By the middle of September, the upper whorl of leaves stands empty for the ost part, like shallow saucers, with their purple centers and bare peduncles.

PEAS

Peas, September first.

Phillips, in his *History of Cultivated Vegetables*, says of "Pea.—Pisum.": "The nglish name is evidently a corruption of the Latin, as Tusser calls it 'peason'; also erarde, and *then* Dr. Holland, 'pease.' " *I* think it another evidence of the Roman onunciation of the vowel *i*.

BEANS

Beans, September first.

Phillips says, "Columella notices them in his time as food for the peasants nly: 'And herbs they mix with beans for vulgar fare.' "

Gerarde says, "The fruit and cods of kidney beans boiled together before they e ripe, and buttered, and so eaten with their cods, are exceedingly delicate meat, nd do not ingender wind as the other pulses do." After they are boiled, "the rib sinew that doth run along the cod is to be taken away"; so stringed beans are n old institution.

EUROPEAN CRANBERRY

European cranberry, September first.

August 23, 1854. *Vaccinium oxycoccus* has a small, now purplish-dotted fruit, at on the sphagnum, some turned partly scarlet, on terminal peduncles, with ender thread-like stems, and small leaves, strongly resolute on the edges—of hich Emerson says, the "Common cranberry of the north of Europe," cranberry f commerce there.

October 17, 1859. These interesting little cranberries are quite scarce, the vine earing (this year at least) only amid the higher and drier sphagnum mountains

amid the lowest bushes about the edge of the open swamp. There the dark red berries (quite ripe, only a few spotted still) now rest on the shelves and in the recesses of the red sphagnum. There is only enough of these berries for sauce to a botanist's Thanksgiving dinner.

I have come out this afternoon a-cranberrying, chiefly to gather some of the small cranberry, *Vaccinium oxycoccus*. This was a small object, yet not to be postponed, on account of imminent frosts—that is, if I would know this year the flavor of the European cranberry as compared with our larger kind. I thought I should like to have a dish of this sauce on the table at Thanksgiving of my own gathering. I could hardly make up my mind to come this way, it seemed so poor an object to spend the afternoon on. I kept foreseeing a lame conclusion—how I should cross the Great Fields, look into Beck Stow's Swamp, and then retrace my steps no richer than before. In fact, I expected little of this walk, yet it did pass through the side of my mind that somehow, on this very account (my small expectation), it would turn out well, as also the advantage of having some purpose, however small, to be accomplished—of letting your deliberate wisdom and foresight in the house to some extent direct and control your steps. If you would really take a position outside the street and daily life of men, you must have deliberately planned your course, you must have business which is not your neighbors' business, which they cannot understand. For only absorbing employment prevails, succeeds, takes up space, occupies territory, determines the future of individuals and states, drives Kansas out of your head, and actually and permanently occupies the only desirable and free Kansas against all border ruffians. The attitude of resistance is one of weakness, inasmuch as it only faces an enemy; it has its back to all that is truly attractive. You shall have your affairs, I will have mine. You will spend this afternoon in setting up your neighbor's stove, and be paid for it; I will spend it in gathering the few berries of the *Vaccinium oxycoccus* which Nature produces here, before it is too late, and be paid for it also, after another fashion. I have always reaped unexpected and incalculable advantages from carrying out at last, however tardily, any little enterprise which my genius suggested to me long ago as a thing to be done, some step to be taken, however slight, out of the usual course.

How many schools I have thought of which I might go to but did not go to! expecting foolishly that some greater advantage (or schooling) would come to me! It is these comparatively cheap and private expeditions that substantiate our ex-

istence and batten our lives—as, where a vine touches the earth in its undulating course, it puts forth roots and thickens its stock. Our employment generally is tinkering, mending the old worn-out teapot of society. Our stock in trade is solder. Better for me, says my genius, to go cranberrying this afternoon for the *Vaccinium oxycoccus* in Gowing's Swamp, to get but a pocketful and learn its peculiar flavor—aye, and the flavor of Gowing's Swamp and of *life* in New England—than to go consul to Liverpool and get I don't know how many thousand dollars for it, with no such flavor. Many of our days should be spent, not in vain expectations and lying on our oars, but in carrying out deliberately and faithfully the hundred little purposes which every man's genius must have suggested to him. Let not your life be wholly without an object, though it be only to ascertain the flavor of a cranberry, for it will not be only the quality of an insignificant berry that you will have tasted, but the flavor of your life to that extent, and it will be such a sauce as no wealth can buy.

