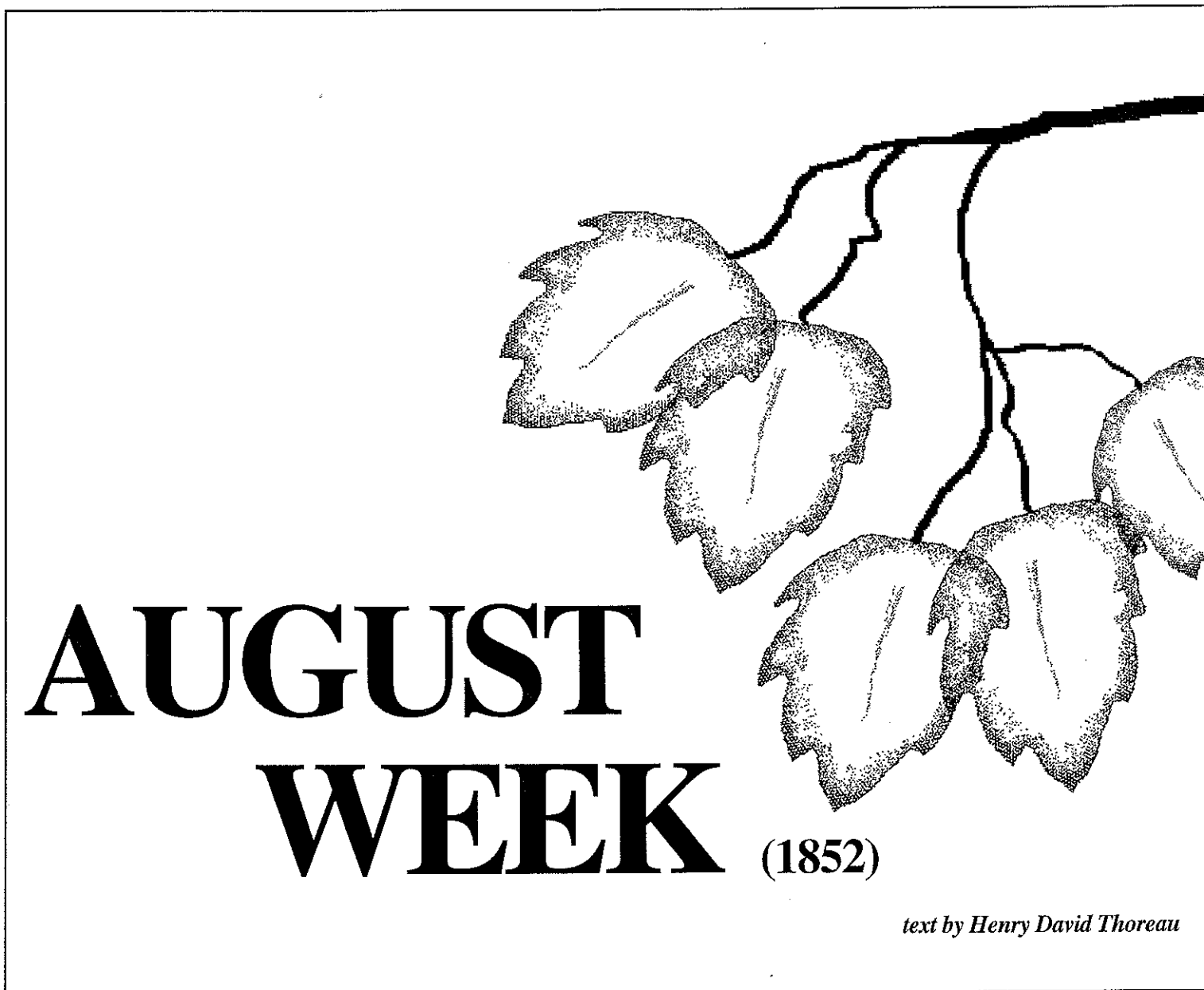


JAMES SELLARS



HOG RIVER MUSIC
HARTFORD

PROGRAM NOTE

Regarding *August Week (1852)*, one could argue that the music has become a text and the text, music, so interdependent are the two. The text, in this case, is drawn from the mammoth journal of the "Cosmic Yankee," Henry David Thoreau. In one of his 39 "blank-books" Thoreau recorded his thoughts virtually every day, from 1837 right up until the time of his final illness. By the time of his death in 1862, he had amassed an astounding total of more than two million words. *The Journal of Henry D. Thoreau* was finally published in 1906, complete in 14 volumes. (The edition was an almost immediate sell-out!) Many, if not most, of its nearly 7000 pages are devoted to describing hours of the author's serene and solitary, but sublime relationship with nature: notes on species of birds and their songs, descriptions (and the Latin names) of plants, and comments on the condition of rivers and ponds and reports on the weather.

"Says I to myself," said Thoreau, "should be the motto of my journal," which was once described as "one of the most complete records extant of the inner life of an individual." Consequently, as a musical work, *August Week (1852)* is intimate and personal. The journal entries from Volume IV for seven consecutive days — Sunday, August 15 to Saturday, August 21, 1852 — are set without pause. However, each day is set off by its own tonal color through a series of modulations into one of seven modes and is yet further distinguished by slight changes in instrumental timbre. Reflecting the seamless continuity of the text, the middle line of the three-part musical texture runs something like an Eastern Massachusetts vine from beginning to end in even eighth notes. All three parts, including the vocal line, are restricted in range, an echo of Thoreau's quietism and contemplative nature. In both music and text, change is subtle and gradual, a process; there is simplicity at the same time as profusion, qualities that bring 20th-century minimalism to mind. With its Zen-like, meditative equability and duration of nearly 35 minutes, *August Week (1852)* is comparative to plain-song. Incidentally, if one were to set Thoreau's entire journal at a similar tempo, the performance time would run to 13 days and 15 hours.

PERFORMANCE NOTE

- *August Week (1852)* is composed for voice and three instrumental lines, one of which doubles the voice part. The vocal line, written in a limited, middle register, may be sung by any type voice, soprano to bass.
- The instrumental lines may be arranged for various instruments, or programmed on a sequencer (a floppy disk of the sequence and/or a performance tape of a synthesizer realization is available from the publisher). The top and bottom instrumental lines may be doubled at the octave.

An example might include flute, piano duet, and double bass, as follows:

Top line — piano (*primo*) + flute doubling 8^{va} *sopra*

Middle and bottom lines — piano (*secundo*)

Bottom line — double bass, *pizzicato*, sounding 8^{va} *bassa*

- Whatever the arrangement used, each "day" of the week should be the same throughout; a change may be made, however, for each new day.
- The accent patterns of the text and accompaniment are independent. In preserving this independence, the singer must pay careful attention to stress the tonic accent of the words, regardless of its placement in relationship to the barlines.
- The voice may be slightly amplified, electronically doubled, or chorused. In general, the sound of the whole should be soft and gentle.
- A copy of the text should be made available to the audience.
- Duration: ca. 34 minutes.

