“TO BE CHATEAUBRIAND OR NOTHING”:¹

FRANÇOIS-AUGUSTE-RENÉ, VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND

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

¹ Victor Hugo has been found guilty of scribbling “To be Chateaubriand or nothing” in one of his notebooks (but in his defense, when he scribbled this he was young).
September 4, Sunday: François-Auguste-René de Chateaubriand was born in Saint-Malo, the last of ten children of René de Chateaubriand (1718-1786), a ship owner and slavetrader. He would be reared in the family castle at Combourg, Brittany and then educated in Dol, Rennes, and Dinan, France.
At the age of 17 François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand, who had been undecided whether to become a naval officer or a priest, was offered a commission as a 2d lieutenant in the French Army based at Navarre.

**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.**
By this point François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand had risen to the rank of captain in the French army.

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT
François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand visited Paris and there made the acquaintance of a number of the leading writers of the era, such as Jean-François de La Harpe, André Chénier, and Louis-Marcelin de Fontanes.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT
FRANÇOIS-AUGUSTE-RENÉ
VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND

Upon the outbreak of revolution, François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand had been sympathetic, but when Paris began its turn toward terror he had second thoughts and determined that in all likelihood despite his sympathy for this revolution, he would probably be somewhat safer if he were elsewhere and not the subject of suspicions. Therefore in this year he traveled on the North American continent. Between 1793 and 1799 he would be authoring an exotic novel, *LES NATCHEZ*, that would not see publication until 1826.²

². It is now considered unlikely that this French author ever as claimed achieved a personal interview with President George Washington, or had resided for any period of time with the actual Natchez tribespeople of Louisiana.
François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand returned to France and subsequently joined the army of Royalist émigrés in Coblenz under the leadership of Louis Joseph de Bourbon, Prince de Condé. His family arranged a marriage, sight unseen, with Céleste Buisson de la Vigne of Saint Malo. When this Royalist army engaged in a major siege of Thionville, he was seriously wounded and was carried to the Isle of Jersey. He would go into exile in England without his bride, nor would it occur to him to mention among the English that he was a married man.

Do I have your attention? Good.
Schenectady, New York trustees place an order with a London firm for two hand fire engines.

While recovering from the wound he had received at the siege of Thionville, François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand had spent most of his English exile living in extreme poverty in London. During this period he was struggling to create his initial major publication, *Essai sur les Révolutions*. The best he could do was scrape by, offering French lessons and doing translations. Things looked up for him during a stay in Suffolk, where Charlotte Ives, daughter of a local vicar, was studying the French tongue.

It came to pass that he was obliged to divulge an unsavory fact to this 15-year-old’s mama:

“Stop, madam,” I cried. “One moment, I beg of you. I am a married man.” She fell in a fainting-fit upon the floor. \(^3\)

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François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand returned to the faith of his childhood, Roman Catholicism.
May: With his Suffolk misadventure with his 15-year-old English sweetheart Charlotte Ives the vicar’s daughter at an end due to the belated revelation that he already had a wife in France, having needed to “go on French leave” back in London to avoid the possible consequences of this escapade, the émigré François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand took advantage of the French Consulate’s amnesty and returned across the Channel. Back home, he began to edit the Mercure de France.
François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand’s *Atala*. 1801
François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand’s *René*, and his *Génie du christianisme*, which was his attempt to justify his Roman Catholic faith. At the time Napoléon Bonaparte was campaigning to win the favor of the Church, and so he appointed Chateaubriand as secretary of a legation to the Holy See. Chateaubriand accompanied Cardinal Fesch to Rome but the two soon got on each other’s nerves. Napoleon then nominated him as minister to Valais, Switzerland.
When Napoléon Bonaparte ordered the execution of the Duc d’Enghien, in protest François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand resigned his post as minister to Valais. Resolving to live by his income as an author, he laid plans to create a prose page-turner set in the period of the fascinating persecution of early Christianity. This was to be about the ultimate good guys who got done wrong, *LES MARTYRS*, and about those ultimate nasty dudes, the Romans — quite an outstanding formula for a trade press crowd-pleaser, huh?
As part of his prep for *Les Martyrs* François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand made visits during this year and the following one to Greece, to Asia Minor, to Palestine, to Egypt, to Barbary, and to Spain. His notes during his travels would be useful for *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*, which would appear in 1811, and the Spanish leg of the tour would inspire *Les Aventures du Dernier Abencérage*, which would appear in 1826. When he returned to France, however, it was to publish an attack on Napoléon Bonaparte in which the emperor of the French was analogized with the Emperor Nero. What France needed was the appearance of a new Tacitus, to write the history of such misconduct. — The emperor didn’t overreact, he merely banished this inconvenient author from beautiful downtown Paris, and Chateaubriand relocated to his modest estate “Wolf Valley” (La Vallée des Loups) seven miles south of Paris, at Châtenay-Malabry.

François-Xavier-Joseph Droz’s *Essai sur l’Art d’Être Heureux*.