Both a conscious and an unconscious life are good; neither is good exclusively, for both have the same source. The wisely conscious life springs out of an unconscious suggestion. I have found my account in travelling in having prepared beforehand a list of questions which I would get answered, not trusting to my interest at the moment, and can then travel with the most profit. Indeed, it is by obeying the suggestions of a higher light within you that you escape from yourself and, in the transit, as it were see with the unworn sides of your eye, travel totally new paths. What is that pretended life that does not take up a claim, that does not occupy ground, that cannot build a causeway to its objects? that sits on a bank looking over a bog, singing its desires?

However, it was not with such blasting expectations as these that I entered the swamp. I saw bags of cranberries, just gathered and tied up, on the banks of Beck Stow's Swamp. They must have been raked out of the water, now so high, before they should rot. I left my shoes and stockings on the bank far off and waded barelegged through rigid andromeda and other bushes a long way, to the soft open sphagnous center of the swamp.

I found these cunning little cranberries lying high and dry on the firm uneven tops of the sphagnum—their weak vine considerably on one side—sparsely scattered about the drier edges of the swamp, or sometimes more thickly occupying some little valley a foot or two over, between two mountains of sphagnum. They were of two varieties, judging from the fruit. *The one*, apparently *the ripest*, colored

most like the common cranberry but more scarlet—that is, yellowish-green, blotched, or checked with dark scarlet-red, commonly pear-shaped. *The other*, also pear-shaped, or more bulged out in the middle, thickly and finely dark-spotted or peppered on yellowish-green or straw-colored or pearly ground—almost exactly like the *Smilacina* and *Convallaria* berries now, except that they are a little larger and not so spherical, with a tinge of purple. A singular difference. They both lay very snug in the moss, often the whole of the long (one and a half inch or more) peduncle buried, their vines very inobvious, projecting only one to three inches, so that it was not easy to tell what vine they belonged to, and you were obliged to open the moss carefully with your fingers to ascertain it; while the common large cranberry there, with its stiff, erect vine, was commonly lifted above the sphagnum. The grayish-speckled variety was particularly novel and pretty, though not easy to detect. It lay here and there snugly sunk in the sphagnum, whose drier parts it exactly resembled in color, just like some kind of swamp-sparrow's eggs in their nest. I was obliged with my finger carefully to trace the slender pedicel through the moss to its vine, where I would pluck the whole together, like jewels worn on or set in these sphagnous breasts of the swamp—swamp pearls, call them—one or two to a vine and, on an average three-eighths of an inch in diameter. They are so remote from their vines, on their long thread-like peduncles, that they remind you the more forcibly of eggs, and in May I might mistake them for such. These plants are almost parasitic, resting wholly on the sphagnum, in water instead of air. The sphagnum is a living soil for it. It rests on and amid this, on an acre of sponges. They are evidently earlier than the common. A few are quite soft and red-purple. I waded quite round the swamp for an hour, my bare feet in the cold water beneath, and it was a relief to place them on the warmer surface of the sphagnum. I filled one pocket with each variety, but sometimes, being confused, crossed hands and put them into the wrong pocket.

I enjoyed this cranberrying very much, notwithstanding the wet and cold, and the swamp seemed to be yielding its crop to me alone, for there are none else to pluck it or to value it. I told the proprietor once that they grew here, but he, learning that they were not abundant enough to be gathered for the market, has probably never thought of them since. I am the only person in the township who regards them or knows of them, and I do not regard them in the light of their pecuniary value. I have no doubt I felt richer wading there with my two pockets full, treading on wonders at every step, than any farmer going to market with a hun-

