red and yellow & blue with engravings interspersed—“the Belle of the Penobscots” and other thrilling stores—And also statistical reports for which we are indebted perchance to “our rep. at Congress. The last edition of Greenleaf’s map of Maine hung on the wall and as this was the last opportunity of the kind and we had no pocket map we determined to trace a map of the lake country. But the paper our pocketbooks and the house afforded was too thick—so we even dipped a wad of tow into the lamp and oiled a sheet upon the oil-cloth—and in good faith traced a labyrinth of errors carefully following the outline of imaginary lakes.—And it was while engaged in this operation that our companions arrived. Just at dusk there drove up 2 young ladies in a light wagon with a smart horse and leaped out upon the piazza
with a bounce — displaying their full dresses in the height of the fashion — & delivering their horse to the bar
keeper — and scud familiarly up stairs to take their places over the rear departments. The driver proved to be the
Landlord's daughter who had been a shopping or visiting some 30 miles out and had probably thrown their dust
in the eyes of the few travellers on the road.

Deer and caribou are sometimes taken here in the winter within sight of the house.

The next morning early we had mounted our packs and prepared for a tramp up the West Branch My
companion having turned his horse out to pasture for a week thinking that a bite of fresh grass and experience
of New Country influence would do him as much good as his master.— We observed a fresh deer skin stretched
upon an out house as we left the premise and leaping over a fence began to follow a rather obscure trail up the
Penobscot. There was not no road further and but few log huts to be met with for 30 miles. The evergreen woods
had decidedly a sweet fragrance which was racy and invigorating like root beer — the air was a sort of diet drink
and we walked on boyantly and full of expectation getting our legs stretched.

At the end of 3 miles we came to a mill, and a rude wooden rail road running down to the Penobscot — This was
certainly the last rail road we were to see — The old town road was not to be expected. At intervals there was an
opening on our left on the bank made for log rolling by the lumberman where we got a sight of the river — a rocky
and rippling stream. This was my first sight perhaps of a bran new country where the only roads were of nature's
providing and the few houses were camps. Here than one could no longer accuse institutions — and society but
must front the true source of the evil. We heard the sound of a whistler duck from time to time on the river — and
the omnipresent blue jay & chickadee around and the yellow hammer in the openings.

We crossed one tract of more than a hundred acres which had just been burnt over and was still smoking. Our
trail lay through the midst of it and was well nigh blotted out. The trees lay at full length four or 5 feet deep and
crossing each other in all directions all black as charcoal — but perfectly sound within, still good for fuel or for
timber — Soon the axe would reduce their size and the fire be applied again. Here were thousands of cords of
wood which would keep amply warm the poor of Boston and NY for a winter which only cumbered the ground
and were in the settlers way. At an early hour we reached Crocker's at the mouth of Salmon river 7 miles from
the point — and made our selves at home in his cabin — a house made of logs & splints with a stone chimney and
split boards for the floor — Here one of my companions commenced distributing a small store of little books
among the children to learn them to read as well as old newspapers among the parents. There was a book for
Helen and a book for John — grinning flaxen headed children — who were true enough not to say thank you sir
because they were told to — and so the diminished package was tucked away again against a new demand — A
few miles further we came to Ma'rm Howards passing over an extensive opening where were 2 or three log huts
in sight and a small ground surrounded by a wooden paling — one day perchance to be the old burying ground
of a village with its mossgrown grave stones. Here was another distribution of books — We noticed turnips &
cucumbers growing by our path.

The next house was Fisks at the Mouth of the East branch — at Nickatow. There was quite a field of corn here
now nearly ripe. Our course here crossed the Penobscot and followed the southern bank — One of the party who
entered the house in search of the ferryman — reported a very neat dwelling — with plenty of books and a new
wife just imported from Boston — wholly new to the woods — We proceeded up the E. branch a little way to the
bateau and were poled down and across the main stream by this man and another — I was astonished to find
the East branch so deep which was apparently so shallow — 10 or 15 feet — we passed some rapids in the river called rock Ebeeme — and a rude barn filled with hay — to be sold to the loggers
in the winter — and not long after in the thickest of the woods some loggers camps still new which were occupied
the previous winter. There were the camps and the hovel for the cattle hardly distinguishable except that the
latter had no chimney. These camps were perhaps 15 by 20 feet built of logs — hemlock cedar or spruce — 2 or 3
large ones first one above the other & notched together at the ends to the height of 3 or 4 feet then of smaller
logs resting upon transverse logs at the ends successively shorter — so that the roof sloped to the chimney or
oblung square hole 3 or 4 feet in diameter. The interstices filled with moss and the roof shingled with long
splints of cedar or spruce rifted with a sledge & cleaver.

The fire place the most important place of all is in shape and size like the chimney — defined by a fence or fender
of logs on the ground and a heap of ashes a foot or two deep — with solid benches of split logs running round it
— Here the fire melts snow & dries rain before it can descend to quench it. The beds of white cedar leaves or
Arbor Vitae extend under the roofs on either hand. There was the place for the water pail and pork barrel and
wash basin — and generally a pack of cards left on a log. Usually a good deal of whitling was expended on the
latch which was made of wood in the form of an iron one. These are made comfortable houses by the hugeness
of the fires that can be afforded.

Usually the scenery is drear and savage and as completely in the woods as a fungus at the foot of a pine in a
swamp — no outlook but to the sky. This is for warmth & convenience. The primitive wood is always and every
where damp and mossy so that I travelled constantly with the impression that I was in a swamp. And when it was remarked that this or that tract would make a profitable clearing I was reminded that if the sun were let in it would make a dry field at once.

The woods abounded in beech and yellow birch of which there were some very large specimens and spruce cedar and fir & hemlock—but we saw only the stumps of the white pine—some of great size—these having been closely culled out—and being the only tree much sought after even in this neighborhood— It was the white pine that had tempted white travellers to proceed us on this route. There are now indeed 3 classes of inhabitants in this country first the loggers who for a part of the year are much the most numerous— 2nd the settlers we have named who raise supplies for the loggers the only permanent inhabitants—and there were but 3 log huts above where we now were— And 3dly the hunters mostly Indians—the most ancient of all.

At what is commonly called the Hale far—now Waite’s an extensive and elevated clearing—we got a fine view of the rive rippling & gleaming far beneath us.

Here you commonly get a good view of Ktadn and other mts but today it was so smoky that we could see none. But we could over look an immense country of forest stretching away up the sebois toward the Allagash—

and toward the Aroostook valley in the N. E. Here was quite a large cornfield for this latitude—whose

This we noticed was the prevailing fashion in these log houses—probably to economise in room. Here was only

a chair and was no more in the way than the wall itself.