HOG RIVER MUSIC

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AUGUST WEEK (1852)

by Henry David Thoreau

Aug. 15. Some birds fly in flocks. I see a dense, compact flock of bobolinks going off into the air over a field. They cover the rails and alders, and go rustling off with a brassy, tinkling note like a ripe crop as I approach, revealing their yellow breasts and bellies. This is an autumnal sight, that small flock of grown birds in the afternoon sky.

Elder-berry ripe. The river was lowest early in July. Some time past I have noticed meadow-grass floating on the river, reminding me that they were getting the hay up the stream. Some naked viburnum berries are quite dark purple amid the red, while other bunches are wholly green yet. The red chokeberry is small and green still. I plainly distinguish it, also, by its woolly under side. In E. Hubbard's swamp I gather some large and juicy and agreeable rum cherries. The birds make much account of them. They are much finer than the small ones on large trees; quite a good fruit. Some cranberries turned red on one cheek along the edges of the meadows. Now a sudden gust of wind blows from the northwest, cooled by a storm there, blowing the dust from roads far over the fields. The whole air, indeed, is suddenly filled with dust, and the outlines of the clouds are concealed. But it proves only the wind of the fall, which apparently passes north of us. That clear ring like an alder locust (is it a cricket?) for some time past is a sound which belongs to the season, — autumnal. Here is a second crop of clover almost as red as the first. The swamp blackberry begins. Saw a blue heron on the meadow. *Aster amplexicaulis* of Bigelow, apparently; probably for a day or two. An orchis by the brook under the Cliffs with only three white flowers, only smaller than the fringed white; spurs half an inch long. May it be another species.

Aug. 16 P. M. — Down river in boat with George Bradford.

Zizania aquatica, Indian or Canadian rice, or water oats, like slender corn. How long?

Hibiscus Moscheutos (?), marsh hibiscus, apparently, N. Barrett's. Perchance has been out a week. I think it must be the most conspicuous and showy and at the same time rich-colored flower of this month. It is not so conspicuous as the sunflower, but of a rarer color, — "pale rose-purple," they call it, — like a hollyhock. It is surprising for its amount of color, and, seen unexpectedly amid the willows and button-bushes, with the mikania twining around its stem, you can hardly believe it is a flower, so large and tender it looks, like the greatest effort of the season to adorn the August days, and reminded me of that great tender moth, the *Attacus luna*, which I found on the water near where it grows. I think it must be allied to southern species. It suggests a more genial climate and luxuriant soil. It requires these vaporous dog-days.

Galeopsis Tetrabit, common hemp-nettle, in roadside by Keyes's. How long? Flower like hedge-nettle. *Apios tuberosa*, ground-nut, a day or two. These are locust days. I hear them on the elms in the street, but cannot tell where they are. Loud is their song, drowning many others, but men appear not to distinguish it, though it pervades their ears as the dust their eyes. The river was exceedingly fair this afternoon, and there are few handsomer reaches than that by the leaning oak, the deep place, where the willows make a perfect shore.

At sunset, the glow being confined to the north, it tinges the rails on the causeway lake-color, but behind they are a dead dark blue. I must look for the rudbeckia which Bradford says he found yesterday behind Joe Clark's.

Aug. 17. Twenty minutes before 5 A. M. — To Cliffs and Walden.

Dawn. No breathing of chipbirds nor singing of

robins as in spring, but still the cock crows lustily. The creak of the crickets sounds louder. As I go along the back road, hear two or three song sparrows. This morning's red, there being a misty cloud there, is equal to an evening red. The woods are very still. I hear only a faint peep or twitter from one bird, then the neverfailing wood thrush, it being about sunrise, and after, on the Cliff, the phoebe note of a chickadee, a nightwarbler, a creeper (?), and a pewee (?), and, later still, the huckleberrybird, and redeye, but all few and faint.

Cannot distinguish the steam of the engine toward Waltham from one of the morning fogs over hollows in woods. *Lespedeza violacea* var. (apparently) *angustifolia* (?), *sessiliflora* of Bigelow. Also another *L. violacea*, or at least violet, perhaps different from what I saw some time since. *Gerardia pedicularia*, bushy gerardia, almost ready. The white cornel berries are dropping off before they are fairly white.

Is not the hibiscus a very bright pink or even fleshcolor? It is so delicate and peculiar. I do not think of any flower just like it. It reminds me of some of the wild geraniums most. It is a singular, large, delicate, high-colored flower with a treelike leaf.

Gaylussacia frondosa, blue-tangle, dangle-berry, ripe perhaps a week. Weston of Lincoln thought there were more grapes, both cultivated and wild, than usual this year, because the rose-bugs had not done so much harm.

Aug. 18. 3 P. M. — To Joe Clark's and Hibiscus Bank.

I cannot conceive how a man can accomplish anything worthy of him, unless his very breath is sweet to him. He must be particularly alive. As if a man were himself and could work well only at a certain rare crisis.

The river is full of weeds. The *Hypericum mutilum*,

small-flowered, has in some places turned wholly red on the shore. There is indeed something royal about the month of August. It is a more ingrained and perhaps more tropical heat than that of July. Though hot, it is not so suffocating and unveiled a blaze. The vapors in the air temper it somewhat. But we have had some pretty cool weather within a week or two, and the evenings generally are cooler. As I go over the hill behind Hunt's, the North River has a glassy stillness and smoothness, seen through the smoky haze that fills the air and has the effect of a film on the water, so that it looks stagnant. No mountains can be seen. The locust is heard. The fruits are ripening. Ripe apples here and there scent the air. Huckleberries probably have begun to spoil. I see those minute yellow cocoons on the grass. Hazelnuts; methinks it is time to gather them if you would anticipate the squirrels. The clematis and mikania belong to this month, filling the crevices and rounding the outline of leafy banks and hedges.

Perceived to-day and some weeks since (August 3d) the strong invigorating aroma of green walnuts, astringent and bracing to the spirits, the fancy and imagination, suggesting a tree that has its roots well in amid the bowels of nature. Their shells are, in fact and from association, exhilarating to smell, suggesting a strong, nutty native vigor. A fruit which I am glad that our zone produces, looking like the nutmeg of the East. I acquire some of the hardness and elasticity of the hickory when I smell them. They are among *our* spices. High-scented, aromatic, as you bruise one against another in your hand, almost like nutmegs, only more bracing and northern. Fragrant stones which the trees bear.

