

XIII

AUGUST, 1857

(ÆT. 40)

Aug. 1. I saw at the end of this carry¹ small *Apo-cynum cannabinum* on the rocks, also more of the spurred gentian. . . .

Here were many Canada blueberries and, on the rocks, a new *Allium* or garlic, with purple flowers, and the *Lobelia Kalmii*, both on bare rocks just below the falls. On the main land were Norway pines and a sandy soil, and *Baomyces roseus* and *Desmodium Canadense*, — a new soil for this river.²

Aug. 2. Sunday. At a small river coming in from the south a few miles below Nicketow, the Penobscot is crooked and the place is called *Payt-gum-kiss*, or Petticoat, according to P.

Aug. 3. Monday. This was the midst of the raspberry season. We found them abundant on every carry on the East Branch and below, and children were carrying them from all sides into Bangor. I observed that they were the prominent dish on the tables, once a low scarlet mountain, garnishing the head of the table in a dish two feet across. Earlier the strawberries are

¹ [That mentioned on p. 314 of *Maine Woods* (Riv. 390).]

² [See *Maine Woods*, p. 315; Riv. 392.]

equally abundant, and we even found a few still deep in the grass. Neither of these abound about Boston, and we saw that they were due to the peculiar air of this higher latitude. Though for six weeks before leaving home we had been scarcely able to lie under more than a single sheet, we experienced no hot weather in Maine. The air was uniformly fresh and bracing like that of a mountain to us, and, though the inhabitants like to make it out that it is as warm there as in Massachusetts, we were not to be cheated. It is so much the more desirable at this season to breathe the raspberry air of Maine.

P. wanted to sell us his canoe. Said it would last seven or eight years, or, with care, perhaps ten.

It was P. who commonly reminded us that it was dinner-time on this excursion, sometimes by turning the prow to the shore. He once made an indirect but lengthy apology, by saying that we might think it strange, but one who worked hard all day was very particular to have his dinner in good season.

Aug. 4. Tuesday. A. M. — Rode to Pushaw Lake with Thatcher and Hoar.

Duck-meat, apparently a new kind, there. T. thinks there 's little if any red cedar about Bangor.

Aug. 5. Wednesday. To my surprise found on the dinner-table at Thatcher's the *Vaccinium Oxycoccus*. T. did not know it was anything unusual, but bought it at such a rate per bushel of Mr. Such-a-one, who brought it to market. They call it the "bog cran-

berry." I did not perceive that it differed from the common, unless that it was rather more skinny.

T. has four rude pictures which belonged to Reuben Brown, on which is printed, "*A. Doolittle sculpt.*" and these titles:—

"Plate I. The Battle of Lexington April 19, 1775."

"Plate II. A View of the Town of Concord."

"Plate III. The Engagement at the North Bridge in Concord."

"Plate IV. A View of the South Part of Lexington."

Plate II is like that at Mr. Brooks's. In Plate III (you look westward) what appears to be the old Buttrick house has the upper story projecting over the lower. The French (Hoar's) house appears on the left. Another house is seen on the right of Buttrick's (?), perhaps Jarvis's. There is a wall on the south or town side of the road, where the British stood, and a large upright tree on the south side there, at the Bridge.

P. M. — Rode to Old Fort Hill at the bend of the Penobscot some three miles above Bangor, to look for the site of the Indian town, — perhaps the ancient Negas?¹ Found several arrowheads and two little dark and crumbling fragments of Indian earthenware, like black earth.

Aug. 6. Thursday. A. M. — To the high hill and ponds in Bucksport, some ten or more miles out.

A withdrawn, wooded, and somewhat mountainous country. There was a little trout-pond just over the highest hill, very muddy, surrounded by a broad belt

¹ Willis puts it on the Kenduskeag.

of yellow lily pads. Over this we pushed with great difficulty on a rickety raft of small logs, using poles thirty feet long, which stuck in the mud. The pond was about twenty-five feet deep in the middle, and our poles would stick up there and hold the raft. There was no apparent inlet, but a small outlet. The water was not clear nor particularly cold, and you would have said it was the very place for pouts, yet T. said that the only fish there caught were brook trout, at any time of day. You fish with a line only, sinking twenty feet from the raft. The water was full of insects, which looked very much like the little brown chips or bits of wood which make coarse sawdust, with legs, running over the submerged part of the raft, etc. I suppose this pond owed its trout to its elevation and being fed by springs. It seems they do not require swift or clear water, sandy bottom, etc. Are caught like pouts without any art. We had many bites and caught one.

Aug. 7. Friday. P. M. — Take cars for Portland, and at evening the boat for Boston. A great deal of cat-tail flag by railroad between Penobscot and Kennebec. Fine large ponds about Belgrade.