But cleared and set away turned out an arm armchair which we occupied The arms of the chair formed the

frame on which the table rested and when the round top was turned up against the wall it formed the back of the

chair and was no more in the way than the wall itself.

18 miles brought us in sight of Mc-Causlin’s or Uncle George’s as he was called by my companions where we intended break Our fast and spend the night. His house was in the midst of an extensive clearing on the opposite or north side of the river.— So we collected upon the shore and fired our gun as a signal—which brought first his dogs forthwith and thereafter their master—at once recognized as uncle George—stalking in waterman’s boots still further down the stream to where his boat lay. accompanied by his dogs & a younger man—. One after the other other he recognised the strangers as he poled his batteau nearer the shore—and then declared that the whole family was there. He was notified of an addition to his family— And with his pole soon set us all over this swift but shallow stream—in which we finally grounded at some distance from the shore.

Geo. Mc Causlin has a clearing of several hundred acres of level intervale at the mouth of the little Schoodic river a dark and swampy looking beaver-stream This soil bore the evidence of having been occupied by the Ind Mc C. having picked up many relics and we looked for more this afternoon though with slight success

Here we concluded to spend the night as there was no convenient stopping place above.

He had seen no Indians pas and this did not happen except i the night without his knowledge His house stands on the bank of the river and commands a wide prospect up and down the river.

He keeps a couple of horses cows and oxen and quite a flock of sheep— I think he said he was the first to bring a plough and a cow so far

As the Afternoon was so far spent we made our dinner & supper all in one—

Mc Causlin is Kennebec man of Scotch descent who has been a waterman 22 years and drove on the lakes and head waters of the Penobscot 5 or six springs in succession— But is now settled here on the bank and raises supplies for the lumberers and himself he entertained us with the true Scotch hospitality while we stayed and would accept no recompense—or it. He was well known to my companions and was familiarly addressed as uncle Geo. by the whole party. A man of dry wit and shrewdness and a general intelligence which I had not looked for in the back woods.

Supper was got before our eyes in the ample kitchen by a fire which would have roasted an oxe and was soon smoking on the table—piping hot wheaten Cakes—the flour ground below & brought up river in batteaux—ham and eggs the produce of the farm—tea sweetened with molasses—and sweet cakes in contradistinction to hot-cakes to wind up with.

Butter was here in such plenty that it was commonly used before it was salted to grease boots with. I observed that here as elsewhere afterward—where the meats are salted—no salt in the unadulterated state is used or set upon the table.

The Indians do not use it any more as their ancestors did not. We sat round the table at which Mrs Mc Causlin presided and did ample justice to the ample fare.

Many whole logs, 4 feet long were consumed to boil our tea-kettle. The same summer & winter.
The way to our bedrooms led through the dairy which was teeming with new milk & cheeses in press—. In the night we were entertained by the sound of rain drops and awaked with a drop or two in our eyes—. It seemed to have set in for a storm and we made up our minds not to for sake such quarters as these with these prospects but wait for Indians & fair weather. It rained and drizzled—and gleamed by turns the live long day.—. What we did that day how we killed the time we could never we ll tell. How many times we buttered our boots—how often wait for Indians & fair weather. It rained and drizzled—and gleamed by turns the live long day.— What we did at 3 miles we reached a run round in the river called Little Sturgeon gut and a short distance further another took it up first—and she taught the pup—and now they had taken it into their heads that it wouldn't do to have hawks we observed that the dogs allowed no winged creature to alight within sight–. As Mc C said The old one prevent slipping– we were surely on their trail.

A gimlet—which were made in the winter when lumberers frequent the house—with spikes in their boots to The chimney was of vast size and made of stone–. I noticed that the floor was full of small holes as if made by the dogs circling underneath—a pigeon or a yellow hammer was instantly expelled.

Still no canoes hove in sight though we could command a mile or two of the river–. Some times our host thought the dogs walking over his farm—and visited his well filled barns with Mc C. The potatoe rot had found out him out too the previous year—and the seed was of his own raising–. Oats grass & potatoes were his staples—a few carrots & turnips.– and a little corn for the hens. The possibility of ripening a little Indian Corn is a favorite theme with the remote settlers—but the largest field we had seen for a day or two looked like an experiment.

These few settlers on this stream were tempted by the cheapness of the land—. When we asked why more settlers did not come in he told us that they could not by the land—. It belonged to individuals or companies who were afraid of being taxed for it if a township should be formed. But to settling on the state’s lands there was no such hindrance—

For his own part Mc Causlin wanted no neighbors didn’t wish to see any road by his house. Neighbors might live across the river but on the same side there would be trouble on the score of fences and cattle. We were amused by the behavior of the dogs here—. After wondering how the chickens here were saved from hawks we observed that the dogs allowed no winged creature to alight within sight—. As Mc C said The old one took it up first—and she taught the pup—and now they had taken it into their heads that it wouldn’t do to have any thing of the bird kind on the premises—a hawk hovering over was not allowed to alight but barked off by the dogs circling underneath—a pigeon or a yellow hammer was instantly expelled.

Still no canoes hove in sight though we could command a mile or two of the river—. Some times our host thought his dogs gave notice of the approach of Indians half an hour before they arrived.

There was a beaver dam on the Little Schoodic half a mile from the house which however we failed to see. When it rained hardest we returned to the house again and took down a tract from the shelf—. There was the Wandering Jew cheap Edition and fine print The Criminal Calendar—and Paradises Geog—and Flash novels 2 or 3. Under the pressure of circumstances we read a little—. The press is not so feeble an engine after all. This house as usual was built of huge logs which peeped out every where—and were chinked with clay and moss—. There were no boards or shingles or clapboards, and scarcely any tool but the axe used in its construction. The partitions were made of long clapboards like splints of spruce or Cedar turned to a sort of Salmon color by the smoke—the roof was covered with the same.

The chimney was of vast size and made of stone—. I noticed that the floor was full of small holes as if made by a gimlet—which were made in the winter when lumberers frequent the house—with spikes in their boots to prevent slipping— we were surely on their trail.

Just above Mc C’s there is rocky rapid where logs jam in the spring and many loggers are employed who frequent his house for milk and butter and cheese & hay &c.

Or else we tried by turns his long-handled axe upon the logs before the door—. The axe handles here are made to chop standing on the log nearly a foot longer than with us.

