

IV

JUNE, 1853

(ÆT. 35)

June 1. Quite a fog this morning. Does it not always follow the cooler nights after the first really warm weather about the end of May? Saw a water snake yesterday, with its tail twisted about some dead weed stubble and quite dry and stiff for an inch, as if it were preparing to shed its skin. A wilted sprig of creeping juniper has a little, a very little, of sweet fragrance, somewhat like that of the fir and spruce. It seems to be just coming into bloom. Bees are swarming now, and those who keep them often have to leave their work in haste to secure them.

P. M. — To Walden.

Summer begins now about a week past, with the expanded leaves, the shade and warm weather. Cultivated fields also are *leaving out*, *i. e.* corn and potatoes coming up. Most trees have bloomed and are now forming their fruit. Young berries, too, are forming, and birds are being hatched. Dor-bugs and other insects have come forth the first warm evening after showers.

The birds have now all (?) come and no longer fly in flocks. The hylodes are no longer heard. The bullfrogs begin to trump. Thick and extensive fogs in the morning begin. Plants are rapidly growing, — *shooting*.

Hoeing corn has commenced (June 1st). It is now the season of growth. The first bloom of the year is over. Have not wild animals now henceforth (?) their young? and fishes too?

The pincushion galls on young white oaks are now among the most beautiful objects in the woods, coarse woolly white to appearance, spotted with bright red or crimson on the exposed side. It is remarkable that a mere gall, which at first we are inclined to regard as something abnormal, should be made so beautiful, as if it were the *flower* of the tree; that a disease, an excrescence, should prove, perchance, the greatest beauty, — as the tear of the pearl. Beautiful scarlet sins they may be. Through our temptations, — aye, and our falls, — our virtues appear. As in many a character, — many a poet, — we see that beauty exhibited in a gall, which was meant to have bloomed in a flower, unchecked. Such, however, is the accomplishment of the world. The poet cherishes his chagrins and sets his sighs to music. This gall is the tree's "Ode to Dejection." How oft it chances that the apparent fruit of a shrub, its apple, is merely a gall or blight! How many men meet with some blast in the moist growing days of their youth, and what should have been a sweet and palatable fruit in them becomes a mere puff and excrescence, ripening no kernel, and they say that they have experienced religion! For the hardening of the seed is the crisis. Their fruit is a gall, a puff, an excrescence, for want of moderation and continence. So many plants never ripen their fruit.

I see the effects of a frost last night and earlier in

the hollow west of Laurel Glen. The young white oaks have suffered especially, their leaves shrivelled and now drying up, and the hickories are turned quite black. These effects are most noticeable, not in the deepest hollows, if they are shady, but in those where the wood has been cut off a year or two, next to standing wood which reflected the sun, and which were the warmest during the day. Are not those trees which are latest to leave out generally the most tender in this respect?

I notice that most of the *Smilacina racemosa* has had its tip or flower-bud nipped off. Eggs in oven-bird's nest. The water-target leaves are conspicuous on the pond meadows now. The heart-leaves already on the river. A little of the pollen now along the shore of the still coves. The pitch pines near by have shed theirs.

The news of the explosion of the powder-mills was not only carried seaward by the cloud which its smoke made, but more effectually, though more slowly, by the fragments which were floated thither by the river. Melvin yesterday showed me quite a pile of fragments, — some short pieces of large timber, — still black with powder, which he had saved as they were drifting by. Nobody takes the trouble to record all the consequences of such an event. And some, no doubt, were carried down to the Merrimack, and by the Merrimack to the ocean, till perchance they got into the Gulf Stream and were cast up the coast of Norway, covered with barnacles, or who can tell what more distant strand? — still bearing some traces of burnt

powder, still capable of telling how and where they were launched, to those who can read their signs. To see a man lying all bare, lank, and tender on the rocks, like a skinned frog or lizard! We did not suspect that he was made of such cold, tender, clammy substance before.

Mingling with wrecks of vessels, which communicated a different tale, this wreck of a powder-mill was cast up on some outlandish strand, and went to swell the pile of driftwood collected by some native. Shouldered by whales. Alighted on at first by the muskrat and the peetweet,—and finally perhaps the stormy petrel and the beach-birds. It is long before Nature forgets it. How slowly the ruins are being dispersed!

Viola pedata past its prime; and are not the *sagittata*, and run to leaf? and also the *cucullata* (?) (?), so that the *palmata* take their places? I am as white as a miller,—a rye-miller, at least,—with the lint from the young leaves and twigs. The tufts of pinks on the side of the peak by the pond grow raying out somewhat from a centre, somewhat like a cyme, on the warm dry side-hill,—some a lighter, some a richer and darker, shade of pink. With what a variety of colors we are entertained! Yet most colors are rare or in small doses, presented us as a condiment or spice. Much of green, blue, black, and white, but of yellow and the different shades of red far less. The eye feasts on the colors of flowers as on titbits; they are its spices.

I hear now, at five o'clock, from this hill, a farmer's

horn calling his hands in from the field to an early tea. Heard afar by the walker, over the woods at this hour or at noon, bursting upon the stillness of the air, putting life into some portion of the horizon, this is one of the most suggestive and pleasing of the country sounds produced by man. I know not how far it is peculiar to New England or the United States. I hear two or three prolonged blasts, as I am walking alone some sultry noon in midst of the still woods,—a sound which I know to be produced by human breath, the most sonorous parts of which alone reach me,—and I see in my mind the hired men and master dropping the implements of their labor in the field and wending their way with a sober satisfaction toward the house; I see the well-sweep rise and fall; I see the preparatory ablutions and the table laden with the smoking meal. It is a significant hum in a distant part of the hive. Often it tells me [the] time of day.

How much lupine is now in full bloom on bare sandy brows or promontories running into meadows, where the sod is half worn away and the sand exposed! The geraniums are now getting to be common. *Hieracium venosum* just out on this peak. And the snapdragon catchfly is here abundantly in blossom, a little after 5 P. M.,—a pretty little flower, the petals dull crimson beneath or varnished mahogany-color, and rose-tinted white within or above. It closed on my way home, but opened again in water in the evening. Its opening in the night chiefly is a fact which interests and piques me. Do any insects visit it then?

Lambkill just beginning, the very earliest. A purple (!) Canada snapdragon.

New, bright, and glossy light-green leaves of the umbelled wintergreen are shooting on this hillside, but the old leaves are particularly glossy and shining, as if varnished and not yet dry, or most highly polished. Did they look thus in the winter? I do not know any leaf so wet-glossy.

Walking up this side-hill, I disturbed a nighthawk eight or ten feet from me, which went, half fluttering, half hopping, the mottled creature, like a winged toad, as Nuttall says the French of Louisiana (?) call them, down the hill as far as I could see. Without moving, I looked about and saw its two eggs on the bare ground, on a slight shelf of the hill, on the dead pine-needles and sand, without any cavity or nest whatever, very obvious when once you had detected them, but not easily detected from their color, a coarse gray formed of white spotted with a bluish or slaty brown or umber, — a stone — granite — color, like the places it selects. I advanced and put my hand on them, and while I stooped, seeing a shadow on the ground, looked up and saw the bird, which had fluttered down the hill so blind and helpless, circling low and swiftly past over my head, showing the white spot on each wing in true nighthawk fashion. When I had gone a dozen rods, it appeared again higher in the air, with its peculiar flitting, limping kind of flight, all the while noiseless, and suddenly descending, it dashed at me within ten feet of my head, like an imp of darkness, then swept away high over the pond, dashing

now to this side now to that, on different tacks, as if, in pursuit of its prey, it had already forgotten its eggs on the earth. I can see how it might easily come to be regarded with superstitious awe. A cuckoo very plainly heard.

June 2. 3.30 A. M. — When I awake I hear the low universal chirping or twittering of the chip-birds, like the bursting bead on the surface of the uncorked day. First come, first served! You must taste the first glass of the day's nectar, if you would get all the spirit of it. Its fixed air begins to stir and escape. Also the robin's morning song is heard as in the spring, earlier than the notes of most other birds, thus bringing back the spring; now rarely heard or noticed in the course of the day.

4 A. M. — To Nawshawtucl.

I go to the river in a fog through which I cannot see more than a dozen rods, — three or four times as deep as the houses. As I row down the stream, the dark, dim outlines of the trees on the banks appear, coming to meet me out of the mist on the one hand, while they retreat and are soon concealed in it on the other. My strokes soon bury them behind me. The birds are wide awake, as if knowing that this fog presages a fair day. I ascend Nawshawtucl from the north side. I am aware that I yield to the same influence which inspires the birds and the cockerels, whose hoarse courage I hear now vaunted. So men should crow in the morning. I would crow like chan-

ticlear in the morning, with all the lustiness that the new day imparts, without thinking of the evening, when I and all of us shall go to roost, — with all the humility of the cock, that takes his perch upon the highest rail and wakes the country with his clarion. Shall not men be inspired as much as cockerels? My feet are soon wet with fog. It is, indeed, a vast dew. And are not the clouds another kind of dew? Cool nights produce them.

Now I have reached the hilltop above the fog at a quarter to five, about sunrise, and all around me is a sea of fog, level and white, reaching nearly to the top of this hill, only the tops of a few high hills appearing as distant islands in the main. Wachusett is a more distant and larger island, an Atlantis in the west; there is hardly one to touch at between me and it. It is just like the clouds beneath you as seen from a mountain. It is a perfect level in some directions, cutting the hills near their summits with a geometrical line, but puffed up here and there, and more and more toward the east, by the influence of the sun. An early freight-train of cars is heard, not seen, rushing through the town beneath it. It resembles nothing so much as the ocean. You can get here the impression which the ocean makes, without ever going to the shore. Men — poor simpletons as they are — will go to a panorama by families, to see a Pilgrim's Progress, perchance, who never yet made progress so far as to the top of such a hill as this at the dawn of a foggy morning. All the fog they know is in their brains. The seashore exhibits nothing more grand or on a

larger scale. How grand where it rolls off northeastward (?) over Ball's Hill like a glorious ocean after a storm, just lit by the rising sun! It is as boundless as the view from the highlands of Cape Cod. They are exaggerated billows, the ocean on a larger scale, the sea after some tremendous and unheard-of storm, for the actual sea never appears so tossed up and universally white with foam and spray as this now far in the northeastern horizon, where mountain billows are breaking on some hidden reef or bank. It is tossed up toward the sun and by it into the most boisterous of seas, which no craft, no ocean steamer, is vast enough to sail on.

Meanwhile my hands are numb with cold and my wet feet ache with it. Now, at 5.15, before this southwest wind, it is already grown thin as gossamer in that direction, and woods and houses are seen through it, while it is heaped up toward the sun, and finally becomes so thick there that for a short time it appears in one place a dark, low cloud, such as else can only be seen from mountains; and now long, dark ridges of wood appear through it, and now the sun reflected from the river makes a bright glow in the fog, and now, at 5.30, I see the green surface of the meadows and the water through the trees, sparkling with bright reflections. Men will go further and pay more to see a tawdry picture on canvas, a poor painted scene, than to behold the fairest or grandest scene that nature ever displays in their immediate vicinity, though they may have never seen it in their lives.

The triosteum a day or two. Cherry-birds are the

only ones I see in flocks now. I can tell them afar by their peculiar fine springy note. The hickory is not yet blossomed. Sanicle and waxwork just out. On Monday saw apparently fresh-broken tortoise eggs. Locust tree just opening.

4 P. M. — To Conantum.

Equisetum limosum out some days. Look for it at Myosotis Brook, bottom of Wheildon's field. Side-saddle-flower — purple petals (?) now begin to hang down. Arethusas are abundant in what I may call Arethusa Meadow. They are the more striking for growing in such green localities, — in meadows where their brilliant purple, more or less red, contrasts with the green grass. Found four perfect arrowheads and one imperfect in the potato-field, just plowed up for the first time that I remember, at the Hubbard Bathing-Place. Each hill of potatoes (they are now just out of the ground) has been probed by some animal, and a great many of the potatoes, planted not long since, abstracted. Some are left on the surface. Almost every hill in the field which bounds on the river has been disturbed. Was it a muskrat, or a mink, or a woodchuck, or a skunk? The tracks are of the right size for any of these.

Viburnum Lentago in the hedge on west side of Arethusa Meadow. It is all fully out. It must be three or four days or more, then, some of it. *Clintonia borealis*, a day or two. This is perhaps the most interesting and neatest of what I may call the liliaceous (?) plants we have. Its beauty at present consists chiefly

in its commonly three very handsome, rich, clear dark-green leaves, which Bigelow describes truly as "more than half a foot long, oblanceolate, smooth and shining." They are perfect in form and color, broadly oblanceolate with a deep channel down the middle, uninjured by insects, arching over from a centre at the ground, sometimes very symmetrically disposed in a triangular fashion; and from their midst rises the scape [a] foot high, with one or more umbels of "green bell-shaped flowers," yellowish-green, nodding or bent downward, but without fragrance. In fact, the flower is all green, both leaves and corolla. The leaves alone — and many have no scape — would detain the walker. Its berries are its flower. A single plant is a great ornament in a vase, from the beauty of its form and the rich, unspotted green of its leaves.

The sorrel now reddens the fields far and wide. As I look over the fields thus reddened in extensive patches, now deeper, now passing into green, and think of the season now in its prime and heyday, it looks as if it were the blood mantling in the cheek of the youthful year, — the rosy cheek of its health, its rude June health. The medeola has been out a day or two, apparently, — another green flower. The *Cornus alternifolia* at Conantum also apparently a day or two; and there is near by it a cockspur thorn. I hear the pine warbler note from a sparrow-like bird on pitch pines, employed like the pine warbler. Is it the female? The pinxter-flower growing as it does as an underwood in the shade of larger trees, the naked

umbels of its lively rose-pink flowers are seen flashing out against a background of green or of dark shaded recesses. The lobes of the corolla are of a lively rose pink, the tubes and stamens of a deeper red. My sleepy catchflies open each night in a pitcher. An abundance of this flower as a weed in Mr. Prichard's garden.

June 3. Friday. P. M. — To Annursnack.

By way of the linnæa, which I find is not yet out. That thick pine wood is full of birds. Saw a large moth or butterfly exactly like a decayed withered leaf, — a rotten yellowish or buff. The small-leaved pyrola will open in a day or two. Two or three ripe strawberries on the south slope of a dry hill. I was thinking that they had set, when, seeking a more favorable slope, I found ripe fruit.

The painted-cup is in its prime. It reddens the meadow, — Painted-Cup Meadow. It is a splendid show of brilliant scarlet, the color of the cardinal-flower, and surpassing it in *mass* and *profusion*. They first appear on the side of the hill in drier ground, half a dozen inches high, and their color is most striking then, when it is most rare and precious; but they now cover the meadow, mingled with buttercups, etc., and many are more than eighteen inches high. I do not like the name; it does not remind me of a cup, rather of a flame, when it first appears. It might be called flame-flower, or scarlet-tip. Here is a large meadow full of it, and yet very few in the town have ever seen it. It is startling to see a leaf thus brilliantly

painted, as if its tip were dipped into some scarlet tincture, surpassing most flowers in intensity of color. Seen from Annursnack the woods now appear full-leaved, smooth green, no longer hoary, and the pines a dark mulberry, not green. But you are still covered with lint as you go through the copses. Summer begins when the hoariness disappears from the forest as you look down on it, and gives place thus to smooth green, full and universal.

Butter-and-eggs just out. A small thorn with deep cut-lobed leaves, no flower, on this hill. May be a variety of the scarlet? White cedar now out of bloom. Is that rank grass by the Red Bridge, already between three and four feet high, wild oats?