The hibiscus flowers are seen a quarter of a mile off over the water, like large roses, now that these high colors are rather rare. Some are exceedingly delicate and pale, almost white, just rose-tinted, others a brighter pink or rose-color, and all slightly plaited (the five large petals) and turned toward the sun, now in the west, trembling in the wind. So much color looks very rich in these localities. The flowers are some four inches in diameter, as large as water-lilies, rising amid and above the buttonbushes and willows, with a large light-green tree-like leaf and a stem half an inch in diameter, apparently dying down to a perennial (?) root each year.

A superb flower. Where it occurs it is certainly, next to the white lily, if not equally with it, the most splendid ornament of the river. Looking up the gleaming river, reflecting the August sun, the round-topped silvery *white* maples, the glossy-leaved swamp white oaks, the ethereal and buoyant *Salix Purshiana*, — the first and last resting on the water and giving the river a full appearance, — and the hibiscus flowers adorning the shores, contrasting with the green across the river, close to the water's edge, the meadows being just shorn, all make a perfect August scene. Here is the place where the hayets cross the river with their loads. As I made excursions on the river when the white lilies were in bloom, so now I should make a hibiscus excursion.

Rudbeckia laciniata, sunflower-like tall cone-flower, behind Joe Clark's. *Symphytum officinale*, common comfrey, by Dakin, pump-maker's. The *Cerastium viscosum* which I saw months ago, still. And the ovate heads of the tall anemone gone to seed. *Linum usitatissimum*, common flax, with a pretty large and pretty blue flower in the yard. *Rumex obtusifolius*, for weeks, apparently.

Elizabeth Hoar shows me the following plants which she brought from the White Mountains the 16th: *Chiogenes hispidula*, creeping snow-berry, also called *Gaultheria* and also *Vaccinium hispidulum*, in fruit, with a partridgeberry scent and taste; *Taxus Canadensis*, ground hemlock, with red cup-shaped berries, very handsome and remarkably like wax or red marble; *Platanthera orbiculata*, remarkable for its watery shining leaves, flat on the ground, while its spike of flowers rises perpendicular, suggesting, as she said, repose and steadiness amid the prostrate trunks, — and you could not avoid seeing it any more than a child, — in blossom; *Oxalis Acetosella*, in blossom; *Arenaria Groenlandica*, also in bloom, in tufts like houstonia; *Lonicera ciliata*, probably, with a double red fruit. She also brought lichens and mosses and convallaria berries which she gathered at the Flume in Franconia. The latter, red-ripe, hanging from the axils of the leaves, affected me reminding me of the progress of autumn in the north; and the other two were a very fit importation, still dripping with the moisture, the water, of the Flume. It carries you, indeed, into the primitive wood. To think how, in those wild woods, now hang these wild berries, in grim solitude as of yore, already scenting their

autumn! A thousand years ago this convallaria growing there, its berries turning red as now and its leaves acquiring an autumnal tint. Lichens and mosses enough to cover a waiter, still dripping with the water of the Flume, — is not that a true specimen of it?

J. [?] Stacy says that fifty years ago his father used to blow his fire with onion stems. Thinks there have been great improvements. But then, as I hear, there was a bellows-maker in the town. Is not that the *Aster umbellatus* which I found by the lygodium?

Aug. 19. 2 P. M. — To Corner Spring, Burnt Plain, and Brister Hill.

Forget-me-not Brook, *Epilobium lineare* (Bigelow), *molle* (?) (Gray). The small fruits of most plants are now generally ripe or ripening, and this is coincident with the flying in flocks of such young birds now grown as feed on them. The twittering, tinkling *link* notes of the bobolinks occasionally border on the old bobolink strain. The *Epilobium coloratum* is an interesting little flower for its contrasted white and pink; the bud is commonly pink. The *Viburnum dentatum* berries are now blue. I still find the stitchwort (*Stellaria*). Many leaves of the mountain sumach are red. What are the checkerberry-scented plants? Checkerberry; black and yellow birch; polygala, caducous and cross-leaved and *verticillata*, at root; *Chiogenes hispidula*, creeping snowberry. I perceive the fragrance of the clethra on the meadow gales. The checkerberries are in bloom, looking almost like snow-white berries. The dracæna berries, "amethystine blue," are almost all fallen. The dangle-berry is a very handsome tangled berry, but with a slightly astringent and to me not altogether agreeable flavor. What is that large many-flowered hieracium (I think I saw it at same time with the veiny), with radical leaves and one sheathing leaflet and a spreading panicle minutely downy? *Gronovii*? or *Kalmii*? The trillium berries, six-sided, one inch in diameter, like varnished and stained cherry wood, glossy red, crystalline and ingrained, concealed under its green leaves in shady swamps. It is already fall in some of these shady, springy swamps, as at the Corner Spring. The skunk-cabbages and the trilliums, both leaves and fruit, are many flat prostrate, the former decaying, and all looking as if

early frosts had prevailed. Here, too, the bright scarlet berries of the arum, perhaps premature.

Here is a little brook of very cold spring-water, rising a few rods distant, with a gray sandy and pebbly bottom, flowing through this dense swampy thicket, where, nevertheless, the sun falls in here and there between the leaves and shines on its bottom, meandering exceedingly, and sometimes running underground. The trilliums on its brink have fallen into it and bathe their red berries in the water, waving in the stream. The water has the coldness it acquired in the bowels of the earth. Here is a recess apparently never frequented. Thus this rill flowed here a thousand years ago, and with exactly these environments. It is a few rods of primitive wood, such as the bear and the deer beheld. It has a singular charm for me, carrying me back in imagination to those days. Yet a fisherman has once found out this retreat, and here is his box in the brook to keep his minnows in, now gone to decay. I love the rank smells of the swamp, its decaying leaves. The clear darkgreen leaves of the feverbush overhang the stream.

I name the shore under Fair Haven Hill the Cardinal Shore from the abundance of cardinal-flowers there. The red-stemmed (?) cornel berries are mingled whitish and amethystine (?) blue. I see some bright red leaves on the tupelo contrasting with its glossy green ones. How sweet the fragrance where meadow-hay has been brushed off a load in narrow paths in low woods! The panicked (?) hedsyarum apparently will blossom in a week. *Gerardia purpurea* at Forget-me-not Brook. *Eupatorium pubescens*, between this and the first of August.

