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AUGUST 19, 1853–FEBRUARY 12, 1854

Friday Aug 19th '53

9 Am to Sudbury by boat with W.E.C.

Cooler weather— Last Sunday we were sweltering here & 100 died of the heat in New York—; today they have fires in this village. After more rain with wind in the night it is now clearing up cool. There is a broad clear crescent of blue in the west—slowly increasing and an agreeable autumnal coolness both under the high withdrawn clouds & the edges of the woods—& a considerable wind wafts us along with our one sail & 2 umbrellas—sitting in thick coats. I was going to sit & write or mope all day in the house but it seems wise to cultivate animal spirits—to embark in enterprises which employ & recreate the whole body.

Let the divine spirits like the huntsman with his bugle—accompany the animal spirit that would fain range the forest & meadow— Even the gods & goddesses—Apollo & Diana are found in the field—though they are superior to the dog & the deer. The river is full & overflowing though there are still a few lilies & pontederias left. The wind comes from the N. W. & is bracing & encouraging—& we can now sail up the stream. Flocks of bobolinks go tinkling along about the low willows—& swallows twitter—& a kingbird hovers almost stationary in the air a foot above the water. The weeds which rise above the water now bend up stream. The rich red *Polygonum Amphibium* var *terrestre*? I suppose—for it rises sometimes 2 feet erect & is slightly hairy—& leaves not commonly heart shaped. Also prob the var *aquaticum* just appearing above water in mid stream—where it floats. Both of these prob. 2 or 3 days at most.—but all weeds are wholly or partially drowned. Start up 3 blue herons in the meadow under Fair heaven—which fly heavily like bitterns with their breastbones projecting like a broad keel—or was it their necks curled up?

Mowing in Conants meadow by Fair Haven— These mowers must often find the bitterns eggs— On entering Fair Haven with a fair wind scare up two ducks behind the point of the island—saw 3 or 4 more in the afternoon— Also I hear from over the pond the clear metallic scream of young hawks—so common at this season—prob. marsh hawks— Buttercups are now abundant in Lee's meadow. Is it the repens? The pads are mostly eaten through & through & covered with water & I see many of their wrecks drifting down the stream—& the pontederia leaves are already half of them turned brown & shrivelled dry! before any frosts — Why should they decay so soon? like skink cabbage leaves The fall has come to them— Thistle down is seen in the air sometimes— Epilobium down has been flying sometime also— The sun comes out now about noon when we are at Rices & the water sparkles in the clear air & the pads reflect the sun— The dog days seem now fairly past— The lower rank of polygonums is nearly drowned—but the higher the hydropiperoides rises still a foot or two with its white spike & its broader leaves bending S before the wind & reflecting the light. There is much trumpet-weed

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along the shore— We have passed men at work in the water a foot or more deep saving the grass they had cut—& now we enter the broader Sudbury meadows. How clear and bright the air. The stems of trees at a distance are absolutely black and—the densest shades. We scare up blue herons here also— As many as half a dozen different blue herons in our voyage— They are the most common large bird we see. They have got the grass from not more than $\frac{1}{3}$ of the meadows here—for there is much more water on them than in Concord.

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We left men mowing in Conant's Meadow which is as wet as the average of ours—but here we sail across the meadow cutting off the bends in the river— Many tons stand cocked up blackened & lost in the water—& probably? they will not get the grass now standing. Either their meadows are lower referred to the river—or the river has risen higher there— I think the former. There are broad fields of sium with its umbels now going to seed—exactly like carrots—half-a dozen rods in width along the stream all through this meadow— The bullrushes are turning brown & falling. I see floating or just beneath the surface along the sides of the river masses of the ranunculus Purshii 4 or 5 feet through & many rods long, as if rolled together—washed up & off

The great arundo is now green with a reddish top—& blades 1 inch wide. Methinks it is not long out of bloom We landed at the first cedar hills above the causeway—& ate our dinner & watermelon on them A great reddish brown marsh hawk circling over the meadow there— How freshly beautifully green the landscape after all these rains! The Poke berry ripe X Hear the incessant cricket of the fall now— Found a swamp full of high blue berries there.—& from the hill near by looked to Nobscot 3 or 4 miles distant— It was seen to advantage rising green or with a glaucous tint —above the slope of a near pasture—which concealed all the intervening country. The Great Sudbury meadows looking N. appear elevated. Every blade & leaf has been washed by the rains—and the landscape is indescribably bright— It is light without heat —Septemberish—as if reflected from the earth—such as is common in the fall. The surface of the meadows & the whole earth is like that of a great reflector to the sun—but reflecting his light more than his heat. It is a glorious & ever-memorable day. We observe attentively the first beautiful days in the spring—but

not so much in the autumn— We might expect that the first fair days after so much rain would be remarkable. It is a day affecting the spirits of men—but there is nobody to enjoy it—but ourselves— What does the labourer ox & the labourer man care for the beautiful days. Will the hay maker when he comes home tonight know that this has been such a beautiful day? This day itself has been the great phenomenon —but will it be reported in any journal?—as the storm is & the heat? It is like a great & beautiful flower unnamed— I see a man trimming willows on the Sudbury Causeway & others raking hay out of the water in the midst of all this clarity & brightness—but are they aware of the splendor of this day. The mass of mankind who live in houses or shops or are *bent* upon their labor out of doors know nothing of the beautiful days which are passing above & around them. Is not such a day worthy of a hymn? It is such a day as mankind might spend in praising & glorifying nature— It might be spent as a natural sabbath—if only all men would accept the hint,—devoted to unworldly thoughts. The first bright day of the fall, the earth reflector— The dog-day mists are gone—the washed earth shines—the cooler air braces man— No summer day is so beautiful as the fairest spring & fall days — Went through a potatoe field over run & concealed by Roman wormwood as high as our heads Returning we row all the way. On the narrow meadow in Sudbury —bet— Sherman's Bridge & the Jenkins Bend—op. the oaks found a new flower the *Coreopsis rosea* a small purplish or pale red flower somewhat like a may weed at a distance but with linear leaves—may be a fortnight since for some were gone to seed— It *was now* nearly covered with the water.

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Rose-flowered *Coreopsis* the only *coreopsis* I have found.

It interests me not a little—from its resemblance to the *coreopsis* of the gardens. Entered Fair Haven at sunset. A large hawk sat on the very top of a tall white pine in Lee's wood looking down on us— He looked like an eagle with his full breast—or like a great cone belonging to the tree— It is their habit thus to perch on the top of the pines & they are not readily detected. I could see him nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ mile off. As they rays of the sun fell horizontally across the placid pond they lit up the side of Bakers Pleasant Meadow wood which covers a hill. The dif. shades of green of dif— & the same trees alders pines birch—maple—oak &c melting into one another on their rounded bosky edges—made a most glorious soft & harmonious picture—only to be seen at this season of the day & perhaps of the year — It was a beautiful green rug with lighter shadings—& rounded figures like the outlines of trees & shrubs of different shades of green— In the case of a single tree there was the dark glossy green of the lower older leaves the spring growth which hang down—fading on every side into the silvery hoariness of the younger & more downy leaves on the edges the fall growth whose undersides are seen—which stand up—& more perhaps at this hour— This was also the case with every bush along the river—the larger glossy dark green watery leaves beneath & in the recesses—the upright hoary leaves whose undersides were seen on the shoots which rose above. I never saw a forest side look more luxuriantly & at the same time freshly beautiful. These lighter shades in the rug had the effect of watered silks— The edges lit—the breasts dark green—almost the cast on green crops seen by moonlight

As toward the evening of the day the lakes & streams are smooth—so in the fall the evening of the year—the

waters are smoothed more perfectly than at any other season. The day is an epitome of the year. The smaller or green bittern goes over— Now while off Conantum we have a cool white autumnal twilight—& as we pass the Hubbard bridge see the first stars.

I have already seen the cores of white pines—cone stripped by the squirrels (?)

Aug 20th '53

Pm to Great Meadows.

Bidens Connata (?) XX by pond hole beyond Agricultural ground—no rays yet at least. No traces of Fringed gentian can I find The *liatris* now in prime—purple with a bluish reflection— A *Desmodium Canadense* (?) with large flowers spreading ascendent in the *liatris* Hollow. Was that *neottia* or *spiranthes gracilis* 15 inches high there without ap. leaf?— They have got nearly all the grass from the meadow— I walk down the firm bank of the river—that broad flat firm strip between the meadow with its poor cut grass & the stream—on which a better but wiry kind of grass grows. There is not nearly so much water here as in Sudbury. The river is higher than it has been since spring. This day too has that autumnal character I am struck by the clearness & stillness of the air—the brightness of the landscape or as it were the reflection of light from the washed earth the darkness & heaviness of the shade—as I look now up the river at the white maples & bushes—and the smoothness of the streams. If they are between you and the sun the trees are more black than green. It must be owing to the clearness of the air since the rains, together with the multiplication of the leaves whose effect has not been perceived during the mists of the dog-days. But I cannot account for this peculiar smoothness of the dimpled stream—(unless the air is stiller than before)—nor for the peculiar brightness of the sun's reflection

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from its surface. I stand on the S bank op. the black willows looking up the full stream which with a smooth almost oily & sheeny surface comes welling & dimpling onward—peculiarly smooth & bright now at 4 Pm— While the numerous trees seen up the stream—White maples oaks &c & the bushes—look absolutely black in the clear bright light.

Aug 21st

6 Am to Island by Boat.

Aster Macrophyllus. Appear not to blossom generally this year.

P M to Jenny Dugan's & Conantum—

Saw one of those light green locusts about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long on a currant leaf in the garden— It kept up a steady shrilling (unlike the interrupted creak of the cricket) with its wings upright on its shoulders—all indistinct they moved so fast— Near at hand it made my ears ache it was so piercing—and was accompanied by a hum like that of a factory. The wings are transparent with marks somewhat like a letter .

That which I had mistaken for *Mentha Canadensis* at Mrs Hosmer's brook—is ap. *M. Piperita* or peppermint naturalized It *may* have been in bloom a fortnight. It is higher scented with dark leaves & dark purplish stems & a short spike of flowers above & not in the axils of the leaves. What I take to be *Aster patens* is a handsome light blue aster now abundant on the hill side by J Hosmer's Pines— The choke cherries which are now & have been for some time as ripe as they will be, actually furr the mouth—& the juice of these taken into the mouth mixed with the saliva is feathered like tea into which sour cream has been poured. They are a rich fatty looking fruit— That must be the *Aster Puniceus* (which I have falsely called *longifolius*) 4 or 5 feet high & coarse & rough commonly with a reddish stem filling the brook

behind Dugans—out 2 or 3 days very *pale* purplish I see aphides like a white mildew on the alders The Polygonum Articulatum not yet.

The Aster laevis is one of the most beautiful I have seen yet—especially when there are 10 or 12 in a panicle making a small rounded bunch. The vib. lentago berries are but just *beginning* to redden on one cheek. The C. paniculatum are fairly white in some places. The polygonatum berries have been a bluish green some time. Do they turn still? Methinks I have not heard a robin sing morning or evening of late. but the peawai still and occasionally a short note from the Gold robin.

The river was as low as in July last year at this time. It is now *perhaps* 2 feet higher than then. The river plants are thus subject to unusual accidents. I think it was lowest this year the latter part of July before the rains.

An aster beyond Hubbard's grove which I should call—A radula—but the calyx scales not appressed.

