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Mar. 4, 99 to
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"March 4. 99.

This is the first of a series of letters, describing the trips taken with my friend Mr. Weber.

This, however, has not been our first trip, for (?) every Saturday, clear, cloudy, or rainy, finds us out.

This trip, planned the day before, was to Ilchester, via Catonsville, thence to our old ravine, made by one of the prettiest lof brooks, a tributary of the Patapsco.

The morning was cloudy, every prospect for rain — we had been having very unsettled weather for two days previous and the forecast for the day was rain.

Our meeting-place was at Irvington - Brown's Pharmacy - between nine and nine-thirty.

Long before arriving there it began to rain, not very hard, but still rain. Arriving at Brown's, Mr. B. said, "Well, you're not going out to-day, are you?" I did not have to wait long before Mr. W. came, and not long after we were speeding towards Catonsville. By this time it was pouring down very lively.— Mr. W. said "Well, one good thing we'll not have any dust to-day", and we did'nt

Arriving at the terminus, we found it still pouring, but by the time we got to the road branching toward Ilchester, it was moderating somewhat.

This road follows a brook, occasionally crossing it, but being most times on its left. The falling of the water over the rocks at several places ~~were~~ made most beautiful scenes

We soon arrived at the old residence of Mr. Dugan - this was now being torn down to make way for a new and larger mansion - here, we ~~managed~~ got a quantity of dry wood for starting our fire. Nearly in front of this house is a very large chestnut-tree, probably seven feet in diameter. Not far down the road is a fine spring. We soon came to Thistle (Mills?).

Our object in coming here to-day, was to visit a huge rock. This rock, seen from Ilchester, looked as if it were immediately over a large cave. Standing near the bridge, which crosses the Patapsco and leads to Ilchester, and looking up, we saw the rock a couple of hundred feet above our heads; not long after, we were at its base - where a large hollow was found, but no cave.

This rock is probably fifty feet or more high. After examining the base carefully, Mr. W. went one way around the rock, and I the other, soon we were on its very top. Here we obtained a most beautiful view of the Patapsco. Opposite was the imposing monastery of the ~~Jesuits~~ Redemptorists. How very high this appeared looking at it from the road below! Now we were looking right into it, and down on its grounds! Not very far from us was a little knoll, which was still a few feet higher - this we also ascended - there was, however, not much difference in our views.

The rain had now ceased entirely.

We now started for our old ravine - it was after twelve o'clock and we were beginning to feel hungry. On our way, however, we decided to go to a pretty little observatory near the ravine - a high bluff facing the Patapsco and affording an excellent view of the river.

Arriving here, we soon collected a lot of brush, and, in a few minutes had enough fire for all our needs.

Mr. W. ~~soon~~ went to the brook to get water for our coffee,

this was to be our first experiment in the manufacture of this beverage, for ~~on~~ former occasions ~~having~~ we brought it along already prepared. He soon returned, and not very long the water was boiling, killing all the bacteria. Some ground coffee was now dropped in, kettle again tightly closed, to prevent loss of the aroma, and set aside – the coffee proved excellent.

I had brought a white fish with me, this was soon prepared by laying it on a piece of heated tin – will, however, try a different method, some future time – we enjoyed the fish very much.

But the novelty was our new way of toasting bread; in this most important occupation we have been gradually improving. At first our toasting was done by laying the bread on flat heated stones; we improved on this method by sticking the bread to the end of a long stick – toasting by bringing the bread close to the fire; this day we set the bread up nicely on a piece of board lying close to the fire, turning the bread when toasted on one side and moving up each piece as those nearest the fire were removed from

the board. As fast as one piece was eaten another was ready.

Mr. W. brought sausages. The preparation of these was something new to me. Each sausage was tightly wrapped in paper and then placed into the hot ashes. Sausages prepared in this way make a most enjoyable dish.

After finishing our meal we spent a little time building up our fire and in pleasant conversation.

At last, however, we had to break up camp, for we hoped yet to find frogs' eggs and skunk cabbage.

We, now went towards Orange Grove - stopped a moment at the mill - crossed the river and followed the road towards Relay. It was now growing dark - and by the time we reached the swamps, it was too dark to see anything distinctly, so had to put off the finding of the skunk cabbage and the frogs' eggs. We, however, heard the frogs.

We, ~~now~~ moved briskly towards Relay, arriving just in time to see a train leaving for Baltimore,

causing us to wait nearly an hour. The time passed very quickly though and soon we were speeding home.