**THE ART OF BEING HAPPY**
Publication of François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand’s *Les Martyrs, ou le Triomphe de la Religion Chrétienne*. He began to draft his memoirs, which after his death would appear as *Mémoires d’Outre-Tombe*. 
Publication of François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand’s book about his 1806/1807 travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt, and Barbary, *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*. Although the author was elected to the Académie française, because he was planning to use his acceptance speech as an opportunity to criticize the French Revolution, he would not be able to occupy a seat in the institution until the Bourbon Restoration.

François Pierre Guillaume Guizot published an essay on the fine arts.
Frederick Shoberl offered an English translation of François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand’s book about his 1806/1807 travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt, and Barbary, *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*.

Hugues Felicité Robert de Lamennais denounced interference by secular (Bonapartist) authorities in the affairs of the Catholic Church, advocating protection of church authority in France by a firm *separation of church and state*.

Absent from Paris at the moment of the fall of Napoléon Bonaparte, Professor François Pierre Guillaume Guizot was at once selected, on the recommendation of Royer-Collard, to serve the government of King Louis XVIII, in the capacity of secretary-general of the French ministry of the interior, under Abbé François-Xavier-Marc-Antoine de Montesquiou-Fézensac.

March 30, Wednesday: “In the morning the American army marched out of Champlain upon the Odelltown road now nearly impassable for artillery, obstructed as it was by fallen trees and heavy snow drifts. Major Forsyth and his Rifles led the advance, followed by the 30th and 31st and part of the 11th under Col. Clark; two corps of infantry under Bissell and Smith and a reserve of 800 men under Brigadier General Alexander Macomb brought up the rear. The attack on the stone mill ended disastrously for the Americans, their loss amounting to 104 killed and wounded, among them several brave officers while the British loss reported was but 10 killed and 46 wounded. At sundown the whole army retired to Odelltown.”

As Allied troops reached the outskirts of Paris, Joseph Bonaparte and other high notables fled the capital, heading for Orléans. François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand rallied to the Bourbons. On this day thousands of copies of a pamphlet against the Emperor Napoléon I became available on the streets, *De Buonaparte et des Bourbons*. The author would follow King Louis XVIII into exile at Ghent during the Hundred Days (March-July 1815), and would be nominated as ambassador to Sweden.

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François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand was made state minister, and a peer of France. When the Chambre introuvable was dissolved he criticized the conduct of King Louis XVIII, and his function as state minister was terminated. He began to write in the pages of Le Conservateur, in favor of the kinging of Charles X.

July 13, Thursday: Napoléon Bonaparte handed his sword to a British officer. Sez he:

I come like Themistocles to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people.

The British discovered a nude statue of Napoleon in the basement of the Louvre and carried it off: it would grace the home of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. From this point forward it would cost the British people over £400,000 per year to guard their “Themistocles,” but the man was history. When he died they would mutilate his corpse, and his penis, tagged “Little Piece of Human Flesh,” happens to be still in circulation in England, being passed from hand to hand at various classy big-city auctions.

(The wars of the 1800-1815 period had cost France alone about 1/60th of its male population, or about 500,000 young men. But Britain also had lost little pieces of human flesh here and there.)

5. This statue stands all of fifteen feet tall, exclusive of its pedestal. Well, but it must weigh a bit more than the Little General did even at the most corpulent stage of his old age, as well.
With the defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte, Mme. Jeanne-Françoise-Julie-Adélaïde “Juliette” Récamier (Madame Récamier) was able to return to Paris and restart her famous salon, at which she received guests frequently while semi-reclining upon a piece of furniture, a backless daybed or couch, which would become known as a récamier in her honor:

“And Amy, what is she going to do?” asked Mrs. March, well pleased at Laurie’s decision and the energy with which he spoke.

“After doing the civil all round, and airing our best bonnet, we shall astonish you by the elegant hospitalities of our mansion, the brilliant society we shall draw about us, and the beneficial influence we shall exert over the world at large. That’s about it, isn’t it, ‘Madame Récamier’?” asked Laurie with a quizzical look at Amy.

“Time will show. Come away, Impertinence, and don’t shock my family by calling me names before their faces,” answered Amy, resolving that there should be a home with a good wife in it before she set up a salon as a queen of society.
At her salon, which for a long period of time was held in her separate rented suite in an old Paris convent at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, one of the featured guests was her associate François-Auguste-René vicomte de Chateaubriand. A painting by Jacques-Louis David hanging in the Louvre depicts Mme. Récamier semi-reclining on her récamier as a younger woman, as of 1800 before she had been exiled from Paris by Napoleon.

6. I’ve checked it out, and M. Chateaubriand does not appear in his own portrait eating one of the double-thick center cut of beef tenderloin, stuffed and braised, the dish named in his honor. Nor is he reclining on a récamier (the illustrated piece of furniture, named in her honor), or upon Mme. Récamier herself for that matter — he’s just relaxing in a comfortable pair of pants with mussy hair:
for her quasi-Royalist sentiments.