A bat flew round our heads for a few moments in the house—after the lamp was lighted.—

In the morning the weather proved fair enough for our purposes and we prepared to start—. As the Indians had failed us we at length persuaded Uncle George to accompany us in the capacity of guide & boatman, and the more easily though not without some delay on account of a lingering desire to revisit the Scene of his driving—and to see the Mt. Mrs Mc C how could she be left alone to drive up the cows & milk them—for neighbor Jim had not yet returned—but at last she gave her consent or rather as Mc C. phrased it he was hired out by his wife and had nothing to say—. A cotton tent—and a blanket—15 lbs of hard bred and 10 lbs of pork made up Uncle George’s pack—. Our tea kettle and frying pan lent to neighbor Fowler, would complete our outfit.

We were soon out of Mc Causlin’s clearing and in the grim Evergreen woods again marked by one faint settlers trail. We soon reach a narrow strip called the burnt land over run with weeds—stretched northward to Millinocket lake—9 or ten miles—where a fire had raged formerly.

At 3 miles we reached a run round in the river called Little Sturgeon gut and a short distance further another
called Great Sturgeon Gut—hereabouts one of the party had seen a wolf when last here—heath part just disappearing between the trees.

Shad pond is laid down too large in proportion to the other lakes I should say—and the Millinocket river comes in too far from its outlet.

Thomas Fowlers house was in full sight 4 miles from McCauslins at the mouth of the Millinocket river—8 miles from the lake of the same name (over the latter stream)—which is 10 miles square—and full of islands. This lake affords perhaps a more direct course to Ktadn but we followed the Penobscot & Pamidumcook Young Fowler who has a farm here 2 miles this side of his father—was just completing a new log hut—and sawing out a window through logs nearly 2 feet thick when we arrived—He had begun to paper is house with Spruce bark—inside out—which has a good effect and in keeping. Instead of water we got here a draught of beer—which it was allowed would be better—Such ale as Moor of Moore hall may have drunk—calculated “to make him strong and mighty”—even without the aqua vitae.—It was root beer it was spruce beer—cedar beer hemlock—the top most most fantastic and raciest sprays of this primitive wood steeped in it what ever invigorating and stringent gum or essence these woods afford was dissolved in it. Clear and thin—but strong and stringent as the cedar sap.

It was as if one sucked awhile at the very teats of nature in these parts—the sap of all of Millinockets botany commingled—a lumberers-drink—a water proof cement which would acclimate and naturalize a man at once—

A drink which would make him see green, and if he slept dream that that he heard the wind sough among the pines—and if he were one who’d “disafforested his mind”—all undo the work.

Here was a fife praying to be played on—brought hither to tame wild beasts.

As we stood upon the pile of chips by the door fish hawks were sailing over head—not to be reached by the harmless charge that was sent after them—And here over shad pond no doubt was daily enacted the tyranny of the bald-eagles over this bird. Tom Pointed away over the lake to an eagle’s-nest which was plainly visible on a pine high above the surrounding forest, and was frequented from year to year & held sacred by him—They were the only houses in sight—his low hut—and the eagle’s airy bed of fagots.

Thomas Fowler too was soon “hired out by his wife”—for two men were necessary to manage the batteau—for that was soon to be our carriage—and those men needed to be cool & skilful for the navigation of the Penobscot—

Toms pack was soon made for he had not far to look for his waterman’s boots and a red flannel shirt—This is the favorite color with the new country men—and red flannel is reputed to possess some mysterious virtues—affording a more generous entertainment to the perspiration—On every gang of choppers & of water men there will be a sprinkling of red birds. It is reputed to have something wholesome to it.

We took here a poor and leaky boat and poled up the Millinocket 2 miles to the Elder Fowler’s—where we were to exchange there our batteau for a better—Fowler was cutting his grass and making hay—on the meadows and on the small low islands of the millinocket—Of native grass land there is proportionally little in this vicinity—excepting the burnt lands and these few scanty meadows by the sides of still streams there is no open land at all. This is a shallow & sandy stream quite free from rapids for a considerable distance—There were frequent traces of musquash in the banks and Their cabins standing in the meadows—Uncle Geo. affirmed that their height determined the rise of the water—The summer duck sailed into the coves before us—the kingfisher and the robin flitted past—and frequent fish hawks sailed over head I observed a strange irregular and dead looking tree growing in swamps—which they called the brown ash. on the small meadows & islands were places in the grass as if a horse or an oxen had lain down where our boatmen said a moose had lain down the night before—“there were thousands in these meadows”

Old Fowlers, 6 miles from Mc C. or 24 from the Point is the last house—he is the oldest inhabitant of these woods—and formerly lived on the south side of the west Branch were he built his house 16 years ago.—The first house built above the 5 islands.

Here our batteau would have to be carried over the first portage on a horse sled made of saplings to jump the rocks in the way—We had to wait here a couple of hours for them to catch the horses which were pastured at a distance and wandered still further off—one man was covering the hog pen with cedar or spruce splints for shingles splitting with a sledge and cleaver. This house was warmed by large and complicated stoves—which struck me as rather singular—portions of it were lined with bark—There stood the cedar broom & the pole hung high over the hearth to dry stockings &c on. Kittens were exhibited which were web-footed—and the mother was said to be part mink. The last of the salmon had just been caught here and were still fresh in pickle—

From which however enough were extracted to fill our empty kettle. They had lost 9 sheep out of their first flock a week before this by the wolves—The sheep came round the house and seemed frightened—which induced them to go and look for them when they found 7 dead and two still alive which they took and as Mrs. Fowler said they were merely scratched in the throat—She sheared off the wool and washed them and put on some salve and turned them out but in a few moments they were missing and have not been found since. They were all poisoned and swelled up at once so that they used neither skin nor wool—There were steel traps by the
door of various sizes—for wolves and for bear and otter—with large claws instead of teeth. The wolves are frequently poisoned. This realized the old fables of the wolves and sheep. Here was an instance of that old hostility revived. Verily the shepherd boy needed not to sound a false alarm this time.

The pipe here was a part of the household furniture which the traveller knew where to find. We dined here before the horses arrived—on hot-wheaten bread fish—salmon—and sweet cakes as usual. And tea sweetened with molasses. Hot cakes—and sweet cakes had led the board the main difference being that the former are white and the latter yellow.

At length the horses arrived and we hauled our bateau out of the water & lashed it to its wicker carriage & throwing in our packs walked on before. The rout was the roughest travelled by horses over rocky hills where the sled bounced and slid along—while one was more necessary at the stern to prevent the boat from being wrecked than in the roughest sea.

At 2 we who had had walked on before reached the river above the falls just at the outlet of Qakish lake and waited for the bateau to come up. This portage was a well worn Cart path through the woods which had long been the rout of the hunter and no doubt followed the course of an Indian trail round these falls—bateaux weighing from 5 to 800 are frequently carried over on the shoulders. On either side the path from time to time were the traces of camps—the two or more upright and single horizontal pole forming the shed—and the heap of ashes—where lumberers and Indians had camped.