The song of the robin and the chirp (?) of the chip-bird now begin prominently to usher in and to conclude the day. The robin's song seems not so loud as in the early spring, perhaps because there are so many other sounds at present.

June 4. Saturday. The date of the introduction of the *Rhododendron maximum* into Concord is worth preserving, May 16th, '53. They were small plants, one to four feet high, some with large flower-buds, twenty-five cents apiece; and I noticed next day one or more in every front yard on each side of the street, and the inhabitants out watering them. Said to be the most splendid native flower in Massachusetts; in a swamp in Medfield. I hear to-day that one in town has blossomed.

George Minott says he saw many lightning-bugs a

warm evening the fore part of this week, after the rains. Probably it was the 29th.

P. M. — To Hubbard's Close Swamp.

The vetch just out by Turnpike, — dark violet-purple. Horse-radish fully out (some time). The great ferns are already two or three feet high in Hubbard's shady swamp. The clintonia is abundant there along by the foot of the hill, and in its prime. Look there for its berries. Commonly four leaves there, with an obtuse point, — the lady's-slipper leaf not so rich, dark green and smooth, having several channels. The bullfrog now begins to be heard at night regularly; has taken the place of the hylodes.

Looked over the oldest town records at the clerk's office this evening, the old book containing grants of land. Am surprised to find such names as "Walden Pond" and "Fair Haven" as early as 1653, and apparently 1652; also, under the first date at least, "Second Division," the rivers as North and South Rivers (no Assabet at that date), "Swamp bridge," apparently on back road, "Goose Pond," "Mr. Flints Pond," "Nutt Meadow," "Willow Swamp," "Spruce Swamp," etc., etc. "Dongy," "Dung Hole," or what-not, appears to be between Walden and Fair Haven. Is Rocky Hill Mr. Emerson's or the Cliffs? Where are South Brook, Frog Ponds, etc., etc., etc.? It is pleasing to read these evergreen wilderness names, *i. e.* of particular swamps and woods, then applied to now perchance cleared fields and meadows said to be redeemed. The Second Division appears to have been a very large tract between the two rivers.

June 5. Sunday. 5 A. M. — By river to Nawshawtuct.

For the most part we are inclined to doubt the prevalence of gross superstition among the civilized ancients, — whether the Greeks, for instance, accepted literally the mythology which we accept as matchless poetry, — but we have only to be reminded of the kind of respect paid to the Sabbath as a *holy* day here in New England, and the fears which haunt those who *break* it, to see that our neighbors are the creatures of an equally gross superstition with the ancients. I am convinced that there is no very important difference between a New-Englander's religion and a Roman's. We both worship in the shadow of our sins: they erect the temples for us. Jehovah has no superiority to Jupiter. The New-Englander is a pagan suckled in a creed outworn. Superstition has always reigned. It is absurd to think that these farmers, dressed in their Sunday clothes, proceeding to church, differ essentially in this respect from the Roman peasantry. They have merely changed the names and number of their gods. Men were as good then as they are now, and loved one another as much — or little.

The sweet flag has been out some days. The *Smilacina racemosa*. The river has now assumed a summer aspect, the water gone down somewhat. The pickerel-weed is more conspicuous, a foot high or more, and potamogetons and polygonums appear, and pads are quite abundant. I see green flower-buds¹ on the tupelo. The hickory is fairly out. The azalea about done. The carrion-flower just out. Saw no

¹ They are flowers; also the 9th.

blossom on the gill I looked at yesterday; its prime is probably past. Now see those great green, half fruit, half flower like, excrescences on blueberry and huckleberry bushes. The hemlocks, whose fresh light-green shoots have now grown half an inch or an inch, spotting the trees, contrasting with the dark green of last year's foliage, the fan-like sprays looking like bead bags.

P. M. — To Mason's pasture.

The world now full of *verdure* and *fragrance* and the air *comparatively* clear (not yet the constant haze of the dog-days), through which the distant fields are seen, reddened with sorrel, and the meadows wet-green, full of fresh grass, and the trees in their first beautiful, bright, untarnished and unspotted green. May is the bursting into leaf and early flowering, with much coolness and wet and a few decidedly warm days, ushering in summer; June, *verdure* and *growth* with not intolerable, but agreeable, heat.

The river meadows from N. Barrett's have for some time lost their early yellow look. Nightshade out, maybe some days. The young pitch pines in Mason's pasture are a glorious sight, now most of the shoots grown six inches, so soft and blue-green, nearly as wide as high. It is nature's front yard. The mountain laurel shows its red flower-buds, but many shoots have been killed by frost. A *Polygonatum pubescens* there two and a half feet long. The large thorn by Yellow Birch Swamp must be a *Crataegus coccinea*. Though full of fruit last year, it has not blossomed

this year. There is a tract of pasture, woodland, orchard, and swamp in the north part of the town, through which the old Carlisle road runs, which is nearly two miles square, without a single house and scarcely any cultivated land in it, — four square miles. I perceive some black birch leaves with a beautiful crimson kind of sugaring along the furrows of the nerves, giving them wholly a bright-crimson color, — either a fungus or the deposit of an insect. Seen through a microscope it sparkles like a ruby.

Nature is fair in proportion as the youth is pure. The heavens and the earth are one flower. The earth is the calyx, the heavens the corolla.

June 6. 4.30 A. M. — To Linnæa Woods.

Famous place for tanagers. Considerable fog on river. Few sights more exhilarating than one of these banks of fog lying along a stream. The linnæa just out. *Corydalis glauca*, a delicate glaucous plant rarely met with, with delicate flesh-colored and yellow flowers, covered with a glaucous bloom, on dry, rocky hills. Perhaps it suggests gentility. Set it down as early as middle of May or earlier. *Viburnum nudum*; may be Bigelow's *pyrifolium* (which Gray makes a variety), except that its scales are not *black*, though the peduncle of its cyme is short. That is apparently *Pyrola chlorantha*, so well budded now. *Galium triflorum* (?) there on the dry hillside; peduncles two-flowered as well as three, green or no petals.

Is that blackberry mixed with the linnæa swamp blackberry? It will open to-day or to-morrow. Be-

gin to observe and to admire the forms of trees with shining foliage and each its shadow on the hillside. This morning I hear the note of young bluebirds in the air, which have recently taken wing, and the old birds keep up such a warbling and twittering as remind me of spring.

According to Sophia's account she must have seen an emperor moth, "pea-green with a sort of maple keys for tail," in a lady's hand in Cambridge to-day. So it may have come out of the chrysalid seen May 23d.

P. M. — To Conantum by boat.

The *Potamogeton* [a blank space] out two or three days, probably. The small primrose out at Hubbard's Swimming-Place, drooping at top like a smilacina's leaves. Blue-eyed grass now begins to give that slaty-blue tint to meadows. A breezy day, a June wind showing the under sides of leaves. The *now red* round white lily pads are now very numerous and conspicuous, red more or less on both sides and, with the yellow lily pads, turned up by the wind. In May and June we have breezes which, for the most part, are not too cold but exhilarating. I see the breams' nests and breams in them. The larger rushes are conspicuously above water. The *Viburnum dentatum*, that very conspicuously and regularly tooth-leaved shrub, like a saw with coarse teeth, as yet *very few* flowers in its cymes. This is at edge of Hubbard's Woods, opposite Hollowell place. As I sit looking over the side of the boat there, I see the bottom covered with small hypericums springing up in the yellowish water,

and in the axils of the leaves under water are little sparkling, silvery beads of air, as are sometimes seen on plants covered with dew out of water, but I do not perceive them on the adjacent plants. The deep shadow of Conantum Cliff and of mere prominences in the hills, now at mid-afternoon as we row by, is very interesting. It is the most pleasing effect of the kind, or contrast of light and shade, that I notice. Methinks that in winter a shadow is not attractive. The air is very clear, — at least, as we look from the river valley, — and the landscape all swept and brushed. We seem to see to some depth into the side of Fair Haven Hill. *Rhus Toxicodendron*, the shrub, out at Bittern Cliff. The sidesaddle-flowers are now in their prime. There are some very large ones hereabouts, five inches in diameter when you flatten out their petals, like great dull-red roses. Their petals are of a peculiar but agreeable red, but their upper sides, — *i. e.* of their calyx-leaves, — shiny leather-red or brown-red, are agreeable. A slippery elm (*Ulmus fulva*) on Lee's Cliff, — red elm. Put it with the common, It has large, rough leaves and straggling branches — a rather small, much-spreading tree, with an appearance between the common elm and iron-wood.

The aspect of the dry rocky hills already indicates the rapid revolution of the seasons. The spring, that early age of the world, following hard on the reign of water and the barren rocks yet dripping with it, is past. How many plants have already dried up! — lichens and algæ, which we can still remember, as if belonging to a former epoch, saxifrage, crowfoot,

anemone, columbine for the most part, etc. It is Lee's Cliff I am on. There is a growth confined to the damp and early spring. How dry and crisp the turf feels there now, not moist with melted snows, remembering, as it were, when it was the bottom of the sea. How wet-glossy the leaves of the red oak, now fully expanded! They shine when the sun comes out as after rain. I find on a shelf of the rock the *Turritis stricta*, now gone to seed; but two feet two inches high (Gray allows but one foot?); pods upright and nearly three inches long, linear; and flat leaves decidedly lanceolate or linear; but some minute imperfect unexpanded flowers still on it appear as if they would have been yellowish.

In the very open park in rear of the Rocks on the hilltop, where lambkill and huckleberries and grass alternate, came to one of those handsome, round, mirror-like pools a rod or two in diameter and surrounded with a border of fine weeds, such as you frequently meet with on the top of springy hills. Though warm and muddy at bottom, they are very beautiful and glassy and look as if they were cool springs; so high, exposed to the light, yet so wild and fertile, as if the fertility of the lowland was transferred to the summit of the hills. These are the kind of mirrors at which the huntresses in the golden age arranged their toilets, which the deer frequented and contemplated their branching horns in.

June 7. P. M. — To Walden.

Huckleberry-apples, which are various stages of a

monstrous and abortive development of the flower, common now. Clover begins to redden the fields generally. The horsetail has for some time covered the causeway with a close, dense green, like moss. The quail is heard at a distance. The marsh speedwell has been out apparently some days. A little mowing begins in the gardens and front yards. The grass is in full vigor now, yet it is already parti-colored with whitish withered stems which worms have cut. Buttercups, of various kinds mingled, yellow the meadows, — the tall, the bulbous, and the *repens*. Probably a *Prinos lavigatus* in Trillium Woods, ready to blossom. Observe its berries in the fall. The cinquefoil in its ascending state, keeping pace with the grass, is now abundant in the fields. Saw it one or two weeks ago. This is a feature of June. Still both high and low blueberry and huckleberry blossoms abound. The hemlock woods, their fan-like sprays edged or spotted with short yellowish-green shoots, tier above tier, shelf above shelf, look like a cool bazar of rich embroidered goods. How dense their shade, dark and cool beneath them as in a cellar! No plants grow there, but the ground is covered with fine red leaves. It is oftenest on a side-hill they grow. The oven-bird runs from her covered nest, so close to the ground under the lowest twigs and leaves, even the loose leaves on the ground, like a mouse, that I cannot get a fair view of her. She does not fly at all. Is it to attract me, or partly to protect herself? The *Viburnum acerifolium* will open to-morrow or next day.

Going through Thrush Alley, see the froth on the

base of the shoots of the pitch pine, now three or four to ten inches long.

Visited my nighthawk on her nest. Could hardly believe my eyes when I stood within seven feet and beheld her sitting on her eggs, her head to me. She looked so Saturnian, so one with the earth, so sphinx-like, a relic of the reign of Saturn which Jupiter did not destroy, a riddle that might well cause a man to go dash his head against a stone. It was not an actual living creature, far less a winged creature of the air, but a figure in stone or bronze, a fanciful production of art, like the gryphon or phoenix. In fact, with its breast toward me, and owing to its color or size no bill perceptible, it looked like the end [of] a brand, such as are common in a clearing, its breast mottled or alternately waved with dark brown and gray, its flat, grayish, weather-beaten crown, its eyes nearly closed, purposely, lest those bright beads should betray it, with the stony cunning of the sphinx. A fanciful work in bronze to ornament a mantel. It was enough to fill one with awe. The sight of this creature sitting on its eggs impressed me with the venerableness of the globe. There was nothing novel about it. All the while, this seemingly sleeping bronze sphinx, as motionless as the earth, was watching me with intense anxiety through those narrow slits in its eyelids. Another step, and it fluttered down the hill close to the ground, with a wabbling motion, as if touching the ground now with the tip of one wing, now with the other, so ten rods to the water, which [it] skimmed close over a few rods, then rose and soared in the air above me. Wonder-

ful creature, which sits motionless on its eggs on the barest, most exposed hills, through pelting storms of rain or hail, as if it were a rock or a part of the earth itself, the outside of the globe, with its eyes shut and its wings folded, and, after the two days' storm, when you think it has become a fit symbol of the rheumatism, it suddenly rises into the air a bird, one of the most aerial, supple, and graceful of creatures, without stiffness in its wings or joints! It was a fit prelude to meeting Prometheus bound to his rock on Caucasus.

Autumnal dandelion out. For a long time the cows, having been turned out to pasture, have looked clean and sleek. How many plants and flowers smell like strawberries, — a wild moss rose bud to-day; and the acanthus flower is strongly like strawberries partly decayed in the box. Perhaps the flower was stale.

June 8. Wednesday. P. M. — To Well Meadow.

Nest of a Maryland yellow-throat by *Utricularia* Pool in a tuft of sedge; made of dry sedge, grass, and a few dry leaves; about four small eggs, a delicate white with reddish-brown spots on larger end; the nest well concealed. At the last small pond near Well Meadow, a frog, apparently a small bullfrog, on the shore enveloped by a swarm of small, almost invisible insects, some resting on him, attracted perhaps by the slime which shone on him. He appeared to endure the persecution like a philosopher. *Utricularia vulgaris* out, how long?

As I stood by this pond, I heard a hawk scream,

and, looking up, saw a pretty large one circling not far off and incessantly screaming, as I at first supposed to scare and so discover its prey, but its screaming was so incessant and it circled from time to time so near me, as I moved southward, that I began to think it had a nest near by and was angry at my intrusion into its domains. As I moved, the bird still followed and screamed, coming sometimes quite near or within gunshot, then circling far off or high into the sky. At length, as I was looking up at it, thinking it the only living creature within view, I was singularly startled to behold, as my eye by chance penetrated deeper into the blue, — the abyss of blue above, which I had taken for a solitude, — its mate silently soaring at an immense height and seemingly indifferent to me. We are surprised to discover that there can be an eye on us on that side, and so little suspected, that the heavens are full of eyes, though they look so blue and spotless. Then I knew it was the female that circled and screamed below. At last the latter rose gradually to meet her mate, and they circled together there, as if they could not possibly feel any anxiety on my account. When I drew nearer to the tall trees where I suspected the nest to be, the female descended again, swept by screaming still nearer to me just over the tree-tops, and finally, while I was looking for the orchis in the swamp, alighted on a white pine twenty or thirty rods off. (The great fringed orchis just open.) At length I detected the nest about eighty feet from the ground, in a very large white pine by the edge of the swamp. It was about three feet in diameter,

of dry sticks, and a young hawk, apparently as big as its mother, stood on the edge of the nest looking down at me, and only moving its head when I moved. In its imperfect plumage and by the slow motion of its head it reminded me strongly of a vulture, so large and gaunt. It appeared a tawny brown on its neck and breast, and dark brown or blackish on wings. The mother was light beneath, and apparently lighter still on rump.