With the defeat of Bonaparte, a portion of the reform in Switzerland was cancelled, and patricians regained decisive positions in Lucerne’s politics.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

5th day 13 of 7 M / Rich Mott this morng appointed a Meeting for the inhabitants of the Town this afternoon at 5 OC – He attended our Meeting in the course & delivered a short but Sound pertinent & very lively testimony – at the close his afternoon meeting was mentioned by D Buffum & general informations requested – He with his companion dined with us, their company was pleasant & gratifying – At the hour appointed a large number of people
collected, several of the most respectable of inhabitants attended - among who were Wm Ellery Snr Wm Ellery Junr, Doct Mann. Christopher G Camplin, Benj Hazard, Doct Hazard Wm Hunter & Nath Hazard -

Richard was much favored in his testimony his opening was "The Kingdom of God consisteth not in Meats or Drinks, but in Righteousness, peace & Joy in the Holy Ghost - this subject he handled well & his communication was attended with a remarkable degree of Life & Power, which drew the attention of people who sat very solidly & it appeared to me that Truth Reigned & the savor thereof spread over most minds present - he concluded in A very solemn & reverend supplication — All this was cause of rejoicing to many minds present. & it appears the Audience were well satisfied. —

December: With France in defeat François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand cast a vote, in the Chamber of Peers, for the execution of Marshal Ney.
February 13, Sunday, night: On the street outside the Paris Opéra, in an attempt to extinguish the Bourbon line, Louis Pierre Louvel, a saddler, an admirer of Napoléon, stabbed Charles Ferdinand d’Artois, Duc de Berry, nephew of King Louis XVIII, as he was departing with his wife at about 11PM, leaving his dagger in his right chest. The duc, who anyway had never been in the line of succession, breathed his last the following morning (subsequent to this incident, the Paris Opéra would relocate from the Salle Montansier, its home since 1794, to the Salle Favart).
While the reaction was at its height after this murder and the failure of the government of prime minister Élie, Comte de Decazes, Professor François Pierre Guillaume Guizot was deprived of his post as general director of communes and departments in the French ministry of the interior.

The assassin would be sentenced to death on June 6th and beheaded on June 7th, and the dagger has been deposited in the National Archives. François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand would soon publish *Mémoires, lettres et pièces authentiques touchant la vie et la mort de S.A.R. Monseigneur Charles-Ferdinand d’Artois, fils de France, duc de Berry; par M. le vicomte de Chateaubriand*.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

> 1st day 13th of 2 M 1820 / Meetings silent walking very bad & but few women gathered - The Men however attended & I thought some zeal was manifested by some who were not Members – as low as things are, yet there is certainly something among us which attracts Some & induces them to attend our meetings - May Our conduct be such as to evince that we live conformable to our profession –
François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand served as ambassador to Prussia.
François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand served as ambassador to the Kingdom of Great Britain. As plenipotentiary to the Congress of Verona (October to December), despite opposition from the Duke of Wellington he decided in favor of the Quintuple Alliance intervention in Spain during the Trienio liberal.

December 28, Saturday: François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand rose to the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs. He would hold this position in the French government until 1824.
June 5, Saturday: Franz Liszt played his London debut, in a semi-private setting at the Argyll Rooms.

Although the Quintuple Alliance intervention in Spain during the Trienio liberal, a policy sponsored by François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand, was considered to have been a success, at this point the leader of the ultra-royalist group, Prime Minister Jean-Baptiste de Villèle, saw fit to remove him as Minister of Foreign Affairs.
Publication of François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand’s *Les Natchez*, which had been authored between 1793 and 1799, after his visit to the North American continent. Also, publication of his *Les Aventures du Dernier Abénçérage*. 
François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand’s *Voyage en Amérique*.

Baron Joseph-Marie de Gérando’s *De l’Éducation des Sourds-Muets* (Paris).

Pauline de Meulan Guizot died.
Upon the mass resignation of the unpopular cabinet of the comte de Villèle, King Charles X appointed François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand as ambassador to the Holy See.

The Baron de Gérando’s class in public and administrative law at the law-school of Paris, that had in 1824 been suppressed by the French government, was at this point under the Martignac ministry allowed to resume.

Victor Hugo was spending a lot of his time researching 15th-Century Paris (this would be used as background material in The Hunchback of Notre Dame).

He wanted to depict a 15th-Century Paris, the Paris of Louis XI. At the same time, through his portrayal of Paris, he wanted to depict the whole 15th Century, its art, law, and customs. In order to do so he had to “ransack every palace and every hovel.” He learns that a certain pot-house was in such-and-such a neighborhood; he learns that at a certain crossroads there burns a lamp before a certain statue of the Virgin. There is nothing he doesn’t know about the Cour des Miracles where the riffraff gather, or about the gallows at Montfaucon where their adventurous, villainous lives come to an end. Every detail in the description of his characters is exact — the clothes they wear, the songs they sing, the proverbs they quote, the coins they take from their pockets, the Latin they speak. He found their names in old accounts: there was a real Claude Frollo, and a real Jehan Frollo, and of course, a real Gringoire. What he relates of Louis XI, Olivier le Daim, and Coictier, the king’s physician, he owes to the chroniclers. No historian has ever accumulated more notes than this poet.
November: When the prince de Polignac became the new premier of France, François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand of course needed to resign as ambassador to the Holy See.
July: The “Swing Riots” spread from England to the continent of Europe. In what would be known as the July Revolution, King Charles X, the last Bourbon monarch of France, was replaced by the constitutional monarch Louis-Philippe of the House of Orléans — who would oblige all civil servants to swear an oath of loyalty. The “Doctrinaires,” the political grouping to which Professor François Pierre Guillaume Guizot belonged, fell from influence.