Monday Aug 22nd '53


Pm up Assabet to Yellow Rocket Shore

A still afternoon with a prospect of a shower in the west. The immediate edge of the river is for the most part respected by the mowers and many wild plants there escape from year to year, being too coarse for hay. The prevailing flowers now along the river are the mikania—polygonums—trumpet weed cardinal—arrowhead chelone glabra—& here & there vernonia—The button bush is out of bloom & its balls browning.

On the steep hill side where the leaning hemlocks grow—slanted over the river & from year to year falling into it, I am surprised to see that many are leaning & falling up the hill—owing to a slide which has carried their roots forward toward the water. I hear the

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muttering of thunder & the first drops dimple the river. I hear but few notes of birds these days—no singing—but merely a few hurried notes or screams or twittering or peeping. I will enumerate such as I hear or see this still louring & showery afternoon— A hurried anxious note from a robin—heard perhaps half a dozen afterward they flit now accompanied by their young.— A sharp loud che wink from a ground-robin — A goldfinch twitters over—several more heard afterward— A blue-jay screams and one or two fly over showing to advantage their handsome forms —especially their regular tails wedgeformed.

— Surprised to hear a *very faint bobolink* in the air—the link link once or twice later.— A yellow bird flew over the river. Swallows twittering but flying high the chimney swallows—& what I take to be the bank do — scared up a green bittern from an oak by the river side— hear a Peawai—whose note is more like singing as if it were still incubating—than any other—some of the warble of the golden robin,— A king fisher with his white collar darted across the river & alighted on an oak—a peetweet *flew* along the shore & uttered its peculiar note—their wings appear double as they fly by you—while their bill is cumbrously carried pointing downward in front. The chipping of a song sparrow occasionally heard amid the bushes—a single duck scared up—& 2 night hawks flying high over the river — At twilight many bats after the showers. These birds were heard or seen in the course of 3 or 4 hours on the river—but there were not sounds enough to disturb the general stillness.

The scarlet thorn berry has been turning some time & is now edible—and oblong squareish fruit scarlet with yellowish specks or spaces. The black willow has already lost some of its freshness & greenness as if burnt, it is a little yellow or brownish— It is a tree

apparently without stem—light masses of foliage resting on the water—and is badly named Black willow—except as descriptive of its winter and spring appearance—being one of the most buoyant & ethereal of trees.

Methinks I have seen thus far this year only the polygonum amphibium var. *terrestre*— The species is not abundant—but is very interesting to me occurring at this later cooler & darker season— There is one rarely dense bed of them in the Assabet just beyond the rock by Hosmer's bound—the smooth green leaves are surmounted by very dense rich rose red or a very dark shade of pink spikes 3 inches or more in length 6 inches to 2½ feet from the water— This little red streak is detected afar— Methinks it is the handsomest of our indigenous polygonums.

The scream of young marsh hawks sounds like some notes of the jay—

Aug 23d

6 Am to Nawshawtuct

A very clear but cool morning—all white light. The fever wort berries are yellowing & yellowed—barberries have begun to redden & the Prinos—*some* of the last quite red. The spiranthes gracilis with its leafless stalk is very common now on grassy hill sides.

August has been thus far—Dog days—rain—oppressive sultry heat—& now beginning fall weather.

Pm Clematis Brook via Conantum—

Neottia or rather Spiranthes Cernua—a few days bank by Hubbards meadow by oak beyond ivy pass. This low with long lanceolate leaves & in low ground compared with the taller gracilis. More & larger by meadow path beyond swimming place. Have we the latifolia? The gracilis has its crystalline white flowers arranged in a dense spiral line like the thread of a

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screw standing out nearly at right angles with the stem. curved downward a little Squirrels have commenced on hazel nuts. Observing the blackness of the foliage—especially between me & the light—I am reminded that it begins in the spring, the dewy dawn of the year, with a silvery hoary downiness—changing to a yellowish or light green—the saffron robed morn—then to a pure spotless glossy green with light undersides reflecting the light—the forenoon—& now the dark green or early afternoon when shadows begin to increase—& next it will turn yellow or red—the sunset sky—& finally sere brown & black when the night of the year sets in.

Carrion berries just begin to be ripe

Potatoe fields are full of Roman wormwood now— I am braced & encouraged by the rank growth of this aromatic plant concealing the potatoe vines which are already nearly half decayed. By path from meadow through Hubbards rear wood & sproutlands—the now purple naked viburnum berries—numerous drooping cymes of purple berries are now very handsome seen against the green leaves in sprout lands. I see today & may add to yesterday's list the blue heron launch off from an oak by the river & flap or sail away with lumbering flight—also king birds & crows. The red eye may be heard *faintly* in the morning.

The *S. nemoralis* now yellows the dry fields—with its recurved standard a little more than a foot high—marching to the holy land—a countless host of crusaders— (That field in the woods near Well meadow where I once thought of squatting is full of them.) The patches of rhexia or meadow beauty which have escaped the mowers in the low grounds where rowen is now coming forward apace look like a little bright purple on one side of nature's pallet. Shoved to one side where many other paints have been ground.

Giving place to some fresh green which nature has ground The traveller leaves his dog to worry the woodchuck though he himself passes on, so little advanced has man from the savage state. Anon he will go back to save him & legislatures perchance will pass laws for his protection. Arum berries X Smilacina racemosa now are reddish & minutely red speckled Its leaves are commonly eaten or decayed. The smilacina bifolia in some places red X. Of late I notice that saw-like grass gone to seed—a flattened row of seeds 2 or 3 inches long under a flat leaflike stalk—an autumnal sight. Pickering in his Races suggests that savages going naked do not disperse seeds so much as civilized men. Beggar ticks & Burrs (I say) do not adhere to the bare skin. Weeds especially accompany civilization.

I hesitated to collect some *Desmodium* seeds because they looked green & the plant was still in flower—but before I had gone far I found that had brought away many on my clothes—which suggested to me that probably as soon as the hooked hairs were stiff enough clinging to foreign surfaces to overcome the adherence of the pods to their stems—it will do to pluck them for seed. I am again struck by the perfect correspondence of a day—Say an august day—& the year— I think that a perfect parrallel may be drawn between the seasons of the day & of the year
 – Perhaps after middle age man ceases to be interested in the morning—and in the spring— I see the late flowers of the cistus again. Poke stems are now ripe. I walked through a beautiful grove of them 6 or 7 feet high on the side of Lees Cliff—where they have ripened early—their stems are a deep rich purple with a bloom—contrasting with the clear green leaves Every part but the leaves is a brilliant purple (lake (?) purple) Or more strictly speaking the racemes

without the berries are a brilliant lake red with crimson flame-like reflections. Hence the *lacca*. Its cylindrical racemes of berries of varied hues from green to dark purple—6 or 7 inches long are drooping on all sides—beautiful both with & without berries—all afire with ripeness— Its stalks thus full of purple wine are one of the fruits of autumn. It excites me to behold it. What a success is it! What maturity it arrives—ripening from leaf to root! May I mature as perfectly root & branch as the poke. Its stems are more beautiful than most flowers. It is the emblem of a successful life—a not premature death. whose death is an ornament to nature— To walk amid these upright branching casks of purple wine—which retain & diffuse a sunset glow—for nature's vintage is not confined to the vine. I drink it with my eyes Our poets have sung wine—the product of a foreign plant which they never saw—as if our own plants had no juice in them. more than our poets Here are berries enough to paint the western sky with & play the Bacchannal if you will. What flutes its ensanguined stems would make to be used in the dance? It is a royal plant. I could spend the evening of the year musing amid the poke stems.

Live in each season as it passes—breathe the air, drink the drink, taste the fruit, & resign yourself to the influences of each. Let them be your only diet drink & botanical medicines. In August live on berries, not dried meats & pemmican as if you were on shipboard making your way through a waste ocean, or in a northern desert. Be blown on by all the winds. Open all your pores & bathe in all the tides of nature in all her streams & oceans at all seasons. Miasma & infection are from within not without. The invalid brought to the brink of the grave by an unnatural life instead of imbibing the only great influence that nature is—drinks only the tea made of a particular herb

–while he still continues his unnatural life–saves at the spile & wastes at the bung. He does not love nature or his life & so sickens & dies & no doctor can cure him. Grow green with spring yellow & ripe with autumn. Drink of each seasons influence as a vial a true panacea of all remedies mixed for your especial use. The vials of summer never made a man sick but those which he has stored in his cellar– Drink the wines not of your bottling but natures bottling–not kept in goat skins or pig skins but the skins of a myriad fair berries – Let nature do your bottling–& your pickling & preserving– For all nature is doing her best each moment to make us well–she exists for no other end, Do not resist her– With the least inclination to be well we should not be sick. Men have discovered or think they have discovered the salutariness of a few wild things only and not of all nature– Why nature is but another name for health & the seasons are but different states of health– Some men think that they are not well in Spring or Summer or Autumn or Winter –it is only because they are not *well* in them.

How handsome now the cymes of *Vib. lentago* berries–flattish with red cheeks! The great *bidens* is only partially out–by the side of the brook that comes out of Dea Farrar’s swamp & runs under the cause way E of the Corner Bridge– The flowers are all turned toward the westering sun & are 2 to 2½+ inches in diameter like sun flowers–hieroglyphics of the seasons–only to be read by the priests of nature– I go there as to one of autumn’s favorite haunts. Most poems, like the fruits, are sweetest toward the blossom end. The milk weed leaves are already yellowing. The clematis is most interesting in its present feathery state–light silvery shining green–XX

A *solidago* some time out say a week on side of Mt Misery like the *S. alta* but smooth stemmed &

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commonly dark purplish. Call it *Ulmifolia* for the present though the leaves are not so broad as the elm nearly. & it is not there in low ground. Looking down the river valley now from Mt Misery an hour before sundown I am struck with nothing so much as the autumnal coolness of the landscape & the predominance of shade. The pale yellowish green side saddle flower—prob. the var *heterophylla* is common enough in our meadows. A sweet Willam pink at bottom of Wheildon's field.

I find the pods of the *amphicarpaea* at last. It may have blossomed 3 weeks ago.

Aug 24th '53

Another cool autumn like morning, also quite foggy. Rains a little in the forenoon & cloudy the rest of the day.

Pm to Saw Mill Brook via Trillium Woods.

A cool breeze blows this cloudy afternoon & I wear a thicker coat.

The *mulgedium* by RR is 7 feet high with great panicles of a regular somewhat elliptic lanceolate (?) form 2½ feet long by 10 inches. The *Prinos laevigatus* berries begin to redden. The farmers are beginning to clear out their ditches now. Blue stemmed golden rod. Ap a few days in some places.

The golden rods which I have observed in bloom this year are—(I do not remember the order exactly)—¹*stricta*—²*lanceolata* ³*arguta* (?)—⁴*nemoralis*—⁵*bicolor*—⁶*odora*—⁷*altissima*—⁸*ulmifolia* (?)—⁹*caesia*—

The 4th is the prevailing one & much the most abundant now— The 1st perhaps next though it may be getting old. The *altissima* (7th) certainly next— It is just beginning to be abundant— Its tops a foot or more broad with numerous recurved racemes on every side with yellow & yellowing triangular points— It is the most conspicuous of all. The *bicolor* (5th) next—though

not conspicuous the 3d-8th-2nd-& 6th. perhaps never abundant- The caesia (9th) just begun.