The *Pyrola chlorantha*, — if the style can be said to be "scarcely exerted," — under Cliffs, a day or more. The *Aralia hispida* at the foot of the rocks higher up, earlier than elsewhere. White pine in flower, — all the female flowers on the very tops of the trees, a small crimson cone upright on the ends of its peduncles, while the last year's, now three or four inches long and green, are curved downward like scythes. Best seen looking down on the tops of lower pines from the top of a higher one. Apparently just beginning.

June 9. 4.30 A. M. — To Nawshawtuct by boat.

A prevalent fog, though not quite so thick as the last described. It is a little more local, for it is so thin southwest of this hill that I can see the earth through it, but as thick as before northeast. Yet here and there deep valleys are excavated in it, as painters imagine the Red Sea for the passage of Pharaoh's host, wherein trees and houses appear as it were at the bottom of the sea. What is peculiar about it is that it is the tops of the trees which you see first and most distinctly, before you see their trunks or where they stand on

earth. Far in the northeast there is, as before, apparently a tremendous surf breaking on a distant shoal. It is either a real shoal, *i. e.* a hill over which the fog breaks, or the effect of the sun's rays on it.

I was amused by the account which Mary, the Irish girl who left us the other day, gave of her experience at — —, the milkman's, in the north part of the town. She said that twenty-two lodged in the house the first night, including two pig men, that Mr. — — kept ten men, had six children and a deaf wife, and one of the men had his wife with him, who helped sew, beside taking care of her own child. Also all the cooking and washing for his father and mother, who live in another house and whom he is bound to carry through, is done in his house, and she, Mary, was the only girl they hired; and the workmen were called up at four by an alarm clock which was set a quarter of an hour ahead of the clock downstairs, — and that more than as much ahead of the town clock, — and she was on her feet from that hour till nine at night. Each man had two pairs of overalls in the wash, and the cans to be scalded were countless. Having got through washing the breakfast dishes by a quarter before twelve, Sunday noon, by — —'s time, she left, no more to return. He had told her that the work was easy, that girls had lived with him to recover their health, and then went away to be married. He is regarded as one of the most enterprising and thrifty farmers in the county, and takes the premiums of the Agricultural Society. He probably exacts too much of his hands.

The steam of the engine streaming far behind is regularly divided, as if it were the vertebrae of a serpent, probably by the strokes of the piston. The reddish seeds or glumes of grasses cover my boots now in the dewy or foggy morning. The dicrilla out apparently yesterday. The first white lily bud. White clover is abundant and very sweet on the common, filling the air, but not yet elsewhere as last year.

8 A. M. — To Orchis Swamp; Well Meadow.

Hear a goldfinch; this the second or third only that I have heard. Whiteweed now whitens the fields. There are many *star* flowers. I remember the anemone, especially the rue anemone, which is not yet all gone, lasting longer than the true one above all the trientalis, and of late the yellow Bethlehem-star, and perhaps others.

I have come with a spy-glass to look at the hawks. They have detected me and are already screaming over my head more than half a mile from the nest. I find no difficulty in looking at the young hawk (there appears to be one only, standing on the edge of the nest), resting the glass in the crotch of a young oak. I can see every wink and the color of its iris. It watches me more steadily than I it, now looking straight down at me with both eyes and outstretched neck, now turning its head and looking with one eye. How its eye and its whole head express anger! Its anger is more in its eye than in its beak. It is quite hoary over the eye and on the chin. The mother meanwhile is incessantly circling about and above its charge and me, farther or nearer.

sometimes withdrawing a quarter of a mile, but occasionally coming to alight for a moment almost within gunshot, on the top of a tall white pine; but I hardly bring my glass fairly to bear on her, and get sight of her angry eye through the pine-needles, before she circles away again. Thus for an hour that I lay there, screaming every minute or oftener with open bill. Now and then pursued by a kingbird or a blackbird, who appear merely to annoy it by dashing down at its back. Meanwhile the male is soaring, apparently quite undisturbed, at a great height above, evidently not hunting, but amusing or recreating himself in the thinner and cooler air, as if pleased with his own circles, like a geometer, and enjoying the sublime scene. I doubt if he has his eye fixed on any prey, or the earth. He probably descends to hunt.

Got two or three handfuls of strawberries on Fair Haven. They are already drying up. The huckleberry bedbug-smelling bug is on them. It is natural that the first fruit which the earth bears should emit and be as it were an embodiment of that vernal fragrance with which the air has teemed. Strawberries are its manna, found ere long where that fragrance has filled the air. Little natural beds or patches on the sides of dry hills, where the fruit sometimes reddens the ground. But it soon dries up, unless there is a great deal of rain. Well, are not the juices of early fruit distilled from the air?

Prunella out. The meadows are now yellow with the golden senecio, a more orange yellow, mingled with the light glossy yellow of the buttercup. The

green fruit of the sweet-fern now. The *Juniperus repens* appears, though now dry and effete, to have blossomed recently.

The tall white *Erigeron annuus* (?), for this is the only one described as white tinged with purple, just out.¹

The bullfrogs are in full blast to-night. I do not hear a toad from my window; only the crickets beside. The toads I have but rarely heard of late.² So there is an evening for the toads and another for the bullfrogs.

June 10. Friday. Another great fog this morning. Haying commencing in front yards.

P. M. — To Mason's pasture in Carlisle.

Cool but agreeable easterly wind. Streets now beautiful with verdure and shade of elms, under which you look, through an air clear for summer, to the woods in the horizon. By the way, I amused myself yesterday afternoon with looking from my window, through a spy-glass, at the tops of the woods in the horizon. It was pleasant to bring them so near and individualize the trees, to examine in detail the tree-tops which before you had beheld only in the mass as the woods in the horizon. It was an exceedingly rich border, seen thus against [*sic*], and the imperfections in a particular tree-top more than two miles off were quite apparent. I could easily have seen a hawk sailing over the top of the wood, and possibly his nest in some higher tree. Thus to contemplate, from my attic in the village, the

¹ I think it is *strigosus*, but tinged with purple sometimes.

² *Vide* [p. 241].

hawks circling about their nests above some dense forest or swamp miles away, almost as if they were flies on my own premises! I actually distinguished a taller white pine with which I am well acquainted, with a double top rising high above the surrounding woods, between two and three miles distant, which, with the naked eye, I had confounded with the nearer woods.

But to return, as C. and I go through the town, we hear the cool peep of the robin calling to its young, now learning to fly. The locust bloom is now perfect, filling the street with its sweetness, but it is more agreeable to my eye than my nose. The curled dock out. The fuzzy seeds or down of the black (?) willows is filling the air over the river and, falling on the water, covers the surface. By the 30th of May, at least, white maple keys were falling. How early, then, they had matured their seed! Cow-wheat out, and *Iris Virginica*, and the grape. The mountain laurel will begin to bloom to-morrow. The frost some weeks since killed most of the buds and shoots, except where they were protected by trees or by themselves, and now new shoots have put forth and grow four or five inches from the sides of what were the leading ones. It is a plant which plainly requires the protection of the wood. It is stunted in the open pasture. We continued on, round the head of "Cedar Swamp," and *may* say that we drank at the source of it or of Saw Mill Brook, where a spring is conducted through a hollow log to a tub for cattle. Crossed on to the old Carlisle road by the house north of Isaiah Green's, and then across

the road through the woods to the Paul Adams house by Bateman's Pond. Saw a hog-pasture of a dozen acres in the woods, with thirty or forty large hogs and a shelter for them at night, a half-mile east of the last house, — something rare in these days hereabouts.

What shall this great wild tract over which we strolled be called? Many farmers have pastures there, and wood-lots, and orchards. It consists mainly of rocky pastures. It contains what I call the Boulder Field, the Yellow Birch Swamp, the Black Birch Hill, the Laurel Pasture, the Hog-Pasture, the White Pine Grove, the Easterbrooks Place, the Old Lime-Kiln, the Lime Quarries, Spruce Swamp, the Ermine Weasel Woods; also the Oak Meadows, the Cedar Swamp, the Kibbe Place, and the old place northwest of Brooks Clark's. Ponkawtasset bounds it on the south. There are a few frog-ponds and an old mill-pond within it, and Bateman's Pond on its edge. What shall the whole be called? The old Carlisle road, which runs through the middle of it, is bordered on each side with wild apple pastures, where the trees stand without order, having, many if not most of them, sprung up by accident or from pomace sown at random, and are for the most part concealed by birches and pines. These orchards are very extensive, and yet many of these apple trees, growing as forest trees, bear good crops of apples. It is a paradise for walkers in the fall. There are also boundless huckleberry pastures as well as many blueberry swamps. Shall we call it the Easterbrooks Country? It would make a princely

estate in Europe, yet it is owned by farmers, who live by the labor of their hands and do not esteem it much. Plenty of huckleberries and barberries here.

A second great uninhabited tract is that on the Marlborough road, stretching westerly from Francis Wheeler's to the river, and beyond about three miles, and from Harrington's on the north to Dakin's on the south, more than a mile in width. A third, the Walden Woods. A fourth, the Great Fields. These four are all in Concord.

There are one or two in the town who probably have Indian blood in their veins, and when they exhibit any unusual irascibility, their neighbors say they have got their Indian blood roused.

C. proposes to call the first-named wild the Melvin Preserve, for it is favorite hunting-ground with George Melvin. It is a sort of Robin Hood Ground. Shall we call it the Apple Pastures?

Now, methinks, the birds begin to sing less tumultuously, with, as the weather grows more constantly warm, morning and noon and evening songs, and suitable recesses in the concert.

High blackberries conspicuously in bloom, whitening the side of lanes.

Mention is made in the Town Records, as quoted by Shattuck, page 33, under date of 1654, of "the Hogepen-walke about Annursnake," and reference is at the same time made to "the old hogepen." The phrase is "*in* the Hogepen-walke about Annursnake," *i. e.* in the hog-pasture. There is some propriety in calling such a tract a walk, methinks, from the habit

which hogs have of walking about with an independent air and pausing from time to time to look about from under their flapping ears and snuff the air. The hogs I saw this afternoon, all busily rooting without holding up their heads to look at us, — the whole field looked as if it had been most miserably plowed or scarified with a harrow, — with their shed to retreat to in rainy weather, affected me as more human than other quadrupeds. They are comparatively clean about their lodgings, and their shed, with its litter bed, was on the whole cleaner than an Irishman's shanty. I am not certain what there was so very human about them.

In 1668 the town had a pasture near Silas Holden's and a herd of fifty cattle constantly watched by a "herdsman," etc. (page 43). In 1672 there is an article referring to the "crane field and brickil field."

June 11. Saturday. Another fog this morning.

The mosquitoes first troubled me a little last night. On the river at dusk I hear the toads still, with the bullfrogs. The black willow, having shed its fuzzy seeds and expanded its foliage, now begins to be handsome, so light and graceful.

The upland fields are already less green where the June-grass is ripening its seeds. They are greenest when only the blade is seen. In the sorrel-fields, also, what lately was the ruddy, rosy cheek of health, now that the sorrel is ripening and dying, has become the tanned and imbrowned cheek of manhood.

Probably blackbirds were never less numerous along our river than in these years. They do not depend on

the clearing of the woods and the cultivation of orchards, etc. Streams and meadows, in which they delight, always existed. Most of the towns, soon after they were settled, were obliged to set a price upon their heads. In 1672, according to the town records of Concord, instruction was given to the selectmen, "That incorrigent be given for the destroying of blackbirds and jaics." (Shattuck, page 45.)

Murder will out. I find, in the dry excrement of a fox left on a rock, the vertebrae and talons of a partridge (?) which he has consumed. They are *mémoires pour servir*.

I remember Helen's telling me that John Marston of Taunton told her that he was on board a vessel during the Revolution, which met another vessel,—and, as I think, one hailed the other,—and a French name being given could not be understood, whercupon a sailor, probably aboard his vessel, ran out on the bowsprit and shouted "La Sensible,"¹ and that sailor's name was Thoreau. My father tells me that, when the war came on, my grandfather, being thrown out of business and being a young man, went a-privateering. I find from his Diary that John Adams set sail from Port Louis at L'Orient in the French frigate Sensible, Captain Chavagnes, June 17th, 1779, the Bonhomme Richard, Captain Jones, and four other vessels being in company at first, and the Sensible arrived at Boston the 2d of August. On

¹ The vessel in which John Adams was being brought back from or carried out to France. My father has an idea that he stood on the wharf and cried this to the bystanders.

the 13th of November following, he set out for France again in the same frigate from Boston, and he says that a few days before the 24th, being at the last date "on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland," "we spoke an American privateer, the General Lincoln, Captain Barnes." If the above-mentioned incident occurred at sea, it was probably on this occasion.

June 12. Sunday. P. M. — To Bear Hill.

Maple-leaved viburnum well out at Laurel Glen, probably 9th.¹ The laurel probably by day after tomorrow. The note of the wood thrush answers to some cool unexhausted morning vigor in the hearer. The leaf of the rattlesnake-plantain now surprises the walker amid the dry leaves on cool hillsides in the woods; of very simple form, but richly veined with longitudinal and transverse white veins. It looks like art. Crows, like hawks, betray the neighborhood of their nests by harsh scolding at the intruder while they circle over the top of the wood. The red-eyed vireo is the bird most commonly heard in the woods. The wood thrush and the cuckoo also are heard now at noon. The round-leaved cornel fully out on Heywood Peak, but not in the woods. Did I mention that the sawed stump of the chestnut made a seat within the bower formed by its sprouts?

Going up Pine Hill, disturbed a partridge and her brood. She ran in deshabille directly to me, within four feet, while her young, not larger than a chicken just hatched, dispersed, flying along a foot or two

¹ *Vide 6th.*

from the ground, just over the bushes, for a rod or two. The mother kept close at hand to attract my attention, and mewed and clucked and made a noise as when a hawk is in sight. She stepped about and held her head above the bushes and clucked just like a hen. What a remarkable instinct that which keeps the young so silent and prevents their peeping and betraying themselves! The wild bird will run almost any risk to save her young. The young, I believe, make a fine sound at first in dispersing, something like a cherry-bird.

I find beechnuts already about fully grown for size, where a tree overhangs Baker's hillside, and there are old nuts on the ground. Were they sound? This tree must have blossomed early, then. A light-green excrescence three inches in diameter on a paniced andromeda. The lint still comes off the bushes on to my clothes. The hedyotis long leaved out; only two or three plants to be found; probably some days.

Visited the great orchis which I am waiting to have open completely. It is emphatically a flower (within gunshot of the hawk's nest); its great spike, six inches by two, of delicate pale-purple flowers, which begin to expand at bottom, rises above and contrasts with the green leaves of the hellebore and skunk-cabbage and ferns (by which its own leaves are concealed) in the cool shade of an alder swamp. It is the more interesting for its rarity and the secluded situations in which it grows, owing to which it is seldom seen, not thrusting itself on the observation of men. It is a pale purple, as if from growing in the shade. It is not

remarkable in its stalk and leaves, which indeed are commonly concealed by other plants.

Norway cinquefoil. A wild moss rose in Arethusa Meadow, where are arethusas lingering still. The sidesaddle-flowers are partly turned up now and make a great show, with their broad red petals flapping like saddle *ears* (?). The tree-climbing ivy. Was it out as early as the other? Apparently so.

I forgot to say that I visited my hawk's nest, and the young hawk was perched now four or five feet above the nest, still in the shade. It will soon fly. Now, then, in secluded pine woods, the young hawks sit high on the edges of their nests or on the twigs near by in the shade, waiting for their pinions to grow, while their parents bring to them their prey. Their silence also is remarkable, not to betray themselves, nor will the old bird go to the nest while you are in sight. She pursues me half a mile when I withdraw.

