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I

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*Aug. 8. Saturday.* Get home at 8.30 A. M.

I find that B. M. Watson sent me from Plymouth, July 20th, six glow-worms, of which two remain, the rest having escaped. He says they were found by his family on the evenings of the 18th and 19th of July. "They are very scarce, these being the only ones we have found as yet. They were mostly found on the way from the barn to James's cottage, under the wild cherry trees on the right hand, in the grass where it was very dry, and at considerable distance from each other. We have had no rain for a month."

Examining them by night, they are about three quarters of an inch long as they crawl. Looking down on *one*, it shows two bright dots near together on the head, and, along the body, nine transverse lines of light, succeeded by two more bright dots at the other extremity, wider apart than the first. There is also a bright dot on each side opposite the transverse lines. It is a greenish light, growing more green as the worm

is brought into more light. A slumbering, glowing, *inward* light, as if shining for itself inward as much as outward. The other worm, which was at first curled up still and emitted a duller light, was one and one twentieth inches in length and also showed two dots of light only on the forward segment. When stretched out, as you look down on them, they have a square-edged look, like a row of buns joined together. Such is the ocular illusion. But whether stretched out or curled up, they look like some kind of rare and precious gem, so regularly marked, far more beautiful than a uniform mass of light would be.

Examining by day, I found the smallest to be seven eighths to one inch long, and the body about one sixth of an inch wide and from one thirteenth to one twelfth of an inch deep, convex above, pointed at head, broader at tail; head about one twentieth of an inch wide. Yet these worms were more nearly linear, or of a uniform breadth (being perhaps broadest at forward extremity), than the *Lampyre* represented in my French book, which is much the broadest behind and has also two rows of dots down the back. They have six light-brown legs within a quarter of an inch of the forward extremity. The worm is composed of twelve segments or overlapping scales, like the abdominal plates of a snake, and has a slight elastic projection (?) beneath at tail. It has also six short antennæ-like projections from the head, the two outer on each side the longest, the two inner very short. The general color above was a pale brownish yellow or buff; the head small and dark-brown; the antennæ chestnut and white; white or

whitish on sides and beneath. You could see a faint dorsal line. They were so transparent that you could see the internal motions when looking down on them.

I kept them in a sod, supplying a fresh one each day. They were invariably found underneath it by day, next the floor, still and curled up in a ring, with the head within or covered by the tail. Were apt to be restless on being exposed to the light. One that got away in the yard was found again ten feet off and down cellar.

What kind are these?

In the account of the Glow-worm in Rees's Cyclopædia it is said, "The head is small, flat, hard, and black, and sharp towards the mouth; it has short antennæ, and six moderately long legs; the body is flat and is composed of twelve rings, whereas the body of the male consists only of five; it is of a dusky color, with a streak of white down the back."

Knapp, in "Journal of a Naturalist," speaks of "the luminous caudal spot" of the *Lampyris noctiluca*.<sup>1</sup>

Speaking with Dr. Reynolds about the phosphorescence which I saw in Maine, etc., etc., he said that he had seen the will-o'-the-wisp, a small blue flame, like burning alcohol, a few inches in diameter, over a bog, which moved when the bog was shaken.

Aug. 9. *Sunday*. I see the blackbirds flying in flocks (which did not when I went away July 20th) and hear the shrilling of my alder locust.

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Sept. 16th for an account of another kind. *Vide* Jan. 15, 1858.

Aug. 10. *Monday*. P. M. — In Clintonia Swamp I see a remarkable yellow fungus about the base of some grass growing in a tuft. It is a jelly, shaped like a bodkin or a pumpkin's stigma, two inches long, investing the base of the grass blades, a quarter to a half inch thick, tapering to the grass each way and covered with a sort of moist meal. It was strong-scented and disagreeable.

Cat-tail commonly grows in the hollows and boggy places where peat has been dug.

How meanly and miserably we live for the most part! We escape fate continually by the skin of our teeth, as the saying is. We are practically desperate. But as every man, in respect to material wealth, aims to become independent or wealthy, so, in respect to our spirits and imagination, we should have some spare capital and superfluous vigor, have some margin and leeway in which to move. What kind of gift is life unless we have spirits to enjoy it and taste its true flavor? if, in respect to spirits, we are to be forever cramped and in debt? In our ordinary estate we have not, so to speak, quite enough air to breathe, and this poverty qualifies our piety; but we should have more than enough and breathe it carelessly. Poverty is the rule. We should first of all be full of vigor like a strong horse, and beside have the free and adventurous spirit of his driver; *i. e.*, we should have such a reserve of elasticity and strength that we may at any time be able to put ourselves at the top of our speed and go beyond our ordinary limits, just as the invalid hires a horse. Have the gods sent us into this world, — to this *muster*,

— to do chores, hold horses, and the like, and not given us any spending money?