At length the clear sky appeared in the west or north west whither our course now lay—promising a serene evening for our voyage.—And the driver returned with his horses—leaving his long-handled axes with us.—And we made haste to launch our boat and commence our voyage in good earnest.

It is a small but handsome irregular lake with no sign of man but perhaps some low boom in a distant cove reserved for spring use.—The spruce and cedar—hanging with grey, looked like the ghosts of trees—

[From THE MAINE WOODS] We were soon in the smooth water of Quakish Lake, and took our turns at rowing and paddling across it. It is a small, irregular, but handsome lake, shut in on all sides by the forest, and showing no traces of man but some low boom in a distant cove, reserved for spring use. The spruce and cedar on its shores, hung with gray lichens, looked at a distance like the ghosts of trees. Ducks were sailing here and there on its surface, and a solitary loon, like a more living wave,—a vital spot on the lake's surface,—laughed and frolicked, and showed its straight leg, for our amusement.

4. Loons and grebes, which have their legs far back, occasionally raise one leg above the surface and wave it, presumably as an intraspecific alarm signal.
companions. The canoe is more easily upset and worn out, and the Ind. is not so skilful in the management of a bateau. The utmost familiarity with still streams or the open sea would not prepare a man for this peculiar navigation and the most skilful boatman anywhere else –would here be obliged to take out his boat and carry round still with great risk and delay –where the practised bateau-man would pole up with comparative ease and safety. Falls which a sailor would not think of attempting he poles up successfully –glancing between the rocks without striking or swamping as by a miracle
All stores in the summer –the grindstone & plough of the pioneer –Flour pork & hard bread for the lumberer –
must be conveyed in this way. And many a cargo & many a boatman is lost in these waters. . . – In the winter
which is very equable and long –the ice is the great highway and the logging team penetrates to Chesuncook
lake and still higher up.
The Ind. say that the river once ran both ways –one half up & the other down –but since the white man came it
all runs down.– And he must laboriously pole his canoe up and carry it over the portages.

Joe Merry Mt appeared in the NW –as if it were looking down on this lake especially.– ducks and loon were
sailing here and there on the surface –and we had our first but a partial view of Ktadn the summit veiled in
clouds –something betwixt earth & heaven in that quarter

We had two miles of smooth rowing across this lake –when we found ourselves in the river again which was a
continuous rapid of one mile, –demanding all the strength and skill of our boatmen to pole up it. Here we hauled
them through one of the log sluices by a rope and walked up to the camp –whose smoke we saw curling up
through the trees on a hill side One of the party was interested in this dam which is a very important and
expensive work –raising the whole river 10 feet –and flooding I think they said some 60000 acres by means of
the innumerable lakes with which the river connects– Here every log pays toll as it passes through the sluices.
It is a lofty & solid structure –with piers of logs filled with stones to break the ice some distance up the river
above it.

Here we found a gang of men employed in repairing damages occasioned by the great freshet in the spring
Though commonly there is nothing to call them to the woods at this season
One after another we filed into the rude lumberers’ camp at this place built of logs like those I have
described. Here was only the cook to receive us A phlegmatic well fed personage who set about preparing a
cup of tea and hot cakes for his visitors. His fire had been entirely put out and his fire place filled several
inches deep by the rain but now it was kindled again –and we sat down on the log benches around it to dry us.
The chinks were not filled against the winter –and light & air came in on every side
Here was an odd leaf of the bible –some genealogical chapter to prove their Christianity.– And the next things
that turned up was Emerson Address on W I Emancipation –which had made two converts to the liberty party
here, an odd number of the Westminster Rev. for 1834 –& a pamphlet entitled Hist. of the Erection of the
Monument on the grave of Myron Holley –& these were well thumbed and soiled

The men employed in such works as this are Jacks at all trade, who are handy at various things and accustomed
to make shifts –skilful with the axe and ruder implements of good judgement and well skilled in wood and
water-craft. I observed by their poles that they sometimes indulged in fishing.
Their hands not restricted to the processes of one trade only –but free and as it were intelligent to practise many.
tea was served out to us in tin cups from a huge coffe pot with molasses but no milk of course and hot cakes for
solid food

We did ample justice to this fare and when we had done filled our pockets with the never failing sweet cakes
which remained –foreseeing that we were not soon to meet such fare again. And so informing John Morrison
that we had pocketed all his sweet cakes and exchanging our bateau for a better we made haste to improve the
little daylight that remained. The dam had smoothed over many a rapid for us where formerly there was a rough
current to be resisted –

Beyond there was no trail –and the river and lakes was the only practicable rout. We were from 25 to 30 miles
from the summit of the Mt –(though not more than 20 perhaps –in a straight line)
We decided to row 5 miles by moon light –it being the full of the moon across the north Twin lake –lets the wind
should blow on the morrow For a moderately still breeze makes quite a sea upon these lakes in which a bateau
will not live a moment. One of our boatmen had been detained once a week by this cause. For though the lakes
for the most part are not very wide –the journey round the shores would be long and difficult indeed

After one mile of river or what the boatmen call “thorough fare” the lakes prevail so –and of rapids which are
in a great measure smoothed by the dam, we entered the North Twin Lake –by moon light and steered across
for the river thorough-fare 4 miles– This is a noble sheet of water –where one may the impression which a new
country is fitted to create. We could distinguish the inlet to the S twin which is said to be the larger.– This lake

5. The Twin Lakes, like Quakish Lake, are enlargements of the Penobscot River. It is easy for a canoeist, unfamiliar with the area,
to spend long hours seeking the river inlet to the lakes. Thoreau’s party was fortunate to have an experienced guide, in attempting
a crossing at night.
is completely surrounded by the forest as savage and impassable now as to the first adventurers.

There was the smoke of no log-hut nor camp of any kind to bid us welcome—No lover of nature or musing traveller was watching our batteau from the distant hills—Not eve the Indian hunter was there, for he rarely climbs them; but hugs the rivers like ourselves.

It was the first time I had realized my conception of a secluded Lake of the Woods. — The impression was, and I presume it agreed with the fact, as if we were upon a high table land between the states and Canada—where there was no bold mountainous shore but only isolated hill rising here and there from the plateau—The level of the innumerable lakes varies but a few feet and at high water they almost all connect with one another.

These lakes lay open to the light with a civilized aspect—or rather as if expecting trade & commerce and towns and villas—The shores rose gently to ranges of low hills still covered with the hardy evergreen trees.

No face welcomes us but the fine sprays of free and happy evergreens towering stately above their fellows, the rugged and healthy pines—the spiring fir—with dark and regular cones like a chinese pagoda—the graceful cedar sober beech.

