

XII

JULY, 1857

(ÆT. 39-40)

July 2. P. M. — To Gowing's Swamp.

Flannery says that there was a frost this morning in Moore's Swamp on the Bedford road, where he has potatoes. He observed something white on the potatoes about 3.30 A. M. and, stooping, breathed on and melted it. Minott says he has known a frost every month in the year, but at this season it would be a *black* frost, which bites harder than a white one.

The *Gaylussacia dumosa* var. *hirtella*, not yet quite in prime. This is commonly an inconspicuous bush, eight to twelve inches high, half prostrate over the sphagnum in which it grows, together with the andromedas, European cranberry, etc., etc., but sometimes twenty inches high quite on the edge of the swamp. It has a very large and peculiar bell-shaped flower, with prominent *ribs* and a rosaceous tinge, and is not to be mistaken for the edible huckleberry or blueberry blossom. The flower deserves a more particular description than Gray gives it. But Bigelow says well of its corolla that it is "remarkable for its distinct, five angled form." Its segments are a little recurved. The calyx-segments are acute and pink at last; the racemes, elongated, about one inch long, one-sided; the



corolla, narrowed at the mouth, but very wide above; the calyx, with its segments, pedicels, and the whole raceme (and indeed the leaves somewhat), glandular-hairy.

Calla palustris (with its convolute point like the cultivated) at the south end of Gowing's Swamp. Having found this in one place, I now find it in another. Many an object is not seen, though it falls within the range of our visual ray, because it does not come within the range of our intellectual ray, *i. e.*, we are not looking for it. So, in the largest sense, we find only the world we look for.

I hear many Maryland yellow-throats about the edge of this swamp, and even [?] near their nests. Indeed, I find one or two old ones *suspended much like a red-wing's* amid the water andromeda. They are quite small and of such material as *this* bird chooses.

I see amid the *Andromeda Polifolia* pure bright crimson leaves, and, looking closely, find that in many instances one branch, affected by a kind of disease, bears very handsome light-crimson leaves, two or three times as wide as usual, of the usual white color beneath, which contrast strangely with the slender green and glaucous ones on the contiguous branches. The water andromeda has similar crimson leaves, only proportionally larger and coarser, showing the dots. These are very common. Those of the *Polifolia* far more delicate.

Pogonia ophioglossoides apparently in a day or two.

July 3. Minott says that old Joe Merriam used to tell of his shooting black ducks in the Dam meadows

and what luck he had. One day he had shot a couple of ducks and was bringing them home by the legs, when he came to a ditch. As he had his gun in the other hand, and the ditch was wide, he thought he would toss the ducks over before he jumped, but they had no sooner struck the ground than they picked themselves up and flew away, which discouraged him with respect to duck-shooting.

M. says that my pool in Gowing's Swamp used to be called Duck Pond, though he does not know of ducks settling there. Perhaps they did anciently. He once fell into a deep hole when going after blueberries in the town (?) swamp beyond his own meadow. He stepped on to some "water-brush" (probably water andromeda), and suddenly sank very deep, spraining his hand, which he put out to save himself. He once killed a black duck in Beck Stow's Swamp, but could not get it on account of the water. Somebody else got a boat and got it. Thus the ducks and geese will frequent a swamp where there is considerable water, in the spring.

Minott was sitting in his shed as usual, while his handsome pullets were perched on the wood within two feet of him, the rain having driven them to this shelter.

There always were poor and rich as now, — in that first year when our ancestors lived on pumpkins and raccoons, as now when flour is imported from the West.

July 4. P. M. — Up Assabet with Brown and Rogers. Saw many pickerel near the boat. At length, near

the upper Assabet bath place, I observed, "Stop! Was that a big pickerel we just passed?" for it was so large I could hardly believe my eyes and thought it must have been a stake. We dropped back and found it to be a pickerel, which apparently would weigh four pounds, and it appeared slightly wounded about the head. We struck him three times with a paddle, and once he nearly jumped into the boat, but at last we could not find him. It seemed out of proportion to the small stream. We ought to have used a pointed or hooked stick to secure him; might have hooked him under the gills. I have heard of small fishes being caught in a slip-noose of grass. Close by I detected in the weeds the back of a large mud turtle exposed and, after ascertaining which end was his tail, — for he lay perfectly still, — I took him into the boat. His back was singularly gibbous or bulged up, he having been evidently wounded once. His approach and aspect drove my companions to the end of the boat.

To-day is warm again, but for nearly a week many people have sat by a fire.

July 5. A. M. — To Lee's Cliff by boat.

Potentilla arguta abundantly out. Partridges big as quails. At Clamshell I found three arrowheads and a small Indian chisel for my guests. Rogers determined the rate of the boat's progress by observing by his second-hand how long the boat was going its length past a pad, calling the boat's length so much.

For some days I have seen great numbers of blackish spiny caterpillars stripping the black willows, some

full-grown on June 30th and some now not more than three quarters of an inch long. When looking at a blackbird's nest I pricked my hand smartly on them several times; in fact the nest was pretty well protected by this *chevaux-de-frise*. Are they the caterpillars of the *Vanessa Antiopa*?¹

That new ravine at Clamshell is so enlarged that bank swallows already use its sides, and I feel some young there. After leaving my companions at the Lee Bridge road, I pushed up Well Meadow Brook a few rods, through the weeds. I saw by the commotion that great numbers of fishes fled before me and concealed themselves amid the weeds or in the mud. The mud was all stirred up by them. Some ran partly ashore. Higher up, when I had left the boat and walked up the brook on the quaking shore, I found a bay and pool connected with the brook all alive with them, and observed two or three caught partly high and dry by their heedless haste, in a shallow and very weedy place. These were young pickerel two or three inches long. I suspect that all, or the greater part, were pickerel, and that they commonly breed in such still weedy basins in deep muddy meadows.