Aug. 20. That large galium still abundant and in blossom, filling crevices. The *Corallorhiza multiflora*, coral-root (not *odontorhiza*, I think, for it has twenty-four flowers, and its germ is not roundish oval, and its lip is three-lobed), by Brister's Spring. Found by R. W. E., August 12; also *Goodyera pubescens* found at same date. The purple gerardia is very beautiful now in green grass, and the rhexia also, both difficult to get home. I find raspberries still. An aster with a smooth leaf narrowed below, somewhat like *A. amplexicaulis* (or

patens (Gray)?). Is it var. *phlogifolius*? Is that smooth, handsome-stemmed goldenrod in Brown's Sleepy Hollow meadow *Solidago serotina*? Bidens, either *connata* or *cernua*, by Moore's potato-field.

Aug. 21. Weeds in potato-fields are now very rank. What should we come to if the season were longer, and the reins were given to vegetation? Those savages that do not wither before the glance of civilization, that are waiting their turn to be cultivated, preparing a granary for the birds. The air within a day or two is quite cool, almost too cool for a thin coat, yet the alternate days are by some reckoned among the warmest in the year, *scalding* hot. That will apply very well to the greatest heat of August. Young turkeys are straying in the grass, which is alive with grasshoppers.

3 P. M. — To Bear Hill *via* railroad and Flint's.

The bees, wasps, etcetera, are on the goldenrods, impatient to be interrupted, improving their time before the sun of the year sets. A man killed by lightning would have a good answer ready in the next world to the question "How came *you* here?" which he need not hesitate to give. Can that be *Mulgedium leucophaum*, with the aspect of a lettuce but bluish flowers, seven feet high with a panicle two feet by ten inches? Cat-tails ripe. The common epilobium holds not a neat flower but rich-colored.

Moralists say of men, By their fruits ye shall know them, but botanists say of plants, By their flowers ye shall know them. This is very well generally, but they must make exceptions sometimes when the fruit is fairer than the flower. They are to be compared at that stage in which they are most significant to man. I say that sometimes by their fruits ye shall know them. The bright red or scarlet fruit of the scarlet thorn (*Crataegus coccinea*) in the woods off Bear Hill road, Winn's woods. How handsomely they contrast with the green leaves! Are edible also. Fruits now take the place of flowers to some extent. These brilliant-colored fruits, flower-like. There are few flowers have such brilliant and remarkable colors as the fruit of the arum, trillium, convallarias, dracæna, cornels, viburnums, actæa, etcetera, etcetera I must notice this kind of flowers now.

The leaves of the dogsbane are turning yellow. There

are as few or fewer birds heard than flowers seen. The red-eye still occasionally. Agrimony still. "The dry, pearly, and almost incorruptible heads of the Life Everlasting." Ah! this is a truly elysian flower now, beyond change and decay, not lusty but immortal, — pure ascetics, suggesting a widowed virginity. *Bidens frondosa* in corn-fields under Bear Hill, west side. The large kind. *Polygonum arifolium*, a very large scratchweed, in the ditch in Baker's Swamp, reminding me of a boa-constrictor creeping over the plants' stems, a third of an inch in diameter. Some time earlier in this month. The sound of the crickets gradually prevails more and more. I hear the year falling asleep. When dry seeds come, then I hear these dry locust and cricket sounds. Berries are still abundant on Bear Hill, but how late when huckleberries begin to be wormy and pickers are deserting the fields? The high blackberries by the roadside are sweet though covered with dust. At this season, too, the farmers burn brush, and the smoke is added to the haziness of the atmosphere. From this hill I count five or six smokes, far and near, and am advertised of one species of industry over a wide extent of country. The mountains are just visible. The grass-poly by the Lincoln road, with its "fine purple" flowers. *Decodon verticillatus*, swamp loosestrife. Those in the water do not generally bloom. What stout, woody, perennial rootstocks! It is a handsome purple flower, falling over wreath-like on every side, with an epilobium look, a *lively* purple. The *Cardamine hirsuta* still. The bitter-sweet berries now bright red, still handsomer than the flowers. The barberries are turning. Many leaves of the pyrus, both kinds, are red, and some sweet-ferns. See the great umbels, lead-blue, of the *Aralia hispida*.

This coloring and reddening of the leaves toward fall is interesting; as if the sun had so prevailed that even the leaves, better late than never, were turning to flowers, — so filled with mature juices, the whole plant turns at length to one flower, and all its leaves are petals around its fruit or dry seed. A second flowering to celebrate the maturity of the fruit. The first to celebrate the age of puberty, the marriageable age; the second, the maturity of the parent, the age of wisdom, the fullness of years.

* * * * *

AUGUST WEEK (1852)

James Sellars

$\text{♩} = 106-108$

Au - gust fif - teenth. Some birds fly in flocks. I see a dense, com - pact flock of bob - o - links go - ing off in the air o - ver a field.

7

They cov - er the rails and al - ders, and go rustl - ing off with a brass - y, tinkl - ing note like a ripe crop as I ap - proach, re - veal - ing their yel - low breasts and bel - lies.

13

This is an au - tumn - al sight, that small flock of grown birds in the af - ter - noon sky. El - der - ber - ry ripe. The ri - ver was low - est ear - ly in Ju - ly.

18

Some time past I have no-ticed mea-dow-grass float-ing on the ri-ver, re-mind-ing me that they were get-ting the hay up the stream. Some nak-ed vi-bur-num

23

ber-ries are quite dark pur-ple a-mid the red, while o-ther bunch-es are whol-ly green yet. The red choke-ber-ry is small and green still. I plain-ly dis-tin-guish it,

28

al-so, by its wool-ly un-der side. In E. Hub-bard's swamp I gath-er some large and jui-cy and a-gree-ab-le rum cher-ries. The birds make much ac-count of them.

33

They are much fi-ner than the small ones on large trees; quite a good fruit. Some cran-ber-ries turned red on one cheek a-long the edg-es of the mea-dows.

37

Now a sud-den gust of wind blows from the north-west, cooled by a storm there, blow-ing the dust from roads far o-ver the fields.

41

The whole air, in-deed, is sud-den-ly filled with dust, and the out-lines of the clouds are con-cealed. But it proves on-ly the wind of the ball,

44

which ap- par- ent- ly pas- ses north of us. That clear ring like an al- der lo- cust (is it a crick- et?) for some time past is a sound which be- longs to the sea- son

50

- au- tum - nal. Here is a se- cond crop of clo- ver al- most as red as the first. The swamp black- ber- ry be- gins. Saw a blue he- ron on the mea- dow.

55

As - ter am- plex - i- cau- lis of Bi- ge- low, ap- par- ent- ly; prob- ab- ly for a day or two. An or- chis by the brook un- der the Cliffs with on- ly three white flo- wers,

62

on - ly small - er than the fringed white; spurs half an inch long. May it be an - o - ther spe - cies. *Au - gust six - teenth.* P. M.