The country is a archipelago of lakes and the boatmen by short portages or by none at all pass easily from one into the other. They say that at very high water the Penobscot and the Kennebeck flow into each other or at any rate you can lie with your face in the one and your toes in Moose Head lake.

None of our party but the watermen had been above the dam before, and the younger of them only a few miles. so we trusted to Uncle Geo. to pilot us. And we could not but confess the importance of a pilot on these waters—While it is river you will not easily forget which way is up stream but when you enter a lake the river is completely lost—there is no stream, and you scan the distant shores in vain to find where it comes in.— A stranger is for the time at least lost and must set about a voyage of discovery to find the river—To follow the windings of the shore when the lake is ten miles or more in breadth—and of an irregularity which will not soon be mapped—is a wearisome voyage and will spend his time & his provision—A gang of experienced woodmen were once sent they told us to certain location on this stream—and were thus lost in the wilderness of lakes—They cut their way through thickets and then carried their boat over from lakes to lake. Some times several miles—They carried into the millinocket which is on another stream and is 10 miles square and full of islands—The explored this thoroughly and then carried into another lake and it was a week—of no common toil & anxiety before they found the P. river.

While Uncle George steered for a small island near the head of the lake we rowed by turns swiftly over its surface—singing such boat songs as we could remember. The shores seemed at an indefinite distance by moonlight & whether nearer or more remote we could not say— At first the red clouds had hung over its western shore as gorgeously as if they illumined a city there.

Occasionally we paused in our singing and rested on our oars, while we listened to hear if the wolves howled, for this is a common serenade, and my companions affirmed that it was the most dismal and unearthly of sounds; but we heard none this time. If we did not hear, however, we did listen, not without a reasonable expectation; that at least I have to tell, —only some utterly uncivilized, big-throated owl [Great Horned Owl] hooted loud and dismally in the drear and boughy wilderness, plainly not nervous about his solitary life, nor afraid to hear the echoes of his voice there. We remembered that possibly moose were silently watching us from the distant coves—and that some bear or timid red or rein deer had been startled by our singing.

[From THE MAINE WOODS] The shores seemed at an indefinite distance in the moonlight. Occasionally we paused in our singing and rested on our oars to hear if any wolves howled which is the common serenade but we heard none only some uncivilized big-throated owl hooted loud and stark and inhumanly in that drear wilderness—not nervous about his solitary life nor afraid to hear the echoes of his voice there. We remembered that possibly moose were silently watching us from the distant coves—and that some bear or timid red or rein deer had been startled by our singing.

After I found my companions on the Mt side gathering the Mt cranberries which filled every crevice between the rocks—and also blue berries which we noticed had a more sharp and racy flavor the higher up they grew. Not the less agreeable to our palates.

From this elevation we could overlook the country west and south. Immeasurable forest—that eastern stuff we had heard of—country lakes—Moose-head close at hand 40 miles by 10 Chesuncook 18 by 3 without an island—Millinocket on the south with its hundred islands and a hundred others.—The P. river & our course—and beneath us the very trees near which our boat was moored. We had to console ourselves with the reflection that this view was as good as from the peak as far as it went—and what were a mt. without its clouds & mist. We preferred in its every day dress.

Returning still at an early hour in the day—we followed the course of the torrent as long as it would not lead us
too far out of our course—Though after all its winds we supposed it would prove to be the murch Brook which emptied into the Main Stream exactly at our former camping ground. We thus travelled about 4 miles in the very torrent itself continually crossing and crossing leaping from rock to rock and jumping with the stream itself down falls 7 or 8 feet—some times sliding down in a thin sheet of water—slipping & rolling in it. The cool air of the torrent and the continual bathing of our members—in mt. water—alternate foot and sitz and even body baths—made this walk exceedingly refreshing. This torrent had been the scene of a great freshet in the spring apparently accompanied by a slide from the mt. For a rod or two on either side its present channel the trees were barked and splintered often to their tips—the birches stood wrenched and twisted and deprived of their bark like furies’ hair—trees a foot in diameter were snapped off—and whole clumps bent over with the weight of rocks piled on them—in one place we noticed a large rock lodged nearly twenty feet high in the limbs of a tree—This ravine must have been filled with a stream of stones and water at least 20 feet above its present level. For the whole four miles we saw but one rill emptying in—and the volume did not seem increased from the first. With more leisure it would have been worth the while to trace this torrent to its source. In this way we travelled very rapidly with a downward impetus which made it easier to run than to walk. It was a pleasant picture when the foremost turned about and look up the ravine at intervals of a rod or two was seen a red shirted highlander or a green jacket against the white torrent walled in by forests and leaping down the channel with his pack upon his back—or pausing upon a convenient rock to unstrap his dipper and take a draught.

After diverging from the torrent we were in some doubt about our course, and so Tom threw down his pack and climbed the loftiest fir tree at hand to ascertain our whereabouts—Up the bare trunk he went some 20 feet and then through the green tower lost to our sight until he held the topmost spray in his hand. Uncle Geo. had in his younger days marched through the wilderness with a body of troops under general somebody and with one other man did all the scouting and spying service The gens’ word was “throw down the top of that tree”—and there was no tree in the maine woods that it would not lose its honors.

To Tom now we cried where away does the summit bear—where the burnt lands—The last he could not plainly see but conjecture—He reported however a little meadow & pond lying apparently in our course which we concluded to steer for.

Upon reaching this secluded meadow we found the fresh tracks of moose upon the shore of the pond—and the water was still muddy and unsettled s if they had fled before us. And after in dense under brush threaded by a stream which emptied into a meadow we seemed to be still upon their trail. It was a small meadow of a few acres on the mt side—concealed by woods—where they might browse and bathe and rest in peace.

Ere long we recovered our old landmarks and reached the open lands again which went sloping down some miles toward the river—and by two o’clock we reached our boat once more. Here we expected to dine on trout but at this hour in the broad sunlight we found them slow to take the bait, and so took our allowance of hard bread and pork. Here we deliberated whether we should not go up as far as miles toward the river—and by two o’clock we reached our boat once more

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Ere long we recovered our old landmarks and reached the open lands again which went sloping down some miles toward the river—and by two o’clock we reached our boat once more. Here we expected to dine on trout but at this hour in the broad sunlight we found them slow to take the bait, and so took our allowance of hard bread and pork. Here we deliberated whether we should not go up as far as Gibson’s clearing about a mile to get a half inch augur to mend our spike poles with—There were young spruce trees enough and we had reserved a spike but had nothing to make a hole with—But as it was quite uncertain whether we should find any one there at this time or any tools left in camp—we patched up the broken pole as well as we could for the downward voyage in which there would be but little need of it.