Comara palustris apparently in prime.

A phœbe's nest with four eggs half hatched, at stone bridge.

There has been, amid the chips where a wood-pile stood, in our yard, a bumblebee's nest for ten days or more. Near it there was what I should have called a mouse's nest of withered grass, but this was mainly

¹ Yes; according to Harris's description, they are.

of different material and *perhaps* was made by the bee. It was a little heap two inches high, six long, and four wide, made of old withered grass and *small bits* of rags, brown paper, cotton-wool, strings, lint, and whole feathers, with a small half-closed hole at one end, at which the [bee] buzzed and showed himself if you touched the nest. I saw the cat putting out her paw there and starting back, and to-day I find the remains, apparently, of the bee dead at the entrance. On opening, I find nothing in the nest.

There came out this morning, apparently from one of those hard *stem-wound* cocoons on a black birch in my window, a moth whose wings are spread four and a quarter inches, and it is about an inch and three quarters long. It is black, wings and body, with two short, broad feathery antennæ. The wings all have a clay-colored border behind, with a distinct black wavy line down the middle of it, and, about midway the wings, a less distinct clay-colored line. Near the point of each forward wing, a round black spot or eye, with a bluish crescent within its forward edge, and beyond this spot, a purple tinge with a short whitish wavy line continued through it from the crescent. The rear wings have a row of oblong roundish black spots along the clay-colored border, within the black line. There is a very faint light line on the fore wings on each side of the head. Beneath, on wings and body, dark purplish brown takes the place of the black above. It is rather handsomer and higher-colored beneath than above. There is a very small light or clay-colored triangular spot near the middle of wing beneath: also a

row of brown spots on a white band along each side of the body. This is evidently the male *Attacus Promethea*. The rich purplish brown beneath — a sort of chocolate purple — makes the figure of a smaller moth of different form.

The cocoon, about an inch long, is surrounded by the now pale withered leaf of the birch, which is wrapped almost quite around it and extends beneath, and it is very hard and firm, the light silk being wound thickly about the petiole, and also, afterward, the twig itself for half an inch or more both above and beneath the petiole. Sometimes there is no real petiole for a core, but the silky sheath can be slid up and down the twig.

July 6. *Rubus triflorus* well ripe. The beach plums have everywhere the crescent-shaped mark made by the curculio,—the few that remain on.

July 7. Some of the inhabitants of the Cape think that the Cape is theirs and all occupied by them, but in my eyes it is no more theirs than it is the blackbirds', and in visiting the Cape there is hardly more need of my regarding or going through the villages than of going through the blackbirds' nests. I am inclined to leave them both on one side, or perchance I just glance into them to see how they are built and what they contain. I know that they have *spoken for* the whole Cape, and lines are drawn on their maps accordingly, but I know that these are imaginary, having perambulated many such, and they would have to get me or one of

my craft to find them for them. For the most part, indeed with very trifling exceptions, there were no human beings there, only a few imaginary lines on a map.

July 8. P. M. — To Laurel Glen.

A chewink's nest with four young just hatched, at the bottom of the pyrola hollow and grove, where it is so dry, about seven feet southwest of a white pine.

Counted the rings of a white pine stump, sawed off last winter at Laurel Glen. It was three and a half feet [in] diameter and has one hundred and twenty-six rings. *Chimaphila umbellata*, apparently a day or two. I find the *Pyrola secunda* only on the point of expanding. Hear apparently redstarts there, — so they must have nests near, — also pine warblers and till tills.

Later. — To Gowing's Swamp.

The *Gaylussacia dumosa* is now in prime at least. The drosera, round and spatulate leafed, is very abundant and handsome on the sphagnum in the open spaces, amid the *Andromeda calyculata* and *Polifolia*. Find a *Pogonia ophioglossoides* with a third leaf and second flower an inch above the first flower.

Edith Emerson shows me *Oldenlandia purpurea* var. *longifolia*, which she saw very abundantly in bloom on the Blue Hills (Bigelow's locality) on the 29th of June. Says she has seen the pine-sap this year in Concord.

July 9. Could see no yellow wasps about the nest over my window at 6 A. M., but did just before 6.30.¹ I hear of still a second nest at Mrs. Brown's and one at Julius Smith's.

Another *Attacus Promethea*, a male from the same young black birch, was out and on the window this morning. *Q. v.* I dipped the *body* into alcohol before it had fairly spread its wings, but so discolored it, *i. e.* the white line with dots on the side of the abdomen.

I see that the seeds of the *Salix nigra* gathered on the catkins on the 7th, or two days since, put in tumblers of water in my window, have already germinated! and show those two little roundish green leaves.

P. M. — Up Assabet with Sophia.

There is now but little black willow down left on the trees. They will be handsomest somewhat later than this, when there is no down on them, and the new growth has more invested the stems. I think I see how this tree is propagated by its seeds. Its countless minute brown seeds, just perceptible to the naked eye in the midst of their cotton, are wafted with the cotton to the water, — most abundantly about a fortnight ago, — and there they drift and form a thick white scum together with other matter, especially against some alder or other fallen or drooping shrub where there is less current than usual. There, within two or three days, a great many germinate and show their two little roundish leaves, more or less tingeing with green the surface of the scum, — somewhat like grass

¹ Vide 10th.

seed in a tumbler of cotton. Many of these are drifted in amid the button-bushes, willows, and other shrubs, and the sedge, along the riverside, and the water falling just at this time, when they have put forth little fibres, they are deposited on the mud just left bare in the shade, and thus probably a great many of them have a chance to become perfect plants. But if they do not drift into sufficiently shallow water and are not left on the mud just at the right time, probably they perish. The mud in many such places is now green with them, though perhaps the seed has often *blown directly through the air* to such places.