The Marquis de Lafayette was in command of the national guard that helped effect this replacement.

François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand found it impossible to mouth the necessary oath of loyalty to the new “bourgeois” monarch. Because of a plan he formed to write about the arrest of the duchesse de Berry, he would be prosecuted by the new administration, although its prosecution would prove unsuccessful. Henceforward, Chateaubriand would be concentrating on his autobiographical Mémoires d’Outre-Tombe and his Études historiques, planned as an introduction to a grand history of France.
François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand’s ÉTUDES HISTORIQUES, planned as an introduction to a grand history of la belle France.


Casimir Perier formed a more vigorous and compact French administration (this would be terminated by his death during May 1832).

“There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away”
— Emily Dickinson

7. Since he had already, in 1834, checked out the 1st volume of this edition, we may presume that this time he was checking out all three volumes.
Thoreau also checked out *Les Natchez*, the 6th volume of François Auguste René, vicomte de Chateaubriand's just issued *Œuvres complètes*:

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

5th day 28th of 4 M / Took the Carryall & took My wife & Mary Williams to Moy [Monthly] Meeting - Hannah Dennis preached in the first Meeting - & tho' I thought she was favoured, yet it seemed to me as a rather dull & obstructed season — in the last Meeting we transacted the business pretty well -- We went to Benjamin Motts after Meeting & dined in his South room, in which G Fox once preached

*Religious Society of Friends*
François-Auguste-René vicomte de Chateaubriand

le vicomte (1768-1848)
May 5, Thursday: Having already checked out the 6th volume of François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand’s just issued ŒUVRES COMPLÈTES, David Henry Thoreau checked out, from Harvard Library, the 7th volume of this set.

Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

5th day Attended Meetings which were large & generally satisfactory - John Wilbur & Mary Card in testimony & Anna Macomber in supplication – After the last Meeting we dined at Abigail Prouds & Lodged & took tea at Dr Eldredges –
July 31, Sunday: Mr. David H. Thoreau was written to by his classmate Charles Rice, from his home town of Brookfield, Massachusetts:

Postmark: BROOKFIELD
Aug 1  10
MAS
Address: Mr. David H. Thoreau
Concord Mass.
Written perpendicular to address: Charles Rice [notation in a different hand]
Classmate

[see next screen]
FRANÇOIS-AUGUSTE-RENÉ VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND

Friend David,

Pardon, pardon for not better fulfilling my promise. The term has past and gone, and the end of nearly two weeks of vacation finds me at home, passing the week days in the hay-field and the Sabbath in attendance upon church. I came home sick, went immediately to haying, and now do not know that I was ever better in my life than I am at this moment. The hay-field is a capital place for a sick man. The scent of the hay is good and healthy, and the work among it truly invigorating. Part of the time I have been hoeing potatoes and corn. This is being right in the dirt, and you know that there is nothing more healthy[.] I am not sure that it would work well with you, but I would advise you, if you have an opportunity, to try the experiment of working among the hay and dirt. For myself, I believe that if I had not tried this, I should have been upon my bed at this moment. I hope that I shall see you back at Cambridge in the commencement of next term in fine health and spirits. As for news from Cambridge, I am ignorant of the greatest — those of exhibition and class day, except from report. Being unwell I chose to go home the Saturday before these eventful days. I have learnt however that the chapel was crowded on both days. Hale’s oration is said to have been very excellent. Phillip’s oration good, but not well adapted to the occasion; Prince’s poem — poor. But all this you have probably heard before. As for your own occupation, I conclude that you are digging for Indian remains. What success? Do you find anything as curious as the head, that was dug up ‘all along shore’, and exposed to sale before the Antiquarian Bookstore, Boston? If you will come to Brookfield, I will show you ponds where the Indians used to fish, and passages into and through rocks, which the imagination easily converts into [c]aves formerly inhabited by the Indians. There is one place in Brookfield called Cranberry hill that contains several of these. Before I became a collegian and since, have I occupied considerable time in examining these, and think it very probable, that they were once dwelling places of the Indians. They are at least objects of curiosity, well worth visiting and examining[.] Vose has been with me this vacation. He was intending to visit Northampton, and we made our arrangements so that he went with Russell and staid till teusday of the week after the close of the term. Then on returning from a jaunt in the northe[rn] part of the county, I took him in at Princeton, and brought him home with me, and the next day he started for Northampton. He had had a very severe attack of the asthma at Princeton and was very unwell when I saw him, teusday. The next day, however, he appeared to be much better. Do you read any French, now? Chateaubriand’s Travels — have you finished them? You may well suppose that my farming occupations allow [but l]ttle time for reading. This will my excuse for [not rea]ding more than I shall, this vacation. Concord is said to be one of the most beautiful towns in New [E]ngland. It must contain many pleasant retreats for one of your musing temperament. Write [to] me [—] some of the results of your musings. I am not to be disappointed of a letter, as I perhaps have disappointed you, and therefore I allow you one week only[ ]from the date of this letter, to [write] me one in return[.] Do not disappoInt me. Friend and
Under a driving wind the *Alert* made 1,000 miles in four days and a half, with Richard Henry Dana, Jr noting that this was as good as could have been achieved under steam power.