The Asters & Diplopappi are about in this order
 -¹radula-D. ²cornifolius (?) -A. ³corymbosus-Patens⁴
 -⁵Laevis-Dumosus⁶ (?) -⁷Miser (?) ⁸Macrophyllus-D.
⁹umbellatus-A. ¹⁰Acuminatus-Puniceus.¹¹

The patens of various forms some lilac is the prevailing blue-or blueish one now-middle sized & very abundant on dry hill sides & by wood paths-the laevis next-the 1st or radula is not abundant. (These 3 are all the distinctly blue ones yet)- The Dumosus is the prevailing white one-very abundant-Miser mixed with it. D. umbellatus is conspicuous enough in some places (low grounds) and A. Puniceus beginning to be so- But D. Cornifolius-A corymbosus-Macrophyllus -& acuminatus are confined to particular localities.

Dumosus & Patens-& perhaps laevis are the prevailing asters now

The common large osmunda? is already considerably imbrowned-but the odorous Dicksonia (?) which like most fern blossoms later is quite fresh - This thin flat beautiful fern it is which I see green under the snow- I am inclined to call it the lace fern (Peaches fairly begun.)

It is a triangular web of fine lace-work surpassing all the works of art. S. latifolia not yet- I see roundish silvery slate-colored spots, surrounded by a light ring -near the base of the leaves of an aster (miser?) one beneath another like the dropping of a bird-or as if some tincture had fallen from above Some of the leaves of the a. patens are red. The alternate cornel berries which are particularly apt to drop off early are a dark dull blue not china like- I see those of maple leaved viburnum merely yellowish now. There grows by Saw Mill Brook-a long firmer thimble shaped high blackberry with small grains with more green ones still on it which I think like the N- H. kind.

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I see some black & some greenish light slate colored fungi— This certainly is the season for fungi. I see on the shrub oaks now—caterpillars an inch and a half or more long black with yellowish stripes, lying along the petioles—thick living petioles. They have striped off the leaves leaving the acorns bare. The Ambrina (*Chenopodium* Big.) botrys Jerusalem oak a worm seed—by R.W.Es Heaterpiece. X The whole plant is densely branched branches spike like—& appears full of seed— Has a pleasant—more distinct wormwood like odor. In a dry sproutland (ministerial Lot) what I will call *Solidago Puberula*—will open in a day or 2—upright & similar to *stricta* in leaves, with a purple stem & smooth leaves entire above & a regular oblong upright appressed panicle. *Bidens chrysanthemoides* of a small size & earlier by turnpike now in prime there — I see cattle coming down from up country—why? Yel. Bethlehem star still— A miser? with purplish disk & elliptic lanceolate leaves serrate in middle may be as early as *Dumosus*.

Aug 25th

Warmer today— Surveying Tuttle's Farm. From the extreme eastern side of his farm—looking up the valley of the Mill Brook—in which direction it is about two miles to anything that can be called high ground—(Say at E. Wood's) I was surprised to see the whole outline and greater part of the base of Wachusett—though you stand in a low meadow— It is because of the great distance of the hills westward— It is a fuller view of this mt than many of our hills afford— Seen through this lower stratum the mt is a very dark blue.

I am struck by the rank growth of weeds at this season— Passing over Tuttle's farm—only one field removed from the turnpike—where various kinds of tall rank weeds are rampant half concealing the lusty crops—Saw ground which has only been cultivated twice before where turnips & algae (?) contend for places

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–fire-weeds (senecio) thoroughwort– Eupatorium purpureum & giant asters &c suggest a vigor in the soil an Ohio fertility which I was not prepared for–which on the sandy turnpike I had not suspected– It seemed to me that I had not enough frequented & considered the products perchance of these fertile grounds which the farmers have enriched– He is continually selecting a virgin soil & adding the contents of his barn yards to it.

Aug 26th

The fall-dandelion is as conspicuous and abundant now in Tuttle's meadow–as buttercups in the spring – It takes their place. Saw the comet in the west tonight. It made me think of those imperfect white seeds in a watermelon–an immature ineffectual meteor–

Sat Aug 27th '53

Pm to Walden–

Topping corn now reveals the yellowing pumpkins. Dangles-berries very large in shady copses now–seem to love wet weather– Have lost their bloom. Aster Undulatus X The decurrent Gnaphalium has not long shown yellow. Perhaps I made it blossom a little too early.

September is at hand; the first month (after the summer heat) with a *burr* to it–month of early frosts –but December will be 10 fold rougher– January relents for a season at the time of its thaw–& hence that liquid R in its name–

Sunday Aug 28 '53

Pm to Cliffs.

See many sparrows in *flocks* with 2 white feathers in tails! The smooth sumack leaves are fast reddening. The berries of the dwarf sumach are not a brilliant crimson, but as yet at least a *dull* sort of dusty or mealy crimson, As they are later, so their leaves are more fresh & green than those of the smooth. species.

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The acorns show now on the shrub oaks—
A cool white autumnal evening.

Aug 29th

The 25th 26th ult I was surveying Tuttle's farm— The N.E. side bounds on the Mill Brook & its tributary—& is very irregular— I find after surveying accurately the windings of several brooks & of the river—that their meanders are not such regular serpentine curves as is commonly supposed or at least represented— They flow as much in a zig zag as serpentine manner— The eye is very much deceived when standing on the brink — And one who had only surveyed a brook so would be inclined to draw a succession of pretty regular serpentine curves— But accurately plotted the regularity disappears and there are found to be many straight lines & sharp turns. I want no better proof of the inaccuracy of some maps than the regular curving meanders of the streams—made—evidently by a sweep of the pen. No—the meander no doubt flowed in a very crooked channel—but depend upon it, it was as much zig zag as serpentine. This last brook I observed was doubly zig-zag, or compoundly zigzag—i.e. there was a zig zag on a large scale including the lesser. To the eye this meadow is perfectly level— Probably all streams are (generally speaking) far more meandering in low & level & soft ground near their mouths where they flow slowly—than in high steep & rugged ground—which now offers more obstacles. The meadow being so level for long distances no doubt as high in one direction as another, how I asked myself, did the feeble brook with all its meandering ever find its way to the distant lower end? What kind of instinct conducted it forward in the right direction. How unless it is the relict of a lake which once stood high over all these banks—and knew the different levels of its distant shores— How unless a flow which commenced above its level first wore its channel for it. Thus in regard to most rivers

did not lakes first find their mouths for them—? Just as the tide now keeps open the mouths of sluggish rivers – And who knows to what extent the sea originally channelled the submerged globe.

Walking down the street in the evening I detect my neighbors ripening grapes by the scent 20 rods off –though they are concealed behind his house—every passer knows of them. So too ever & anon I pass through a little region possessed by the fragrance of ripe apples.

Tuesday Aug 30th '53

In low ground by Turnpike a tall aster *A. longifolius*? abund in Moore's swamp aug. 31st a day or 2 perhaps (*salicifolius* of Big) Saw some by river in the afternoon—with sharply serrate leaves— I think that the very small & dense flowered white or whitish aster by roadsides & river sides with pointed scales & disk turning purplish brown—with very many flowers on the sides of the branches or branchlets must be—*A. Tradescanti* sometimes quite high. I have thus far confounded it with what I have called the *dumosus*—& am not sure which is the earliest. The latter has larger flowers—not so crowded, one at the end of each branchlet & the scales more abruptly pointed

11 Am Up river to Fair Haven.

River 1 or 2 feet higher than in July— A very little wind from the W or S W but the water quite smooth at first. The river foliage is slightly crisped & imbrowned I mean the black willows—button bushes & polygonums— The pads are for the most part eaten decayed & wasted away—the white last the longest & the *pontederias* are already mostly dry & blackened. Only 3 or 4 white lilies & *pontederia* blossoms left. The *p. hydropiperoides* & the narrowleaved—& *mikania* are the prevailing conspicuous flowers. Others are the trumpet weed—Yel lilies (*Kalmianas* drowned)

cardinals rather scarce—Whorled utricularia—one purple one Polyg. amphibium &c Bathed at Hubbards bend the water now cold & bracing—for it has continued to rain more or less all the month. Men raking cranberries in the meadows. Ivy berries are crisped & whitish on the rock at Bittern Cliff.

The polygonatum berries are green with a bluish bloom. Polygonum dumetorum ap. not long. very abundant in Tarbels cleared swamp by roadside—also by Peter's Path running up a tree 8 or 9 feet at this Cliff. Some of the river cornel berries are almost clear white on one side, the other china blue—these & the V. lentago berries are now common & handsome

The Solidago Odora grows abundantly behind the Minott house in Lincoln. I collected a large bundle of it. Its flower is stale for the most part & imbrowned. It grows in such thick tufts that you can easily gather it. some Haws are now edible—grapes are already ripe—I smelled them first.

As I went along from the Minott house to the Bidens Brook I was quite bewildered by the beauty & variety of the asters now in their prime there—*A. laevis* large & handsome with various leaves—*patens*—*linarifolia* &c The Bidens has not yet reached its greatest profusion. Why so many asters & golden-rods now? The sun has shone on the earth & the golden rod is his fruit— The stars too have shone on it & the asters are their fruit.

The purple balls of the carrion flower now open a little beneath—standing out on all sides 6 or 8 inches from the twining stem—are very handsom— They are covered with a blue bloom & when this is rubbed off by leaves are a shining blackish.

Set sail homeward about an hour before sundown – The breeze blows me glibly across Fair Haven–. the last dying gale of the day. No wonder men love to be

sailors, to be blown about the world sitting at the helm, to shave the capes & see the islands disappear under their sterns—gubernators to a piece of wood. It disposes to contemplation & is to me instead of smoking. Saw an *A undulatus*? with a very newly flowered & branched top small pale purple. What is the *S.* like an *altissima* but a simple raceme & leaves much less cut? It is as early as *S altissima*. *Galium circaezans*—the broad leaved is now in fruit

Nature made a highway from S W to N E through this town (not to say county) broad & beautiful—which attracted Indians to dwell upon it & settlers from England at last—10 rods wide & bordered by the most fertile soils in the town—a tract most abounding in vegetable & in animal life yet though it passes through the center of the town—I have been upon it the livelong day & have not met a traveller. Out of 20 odd hundred dwellers near its banks—not one has used this highway today for a distance of 4 miles at least.

I find at this time in fruit—*Polypodium vulgare*¹
 —*Struthiopteris Germanica* (Ostrich Fern)—*Pteris*³
Aquilina (common Brake) (Have not looked for fruit)
 —*Adiantum pedatum*⁴ (Have not looked for fruit)
Asplenium Trichomanes, Dwarf Spleenwort. also
A. Eburneum, Ebony S.—*Dicksonia Punctilobula*⁷
 —*Dryopteris marginalis*, Marginal shield Fern
 —*Polystichum acrostichoides*, Terminal shield
 Fern—*Onoclea Sensibilis* (?), Sensitive Fern(. Think I
 saw the fruit Aug. 12th at Bittern Cliff.)

*Lygodium palmatum*¹¹ prob still in fruit—was when I
 last saw it—*Osmunda spectabilis*¹² Flowering fern (out
 of fruit—) *Osmunda Cinnamomea*¹³ (?) Tall *Osmunda*
 (also out of fruit).

No's 1-5-6-& 8 common at Lee's Cliff—No 2 behind
 Trillium woods. 4 at Miles Swamp—9 at Bristers Hill.

AUGUST 31, 1853

25

The dwarf spleenwort grows in the sharp angles of the rocks in the side of Lee's Cliff its small fronds spreading in curved rays—its matted roots coming away in triangular masses—moulded by the rock. The Ebony—S. stands upright against the rocks.