I am surprised to see dense groves of young maples an inch or more high from seed of this year. They have sprung in pure sand, where the seed has been drifted and moisture enough supplied at the water's edge. The seed (now effete) commonly lies on the surface, having sent down its rootlet into the sand.

I see no flowers on the bass trees by this river this year, nor at Conantum.

Am surprised to find how much carburetted hydrogen gas there is in the beds of sawdust by the side of this stream, as at the "Narrows." If I thrust in my paddle and give it a twist, great bubbles two inches or more in diameter rush up with great force and sound, lifting the water an inch or two, as if it were violently boiling, and filling the air with that strong gunpowder scent. The bubbles, being lighter than atmospheric air, burst at once, and give me [no] opportunity to see myself in them, as those which the boat makes in sluggish water.

July 10. Put some more black willow seed in a tumbler of water at 9.30 A. M.

P. M. — To Pratt's and Peter's.

One flower on the *Solanum nigrum* at Pratt's, which he says opened the 7th. He found, about a week ago, the *Botrychium Virginianum* in bloom, about the bass in Fever-bush Swamp.¹ I see some lupine still in bloom, though many pods have been ripe some time.

The tephrosia, which grows by Peter's road in the woods, is a very striking and interesting, if I may not say beautiful, flower, especially when, as here, it is seen in a cool and shady place, its clear rose purple contrasting very agreeably with yellowish white, rising from amidst a bed of finely pinnate leaves. Bigelow calls the flowers "very beautiful."

At evening I watch to see when my yellow wasps cease working. For some time before sunset there are but few seen going and coming, but for some time after, or as long as I could easily see them ten feet off, I saw one go forth or return from time to time.

July 11. P. M. — To Corner Spring and Cliffs.

Haying is fairly begun, and for some days I have heard the sound of the mowing-machine, and now the lark must look out for the mowers. The flowering fern, which is so much larger in the cepses, though much is brown and effete, is still perhaps in prime. *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum* ripe. Their dark blue with a bloom is a color that surprises me. The cymbidium is really a splendid flower, with its spike two or three inches long,

¹ Done on the 13th.

of commonly three or five large, irregular, concave, star-shaped purple flowers, amid the cool green meadow-grass. It has an agreeable fragrance withal. I see more berries than usual of the *Rubus triflorus* in the open meadow near the southeast corner of the Hubbard meadow blueberry swamp. Call it, perhaps, Cymbidium Meadow. They are dark shining red and, when ripe, of a very agreeable flavor and somewhat of the raspberry's *spirit*. Petty morel not yet, by the bars this side Corner Spring; nor is the helianthus there budded yet. *Apocynum cannabinum*, with its *small white* flowers and *narrow* sepals half as long as whole corolla, apparently two or three days. The trumpet-weed is already as high as my head, with a rich glaucous bloom on its stem. Indeed, looking off into the vales from Fair Haven Hill, where a thin blue haze now rests almost universally, I see that the earth itself is invested with a glaucous bloom at this season like some fruits and rapidly growing stems.

Thermometer at 93° + this afternoon.

Am surprised to find the water of Corner Spring spoiled for the present, however much I clear it out, by the numbers of dead and dying frogs in it (*Rana palustris*). There is a mortality among [them] which has made them hop to this spring to die.

There is an abundance of corydalis on the top of the Cliffs, but most of it is generally out of bloom, *i. e.* excepting a twig or two, and it is partly withered, not so fresh as that in our garden; but some in the shade is quite green and fresh and abundantly blooming still.

July 12. P. M. — To *Equisetum hyemale*.

Those little minnows, a third or half inch long or more, which I catch when bathing, hovering over open sandy spaces, as here at Clamshell, appear to be little shiners. When left dry on my hand, they can toss themselves three or four inches with a spring of their tails, and so often get into the water again. Small as they are, it is rather difficult to catch them, they dodge your hands so fast.

I drink at every cooler spring in my walk these afternoons and love to eye the bottom there, with its pebbly caddis-cases, or its white worms, or perchance a luxurious frog cooling himself next my nose. Sometimes the farmer, foreseeing haying, has been prudent enough to sink a tub in one, which secures a clear deep space. It would be worth the while, methinks, to make a map of the town with all the good springs on it, indicating whether they were cool, perennial, copious, pleasantly located, etc. The farmer is wont to celebrate the virtues of some one on his own farm above all others. Some cool rills in the meadows should be remembered also, for some such in deep, cold, grassy meadows are as cold as springs. I have sometimes drank warm or foul water, not knowing such cold streams were at hand. By many a spring I know where to look for the dipper or glass which some mower has left. When a spring has been allowed to fill up, to be muddied by cattle, or, being exposed to the sun by cutting down the trees and bushes, to dry up, it affects me sadly, like an institution going to decay. Sometimes I see, on one side the tub, — the tub overhung with

various wild plants and flowers, its edge almost completely concealed even from the searching eye, — the white sand freshly cast up where the spring is bubbling in. Often I sit patiently by the spring I have cleaned out and deepened with my hands, and see the foul water rapidly dissipated like a curling vapor and giving place to the cool and clear. Sometimes I can look a yard or more into a crevice under a rock, toward the sources of a spring in a hillside, and see it come cool and copious with incessant murmuring down to the light. There are few more refreshing sights in hot weather.