The poor and sick man keeps a horse, often a hostler; but the well man is a horse to himself, is horsed on himself; he feels his own oats. Look at the other's shanks. How spindling! like the timber of his gig! First a sound and healthy life, and then spirits to live it with.

I hear the neighbors complain sometimes about the peddlers selling their help *false* jewelry, as if they themselves wore *true* jewelry; but if their help pay as much for it as they did for theirs, then it is just as *true* jewelry as theirs, just as becoming to them and no more; for unfortunately it is the cost of the article and not the merits of the wearer that is considered. The money is just as well spent, and perhaps better earned. I don't care how much false jewelry the peddlers sell, nor how many of the eggs which you steal are rotten. What, pray, is *true* jewelry? The hardened tear of a diseased clam, murdered in its old age. Is that fair play? If not, it is no jewel. The mistress wears this in her ear, while her help has one made of paste which you cannot tell from it. False jewelry! Do you know of any shop where *true* jewelry can be bought? I always look askance at a jeweller and wonder what *church* he can belong to.

I heard some ladies the other day laughing about some one of their *help* who had *helped* herself to a real hoop from off a hogshead for her gown. I laughed too, but which party do you think I laughed at? Is n't hogshead as good a word as crinoline?

Aug. 11. *Tuesday*. Red cohosh berries well ripe in front of Hunt's, perhaps a week or more, — a round, conical spike, two and a half inches long by one and three quarters, of about thirty cherry-red berries. The berries oblong, seven sixteenths of an inch by six sixteenths, with a seam on one side, on slender pedicels about five eighths of an inch long.

Aug. 13. J. Farmer saw some days ago a black-headed gull, between a kingfisher and common gull in size, sailing lightly on Bateman's Pond. It was very white beneath and bluish-white above. *Corallorhiza multiflora* and *Desmodium rotundifolium*, how long?

Aug. 15. *Lycopodium lucidulum*, how long?

Aug. 16. *Myriophyllum ambiguum*, apparently var. *limosum*, except that it is not nearly linear-leaved but pectinate, well out how long?

Aug. 20. *Thursday*. P. M. — To Hubbard's Close.

The hillside at Clintonia Swamp is in some parts quite shingled with the rattlesnake-plantain (*Goodyera pubescens*) leaves overlapping one another. The flower is now apparently in its prime. As I stand there, I hear a peculiar sound which I mistake for a woodpecker's tapping, but I soon see a cuckoo hopping near suspiciously or inquisitively, at length within twelve feet, from time to time uttering a hard, dry note, very much like a woodpecker tapping a dead dry tree rapidly,

its *full* clear white throat and breast toward me, and slowly lifting its tail from time to time. Though somewhat allied to that throttled note it makes by night, it was quite different from that.

I go along by the hillside footpath in the woods about Hubbard's Close. The *Goodyera repens* grows behind the spring where I used to sit, amid the dead pine leaves. Its leaves partly concealed in the grass. It is just done commonly.

*Helianthus, strumosus*-like, at the south end of Stow's cold pool; how long?

Aug. 22. *Saturday*. Channing has brought me from Plymouth and Watson *Drosera filiformis*, just out of bloom, from Great South Pond, *Solidago tenuifolia* in bloom, *Sabbatia chloroides*, and *Coreopsis rosea*.

Edward Hoar shows me *Lobelia Kalinii*, which he gathered in flower in Hopkinton about the 18th of July. (I found the same on the East Branch and the Penobscot); *staphylea* (in fruit) from Northampton, plucked within a week or so (Bigelow says it grows in Weston); also the leaves of a tree growing in Windsor, Vt., which they call the pepperidge, quite unlike our tupelo. Is it not the *Celtis crassifolia*? He says he found the *Uvularia perfoliata* on the Stow road, he thinks within Concord bounds.

Aug. 23. P. M. — To Conantum.

Hear the mole cricket nowadays. *Collinsonia* (very little left) not out.

Aug. 24. A. M. — Ride to Austin Bacon's, Natick.

On the left hand, just this side the centre of Wayland, I measure the largest, or northernmost, of two large elms standing in front of an old house. At four feet from the ground, where, looking from *one* side, is the smallest place between the ground and the branches, it is seventeen feet in circumference, but there is a bulge on the north side for five feet upward. At five feet it divides to two branches, and each of these soon divides again.