The buds of young white oaks which have been frost-bitten are just pushing forth again. Are these such as were intended for next year at the base of the leaf-stalk?

June 13. 9 A. M. — To Orchis Swamp.

Find that there are two young hawks; one has left the nest and is perched on a small maple seven or eight rods distant. This one appears much smaller than the former one. I am struck by its large, naked head, so vulture-like, and large eyes, as if the vulture's were an inferior stage through which the hawk passed. Its feet, too, are large, remarkably developed,

by which it holds to its perch securely like an old bird, before its wings can perform their office. It has a buff breast, striped with dark brown. Pratt, when I told him of this nest, said he would like to carry one of his rifles down there. But I told him that I should be sorry to have them killed. I would rather save one of these hawks than have a hundred hens and chickens. It was worth more to see them soar, especially now that they are so rare in the landscape. It is easy to buy eggs, but not to buy hen-hawks. My neighbors would not hesitate to shoot the last pair of hen-hawks in the town to save a few of their chickens! But such economy is narrow and grovelling. It is unnecessarily to sacrifice the greater value to the less. I would rather never taste chickens' meat nor hens' eggs than never to see a hawk sailing through the upper air again. This sight is worth incomparably more than a chicken soup or a boiled egg. So we exterminate the deer and substitute the hog. It was amusing to observe the swaying to and fro of the young hawk's head to counterbalance the gentle motion of the bough in the wind.

Violets appear to be about done, generally. Four-leaved loosestrife just out; also the smooth wild rose yesterday. The pogonia at Forget-me-not Brook.

What was that rare and beautiful bird in the dark woods under the Cliffs, with black above and white spots and bars, a large triangular blood-red spot on breast, and sides of breast and beneath white? Note a warble like the oriole, but softer and sweeter. It was quite tame. I cannot find this bird described.

I think it must be a grosbeak.¹ At first I thought I saw a chewink, [as] it sat within a rod sideways to me, and I was going to call Sophia to look at it, but then it turned its breast full toward me and I saw the blood-red breast, a *large* triangular painted spot occupying the greater part of the breast. It was in the cool, shaded underwood by the old path just under the Cliff. It is a memorable event to meet with so rare a bird. Birds answer to flowers, both in their abundance and their rareness. The meeting with a rare and beautiful bird like this is like meeting with some rare and beautiful flower, which you may never find again, perchance, like the great purple fringed orchis, at least. How much it enhances the wildness and the richness of the forest to see in it some beautiful bird which you never detected before!

June 14. P. M. — To White Pond.

Herd's-grass heads. The warmest afternoon as yet. Ground getting dry, it is so long since we had any rain to speak of.

C. says he saw a "lurker" yesterday in the woods on the Marlborough road. He heard a distressing noise like a man sneezing but long continued, but at length found it was a man wheezing. He was oldish and grizzled, the stumps of his grizzled beard about an inch long, and his clothes in the worst possible condition, — a wretched-looking creature, an escaped convict hiding in the woods, perhaps. He appeared holding on to his paunch, and wheezing as if it would

¹ Probably a rose-breasted grosbeak.

kill him. He appeared to have come straight through the swamp, and — what was most interesting about him, and proved him to be a lurker of the first class, — one of our party, as C. said, — he kept straight through a field of rye which was fully grown, not regarding it in the least; and, though C. tried to conceal himself on the edge of the rye, fearing to hurt his feelings if the man should mistake him for the proprietor, yet they met, and the lurker, giving him a short bow, disappeared in the woods on the opposite side of the road. He went through everything.

Went to the Harrington Bathing-Place. Drank at the Tarbell Spring first. The swamp-pink by to-morrow. The *Allium Canadense* in Tarbell's meadow. Wild meadow garlic, with its head of bulbs and a few flower-buds, not yet; apparently with cultivated onion.

The desert at Dugan's is all scored over with tortoise-tracks, — two parallel dotted lines four or five inches apart, the impressions being nearly a half-inch deep, with the distinct mark of the tail making a wavy line between. It looks as if twenty tortoises had spent a night travelling over it; and here and there there were marks of a slight digging, but I found no eggs. They came out of the brook near by. Perhaps they select such a bare sandy tract for their encounters, where there is no grass to impede them. Perhaps it makes the most remarkable track of any creature. Sometimes the sand appeared as if dabbled and patted for a foot or more in diameter.

Heard the first locust from amid the shrubs by the roadside. He comes with heat. Snake-sloughs are

found nowadays; whitish and bleached they are. Beyond the rye-field on the Marlborough road, the oaks were extensively cut off by the frost some weeks ago. They are all dry and red for half a mile, — young trees eight or ten feet high, — as if a fire had run through them after they had grown two or three inches; and young red leaves are beginning to appear on them. Since the maples and birches are untouched (sometimes a maple!), it looks as if the fire had run in veins. Yet most travellers, if they did not ride close to them, would not notice them, perhaps being used as yet even to a wintry landscape. Is that the indigo-bird that sings, between here and White Pond, *a-chit chit-chit awee?* Perhaps the andromeda swamp on this path is as handsome as any, appearing so far down from the hills and still so level. I observed the cotton of aphides on the alders yesterday and to-day. How regularly these phenomena appear! — even the stains or spots or galls on leaves, as that bright yellow on blackberry leaves, now common, and those crimson ring-spots on maple leaves I see to-day, exactly the same pattern with last year's, and the crimson frosting on the black birch leaves I saw the other day. Then there are the huckleberry-apples, and the large green puffs on the panieled andromeda, and also I see now the very light or whitish solid and juicy apples on the swamp-pink, with a fungus-like smell when broken. *Erigeron annuus* (?),¹ some white, some purplish, common now and daisylike. I put it rather early on the 9th.

¹ [*Strigosus*.]

On the Strawberry Hill on the further side of White Pond, about fifty feet above the pond and a dozen rods from it, found a painted tortoise laying her eggs. Her posterior was inserted into a slight cavity she had dug in the sandy hillside. There were three eggs already laid, the top of them hardly two inches below the surface. She had dug down about one and a half or two inches, somewhat in the form of the hind part of her shell, and then under the turf up the hill about two and a half inches, enlarging the cavity slightly within, leaving a neck of an oval form about seven eighths of an inch by one and a quarter inches, apparently packing the eggs with her tail. She lay still where I put her, while I examined her eggs, and I replaced her in the hole. A little further on, I saw where such a deposit had been broken up, apparently by a skunk, and the egg-shells strewn about. The *whole* hole about three inches deep. The three eggs already laid, about one inch long, cream-colored or slightly flesh-color, easily indented with the finger, but a little elastic, not exactly elliptical, but slightly larger at one end.

C. says his dog chased a woodchuck yesterday, and it climbed up into an oak and sat on a limb ten or twelve feet high. He killed a young rabbit. Took another bath at the cove in White Pond. We had already bathed in the North River at Harrington's.

It is about 5 p. m. The pond is perfectly smooth and very beautiful now. Its shores are still almost entirely uninjured by the axe. While we are dressing, the bullfrogs in this cove, it is so late in the day, are

beginning to trump. They utter a short, laughable, belching sound from time to time and then break into a powerful trump as the whim takes them. The dog lies flat on his belly the while to cool him. We took an old leaky boat and a forked stick which had made part of a fence, and pushed out to see the shores from the middle of the pond. There sit the great paddocks in their yellow vests, imperturbable by the sides of the boat. See now the great stems of trees on the bottom and the stones curiously strewn about. Now we cross the bar to this cove; now we are leaving the edge of the heart-leaves, whose long, clean, slender, thread-like stems rise from the bottom still where six feet deep; and now the stones on the bottom grow dim, as if a mildew formed about them, and now the bottom is lost in the dim greenness of the water.

How beautifully the northeast (?) shore curves! The pines and other trees so perfect on their water side. There is no rawness nor imperfection to the edge of the wood in this case, as where an axe has cleared, or a cultivated field abuts on it; but the eye rises by natural gradations from the low shrubs, the alders, of the shore to the higher trees. It is a natural selvage. It is comparatively unaffected by man. The water laves the shore as it did a thousand years ago.¹ Such curves in a wood bordering on a field do not affect us as when it is a winding shore of a lake. This is a firmer edge. It will not be so easily torn.

Our boat leaked so, — faster and faster as it sank deeper and tipped with the water in it, — that we were


¹ [Walden, p. 206; Riv. 291.]

obliged to turn to the shore. The blue flag (*Iris versicolor*) grows in this pure water, rising from the stony bottom all around the shores, and is very beautiful, — not too high-colored, — especially its reflections in the water. There was something [in] its bluish blade which harmonized with the greenish water.¹ The pollen of the pine yellowed the driftwood on the shore and the stems of bushes which stood in the water, and in little flakes extended out some distance on the surface, until at four or five rods in this cove it was suddenly and distinctly bounded by an invisible fence on the surface; but in the middle, as deep down as you could [see], there appeared some fine white particles in the water, either this or something else and perhaps some ova of fishes. Instead of the white lily, which requires mud, or the sweet flag, here grows the blue flag in the water, thinly about the shore. The color of the flower harmonizes singularly with the water.²

With our boat's prow to the shore, we sat half an hour this evening listening to the bullfrogs. Their belching is my dumping sound more hoarsely heard near at hand. What imperturbable fellows! One sits perfectly still behind some blades of grass while the dog is chasing others within two feet. Some are quite handsome, large, spotted fellows. We see here and there light-colored greenish-white spots on the bottom where a fish, a bream perhaps, has picked away all the dead wood and leaves for her nest over a space of eighteen inches or more. Young breams from one to three

¹ [*Walden*, p. 221; Riv. 312.]

² [*Ibid.*]

inches long, light-colored and transparent, are swimming about, and here and there a leech in the shallow water, moving  as serpents are represented to do. Large devil's-needles are buzzing back and forth. They skim along the edge of the blue flags, apparently quite round this cove or further, like hen-harriers beating the bush for game. And now comes a hummingbird humming from the woods and alights on the blossom of a blue flag. The bullfrogs begin with one or two notes and with each peal add another trill to their trump, — *er-roonk*, *er-er-roonk*, *er-er-er-roonk*, etc. I am amused to hear one after another, and then an unexpectedly deep and confident bass, as if he had charged himself with more wind than the rest. And now, as if by a general agreement, they all trump together, making a deafening noise. Sometimes one jumps up a foot out of water in the midst of these concerts. What are they about? Suddenly a tree-toad in the overhanging woods begins, and another answers, and another, with loud, ringing notes such as I never heard before, and in three minutes they are all silent again. A red-eye sings on a tree-top, and a cuckoo is heard far in the wood. These are the evening sounds.

As we look over the water now, the opposite woods are seen dimly through what appears not so much the condensing dew and mist as the dry haziness of the afternoon, now settled and condensed. The woods on the opposite shore have not the distinctness they had an hour before, but perhaps a more agreeable dimness, a sort of gloaming or settling and thickening of the haze over the water, which melts

tree into tree and masses them agreeably. The trees no longer bright and distinct, — a bluish mistiness. This appears to be an earlier gloaming before sunset, such as by and by is universal.

Went through the woods along the old canal to Haynes's pasture, from the height of which we looked down on the rich New Hampshire wood we had come out of. The ground rising within the wood gave it the appearance of woods rising by successive stages from a smaller growth on the edge to stately trees in the middle, and Nobscot was seen in the southwest through the blue furnace mist. This seems the true hour to be abroad sauntering far from home. Your thoughts being already turned toward home, your walk in one sense ended, you are in that favorable frame of mind described by De Quincey, open to great impressions, and you see those rare sights with the unconscious side of the eye, which you could not see by a direct gaze before. Then the dews begin to descend in your mind, and its atmosphere is strained of all impurities; and home is farther away than ever. Here is home; the beauty of the world impresses you. There is a coolness in your mind as in a well. Life is too grand for supper.

The wood thrush launches forth his evening strains from the midst of the pines. I admire the moderation of this master. There is nothing tumultuous in his song. He launches forth one strain with all his heart and life and soul, of pure and unmatched melody, and then he pauses and gives the hearer and himself time to digest this, and then another and another at

suitable intervals. Men talk of the *rich* song of other birds, — the thrasher, mockingbird, nightingale. But I doubt, I doubt. They know not what they say! There is as great an interval between the thrasher and the wood thrush as between Thomson's "Seasons" and Homer. The sweetness of the day crystallizes in this morning coolness.

Probably the tortoise leaves her eggs thus near the surface and in sand that they may receive the greatest heat from the sand, being just deep enough for the sand to receive and retain it and not part with it at night, — not so deep as to be cool.

June 15. A great fog this morning.

P. M. — To Trillium Woods.

Clover now in its prime. What more luxuriant than a clover-field? The poorest soil that is covered with it looks incomparably fertile. This is perhaps the most characteristic feature of June, resounding with the hum of insects. It is so massive, such a blush on the fields. The rude health of the sorrel cheek has given place to the blush of clover. Painters are wont, in their pictures of Paradise, to strew the ground too thickly with flowers. There should be moderation in all things. Though we love flowers, we do not want them so thick under our feet that we cannot walk without treading on them. But a clover-field in bloom is some excuse for them.

The *Prinos lavigatus*, it seems to be, probably the 14th, though it seems to have three or four pistils, if any, and six to nine stamens and petals. A small

wheel-shaped white flower. The peduncles are sometimes branched and have two flowers. *Mitchella repens* just bursting, say to-day. Rose-bugs for a day or two. Here is one on a *Viburnum nudum* var. *pyrifolium* (?). A strong southerly wind blows.

Here are many wild roses northeast of Trillium Woods. We are liable to underrate this flower on account of its commonness. Is it not the queen of our flowers? How ample and high-colored its petals, glancing half concealed from its own green bowers! There is a certain noble and delicate civility about it, — not wildness. It is properly the type of the *Rosacea*, or flowers among others of most wholesome fruits. It is at home in the garden, as readily cultivated as apples. It is the pride of June. In summing up its attractions I should mention its rich color, size, and form, the rare beauty of its bud, its fine fragrance, and the beauty of the entire shrub, not to mention the almost innumerable varieties it runs into. I bring home the buds ready to expand, put them in a pitcher of water, and the next morning they open and fill my chamber with fragrance. This, found in the wilderness, must have reminded the Pilgrim of home.

Strawberries in the meadow now ready for the picker. They lie deep at the roots of the grass in the shade; else they are dried up. You spread aside the tall grass, and deep down in little cavities by the roots of the grass you find this rich fruit. But it is only a taste we get here. 5 P. M., I hear distinctly the sound of thunder in the northwest, but not a cloud is in sight, only a little thickness or mistiness in that horizon, and

we get no shower. For a week past I have heard the cool, watery note of the goldfinch, from time to time, as it twittered past.

June 16. 4 A. M. — To Nawshawtuct by boat.

No fog this morning and scarcely any dew except in the lowest ground. There is a little air stirring, too; the breeze in the night must have been the reason. It threatens to be a hot, as well as dry, day, and gardens begin to suffer.

Before 4 A. M., or sunrise, the sound of chip-birds and robins and bluebirds, etc., fills the air and is incessant. It is a crowing on the roost, methinks, as the cock crows before he goes abroad. They do not sing deliberately as at eve, but greet the morning with an incessant twitter. Even the crickets seem to join the concert. Yet I think it is not the same every morning, though it may be fair. An hour or two later it is comparative silence. The awaking of the birds, a tumultuous twittering.

At sunrise, however, a slight mist curls along the surface of the water. When the sun falls on it, it looks like a red dust.

What is that tall rank grass now in bloom, four or five feet high, with an upright pyramidal spike, which some time ago I mistook for wild rice? ¹ It stands amid the button-bushes on the edge of the river; leafy except the upper foot.