I find many strawberries deep in the grass of the meadow near this Hosmer Spring; then proceed on my way with reddened and fragrant fingers, till it gets washed off at new springs. It is always pleasant to go over the bare brow of Lupine Hill and see the river and meadows thence. It is exceedingly sultry this afternoon, and few men are abroad. The cows stand up to their bellies in the river, lashing their sides with their tails from time to time.

A strong and wholesome fragrance now from the vegetation as I go by overgrown paths through the swamp west of Nut Meadow. *Equisetum hyemale* has been out a good while; is mostly effete, but some open yet. Some have several flower-spikes on the sides near the top, but most one at top, of the last year's plant. This year's shoots a foot high, more or less. All the *Pyrola secunda* I can find is out of bloom. The *Chimaphila umbellata* flower-buds make a very pretty umbel, of half a dozen small purple balls surmounted by

a green calyx. They contrast prettily with the glossy green leaves.

A song sparrow's nest in a small clump of alder, two feet from ground! Three or four eggs.

I hear the occasional *link* note from the earliest bobolinks of the season, — a day or two.

July 13. Very hot weather.

P. M. — To Rattlesnake Fern Swamp.

I hear before I start the distant mutterings of thunder in the northwest, though I see no cloud. The hay-makers are busy raking their hay, to be ready for a shower. They would rather have their grass wet a little than not have the rain. I keep on, regardless of the prospect. See the indigo-bird still, chirping anxiously on the bushes in that sprout-land beyond the red huckleberry. *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum* berries pretty thick there, and one lass is picking them with a dipper tied to her girdle. The first thought is, What a good school this lass goes to! Rattlesnake fern just done.

I make haste home, expecting a thunder-shower, which we need, but it goes by. The grass by the roadside is burnt yellow and is quite dusty. This, with the sultry air, the parched fields, and the languid inhabitants, marks the season. Already the elms with denser foliage begin to hang dark against the glaucous mist.

The price of friendship is the total surrender of yourself; no lesser kindness, no ordinary attentions and offerings will buy it. There is forever that purchase to be made with that wealth which you possess, yet only once in a long while are you *advertised* of such a

commodity. I sometimes awake in the night and think of friendship and its possibilities, a new life and revelation to me, which perhaps I had not experienced for many months. Such transient thoughts have been my nearest approach to realization of it, thoughts which I know of no one to communicate to. I suddenly erect myself in my thoughts, or find myself erected, infinite degrees above the possibility of ordinary endeavors, and see for what grand stakes the game of life may be played. Men, with their indiscriminate attentions and ceremonious good-will, offer you trivial baits, which do not tempt; they are not serious enough either for success or failure. I wake up in the night to these higher levels of life, as to a day that begins to dawn, as if my intervening life had been a long night. I catch an echo of the great strain of Friendship played somewhere, and feel compensated for months and years of commonplace. I rise into a diviner atmosphere, in which simply to exist and breathe is a triumph, and my thoughts inevitably tend toward the grand and infinite, as aeronauts report that there is ever an upper current hereabouts which sets toward the ocean. If they rise high enough they go out to sea, and behold the vessels seemingly in mid-air like themselves. It is as if I were serenaded, and the highest and truest compliments were paid me. The universe gives me three cheers.

Friendship is the fruit which the year should bear; it lends its fragrance to the flowers, and it is in vain if we get only a large crop of apples without it. This experience makes us unavailable for the ordinary cour-

tesy and intercourse of men. We can only recognize them when they rise to that level and realize our dream.

July 14. P. M. — Up Assabet with Loomis and Wilde.

Set fire to the carburetted hydrogen from the sawdust shoal with matches, and heard it flash. It must be an interesting sight by night.

July 15. Tephrosia is generally considerably past its prime. *Vaccinium vacillans* berries. Scare up a snipe (?) by riverside, which goes off with a dry crack, and afterward two woodcocks in the shady alder marsh at Well Meadow, which go off with a whistling flight. *Rhus glabra* under Cliffs, not yet.

When I entered the woods there, I was at once pursued by a swarm of those wood flies which gyrate around your head and strike your hat like rain-drops. As usual, they kept up with me as I walked, and gyrated about me still, as if I were stationary, advancing at the same time and receiving reinforcements from time to time. Though I switched them smartly for half a mile with some indigo-weed, they did not mind it in the least, nor a better switch of *Salix tristis*; but though I knocked down many of them, they soon picked themselves up and came on again. They had a large black spot on their wings and some yellowish rings about their abdomens. They keep up a smart buzzing all the while. When I descended into the swamp at Well Meadow, they deserted me, but soon pursued me again when I came out. Apparently the same swarm fol-

lowed me quite through the wood (with this exception), or for two miles, and they did not leave me till I had got some twenty rods from the woods toward Hayden's. They did not once sting, though they endeavored sometimes to alight on my face. What they got by their perseverance I do not know, — unless it were a switching.

July 16. Thursday. P. M. — To Hemlocks.

Geum album, apparently well out.

As I walked through the pasture side of the hill, saw a mouse or two glance before me in faint galleries in the grass. They are seldom seen, for these small deer, like the larger, disappear suddenly, as if they had exploded before your eyes.

Lechea thymifolia of Gray is the large-podded one according to plate in his "Genera." G., in same, shows five petals to *Portulaca* and says it "has from early times been naturalized around gardens almost everywhere . . . is said to be truly wild in Arkansas and Texas."

I hear of the first early blueberries brought to market. What a variety of rich blues their berries present, *i. e.* the earliest kind! Some are quite black and without bloom. What innocent flavors!