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

Sunday, July 31st. At noon we were in lat. 36° 41′ S., long. 38° 08′ W., having traversed the distance of two thousand miles, allowing for changes of course, in nine days. A thousand miles in four days and a half!– This is equal to steam.

Soon after eight o’clock, the appearance of the ship gave evidence that this was the first Sunday we had yet had in fine weather. As the sun came up clear, with the promise of a fair, warm day, and, as usual on Sunday, there was no work going on, all hands turned-to upon clearing out the forecastle. The wet and soiled clothes which had accumulated there during the past month, were brought up on deck; the chests moved; brooms, buckets of water, swabs, scrubbing-brushes, and scrapers carried down, and applied, until the forecastle floor was as white as chalk, and everything neat and in order. The bedding from the berths was then spread on deck, and dried, and aired; the deck-tub filled with water; and a grand washing begun of all the clothes which were brought up. Shirts, frocks, drawers, trowsers, jackets, stockings, of every shape and color, wet and dirty– many of them mouldy from having been lying a long time wet in a foul corner– these were all washed and scrubbed out, and finally towed overboard for half an hour; and then made fast in the rigging to dry. Wet boots and shoes were spread out to dry in sunny places on deck; and the whole ship looked like a back yard on a washing day. After we had done with our clothes, we began upon our own persons. A little fresh water, which we had saved from our allowance, was put in buckets, and with soap and towels, we had what sailors call a fresh-water wash. The same bucket, to be sure, had to go through several hands, and was spoken for by one after another, but as we rinsed off in salt water, pure from the ocean, and the fresh was used only to start the accumulated grime and blackness of five weeks, it was held of little consequence. We soaped down and scrubbed one another with towels and pieces of canvas, stripping to it; and then, getting into the head, threw buckets of water upon each other. After this, came shaving, and combing, and brushing; and when, having spent the first part of the day in this way, we sat down on the forecastle, in the afternoon, with clean duck trowsers, and shirts on, washed, shaved, and combed, and looking a dozen shades lighter for it, reading, sewing, and talking at our ease, with a clear sky and warm sun over our heads, a steady breeze over the larboard quarter, studding-sails out alow and aloft, and all the flying kites aboard;– we felt that we had got back into the pleasantest part of a sailor’s life. At sundown the clothes were all taken down from the rigging– clean and dry– and stowed neatly away in our chests; and our southwesters, thick boots, guernsey frocks, and other accompaniments of bad weather, put out of the way, we hoped, for the rest of the voyage, as we expected to come upon the coast early in the autumn.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship, literally, under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with her ordinary sails, and perhaps two of three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail; but a ship never has all her sail upon her, except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite, dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails, on each side, alow and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight, very few, even some who have been at sea a great deal, have ever beheld; for from the deck of your own vessel you cannot see her, as you would a separate object.
FRANÇOIS-AUGUSTE-RENÉ VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND
July: Early in this month Miss Elizabeth Palmer Peabody opened, in the front parlor of the building she had leased at 13 West Street in Boston, her Foreign Library, a bookstore and circulating library. At the suggestion of Washington Allston she would stock imported art supplies. One section was allocated to the homeopathic nostrums created by her father, Dr. Nathaniel Peabody. She displayed on the walls the paintings her sister Sophia was offering for sale. Margaret Fuller had staged her “conversations” here in late 1839 and this would continue in the early 1840s. The Reverend William Ellery Channing would stop by to read the newspaper. Sophia would marry Nathaniel Hawthorne at West Street in 1842. The editors of and contributors to THE DIAL would meet there, and for a time in 1842 and 1843 she would publish this journal as well as writing for it (her “A Glimpse of Christ’s Idea of Society,” a piece about Brook Farm, would appear in the October 1841 issue, and her “Fourierism” would appear in the April 1844 issue).

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

8. Circulating libraries were privately owned collections of books and periodicals lent out for profit at fixed rates; this institution had its heyday in America in the first half of the 19th Century, just prior to the rise of the public library movement.
In this year Miss Peabody issued the first of two printed catalogs of her book collection. The collection included such titles as Wolfgang Menzel’s German Literature, Tr. From the German of Wolfgang Menzel, by C.C. Felton... (3 volumes, Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Company, 1840), Miss Peabody’s edition of Anna Cabot Lowell’s Theory of Teaching, Lamartine’s History of the Girondists and Travels in the East, Michelet’s Mémoires de Luther, Waldo Emerson’s Nature, the Reverend Ripley’s Letters on the Latest Form of Infidelity (a response to Andrews Norton’s attack on Transcendentalism), Robespierre’s Mémoires, and Rosini’s Luisa StroZZi, in addition to classic works by Aschylus, Ludovico Ariosto, Honoré de Balzac, George Bancroft, George Gordon, Lord Byron, Thomas Carlyle, Miguel de Cervantes, the Reverend Channing, Chateaubriand, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Cousin, Dante, Dumas, Euripides, Gerando, Goethe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Hesiod, Homer, Victor Hugo, Mirabeau, Mollière, Petrarch, Plato, Racine, Richter, Rousseau, George Sand, Schiller, Schlegel, William Shakespeare, Madame de Staël, Alexis de Tocqueville, Voltaire, William Wordsworth, and Xenophon. The collection also included various periodicals such as the Annales des Sciences Naturelles, Blackwood’s Magazine, the Boston Quarterly Review, The Dial, the Edinburgh Review, the Journal des Literarische Unterhaltung, the London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine, the Musical Journal, the New-York Review, the Revue des Deux Mondes, and the Western Messenger.