Aug 31st 53

Pm to Moore's Swamp—

Bidens cernua well out—the flowering one. The asters and golden rods are now in their prime I think. The rank growth of flowers (commonly called weeds) in this swamp now impresses me like a harvest of flowers I am surprised at their luxuriance & profusion. The *S. altissima* is now the prevailing one i.e. Golden Rod. in low grounds where the swamp has been cleared— It occupies acres densely rising as high as your head with the great white umbel-like tops of the *Diplopappus umbellatus* rising above it— There are also intermixed—*Sol. stricta*—*Erechthites* (fire weed) *aster puniceus* & *longifolius*—*Galium asprellum* in great beds—thoroughwort—trumpet weed—*Polygonum hydropiper*—*Epilobium molle* &c &c. There has been no such rank flowering up to this.

One would think that all the poison that is in the earth & air must be extracted out of them by this rank vegetation— The ground is quite mildewy it is so shaded by them. cellarlike—

Raspberries still fresh. I see the first dogwood turned scarlet in the swamp. Great black cymes of elder berries now bend down the bushes. Saw a great black spider an inch long with each 8 his legs $1\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long on the outside of a balloon shaped web within which were young & a great bag.

V. pedata out again. Leaves of *hypericum mutilum* red about water—

Cirsium Muticum in Moores swamp behind Ind. field—Going out of flower *perhaps* out 3 weeks. Is that

very dense flowered small white aster with *short* branched racemes *A. Tradescanti?* now begin to be conspicuous A low aster by Browns ditch N of sleepy hollow lik a radula but with narrower leaves & more numerous & scales without herbacious tips.

An orange colored fungus.

Baird in Patent office Report says—"In all deer, except, perhaps, the reindeer, if the male be castrated when the horns are in a state of perfection, these will never be shed; if the operation be performed when the head is bare, they will never be reproduced; and if done when the secretion is going on, a stunted, ill-formed, permanent horn is the result."

Thursday Sep 1st

Pm to Dugan Desert & Ministerial swamp.

The character of the past month, as I remember has been—at first very thick & sultry dogdayish—the height of summer—and throughout very rainy—followed by crops of toadstools—and latterly after the dogdays & most copious of the rains Autumnal—somewhat cooler with signs of decaying or ripening foliage— The month of green corn & melons & plums & the earliest apples—& now peaches.—of rank weeds As July perchance has its spring side, so August has its Autumnal side.

Was that the cackling of hens I heard, or the clicking of a very distant hand organ?

Me-thinks the silvery cinquefoil is of late much more abundant— Is there any cessation to it? The green-briar berries begin to turn. Some large maples along the river are beginning to redden. I observe the stillness of the air & the smoothness of the water of late— The Hieracium Canadense is methinks the largest & handsomest flower of its genus large as the fall dandelion The paniculatum the most delicate. Today & yesterday quite warm or hot again. I am

struck again & again—by the richness of the meadow beauty lingering though it will last some time in little dense purple patches by the sides of the meadows. It is so low it escapes the scythe. It is not so much distinct (flowers (it is so low & dense) but a colored patch on the meadow. Yet how few observe it—how, in one sense, it is wasted. How little thought the mower or the cran-berry raker bestows on it— How few girls or boys come to see it!

That small aster which I call *A. Tradescanti* with crowded racemes somewhat rolled or cylindrical to appearance of small white flowers $\frac{1}{3}$ of an inch in diameter with yellow disks turning reddish or purplish—is very pretty by the low roadsides—resounding with the hum of honeybees—which is commonly despised for its smallness & commonness—with crowded systems of little suns. The *P. Articulatum* ap— not for some time yet. The large *epilobium* still plenty in flower in Tarbels cleared swamp.

Hazel bushes are now browned or yellowed along wall-sides in pastures—blackberry vines also are reddening. The *s. nemoralis* has commonly a long sharply triangular head of small crowded flowers evenly convex & often if not commonly recurved through a quarter of a circle—very handsome solid looking recurved golden spear heads. But frequently it is more erect & branched.

What is that alga like plant covering the ground in Tarbels swamp where lately burnt over—with close mats 1 rod in diameter—with fruit now 2 or 3 inches high star-like—& little cups on the green thallus?

I see now puff balls four inches through turned dark from white & ripe—fill the air with dust 4 or 5 feet high when I kick them. Saw a red squirrel cutting off white pine cones— He had strewn the ground with them—as yet untouched—under the tree. He has a

chirrup exactly like a partridge. Have made out *Aster multiflorus*—by roadside beyond Badger house prob not long out. It is distinguished by its hoariness, & its large herbaceous spreading calyx tips & its crowded somewhat rigid linear leaves not tapering at base—low with a stout stem. A *solidago* by Marlboro Road (*S. puberula*?? or *neglecta*?) *stricta*-like but panicle upright with short erectish racemes—& lower leaves serrate & 5 or six inches long—not long out. should think it *stricta* if not for form of head—more like *puberula*—though this an imperfect one in press I think my white daisy which is still quite fresh in some places must be *erigeron strigosum*—for the hairs are minute & appressed—though the rays are not 2ce as long as the calyx scales— I have seen no purplish ones since spring. A *undulatus* begins to be common. Johns wort the large & common is about done. That is the common polypody whose single fronds, 6 or 8 inches long, stand thick in moss on the shelving rock at the Island.

The river now adays is a permanent mirror stretching without end through the meadows—and unfaillingly when I look out my window across the dusty road I see it at a distance with the herbage of its brink reflected in it.— There it lies a mirror uncracked, unsoiled.

Plants or weeds very widely dispersed over the globe command a certain respect—like *Sonchus oleraceus*—Oregon—New Zealand—Peru—Patagonia &c *Sicyos angulata* New Zealand—Australia—Hawaiian Islands—&c— *Polyg. aviculare* *Chenopodium album* & *Polyg. Persicaria* Oregon & Egypt—also many others—ac to Pickering—

Pickering says that “The missionaries [at the Hawaiian Islands] regarded as one main obstacle to improvement, the extremely limited views of the

natives in respect to style of living; 'a little fish and a little poi and they were content.'" -- A native, I was assured, could be supported for less than 2 cents a day.'" (They had adopted the use of coin.)

The savage lives simply through ignorance & idleness or laziness—but the philosopher lives simply through wisdom. In the case of the Savage the accompaniment of Simplicity is idleness with its attendant vices—but in the case of the philosopher it is the highest employment & development. The fact for the savage and for the mass of mankind, is that it is better to plant—weave & build than do nothing or worse—but the fact for the philosopher—or a nation loving wisdom is that it is most important to cultivate the highest faculties & spend as little time as possible in planting & weaving—building—&c— It depends upon the height of your standard. & no doubt through manual labor as a police men are educated up to a certain level. The simple style is bad for the savage because he does worse than to obtain the luxuries of life—it is good for the philosopher because he does better than to work for them. The question is whether you can bear freedom. At present the vast majority of men whether black or white require the discipline of labor which enslaves them for their good—if the Irish man did not shovel all day he would get drunk & quarrel—but the philosopher does not require the same discipline if he shovelled all day—we should receive no elevating suggestions from him.

What a literary fame is that of AEsop—an AEsopian fame! Pickering says "A little to the west of Celebes, the literature of the Malay nation contains a translation of the Fables of AEsop; who according to the unsatisfactory accounts we have of him, was one of the earliest of the Greek writers. And further, the fact may be noted, that the AEsopian style of composition is still in vogue at Madagascar.* (*see

Ellis's Madagascar)." A fame on its way round eastward with the Malay race to this western continent! A fame that travels round the world from west to east— P. gives California to the Malay race!

There are 2 kinds of Simplicity, one that is akin to foolishness—the other to wisdom— The Philosopher's style of living is only outwardly simple—but inwardly complex— The savages style is both outwardly & inwardly simple. A simpleton can perform many mechanical labors but is not capable of profound thought.— It was their limited view, not in respect to *style*—but to the *object* of living. A man who has equally limited views with respect to the end of living will not be helped by the most complex & refined style of living. It is not the tub that makes Diogenes the Jove-born, but Diogenes the tub.

Sep 2nd 53

Pm Collected & brought home in a pail of water this Pm the following asters & diplopappi— Going by Turnpike & Hubbard's Close to Sawmill-Brook—& returning by Goose Pond— *A. Tradescanti*¹, now well underway most densely flowered by low roadsides — *Dumosus*² perhaps the most prevalent of the small whitish ones especially in wood paths— *Diplopappus linarifolius*³ quite common— *A Patens*⁴ at present by far the most common of the decidedly purple asters in dry ground— *Undulatus*⁵ just begun to be common — *Acuminatus*⁶—low whorl leafy under a shady copse where it appears to have been rayless—scarce — *Longifolius*⁷ within a few days quite common in low ground— & *Puniceus*⁸ very common in like places for a good while— *Radula*⁹ now rather pale & stale in low grounds— *Miser*¹⁰ not as yet widely dispersed but common in Saw Mill Brook Path— *Dip. umbellatus*¹¹ abundant in low grounds— *Lae-vis*¹² I did not chance to see in this walk but found it common the next morning, on hill side by Moores' swamp— These

twelve are all I know excepting *Corymbosus* in Miles swamp & elsewhere long time not common—also *Macrophyllus*; long since—not blooming this year *Multiflorus* in dry roadsides not yet (at least) common & *Dip. cornifolius* Bittern Cliff woods prob out of bloom.

These 12 placed side by side Sophia & I decided that regarding only individual flowers the handsomest was

- 1st *A. Patens* deep bluish purple “Deep blue-purple” are Grey’s very words—large!
- 2nd *Laevis* bright lilac purple large
- 3d Perhaps *Radula* pale bluish purple turning white large!
- 4th 5th 6th We could not easily decide between the next three
- viz. *D. Linaria* pale bluish purple some outdoors have a lilac or violet tint } some large
- A. Puniceus* purplish pink }
 & *A. Longifolius* pale purple }
- But we thought afterward that perhaps the *Puniceus* should take precedence of the other 2.
- 7th *Undulatus* pale pinkish purple—mid. size
- 8-9th & 10th
- Dumosus* white or bluish—small
- Tradescanti* white very small
- Miser* white very small
- & I may add *Multiflorus* white (which we had not)
- 11th *Dip. umbellatus*—white—mid. size
- 12th The *A. acuminatus* was without rays—rather large when present—

The first (patens) has broader rays than the 2nd paler within toward the large handsome yellow disk. Its rough leaves are not so handsome—

The laevis is more open & slender rayed than the last with a rather smaller disk—but including its stem & leaves it is altogether the most delicate & graceful and I should incline to put it before the last—

The radula has a large coarse disk turning brown—& at present is inclined to turn a dirty white Its leaves are not handsome—sometimes double rayed

Perhaps I should put this after the next two.

The Puniceus is a very large bush full of flowers great rounded masses 2 or more feet in diameter—the very pretty pink flowers well relieved by the back ground of its dark green leaves— A branch of it will perhaps make the greatest show of any of them at present. It has slender rather open rays—& grows upon me. It is peculiar for its color

Perhaps commonly more purplish and larger

The Longifolius is very densely rayed—rays too short in proportion to disk & too pale— Some are very large bushes with a great profusion of buds now. Some are paler & have longer linear rays split once or twice.

The D. Linarifolus is interesting with its commonly single flower—with very broad rays turned backward —or handsomer still when it has 15 or 20 heads crowded together The undulatus has a very bushy spreading panicle of a great many mid-sized flowers of not many commonly slender & open rays

Often paler & broader than these.

The Tradescanti attracts attention in a vase and carries off the palm with many—for its often perfect hollow pyramids of flowers with yellow or purplish disks.