From top of the hill, the sun, just above the horizon, red and shorn of beams, is somewhat pear-shaped,

¹ Canary grass.

owing to some irregularity in the refraction of the lower strata, produced, as it were, by the dragging of the lower part; and then it becomes a broad ellipse, the lower half a dun red, owing to the grossness of the air. It appears as if it rose in the northeast, — over Ball's Hill at any rate. The distant river is like molten silver at this hour; it merely reflects the *light*, not the blue. I hear the *meow* of Shaw's peacock here, very loud. What shall I name that small cloud that attends the sun's rising, that hangs over the portals of the day like an embroidered banner and heralds his coming, though sometimes it proves a portcullis which falls and cuts off the new day in its birth?

Bathed in Assabet at Leaning Hemlocks and examined the stone-heaps, now partly exposed to the air, but found nothing. Found four tortoises' deposits on the high bank there just robbed and the eggs devoured. He had not emptied the yolk out of one. The holes had been made exactly in all respects like that I have described. Some were put in pure sand. There were others which had been robbed some days. Apparently about three eggs to each. Presently I saw a skunk making off, — undoubtedly the robber, — with an undulating motion, a white streak above and a parallel and broader black one below (?). A tick in woods by White Pond yesterday. A sweet-briar, apparently yesterday. The locusts on the hill are still white with blossoms, which also strew the ground far and wide as if a sleety snow had fallen, and also adhere to the trees. They resound with the hum of insects even at 5 A. M.

Coming along near the celtis I heard a singular sound as of a bird in distress amid the bushes, and turned to relieve it. Next thought it a squirrel in an apple tree barking at me. Then found that it came from a hole in the ground under my feet, a loud sound between a grunting and a wheezing, yet not unlike the sound a red squirrel sometimes makes, but louder. Looking down the hole, I saw the tail and hind quarters of a woodchuck, which seemed to be contending with another further down. Reaching down carefully, I took hold of the tail, and, though I had to pull very hard indeed, I drew him out between the rocks, a bouncing great fat fellow, and tossed him a little way down the hill. As soon as he recovered from his bewilderment he made for the hole again, but, I barring the way, he ran off elsewhere.

Coming down the river, heard opposite the new houses, where I stopped to pluck the tall grass, a sound as of young blackbirds amid the button-bushes. After a long while gazing, standing on the roots of the button-bushes, I detected a couple of meadow or mud hens (*Rallus Virginianus*) gliding about under the button-bushes over the mud and through the shallow water, and uttering a squeaking or squawking note, as if they had a nest there or young. Bodies about the size of a robin; short tail; wings and tail white-edged; bill about one and a half inches long, orange beneath in one bird; brown, deepening into black spots above; turtle-dove color on breasts and beneath; ashy about eyes and cheeks. Seemed not willing to fly, and for a long time unwilling to pass

me, because it must come near to keep under the button-bushes.

An old man who used to frequent Walden fifty-five years ago, when it was dark with surrounding forests, tells me that in those days he sometimes saw it all alive with ducks and other game. He went there to fish and used an old log canoe, made of two white pine logs dug out and pinned together and pitched, which he found on the shore. It was very clumsy but durable and belonged to the pond. He did not know whom it belonged to; it belonged to the pond. He used to make a cable for his anchor of hickory bark tied together. An old man, a potter, who lived in these woods before the Revolution, told him that there was an iron chest at the bottom of the pond, and he had seen it. It would sometimes come floating up toward the shore, and, when you went toward it, go back into deep water and disappear.¹

P. M. — To Baker Farm by boat.

The yellowish or greenish orchis out, maybe a day or two. It would be a very warm afternoon, if there were not so good a breeze from the southwest. The *Ranunculus Purshii* begins to show now in large fields in shallow water, both on shore and in middle, the river having gone down lately. The *Ranunculus filiformis* is out a day or two, delayed by the height of the water. *Comarum palustre*, some time; *vide* twenty or thirty rods above the Hubbard Bridge; an interesting leaf.

¹ [Walden, pp. 211, 212; Riv. 298, 299.]

Was that a smaller bittern or a meadow-hen that we started from out the button-bushes? What places for the mud-hen beneath the wild stems of the button-bushes along the shore, all shaggy with rootlets, as if all the weeds the river produced — all the *ranunculus* at least — had drifted and lodged against them. Their stems are so nearly horizontal near the mud and water that you can clamber along on them over the water many rods. It is one of the wildest features in our scenery. There is scarcely any firm footing on the ground except where a muskrat has made a heap of clamshells. Picture the river at a low stage of the water, the pads shrivelled in the sun hanging from the dark-brown stems of the button-bush, which are all shaggy with masses of dark rootlets, an impenetrable thicket, and a stake-driver, or *Ardea minor*, sluggishly winging his way up the stream.

The breams' nests, like large deep milk-pans, are left high and dry on the shore. They are not only deepened within, but have raised edges. In some places, as at the boat place at the Baker Farm, they are as close together as they can stick, with each a great bream in it, whose waving fins and tail are tipped with a sort of phosphorescent luminousness.

Saw in the meadow there a more than double side-saddle-flower, — a monster, though not in size. The exterior calyx was of five or six small greenish leaves of different sizes, and others smaller were continued irregularly nearly two inches down the stem. The interior calyx consisted of, not one only, but four, rows of narrower leaves than usual. Petals were none, *now*

at least, it being late, and the stigma, instead of being one, broad and flat, was of half a dozen erectish crimped green leaves. I should have mentioned the rich salmon-brown (is it?), sort of iron-rust color, of the fields of potamogeton, now that the river is low, with its spikes of flowers just rising above the water and the large, semitransparent radical leaves now floating on the surface, here and there. What a rapid and luxuriant growth of weeds along the shore! overtopped by that tall rank grass I mentioned yesterday, now in flower (?).¹ The polygonums are reddish.

We sailed all the way back from the Baker Farm, though the wind blew very nearly at right angles with the river much of the way. By sitting on one side of the boat we made its edge serve for a keel, so that she would mind her helm. The dog swam for long distances behind us. Each time we passed under the lee of a wood we were becalmed and then met with contrary and flawy winds till we got fairly beyond its influence. But you can always sail either up or down the river, for the wind inclines to blow with the stream, especially where the banks are high. We taste at each cool spring with which we are acquainted in the bank, making haste to reach it before the dog, who otherwise is sure to be found cooling himself in it. We sometimes use him on board to sit in the stern and trim the boat while we both row, for he is heavy, and otherwise we sink the bows too much in the water. But he has a habit of standing too near the rower, and each time receiving a fillip under the chin from the

¹ *Phalaris*.

rower's fists. So at last he tumbles himself overboard and takes a riparial excursion. And we are amused to see how judiciously he selects his points for crossing the river from time to time, in order to avoid long circuits made by bays and meadows and keep as near us as possible.

At Bittern Cliff, on the south side, the little earth on the rocks is already parched and the shrubs are withering with drought. The spring is long since past there. Found there the *Potentilla arguta*, — crowded cinquefoil, — well out, our only white cinquefoil; stem and leaves somewhat like the *Norvegica*, but more woolly, a yellowish white. According to Bigelow, rare. Also there a *Galium trifidum* var. *tinctorium* (?). I see some red maple leaves with the points of the three principal lobes covered with that crimson frosting which I saw some time since on the black birch.

June 17. Friday. Another breezy night and no fog this morning. The pogonias, adder's-tongue arethusas, I see nowadays, getting to be numerous, are far too pale to compete with the *A. bulbosa*, and then their snake-like odor is much against them.

Fresh mackerel for some days past.

Here have been three ultra-reformers, lecturers on Slavery, Temperance, the Church, etc., in and about our house and Mrs. Brooks's the last three or four days, — A. D. Foss, once a Baptist minister in Hopkinton, N. H.; Loring Moody, a sort of traveling pattern-working chaplain; and H. C. Wright, who shocks all the old women with his infidel writings.

Though Foss was a stranger to the others, you would have thought them old and familiar cronies. (They happened here together by accident.) They addressed each other constantly by their Christian names, and rubbed you continually with the greasy cheeks of their kindness. They would not keep their distance, but cuddle up and lie spoon-fashion with you, no matter how hot the weather nor how narrow the bed,¹ — chiefly² —. I was awfully pestered with his benignity; feared I should get greased all over with it past restoration; tried to keep some starch in my clothes. He wrote a book called "A Kiss for a Blow," and he behaved as if there were no alternative between these, or as if I had given him a blow. I would have preferred the blow, but he was bent on giving me the kiss, when there was neither quarrel nor agreement between us. I wanted that he should straighten his back, smooth out those ogling wrinkles of benignity about his eyes, and, with a healthy reserve, pronounce something in a downright manner. It was difficult to keep clear of his slimy benignity, with which he sought to cover you before he swallowed you and took you fairly into his bowels.³ It would have been far worse than the fate of Jonah. I do not wish to get any nearer to a man's bowels than usual. They lick you as a cow her calf. They would fain wrap you about with their bowels. — addressed me as "Henry" within one minute from the time I first laid eyes on

¹ [Channing, p. 29.]

² ["Chiefly" is crossed out in pencil and "wholly" substituted.]

³ [Channing, p. 29.]

him, and when I spoke, he said with drawling, sultry sympathy, "Henry, I know all you would say; I understand you perfectly; you need not explain anything to me;"¹ and to another, "I am going to dive into Henry's inmost depths." I said, "I trust you will not strike your head against the bottom." He could tell in a dark room, with his eyes blinded and in perfect stillness, if there was one there whom he loved. One of the most attractive things about the flowers is their beautiful reserve. The truly beautiful and noble puts its lover, as it were, at an infinite distance, while it attracts him more strongly than ever. I do not like the men who come so near me with their bowels. It is the most disagreeable kind of snare to be caught in. Men's bowels are far more slimy than their brains. They must be ascetics indeed who approach you by this side. What a relief to have heard the ring of one healthy reserved tone! With such a forgiving disposition, as if he were all the while forgiving you for existing. Considering our condition or *habit* of soul, — maybe corpulent and asthmatic, — maybe dying of atrophy, with all our bones sticking out, — is it kindness to embrace a man? They lay their sweaty hand on your shoulder, or your knee, to magnetize you.

I loved to hear of the old log canoe, which perchance had first been a tree on its brink, and then, as it were, fell into the water, to float there for a generation as the only proper vessel for it, — very thick and at length water-logged. So primitive a vessel! I remember that when I first paddled on it there were more large trunks

¹ [Channing, p. 29.]

of trees to be seen indistinctly lying on the bottom, which had probably blown over formerly, when the trees were larger, or had been left on the ice at the last cutting, when wood was cheaper; but now for the most part they have disappeared. The old log canoe, which took the place of a more graceful one of Indian construction.¹

Now the trunks of trees on the bottom and the old log canoe are gone, the dark surrounding woods are gone, and the villagers, who scarcely know how it lies, instead of going to the pond to bathe or drink, are thinking to bring its water to the village in a pipe, to form a reservoir as high as the roofs of the houses, to wash their dishes and be their scullion, — which should be more sacred than the Ganges, — to earn their Walden by the turning of a cock or drawing of a plug, as they draw cider from a cask. The Boiling Spring is turned into a tank for the Iron Horse to drink at, and the Walden woods have been cut and dried for his fodder. That devilish Iron Horse, whose ear-rending whinner is heard throughout the town, has defiled the Boiling Spring with his feet and drunk it up, and browsed off all the wood around the pond. He has got a taste for berries even, and with unnatural appetite he robs the country babies of milk, with the breath of his nostrils polluting the air. That Trojan horse, with a thousand men in his belly, insidiously introduced by mercenary Greeks. With the scream of a hawk he beats the bush for men, the man-harrier, and carries them to his infernal home by thousands for

¹ [Walden, p. 212; Riv. 299, 300.]

his progeny. Where is the country's champion, the Moore of Moore Hall, to meet him at the Deep Cut and throw a victorious and avenging lance against this bloated pest? ¹

The dense fields of blue-eyed grass now blue the meadows, as if, in this fair season of the year, the clouds that envelop the earth were dispersing, and blue patches began to appear, answering to the blue sky. The eyes pass from these blue patches into the surrounding green as from the patches of clear sky into the clouds.

If a man walks in the woods for love of them and [to] see his fellows with impartial eye afar, for half his days, he is esteemed a loafer; but if he spends his whole day as a speculator, shearing off those woods, he is esteemed industrious and enterprising — making earth bald before its time.²

Amelanchier berries begin to be red, and softer and catable, though not ripe.

P. M. — To Walden.

I did not mention yesterday the great devil's-needle with his humped back, which hovered over the boat and, though headed across its course, and not appearing to fly in the direction in which the boat was moving, yet preserved his relation to the boat perfectly. What steamer can reverse its paddle-wheels as he can?

A remarkably strong south wind this afternoon, and cool. The greenness about the edge of Walden is very

¹ [Walden, pp. 213, 214; Riv. 301, 302.]

² [Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, p. 457; Misc., Riv. 256.]

striking when seen from the Peak nowadays. Is it in the fall?

One of the nighthawk's eggs is hatched. The young is unlike any that I have seen, exactly like a pinch of rabbit's fur or down of that color dropped on the ground, not two inches long, with a dimpling or geometrical or somewhat regular arrangement of minute feathers in the middle, destined to become the wings and tail. Yet even it half opened its eye, and peeped if I mistake not. Was ever bird more completely protected, both by the color of its eggs and of its own body that sits on them, and of the young bird just hatched? Accordingly the eggs and young are rarely discovered. There was one egg still, and by the side of it this little pinch of down, flattened out and not observed at first, and a foot down the hill had rolled a half of the egg it came out of. There was no callowness, as in the young of most birds. It seemed a singular place for a bird to begin its life, — to come out of its egg, — this little pinch of down, — and lie still on the exact spot where the egg lay, on a flat exposed shelf on the side of a bare hill, with nothing but the whole heavens, the broad universe above, to brood it when its mother was away.

How happens it that the tortoises frequently drop their eggs on the surface of the ground? I believe they are sometimes a bluish white. The leaves of some young oaks — red apparently and perhaps black — are a very rich dark green now, so dark that, if we had seen them a month ago and contrasted them with those then expanding, we should have exclaimed at

the difference. Our eyes are gradually prepared for it. The huckleberry-apple is sometimes a red shoot, with tender and *thick* red leaves and branchlets, in all three inches long. It is, as it were, a monstrous precocity, and what should have waited to become fruit is a merely bloated or puffed-up flower. A child with a great dropsical head, and prematurely bright, is a huckleberry-apple. The really sweet and palatable huckleberry is not matured before July, and incurs the risk of drying up rather in droughts and never attaining its proper size. The indigo out. There are some fine large clusters of lambkill close to the shore of Walden under the Peak, fronting the south. They are early there and large, apparently both on account of the warmth and the vicinity of the water. These flowers are in perfect cylinders, sometimes six inches long by two wide, and three such raying out or upward from one centre, *i. e.* three branches clustered together. Examined close by, I think this handsomer than the mountain laurel which we have; the color is richer, but they do not show so well at a little distance, and the corymbs are somewhat concealed by the green shoot and leaves rising above them, and also injured by the mixture of the dry remains of last year's flowers.

The mountain laurel by Walden in its prime. It is a splendid flower, and more red than that in Mason's pasture. Its dry, dead-looking, brittle stems, as it were leaning over other bushes or each other, bearing at the ends great dense corymbs five inches in diameter of rose or pink (?) tinged flowers, without an inter-

stice between them, overlapping each other, each often more than an inch in diameter. A single one of which would be esteemed very beautiful. It is a highlander wandered down into the plain. The *Lactuca elongata*, with a reddish stem.