Arriving about 8.10 P.M., we bid each other good-night hoping to meet again during the week.

2 March 11. 99.

Seeing Mr. W. on Thursday we planned a trip to Loch Raven, on Friday, however, Mr. W. called to tell me that he could not go all-day; we, therefore, arranged for a shorter trip. This was to Brooklyn - along the road towards the left following the Patapsco.

The day was cloudy. We met at the corner of Charles St. and Fort Av., 1.30 where we took the Brooklyn Car. Leaving the car where it turns out of the Annapolis Road, we continued out the road to the Cromwell Estate. Entering, we followed the path which leads through the estate, keeping very close to the river. Here, at one place, we found quite a long snake, sunning itself, it was not at all agile and was easily caught; we, however, allowed it its freedom and it moved slowly down the embankment. This was the first snake seen this year.

This torpidity was also noticed in two frogs which we came across a little later - both being easily caught showing that they had not as yet gotten over their winter nap.

As we were anxious to see if skunk cabbage was in flower, we left our path after crossing a large ravine and made our way towards a swamp. In the ravine near a spring we built a fire to warm the mince pie brought by Mr. W. The top of a boiler was found near by, this was soon rubbed bright to serve as plate and also as something upon which to heat the pie. After eating our pie we started for the swamp - skunk cabbage was, however not to be found. We, therefore, continued our tramp, up the road, going into the woods wherever we thought skunk cabbage might possibly grow. At last, quite a distance into a swamp, it was found by Mr. W., in great profusion, beautifully colored deep maroon, only a few being mottled with yellow, showing the severity of the weather. All early foliage is colored red, red being the color which absorbs most heat. We thought, possibly to

obtain frogs eggs, so visited quite a number of swamps, but did not find any. (Found a dead dog).

Towards evening we again heard the frogs - harbingers of spring. We were now on our way home, soon arriving in Brooklyn where we took the car for home.

This day, we found Stellaria media also in flower.

3. March 16. 99.

Took this afternoon a little trip in search for frogs eggs. Leaving school about 2.40 P.M., I called for Mr. W. We then took car at corner of Lombard & Monroe Sts. to Balto. & Potomac R.R. Station on Frederick Road.

Arriving there we followed the railroad tracks to the rear of London Park, cutting across the fields to St. Mary's Industrial School, we took the road to its right.

Going down the road a short distance we went into the woods on our left - here quite a number of small ponds were found. Although the ponds seemed to be just the kind that sensible frogs would be very anxious to make use of - we found but a very small lump of this gelatinous substance.

the nest in the forks of a tree which we saw formerly and ~~were~~ often expressed our curiosity thereof we decided to stay

After examining a great number of ponds, and it being necessary for me to be home about 6 o'clock, we decided to return. In this trip we examined all ponds in the woods to the left of the road to a point where a road (path) crosses it nearly at right angles; here, we followed the path into the woods on the right, till we reached quite a large pond.

Going home, we came back to the point where we left the left hand woods. Now instead of following the woods towards the Industrial School, we cut into the woods, following a path running parallel with Wilkens Av. and going directly to the B. & O. R.R. tracks near the stock yards. Following this path we came to a very fine spring. We had collected a few pieces of willow beginning to bud, common [illegible] as pussy willows & [illegible] here near the spring we found alder in flower, the first seen this year. After reaching the tracks we followed them till we crossed Gwynn's Falls and came to a path leading to Wilkens Av. We followed this and at Wilkens Av. I took the car for home, arriving there at 6.20 P.M.

"March 18. 99.

Another day without dust! Raining continuously. We took a trip to Loch Raven. Leaving Lehigh Station at 9.30 A.M. we arrived at our destination about 10.10.

We took the road passing the Gate House, following the Gunpowder, intending to go as far as Glen Ellen and the three-arched bridge.

On reaching the second bridge, seeing the beautiful brook coming from the distance, dashing over rocks, and the enticing ravine formed by it we concluded to follow the brooklet up a little distance. Right here, near the bridge, we again saw one of those large strange looking nests built in a fork near the top of a tall but slender tree. Often have we seen these peculiar nests and each time have they aroused our curiosity - Mr. W. thinking them to be squirrels' nests, whereas I think they are bird's nests, that squirrels have their homes in hollows in trees.

I soon found that this was the same ravine I had been up the preceding summer. The scenery here is very pretty.