A. Bacon showed me a drawing apparatus which he said he invented, very simple and convenient, also microscopes and many glasses for them which he made. Showed me an exotic called "cypress," which he said had spread from the cemetery over the neighboring fields. Did not know what it was. Is it not *Euphorbia Cyparissias*? and does it not grow by the north road-side east of Jarvis's?<sup>1</sup>

I measured a scarlet oak northeast of his house, on land of the heirs of John Bacon, which at seven feet from the ground, or the smallest place below the branches, was ten feet eight inches in circumference, at one foot from ground sixteen and one fourth feet in circumference. It branched at twelve feet into three. Its trunk tapered or lessened very gradually and regularly from the ground to the smallest place, after the true Eddystone Lighthouse fashion. It has a large and handsome top, rather high than spreading (spreads about three and a half rods), but the branches often

<sup>1</sup> Also at J. Moore's front yard.

dead at the ends. This has grown considerably since Emerson measured; *vide* his account. Bacon says that E. pronounced it the largest oak in the State.

Showed us an elm on the north side of the same field, some ten feet in circumference, which he said was as large in 1714, his grandmother having remembered it nearly so long. There was a dead *Rhus radicans* on it two inches in diameter.

In the meadow south of this field, we looked for the *Drosera filiformis*, which formerly grew there, but could not find it. Got a specimen of very red clover, said to be from the field of Waterloo, in front of the house near the schoolhouse on the hill. Returned eastward over a bare hill with some walnuts on it, formerly called Pine Hill, from whence a very good view of the new town of Natick. On the northeast base of this hill Bacon pointed out to me what he called Indian corn-hills, in heavy, moist pasture ground where had been a pine wood. The hillocks were in irregular rows four feet apart which ran along the side of the hill, and were much larger than you would expect after this lapse of time. I was confident that if Indian, they could not be very old, perhaps not more than a century or so, for such could never have been made with the ancient Indian hoes, — clamshells, stones, or the like, — but with the aid of plows and white men's hoes. Also pointed out to me what he thought the home site of an Indian squaw marked by a buckthorn bush by the wall.

These hillocks were like tussocks with lichens thick on them, and B. thought that the rows were not running as a white man[s] with furrow.

We crossed the road which runs east and west, and, in the low ground on the south side, saw a white oak and a red maple, each forty or fifty feet high, which had fairly grown together for three or more feet upward from the ground. Also, near by, a large white ash which though healthy bore a mark or scar where a branch had been broken off and stripped down the trunk. B. said that one of his ancestors, perhaps his grandfather, before the Revolution, went to climb this tree, and reached up and took hold of this branch, which he stripped down, and this was the scar!

Under the dead bark of this tree saw several large crickets of a rare kind. They had a peculiar naked and tender look, with *branched* legs and a rounded incurved front.

*Red cohosh* grows along a wall in low ground close by. We ascended a ridge hill northeast of this, or east by south of Bacon's house, on the north end of which Squaw Poquet, as well as her father, who was a powwow, before her, lived. Bacon thought that powwows commonly withdrew at last to the northeast side of a hill and lived alone. We saw the remains of apple trees in the woods, which she had planted. B. thought apple trees did not now grow so large in New England as formerly, that they only grew to be one foot in diameter and then began to decay, whereas they formerly grew to be two or three and even sometimes four feet in diameter.

The *Corallorhiza multiflora* was common in these woods, and out.

The *Galium circæzans* leaves taste very much like

licorice and, according to B., produce a great flow of water, also make you perspire and are good for a cold.

We came down northward to the Boston and Worcester turnpike, by the side of which the *Malaxis liliifolia* grows, though we did not find it.

We waded into Coos Swamp on the south side the turnpike to find the ledum, but did not succeed. B. is sure it grows there. This is a large swamp with a small pond, or pond-hole, in the midst and the usual variety of shrubs. I noticed small spruces, high blueberry, the water andromeda, rhodora, *Vaccinium dumosum* (hairy) *ripe*, *Kalmia glauca*, *Decodon verticillatus*, etc. B. says that the arbor-vitæ grows indigenously in pretty large patches in Needham; that Cochituate Pond is only between three and four miles long, or five including the meadows that are flowed, yet it has been called even ten miles long.

B. gave me a stone with very pretty black markings like jungermannias, from a blasting on the aqueduct in Natick. Some refer it to electricity.