The Dumosus too is clearest white & neat. The D. umbellatus—a small sprig with its convex top is a

great ornament to the collection. The Miser—is like a broad leaved and more spreading Tradescanti with still broader & more purplish disks—the rays turned back—

A strawberry blossoms again in meadow

For 3 weeks the woods have had a strong musty smell—from decaying fungi. The maple-leaved vib. berries are a dark purple or black now. They are scarce. The red pyrus berries are ripe The dense oval bunches of arum berries now startle the walker—in swamps— They are a brilliant vermilion—on a rich ground seen where they have fallen off—which ground turns dark purple— Saw an orange & also a very bright yellow slender fungus

S. Latifolia only a few out. The medeola berries are now dull glossy and almost blue black. About 3 on slender threads 1 inch long arising in the midst of the cup formed by the purple base of the whorl of 3 upper leaves

Hear the sharp *quivet* of pigeons at the Thrush Alley clearing—mistook it for a jay at first—but saw the narrow swift flying bird soon— That low thin flat fern already whitening at Saw Mill Brook cannot be the Dicksonia, for the segments of its pinnae are entire. S. Puberula? just fairly begun on N W? corner of Ministerial clearing behind Evrett's—but it is not hoary & has a red stem—very neat & handsome.

Found in Hubbards Close Swamp & at Saw Mill Brook—what is perhaps *aspidium* Filix-foemina in fruit —& I think 4 other kinds which I could not make out—3 in fruit.

Also Lycopodium lucidulum—shining club moss.

Sat. Sep. 3d

I saw this afternoon, on the chimney of the old Hunt House—in mortar filling an oblong square cavity

apparently made when the chimney-was-the date 1703. The rafters in the garret are for the most part of oak hewn, & more slender (though sufficiently strong & still quite sound) than any sawed ones I ever saw. Oak in the old houses-pine in the new.

The Soapwort gentian out abundantly in Flints-Bridge Lane-ap. for a week-a surprisingly deep *faintly* purplish blue. Crowded bunches of 10 or a dozen sessil & closed narrow or oblong diamond or sharp dome-shape flowers-like many sharp domes of crowded together. I have drawn my pen round flowering of the sky. The descended & kissed the whorl of clear smooth rich come these blue flowers A dome-like crowd of domelets.



The whole bunch an oriental city hear actually one. It is the sky has earth. In (at top) a green leaves. Why thus late in the year.

Sophia saw last monday morning (aug 29) going to Boston in the cars the dew lik frost on the meadows. The hips of the sweet briar begin to redden Saw polygonum dumetorum climbing to the top of birches & willows 12 feet high by the path to Peter's along river- It is a rampant climber.

Now is the season for those comparatively rare but beautiful wild berries which are not food for man- If we so industriously collect those berries which are sweet to the palate-it is strange that we do not devote an hour in the year to gathering those which are beautiful to the eye. It behoves me to *go a berrying* in this sense once a year at least-berries which are as beautiful as flowers, but far less known-the fruit of the flower-to fill my basket with the neglected but beautiful fruit of the various species of cornels & viburnums-poke-arum medeolas, thorns &c-

SEPTEMBER 4, 1853

35

Saw at the Floral show this afternoon some splendid specimens of the sun flower—king of asters—with the disk filled with ligulate flowers.

Sep 4th 53

5½ Am to Nawshawtuct by River.

Roman wormwood's yellow dust on my clothes
 – Hear a warbling vireo—something rare. I do not succeed in making two varieties of Polyg. amphibium—
 –all mine from 3 inches above water & floating to 3 feet high on dry land are apparently one— The first, at any rate, must be aquaticum—floating *nearly* smooth & leaves more heart-shaped. It appears by insensible gradations to pass into the other.

See one or 2 lilies yet.

The fragrance of a grape vine branch with ripe grapes on it which I have brought home fills the whole house— This fragrance is exceedingly rich—surpassing the flavor of any grape

Pm to Cliffs via Hubbards Swamp

The skunk cabbage fruit lies flat & black now in the meadow. The *A. miser* is a pretty flower with its commonly wide & loose branches—variegated or particolored with its white rays & broad purplish (& yellow) disks—giving it a modestly particolored look—
 –with green leaves of sufficient breadth to relieve the flowers

Would it not be worth the while to devote one day each year to collecting with pains the different kinds of asters perhaps about this time—and another to the golden rods.

In Potter's dry pasture I saw the ground black with blackbirds—(troopials?) As I approach the front rank rises & flits a little further back into the midst of the flock—it rolls up on the edges—& being thus alarmed

they soon take to flight with a loud rippling rustle—but soon alight again, the rear wheeling swiftly into place like well drilled soldiers— Instead of being an irregular & disorderly crowd—they appear to know & keep their places & wheel with the precision of drilled troops. The Lycopodium now sheds its pollen commonly. The hawks are soaring at the Cliffs— I think I never hear this peculiar more musical scream, such as the jay appears to imitate, in the spring, only at & after midsummer when the young begin to fly. In Hubbards swamp path. probably *Solidago speciosa*—though not yet in blossom there—very broad leaves the radical like plantain covering the ground & for the most part no more.

Carried a pail this Pm. to collect golden rods & berries— The skunk Cabbage common Hazels high time to gather—bushes browned— After handling some beaked hazel-nuts the other day—observed my hand covered with extremely fine shining glass-like bristles — arum in prime— The Crowded clusters of shrub-oak acorns are very handsome now—the rich wholesome brown of the cups contrasting with the now clear green acorns—sometimes 24 with a breadth of 3 inches— China-like berries of cornel along the river now abundant some cymes wholly white—also the Paniced there & in swamps—though its little red (?) fingery stems are oftenest bare, but are pretty enough perhaps to take the place of the berries—

The black choke berries as also choke cherries are stale— The 2 leaved Sol seal has just begun to redden —so the largest one. The creeping Juniper berries are now a hoary green but full grown. The scarlet thorn is in many places quite edible & now a deep scarlet.
— Polygonatum & *Medeola* now— Green briar only begins to turn— *vib. nudum* rather stale— *Clintonia*

SEPTEMBER 7, 1853

37

prob about gone. Carrion flower in prime— Maple vib— full ripe like the Dentatum— aralia hispida getting old. Feverwort now— Rose hips generally beginning—& the 2 Primroses beginning— Elder in prime—& Cranberry— smooth sumach stale Celtis green—

There are perhaps 4 kinds of golden rod in C Hubbard's swamp path which I am not certain about — 1 One which I have called S. Puberula with reddish stem— 2 Another tall & slender—smooth with a pyramidal panicle with 4 to 6 broad rays leaves lanceolate dwindling to mere bracts appressed and entire above *virgata* like which I will call S *virgata* though its leaves are not entire till I examine the *stricta* again— — Also 3 another with thin lanceolate leaves symmetrically tapering to each end—rough on the edges & serrate with I believe

6 or 7

rays—(spec.

now withered) This

I have already named for convenience *Ulmifolia* but the leaves are not elm like. Also 4 another with 8 to 12? rays & much narrower leaves than the above 3 very taper pointed sessile—with margined petiole & wavy upper entire lower lanceolate spatulate and toothed slightly near end. Has the *stricta* leaflets in the axils?

Sep. 5th

To Framingham

Saw in a meadow in Wayland at a little distance what I have no doubt was an island of *A. Puniceus* 1 rod in diameter one mass of flowers 5 feet high.

Sep 7th

R.W.E. brought from Yarmouth this week *Chrysopsis falcata* in bloom & *vaccinium stamineum* Deer Berry or squaw Huckleberry— The last with green

berries some as large as cranberries—globular (not pear-shaped) on slender peduncles—not edible—in low ground.

Yesterday & today & day before yesterday some hours—of very warm weather—as oppressive as any in the year—one's thermometer at 93°

Sep 8th 53

Roses—ap R. Lucida—abundantly out on a warm bank on Great Fields by Moores swamp—with V. Pedata.

Sep 9th

Half a bushel of handsome pears on the ground under the wild pear tree on Pedrick's land—some ripe—many more on tree. J. Wesson who is helping me survey today—says that when they dug the cellar of Stacy's shop he saw where they cut through (with the spade) birches 6 inches in diameter—on which the mill dam had been built. Also that Nathan Hosmer Sr, since dead, told him that he had cut meadow grass between the Bake House & the Middlesex Hotel I find myself covered with green & winged lice from the birches.

Sep 10

The Pontederia & pads have already their fall look by river— It is not the work of frost— The A. Tradescanti now in its prime—sugars the banks all along the river side with a profusion of small white blossoms resounding with the hum of bees. It covers the ground to the depth of 2 feet over large tracts—looking at a little distance somewhat like a smart hoar frost or sleet or sugaring on the weeds. The banks are sugared with the A. Tradescanti.

Sunday Sep. 11th 53

Cool weather sit with windows shut—and many by fires—a great change since the 6th ult when the heat was so oppressive. The air has got an autumnal coolness which it will not get rid of again.

–Pm. to Dugan's

I think I can correct some what my ac. of the golden rods—of sep 4th 2 pages back— No 2 may be *S. stricta* after all (v. the one at Hosmers Ditch.)— Is not the *puberula* of sep 4th same with No 2? Is not No 3 one form of *S. altissima*— Doubt if I have seen *S. ulmifolia* Is not No 4. the true *S. Puberula*?— It is the same with that by Marl. Road Sep 1st The *Speciosa* may not open for a week yet.

The present ap. of the *S.* in Hosmers ditch which may be *S. stricta* is a stout erect red stem with entire lanceolate thick fleshy smooth sessile leaves above gradually increasing in length downward till 10 inches long & becoming toothed. All parts very smooth—not yet out— This ap same with No 2.

The *S. nemoralis* is not as fresh as a week ago
 – Perhaps that was the date for the golden rods generally— Perhaps this is the time for asters— The conspicuous & handsome bluish masses of *A. puniceus* erect or fallen stretch in endless rows along the brook—often as high as your head— Sometimes make islands in the meadow. *Polygonum articulatum* out. many of them at the Desert—none out sep 1st Say then Sep 5th. *A. undulatus* is now in prime very abundant along pathsides. The branches of its panicle are commonly of about equal length on dif sides the stem, and as the flowers are crowded & stand as well vertically on the sides as well as horizontally above— They form one (or sometimes more) conical or pyramidal—or Cylindrical hollow panicles of mid-sized purplish flowers—roundly bunched.

Signs of frost last night in M. miles' cleared swamp
 – Potatoe Vines black— How much farther it is back to frost from the greatest heat of summer—i.e. from the 6th ult back to the 1st of June 3 months, than forward to it—4 days. Checquer berries are full grown but green

– They must have been new *Mitchella* berries then that I saw some time ago. River cornel berries have begun to disappear– In a stubble field I go through a very fine diffusely branching grass now going to seed, which is like a reddish mist to my eyes–2 feet deep–& trembling around me.

There is an aster in Hosmers ditch like *longifolius* with linear leaves remotely toothed–red stem smooth 3 or 4 feet high–but scales not recurved & flowers much smaller–with many purplish disks.

Sep. 12th

I was struck this afternoon with the beauty of the aster *corymbosus* with its corymbed flowers with 7 or 8 long slender white rays pointed at both ends ready to curl shaving-like and purplish disks– One of the more interesting A's

The *Smilacina racemosa* berries are well red now –prob with the 2 leaved

It occurred to me when I awoke this morning –feeling regret for intemperance of the day before in eating fruit which had dulled my sensibilities–that man was to be treated as a musical instrument–and if any viol was to be made of sound timber & kept well tuned always, it was he–so that when the bow of events is drawn across him he may vibrate & resound in perfect harmony. A sensitive soul will be continually trying its strings to see if they are in tune– A man's body must be rasped down exactly to a shaving. It is of far more importance than the wood of a Cremona violin.