To-day seemed to be the day for mosses and lichens. How fresh and beautiful they were! The weather seemed to suit

them admirably and no doubt it did. What a great number of mosses and lichens were in fruit! On the banks, too, we found the old remains of Phallus ——. This peculiar fungus, we first found at Round Bay, then in its prime; now the body of the fungus was quite gelatinous, and the upper part capsule-like and empty. I collected specimens of quite a number of fruiting mosses and lichens. Of the lichens, one was remarkably beautiful, being tipped with beautiful carmine. How pretty the old decaying fallen trunks of trees were! so beautifully covered with a carpet of moss!

Along this brook were found a number of neatly set stones marked W + B. Near one of these, we found an old dead tree in which were probably a dozen buzzards roosting.

Large groves of Kalmia were seen, and close to the water's edge our native Hydrangea. The rattle-snake plantain and the two Pipsissewas were growing also in profusion.

Coming back to the Loch, we started out the road, hoping to find a place suitable for building a fire.

 * Used to clean the lake.

Large patches of Vinca were found with well-formed buds, and in the road great quantities of the Mouse-ear Cress with numerous buds ~~and~~ which no doubt would have been found in flower had the day been bright.

The gorge formed by the Gunpowder is beautiful - but to-day with the heavy mists hanging over the tops of the hills - its beauty seemed intensified.

Going up a little distance, we came to the fourth bridge, where a great number of scows* had been placed, we, however, could not learn their use.

Continuing along the road, we had gone quite a distance and still not finding another ravine, we concluded to turn back and camp in one of the ravines we had passed. Mr. W. was very hungry and could not even wait till we did get back, but had to eat something to satisfy his terrible hunger.

We soon got back to the fourth bridge where the scows were anchored. Up in the ravine we found a lot of lumber, under this we found a fairly dry piece of wood. Going a little farther we decided to stop and here we built our camp fire. First collecting a lot of thin twigs, then with

the aid of a little paper we lit our fire. Everything was so wet that for quite a while it seemed very very doubtful of our success. So as to have use of both hands as well as to camp comfortably, we had brought some stout twine, suspending the umbrella from a twig. We were obliged, for quite a time, to protect our fire from the down pour of rain, but little by little, it grew larger and hotter, and at last this protection was not required.

It was now half past three. Mr. W. went to the brook which was now very muddy, for water; but, he had not very far to go to its broad mouth where the water was fairly clear. The water was soon boiling and coffee prepared. Mr. W. now had very little hunger, I, however, was very hungry and was soon comfortably seated and enjoying my dinner. Our time was limited for we were obliged to be at the station at 5.15 P.M. so dispensed with the toasting of the bread. Mr. W. was soon through eating, but by the time I was through we were obliged to break camp.

Going back to the station, we stopped a moment at the

× St. Mary's Industrial School

Gate House. Near by we found a dead butterfly Danais Archippus, stretched out in the road, we, however, could only surmise how it got there.

We also noticed, both going up and back, a number of different kinds of birds, some were singing. We recognized two King-fishers. At one place, too, we heard the frogs.

Snow was also seen in many places.

We got back to the station in time. Soon the train came along, and at six o'clock we were again back in Baltimore.

5 March 21, 99. Repeated the trip, taken Mar. 16 ×, mainly for the purpose of examining the peculiar nest seen on that day. Mr. W. took a long rope, with him. We were accompanied by Mrs R. Miss R. and Radimond. In the woods Miss R. found Antennaria which she was desirous of knowing, I told her it also was called Pussy's Toes Mrs R. here said, oh, yes, Katzenpfötchen. Arriving at the tree with its nest, we fastened the rope to it about 12 ft. from the ground; but, it proved too rigid, and we could not bend it. Our idea of seeing the nest had therefore to be given up.

March 23.99. Again, repeated the trip of Mar. 16.; this time armed with a hatchet. On this trip, as well as, on our former one, we took the road leading past the hospital at once on leaving the car. We again examined the ponds for frogs eggs; this time we met with success - one pond was quite covered. After making note of the location of this pond we hurried off to the old nest, high above our heads in a slender oak.

Although we felt very sorry to sacrifice this beautiful tree, we yet knew there was no other way in this search for knowledge. We, therefore, hardened our hearts and began our work of destruction each taking turns, in a little while the tree was felled. We were soon at the nest, how carefully it had been built! First a liberal supply of slender twigs, forming a very firm platform, or I might say foundation, upon this a large quantity of dry leaves; those on the bottom had turned into mold, in this were found a number of worms, (larvae, probably caterpillars).