9. A facsimile of this catalog still exists, as part of Madeleine B. Stern’s “Elizabeth Peabody’s Foreign Library (1840),” American Transcendental Quarterly, No. 20 Supplement, Part 1, pages 5-12.
10. Henry Thoreau would consult this volume on December 5, 1840. His extracts would consist of quotations from Lorenz Oken and from Gotthilf Heinrich von Schubert.
15 WEST STREET

Novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne once described 15 West Street as "Mrs. Peabody's Caravansary," in reference to the diverse activities of the Peabody family who from 1840 to 1854 made their home in this building. In the front parlor, daughter Elizabeth opened a bookstore, the first in Boston to offer works by foreign authors. Here she and Ralph Waldo Emerson published The Dial, the quarterly periodical of the Transcendentalist poets. Here also, journalist-critic Margaret Fuller held her famous "Conversations" which today are considered landmark tracts in the history of American feminism. In the private rear parlor, daughter Sophia in 1842 married Hawthorne, and daughter Mary in 1843 married Horace Mann, the father of public education in America. During the years the Peabody family lived on West Street, they were hosts — and friend — to many who helped broaden American thought and literature.
François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand provided a Christian “spin” for the revolutionary motto _Liberté_ Égalité Fraternité, alleging in the concluding section for his autobiography that:

> Far from being at its term, the religion of the Liberator is now only just entering its third phase, the political period, liberty, equality, fraternity.

Adrien Rouquette published a collection of poems, _Les Savanes, Poésies Américaines_ (Paris: J. Labitte & Nouvelle-Orléans: A. Moret). He so admired the romantic poetry of Chateaubriand that he dedicated a number of his pieces to him. The French critic Sainte-Beuve praised his work:

> I took great pleasure in your Savanes at smelling many youthful and sincere fragrances. It seemed to me that I was in a country that was friendly but that had not lost the charm of the unexpected. It is a great accomplishment, dear sir, for you to have experienced this vast wilderness and to have captured it
in your heart.
À la Louisiane

On est au repos, en sorte de la Trêve,
On le trouve partout, quand tout le reste tomba!
D'amour en autre monde, après l'amour de Dieu,
D'amour de la patrie, à son culte entend tant bien,
Je te dis et te garde à jamais à patrie,
Au sans-gêne, un culte de bonté,
Et tu es toujours, après celle du ciel
La plus douce à mon cœur, la plus belle à mon génie,
D'image de ma mère, en ton sein endormie,
Et ton grand paysage est à jamais réservé,
Louisiane, & patrie, & poetique jardins,
Que tous ont sollicité de son sacre d'Océan;
Toujours en Medée, rivale des Florides,
Du bonheur de sa fleur, l'arbre de l'Hébé des terres;
Toi, qui vis chaque année au bord du grand fleuve,
S'étant mis ta foi et ma vie dès retour,
De ta gloire à patrie, à mon âme qui chérie,
Asulben et Vich ont ouvert la cascade,
Des hauteurs bientôt se rassemblent les barges,
Et pluviera pour toi le temple du Doux Art;
Et les jésuites, par les prêtres léger de
Construisent des forts du fleuve, de poste à
Louisiane à patrie, un long de fleurs
Et les bateaux sont le bonheur de
Leur étoffe en soie, ne se puis-je enbnir
De France pour le cœur, en ton azur qui ganges,
Tu ravis tous les feux de la douce Amérique &
Le tuyau pyrène, ainsi de nouveau,
De fleurs et de mondes embrasés le monde,
Si doux et le plus grand fleuve, promet le repos, leur porte, emmène

Et la fleur, au culte en grand fleur, promet
Trouvez une paix, leur paix, emmènes

Rouquette entered the Plattenville seminary in Assumption Parish near New Orleans. He would be ordained as a Catholic priest in 1845.
For the final years of his life François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand was choosing to live more and more the life of a recluse, and exited from his apartment on the Left Bank in Paris only for stimulating conversation at the rented convent apartment of the lovely Mme. Jeanne-Françoise-Julie-Adélaïde “Juliette” Récamier (Madame Récamier), a five-minute stroll away.