July 17. P. M. — To Lee's Cliff.

The young leaves of the slippery elm are a yellowish green and large, and the branches recurved or drooping. *Hypericum corymbosum*. Am caught in the rain and take shelter under the thick white pine

by Lee's Cliff. I see thereunder an abundance of chimaephila in bloom. It is a beautiful flower, with its naked umbel of crystalline purplish-white flowers, their disks at an angle with the horizon. On its lower side a ring of purple (or crimson) scales at the base of its concave petals, around the large, green, sticky ovary.

The *Sagina procumbens* continues to flower sparingly. It agrees with Gray's plate.

I found yesterday, at and above the Hemlocks on the Assabet, the dicksonia, apparently in prime; *Aspidium Noveboracense*; *Aspidium marginale*, apparently in prime; *Osmunda Claytoniana* and *cinnamomea*, done.

I find to-day, at Bittern Cliff and at Lee's, *Asplenium ebeneum* (the larger), apparently nearly in prime, and *A. Trichomanes*, apparently just begun. This very commonly occurs in tufts at the base of the last, like radical leaves to it. At Lee's Cliff, *Polypodium vulgare*, not yet brown fruit. *Aspidium Noveboracense* at Corner Spring, not yet brown; also *Aspidium Filix-femina* (?), with lunar-shaped fruit, not yet brown; also apparently a chaffy-stemmed dicksonia, densely brown-fruited; also an almost thrice pinnate fern with a very chaffy stipe, in prime, already yellowish above, somewhat *A. cristatum*-like, some of the dots confluent.

Ampelopsis out of bloom at Lee's. *Aralia racemosa*, not in bloom, at Corner Spring.

July 18. Minott says that old Sam Nutting used to pinch off the first leaves of his melon vines as soon as

they had three or four leaves, because they only attracted the bugs, and he was quite successful.

George Bradford says he finds in Salem striped maple and *Sambucus pubens*. He (and Tuckerman?) found the *Utricularia resupinata* once in Plymouth, and it seems to correspond with mine at Well Meadow.

July 19. Smooth sumach out since the 16th.

July 20. TO BOSTON ON WAY TO MAINE WOODS.

At Natural History Library. Holbrook makes the *Emys terrapin* to be found from Rhode Island to Florida and South America. "The only *Emys* common to North and South America." So did not know it was found at New Bedford. Was not my Freetown turtle (vide April 13th) Holbrook's *Kinosternon Pennsylvanicum*? In his plate the edges of the scales are of more waving lines than those of the *Sternotherus*; it has more brown or reddish yellow both above and below; its tail appears more sharply horny. There is no yellow line on its neck. The sternum is considerably larger (in proportion to carapax) as well as broader behind, and the plates connecting it with the upper shell are much wider. In the generic account the difference from the *Sternotherus* is that the jaws are hooked (I see no difference in the plates) and the "sternum subdivided into three sections, anterior and posterior movable;" and the "supplemental plates very large." Under this species he says the shell is "ecarinate;" "vertebral plates depressed, sub-imbricate." "Length of shell, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; breadth of shell, 2 inches 10 lines;

elevation, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches; length of sternum, 3 inches 2 lines." "The living animal has a slight odour of musk that is not disagreeable." Found in Atlantic States from Florida to latitude 41° . Thinks Hitchcock mistook it for *Sternotherus* in his Geology. Found in the West, and Say says, high up the Missouri.

According to De Kay, it is found sparingly in the southern counties of New York, and he says, "It has a strong musky smell." Of the *Sternotherus* he says, "There appear to be two varieties, of which one is smooth on the shell, while the other is sub-carinate." Length of shell of *Sternotherus*, $2\frac{5}{10}$ inches; height, $1\frac{2}{10}$; of *Kinosternon*, 4 and $1\frac{8}{10}$. (Vide April 13th.)

De Kay does not describe the *Cistuda Blandingii* as found in New York.

5 P. M. — Take cars for Portland. Very hot and dusty; as much need of a veil in the cars to exclude cinders as in the woods to keep off mosquitoes. Riding in the cars this weather like sitting in the flue of a chimney.

Take steamer at Portland. Delayed by fog in night off coast of Maine.¹

July 21. Tuesday. 1 P. M. At Bangor. — Thatcher's moose-horns hanging in his barn spread two feet eight inches. There is one more prong on one side than the other. This is small.

¹ [The account of this journey appears in *The Maine Woods* under the title of "The Allegash and East Branch." In the following pages only those passages of the Journal which were not reproduced in that account are included.]

July 22. Wednesday. I am struck by the appearance of large canoe birch trees, even about houses, as an ornamental tree, and they are very enlivening, their trunks white as if whitewashed, though they rarely escape being barked and so disfigured more or less by mischievous fingers. Their white boles are in keeping with the fresh, cool air.

At a mile and a half north of Bangor, passed the spot, at Treat's Falls, where the first settler and fur-trader, one Treat, lived. . . .

We wanted to get one ¹ who was temperate and reliable, an older man than we had before, well skilled in Indian lore. I was warned not to employ an Indian on account of their obstinacy and the difficulty of understanding one another, and on account of their dirty habits in cooking, etc., but it was partly the Indian, such as he was, that I had come to see. The difficulty is to find one who will not get drunk and detain you wherever liquor is to be had. Some young white men of Oldtown named Pond were named as the very ones for us. But I was bent on having an Indian at any rate.