According to Guizot at the Montreal meeting the other day, Mt. Washington is 6285 feet above high-water mark at Portland.

*Aug. 25. Tuesday. P. M. — To Hill and meadow.*

Plucked a *Lilium Canadense* at three-ribbed golden-rod wall, six and eight twelfths feet high, with a pyramid of seed-vessels fourteen inches long by nine wide, the first an irregular or *diagonal* whorl of six, surmounted by a whorl of three. The upper two whorls of leaves are diagonal or *scattered*. It agrees with Gray's *L. Can-*

*adense* except in size, also with G.'s *superbum* except that the leaves of my specimen are rough on the edges and veins beneath (but I have not the flowers!). Bigelow says that the leaves of the *L. superbum* are twice as long as the internodes. These are only *as long*. This, as well as most that I saw on the Penobscot, is probably only a variety of the *L. Canadense*.

Aug. 26. Wednesday. P. M. — Up Assabet with Bradford and Hoar.

B. tells me he found the *Malaxis liliifolia* on Kineo. Saw there a tame gull as large as a hen, brown dove-color. A lumberer called some timber "frowy." B. has found *Cassia Chamæcrista* by the side of the back road between Lincoln and Waltham, about two miles this side of Waltham.

Aug. 27. Thursday. P. M. — To Conantum, high-blackberrying.

Detected a, to me, *new* kind of high blackberry on the edge of the cliff beyond Conant's wall on Lee's ground, — a long-peduncled (or pedicelled), *leafy-racemed* (somewhat paniced), *erect* blackberry. It has the aspect of *R. Canadensis* become erect, three or four feet high. The racemes (or panicles?) leafy, with simple ovate and broad-lanceolate leaves; *loose, few flowered* (ten or twelve); peduncles (or pedicels) *one to two or more inches long*, often branched, with *bracts midway*, in fruit, at least, drooping. Perhaps the terminal flowers open first. Stem angular and furrowed much like that of *R. villosus*, leaf-stalks more prickly; leaves broader,

thinner, and less pointed, smooth above; beneath, as well as young branches, much smoother than *R. villosus*; lower leaves ternate and, if I remember, sometimes quinate. Berries of good size, globular, of very few, large grains, very glossy, of a lively flavor, when young of a peculiar light pink; sepals less recurved when ripe than those of *villosus*. It is apparently Bigelow's *R. frondosus* made a variety by Gray; *but see flowers*.

Aug. 28. *Polygonum Pennsylvanicum* by bank, how long?

R. W. E. says that he saw *Asclepias tuberosa* abundant and in bloom on Naushon last week; also a sassafras stump three feet across. The deer escape by running to the mainland, and in winter cross on the ice. The last winter they lost about one hundred and fifty sheep, whose remains have never been found. Perhaps they were carried off on the ice by the sea. Looking through a glass, E. saw vessels sailing near Martha's Vineyard with full sails, yet the water about them appeared perfectly smooth, and reflected the vessels. They thought this reflection a mirage, *i. e.* from a haze.

As we were riding by Deacon Farrar's lately, E. Hoar told me in answer to my questions, that both the young Mr. Farrars, who had now come to man's estate, were excellent young men, — their father, an old man of about seventy, once cut and corded seven cords of wood in one day, and still cut a double swath at haying time, and was a man of great probity, — and to show the unusual purity of one of them, at least, he said that, his

brother Frisbie, who had formerly lived there, inquiring what had become of a certain hired man whom he used to know, young Mr. Farrar told him that he was gone, "that the truth was he one day let drop a prophane word, and after that he thought that he could not have him about, and so he got rid of him." It was as if he had dropped some filthy thing on the premises, an intolerable nuisance, only to be abated by removing the source of it. I should like to hear as good news of the New England farmers generally. It to some extent accounts for the vigor of the father and the successful farming of the sons.

I read the other day in the *Tribune* that a man apparently about seventy, and smart at that, went to the police in New York and asked for a lodging, having been left by the cars or steamboat when on his way to Connecticut. When they asked his age, native place, etc., he said his name was McDonald; he was born in Scotland in 1745, came to Plymouth, Mass., in 1760, was in some battles in the Revolution, in which he lost an eye; had a son eighty-odd years old, etc.; but, seeing a reporter taking notes, he was silent. Since then I heard that an old man named McDonald, one hundred and twelve years old, had the day before passed through Concord and was walking to Lexington, and I said at once he must be a humbug. When I went to the post-office to-night (August 28), G. Brooks asked me if I saw him and said that he heard that he told a correct story, except he said that he remembered Braddock's defeat! He had noticed that Dr. Heywood's old house, the tavern, was gone since he was here in the Revolution.