We were still not much wiser than before - Another suggestion however, has been offered that it probably is the summer home of the squirrel - (their winter home being in the hollow of a tree) - in which they rear their young.

We now went back to the pond for the frogs eggs. I found an old paint kettle, which I took with me to carry home the egg masses. Mr. W. had taken a kettle along from home.

We soon arrived at the pond, and very soon we had quite a lot of the gelatinous egg masses. We had made the division of our spoils and were about to leave when a poor old frog made several cries – oh! so very plaintive! how condemned we felt! Poor thing no doubt it bemoaned the fate of its progeny!

We now started for home going towards the old Georgetown Road. Here we met a great number of robins, busy in the wet meadow. How beautiful they were! We, however, had very little time and hastened towards the railroad (B.&O. tracks) thence towards Wilkens Av. No car being in sight we went up to Frederick Road and took the car for home.

March 25. 98. The morning was raw. According to the Weather Bureau we were to have cloudy weather. As the sun could occasionally be seen behind the light clouds and reenforced by the W. B., I felt almost sure of clear weather, set out therefore, without umbrella or rubbers. Met Mr. W. at

? were they not about to plant in to produce ?
strawberries ?

× Salamander's eggs.

about 8.40 A.M. at the B. & P. R.R. station Frederick Road.

He was armed with an umbrella, thought, however, of leaving it at some place near at hand, finally concluded to take it along. We at once proceeded to our old pond, to again examine the frog's eggs. Here we noticed 13 egg masses, 6 clear with dark spots 1 clear with greenish spots and 6 × white, with dark spots also, but not so readily seen. Most of the ponds were coated with a thin covering of ice.

We now went towards the old Georgetown Road, but before reaching it took a path through the woods to our right thinking it would take us to some ponds made in an iron ore section. The road, however took us to a farm, where we saw a plan for the manufacture of liquid manure, on a large scale. Men were busily engaged cutting straw to protect the strawberry beds. We, here got our bearing and proceeded thence towards the ponds. In several places were found "pussy willows" - the twigs looking as if touched with drops of liquid silver. From the ponds we intended going to a private cemetery near Auburtus, had gotten, however, as far as the home of Mr. Osterlage before we were put upon

the right track. Crossing the fields quantities of Draba verna were found - the first seen in flower this season, noticed also the intense dull red (maroon) color of Oxalis; Lamium was found also, so far advanced that I might say it too was in flower. Stellaria media, in great patches was flowering profusely.

We soon reached the cemetery - the private burying ground of the Randalls. There were probably a dozen graves. On one of the headstones was noticed this inscription

Stranger look as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, soon you must be
Prepare for death and follow me.
I am going to live with God.

This inscription, (leaving off the last line) is said to be an old one. The story runs that a sailor reading the above on a stone added the following

To follow you I'm not content
Unless I know which way you went.

These people anticipating, perhaps, such an action, added the last line. On another stone was noticed the name Pernealr - Pamelia.

This cemetery is not far from Arbutus and lies east of the railroad. On reaching the railroad we proceeded towards Arbutus where we took the Sulphur Spring Road.

We had only gone a very short distance along this road

when we saw a pretty wood pecker, and a most excellent opportunity was afforded to see it. Mr. W. had his field glasses with him; with them we examined the bird most carefully. Hardly more than 8 in. long - the body grey, wings mottled with black and white, the head red. Mr. W. has Audubon and found it to be the red-headed woodpecker - Picus erythrocephalus - Linn. A blue bird was also seen close at hand.

Some distance out we found the charred remains of a former home. (A short distance from this we found Maple, the first of this season in flower. We soon passed Sulphur Spring Hotel and not long after turned into Catonsville Av.

We now took the road leading to Avalon. Here in several places were found large heaps of snow. On the left side of the road is a pretty beech standing immediately on the edge of the bank formed when the road had been cut through. The soil having been gradually washed from under it, we could see the crook in the stem made by the tree trying to attain the perpendicular.

A short distance up is the pretty residence of Mrs. Smith.

Arriving at Avalon we took the tracks to Orange Grove. At Vineyard is a very pretty ravine which we hope to explore in the

near future, quite a number of Hazels are said to grow here.

Close to the river, flitting through the trees, a pretty little brown bird (probably a thrush) was occasionally seen and sometimes heard singing.