June 18. Saturday. 4 A. M. — By boat to Nawshawtuct; to Azalea Spring, or Pinxter Spring.

No fog and very little dew, or perhaps it was a slight rain in the night. I find always some dew in low ground. There is a broad crescent of clear sky in the west, but it looks rainy in the east. As yet we are disappointed of rain. Almost all birds appear to join the early morning chorus before sunrise on the roost, the matin hymn. I hear now the robin, the chip-bird, the blackbird, the martin, etc., etc., but I see none flying, or, at last, only one wing in the air, not yet illustrated by the sun.

As I was going up the hill, I was surprised to see rising above the June-grass, near a walnut, a whitish object, like a stone with a white top, or a skunk erect, for it was black below. It was an enormous toadstool, or fungus, a sharply conical parasol in the form of a sugar loaf, slightly turned up at the edges, which were rent half an inch in every inch or two. The whole height was sixteen inches. The pileus or cap was six inches long by seven in width at the rim, though it appeared longer than wide. There was no veil, and the stem was about one inch in diameter and naked. The top of the cap was quite white within and without, hoariest at top of the cone like a mountain-top, not smooth but with [a] stringy kind of scales turned up-

ward at the edge, which declined downward, *i. e.* down the cap, into a coarse hoariness, as if the compact white fibres had been burst by the spreading of the gills and showed the black. As you looked up within, the light was transmitted between the trembling gills. It looked much like an old felt hat [that] is pushed up into a cone and its rim all ragged and with some meal shaken on to it; in fact, it was almost big enough for a child's head. It was so delicate and fragile that its whole cap trembled on the least touch, and, as I could not lay it down without injuring it, I was obliged to carry it home all the way in my hand and erect, while I paddled my boat with one hand. It was a wonder how its soft cone ever broke through the earth. Such growths ally our age to former periods, such as geology reveals. I wondered if it had not some relation to the skunk, though not in odor, yet in its colors and the general impression it made. It suggests a vegetative force which may almost make man tremble for his dominion. It carries me back to the era of the formation of the coal-measures — the age of the saurus and pleiosaurus and when bullfrogs were as big as bulls. Its stem had something massy about it like an oak, large in proportion to the weight it had to support (though not perhaps to the size of the cap), like the vast hollow columns under some piazzas, whose caps have hardly weight enough to hold their tops together. It made you think of parasols of Chinese mandarins; or it might have been used by the great fossil bullfrog in his walks. What part does it play in the economy of the world?

I see the curled fragments of some larger turtle's egg-shells on the high bank of the North River, near a cavity, proportionally large, in the black earth, where was once a coal pit. Was it not a mud turtle? They are more dusky-spotted. The paniced andromeda. The mullein yesterday. It bears inspection; is a rich yellow flower with dark-orange anthers, opening now in rings of five or six large flowers one inch in diameter around the spike, the next row of buds above just showing yellowish through downy floral leaves, like the saffron dawn through twilight clouds.

I have just been out (7.30 A. M.) to show my fungus. The milkman and the butcher followed me to inquire what it was, and children and young ladies addressed me in the street who never spoke to me before. It is so fragile I was obliged to walk at a funereal pace for fear of jarring it. It is so delicately balanced on its stem that it falls to one side across it on the least inclination; falls about like an umbrella that has lost its stays. It is rapidly curling up on the edge, and the rents increasing, until it is completely fringed, and is an inch wider there. It is melting in the sun and light, and black drops and streams falling on my hand and fragments of the black fringed rim falling on the sidewalk. Evidently such a plant can only be seen in perfection in the early morning. It is a creature of the night, like the great moths. They wish me to send it to the first of a series of exhibitions of flowers and fruits to be held at the court-house this afternoon, which I promise to do if it is presentable then. Perhaps it might be placed in the court-house cellar and the

company be invited at last to walk down and examine it. Think of placing this giant parasol fungus in the midst of all their roses; yet they admit that it would overshadow and eclipse them all. It is to be remarked that this grew, not in low and damp soil, but high up on the open side of a dry hill, about two rods from a walnut and one from a wall, in the midst of and rising above the thin June-grass. The last night was warm; the earth was very dry, and there was a slight sprinkling of rain.

I believe the 14th was the first day I began to wear my single thin sack in my walk and at night sleep with both windows open; say, when the swamp-pink opens. The locust is done, and its shrivelled dirty-white petals cover the ground between the blades of grass like a crusting or sugaring of snow. Meadow-rue, with a rank, offensive smell like a strong-smelling dog. The floating-heart in river like a minute white lily, now at 5 A. M. Swamp blackberry probably now.

I think the blossom of the sweet-briar, now in prime, — eglantine, — is more delicate and interesting than that of the common roses, though smaller and paler and without their spicy fragrance; but its fragrance is in its leaves all summer, and the form of the bush is handsomer, curving over from a considerable height in wreaths sprinkled with numerous flowers. They open out flat soon after sunrise. Flowers whitish in middle, then pinkish-rose inclining to purple toward the edges.

The laurel of many varieties. I have now three

differently marked or colored. Some a delicate calico, — a new print just washed and starched for a morning dress.

Carriage-flower now abundant. At first this morning there was no mist whatever, even on the water, but it was all smooth and dark; but when the sun fell on it a very slight vapor curled along it.

How far from our minds now the early blossoms of the spring, the willow catkins, for example!

I put the parasol fungus in the cellar to preserve it, but it went on rapidly melting and wasting away from the edges upward, spreading as it dissolved, till it was shaped like a dish cover. By night, though kept in the cellar all the day, there was not more than two of the six inches of the height of the cap left, and the barrel-head beneath it and its own stem looked as if a large bottle of ink had been broken there. It defiled all it touched. The next morning the hollow stem was left perfectly bare, and only the hoary apex of the cone, spreading about two inches in diameter, lay on the ground beneath. Probably one night produced it, and in one day, with all our pains, it wasted away. Is it not a giant mildew or mould? In the warm, muggy night the surface of the earth is mildewed. The mould, which is the flower of humid darkness and ignorance. The Pyramids and other monuments of Egypt are a vast mildew or toadstools which have met with no light of day sufficient to waste them away. Slavery is such a mould, and superstition, — which are most rank in the warm and humid portions of the globe. Luxor sprang up one night out of the slime

of the Nile. The humblest, puniest weed that can endure the sun is thus superior to the largest fungus, as is the peasant's cabin to those foul temples. It is a temple consecrated to Apis. All things flower, both vices and virtues, but the one is essentially foul, the other fair. In hell, toadstools should be represented as overshadowing men. The priest is the fungus of the graveyard, the mildew of the tomb. In the animal world there are toads and lizards.

P. M. — To Island by boat.

The first white lily to-day perhaps. It is the only *bud* I have seen. The river has gone down and left it nearly dry. On the Island, where a month ago plants were so fresh and early, it is now parched and crisp under my feet, and I feel the heat reflected from the ground and the dry scent of grass and leaves. So universally on dry and rocky hills where the spring was earliest, the autumn has already commenced. The panicle of cornel, a day or two. Cranberry also a day or two, with its dry-looking curled flower. Found the nest of a cuckoo, — a long, slender, handsome bird, probably St. Domingo cuckoo, — at the edge of the meadow on a bent sallow, not in a crotch, covered by the broad, shining leaves of a swamp white oak, whose boughs stretched over it, two feet or more from the ground. The nest was made of dry twigs and was small for the size of the bird and very shallow, but handsomely lined with an abundance of what looked like the dry yellowish-brown (?) catkins of the hickory, which made a pleasing contrast with the

surrounding grayish twigs. There were some worm-eaten green leaves inwoven. It contained a single greenish-white elliptical egg, an inch or more long. The bird flew off a little way and *clow-clow-clowed*.

At the Flower Exhibition, saw the rhododendron plucked yesterday in Fitzwilliam, N. H. It was the earliest to be found there, and only one bud yet fully open. They say it is in perfection there the 4th of July, nearer Monadnock than the town. Bigelow says "the flowers form a terminal cluster or thyrus immediately above the leaves," and, before expansion, form "a large compound bud, resembling a strobilus or cone." These buds are very remarkable. *These* flowers were, I should say, a very pale rose-color, with permanent greenish spots on one side, as of fallen pollen. In the midst of such a profusion of roses, etc., I could not discriminate its odor well. It cannot be very remarkable in this respect.

This unexpected display of flowers culled from the gardens of the village suggests how many virtues also are cultivated by the villagers, more than meet the eye.

It would be an interesting subject, — the materials with which different birds line their nests, or, more generally, *construct* them. The hickory catkins, etc., of the cuckoo, the hypnum and large nest of the phoebe.

Saw to-night Lewis the blind man's horse, which works on the sawing-machine at the depot, now let out to graze along the road, but at each step he lifts his hind legs convulsively high from the ground, as

if the whole earth were a treadmill continually slipping away from under him while he climbed its convex surface. It was painful to witness, but it was symbolical of the moral condition of his master and of all artisans in contradistinction from artists, all who are engaged in any routine; for to them also the whole earth is a treadmill, and the routine results instantly in a similar painful deformity. The horse may bear the mark of his servitude on the muscles of his legs, the man on his brow.

8.30 P. M. — To Cliffs.

Moon not quite full. Going across Depot Field. The western sky is now a crescent of saffron inclining to salmon, a little dunnish, perhaps. The grass is wet with dew. The evening star has come out, but no other. There is no wind. I see a nighthawk in the twilight, flitting near the ground. I hear the hum of a beetle going by. The greenish fires of lightning-bugs are already seen in the meadow. I almost lay my hand on one amid the leaves as I get over the fence at the brook. I pass through Hubbardston [*sic*] along the side of a field of oats, which wet one leg. I perceive the smell of a burning far off by the river, which I saw smoking two days ago. The moon is laboring in a mackerel cloud, and my hopes are with her. Why do I hear no bullfrogs yet? Do they ever trump as early and as universally as on that their first evening? I hear the whip-poor-wills on different sides. White flowers alone show much at night, — white clover and whiteweed. It is commonly still at night, as now. The

day has gone by with its wind like the wind of a cannon-ball, and now far in the west it blows. By that dun-colored sky you may track it. There is no motion nor sound in the woods (Hubbard's Grove) along which I am walking. The trees stand like great screens against the sky. The distant village sounds are the barking of dogs, that animal with which man has allied himself, and the rattling of wagons, for the farmers have gone into town a-shopping this Saturday night. The dog is the tamed wolf, as the villager is the tamed savage. But near, the crickets are heard in the grass, chirping from everlasting to everlasting, a mosquito sings near my ear, and the humming of a dor-bug drowns all the noise of the village, so roomy is the universe.¹ The moon comes out of the mackerel cloud, and the traveller rejoices. How can a man write the same thoughts by the light of the moon, resting his book on a rail by the side of a remote potato-field, that he does by the light of the sun, on his study table? The light is but a luminousness. My pencil seems to move through a creamy, mystic medium. The moonlight is rich and somewhat opaque, like cream, but the daylight is thin and blue, like skimmed milk. I am less conscious than in the presence of the sun; my instincts have more influence. I love the smell of that burning as a man may his pipe. It reminds me of a new country offering sites for the hearths of men. It is cheering as the scent of the peat fire of the first settler. The farmer has improved the dry weather to burn his meadow.

¹ [Channing, p. 78.]

Might not rivers receive more various names? This now at length resounds with the trump of the bullfrog. Might it not be Bullfrog River, as we have "frog ponds"—it is one long frog pond—or Lily River? Those swift rivers like the Nashua have few bullfrogs or lilies, I suspect.

The moon is threatened by some mares'-tails. At Potter's sand-bank, the sand, though cold on the surface, commences to be warm two inches beneath, and the warmth reaches at least six inches deeper. The tortoise buries her eggs just deep enough to secure this greatest constant warmth. I hear a huckleberry-bird now at half past nine. In Potter's low pasture, I pass through a cold stratum full of dewy fragrance and invigorating as the springy sides of mountains, but I soon again rise out of this cool basin. You pass through these refrigerators just as you would wade through a lake or at the bottom of a sea. I passed into and along the bottom of a lake of cold and dewy evening air. Anon, rising higher, here comes a puff of warm air, trivially warm, a straggler from the sun's retinue, now buffeted about by the vanguard night breezes. Tephrosia, a day or two. Before me, southward toward the moon, on higher land than I, but springy, I saw a low film of fog like a veil reflecting the moonlight, though none on lower ground which was not springy, and, up the river beyond, a battalion of fog rising white in the moonlight in ghost-like wisps, or like a flock of scared covenanters in a recess amid the hills. The loudest sound produced by man that I hear now is that of a train of cars passing through

the town. The evening air is so favorable to the conveyance of sound that a sudden whistle or scream of the engine just startled me as much as it does near at hand, though I am nearly two miles distant from it. Passed two silent horses grazing in the orchard, and then a skunk prowling on the open hillside, probably probing for insects, etc. Though twenty or thirty feet off he stops repeatedly, erects his tail, and prepares to receive me. How he trusts in his weapon! Fair Haven Pond, seen now indistinctly in the moonlight, seems reduced to a shining surface of mud and slimy puddles, yet I distinguish a smoother and lighter sheen from its broad padded border. The oak leaves, as I look down this vista from the first rock, glisten in the moonlight, though not wet. Will they glisten thus in the fall?

The chief sounds now are the bullfrogs and the whip-poor-wills. The *er-er-roonk* of the bullfrog actually sounds now without a pause from one end of this river to the other, and can be heard more than a mile on each side. I hear the beat of a partridge also. Is it not a result of the white man's intrusion and a sign of the wildness of the bird, that it is compelled to employ thus the night as well as the day? Though frogs and crickets and gnats fill the air with sound, these horses, great beasts as they are, I cannot detect by any sound they make, but by their forms against the sky. The Cliff rocks are warm to the hand. It is probably after ten. I just came through a moonlit glade in the woods on the side of the hill, where an aspen (*Populus grandidentata*) trembled and betrayed a rising wind. A cuckoo

I just heard, an imperfect note, and a wagon going over a bridge, I know not where. It is soon over, and the horse's hoofs and the wheels are no longer heard. That small segment of the arc which the traveller described is remarkably distinguished. Might not a policeman be stationed on a central hill at night, and when any robbery was committed, be notified of it by telegraph if possible, and so hear by what bridge the rogue left the town?

The night-warbler, and again afterward. It is worth the while to walk thus in the night after a warm or sultry day to enjoy the fresh up-country, brake-like, springlike scent in low grounds. At night the surface of the earth is a cellar, a refrigerator, no doubt wholesomer than those made with ice by day.

Got home at eleven.

June 19. P. M. — To Flint's Pond.

I see large patches of blue-eyed grass in the meadow across the river from my window. The pine woods at Thrush Alley emit that hot dry scent, reminding me even of days when I used to go a-blackberrying. The air is full of the hum of invisible insects, and I hear a locust. Perhaps this sound indicates the time to put on a thin coat. But the wood thrush sings as usual far in the wood. A blue jay and a tanager come dashing into the pine under which I stand. The first flies directly away, screaming with suspicion or disgust, but the latter, more innocent, remains. The cuckoo is heard, too, in the depths of the wood. Heard my night-warbler on a solitary white pine in the Heywood

Clearing by the Peak. Discovered it at last, looking like a small piece of black bark curving partly over the limb. No fork to its tail. It appeared black beneath; was very shy, not bigger than a yellowbird, and very slender.