At 4 1/2 we commenced our return voyage—which would require comparatively little poling—The boatmen substituted broad paddles instead of poles merely guiding the bateau down the rapids—Though we glided so swiftly and smoothly down where—it had cost an effort to get up our present voyage was attended with far more danger—for if we once fairly struck one of the thousand rocks between which we were gliding the boat would be swamped at once. When a boat is swamped under these circumstances—the boatmen commonly find no difficulty in keeping afloat at first whether they can swim or not—for the current keeps them afloat along with their freight and carries them far down the stream—If they can swim they have only to sidle off gradually for the shore. But the greatest danger is of their being caught in an eddy behind some large rock—where the water rushes up faster than elsewhere it does down—and being carried round under the surface till they are drowned. Some times the body is not thrown out for several house. One of our company had performed such a circuit once only his legs being visible to his companions—but he was fortunately thrown out in season to recover his breath.

The boatman has this problem to solve—To choose a circuitous and safe course amid a thousand sunken rocks scattered over a quarter of a mile—at the same time that he is moving steadily at the rate of 20 miles an hour. Stop he cannot the only question is where will he go. The bowman chooses the rout with all his eyes about him striking broad off with his paddle and drawing the boat by main force in to her course—The Stern man faithfully follows the bow
We were soon at the Aboljacaremegus falls—Anxious to avoid the delay as well as the labor of the portage here our boatmen went forward to reconnoitre—and concluded to let the bateau down the falls while we carried the baggage round.

Jumping from rock to rock until nearly in the mid of the stream we were ready to receive the boat and let her drop over the first fall some 5 or 6 feet perpendicular—The boatmen stand upon the edge of a shelf of rock—where the fall is ten or twelve feet perpendicular in from one to two feet of water one on each side of the boat and let it slide gently over—then while one holds by the painter the other leaps in—and his companion follows and they are whirled down the rapids to a new falls or to smooth water.

So in a very few minutes they had accomplished a passage in safety which would be as fool hardy to the unskilful as the descent of Niagara itself.

It seemed as if it needed only a little more familiarity and confidence to navigate down such rapids as Niagara in perfect safety and save the expense of your Welland canals.—One might have thought these were falls and that falls were not to be waded through with impunity like a mud puddle. There was really danger of their losing their sublimity in losing their power to harm us.—Familiarity breeds contempt.

The boatman pauses perchance upon some shelf beneath a table rock standing in some two feet of water—and you hear his gruff voice come up through the spray coolly giving directions how to launch the boat this time.

Having carried around Pockockomus falls we soon carried in to the Depskaneigh or Oak hall carry where we decided to camp half way over—leaving our bateau to be carried over in the morning on rested shoulders. One shoulder of each of these men showed a red spot as large as your hand worn by the bateau. And this shoulder, since it does all the work, was lower than its fellow—from long service—This toil soon wears out the boatman.

In the morn. we carried our boat over and launched it—making haste lest the winds should rise—The boatmen ran down Passamagummuck & Umbedegis falls while we walked round and carried a part of the baggage. At the last falls we found a share with the owners name on it left on the portage. We breakfasted at the Head of our boatmen went forward to reconnoitre—and concluded to let the batteau down the falls while we carried the baggage round.

Jumping from rock to rock until nearly in the mid of the stream we were ready to receive the boat and let her drop over the first fall some 5 or 6 feet perpendicular—The boatmen stand upon the edge of a shelf of rock—where the fall is ten or twelve feet perpendicular in from one to two feet of water one on each side of the boat and let it slide gently over—then while one holds by the painter the other leaps in—and his companion follows and they are whirled down the rapids to a new falls or to smooth water.

In the night the wind rose and roared through the woods presaging a windy morrow—but before day-light it went down and offered a fair day for our return.

The driver works as long as he can see from Dark to dark—and at night has no time fairly to dry his clothes and eat his supper before he is asleep upon his cedar bed.

We lay this night upon the very bed spread by such a party—spreading our tent over the poles which were still standing—but reshingling the damp & faded bed with fresh twigs.

In the night the wind rose and roared through the woods presaging a windy morrow—but before day-light it went down and offered a fair day for our return.

We concludcd not to lose any time by going up to Gibson’s lest the wind should rise before we reached the larger lakes and detain us.—for a moderate wind on these waters produces waves which will swamp a bateau—and on one occasion Uncle Geo. had been delayed a week at the head of the North Twin.

We were short on’t for provisions—and ill prepared in this respect for a journey round by the shore should our boat be swamped.

In the night the wind rose and roared through the woods presaging a windy morrow—but before day-light it went down and offered a fair day for our return.

In the morn. we carried our boat over and launched it—making haste lest the winds should rise—The boatmen ran down Passamagummuck & Umbedegis falls while we walked round and carried a part of the baggage. At the last falls we found a share with the owners name on it left on the portage. We breakfasted at the Head of Umbedegis lake on the remains of our pork—and were soon rowing across its smooth surface again—under a pleasant sky. The Mt now clear of clouds—rose near at hand in N E and double top with two sharp cones to the Umbedegis lake on the remains of our pork—and were soon rowing across its smooth surface again—under a pleasant sky. The Mt now clear of clouds—rose near at hand in N E and double top with two sharp cones to the

The lake How deep is it!—4 hundred feet perhaps and more—See that ring bolt—where that large rock lies on the sand—That's a stiff boom-head down there But as the Geologists say that stone is not in its place—it doesn’t belong there—perhaps it came from Ktadn.

I should like to see the bottom of this lake—Who do you think made it?—Who made it?—Who? why think what’s in a name This isn't Umbedegis—Thats an Indian word—just think—What is it then?—Why its a long pull—this morning. Our arms know that what do we know of Umbedegis—I knew as much of Umbedegis from the map before I ever saw this water—Do you believe there’s any hereafter?—Why where’s Pamadumcook isn’t that hereafter? Pull away Boys we shall soon see—But any other would say after death—Why after Pamadumcook—we expect—The North Twin—and after the North Twin Mattawamkeag and stranger places which we never saw—The world never failed of mourners and of news—So during this life we expect another. Why here is but a “thoroughfare” and ever the stream runs fastest just here—with rapids & falls.

Did you ever find when you went over the falls that there were no rapids or smooth water below?—You have curious notions.
Taking turns at the oars we thus shot rapidly across Deep Cove & Foot of Pamadumcook and then 4 miles across the North Twin—at the rate of a mile in 12 1/2 minutes—the wind not high enough to disturb us—We reach the dam at 12 1/2—firing a gun by way of signal when a mile off. Here again the cook got dinner for us and we devoured all before us—They had a fine lot of pickerel in pickle here which they had caught.