Sep 13th 5 Pm

Left T Wharf in the steamer *Penobscot* for Bangor by the outside course. Cap. Flowers. A warm & still night – The sea almost as smooth as a summer lake–merely rippled– Observed a vessel on her beam ends on a rock just outside the Islands– some of the passengers

thought she was sailing very low on one side—not considering that she was under bare poles The sheen of the moon just after sundown was decidedly sea green— Ladies singing on the deck till 10 o'clock — Now past the islands and off Nahant distinguished by its Egg Rock—whose height was exaggerated by early voyagers—& now we see the Cape Ann lights and now we pass near a small village-like fleet of Mackerel (?) fishers—ap. off Gloucester— They salute us with a cry. The absurdity of being waked up in the night by a man who wants the job of blacking your boots— It is like the washing they give everyman on entering the State Prison. I did not allow them to meddle with mine. The first land we make is Manhegin (? spelling) island before dawn—& next St George's Islands—seeing 2 or 3 lights— White head with its bare rocks is interesting —and its funereal bell— Next Camden Mts attract our eyes & then the hills about Frankfort. Reach Bangor between 12 & 1. Wednesday

Thursday Sep 15th 7 Am

Leave Bangor for the woods with Thatcher

— It rained all this day & till the middle of the next forenoon—by the Avenue road quite straight toward Moose head Lake. We had 30 lbs of hard bread beside Pork—smoked beef—tea—sugar—&c— Wednesday before I arrived—Thatcher had gone to Oldtown and engaged an Indian with his canoe—Joe Atean (?) (so Lowell thought it was spelt—) I thought it might be the French Ettienné though Joe pronounced it At——&c a son of the present Governor—at \$1.50 per day. which was considered good wages

He arrived by cars at Thatcher's Wednesday evening—with canoe—& a companion Sabattis Solomon who was going to leave Bangor the following Monday with Joes father and join Joe in Moose hunting at Chesuncook—after we had done with him— They going

up the Penobscot— Joe & companion took supper and lodged in the barn—& the next morning Joe & his canoe were put a board the stage for Moosehead Lake an hour before we started— It cost 7 dollars to get Joe & his canoe to the lake— It would have been better to have got a canoe & Indian at the Carry at the head of the Lake.

The rain & mist concealed the landscape almost entirely. The country west of Bangor—after getting fairly out of the immediate river valley—was unexpectedly level—or consisting of very even & equal swells— I was at once struck by the wild mast like or spire like ragged tree-tops in the misty horizon—the primitive wood— The prevailing fences were log ones—with some times a Virginia fence—or else slanted rails & cross stakes. The road was throughout very good indeed. The houses were far apart—framed & commonly small and of one story— There was very little land under cultivation— Yet the forest did not often border the road— The arbor-vitae which was very abundant soon caught my eye. Within a dozen miles of B. we saw large flocks of pigeons. The Canada thistle was the prevailing weed all the way to the lake—the road sides in many places and fields not long cleared were densely filled with it as with a crop— I did not suspect before that was so prevalent anywhere — It must be a great nuisance This rough & prickly weed occupied new fields to the exclusion of everything else. There were very few flowers—even allowing for the season—none of the asters along the road—so abundant now in Mass— except in one place one or 2 a. *acuminatus*—which with us grows in damp shady woods— No more this whole day or to Monson about 50 miles— Saw a *few* Maples turning red ones I judged from their color— The prospect would have been wide in clear weather—& we should often have

seen Ktaadn. Few apple trees except at Exeter one or 2 large orchards—about 20 ms from Bangor. Plenty of Mt ash now very handsom—Canoe birch—& beech — Saw no Golden rods till within 20 miles of Monson Beside Canada Thistle—many late buttercups along the road—also erechthites—& Epilobium where there had been a burning. Whole fields full of ferns now rusty—& latterly mulleins. The spruce tops at a distance looked like sharp & regular spear heads (bearing their fruit at top) black aganst the sky— their shafts merely feathered below. Saw some \approx \approx long water troughs. T said that 3 dolls anually—were granted by the state to one man in each school district —who provided & maintained a suitable water trough by the roadside for the use of travellers— The country was first decidedly mountainous in Garland Sangerville & onwards—but the rain still concealed the landscape. Stopped at mid afternoon to warm & dry ourselves at Sangerville—(had baited our horse at Exeter) Landlord said that Sangerville first began to be settled about 50 yrs before—the towns eastward earlier westward later— He had found a wilderness where we found him. From him I learned that blackberries & raspberries—& Mt maples &c came in with clearings & burnings—that there were very few before— He said the prevailing hard wood was rock-maple—birch & beech. Told of a man who with his family picked 200 dolls worth of blue berries on Russel Mt in sight & sent them to bangor this summer. No swamp blue berries.

We saw in our ride half a dozen partridges within 2 rods in 2 places in the road. Saw and heard Pigeon wood peckers Between Abbot & Monson saw a guidepost surmounted by a pair of large moose horns with a great many prongs—(they say they have an additional one each year—though they shed the whole

horn annually) and the name Monson painted on one blade & another town on the other. This was about 20 miles from the Lake. I noticed again how the rock maples—even young trees look as if trimmed beneath evenly— In the latter part of the day saw much of the common everlasting way-farers tree with ripe purple berries mixed with red—& the *Solidago arguta* as I have called it. Reached Monson 13 ms from the lake after dark.

Friday Sep. 16th

Left Monson at 4 Am in dark the weather still drizzling. Country quite mountainous—& long hills to ascend. The Roads said to have been recently repaired were were whittled into a semi cylindrical form with the shovel in many places like a hogs back—with the bristles up—& Jehu was expected to keep astride of the spine.— The ditches on either side were awful to behold. Within a mile or 2 of the S end we got our first view of Moosehead Lake—a very wild looking sheet of water—here at the S end sprinkled with small islands covered with shaggy spruce & other trees—hanging with usnea—seen over the infant port of Greenville. mts on the right & left and far off in front the Spencer Mts & the steamer's smoke pipe rising above a roof We arrived there about 7 o'clock—And put up our horse at Sawyer's the—Public house— A suitably wild view with low islands covered with ragged wild wood— Our Indian Joe already arrived with his canoe. A pair of Moose-horns ornamented a corner of Sawyer's piazza — A few rods distant lay the small steamer Moosehead Capt King—presently with her whistle scaring the moose—& summoning us on board with her bell at 8 Am There was another steamer named Amphitrite laid up close by There were very few passengers—& not one female—A St Francis Indian—2 explorers Hayley & another with a fine new birch—who had come

up the Piscataquis from Howland—and were going to the neighborhoods of the Eagle and Chamberlain lakes and might keep us company as far as we went—they to be gone 5 or 6 weeks in the woods— Also one character—a Gen. Capen who lives on Deer Island eleven miles up the lake—& 3 men who were landed on, I think, Sand bar Island— These are all I remember

– This steamer runs to the head of the Lake at the N. E. carry Every Tuesday & Friday & returns the same day— On Wednesdays it runs about half way—or to Mt Kennia. On other days she is at the service of those who please to hire her— It is used chiefly by lumberers for the transportation of themselves—their boats & supplies toward the interior— A well appointed little boat with a gentlemanly Captain Capt. King—with patent life seats & metallic life-boat —& dinner aboard if you will— In the saloon was very properly tacked up for the convenience of passengers the map of the public lands of Maine & Massachusetts—the same which I had in my pocket

– fare to the head 100. Time about 4 hours—to Kennia 50 cts Mt Kennia is called 20 miles—and thence to the head of the lake at the N E carry 18 more = 38 miles. The lake today was rougher far than I found the ocean either going or returning—and Joe said it would swamp his birch.

The environments of Moosehead lake are not only very wild but varied & interesting. There was squaw Mt capped with clouds on the west of the foot of the lake—and another perhaps Bald Mt (?) W of the middle —also other mts near the eastern shore at the S end —Mt Kennia which more exclusively belongs to the lake about mid way on the East side—& the neighboring & allied Spencers mts E of the N. end. Mts are seen not far off around the whole lake excepting on the N. W. side.

I was introduced to Joe at Sawyers. He had on an India jacket— Had ridden all the way on the outside of the stage the day before in the rain—giving way to ladies—and was well wetted—said it was a “nasty day” —& as it still mizzled asked if we were going to “put it through.”

He was a good looking Indian—short and stout with a broad face and reddish complexion—and eyes methinks narrower and more turned up at the outer corners than ours. He wore a cotton shirt & cotton or woolen drawers and stockings—and over these a red flannel shirt with sleeves—woolen pants—and light shoes—and a black Kossuth hat—the ordinary dress of the lumberman and I may say of the Indian. When afterward he had occasion to take off his shoes & stockings I was struck with the smallness of his feet. He had worked a good deal as a lumberman, and appeared to identify himself with the lumbermen — He was the only one of the party who possessed an India rubber coat. He had gone with 2 white men moose hunting in this direction last year.

It appeared to me that the prevailing wood on the Islands and about the lake was spruce (prob also fir) birch and rock maple) the first with usnea hanging from it.

Had some conversation with Gen. Capen who is quite a character—identified with the lake—has lived about it 20 or 30 yrs—has a house & family on Deer Island—yet had not been to the head of the lake for 21 years— Lost 30 000 dolls by one Crehore—but now holds Deer & Sugar Islands the last quite large & almost mountainous (between which the steamer passes—as a speculation for the benefit of his family — His boat came to take him off— Urged me to call on my return.

Joe & companion said they should fare worse than that in the woods. made watch bark a little—came to the door in the night for water.— The top strip or what you might call the taffrail of the canoe was worn nearly through in several places by friction on the stage.

Deer Island 9 miles from (Mt Kennia which was now seen in front)—we had long since passed Lily bay on the right—& lily Bay mts. There is a road from Greenville to Lily Bay 12 miles up the E side of the Lake— A winter road I think they called it.—for this is the first kind of road made in there—a road passable only when covered several feet deep with snow & ice.

The boat touched at Mt Kennia (20 m's) where there is an ugly bare & staring public house—& Landlord expecting visitors— The mt is a Peninsula with a narrow neck—the precipice on the N E or land side—said to be 700 feet so perpendicular that you can jump from the top into the water. and an anchor has been sunk 90 fathom at its base before finding bottom — Passed quite close to the rock here—& observed marks of a rise & fall of 4 or 5 feet— I believe the Lake is dammed at the outlet.

The St Francis Indian expected to take in his boy here. He was not at the landing but his sharp eyes detected a canoe with his boy in it far away under the mountain—though no one else saw it. Where is the canoe asked the Captain, I dont see any—but by the time the steamer reached the spot the boy had gone inland through the woods toward the landing—& so we missed him. This Indian had a small birch—2 cow-moose hides—2 small axes—a gun & c & c—

You could easily distinguish the hard wood from the soft or “black growth” as it is called at a great distance about this lake— The former is smooth round & light green—a bosky bowery cultivated look—

Reached the head of the lake at 12½— The weather had in the meanwhile cleared up—though the mountains were still capped with clouds— Mt Kennia and the allied mountains on the N. E. presented this profile from this point—soon becoming the Spencer mountains.

2nd Mt Kennia



omitting dist. mts seen beyond. The general resemblance of this range—especially the 2nd, to Mt Kennia is striking—as if all cast in one mould.

The steamer here a long pier projecting from the northern wilderness with a whistle—where not not a cabin nor a mortal was to be seen— But presently Mr Hinckley who has a log camp at the other end of the carry appeared with truck drawn by an ox & horse over the rude log rail-way. This railway from the Lake to the Penobscot about 2½ miles nearly level, was built 6 years ago & cost 2700 dolls— Shore low with flat rocks & wild forest edge.