So much coal was seen lying along the tracks that it became too great an inducement towards building a coal fire and before long we were quite loaded down – a little beyond O. S. an old bag was found and although we never thought of ever coming to this, we actually picked up coal along the railroad. We soon had all that could conveniently be carried – so now entered our old ravine.

Our old ravine. How steep its sides are in many places! So wild – so beautiful – with its rocks – with its brook! How often have we walked along its banks – Yet we are always glad on seeing it again. How pretty its cascades were to-day with the increased volume of water dashing over! How pretty they were, too, last Dec. when on a very cold day we saw them in their winter garments. What beautiful stalactites and stalagmites! Mr. W. made a torch and illuminated by holding it in the back of them – this looked very pretty indeed.

For up in this ravine we, on one of our trips, found a very desirable camp, and nearly every time ~~thereafter~~ since we camp at this very place. Several logs, found close at hand, had been arranged to form a convenient seat - near this we build our fire.

Arriving here to-day, we went to work at once and before long, thanks to the brisk breeze, our fire was doing its best. As a general rule after eating our lunch, and arranging the fire, we start from our camp on some short exploring expedition, returning in the course of 3 or 4 hrs.. To-day ~~when we~~ the ~~first~~ fire was just about burning, when our old freind the rain again paid us a visit. We were very poorly prepared to receive him to-day, but thanks to Mr. W.'s foresight, his umbrella was soon strung up and we had a cozy little house. It had a conveniently placed skylight which also served admirably as a ventilator. Mr. W. having brought sausage, we at once started another fire to prepare this delicate dish. A brooklet of pure water close at hand furnished water for coffee. We soon were comfortably seated and made quick work in eating our meal. Along the brook were found clumps of Erythronium besides other early spring flowers, just peeping above ground.

to-day we had thought of examining these particularly, but it poured down so incessantly, that we were glad to stay "indoors", (that is, under the umbrella) and spend our time in conversation. After finishing our dinner, we put on the coal and very soon the odor of burning bituminous coal was very perceptible. (So much so that Mr. W. says even two days later that "in spite of the skylight in the umbrella the odor of the bituminous coal was still there and reminded me of the pleasant hours "indoors" in that beautiful ravine during the rain and before that cheerful fire. "Wohlthätig ist des Feuers Macht" - which we fully appreciate in our various wintry outings - "O könnte ich zum Augenblicke sagen - verweile doch, du bist so schön.")

About half past five the rain ceased, we soon dried our coats which had become quite damp. I went to the brook and filled a can with silt - for my frogs. It was now close to half past six and although it was very hard to leave our camp we at last tore ourselves away and moved up toward Catonville. Before leaving our brook it was dark, but we knew our way so perfectly that no dread of losing it, in the very dense woods, was experienced. We got to the car about 7.15 and soon were speeding home.

*March 31. 99. Good Friday. Strange, the notion that it "likes" to ~~rain~~ be cloudy on Good Friday, that it general rains; even our weather forecast was rain!

A trip had been planned to Stony Run, we therefore met at the B&P. Frederick Av. Station at about 7 A.M. to take the 7.02 train. It proved to be an ideal spring day. No matter what your views, ~~about~~ the weather would have been found to suit - it was a little cloudy at times, the sun shone also and we even had a little bit of a shower. In talking about the weather, later in the day, we came to this conclusion - that "bad" weather or "good" weather depends very little upon the condition of the atmosphere, but entirely upon the individual. We got to S.R. about 7.20 A.M made a casual examination of the place: found skunk cabbage still in flower - alders now seemed to be at their best and in the fields Draba verna was doing all it could to perpetuate its species. We examined the shrub-like grass* growing here so plentifully, but no signs of life were as yet discernable. In the woods towards the east a number of red birch were seen - one tree in particular was very beautiful. Some

arbutus was found with buds pretty well advanced, but none as yet fully open. We took a path towards the east our destination to be Glenburnie. Not far up the road is the large farm of Basil B. Benson. A little beyond near the branching of the road we found large quantities of the sensitive fern in fruit; the sterile fronds had withered, but the fertile seemed full of life the spores having not as yet been dispersed.