While we were talking with Polis, a young, very dark-complexioned Indian, named something like Nicholai Orson, came up, and Polis said, "He go with you." We found that the latter wanted to go very much, said he knew the country and all about it. But I said, "We don't know you." He was too dark-colored, as if with African blood, — P. said they did not mix with them, — and too young for me. While I was

¹ [An Indian guide.]

talking with him, Thatcher ¹ took Polis aside and inquired the other's character, when P. frankly told him that he would n't do for us at all, that he was a very good fellow except that he would get drunk whenever he had a chance. . . . T. said he would get away from Nicholai with as few words as possible. So T. saying to N. that if we wanted him we would call again in a couple of hours, we departed.² . . .

A *light* india-rubber coat is useful, but you cannot work in it in warm weather, for your underclothes will be just as wet with perspiration as if dipped in water before you know it, and, beside, I wore off the rubber against the cross-bars behind my back. You could not wear india-rubber pants in addition unless you sat perfectly still in cool weather.

The only india-rubber bags we could find in Bangor were no better than a canvas bag, the rubber rapidly cracking and peeling off, letting in water and dirtying the contents. They would have been an imposition if the seller had not admitted that they would not hold water, and asserted that he could not make one that would. Doubted; far better ones could be home-made of good india-rubber cloth.

Called on a Mr. Coe, part proprietor (?) of the Chamberlain Farm, so called, on Chamberlain Lake (spoke of it as "our farm"), who gave us some advice as to our outfit. Said he should like to have the making up of our packs, thinking we should take too

¹ [Mr. Thatcher of Bangor was Thoreau's companion on his Chesuncook excursion in 1853.]

² [Joe Polis was the Indian finally engaged for the expedition.]

many things. Told of one who, having to *walk* a few days through the woods, began by loading himself with some fifteen pounds of shot. The rule is to carry as little as possible. Advised us to go on foot, carry but few supplies, and replenish at the different camps we might find. He hastily scribbled this memorandum for us: —

“Axe
Canoe
Blankets
Fry-pan
Teakettle
Dippers
Tea
Salt
Hard-bread and pork
Pepper
Matches
Ammunition and lines and hooks
Camphor”

July 23. Thursday. Some fifteen caribou were taken by one (?) man about Moosehead last winter. . . .

[Mr. Leonard, of Bangor, a sportsman,] said that the horns of a moose would spread four feet, sometimes six; would weigh thirty or forty pounds (the hide, fifty); squirrels and mice ate the horns when shed. (They told me that the horns were not grown at this season.) . . . [Leonard told] also of some panthers which appeared near a house in Foxcroft. . . .

I observed from the stage many of the *Fringilla hyemalis* flitting along the fences, even at this season, whence I conclude that they must breed here. Also,

between Monson and the lake, the now very handsome panicles of the red elder-berry, so much earlier than the black, the most showy objects by the roadside. In one place the tree-cranberry in a yard, already *reddening*, though nowhere else after was it nearly so early. . . .

There were two public houses near together,¹ and they wanted to detain us at the first, even took off some of our baggage in spite of us; but, on our protesting, shouted, “Let them go! let them go!” as if it was any of their business. Whereupon we, thanking them for the privilege, rode on, leaving P. behind, who, I knew, would follow his canoe. Here we found a spacious house, quite empty, close to the lake, with an attentive landlord, which was what we wanted. A bright wood fire soon burned in the ample barroom, very comfortable in that fresh and cool atmosphere, and we congratulated ourselves on having escaped the crowd at the other house.

Fogg, the landlord, said that there was scarcely any hemlock about the lake. Here was an Indian who came to talk with Polis, who made canoes, had made those two for Leonard. . . . He said that he used the red cedar of uplands (*i. e.* arbor-vitæ?) for ribs, etc.

July 24. Friday. As we paddled along, we saw many peetweets, also the common iris or blue flag, along the rocky shore, and here and afterwards great fields of epilobium or fire-weed, a mass of color. . . .

P. said that *Bematinichtik* meant high land generally and no particular height. . . .

¹ [At Moosehead Lake.]

Near this island, or rather some miles southwest of it, on the mainland, where we stopped to stretch our legs and look at the vegetation, I measured a canoe birch, five and a half feet in circumference at two and a half from the ground. . . .

I was disappointed to find my clothes under my india-rubber coat as completely wetted by perspiration as they could have been by rain, and that this would always be the consequence of *working* in such a garment, at least in warm weather. . . .

We looked down on the unpretending buildings and grounds of the Kinco House, as on a little flat map, oblong-square, at our feet. . . .

It¹ suggested to me how unexplored still are the realms of nature, that what we know and have seen is always an insignificant portion. We may any day take a walk as strange as Dante's imaginary one to L' Inferno or Paradiso.

July 25. Saturday. Very early this morning we heard the note of the wood thrush, on awaking, though this was a poor singer. I was glad to find that this prince of singers was so common in the wilderness. . . .

The shores of this lake are rocky, rarely sandy, and we saw no good places for moose to come out on, *i. e.* no meadows. What P. called Caucomgomoc Mountain, with a double top, was seen north over the lake in mid-forenoon. Approaching the shore, we scared up some young dippers with the old bird. Like the

¹ [Phosphorescent wood. See *Maine Woods*, pp. 198-201; Riv. 245-248.]

shecorways, they ran over the water very fast. Landing on the east side, four or five miles north of Kinco, I noticed roses (*R. nitida*) in bloom, and, as usual, an abundance of rue (*Thalictrum Cornuti*) along the shore. The wood there was arbor-vitæ, spruce, fir, white pine, etc. The ground and rotting trunks, as usual, covered with mosses, some strange kinds, — various wild feather and leaf-like mosses, of rank growth, that were new or rare to me, — and an abundance of *Clintonia borealis*. . . .