We walked across while our baggage was drawn behind— We had overtaken and passed that morning 2 loads of flour & pork—supplies for lumberers—which were brought across by the boat—

This log railway occupied the middle of a clearing 2 or 3 rods—width & perfectly straight through the uninterrupted forest— It appeared like and perhaps was partly swamp. The wood on this carry was spruce—fir balsam—arbor vitae— a little white pine—canoe birch—mt ash—wild holly—vib— nudum also by the side of the track—Wool grass lambkill—low blue berry bushes with berries raspberries still—clintonia—bunch berries—trillium erithrocarpum—checkerberry—aster acuminatus—a. radula (?) D. umbellatus solidago lanceolata. the last 3 or 4 partic. by lake shore [Feeling my nature coarsened by my woodland experience I am

reminded that our life should be lived as tenderly & daintily as one would pluck a flower] Epilobium & common everlasting—creeping snow berry on the wet ground and the Linnaea.

A lumberer called the last moxon
 Kalmia glauca—Ledum
 Heard the red-squirrel repeatedly—
 My Companion far ahead with his gun ready for
 partridges

There was a very slight rise above the lake—& at length a gradual descent to the Penobscot—which Hinckley said they called about 25 feet lower than the lake. I was surprised to find that the river here was considerably lower than the lake.

Jackson who was at Moosehead in '38 makes it 960 feet above highwater in Portland Harbor—he went round it in a steamer then. He says the Penobscot is 1660 feet above the sea at Hiltons—and rises 4½ miles above that place.

Greenleaf's Survey of Maine in '29 says that the height of Moosehead in round numbers is 1000 feet at the outside—that the mts about it are Squaw & Bald Spencer & Baker—that at the N W carry the P. is supposed to be the highest—estimated loosely to fall 4 ft per mile bet. Moosehead & Chesuncook—making the latter 100 feet lower. Highest point bet— Chesuncook and Allagash at carry (?) 52 feet by measure—100 feet fall bet orono & Bangor—& the General breadth of the great upper valley about 20 ms by 120.

At the N end of the carry a camp for the accommodation of Hinckley & family and of passing lumberers. in the midst of a clearing of 60 acres or more A log camp—of the usual construction with something more like a house for the family adjoining — The bed of withered fir—twigs in the first smelled very sweet—though really very dirty. There was also a

storehouse at the end of the carry on the river bank –containing pork flour iron batteaux & birches–locked up. Here were 3 or 4 new Indians encamped. who gathered round us talking Indian with each other & Joe. They had killed a moose the night before at the Moosehorn stream. I was surprised to find the Penobscot river so near the Lake. We were to have Hayley & his man for our companions at the outset. The explorers were now either just returning or going into the woods. Experienced men get 3 or 4 dollars a day–they search for timber over a given section –(explore the streams by which it is to be driven–&c &c) climbing hills and oftener high trees to look off –spend 5 or 6 weeks in the woods lying on the ground & living chiefly on hard bread & pork–& what game they come across–& then in the fall return & make report to their employers–determining the no' of teams that will be required &c &c

The first thing was to pitch canoes– –for which purpose a large iron pot lay permanently on the bank. Both Indians & whites use a mixture of rosin & grease for this purpose.

Our birch was 19½ feet long by 2½ at the widest part and 14 inches deep within–both ends alike & painted green–which Joe thought affected the pitch & made it leak. This was I think a middling sized one Hayleys was much larger though prob not much longer. This carried us 3 with our baggage 2 paddles & a spike pole in all equal to at least to 550 or 600 lbs

– Thatcher 150+ Joes said he weighed more than that– I–130– = 440

Baggage = hard bread–pork &c &c 100 or more
utensils–hatchet–gun &c

Paddles &c 15–
555

Joe says "Damn it, my knife is as dull as a hoe
 -- We ought to have some tea before we start we shall be hungry before we kill that moose" He took a small brand from the fire-& blowed the heat & flame against the pitch on his birch-& so melted & spread it
 -- Sometimes he put his mouth over the place & sucked to see if it admitted air-and at one place where we stopped he placed his canoe high on crossed stakes & poured water into it. My observations will be confined chiefly to that part of the Penob. west Branch bet. Moose head & chesuncook Lakes.

At mid afternoon we launched our canoe in the Penobscot--after dining on tea hard-bread & pork--cooked on the bank--accompanied by the explorers.

We sat flat on the bottom--and Joe slanted a piece of a long cedar shingle against the cross bars to rest our backs against--Joe on a crossbar paddling in the stern. while I getting upon my knees paddled in the bows Our baggage occupied the mid of the canoe
 -- The Penobscot was here a handsome stream 12 to 15 rods wide apparently, with banks 7 or 8 feet high. It had been raised about 2 feet by the rain--bordered with the canoe birch maples--firs--spruce--arbor-vitae--and at first a few hemlock about the carry--. The immediate banks densely covered with the alnus incana--red osier--with its white berries--& large leaves--shrubby willows or sallows &c I was startled by seeing what I thought was an Indian encampment--covered with a red flag--on the bank and was slow to find out that it was a maple changed prob. red maple-- I had exclaimed "a camp!" to my comrades.

There was also yellow birch & beech and many civil looking elms--now imbrowned along the stream. One of the Spencer mts was seen in the S E from the stream at starting. There were a few yel- lily pads (cow lily)

still left along the sides, and sometimes a white one –and many fresh tracks of moose–in the shallow water or on the shore–& cow lily stems freshly bitten off by them. After paddling about 2 miles in dead water–we turned up Lobster stream 6 to 8 rods in width which comes in on the right from a large pond of the same name $1\frac{1}{2}$ ms distant in a S W direction–and is nearly parallel with the main stream And here we parted with the explorers. My companion wishing to look for moose signs–& intending if it proved worth the while to camp up that way–since the Indian advised it. Joe said it was so named from a kind of small lobster found in it. The Kingfisher flew before us up the stream– Heard chicadees in the woods– Joe said they called them *Kecunnilessu* in his language– –also nut-hatches– On account of the rise of the Penobscot the water ran up this stream quite to the Pond–which must be the same with that called Mattahumkeag on the map–though according to all accounts not correctly figured. We passed close to a woodcock which stood perfectly still with feathers puffed up on the shore as if sick– This Joe said they called *Nipsquecohossus*,–the kingfisher *Skuscumonsuck*. Saw a pair of moose horns on the shore & asked Joe if a Moose shed them there, but he said there was a head attached to them, and they did not shed their heads.

He said the stone-heaps (though we saw none) were made by chub.

My eyes were all the while on the trees distinguishing between the spruce & fir–& the black & white spruce– I thought the firs were not like the white spruce mere spearheads, but regular & dense pyramids The usnea hung on all these. Joe called the black–skunk spruce– The spencer mts were all the while in sight before us up the stream. I am struck by this universal spiring upward of the forest trees

—slender spiring tops—but narrow below not only spruce & firs but arbor vitae and white-pines—and their their fruit in small bunches above the forest—

(The mt ash is *upahsis* very abundant and beautiful—) Like grass & palms bananas e.g. They spire upwards lifting a dense spear head of cones to the light & air while the branches straggle after as they may. The tallest white pines remaining have the same character—unlike the spreading 2nd growth. I saw none of the soft spreading 2nd growth.

Saw an aster perhaps *aster longifolius* but with small flowers along shore & with appressed scales—& the great seeded dock

The moose tracks were not so fresh along this stream except in a small creek about a mile up—where a large log had lodged. marked W cross girdle crowfoot.

Wassus, bear—lunxus wildcat or rather Ind. Devil
 – After ascending to within a short distance of the Lake—called Mattahumkeag on the map of the Public Lands—but Lobster pond by the Indians & lumbermen—perhaps 1½ miles we returned to the Penobscot paddling against the surplus water of the Penobscot which ran up this stream.

Just below the mouth of the Lobster we found quick water & the stream expanded to 20 or 30 rods in width
 – My companion was bent on shooting moose & depended on the Indian's showing him how— Joe said he was sure to get moose that night—perhaps 2 or 3.

Moose tracks were quite numerous and fresh
 – There were frequent narrow and well trodden paths by which they descended to the river, and fresh traces where they had slid down the clayey bank— Their tracks were either close to the edge of the stream the tracks of calves distinguishable from the full grown ones, or in shallow water—a succession of large holes

in the bottom—especially where there was a small bay or poke logan—with a strip of meadow—or a low peninsula covered with cut-grass—and a better coarse grass—& woolgrass—where they had waded back & forth & eaten the pads &c. Joe pointed out some summer ducks in the river at which my companion fired – They flew off as I thought unharmed but the sharp eyes of Joe saw one drop into the bushes—near where the rest alighted—and a 2nd shot added another—2 young drakes— While we were looking for the duck in the bushes—Joe went into the woods & peeled a canoe birch for bark for his hunting horn.

I now began to notice the handsome bright red berries of the tree cranberry mingled with the alders & cornel along the shore. There was less hard wood than at the outset— The pig. woodpecker was seen & heard. our course was now N— After proceeding $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 say $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles below the mouth of the lobster we reached a small island in what Joe called the Moose horn Dead water—about sundown (the Moosehorn in which he was going to hunt that night coming in about 3 miles below.) and on the upper end of this we decided to prepare our camp—on a point at the lower end lay rotting the carcass of a moose killed a month or so before.

While paddling this afternoon—I had alternately tried sitting flat with my legs stretched out—& kneeling & sitting on my legs—but found none of these positions endurable & was reminded of the complaints of the old Jesuit missionaries of Canada of the torture they endured from long confinement in constrained positions in canoes on their long voyages from Quebec to the Hurons— But afterward I learned to paddle sitting on the cross bar & standing up. We decided to prepare our camp & leave our baggage here that all might be ready when we returned from Moose

hunting. Though I had not come a hunting—I was willing to accompany the hunters for the sake of the experience.