At the suggestion of his confessor, Chateaubriand’s final work, *La Vie de Rancé*, published in this year, was a description of the 17th-Century French aristocrat Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé who had withdrawn from the world to found the Trappist order of monks.
Our appearance excited no bustle amid the surrounding hills as I read that when a ships boat approaches the bay of Typee one of the Marquesan isles the news is shouted from man to man—from the tops of coconut 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 duiciest 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—it 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 perance 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 swaddling 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 Kadn 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—scarified—soaked bleached—shaved—and slit—before 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 mullatto 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—quite 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 had’n’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 skins 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 wooded 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 any where. 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 volatiley 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

large pans dipping in the river—we declared it would leak—a pedlar trying his own wares—we didn’t he know better—it would certainly leak, and sure enough it did—but had’n’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—

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large pans dipping in the river—we declared it would leak—a pedlar trying his own wares—we didn’t he know better—it would certainly leak, and sure enough it did—but had’n’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—
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 waggon 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 he 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 a 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 mulattoe. 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 wiry 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 Chusuncook—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—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 go up he answered—we must plant one
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 making a clearing. 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 walked into a shop over against the inn—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 Chusuncook—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—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 go 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.
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 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 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 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’n 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 puny 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 canales 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 couldn’t do without such a sugar man and skipping jack as the young Rothschild has. It seem to me I was
François-Auguste-René

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—and 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 grubbed in a small potatoe 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 bateau— A bateau could hardly find a harbor now at its mouth.

Before our companions arrived we rode 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 would 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 with a wagon swung under it—a few bags and a dog.

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.

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.

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’nt 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—and 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 Landlords 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 some times taken here in the winter within sight of the house.

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 Crockers 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 farther 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 burrying 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 no 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 four feet then of smaller logs resting upon transverse logs at the ends successively shorter—so that the roof sloped to the chimney or oblong square hole 3 or 4 feet in diameter. The interstices filled with moss and the roof shingled with long splints of cedar or spruce rифed 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 whiting 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 everywhere 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 stubs 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 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 & Canada—and toward the Aroostook valley in the N. E. Here was quite a large cornfield for this latitude—whose penetrating dry scent we perceived a 3d of a mile off before we discovered it. We here met with a very hospitable reception from Mrs Waite who would not be paid for the luncheon she provided but seemed contented with the sight of strangers—We nibbled a morsel from the corner of her table which was yet standing and some of the party were refreshed by a cup of tea—Mountain cranberries stewed and sweetened made the dessert. The table when 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.

This we noticed was the prevailing fashion in these log houses—probably to economise in room. Here was only one little boy to receive a picture book—which he fell to reading forthwith.

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 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 interval 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 tell. How many times we buttered our boots—how often one was seen to sidle off to take a nap. When it held up I strolled up and down the banks of the river—and gathered the hare bell which grew there and the white cedar berries—The White pine is gone—but in thick forests of spruce white cedar—beach—birch—maple—larch & fire it is not missed—The neighbor whom we had first seen with Mc Causlin walked over to visit the nearest neighbor Fowler four miles and had stayed.—It appeared that the few inhabitants made no excursions at least in summer from the river into the forest—but only hauled logs in the winter by a few logging paths. Only the hunter—and the explorer for lumber—penetrates these forests in the summer. There was comparatively no game to be counted on—and but little lie where there was yet no orchard to invite and harbor singing birds.—Else we walked 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 Parishes Geo. & 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 helves 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 with weeds—stretching 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—his hind 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 
disappearing between the trees.

It was as if one sucked awhile at the very teats of nature in these parts—the sap of all of Millinocket’s botany commingled—a lumburers-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 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 shed 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.

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

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

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—and those men needed to be cool & skilful for the navigation of the Penobscot—

We looked for watermen’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.
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 saline 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 & sweet cakes as usual — And tea sweetened with molasses— Hot cakes —& 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 batteau 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 Quakish lake and waited for the batteau 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— batteaux 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.

We had been here but a short time bathing our feet from off the rocks— When a heavy thunder shower was seen coming up from the west and soon the heavy drops began to rattle round us I had just looked the trunk of a huge pine 5 or 6 feet in diameter and was crawling under it for shelter. When luckily the boat arrived —and the manner in which it was unlashd and whirled over while the first water spout was bursting would have amused a sheltered men to witness. Each one had assumed the attitude of crawling under it before it was fairly turned and down— How was the first man amused to see the rest come riggling under like eels— When all were in we propped up the lee side and found ourselves comfortably housed under a boat 20 feet long and 4 or 5 wide.

Here under we busied ourselves whittling thole pins for rowing —when we should reach the lakes and made the woods ring with such boatsongs as we could remember between the claps of thunder The horses stood sleek and shining with the rain all drooping and crest fallen while deluge after deluge washed over us before a streak of fair weather appeared in the west. Anticipating fresh adventures still deeper in the wilderness.

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.

With our packs heaped up near the bows with the frying pan kettle and axe —and ourselves disposed as baggage to trim the boat —and not to move in any case —if we struck a rock more than a barrel of pork might —we pushed out into the first rapid a slight specimen of the stream we had to navigate. With Uncle Geo. in the stern and Tom in the bows each using a spruce pole pointed with iron —and poling on the same side, we shot up the rapids like a salmon —the water rushing and roaring around —so that only an experienced eye could discover a path —grazing the rocks on either hand and literally escaping by an ace as did the Argo—

I who had had some experience in boating had never experienced any half so exhilarating before. We were soon in the Quakish lake —and smooth water where the river was sunken and lost and we that were but freight only could row

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 interminable uninhabited forest shutting it in all around— The spruce and cedar
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.