We at last came to Wellhams Cove Roads. Still continuing towards the east – a little distance from the cove-roads we stopped to examine a pretty little brown bird very much like a sparrow but much stouter and a nice singer – he has a dark speck on his breast which is quite speckled or mottled. Mr. W. again as on one of our former trips became very hungry, stopped to take a bite. While eating, an old man came up to us, who, in course of conversation, kindly informed us about the wonderful healing plant (Plantago major) – a leaf to be put on the stone fried and put on the sore, nothing better in the world. Mr. W. asked him "Have all these plants got names? No?". He said – "No, but they're called almost anything people care to call them – some call them this and some that". More truth being in it perhaps than he thought.

He told us too, when asked about the non-observance of the day - noticed very particularly here. "No - they don't bother much about the holiday - but if it (G.F.) had come on a Sunday then they would".

We at last got to a Balto Road nicely shelled, and really at this point most enticing being close to Fish Branch; a little farther down the road is Saw Mill Branch. Here quite a number of beautiful pines may be seen - I think the largest pines I've ever seen, tall & straight perhaps 3½ ft in diameter and 40 or 50 feet high before branching - How nicely clothed they were with their prettily arranged bark! At Saw Mill Branch, Mr. Shipley lives. We found him at work transplanting egg-plants. He directed us to a new place for pitcher-plants. We found the place, although few in number, yet of considerable size. Stopping at one place of remarkably clear water we noticed that it was partly, perhaps entirely formed by innumerable springs, bubbling from the ground.

We now started for G. Finally got to the A. & B. S. L. R.R. which we followed to Saw Mill Branch, cutting into the woods to pay a visit the owner of a queerly built mud hut. Along

the track we saw a number of swallows and in the gutters along the railroad many frogs were heard making their incessant cry; we stopped several times hoping to learn how they make this peculiar noise, without success, however. Arriving at the branch we went at once to the hut. This hut is about 10 ft high and about 8 ft. in diameter, made by arranging a number of poles like a cone on these were piled sods, any kind of old cloth and clay. An opening probably 2 x 4 served as the door, which was closed by a piece of sail-cloth. Inside a number of bags filled with bagging served as bed - close to the door was the fire-place and immediately above the door was a round hole through which was stuck a piece of stove-pipe to allow the smoke to escape. Close to the fire place was a quantity of dry wood. Several cans were seen, one containing matches the others were perhaps kitchen utensils. Near the cans was a large bottle with probably 50 Chalybeate Pills. Outside were several small pieces of strap, serving probably as razor strops. On a tree very close to the door was a small piece of looking glass. We have been very anxious to see the lord of this magnificent residence, have learned, ~~however learned,~~ however, that he went to Balto immediately before the blizzard (Feb 11-13) and had not as

yet returned. We learned also that he is about 30 yrs. old came from Virginia, had about $50, thinks himself not strong enough to work, and hopes to live on the money he has, in this way. Not finding our friend at home, we went at once to the branch, where we soon had fire and ate our dinner

The branch here is very pretty – dividing only to reunite forming an island, and again dividing to form another island. In many places at least 8 feet wide and from 1 to 2 feet deep. What an immense volume of water! How clear the water! How rapidly it was moving and yet how silently! How different from our noisy brook in the ravine! Here not a rock is seen, the bottom being covered with pretty white sand.

The weather was delightful an ideal spring day – we felt so contented with the world that we could have remained here indefinitely had the spell continued. In one of the tall pines was one of those large peculiar nests. While talking about birds we could not help but wonder at the wonderful intelligence (intellect) of the male, who feels a moral responsibility to stand by the female and takes his share of the responsibilities, in bringing up a family. No law is here required, no compelling, simply a moral

sense of duty. While interested in our conversation a little animal crept to the opening of its burrow, peeped out but on seeing or perhaps hearing us, disappeared so quickly that we could not tell what it was. There were yet a number of things we wished to do, so collected our belongings and started towards Saw Mill Pond. Before reaching it we met Mr. H. Elmore so walked with him to his home. From there we again started towards the pond. Our time now was very limited. I wished very much to see if Comptonia asplenifolia was in flower, but not ~~coming across~~ finding any, and also partly on account of the spreading flames of bush afire we left the woods for the road and started towards Glenburnie. Before reaching G. we left the road to examine some woods on our right to see if Iris verna was showing itself. Although ~~there were~~ it was not to be seen I found the Comptonia and glad I was of the find, it being the first time I had seen the plant in flower. It was now dusk a bat was seen flitting about. We now went to G. our train soon came along and in 20 minutes we were home.