We covered the damp ground with a shingling of fir twigs after clearing a small space amid the spruce & fir—and while Joe was preparing his birch horn this was a straight horn 15 inches long 3 or 4 inches wide at the mouth & tied round with strips of the bark and pitching his canoe—for this had to be done whenever we stopped long enough to build a fire—and was the principal labor which Joe took upon himself at such times—we collected fuel for the night—large wet & rotting logs which had lodged at the head of the island—since our hatchet was too small for effective chopping. we did not kindle a fire lest the moose should smell it Joe however set up a couple of forked stakes & prepared half a dozen poles ready to form our roof & cast one of our blankets over in case it rained in the night—which precaution however was omitted the next night— We also plucked the ducks we had killed for breakfast. While we were thus engaged in the twilight—we heard faintly from far down the stream what sounded like 2 strokes of a woodchopper's axe echoing faintly and dully through the grim solitude & silence— When we told Joe of this he exclaimed “By George, Ill bet that was moose They make a sound like that.” These sounds affected us strangely, and by their very resemblance to the stroke of an axe where they probably had so different an origin enhanced the impression of solitude & wildness. At star light we dropped down the stream—which was a dead water for 3 miles or as far as the moose horn—Joe telling us we must be very silent & not talk & he made no noise with his paddle while he urged the canoe down the stream with effective impulses— It was a still night & suitable for this purpose for if there is wind the moose will

smell you— And Joe was very confident he should get some— The harvest moon had just risen & its level rays began to light up the forest while we dropt down in the shade on the E— side—against the little breeze that was stirring. The lofty spiring tops of the spruce & fir were very black against the sky on either hand—an endless avenue— We heard a few faint notes of birds from time to time—perhaps the yellow-rumps or the sudden plunge of a muskrat—or saw one crossing the stream before us—or heard the sound of a brook emptying in—swolen by the recent rain. A bat flew over our heads— About a mile below the island we saw the light & heard the crackling of a fire on the bank—and discovered the camp of the 2 Explorers—they standing before it in their red shirts & talking aloud of the adventures & profits of the day—in which as I understood they had cleared 25 dollars fairly their last good bargain (of the day—) We glided by without speaking close under the bank within a couple of rods —& Joe taking his horn imitated the call of the moose —till we suggested that they might fire on us. This was the last we saw of them & we never knew whether they detected or suspected us. This accounted for the sounds we had heard destroyed the prospect of seeing moose yet awhile. At length Joe laid down his paddle & drew forth his birch bark horn—and imitated the call of the cow-moose *ugh ugh ugh* or *oo oo* & then a prolonged *oo—o—o—o—o—o—o—o—* and then listened attentively for several minutes—but no sound was heard to break the stillness— We asked him what kind of a noise he expected to hear— He said if there were any moose within hearing he guessed we should find out— If the bull moose heard it we should hear him coming half a mile off. He said he would come close to—perhaps into the water, and instructed my companion to wait till he got fair sight & then aim just

behind the shoulder. The cows & calves venture out to the river side to feed & drink at night—but the bulls do not come to feed. At length we turned up the moosehorn—where the Indians at the camp had told us they killed a moose the night before— This was a very meandering stream only a rod or 2 rods in width—but comparatively deep—coming in on the right hand or E side—bordered here & there by narrow meadows between the stream & the endless forest—affording favorable places for the cows to feed & to call the moose out onto— We proceeded half a mile up this—as through a narrow winding canal—while the tall dark spruce and firs towered to a great height on both sides in the moonlight—forming a perpendicular forest edge of great height—like the spires of a venice in the forest. In two places—looking strange enough—stood a small cock of hay on the bank—ready for the lumberers use in the winter— We thought of the day when this might be a brook winding through smooth shaven meadows on some gentleman's grounds— Again and again Joe called the moose with his horn placing the canoe close by some favorable point of meadow for them to come out on—but listened in vain—to hear one come rushing through the woods—and concluded that they had been hunted too much thereabouts. we saw many times what to our imaginations looked like a gigantic moose with his horns peering from out the forest edge— So at last we returned to camp. There was now a little fog on the water—though it was a fine clear night above. There were very few sounds to be heard—to break the grim stillness of the shaggy forest—several times he heard the hooting of a great horned owl, as at home and told Joe that he would call out the moose for him—but he answered that the moose had heard that sound a thousand times & knew better—and oftener still the plunge of a muskrat—& once we smelled a

skunk—and once when listening for moose—we heard come faintly echoing from far through the damp grim boundless wilderness a dull dry rushing sound—with a solid core to it yet as if half smothered under the grasp of the luxuriant & fungus like forest—like the shutting of a door in some far entry of the damp & shaggy wilderness— We are wont to liken all sounds heard at a distance in the forest to the stroke of an axe—because most sounds resemble each other under those circumstances & that is the one we commonly hear there. Far away a loud report whose echo comes creeping through the moss-clad aisles. If we had not been there no mortal had heard it When we asked Joe what it was—he answered “tree fall.” There is something singularly grand & impressive in the sound of a tree falling in a calm night—when all is silent & still—, as if the agencies which overthrow it were at work then more effectively even than in a windy day. Perhaps it is because trees with the dews of the night on them are heavier than by day— The beauty of the tree tops by moonlight closely bordering this broad avenue, it would not be easy to describe.

Arrived at camp about 10 'clock we kindled our fire & went to bed— Each man had a blanket in which he lay on the fir twigs with nothing over his head his extremities toward the fire— It was worth the while to lie down in a country where you could afford such great fires—that was one whole side & the bright side of our world— We had first rolled up a large log some 18 inches through & ten feet long for a back log to last all night—& then piled on the trees 3 or 4 feet high— In fact we burned as much wood that night and should do the same probably the warmest night in summer as would with economy & an air tight stove last a poor family in one of our cities all winter. It was something very agreeable as well as independent this lying in the

open air, while the fire kept our uncovered extremities warm enough. I lay awake awhile watching the ascent of the sparks through the firs— They were interesting as fire works going up in endless successive crowds—in a serpentine course some to 5 or 6 rods above the tree tops before they went out.— In the course of the night got up once or 2ce & put fresh logs onto the fire making my companions curl up their legs

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In the morning when we awoke we heard the chickaree & a few faint lisping birds. There had been considerable frost & the leaves were still white

We breakfasted on tea—hard-bread—& ducks. I found on this island—the viburnum opulus abundant with its shining red cymes—varied with ripe purple berries which last we ate on Joe's recommendation—as also the viburnum nudum and found them tolerable.—the red osier with its white berries with a bluish tinge —bunch-berries—clintonia—ground hemlock—and by the shore horsemint & the small flowered hypericum (out of bloom). We heard the sound of ducks about this island.

As we paddled down the stream again I saw an abundance of choke-cherries now ripe on the shore —also the clematis in its feathery state—black ash with its keys—here and there a tall & slender but defective white pine—what the lumber men call a konchus pine which they ascertain with their axes or by the knots — I could not learn whether this word was Indian or English—but thought it might possibly be from the Greek Konche a conch or shell—from the dead sound they might yield when struck— In many places the forest on the bank was but a thin strip letting the light through from some alder swamp or meadow behind —large aspens the poplar leaved & I think the great toothed— Trumpet weed, sorrel, dock, &c now out of

bloom & yarrow meadow sweet-aster miser-tall rough golden rod horse mint &c still in bloom- we were soon past the mouth of the Moose-horn. At one place on the right-below Ragmuff (next described) on the E side-the only place between Moose head & Chesuncook-where the country rose gradually from the shore to a slight elevation-some one had felled the trees over 25 or 30 acres-and they lay drying to burn The pioneer thus selects some place where the bank is higher & dryer rising gently from the shore-to be the germ of a future town- But no hut was yet erected here & no inhabitant was there. We paused to fish for trout at the mouth of a small stream called Ragmuff which came in from the west about 2 miles below the Moose horn- Here were the ruins of an Old lumber's camp and a small space had formerly been cleared & burned over for log rolling-now overgrown with the red cherry & raspberries. While we were trying for trout-meaning to stop but a few minutes -Joe-Indian-like wandered off up the Ragmuff on his own errands-and when we were ready to start was far beyond call- So we were compelled to make a fire and get our dinner here not to lose time- He at length returned after an hour & a half-said he had been two miles up the stream exploring & had seen a moose-but as he did not take the gun, did not get him- We made no complaint but concluded to look out for Joe next time- A dark reddish bird quite tame came close to us & our fire-the females greyish-and also-some smaller yellow rumped birds-perhaps the same mentioned before or myrtle birds in their summer dress. They hopped within 6 or 8 feet of us & the smoke-or perhaps they smelled our frying pork - These one or both were the lispig birds I heard in the forest-

Nuthatch and robin also. Start again at noon

– Some higher land on the right–& clearing named above.– Some arbor vitae trees 50 or 60 feet high

Not far above Pine stream we saw a small grove of slender sapling pines–the only collection of pines that we saw on the voyage– I was surprised to hear Joe whistling o susannah while his paddle urged us along & several other such airs– Once he said Yes siree His commonest word was sertain.

At length after passing a large Island we reached a broad and very handsome part of the stream called the Pine stream deadwater–with many islands in it–just above the mouth of Pine stream–& about 6 miles below Ragmuff– A beautiful deadwater reach from which we saw Ktaadn We imagined the bosky hard woods on the shore ornamental grounds with farm houses in the rear.

Here about 2 Pm we turned up Pine Stream–a small stream 3 or 4 rods wide which comes in on the right running from south to north–to look for moose signs. We had gone but a few rods before we saw very fresh signs along the water's edge–the mud lifted up by their feet being quite fresh. and Joe declared that they had gone along there but a short time before. Their dung was of a grey color & more heaped being of greater consistency than cow dung–between that of the hog & the cow We soon reached an angle in the stream where it turned more westerly and a small meadow for the most part densely covered with alders bordered the Eastern side– As we were advancing along the edge of this–rather more quietly than usual looking for signs–the design being to camp up this stream if it promised well for hunting–I heard a slight crackling of twigs deep in the alders, and turned Joe's attention to it– Whereupon he began to push the canoe back rapidly and we had receded thus half a dozen rods when we suddenly spied 2 moose standing just on the

edge of the open part of the meadow which we had past not more than 6 or 7 rods distant & looking round the alders at us.

They made me think of great frightened rabbits –with their long ears and half inquisitive half frightened looks. the true denizens of the forest filling a vacuum which now first it occurred to me was not always filled–moose-men– *–wood-eaters* (it is said to mean) clad in a sort of vermont gray or homespun – T– the hunter, owing to our retrograde movement, was now the furthest from the game–but being warned of its neighborhood–hastily stood up and while we ducked fired over our heads one barrel–at the foremost–which alone he saw–though he did not know what kind of creature it was–whereupon this one dashed across the meadow & up a low hill or high bank on the N E so rapidly as to leave on my mind the most indistinct impression and at the same instant the other a calf more than half grown leaped out into the stream in full sight–and there stood cowering for a moment or rather its disproportionate lowness behind gave it that appearance–and uttering 2 or 3 trumpeting squeaks– And I have an indistinct recollection of seeing the old one pause an instant on the hill top –look toward its shivering young & then dash away again– The second barrel was levelled at the calf, and when we expected to see it drop in the water, after a little hesitation–it also got out of the water & dashed up the hill though in a somewhat different direction – All this was the work of a few seconds– And T having never seen a moose before–did not know but they were deer–for they stood partly in the water–nor whether he had fired at the same one twice or not – From the style in which they went off and the fact that T was not used to standing up & firing in canoe–I Judged that we should not see anything more of them.

Joe said they were a cow and her calf a yearling or perhaps 2 year old calf—for they accompany their dams so long—but for my part I had not noticed much difference in their size.

It was but 2 or 3 rods across the meadow to the base of the hill or bank—which like all the world thereabouts was densely wooded—but I was surprised to notice that as soon as the moose had passed behind the veil of the woods—there was no sound of foot steps to be heard—the soft damp moss of the primitive wood yielded no sound—and long before we landed perfect silence reigned. Anow some of Joe's Indian traits come out He said if you wound 'em me sure get 'em. We all landed at once— T. reloaded—Joe threw off his hat—fastened his birch with the painter adjusted his waistband—seized the hatchet—& set out. He told me afterward that Before we landed he had seen a drop of blood on the bank—when it was 2 or 3 rods distant. He proceeded rapidly up the bank & through the woods with a peculiar elastic—noiseless & stealthy tread—looking to right & left on the ground & stepping in the faint tracks of the wounded moose—now and then pointing in silence to a single drop of blood on the handsome shining leaves of the *Clintonia borealis* which on every side covered the ground—or to a dry fern stem freshly bruised broken—all the while chewing some leaf or else the spruce Gum— I followed watching his motions more than the trail of the moose. After following the trail about 40 rods—in a pretty direct course—stepping over fallen trees & winding between standing ones—he at-length lost it—& returening once more to the last bloodstain traced it a little way & lost it again—and too soon methought for a good hunter gave it up entirely. He traced a few steps also the tracks of the calf—but seeing no blood soon relinquished it.