In the middle of the path to Wharf Rock at Flint's Pond, the nest of a Wilson's thrush, five or six inches high, between the green stems of three or four golden-rods, made of dried grass or fibres of bark, with dry oak leaves attached loosely, making the whole nine or ten inches wide, to deceive the eye. Two blue eggs. Like an accidental heap. Who taught it to do thus? *Lobelia Dortmanna*, a day or two at most. No grass balls yet. That fine-rooted green plant on bottom sends up stems with black heads three or four inches. Do they become white? Every one who has waded about the shores of a pond must have been surprised to find how much warmer the water was close to the shore, where only three or four inches deep, than a little further out. I think I saw a young crow now fully grown.

Returned by Smith's Hill and the Saw Mill Brook. Got quite a parcel of strawberries on the hill. The hellebore leaves by the brook are already half turned yellow. Plucked one blue early blueberry. The strain of the bobolink now begins to sound a little rare. It never again fills the air as the first week after its arrival. At this season we apprehend no long storm, only showers with or without thunder.

June 20. Monday. 4 A. M. — No fog; sky mostly overcast; drought continues. I heard the robin first (before

the chip-bird) this morning. Heard the chip-bird last evening just after sunset.

10 A. M. — To Assabet Bathing-Place.

I see wood tortoises in the path; one feels full of eggs. Those great greenish-white puffs on the panicked andromeda are now decaying. On the swamp-pink they are solid. The pitchers of the comandra seeds are conspicuous. Meadow-sweet out, probably yesterday. It is an agreeable, unpretending flower. Some of the stone nests are a foot above the water now, but uninjured. I can find nothing in them. The bosky bank shows bright roses from its green recesses; the small white flowers of the panicked andromeda; beneath, yellow lilies.

Found two lilies open in the very shallow inlet of the meadow. Exquisitely beautiful, and unlike anything else that we have, is the first white lily just expanded in some shallow lagoon where the water is leaving it, — perfectly fresh and pure, before the insects have discovered it. How admirable its purity! how innocently sweet its fragrance! How significant that the rich, black mud of our dead stream produces the water-lily, — out of that fertile slime springs this spotless purity! It is remarkable that those flowers which are most emblematical of purity should grow in the mud.

There is also the exquisite beauty of the small sagittaria, which I find out, maybe a day or two, — three transparent crystalline white petals with a yellow eye and as many small purplish calyx-leaves, four or five inches above the same mud.

Coming home at twelve, I see that the white lilies are nearly shut. The river has been some days full with weeds which drape and trail from my oars — I am now on foot — (the potamogeton), as if it were Charon's boat, and this a funeral procession down the Cocytus.

8 P. M. — Up North River to Nawshawtucl.

The moon full. Perhaps there is no more beautiful scene than that on the North River seen from the rock this side the hemlocks. As we look up-stream, we see a crescent-shaped lake completely embosomed in the forest. There is nothing to be seen but the smooth black mirror of the water, on which there is now the slightest discernible bluish mist, a foot high, and thick-set alders and willows and the green woods without an interstice sloping steeply upward from its very surface, like the sides of a bowl. The river is here for half a mile completely shut in by the forest. One hemlock, which the current has undermined, has fallen over till it lies parallel with the water, a foot or two above it and reaching two thirds across the stream, its extremity curving upward to the light, now dead. Here it has been a year or two, and it has only taken the place of others which have successively fallen in and been carried away by the stream. One lies now cast up on the shore. Some wild roses, so pale now in the twilight that they look exactly like great blackberry blossoms. I think *these* would look so at midday.

Saw a little skunk coming up the river-bank in the woods at the White Oak, a funny little fellow, about

six inches long and nearly as broad. It faced me and actually compelled me to retreat before it for five minutes. Perhaps I was between it and its hole. Its broad black tail, tipped with white, was erect like a kitten's. It had what looked like a broad white band drawn tight across its forehead or top-head, from which two lines of white ran down, one on each side of its back, and there was a narrow white line down its snout. It raised its back, sometimes ran a few feet forward, sometimes backward, and repeatedly turned its tail to me, prepared to discharge its fluid like the old. Such was its instinct. And all the while it kept up a fine grunting like a little pig or a squirrel. It reminded me that the red squirrel, the woodchuck, and the skunk all make a similar sound. Now there are young rabbits, skunks, and probably woodchucks.

Walking amid the bushes and the ferns just after moonrise, I am refreshed with many sweet scents which I cannot trace to their source. How the trees shoot! The tops of young pines toward the moon are covered with fine shoots some eighteen inches long. Will they grow much more this year? There is a peculiarly soft, creamy light round the moon, now it is low in the sky. The bullfrogs begin about 8.30. They lie at their length on the surface amid the pads. I touched one's nose with my finger, and he only gave a sudden froggish belch and moved a foot or two off. How hard to imitate their note exactly, — its sonorousness. Here, close by, it is like *er er ough, er er er ough*, with a sonorous trump which these letters do not suggest. On our return, having reached the reach

by Merrick's pasture, we get the best view of the moon in the southeast, reflected in the water, on account of the length of the reach. The creamy light about it is also perfectly reflected; the path of insects on the surface between us and the moon is lit up like fire. The leafy-columned elms, planted by the river at foot of Prichard's field, are exceedingly beautiful, the moon being behind them, and I see that they are not too near together, though sometimes hardly a rod apart, their branches crossing and interlacing. Their trunks look like columns of a portico wreathed with evergreens on the evening of an illumination for some great festival. They are the more rich, because in this creamy light you cannot distinguish the trunk from the verdure that drapes it.

This is the most sultry night we have had. All windows and doors are open in the village and scarcely a lamp is lit. I pass many families sitting in their yards. The shadows of the trees and houses are too extended, now that the moon is low in the heavens, to show the richest tracery.

June 21. 4.30 A. M. — Up river for lilies.

No dew even where I keep my boat. The driest night yet, threatening the sultriest day. Yet I see big crystalline drops at the tips or the bases of the pontederia leaves. The few lilies begin to open about 5. The nest of a brown thrasher with three eggs, on some green-briar, perfectly concealed by a grape-vine running over it; eggs greenish-brown; nest of dry sticks, lined with fibres of grape bark and with roots. Bird

scolded me much. Carpet-weed out. I have got a pan full of lilies open.

We have not had rain, except a mere sprinkling in the night of the 17th, since the 26th of May.

P. M. — To Conantum.

The warmest day yet. For the last two days I have worn nothing about my neck. This change or putting off of clothing is, methinks, as good an evidence of the increasing warmth of the weather as meteorological instruments. I thought it was hot weather perchance, when, a month ago, I slept with a window wide open and laid aside a comfortable, but by and by I found that I had got two windows open, and to-night two windows and the door are far from enough. *Hypericum perforatum* just out. This year the time when the locust was first heard was the time to put on summer clothes.

Early on the morning of the 18th the river felt lukewarm to my fingers when my paddle dipped deeper than usual. The galium with three small white petals (*G. trifidum*) has been out some time, and I find that erectish, broad-leaved, three-nerved, green-flowered one, perhaps *G. circæzans*, at Corner Spring. *Peltandra Virginica*, perhaps a week, for many of its flowers are effete and curved downward. The *Hypericum ellipticum*, by the riverside. The only violets I notice nowadays are a few white lanceolate ones in the meadows. The river has got down quite low, and the muddy shores are covered here and there with a sort of dark-brown paper, the dried filaments of

confervæ which filled the water. Now is their fall. The bright little flowers of the *Ranunculus reptans* var. *filiformis* are seen peeping forth between its interstices. Calopogon out. I think it surpasses the pogonia, though the latter is sometimes high-colored and is of a handsome form; but it is inclined to be pale, is sometimes even white.

Now see many bright red amelanchier berries and some purple or dark-blue ones amid them. They [are] mostly injured by insects or apparently pecked and deformed by birds, but, from the few perfectly sound and ripe I have eaten to-day, I should pronounce them superior to either blueberries or huckleberries. Those of the *Botryapium* have a soft skin; of the shorter bush with a stiffer leaf, a tough skin. This is a little before blueberries. The paniced cornel is the only one of the cornels or viburnums that now is noticed in flower, generally speaking. The last of our cornels — the *C. sericea*, I think it must be — is just beginning.

The farmers have commenced haying. With this the summer culminates. The most extended crop of all is ready for the harvesting. Lint still comes off the leaves and shoots. It is so hot I have to lift my hat to let the air cool my head. I notice that that low, rather rigid fern, about two feet high, on the Great Hubbard Meadow, which a month ago was yellow, but now is green and in fruit, and with a harsh-feeling fruit atop, is decidedly inclined to grow in hollow circles from one foot to six or eight feet in diameter, — often, it is true, imperfect on one side, or, if large, filled up in the middle. How to account

for it? Can it have anything to do with the hummocks deposited on the meadow? Many small stems near together in circles, *i. e.* not a single line. Is it the *Osmunda spectabilis*? Now I hear the spotted (?) flies about my head, — flies that settle and make themselves felt on the hand sometimes. The morning-glory still fresh at 3 P. M. A fine, large, delicate bell with waved border, some pure white, some reddened. The buds open perfectly in a vase. I find them open when I wake at 4 A. M. Is not this one of the eras or culminating places in the flower season? Not this till the sultry mornings come. Angelica, perhaps a day or more. Elder just opening. The four-leaved asclepias, probably some days. A rather handsome flower, with the peculiar fragrance of the milkweeds. Observed three or four sweet-briar bushes with white flowers of the usual size, by the wall under Conantum Cliff, — very slightly tinted with red or rose. In the paucity and form of prickles, at least, I make them answer to the *micantha*, but not else. Is it intermediate? Opened at home in a vase in the shade. They are more distinctly rose-tinted. Leaves and all together in the water, they have a strong spirituous or rummy scent. There are no flowers nor flower-buds on the bass this year, though it was so full last year.

Where the other day I saw a pigeon woodpecker tapping and enlarging a hole in the dead limb of an apple tree, when as yet probably no egg was laid, to-day I see two well-grown young woodpeckers about as big as the old, looking out at the hole, showing their handsome spotted breasts and calling lustily

for something to eat, or, it may be, suffering from the heat. Young birds in some situations must suffer greatly from heat these days, so closely packed in their nests and perhaps insufficiently shaded. It is a wonder they remain so long there patiently. I saw a yellowbird's nest in the willows on the causeway this afternoon and three young birds, nearly ready to fly, overflowing the nest, all holding up their open bills and keeping them steadily open for a minute or more, on noise of my approach. Still see cherry-birds in flocks.

Dogbane and *Prinos verticillatus*. My white lilies in the pan are mostly withering the first day, the weather is so warm.

At sunset to Island.

The white anemone is withering with drought; else would probably have opened. Return while the sun is setting behind thunder-clouds, which now overshadow us. Between the heavy masses of clouds, mouse-colored, with dark-blue bases, the patches of clear sky are a glorious cobalt blue, as Sophia calls it. How happens it that the sky never appears so intensely, brightly, memorably blue as when seen between clouds and, it may be, as now in the south at sunset? This, too, is like the blue in snow. For the last two or three days it has taken me all the forenoon to wake up.

June 22. I do not remember a warmer night than the last. In my attic under the roof, with all windows and doors open, there was still not a puff of the usual

coolness of the night. It seemed as if heat which the roof had absorbed during the day was being reflected down upon me. It was far more intolerable than by day. All windows being open, I heard the sounds made by pigs and horses in the neighborhood and of children who were partially suffocated with the heat. It seemed as if it would be something to tell of, the experience of that night, as of the Black Hole of Calcutta in a degree, if one survived it.

This forenoon a smart, straight-down shower from the eastward for ten or fifteen minutes, bordered round with thunder, — the first since May 26th. It did not touch the north part of the town. Some broad-leaved dock for a few days. Is it not the *obtusifolius*, front of Conantum house and by wall front of E. Wood's barn?

5.30 P. M. — To Walden and Fair Haven Hill.

Epilobium shows some pale or pink purple flowers on its spike. *Trifolium arvense*. It is quite cool now, after the shower in the forenoon. Now is the time for young birds. You cannot go near any thicket but the old will scold at you, and you see the king-bird and the blackbird and swallows pursuing crows and hawks, as for several weeks. I looked for the nest of the Maryland yellow-throat, but could not find it. Some animal has carried it off from the tuft of sedge, but I found one little egg which had dropped out. How many tragedies of this kind in the fields! Butter-and-eggs is a handsome yellow-spiked flower which would be better appreciated if it grew less profusely.

The sun down, and I am crossing Fair Haven Hill, sky overcast, landscape dark and still. I see the smooth river in the north reflecting two shades of light, one from the water, another from the surface of the pads which broadly border it on both sides, and the very irregular waving or winding edge of the pads, especially perceptible in this light, makes a very agreeable border to distinguish, — the edge of the film which seeks to bridge over and inclose the river wholly. These pads are to the smooth water between like a calyx to its flower. The river at such an hour, seen half a mile away, perfectly smooth and lighter than the sky, reflecting the clouds, is a paradisaical scene. What are the rivers around Damascus to this river sleeping around Concord? Are not the Musketaquid and the Assabet, rivers of Concord, fairer than the rivers of the plain?

And then the rich warble of the blackbird may still occasionally even at this season be heard. As I come over the hill, I hear the wood thrush singing his evening lay. This is the only bird whose note affects me like music, affects the flow and tenor of my thought, my fancy and imagination. It lifts and exhilarates me. It is inspiring. It is a medicative draught to my soul. It is an elixir to my eyes and a fountain of youth to all my senses. It changes all hours to an eternal morning. It banishes all trivialness. It reinstates me in my dominion, makes me the lord of creation, is chief musician of my court. This minstrel sings in a time, a heroic age, with which no event in the village can be contemporary. How can they

be contemporary when only the latter is *temporary* at all? How can the infinite and eternal be contemporary with the finite and temporal? So there is something in the music of the cow-bell, something sweeter and more nutritious, than in the milk which the farmers drink. This thrush's song is a *ranz des vaches* to me. I long for wildness, a nature which I cannot put my foot through, woods where the wood thrush forever sings, where the hours are early morning ones, and there is dew on the grass, and the day is forever unproved, where I might have a fertile unknown for a soil about me.¹ I would go after the cows, I would watch the flocks of Admetus there forever, only for my board and clothes. A New Hampshire everlasting and unfallen.

How wonderfully moral our whole life! There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice. Goodness is the only investment that never fails. It is sung of in the music of the harp. This it is which thrills us. The harp is the travelling patterer for the Universe Insurance Company. One little goodness is all the assessment.

All that was ripest and fairest in the wilderness and the wild man is preserved and transmitted to us in the strain of the wood thrush. It is the mediator between barbarism and civilization. It is unrepentant as Greece.

I find my clothes covered with young caterpillars these days.

How wonderfully and admirably moral is our whole

¹ [Channing, p. 71.]

life! Though the youth at last grows indifferent, the laws of the universe are not indifferent; they are still and forever on the side of the most tender and sensitive.

Listen in every zephyr for some reproof. It is the sweetest strain of the music. It provokes by its proud remoteness. Its satire trembles round the world. We cannot touch a string, awake a sound, but it reproves us. Many an irksome noise in our neighborhood, go a long distance off, is heard as music and a proud sweet satire on the meanness of our life. Not a music to dance to, but to live by.

Low blueberries now begin to show on high hills. You may get a handful or two. Yet perhaps a greater proportion of the shad-berries are ripe. Blueberries always surprise us.

These are the longest days in the year. The sun rises about 4.30 o'clock [and sets] about 7.30, leaving about eight hours of night. The strawberries may perhaps be considered a fruit of the spring, for they have depended chiefly on the freshness and moisture of spring, and on high lands are already dried up, — a soft fruit, a sort of manna which falls in June, — and in the meadows they lurk at the shady roots of the grass. Now the blueberry, a somewhat firmer fruit, is beginning. Nuts, the firmest, will be the last. Is not June the month in which all trees and shrubs grow, — do far the greater part of their growing? Will the shoots add much to their length in July? Berries are ripening now, when young birds are beginning to fly generally. *Lysimachia stricta*, apparently by to-

morrow. I see froth nowadays on the panicked andromeda.