9 April 3.99. Easter Monday. We met at the B. & P. R.R. station Frederick Road at 9.30 A.M. The day was very cold, for April,

caused by a brisk N. E. wind. The sun shone beautifully all day, notwithstanding the weather forecast of increasing cloudiness. We intended nearly repeating the tramp of Mar. 25. Our first object in view was a visit to Sulphur Spring Hotel, we therefore took the railroad track towards Arbutus. Seeing an old bag we picked it up to make use of later. After walking about half way to A. we met a well-preserved able-bodied man; exchanging greetings we learned that he was on the road. We got to talking about the war in the Phillipines - our trying to convert the Filipinos, how we think our, ~~[illegible]~~, Christian religion to be the best, when our new acquaintance told us that that reminded him of an incident happening in Calcutta, that when the Christian asked a Hindoo "why don't you join our church," he replied "because your church isn't as good as our church". "Why isn't it?" "For 3 reasons, first your church doesn't feed anyone". "No," replied the Christian, "our church has no restaurant". "Second, your church doesn't clothe anyone." "No, we have no clothing establishment attached". "And third, your church doesn't allow anyone to sleep in it." "Now our church does, anybody can come in, and if hungry, get something to eat, or get a ~~[illegible]~~ cloth from the altar to cover himself and lie down at the altar and rest." We were then asked if we, too,

vulgo - tramp

were "on the road" and where we were bound. Before reaching Arlington I proposed again visiting the private family cemetery; going to it we ~~found some~~ discovered a number of Hazels. After our visit we made our way towards A. took Sulphur Spring Road. Here again on the right side of road a little beyond the little bridge crossing the run Corylus was found in flower. Before long we arrived at S. S. Hotel. This time we examined it somewhat closely. The entire building is frame and is now rapidly going to pieces, yet enough remains to see that it is built on a plan found frequently in Southern hotels. One long arm extending N. & S. and two shorter ones extending east & west forming a T. The building is 2 stories high, the front having also an attic. A door in the centre opens into a wide hall, containing a stair case. The short arms are the front and contained the dining rooms, reception rooms, parlors, and at one end the kitchen. Here the remains of one of those great fire places is still to be seen. The long arms contain the bed-rooms, none of them communicating with main hall, and but two on each floor communicating with one another. Each room had a window facing the west and a window and a door facing the east. The doors open on a wide porch, the porches lead to the main hall. We found the cellar filled with water, having a coat of ice on it. The hotel takes

its name from a sulphur spring close to the building, we made diligent search for this but failed to find it. In one part of the grounds we found the remains of a former garden. Before proceeding on our trip we took a little lunch. We ~~then~~ continued our tramp stopping a moment to examine woods near the Rolling Road. We then took the road to Avalon: again admired the beech saw also near at hand an oak standing very much like it. At the top of the hill a most excellent view is obtained of Mount De Sales and Spring Grove. In one of the shady nooks along the road a large icicle was found. To-day we concluded trying a new route towards the Vineyard. So, when, before reaching the first home of Mrs. S., a path was seen leading parallel with the river and in the direction of the V. we concluded to try it. This proved to be a most interesting little route. The road soon wound its way into a deep ravine at the bottom of which was a pretty brook. Its sides were very enticing and undoubt will soon be covered with many of spring's choicest blooms. Reaching the brook we noticed at this point another brook meeting it, its valley, however, was much broader; we here found our first Spring Beauties and Hepaticas, quite a number of Erythronium and Dentaria were seen

Hazel in profusion, - S.S. road bet. Arbutus & negro village

peeping up, Poa — and Carex — were also found in flower. Here also a great number of Hazels were found, and all along the brook towards Glenartney, these plants were occasionally met with. Reaching the railroad we followed it, turning in at our ravine. Not far from G. we ~~[illegible]~~ observed a pretty red bird which we thought probably a cardinal, it, however, was not of as brilliant a plumage as the cardinal generally is. As we have never examined the cardinal very closely we could not settle the question. Following the brook up our ravine we found in one place Sanguinaria which no doubt was in flower within a day or two. also an Erythronium with quite a large bud. This day was the first in all our visits to this beautiful place to meet any human beings. Two boys from C. were following the brook. Arriving at our camp at about 4.20 P.M. we built a fire, prepared coffee and ate our dinner. We were very tired, perhaps more so, than on any previous tramp, and were very glad to partake of our delicious coffee, which refreshed us wonderfully. We were loth to break camp this evening, yet when at last it was 6.30 P.M. we knew we had to go. We moved homeward this evening much more slowly and long before reaching the clearing the stars were shining brightly