66

-Down ri - ver in boat with George Brad - ford. *Zi - za - ni - a a - qua - ti - ca,* In - dian or Ca - na - dian rice, or wa - ter oats, like slen - der corn. How long?

71

Hi - bis - cus Mos - che - u - tos(?), marsh hi - bis - cus, ap - pa - ent - ly, N. Bar - rett's. Per - chance has been out a week. I think it must be the most con - spic - u - ous and

77

show-y and at the same time *rich*-col-ored flower of this month. It is not so con-spic-u-ous as the sun-flo-wer, but of a rar-er col-or, —“pale rose-pur-ple,”

84

they call it, —like a hol-ly-hock. It is sur-pris-ing for its a-mount of col-or, and, seen un-ex-pect-ed-ly a-mid the wil-lows and but-ton-bush-es, with the mi-ka-nia

91

twin-ing a-round its stem, you can hard-ly be-lieve it is a flo-wer, so large and ten-der it looks, like the great-est ef-fort of the sea-son to ad-orn the Au-gust days,

96

and re-mind-ed me of that great ten-der moth, the *At-ta-cus lu-na*, which I found on the wa-ter near where it grows. I think it must be al-lied to

104

south-ern spe-cies. It sug-gests a more ge-nial cli-mate and lux-ur-iant soil. It re-quires these va-por-ous dog-days. *Ga-le-op-sis Te-tra-hit*,

111

com-mon hemp-net-tle, in road-side by Keyes-'s. How long? Flo-wer like hedge-net-tle. *A-pi-os tu-ber-o-sa*, ground-nut, a day or two.

118

These are lo-cust days. I hear them on the elms in the street, but can-not tell where they are. Loud is their song, drown-ing ma-ny o-thers, but men ap-pear

124

not to dis-tin-guish it, though it per-vades their ears as the dust their eyes. The ri-ver was ex-ceed-ing-ly fair this af-ter-noon, and there are few hand-som-er

130

reach-es than that by the lean-ing oak, the deep place, where the wil-lows make a per-fect shore. At sun-set, the glow be-ing con-fined to the north,

136

it ting-es the rails on the cause-way lake - col-or, but be-hind they are a dead dark blue. I must look for the rud-beck-ia which Brad-ford says he found yes-ter-day

141

be-hind Joe Clark's. *Au-gust se-ven-teenth.* Twen-ty min-utes be-fore five A. M. -To Cliffs and Wal-den. Dawn. No breath-ing of chip-birds

147

nor sing-ing of ro-bins as in spring, but still the cock crows lust-i-ly. The creak of the crick-ets sounds loud-er. As I go a-long the back road,

151

hear two or three song spar-rows. This morn-ing's red, there be-ing a mist-y cloud there, is e-qual to an eve-ning red. The woods are ve-ry still.

156

I hear on-ly a faint peep or twit-ter from one bird, then the ne-ver-fail-ing wood thrush, it be-ing a-bout sun - rise, and af-ter, on the Cliff, the phoe-be note

162

of a chick-a-dee, a night-warb-ler, a creep-er(?), and a pe-wee(?), and, lat-er still, the huck-le-ber-ry-bird, and red-eye, but all few and faint.

170

Can-not dis-tin-guish the steam of the en-gine toward Walt-ham from one of the morn-ing fogs o-ver hol-lows in woods. *Les-pe-de-za vi-o-la-ce-a* var-i-a-tion

176

(ap-par-ent-ly) *an-gus-ti-fo-li-a(?)*, *ses-si-li-flo-ra* of Bi-ge-low. Al-so an-o-ther *L. vi-o-la-ce-a*, or at least vi-o-let, per-haps dif-ferent from what

184

I saw some time since. *Ger-ar-di-a pe-di-cu-la-ri-a*, bush-y ger-ar-dia, al-most read-y. The white cor-nel ber-ries are drop-ping off

190

be-fore they are fair-ly white. Is not the hi-bis-cus a ver-y bright pink or ev-en flesh-col-or? It is so de-li-cate and pe-cu-liar. I do not think of a-ny

196

flo-wer just like it. It re-minds me of some of the wild ger-an-i-ums most. It is a sing-u-lar, large, de-li-cate, high-col-ored flower with a tree-like leaf.

202

Gay-bus-sa-ci-a fron-do-sa, blue-tang-le, dang-le-ber-ry, ripe per-haps a week. Wes-ton of Lin-corn thought there were more grapes, both cul-ti-vat-ed and wild,

209

than u-sual this year, be-cause the rose-bugs had not done so much harm. *Au-gust eigh-teenth.* Three P. M. —To Joe Clark's and Hi-bis-cus Bank.

215

I can-not con-ceive how a man can ac-com-lish a-ny-thing worth-y of him, un-less his ve-ry breath is sweet to him. He must be par-tic-u-lar-ly a-live.

220

As if a man were him-self and could work well on-ly at a cer-tain rare cri-sis. The ri-ver is full of weeds. The *Hy-pe-ri-cum mu-ti-lum*, small-flo-wered,

227

has in some pla-ces turned whol-ly red on the shore. There is in-deed some-thing roy-al a-bout the month of Au-gust. It is a more in-grained

232

and per-haps more tro-pi-cal heat than that of Ju-ly. Though hot, it is not so suf-fo-cat-ing and un-veiled a blaze. The va-pors in the air tem-per it some-what.

239

But we have had some pret-ty cool wea-ther with-in a week or two, and the eve-nings gen-er-al-ly are cool-er. As I go o-ver the hill be-hind Hunt's,

246

the North Ri-ver has a glass-y still-ness and smooth-ness, seen through the smo-ky haze that fills the air and has the ef-fect of a film on the wa-ter,

253

so that it looks stag-nant. No moun-tains can be seen. The lo-cust is heard. The fruits are ripen-ing. Ripe app-les here and there scent the air.

259

Huck-le-ber-ries pro-bab-ly have be-gun to spoil. I see those mi-nute yel-low co-coons on the grass. Ha-zel-nuts; me-thinks it is time to ga-ther them

265

if you would an-ti-ci-pate the squirrels. The cle-ma-tis and mi-ka-ni-a be-long to this month, fill-ing the cre-vi-ces and round-ing the out-line of

271

leaf-y banks and hedg-es. Per-ceived to-day and some weeks since (Au-gust third) the strong in-vig-or-at-ing a-ro-ma of green wal-nuts,

276

a-strin-gent and brac-ing to the spir-its, the fan-cy and i-mag-i-na-tion, sug-gest-ing a tree that has its roots well in a-mid the bowels of na-ture. Their shells are,

281

in fact and from as-so-ci-a-tion, ex-hil-ar-a-ting to smell, sug-gest-ing a strong, nut-ty na-tive vi-gor. A fruit which I am glad that our zone pro-duc-es,

288

look-ing like the nut-meg of the East. I ac-quire some of the hard-ness and e-las-ti-ci-ty of the hick-o-ry when I smell them.