Uncle Geo & Tom went through a log sluice here in the boat where the falls was 4 or 5 feet and took us in below—Here was the longest rapid in our route—And perhaps the paddling down this was a dangerous & arduous a task as any shooting at the rate of 25 miles an hour if—we struck a rock—we were split from end to end—in an instant—It was tempting the waters We and our boat now like a bait bobbing for pickerel or some other river monster—now shooting this way now that—now gliding swift and smooth near its destruction now our boatmen paddling to right or left with all their might to avoid a rock—We soon ran through and floated in the Quakish lake—Rowing rapidly over this we left our bateau to be hauled over at leisure and walked over the portage 2 miles to Old Fowlers on the Millinocket—here the bateau we had expected to find was gone—and we walked round 2 miles instead to Tom Fowlers House. When we reached the Millinocket opposite to Tom’s House—waiting for his folks to set us over—we discovered two canoes just turning into the river from shad pond one took the op. side of small island before us while the other took the near—examining the banks carefully for muskrat.

The nearest proved to be Nep—& his companion—now at last on their way up to Chesuncook after Moose—But they were so disguised that we hardly knew them—At a a little distance they might have been taken for Quakers—seeking a settlement in Pennsylvannia—with board brimmed hats & cast off coats They looked like London dandies the morning after a spree—Neptune at first was only anxious to know “what we kill”—seeing some partridges in or hands—but we had assumed too much anger to permit of a reply—We though Ind. had some honor before—But me been sick—O me unwell now—You make bargain then me go.

—He was still plainly under the influence of the disease that had attacked him, his bottle—They had some young muskrat in their canoe—which they had dug out of the banks—for food not for their skins—They are their principal food on these expeditions—So they went on up the Millinocket—and we kept down the banks of the Penobscot. Leaving Tom at home. At the little sturgeon gut was a fresh track of a moose calf made since we came up—After having passed the night & buttered our boots at Uncle Geo. we kept on down the river the next day about 8 miles and then took a bateau with a man to pole it, to Mattawamkeag 10 more.

Near the mouth of the East branch we passed the school house—whither it may be 10 or a dozen children are poled to school in bateaux over the rapids—the contribution of the woods. At first I thought it was all a jet but—it was even true.—At middle of that very night we dropped over the half finished bridge at Old town and heard the clink of a hundred saws which never rest—and at 6 o clock the next morn one of the party was steaming his way to Massachusetts.

V launch at Quakish
There were six of us. Uncle Geo. Thatcher—Lowel—Raish—Tom—& Henry—

Nor speak I this, that any here express
Should think themselves less worthy than the rest
Whose names have their full syllables and sound;
Or that Frank, Kit, or Jack, are the least wound
Unto their fame and merit. I for my part
(Think others what they please) accept that heart,
Which courts my love in most familiar phrase;
And that it takes not from my pains or praise,
If any one to me so bluntly come:
I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.”

_Thomas Heywood._ {Three-fourths page blank}

It was M. de Bonald who used the expression “The Turks have encamped in Europe” and the traveller confirms the justice of the conception. The customs of the Turk are still those of the Tartar in his Tent—on a foray into the plains

_Chateaubriand_ thinks that love of country increases as a man advances in years—“There are two things, which grow stronger in the heart of man, in proportion as he advances in years; the love of country and religion. Let them be ever so much forgotten in youth, they sooner or later present themselves to us arrayed in all their charms, and excite in the recesses of our hearts, an attachment justly due to their beauty.” This may be so—But even this infirmity of noble minds suggests the gradual decay of youthful hope and faith—It is the sweet infidelity of age. It is comparatively a faint & reflected beauty that is admired. Not their essential and intrinsic
As the springs and rivers—if they are not dry channels what became of it and the clouds {Nine-tenths page missing

Ruins of a nobler period do not grow old—but grow young by age. They are some trophies which nature loves to preserve adorning them with moss and ivy to the end of time. Does not our country furnish antiquities as durable as any? Rocks as well grown with moss and ivy—A soil which if it is virgin—is the same time mould—\textit{the very dust of man and nature}. What if we cannot read Rome or Greece \{One leaf missing\}.

Our fields are as old as God and the rocks we have to show stamped with his hand.

And now that old mortality whose youngest child was Phidias comes every year and fills our fields with masterpieces done in a whiter than Parian marble—Which time by the effect of the sun has wasted.

There is tradition of such a school which filled our woods with every design which Greece has lately copied. Whose ruins are now mingled with our meat and drink—\textit{and sepulchres} we are.

The century sun and unwearied rain has wasted them—an incredible antiquity since no fragment from that quarry now exists. The stone was brought from heaven direct and no mortal ever saw its living rock—

As the springs and rivers—if they are not dry channels what became of it and the clouds \{One-fifth page blank\}.

\textit{Chateaubriand} says—\textquote{What particularly distinguishes the Arabs from the tribes of the New World, is, that amidst the rudeness of the former, you still perceive a certain degree of delicacy in their manners; you perceive that they are natives of that east, which is the cradle of all the arts, all the sciences, and all religions. Buried at the extremity of the west, in a by-corner of the universe, the Canadian inhabits valleys shaded by eternal forests, and watered by immense rivers: the Arab, cast as it were, upon the high road of the world, between Africa and Asia, roves in the brilliant regions of Aurora, over a soil without trees and without water.” The Arab is still subject to a rude remnant of laws—the American is proudly independent—in his own words—\textquote{He is not connected with his origin with the great civilized nations; the names of his ancestors are not to be found in the annals of empires; the contemporaries of his ancestors are ancient oaks that are still standing. Monuments of nature and not of history, the tombs of his fathers rise unheeded among unknown forests. In a word, with the American, everything proclaims the savage, who has not yet arrived at a state of civilization; in the Arab, everything indicates the civilized man who has returned to the savage state.”} \{Nine-tenths page missing\}

The naked the embalmed unburied death of Jerusalem—\textexclam{} In Tasso’s poem I trust some things are sweetly buried. \{Nine-tenths page missing\}

—Some unaffected tears shed by a pilgrim on Mt Calvary within the week.—

To the old mythology one memorable addition is due to this era—the Christian fable—With what pains and tears and blood these centuries have woven the Christian fable—and added that to the mythology of mankind! The
New Prometheus.
With what miraculous consent and patience is this mythus stamped on the memory of the race?
Nations and centuries combine to dress old truth in a new garb—to adorn it and set it forth.
As if by the watery links of rivers and of lakes we were about to float over unmeasured zones of earth—bound
on unimaginable adventures—
And our voyage should be an episode in the life of man.
Saint of this green isle hear our prayers,
Grant us cool days and favoring airs.
Sir Thomas Browne says nobly for a Christian that “they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who
lived before his coming; and upon obscure prophecies and mystical types, could raise a belief.”
All material things are in some sense man’s kindred, and subject to the same laws with him.
Even a taper is his relative—and burns not eternally, as some say of lamps found burning in ancient sepulchres
—but only a certain number of his hours.
These things belong to the same dynasty or system of things. He witnesses their wasting and decay as well as
his own What man’s experience does not embrace is to him stationary and eternal Whether he wakes or sleeps
the lamp still burns on and burns out—completing its life within his own.
He sees such objects at a very near angle. They have a very large parallax to him—but not so those tapers the
fixed stars which are not both lit and burnt out in the life of man—yet they too are his distant relations.
Usually we read history but as a fable—and connect it not lovingly by the links of centuries to our own
times Some chasm of a Dark age at least {Three-quarters page missing}
that tedium of ennui which presumes to have exhausted the variety and joys of life is as old as Adam.