We were lucky to have exchanged our Indians for these men who were at once guides and companions. The canoe is more easily upset and worn out, and the Ind. is not so skilful in the management of a batteau. 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 batteau-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—and a pamphlet entitled Hist. of the Erection of the Monument on the grave of Myron Holley—and 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 batteau for a better we made haste to improve the

11.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.
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 stiff 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 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 bateau 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 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.

[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, 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

12. 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.
FRANÇOIS-AUGUSTE-RENÉ
VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND

dismally in the drear and boughy wilderness, plainly not nervous about his solitary life, nor afraid to hear the echoes of his voice there.

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 Countless 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—sliping & 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 tops—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 shirited 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 so 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 water was still muddy and unsettled as if they had fled before us. Upon reaching this secluded meadow we found the fresh tracks of moose upon the shore of the pond—and the conclusion to steer for.

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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 land marks and reached the open lands again which went sloping down some miles toward the river—and by two oclock we reached our boat once more.

Here we had 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 batteau 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 slide 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 hours. 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 AboJiacaremegus 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 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. 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 batteau 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 batteau. And this shoulder, since it does all the work, was lower than its fellow—from long service. This toil soon wears out the boatman. The drivers habitually work in the cold water in the spring—rarely ever dry—and if one falls into the river he never changes his clothes till night. Such a one is called by a particular nick name—if he does—or is turned off. None can lead this life who are not amphibious Uncle Geo. said he had seen where six men were wholly under water at once with their shoulders to handspikes. If the log did not start—then they had to poke up their heads to breathe.

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 reshelining the damp & faded bed with fresh twigs.

We concluded 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 batteau—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 M. now clear of clouds—rose near at hand in N E and double top with two sharp cones to the North of it. Tom and I lolling in the bow discoursed philosophy across this fair lake—while the rest set us ahead like galley slaves. Tom was a young and ingenious waterman with that indolent but mild and mellow
expression of those who had had much intercourse with rude nature— The noble frankness of a forest child—
The lake. How deep is it!— 4 hundred feet perhaps and more— See that ring bolt—where that large rock lies
on the sand— Thats 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 Ktdan.
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 isnt 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 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 morrows 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 padding 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
padding 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 Toms 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 Pensylvannia —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 bateau 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 exprest
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 charms. It is because the old are weak –feel their mortality –and think they have measured the strength of man. They will not boast—They will be frank and humble Well let them have a few poor comforts they can keep They look back on life and so see not into the future –the prospect of the young is forward and unbounded. In the declining day the thoughts make haste to rest in darkness –and hardly look forward to the ensuing morning— All things prepare for night and rest — The same hopes and prospects are not for him who stands upon the rosy mountain tops of the morning —and him who expects the setting of his earthly day. Humility is still a human virtue.

The traveller still sees the storks forming their ranks and directing their flight to Africa from the hills of Athens—Thus as Chateaubriand suggests they have remained independent—preserving their customs still—while other races have taken the place of those that formerly sung them. As we are told by the traveller that “The serene sky and the brilliant sun of Greece merely communicate to the marble of Paros & Pentelicus, a golden tint resembling that of ripe corn, as the autumnal foliage.” So time lends to the monuments of their literature only a golden—and a maturer tint still.
The poetry of the Greeks wears even now after the lapse of 2000 summers—only a cereal and autumnal hue. It is their atmosphere that preserves—as it was enveloped in the inspiration which first breathed them They carry with them their own serene and heavenly atmosphere into all lands to protect them against the corrosion of time.

If you doubt if Grecian valor and heroism is not wholly a function of the poets— Go to athens and see still upon the walls of the temple of Minerva the circular marks made by the shields taken from the enemy in the Persian war—which were suspended there.
When we begin to doubt the signs of the Past come out on every hand with such freshness and with such proximity—that we are silent lest she should arise entire and reinstate herself upon the ruins of the Present ——The very dust takes shape and confirms some story we had read Times sundered (orderly) in the grave record of history—seem rushing to confound their spheres in one wide Present.
If history is a lifeless record and dust accumulates in libraries as well as on the ruins of cities—and books may easily deceive or be mistaken—The traveller has not far to seek for more unquestionable and living testimony—As Fuller said commenting on the zeal of Camden—“A broken urn is a whole evidence; or an old gate still surviving, out of which the city is run out.”
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—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 snow that old mortality whose youngest child was Phidias comes evry 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—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} Chateaubriand says—“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 –“He is not connected by 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.”

The naked the embalmed unburied death of Jerusalem –! In Tasso’s poem I trust some things are sweetly buried. –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 mans 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-fourths 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.\textsuperscript{13}

\textsuperscript{13} From reading Thoreau's "long book," I cannot see how he could have come up with this before Autumn 1846.
Winter: Henry Thoreau re-read Homer, Ovid, Anacreon, and the Bhagavad-Gita, and read from Chateaubriand, and read of John Charles Frémont's explorations.
July 4, Tuesday: François-Auguste-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand died in Paris during the revolutionary unrest. His body would be interred per his request on an island known as Grand Be near Saint-Malo, that at low tide is connected to the shore (over the following several years his MÉMOIRES D’OUTRE-TOMBE would be being printed).
“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING, HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY
“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: June 13, 2014
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.
François-Auguste-René vicomte de Chateaubriand
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