294

They are a-mong *our* spic-es. High-scent-ed, a-ro-mat-ic, as you bruise one a-gainst an-oth-er in your hand, al-most like nut-megs, on-ly more brac-ing

300

and north-ern. Fra-grant stones which the trees bear. The hi-bis-cus flo-wers are seen a quart-er of a mile off o-ver the wa-ter, like large ros-es,

306

now that these high col-ors are ra-ther rare. Some are ex-ceed-ing-ly de-li-cate and pale, al-most white, just rose-tint-ed,

312

o-thers a bright-er pink or rose-col-or, and all slight-ly plait-ed (the five large pet-als) and turned toward the sun, now in the west, trembl-ing in the wind.

318

So much col-or looks ve-ry rich in these lo-cal-i-ties. The flo-wers are some four inch-es in di-a-met-er, as large as wa-ter-lil-ies, ris-ing a-mid and a-bove

324

the but-ton-bush-es and wil-lows, with a large light-green tree-like leaf and a stem half an inch in di-a-met-er, ap-par-ent-ly dy-ing down

328

to a per-en-ni-al(?) root each year. A su-perb flo-wer. Where it oc-curs it is cer-tain-ly, next to the white li-ly, if not e-qual-ly with it,

334

the most splen-did or-na-ment of the ri-ver. Look-ing up the gleam-ing ri-ver, re-flect-ing the Au-gust sun, the round-topped sil-ve-ry *white* mapl-es,

340

the glos-sy-leaved swamp white oaks, the e-the-re-al and buoy-ant *Sa-lix Pur-shi-a-na*, -the first and last rest-ing on the wa-ter and giv-ing

346

the ri-ver a full ap-pear-ance, -and the hi-bis-cus flo-wers ad-orn-ing the shores, con-trast-ing with the green a-cross the ri-ver, close to the wa-ter's edge,

352

the meadows being just shorn, all make a perfect August scene. Here is the place where the hay-ers cross the river with their loads. As I made excursions

358

on the river when the white lilies were in bloom, so now I should make a hibiscus excursion. Rudbeckia laciniata,

363

sunflower-like tall cone-flower, behind Joe Clark's. *Symphytum officinale*, common comfrey, by Dakin, pump-maker's. The *Cerasium viscosum*

370

which I saw months a-go, still. And the o-vate heads of the tall a-ne-mo-ne gone to seed. *Li-num u-si-ta-tis-si-mum*, com-mon flax, with a pret-ty large

377

and pret-ty blue flo-wer in the yard. *Ru-mex ob-tu-si-fo-li-us*, for weeks, ap-par-ent-ly. E-liz-a-beth Hoar shows me the fol-low-ing plants which

384

she brought from the White Moun-tains the six-teenth: *Chi-o-ge-nes his-pid-u-la*, creep-ing snow-ber-ry, al-so called *Gaul-the-ri-a* and al-so

390

Vac - ci - ni - um his - pid - u - lum, in fruit, with a par - tridge - ber - ry scent and taste; *Tax - us Ca - na - den - sis,* ground hem - lock, with red cup - shaped ber - ries,

396

ve - ry hand - some and re - mark - ab - ly like wax or red mar - ble; *Pla - tan - the - ra or - bic - u - la - ta,* re - mark - ab - le for its wa - ter - y shin - ing leaves, flat on the ground,

402

while its spike of flo - wers ris - es per - pen - dic - u - lar, sug - gest - ing, as she said, re - pose and stead - i - ness a - mid the pro - strate trunks, —and you could not a - void

410

see-ing it a-ny more than a child, -in blos-som; *Ox-a-lis A-ce-to-sel-la*, in blos-som; *A-re-na-ri-a Groen-lan-di-ca*, al-so in bloom, in tufts like hous-ton-ia;

417

Lo-ni-ce-ra ci-li-a-ta, pro-bab-ly, with a doub-le red fruit. She al-so brought lich-ens and mos-ses and con-val-la-ri-a ber-ries which she gath-ered at the

423

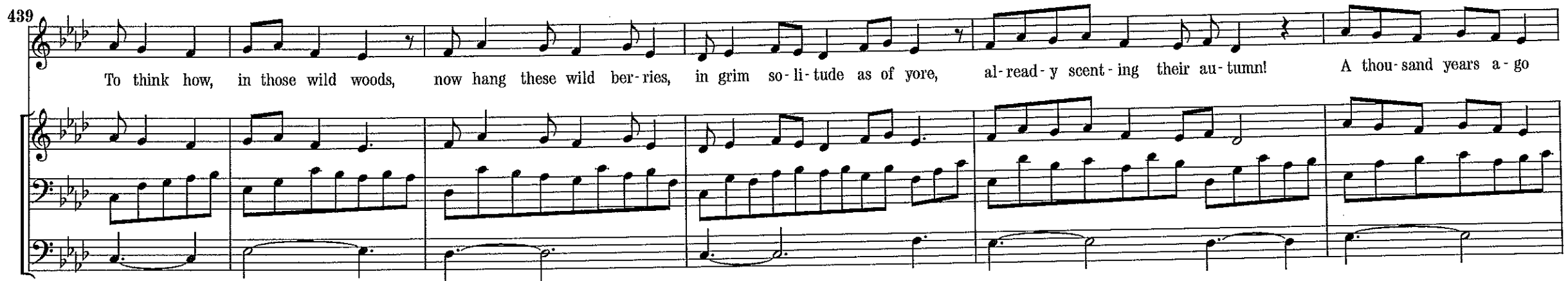
Flume in Fran-con-ia. The lat-ter, red-ripe, hang-ing from the ax-ils of the leaves, af-fect-ed me re-mind-ing me of the pro-gress of au-tumn in the north;

430



and the o-ther two were a ve-ry fit in-por-ta-tion, still drip-ping with the moist-ure, the wa-ter, of the Flume. It car-ries you, in-deed, in-to the pri-mi-tive wood.

439



To think how, in those wild woods, now hang these wild ber-ries, in grim so-li-tude as of yore, al-read-y scent-ing their au-tumn! A thou-sand years a-go

445



this con-val-la-ri-a grow-ing there, its ber-ries turn-ing red as now and its leaves ac-quir-ing an au-tumn-al tint. Lich-ens and mos-ses e-nough to cov-er a wait-er,

450

still drip-ping with the wa-ter of the Flume, -is not that a true spe-ci-men of it? J.[?] Sta-cy says that fif-ty years a-go his fa-ther used to blow

455

his fire with on-ion stems. Thinks there have been great im-prove-ments. But then, as I hear, there was a bel-lows-mak-er in the town. Is not that the

463

As-ter um-bel-lat-us which I found by the ly-go-di-um? Au-gust nine-teenth. Two P. M. -To Cor-ner Spring, Burnt Plain, and Bris-ter Hill.