dred bushels which he has raked, or hired to be raked. I got further and further away from the town every moment, and my good genius seemed to have smiled on me, leading me hither, and then the sun suddenly came out clear and bright, but it did not warm my feet. I would gladly share my gains, take one or twenty into partnership and get this swamp with them, but I do not know an individual whom this berry cheers and nourishes as it does me. When I exhibit it to them I perceive that they take but a momentary interest in it and commonly dismiss it from their thoughts with the consideration that it cannot be profitably cultivated. You could not get a pint at one haul of a rake, and Slocum would not give you much for them. But I love it the better partly for that reason even. I fill a basket with them and keep it several days by my side. If anybody else—any farmer, at least—should spend an hour thus wading about here in this secluded swamp, bare-legged, intent on the sphagnum, filling his pocket only, with no rake in his hand and no bag or bushel on the bank, he would be pronounced insane and have a guardian put over him; but if he'll spend his time skimming and watering his milk and selling his small potatoes for large ones, or generally in skinning flints, he will probably be made guardian of somebody else. I have not garnered any rye or oats, but I gathered the wild vine of the Assabet.

I see that all is not garden and cultivated field and copse, that there are square rods in Middlesex County as purely primitive and wild as they were a thousand years ago, which have escaped the plow and the axe and the scythe and the cranberry rake—little oases of wildness in the desert of our civilization, wild as a square rod on the moon, supposing it to be uninhabited. I believe almost in the personality of such planetary matter, feel something akin to reverence for it, can even worship it as terrene, titanic matter extant in my day. We are so different we admire each other, we healthily attract one another. I love it as a maiden. These spots are meteoric, ærolitic, and such matter has in all ages been worshipped. Aye, when we are lifted out of the slime and film of our habitual life, we see the whole globe to be an ærolite, and reverence it as such, and make pilgrimages to it, far off as it is. How happens it that we reverence the stones which fall from another planet, and not the stones which belong to this—another globe, not this—heaven, and not earth? Are not the stones in Hodge's wall as good as the ærolite at Mecca? Is not our broad backdoor stone as good as any corner-stone in heaven?

It would imply the regeneration of mankind if they were to become elevated enough to truly worship sticks and stones. It is the sentiment of fear and slavery

and habit which makes a heathenish idolatry. Such idolaters abound in all countries, and heathen cross the seas to reform heathen, dead to bury the dead, and all go down to the pit together. If I could, I would worship the parings of my nails. If he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a benefactor, he who discovers two gods where there was only known the one (and such a one!) before is a still greater benefactor. I would fain improve every opportunity to wonder and worship, as a sunflower welcomes the light. The more thrilling, wonderful, divine objects I behold in a day, the more expanded and immortal I become. If a stone appeals to me and elevates me, tells me how many miles I have come, how many remain to travel—and the more, the better—reveals the future to me in some measure, it is a matter of private rejoicing. If it did the same service to all, it might well be a matter of public rejoicing.

Sept. 2, 1856

The botanist refers you, for wild berries and we presume wild plants, further inland or westward to so many miles from Boston, as if Nature or the Indians had any such preferences. Perchance the ocean seemed wilder to them than the woods. As if there were primarily and essentially any more wildness in a western acre than an eastern one!

Sept. 3, 1856

So many plants, the indigenous and the bewildering variety of exotics, you see in conservatories and nurserymen's catalogues, or read of in English books, and the Royal Society did not make one of them, and knows no more about them than you! All truly indigenous and wild on this earth. I know of no mark that betrays an introduced plant, as none but the gardener can tell what flower has strayed from its parterre; but where the seed will germinate and the plant spring and grow, there it is at home.

Loudon writes of *Oxycoccus palustris*, the marsh or common cranberry: Common Place Book I, p346+

MOSSBERRIES, MOORBERRIES, FENBERRIES, MARSHWORTS, OR WHORTLEBERRIES, CORNBERRIES, ENG. . . .

The name of Cranberry is supposed to be given from the peduncles of the flowers being crooked at the top, and, before the expansion of the flowers, resembling the head and neck of a crane (*Smith* and *Withering*); or because they are much eaten by cranes. . . . Berries pear-shaped, globular, often spotted, crimson, of a peculiar flavor, with a strong acidity, grateful (*Don's Mill.*). . . . It is a native of turfy mossy bogs in the mountainous parts of Europe; common in Switzerland, Russia, Scotland, Ireland, and the north of England, as well as in the east [that is,