* As we neared the water works and an occasional clearing afforded us a good view of the heavens, Mr. W's glass came in excellent use. 33

our eyes had, however become so accustomed to the gradual change, we felt no uneasiness and found our way out with the greatest ease*. How brilliant the stars were this evening (no doubt due to that increasing cloudiness already foretold). How beautiful were the Pleiades towards the west, and Berenice's Hair towards the east? How nicely Orion was displayed in the s.w. and near the zenith the planet Mars south of and in a line with Castor and Pollux? In the east Spica was fairly above the horizon. Our star-gazing detained us considerably, yet the pleasure of beholding them! the wonderful works of Creation!

Arriving at the car terminus we took a car reaching home at 9 o'clock.

"April 8. 99. Met at Camden Station and took the 7 A.M. train to Round Bay. There was a great deal of rain yesterday but for to-day the weather men had predicted fair weather. The winds were brisk and from the west and although occasional patches of clouds were seen, we started off without umbrellas. Arrived at R.B. we took the road, running between the railroad and the river. We first examined the woods on the west side finding here and there arbutus in flower. In this wood was noticed also

chestnuts?

a great destruction of oaks for the making of railroad ties. After a stay of a couple of hours, we crossed the road and examined that portion. Here, close to the road, large quantities of arbutus were seen but as yet only partially in flower. We noticed several very large clumps so nearly open that we decided to revisit the place before going home. We now crossed the railroad tracks taking the first path leading east north of the station. Here a number of Myrica were seen showing bud. Following the road we passed Dorsey's, found the old church nearly depleated, passed the other colored shanty and the swamp. In the bit of pine woods beyond the swamp I found a large epipalis on a pine tree. Following the path we stopped a moment at the spring. Here two plants were noticed new to me, one with very fine delicately pinnately divided leaves and the other a single elliptical lanceolate leaf, dark purple on the lower surface (parallel-veined) and from a corm or tuber (Tipularia) A little beyond the spring we stopped to eat lunch. After resting a little while we retraced our steps, noticed in a field a lot of Draba verna. We were now again at the swamp, and stopped to examine it a little. Near the border and somewhat to the rear

× Learned later, that it was the odor of the Maple.

of the colored shanty, I found a number of plants, quite new, having also the aspect of belonging to the Myrtaceae (Leathe leaf). A shrub, too, was found growing quite plentifully, looking somewhat like an Azalea, but which I readily saw was not. Red Maple was found in great profusion. Standing near one, close to the shanty I smelled a decided odor of Arbutus× but failed to decide the cause. This odor I noticed also when standing at the station and later in the day Mr. W. and I both noticed it. We had several times heard a noise sounding very much like thunder and which no doubt it was; for as we were leaving the swamp we had a very nice little shower along with the rain. During the rest of the afternoon, whenever the wind blew very steady we felt rain with it. In one of the trees close to D's. we saw a wood-peker - quite a large bird with a very long sharp bill, the color appeared mottled - but the light was not very good at the time, and although we had the glass we could not see the bird advantageously. Here also a butterfly was noticed. Passing the shanty we intended again taking the path to the tracks, but missed it somehow and after following it a short while, found ourselves in a large field, lost; but seeing the telegraph poles, we soon placed

ourselves, and found we had gotten quite beyond R.B. We now again went to the station where we saw Mr. Brown, then proceeded to the hotel, quite got a kettle of water, used the glass in a peep at H. von Schultzer's home across the river and went along the shore to the rear of the dancing pavilion. Here we built a fire and ate our dinner. We were very hungry and allowed nothing to go to waste. Along the shore under a thickness of sand a thin layer of some black substance (probably peat) is clearly seen. On the shore at this point a fine Mynch is standing. After finishing our dinner we revisited our Arbutus place and although a few probably had opened there had been no decided change. We then went to the station and awaited our train, which soon came along and very soon we were on our way home.

"April 12. 99. An afternoon outing to Brooklyn and vicinity. Mr. W. called for me at the school about 3 P.M. We took the cars and at about 4 o'clock were in B. Stopped a few moments at Mr. G's to get a cup, here we learned that C. Columbus was a Swiss. Mr. W. had taken an umbrella but concluded to leave it with Mr. G. The day is quite warm, too warm for an overcoat but as I happened to wear mine in the

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