469

For-get-me-not Brook, *E-pi-lo-bi-um li-ne-a-re* (Bi-ge-low), *mol-le(?)* (Gray). The small fruits of most plants are now gen-eral-ly ripe or ripen-ing,

476

and this is co-in-ci-dent with the fly-ing in flocks of such young birds now grown as feed on them. The twit-ter-ing, tink-ling *link* notes of the bob-o-links

482

oc-casion-al-ly bord-er on the old bob-o-link strain. The *E-pi-lo-bi-um co-lo-ra-tum* is an in-ter-est-ing lit-tle flo-wer for its con-trast-ed white and pink;

490

the bud is com-mon-ly pink. The *Vi-bur-num den-ta-tum* ber-ries are now blue. I still find the stitch-wort (*Stel-la-ri-a*). Ma-ny leaves of the moun-tain su-mach

496

are red. What are the check-er-ber-ry-scent-ed plants? Check-er-ber-ry; black and yel-low birch; po-ly-ga-la, ca-du-cous and cross-leaved and

504

ver-ti-cil-la-ta, at root; *Chi-o-gen-es his-pid-u-la*, creep-ing snow-ber-ry. I per-ceive the frag-rance of the cle-thra on the mea-dow gales. The check-er-ber-ries

512

are in bloom, look-ing al-most like snow-white ber-ries. The dra-cæ-na ber-ries, "a-me-thys-tine blue," are al-most all fall-en. The dang-le-ber-ry

519

is a ve-ry hand-some tang-led ber-ry, but with a slight-ly a-string-ent and to me not al-to-geth-er a-gree-ab-le fla-vor. What is that large

524

ma-ny-flo-wered hi-er-a-ci-um (I think I saw it at same time with the vein-y), with ra-di-cal leaves and one sheath-ing leaf-let and a spread-ing pa-ni-cle min-ute-ly

532

down-y? *Gro-no-vi-i?* or *Kal-mi-i?* The tril-li-um ber-ries, six-sid-ed, one inch in di-a-met-er, like varn-ish-ed and stained cher-ry wood,

540

glos-sy red, crys-tal-line and in-grained, con-cealed un-der its green leaves in shad-y swamps. It is al-read-y fall in some of these shad-y, spring-y swamps,

548

as at the Cor-ner Spring. The skunk-cab-bag-es and the tril-li-ums, both leaves and fruit, are ma-ny flat pro-strate, the for-mer de-cay-ing, and all look-ing as if

555

ear-ly frosts had pre-vailed. Here, too, the bright scar-let ber-ries of the a-rum, per-haps pre-ma-ture. Here is a lit-tle brook of ve-ry cold spring-wa-ter,

562

ris-ing a few rods dis-tant, with a gray sand-y and pebbl-y bot-tom, flow-ing through this dense swamp-y thick-et, where, ne-ver-the-less,

569

the sun falls in here and there be-tween the leaves and shines on its bot-tom, me-an-der-ing ex-ceed-ing-ly, and some-times run-ning un-der-ground. The tril-li-ums

576

on its brink have fall-en in-to it and bathe their red ber-ries in the wa-ter, wav-ing in the stream. The wa-ter has the cold-ness it ac-quired

583

in the bowels of the earth. Here is a re-cess ap-par-ent-ly ne-ver fre-quent-ed. Thus this rill flowed here a thou-sand years a-go, and with ex-act-ly

589

these en-vir-on-ments. It is a few rods of pri-mi-tive wood, such as the bear and the deer be-held. It has a sing-u-lar charm for me, car-ry-ing me back

598

in i-mag-i-na-tion to those days. Yet a fish-er-man has once found out this re-treat, and here is his box in the brook to keep his min-nows in, now gone to de-cay.

606

I love the rank smells of the swamp, its de-cay-ing leaves. The clear dark-green leaves of the fe-ver-bush o-ver-hang the stream. I name the shore

614

un-der Fair Ha-ven Hill the Card-inal Shore from the a-bund-ance of card-inal-flo-wers there. The red-stemmed(?) cor-nel ber-ries are ming-led whit-ish and

621

a-me-thys-tine(?) blue. I see some bright red leaves on the tu-pe-lo con-trast-ing with its glos-sy green ones. How sweet the frag-rance where mea-dow-hay has been

629

brushed off a load in nar-row paths in low woods! The pa-nic-led(?) he-dy-sa-rum ap-par-ent-ly will blos-som in a week. Ger-ar-di-a pur-pu-re-a

637

at For-get-me-not Brook. *Eu-pa-to-ri-um pu-bes-cens*, be-tween this and the first of Au-gust. *Au-gust twen-ti-eth*. That large ga-li-um

643

still ab-und-ant and in blos-som, fill-ing cre-vic-es. The *Cor-al-lorh-i-za mul-ti-flo-ra*, cor-al-root (not *o-dont-orh-i-za*, I think, for it has twen-ty-four flo-wers,

650

and its germ is not round-ish o-val, and its lip is three-lobed), by Bris-ter's Spring. Found by R. W.* E., Au-gust twelfth; al-so *Good-ye-ra pu-besc-ens*

658

found at same date. The pur-ple ger-ar-di-a is ve-ry beau-ti-ful now in green grass, and the rhex-i-a al-so, both dif-fi-cult to get home.

666

I find rasp-ber-ries still. An as-ter with a smooth leaf nar-rowed be-low, some-what like A. *am-plex-i-cau-lis* (or *pa-tens* (Gray)?).

672

Is it var-i-a-tion *phlo-gi-fo-li-us*? Is that smooth, hand-some-stemmed gold-en-rod in Brown's Sleep-y Hol-low mea-dow *So-li-da-go se-ro-ti-na*? Bi-dens,

678

ei-ther *con-na-ta* or *cer-nu-a*, by Moore's po-ta-to-field. Au-gust twen-ty-first. Weeds in po-ta-to-fields are now ve-ry rank.

685

What should we come to if the sea-son were long - er, and the reins were giv-en to ve-ge-ta-tion? Those sa-vag-es that do not with-er be-fore the glance of

693

ci-vil-i-za-tion, that are wait-ing their turn to be cult-i-vat-ed, pre-par-ing a gran-a-ry for the birds. The air with-in a day or two is quite cool,

701

al-most too cool for a thin coat, yet the al-ter-nate days are by some reck-oned a-mong the warm-est in the year, *scald-ing* hot. That will ap-ply ve-ry well

708

to the great-est heat of Au-gust. Young tur-keys are stray-ing in the grass, which is a-live with grass-hop-pers. Three P. M. —To Bear Hill *vi-a* rail-road and Flint's.