It would be a poor story to be prejudiced against the Life of Christ, because the book has been edited
by Christians. In fact, I love this book rarely, though it is a sort of castle in the air to me, which I am permitted
to dream. Having come to it so recently and freshly, it has the greater charm, so that I cannot find any to talk
with about it. I never read a novel, they have so little real life and thought in them. The reading which I love
best is the scriptures of the several nations…. Give me one of these Bibles, and you have silenced me for a
while. When I recover the use of my tongue, I am wont to worry my neighbors with the new sentences; but
commonly they cannot see that there is any wit in them. Such has been my experience with the New Testament.
I have not yet got to the crucifixion, I have read it over so many times. I should love dearly to read it aloud to
my friends, some of whom are seriously inclined; it is so good, and I am sure that they have never heard it, it
fits their case exactly, and we should enjoy it so much together,—but I instinctively despair of getting their ears.
They soon show by signs not to be mistaken, that it is inexpressibly wearisome to them…. It is remarkable, that
notwithstanding the universal favor with which the New Testament is outwardly received, and even the bigotry
with which it is defended, there is no hospitality shown to, there is no appreciation of, the order of truth with
which it deals. I know of no book that has so few readers. There is none so truly strange, and heretical, and
unpopular. To Christians, no less than Greeks and Jews, it is foolishness and a stumbling block. There are,
indeed, severe things in it which no man should read aloud more than once. —“Seek first the kingdom of
heaven.” “Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.” “If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and
give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.” “For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole
world, and lose his own soul?” —Think of repeating these things to a New England audience!— Who, without
cant, can hear them, and not go out of the meeting house? They never were read, they never were heard. Let but
one of these sentences be rightly read from any pulpit in the land, and there would not be left one stone of that
meeting-house upon another.6

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY

6. From reading Thoreau’s “long book,” I cannot see how he could have come up with this before Autumn 1846.
In 1851 and 1852 Thoreau made the observation—and twice commented on it—that not only the sun had an aurora, but also the moon, if only you anticipated its rising carefully enough. It would be my suggestion that these observations of the aurora of Luna is what began the process by which Thoreau would eventually arrive at his conclusion for his WALDEN manuscript, where he declares the non-uniqueness of Sol: “The sun is but a morning star.”

Here is the first occasion, the night of November 12, 1851 on which he noticed the aurora of the moon:

November 12, Wednesday, 1851: ... 7 P m to Conant um: A still cold night— The light of the rising moon in the East— Moonrise is a faint sun-rise. & what shall we name the faint aurora that precedes the moonrise? The ground is frozen & echoes to my tread. There are absolutely no crickets to be heard now. They are heard then till the ground freezes. …

And here is the second occasion, the night of July 2, 1852 in which he not only observed the aurora of the moon but began to attempt to make use of this phenomenon in his thinking by considering its cold dim light the noon as well as dawn of philosophy:

July 2, 1852: ... 9 o'clock The full moon rising (–or full last night) is revealed first by some slight clouds above the eastern horizon looking white The first indication that she is about to rise— — the traces of day not yet gone in the west —In the west similar clouds seen against a lighter sky look dark –& heavy– Now a lower cloud in the East reflects a more yellowish light— The moon far over the round globe travelling this way sends her light forward to yonder cloud from which the news of her coming is reflected to us. The moons aurora! it is without redness –or fieriness— Like the dawn of philosophy —& its noon too. At her dawning no cocks crow —how few creatures to hail her rising —only some belated travellers that may be abroad this night. What graduated information of her coming! More & more yellow glows the low cloud — with concentrating light — & now the moons edge suddenly appears above a low bank of cloud not seen before —& she seems to come forward apace without introduction after—all —& the steadiness with which she rises with undisturbed serenity —like a queen who has learned to walk before her court is glorious —& she soon reaches the open sea of the heavens. She seems to advance (so perchance flows the blood in the veins of the beholder-) by graceful sallying essays trailing her garment up the sky –

July 9, Friday, 1852: 4 Am– to Cliffs— No dew– no dewy cobwebs— The sky looks mist like not clear blue. An aurora fading into a general saffron color— At length the redness travels over partly from E to W before sunrise & there is little color in the E. The birds all unite to make the morning quire— sing rather faintly not prolonging their strains— The crickets appear to have received a reinforcement during the sultry night. There is no name for the evening red corresponding to aurora. It is the blushing foam about the prow of the sun’s boat— & at eve the same in its wake. I do not often hear the blue bird [Eastern Bluebird Sialia sialis] now except at dawn. Methinks we have had no clear winter skys— no skies the color of a robins egg— and pure amber around for some months. These blue berries on Fair Haven have a very innocent ambrosial taste as if made of the ether itself as they plainly are colored with it

In the chapter “Where I Lived, and What I Lived For” of WALDEN Thoreau established a link between music and morning. What is that link? –pristine? –natural? –primordial? –re-started afresh? –pure? –newly recreated? –a new dawn of creation? Whatever.— It is clear that, when Thoreau makes his plea that our life should be a perpetual morning, and when he refers in WEEK to the gigantic statue of Memnon at Thebes that was said to emit sounds when struck by the blush of Aurora, and when he asks in WALDEN “What should be man’s morning work in this world?”—it is clear that our morning work is to “rise” early and fast, or break fast gentle and without perturbation” and to listen as an exercise in spiritual cleansing, spending our day “as deliberately as nature.”
You see, I understand Thoreau’s remark about the different drummer to be a paraphrase, into a non-Biblical or “secular” frame of reference, of Job Scott’s exclamation that

Religion centers in the one word “Emannuel,” that is, God with man. And until something of this living union is livingly known, there is nothing known of true religion.

But there’s more of this at:

“DIFFERENT DRUMMER”

“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION, THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE 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: August 20, 2015
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.
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.