The Indian started off first with the canoe and was soon out of sight, going much faster than an ordinary walk. We could see him a mile or more ahead, when his canoe against the sky on the height of land between Moosehead and the Penobscot was all that was to be seen about him. . . .

Here, among others, were the *Aster Radula*, just in bloom; large-flowered bellwort (*Uvularia grandiflora*), in fruit. The great purple orchis (*Platanthera fimbriata*), very splendid and perfect ones close to the rails. I was surprised to see it in bloom so late. *Vaccinium Canadense*; *Dalibarda repens*, still in bloom; *Pyrola secunda*, out of bloom; *Oxalis Acetosella*, still occasionally in flower; Labrador tea (*Ledum latifolium*), out of bloom; *Kalmia glauca*, etc., etc., close to the track.

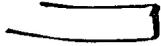
A cousin of mine and his son met with a large male moose on this carry two years ago, standing within a few rods of them, and at first mistook him for an ox. They both fired at him, but to no purpose.

As we were returning over the track where I had passed but a few moments before, we started a par-

tridge with her young partly from beneath the wooden rails. While the young hastened away, she sat within seven feet of us and plumed herself, perfectly fearless, without making a noise or ruffling her feathers as they do in our neighborhood, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to observe whether she flew as quietly as other birds when not alarmed. We observed her till we were tired, and when we compelled her to get out of our way, though she took to wing as easily as if we had not been there and went only two or three rods, into a tree, she flew with a considerable *whir*, as if this were unavoidable in a rapid motion of the wings. . . .

Here was a canoe on the stocks, in an earlier stage of its manufacture than I had seen before, and I noticed it particularly. The St. Francis Indian was paring down the long cedar strips, or lining, with his crooked knife.

As near as I could *see*, and *understand* him and Polis, they first lay the bark flat on the ground, outside up, and two of the top rails, the inside and thickest ones, already connected with cross-bars, upon it, in order to get the form; and, with logs and rocks to keep the bark in place, they bend up the birch, cutting down slits in the edges from within three feet of the ends and perpendicularly on all sides about the rails, making a square corner at the ground; and a row of stakes three feet high is then driven into the ground all around, to hold the bark up in its place. They next lift the frame, *i. e.* two rails connected by cross-bars, to the proper height, and sew the bark strongly to the rails with spruce roots every six inches, the thread passing

around the rail and also *through* the ends of the cross-bars, and sew on strips of bark to protect the sides in the middle. The canoe is as yet carried out square down  at the ends (not ) , and is perfectly flat on the bottom. (This canoe had advanced thus far.)

Then, as near as I could learn, they shape the ends (?), put in all the lining of long thin strips, so shaped and shaved as just to fit, and fill up the bark, pressing it out and shaping the canoe. Then they put in the ribs and put on the outer or thinnest rail over the edge of the bark. . . .

Our path up the bank here led by a large dead white pine, in whose trunk near the ground were great square-cornered holes made by the woodpeckers, probably the red-headed. They were seven or eight inches long by four wide and reached to the heart of the tree through an inch or more of sound wood, and looked like great mortise-holes whose corners had been somewhat worn and rounded by a loose tenon. The tree for some distance was quite honeycombed by them. It suggested woodpeckers on a larger scale than ours, as were the trees and the forest.¹ . . .

Returning, we found the tree cranberry in one place still in bloom. The stream here ran very swiftly and was hard to paddle against.

July 26. Sunday. I distinguished more plainly than formerly the very sharp and regular dark tops of the fir trees, shaped like the points of bodkins. These give a

¹ [The holes were doubtless the work of the pileated woodpecker.]

peculiarly dark and sombre look to the forest. The spruce-top has a more ragged outline. . . .

Here were many raspberries on the site of an old logging-camp, but not yet ripe. . . .

In the meanwhile I observed the plants on the shore: white and black spruce, *Hypericum ellipticum*, *Smilax herbacea*, sium, and a strange-looking polygonum. . . .

As we sat on the bank, two canoes, containing men, women, and children, probably from Chesuncook, returned down the stream. We supposed that they had been a-berrying this Sunday morning. . . .

The canoe implies a long antiquity in which its manufacture has been gradually perfected. It will ere long, perhaps, be ranked among the lost arts. . . .

July 27. Monday. There were some yellow lilies (*Nuphar*), *Scutellaria galericulata*, clematis (abundant), sweet-gale, "great smilacina" (did I mean *S. racemosa*?), and beaked hazel, the only hazel I saw in Maine.

July 28. Tuesday. As I remember, Hodge mistakes when he says¹ that "it is erroneously represented on the charts, for it extends in a north-northeasterly, south-southwesterly direction about twelve miles." He appears to be thinking of the easterly part. On the north side there is quite a clearing, and we had been advised to ascend the bare hill there for the sake of the prospect. . . .

Great trunks of trees stood dead and bare far out in the lake, making the impression of ruined piers of

¹ [Of Chamberlain Lake.]

a city that had been, while behind, the timber lay criss-a-cross for half a dozen rods or more over the water. . . .

We were glad to find on this carry some raspberries, and a few of the *Vaccinium Canadense* berries, which had begun to be ripe here.

July 29. Wednesday. I noticed there¹ *Aralid* *racemosa*, and *Aster macrophyllus* in bloom, with bluish rays and quite fragrant (!), like some medicinal herb, so that I doubted at first if it were that. . . .

I found on the edge of this clearing the *Cirsium muticum*, or swamp thistle, abundantly in bloom. I think we scared up a black partridge just beyond. . . .