715

The bees, wasps, et-cet-er-a, are on the gol-den-rods, im-pa-tient to be in-ter-rupt-ed, im-prov-ing their time be-fore the sun of the year sets. A man killed by light-ning

721

would have a good an-swer read-y in the next world to the quest-ion "How came *you* here?" which he need not hes-it-ate to give. Can that be

729



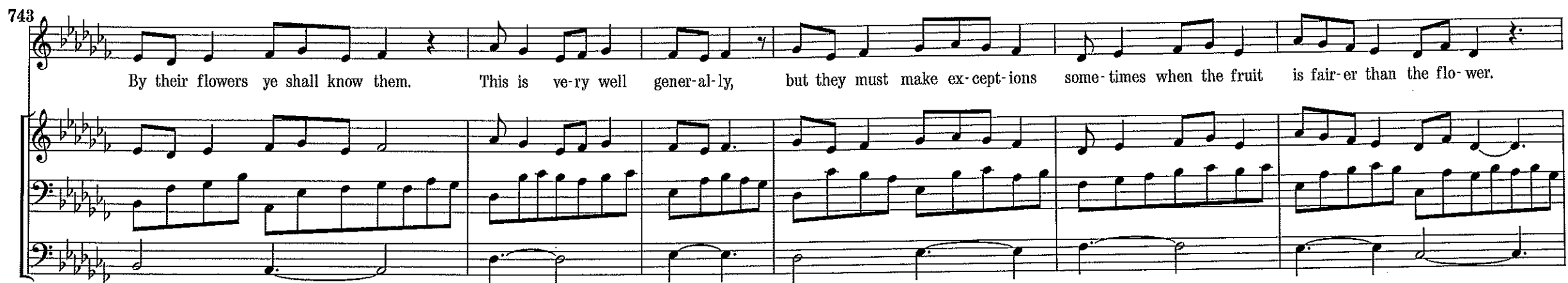
Mul-ge-di-um leu-co-phæ-um, with the a-spect of a let-tuce but blu-ish flo-wers, sev-en feet high with a pan-i-cle two feet by ten in-ches? Cat-tails ripe.

737



The com-mon e-pi-lo-bi-um holds not a neat flower but rich-col-ored. Mor-al-ists say of men, By their fruits ye shall know them, but bot-an-ists say of plants,

743



By their flowers ye shall know them. This is ve-ry well gener-al-ly, but they must make ex-cept-ions some-times when the fruit is fair-er than the flo-wer.

749

They are to be com-pared at that stage in which they are most sig-ni-fic-ant to man. I say that some-times by their fruits ye shall know them. The bright red or scar-let

756

fruit of the scar-let thorn (*Cra-tæ-gus coc-ci-ne-a*) in the woods off Bear Hill road, Winn's woods. How hand-some-ly they con-trast with the green leaves!

763

Are e-di-ble al-so. Fruits now take the place of flo-wers to some ex-tent. These bril-liant-col-ored fruits, flo-wer-like. There are few flo-wers

770

have such bril-liant and re-mark-ab-le col-ors as the fruit of the a-rum, tril-li-um, con-val-la-ri-as, dra-cæ-na, cor-nels, vi-bur-nums, ac-tæ-a,

779

et-cet-e-ra, et-cet-e-ra I must no-tice this kind of flo-wers now. The leaves of the dogs-bane are turn-ing yel-low. There are as few

785

or few-er birds heard than flo-wers seen. The red-eye still oc-ca-sion-nal ly. Ag-ri-mon-y still. "The dry, pearl-y, and al-most in-cor-rupt-i-ble heads of the Life

792

Ev-er-last-ing." Ah! this is a tru-ly e-lys-ian flo-wer now, be-yond change and de-cay, not lust-y but im-mort-al, —pure as-cet-ics,

800

sug-gest-ing a wid-owed vir-gin-i-ty. *Bi-dens fron-do-sa* in corn-fields un-der Bear Hill, west side. The large kind. *Po-ly-gon-um a-ri-fo-li-um*,

806

a ve-ry large scratch-weed, in the ditch in Bak-er's Swamp, re-mind-ing me of a bo-a-con-strict-or creep-ing o-ver the plants' stems, a third of an inch

814

in di-a-met-er. Some time ear-li-er in this month. The sound of the crick-ets grad-u-al-ly pre-vals more and more. I hear the year fall-ing a-sleep.

820

When dry seeds come, then I hear these dry lo-cust and crick-et sounds. Ber-ries are still ab-und-ant on Bear Hill, but how late when huck-le-ber-ries

828

be-gin to be worm-y and pick-ers are de-sert-ing the fields? The high black-ber-ries by the road-side are sweet though cov-ered with dust. At this sea-son, too,

836

the farm-ers burn brush, and the smoke is add-ed to the ha - zi-ness of the at-mos-phe-re. From this hill I count five or six smokes, far and near, and am ad-vert-ised

844

of one spec-ies of in-dust-ry o-ver a wide ex-tent of coun-try. The moun-tains are just vi-si-ble. The grass-po-ly by the Lin-corn road,

852

with its "fine pur-ple" flo-wers. *De-co-don ver-ti-cil-la-tus*, swamp loose-strife. Those in the wa-ter do not gen-eral-ly bloom. What stout,

858

wood-y, per-en-ni-al root-stocks! It is a hand-some pur-ple flower, fall-ing o-ver wreath-like on eve-ry side, with an e-pi-lo-bi-um look, a *live-ly* pur-ple.

867

The *Car-da-mi-ne hir-su-ta* still. The bit-ter-sweet ber-ries now bright red, still hand-som-er than the flo-wers. The bar-ber-ries are turn-ing. Ma-ny leaves

875

of the py-rus, both kinds, are red, and some sweet-ferns. See the great um-bels, lead-blue, of the *A-ra-li-a his-pi-da*. This col-or-ing and red-den-ing of the leaves

883

toward fall is in-terest-ing; as if the sun had so pre-vailed that ev-en the leaves, bet-ter late than nev-er, were turn-ing to flow-ers, —so filled with ma-ture juic-es,

890

the whole plant turns at length to one flower, and all its leaves are pet-als a-round its fruit or dry seed. A sec-ond flo-wer-ing to ce-leb-rate the ma-tur-i-ty of the fruit.

899

The first to ce-leb-rate the age of pu-ber-ty, the mar-riage-ab-le age; the sec-ond, the ma-tur-i-ty of the par-ent, the age of wis-dom, the full-ness of years.