Just then Davis, the postmaster, asked us to look at a letter he had received. It was from a Dr. Curtis of Newton asking if this McDonald belonged about Concord as he said, and saying that his story appeared to be a correct one. Davis had never heard of him, and, as we presumed him to be a humbug, we advised Davis to write accordingly. But I afterward remembered reading nearly a year ago of a man of this name and age in St. Louis, who said he had married a wife in Concord before the Revolution, and then began to think that his story might be all true. So it seems that a veteran of a hundred and twelve, after an absence of eighty-seven years, may come back to the town where he married his wife in order to hunt up his relatives, and not only have no success, but be pronounced a humbug!!<sup>1</sup>

Aug. 29. Saturday. P. M. — To Owl-Nest Swamp with C.

*Gerardia tenuifolia*, a new plant to Concord, apparently in prime, at entrance to Owl-Nest Path and generally in that neighborhood. Also on Conantum height above orchard, two or three days later. This species grows on dry ground, or higher than the *purpurea*, and is more delicate. Got some ferns in the swamp and a small *utricularia* not in bloom, apparently different from that of Pleasant Meadow (*vide*

<sup>1</sup> [These last two paragraphs appear in the manuscript journal under date of July 28, having been written at the time when he was writing up his recent Maine excursion. The date in the second paragraph indicates this as their proper place.]



August 18). The proserpinaca leaves are very interesting in the water, so finely cut. *Polygonum arifolium* in bloom how long?

We waded amid the proserpinaca south of the wall and stood on a small bed of sphagnum, three or four feet in diameter, which rose above the surface. Some kind of water rat had its nest or retreat in this wet sphagnum, and being disturbed, swam off to the shore from under us. He was perhaps half as large again as a mole, or nearly, and somewhat grayish. The large and broad-leaved sium which grows [here] is, judging from its seed, the same with the common. I find the calla going to seed, but still the seed is green. That large, coarse, flag-like reed is apparently *Carex comosa*; now gone to seed, though only one is found with seed still on it, under water.

The Indian Rock, further west, is upright, or overhanging two feet, and a dozen feet high. Against this the Indians camped. It has many very large specimens of the *Umbilicaria Dillenii*, some six or eight inches in diameter, dripping with moisture to-day, like leather aprons hanging to the side of the rock, olive-green (this moist day), curled under on the edges and showing the upper side; but when dry they curl upward and show the crocky under sides. Near by, north, is a rocky ridge, on the east slope of which the *Corallorhiza multiflora* is very abundant. Call that Corallorhiza Rocks.

Aug. 30. Sunday. P. M. — To Conantum.

Small botrychium, not long. The flower of *Cicuta maculata* smells like the leaves of the golden senecio.

*Collinsonia* has been out apparently three or four days. *Polygonum tenue* at Bittern Cliff, how long?

Aug. 31. Monday. P. M. — To Flint's Pond.

An abundance of fine high blackberries behind Britton's old camp on the Lincoln road, now in their prime there, which have been overlooked. Is it not our richest fruit?

Our first muskmelon to-day.

*Lycopodium complanatum* out, how long? I have seen for several days amphicarpæa with perfectly white flowers, in dense clusters.

At Flint's Pond I waded along the edge eight or ten rods to the wharf rock, carrying my shoes and stockings. Was surprised to see on the bottom and washing up on to the shore many little farinaceous roots or tubers like very small potatoes, in strings. I saw these at every step for more than a dozen rods and thought they must have been washed up from deeper waters. Examining very closely, I traced one long string through the sandy soil to the root of a ground-nut which grew on the edge of the bank, and afterwards saw many more, whose tuberous roots lying in the sand were washed bare, the pond being unusually high. I could have gathered quarts of them. I picked up one string floating loose, about eighteen inches long, with as usual a little greenness and vitality at one end, which had thirteen nuts on it about the size of a walnut or smaller. I never saw so many ground-nuts before, and this made on me the impression of an unusual fertility.

Bathing there, I see a small potamogeton, very com-

mon there, wholly immersed and without floating leaves, which rises erect from the sandy bottom in curving rows four or five feet long. On digging I find it to rise from a subterranean shoot which is larger than any part above ground. It may be one I have, whose floating leaves the high water has destroyed or prevented. The leaves of it have small bits of that fresh-water sponge, so strong-scented, on them.