I am interested in an indistinct prospect, a distant view, a mere suggestion often, revealing an almost wholly new world to me. I rejoice to get, and am apt to present, a new view. But I find it impossible to present my view to most people. In effect, it would seem that they do not wish to take a new view in any case. Heat lightning flashes, which reveal a distant horizon to our twilight eyes. But my fellows simply assert that it is not broad day, which everybody knows, and fail to perceive the phenomenon at all. I am willing to pass for a fool in my often desperate, perhaps foolish, efforts to persuade them to lift the veil from off the possible and future, which they hold down with both their hands, before their eyes. The most valuable communication or news consists of hints and suggestions. When a truth comes to be known and accepted, it begins to be bad taste to repeat it. Every individual constitution is a

¹ [Telos Lake.]

probe employed in a new direction, and a wise man will attend to each one's report.

July 30. Thursday. I saw thus early the slate-colored snowbird (*Fringilla hyemalis*) here. As I walked along the ridge of the island, through the woods, I heard the rush and clatter of a great many ducks which I had alarmed from the concealed northern shore beneath me. . . .

I heard here, at the foot of the lake, the cawing of a crow, which sounded so strangely that I suspected it might be an uncommon species. . . .

To a philosopher there is in a sense no great and no small, and I do not often submit to the criticism which objects to comparing so-called great things with small. It is often a question which is most dignified by the comparison, and, beside, it is pleasant to be reminded that ancient worthies who dealt with affairs of state recognized small and familiar objects known to ourselves. We are surprised at the permanence of the relation. Loudon in his "Arboretum," vol. iv, page 2038, says, "Dionysius the geographer compares the form of the Morea in the Levant, the ancient Peloponnesus, to the leaf of this tree [the Oriental plane]; and Pliny makes the same remark in allusion to its numerous bays. To illustrate this comparison, Martyn, in his Virgil (vol. ii, page 149), gives a figure of the plane tree leaf, and a map of the Morea," both which Loudon copies.¹

Loudon says ("Arboretum," vol. iv, page 2323,

¹ [See *Excursions*, p. 280; Riv. 313.]

apparently using the authority of Michaux, whom see in my books) of the hemlock that "in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, the district of Maine, the state of Vermont, and the upper parts of New Hampshire, it forms three quarters of the evergreen woods, of which the remainder consists of the black spruce." (!) Speaks of its being "constantly found at the foot of the hills."

The events attending the fall of Dr. Johnson's celebrated willow at Lichfield, — a *Salix Russelliana* twenty-one feet in circumference at six feet from the ground, — which was blown down in 1829, were characteristic of the Briton, whose whole island, indeed, is a museum. While the neighbors were lamenting the fate of the tree, a coachmaker remembered that he had used some of the twigs for pea-sticks the year before and made haste to see if any of these chanced to be alive. Finding that one had taken root, it was forthwith transplanted to the site of the old tree, "a band of music," says Loudon, "and a number of persons attending its removal, and a dinner being given afterwards by Mr. Holmes [the coachmaker]¹ to his friends, and the admirers of Johnson."

July 31. Friday. This morning heard from the camp the red-eye, robin (P. said it was a sign of rain), tweezer-bird, *i. e.* parti-colored warbler, chickadee, wood thrush, and soon after starting heard or saw a blue jay. . . .

I saw here my sweet-scented *Aster macrophyllus* (?) just out, also, near end of carry in rocky woods, a new

¹ [Thoreau's brackets.]

plant, the halenia or spurred gentian, which I observed afterward on the carries all the way down to near the mouth of the East Branch, eight inches to two feet high.

I also saw here, or soon after, the red cohosh berries, ripe, (for the first time in my life); spikenard, etc. The commonest aster of the woods was *A. acuminatus*, not long out, and the commonest solidago on the East Branch, *Solidago squarrosa*. . . .

P. said that his mother was a Province woman and as white as anybody, but his father a pure-blooded Indian. I saw no trace of white blood in his face, and others, who knew him well and also his father, were confident that his mother was an Indian and suggested that she was of the Quoddy tribe (belonged to New Brunswick), who are often quite light-colored. . . .

I got there¹ one (apparently) *Lilium superbum* flower, with strongly revolute sepals and perfectly smooth leaves beneath, otherwise not large nor peculiar. On this East Branch we saw many of the *small* purple fringed orchis (*Platanthera psychodes*), but no *large* ones (*P. fimbriata*), which alone were noticed on the West Branch and Umbazookskus. Also saw often the *Lysimachia ciliata*, and once white cohosh berries, and at one place methinks the *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum* (?) with the other. . . .

On a small bare sand or gravel bar,² I observed that same *Prunus* which grows on the rocks at Bellows

¹ [Where he gathered lily roots, on the East Branch, below Bowlin Stream. See *Maine Woods*, p. 309; Riv. 384.]

² [On the East Branch.]

Falls, whose leaf might at first sight be mistaken for that of a willow. It is evidently the *Prunus depressa* (sand cherry) of Pursh, and distinct, as a variety at least, from the common allied one (*P. pumila* of Pursh), which is not *depressed* even when it grows, as it often does abundantly, in river meadows (*e. g.* Edmund Hosmer's on Assabet). The leaf of the former is more lanceolate-spatulate, and I have never seen it in Concord, though the *P. pumila* is very common here. Gray describes but one kind.

Jackson, being some miles below this, in the East Branch, the 6th of October, twenty years ago, says, "There are several small gravelly islands covered with a profusion of deep purple beach plums, but since they had been frozen they were found to be tasteless and insipid." We did not see any of these.