June 23. 5 A. M. — Up Union Turnpike.

The red morning-glory partly open at 5.45. Looking down on it, it is [a] regular pentagon, with sides but slightly incurved.

1.30 P. M. — To White Pond.

Sultry, dogdayish weather, with moist mists or low clouds hanging about, — the first of this kind we have had. I suspect it may be the result of a warm southwest wind met by a cooler wind from the sea. It is hard to tell if these low clouds most shade the earth or reflect its heat back upon it. At any rate a fresh, cool moisture and a suffocating heat are strangely mingled.

The *Specularia perfoliata* in flower at top of its leafy spikes for a few days, on Clamshell Hill, this side oaks. It is a rich-colored and handsome-shaped sort of lake-purple flower, — or color of a lilac violet. The lower and earlier flowers have no corollas. Perhaps one of the first-rate flowers, when many are open on the spike. Motherwort by roadside, probably yesterday. Pogonias are now very abundant in the meadow-grass, and now and then a calopogon is mixed with them. The last is broader and of more singular form, commonly with an unopened bud above on one side. Devil's-needles of various kinds abundant, now perhaps as much as ever. Some smaller ones a brilliant green with black wings. That must be the flowering fern

that grows in rings. Lupines not quite gone, though most are gone to seed. A skunk-cabbage leaf makes the best vessel to drink out of at a spring, it is so large, already somewhat dishing, oftenest entire, and grows near at hand, and, though its odor when the stem is cut off is offensive, it does not flavor the water and is not perceived in drinking.

Along Nut Meadow Brook stand now angelicas in flower, as high as your head, their great greenish umbels above their naked purple stems. Senecio is going and gone to seed. At Apple-Hollow Pond, the heart-leaf grows in small solid circles from a centre, now white with its small delicate flowers somewhat like minute water-lilies. Here are thousands of devil's-needles of all sizes hovering over the surface of this shallow pond in the woods, in pursuit of one another and their prey, and from time to time alighting on the bushes around the shore,—I hear the rustling of their wings,—while swallows are darting about in a similar manner twenty feet higher. Perhaps they descend and pick up a needle now and then. This might be called Heart-leaf Pond, if there were not so many of them. Wild radish, some time, for its jointed seed-vessels are two inches long.

The small caterpillars which I bring home on my clothes nowadays come off of the young oaks, black and probably others. Their leaves are made into sieves and riddled by them. The painted tortoise eggs which I saw being deposited by White Pond the 14th are now shrivelled shells on the surface. I every year, as to-day, observe the sweet, refreshing fragrance

of the swamp-pink, when threading the woods and swamps in hot weather. It is positively cool. Now in its prime. There is another small, shallow Heart-leaf Pond, west of White, which countless devil's-needles are hovering over with rustling wing, and swallows and pewees no doubt are on hand. That very handsome cove in White Pond at the south end, surrounded by woods. Looking down on it through the woods in middle of this sultry dogdayish afternoon, the bay being not so deep but that some reflection from the bottom affects it, the water is a misty bluish-green or glaucous color.¹ The rattlesnake and the wool grass have begun to bloom. The *e er ee er ter twee* is a pleasing wild note still pretty sure to be heard amid thick pine woods or on their edges,—rarely seen, though often heard.

After bathing I paddled to the middle in the leaky boat. The heart-leaf, which grows thinly here, is an interesting plant, sometimes floating at the end of a solitary, almost invisible, threadlike stem more than six feet long, and again many purplish stems intertwined into loose ropes, or like large skeins of silk, abruptly spreading at top, of course, into a perfectly flat shield, a foot or more [in] diameter, of small heart-shaped leaves, which rise and fall on their stems as the water is higher or lower. This perfectly horizontal disposition of the leaves in a single plane is an interesting and peculiar feature in water-plants of this kind. Leaves and flowers made to float on the dividing line between two elements. No water-bugs nor

¹ [Walden, p. 219; Riv. 309.]

skaters, except a very few close to the shore, though the waves do not run much. Where the water is five or six feet deep, straight sticks on the bottom are made by the undulation on the surface to look like snakes in motion. The blue flags are past their prime here. Again I saw and heard the hummingbird visit the blue flags. He announces himself by a sudden loud humming. Now, at about 5 p. m., only at long intervals is a bullfrog's trump heard. Some are white-throated, others yellow.

In the warm noons nowadays, I see the spotted small yellow eyes of the four-leaved loosestrife looking at me from under the birches and pines springing up in sandy upland fields. *Asclepias Cornuti*. Ours, I think, must be the *Cornus sericea*, not *stolonifera*. The willow by Hubbard's Bridge must be either *Salix discolor* or *eriocephala*; I think the former.

The other day I saw what I took to be a scarecrow in a cultivated field, and noticing how unnaturally it was stuffed out here and there and how ungainly its arms and legs were, I thought to myself, "Well, it is thus they make these things; they do not stand much about it;" but looking round again after I had gone by, I saw my scarecrow walking off with a real live man in it.

I was just roused from my writing by the engine's whistle, and, looking out, saw shooting through the town two enormous pine sticks stripped of their bark, just from the Northwest and going to Portsmouth Navy-Yard, they say. Before I could call Sophia, they

had got round the curve and only showed their ends on their way to the Deep Cut. Not a tree grows now in Concord to compare with them. They suggest what a country we have got to back us up that way. A hundred years ago or more perchance the wind wafted a little winged seed out of its cone to some favorable spot, and this is the result. In ten minutes they were through the township, and perhaps not half a dozen Concord eyes rested on them during their transit.

June 24. P. M. — Boated to Clamsheil Hill.

My lilies in the pan have revived with the cooler weather since the rain. (It rained a little last night.) This is what they require that they may keep. Mayweed yesterday. The calopogon is a more bluish purple than the pogonia. The *Gnaphalium uliginosum* seems to be almost in blossom. Gratiola out in mud near river, — those bare, rather hard, muddy tracts on the edge of the meadow next the river, where mint grows and the mud has wide cracks, some nearly an inch wide, produced by the sun since the water went down. It is cooler and remarkably windy this afternoon, showing the under sides of the leaves and the pads, the white now red beneath and all green above. Wind northwest. Found what I take to be an Indian hoe at Hubbard Bathing-Place, sort of slate stone four or five eighths of an inch thick, semi-circular, eight inches one way by four or more the other, chipped down on the edges.

At the Clamsheil curve, great masses of a kind of fresh-water eel-grass have lodged against the potamo-

geton in mid-channel, as against a shore, half a foot deep, and stretch across the river, long, green, narrow, ribbon-like. It is *apparently* the *Vallisneria spiralis*, eel-grass, tape-grass. It grows at the bottom in shallow places, slanting and waving down-stream. But what has collected it here all at once? Is it this strong wind operating on shallow places at curves? Or is it that some animal — muskrat or what-not — has loosened it? Or have men been at work up-stream somewhere? Does it always happen at this season? By the botany it does not blossom till August. There were piles of dried heart-leaf on shore at the bathing-place, a foot high and more. Were they torn up and driven ashore by the wind? I suspect it is the wind in both cases. As storms at sea tear up and cast ashore the seaweeds from the rocks. These are our seaweeds cast ashore in storms, but I see only the eel-grass and the heart-leaf thus served. Our most common in the river appears to be between the *Potamogeton natans* and *pulcher*; it answers to neither, but can be no other described. See it in fruit. I do not see the ranunculus flowers *very* abundant yet — will it not be this year? Then there is that long, somewhat cylindrical, fine-capillary and bladdery leaved plant which I had wrongly thought belonged to the *Ranunculus*. Is it not a utricularia?¹ All these, but especially the *R. Purshii*, have a strong fresh-water marsh smell, rather agreeable sometimes as a bottle of salts, like the salt marsh and seaweeds, invigorating to my imagination. In our great stream of distilled water going slowly

¹ It is *Utricularia vulgaris*; now in bloom.

down to ocean to be salted. Sparganium, some time. Pontederia, just out. The lower translucent, waved leaves of the potamogeton are covered with a sort of very minute black caddis-case. The peat[?]-black petioles of these leaves are much like seaweed. There are the heart-leaf ponds, but I cannot say the potamogeton rivers on account of the tautology, and, beside, I do not like this last name, which signifies that it grows in the neighborhood of rivers, when it is not a neighbor but an indweller. You might as well describe the seaweeds as growing in the neighborhood of the sea.

The brown thrasher's nest (*vide* 21st) has been robbed, probably by some other bird. It rested on a branch of a swamp-pink and some grape-vines, effectually concealed and protected by grape-vines and green-briar in a matted bower above it. The foundation of pretty stout twigs, eight or nine inches in diameter, surmounted by coarse strips of grape bark, giving form to the nest, and then lined with some harsh, wiry root-fibres; within rather small and shallow, and the whole fabric of loose texture, not easy to remove.

Also got a blackbird's nest whose inhabitants had flown, hung by a kind of small dried rush (?) between two button-bushes which crossed above it; of meadow-grass and sedge, dried *Mikania scandens* vine, horse-tail, fish-lines, and a strip apparently of a lady's bathing-dress, lined with a somewhat finer grass; of a loose and ragged texture to look at. Green mikania running over it now.

A yellowbird's nest (*vide* 21st) in a fork of a willow on Hubbard's Causeway, resting chiefly on the leading branch; of fine grass, lined with hair, bottom outside puffing out with a fine, light, flax-like fibre, perhaps the bark of some weed, by which also it is fastened to the twigs. It is surprising that so many birds find hair enough to line their nests with. If I wish for a horsehair for my compass sights I must go to the stable, but the hair-bird, with her sharp eyes, goes to the road.

The small white (perhaps *sometimes* violet or purplish) aster-like flower of Hubbard's meadow, for some days. If an aster, then the earliest one.

June 25. Saturday. P. M. — To Assabet Bathing-Place.

Great orange lily beyond stone bridge. Found in the Glade (?) Meadows an unusual quantity of amelanchier berries, — I think of the two common kinds, — one a taller bush, twice as high as my head, with thinner and lighter-colored leaves and larger, or at least somewhat softer, fruit, the other a shorter bush, with more rigid and darker leaves and dark-blue berries, with often a sort of woolliness on them. Both these are now in their prime. These are the first berries after strawberries, or the first, and I think the sweetest, *bush* berries. Somewhat like high blueberries, but not so hard. Much eaten by insects, worms, etc. As big as the largest blueberries or peas. These are the "service-berries" which the Indians of the north and the Canadians use. *La poire* of the latter (*vide*

Indian books, No. 6, p. 13). They by a little precede the early blueberry (though Holbrook brought two quarts of the last day before yesterday), being now in their prime, while blueberries are but just *beginning*. I never saw nearly so many before. It is a very agreeable surprise. I hear the cherry-birds and others about me, no doubt attracted by this fruit. It is owing to some peculiarity in the season that they bear fruit. I have picked a quart of them for a pudding. I felt all the while I was picking them, in the low, light, wavy shrubby wood they make, as if I were in a foreign country. Several old farmers say, "Well, though I have lived seventy years, I never saw nor heard of them." I think them a delicious berry, and no doubt they require only to be more abundant every year to be appreciated.

I think it must be the purple finch, — with the crimson head and shoulders, — which I see and hear singing so sweetly and variedly in the gardens, — one or two to-day. It sits on a bean-pole or fence-pick[et]. It has a little of the martin warble and of the canary-bird.

June 26. Very cool day.

Had for dinner a pudding made of service-berries. It was very much like a rather dry cherry pudding without the stones.

A slight hail-storm in the afternoon.

Euphorbia maculata.

Our warmest night thus far this year was June 21st. It began to be cooler the 24th.

5.30 P. M. — To Cliffs.

Carrot by railroad. Mine apparently the *Erigeron strigosus*, yet sometimes tinged with purple. The tephrosia is an agreeable mixture of white, straw-color, and rose pink; unpretending. What is the result of that one leaf (or more), much and irregularly, or variously, divided and cut, with milk in it, in woods, either a lactuca or prenanthes, probably, one foot or more high?

Such is oftenest the young man's introduction to the forest and wild. He goes thither at first as a hunter and fisher, until at last the naturalist or poet distinguishes that which attracted him and leaves the gun and fishing-rod behind. The mass of men are still and always young in this respect. I have been surprised to observe that the only obvious employment which ever to my knowledge detained at Walden Pond for a whole half-day, unless it was in the way of business, any of my "fellow-citizens," whether fathers or children of the town, with just one exception, was fishing. They might go there a thousand times, perchance, before the sediment of fishing would sink to the bottom and leave their purpose pure, — before they began to angle for the pond itself. Thus, even in civilized society, the embryo man (speaking intellectually) passes through the hunter stage of development. They did not think they were lucky or well paid for their time unless they got a long string of fish, though they had the opportunity of seeing the pond all the while. They measured their success by the length of a string of fish. The Governor faintly remembers the pond, for

he went a-fishing there when he was a boy, but now he is too old and dignified to go a-fishing, and so he knows it no longer. If the Legislature regards it, it is chiefly to regulate the number of hooks to be used in fishing there; but they know nothing about the hook of hooks.¹

At Cliffs. — The air is warmer, but wonderfully clear after the hail-storm. I do not remember when I have seen it more clear. The mountains and horizon outlines on all sides are distinct and near. Nobscot has lost all its blue, is only a more distant hill pasture, and the northwest mountains are too terrestrial a blue and firmly defined to be mistaken for clouds. Billerica is as near as Bedford commonly. I see new spires far in the south, and on every side the horizon is extended many miles. It expands me to look so much farther over the rolling surface of the earth. Where I had seen or fancied only a hazy forest outline, I see successive swelling hills and remote towns. So often to the luxurious and hazy summer in our minds, when, like Fletcher's "Martyrs in Heaven," we,

"estranged from all misery
As far as Heaven and Earth discoasted lie,
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality,"

some great chagrin succeeds, some chilling cloud comes over. But when it is gone, we are surprised to find that it has cleared the air, summer returns without its haze, we see infinitely further into the horizon on every side, and the boundaries of the world are enlarged.

¹ [Walden, pp. 235, 236; Riv. 331-333.]

A beautiful sunset about 7.30; just clouds enough in the west (we are on Fair Haven Hill); they arrange themselves about the western gate. And now the sun sinks out of sight just on the north side of Watatic, and the mountains, north and south, are at once a dark indigo blue, for they had been darkening for an hour or more. Two small clouds are left on the horizon between Watatic and Monadnock, their sierra edges all on fire. Three minutes after the sun is gone, there is a bright and memorable afterglow in his path, and a brighter and more glorious light falls on the clouds above the portal. His car, borne further round, brings us in the angle of exidence. Those little sierra clouds look like two castles on fire, and I see the fire through ruined windows. The low west horizon glows now, five or six minutes after sunset, with a delicate salmon-color tinged with rose, deepest where the sun disappeared, and fading off upward; and north and south are dark-blue cloud islands in it. When I invert my head these delicate salmon-colored clouds look like a celestial Sahara sloping gently upward, an inclined plane upward, to be travelled by caravans bound heavenward, with blue oases in it.

June 27. 4.30 A. M. — To Island by river.

The cuckoo's nest is robbed, or perhaps she broke her egg because I found it. Thus three out of half a dozen nests which I have revisited have been broken up. It is a very shallow nest, six or seven inches in diameter by two and a half or three deep, on a low bending willow, hardly half an inch deep within; con-

cealed by overlying leaves of a swamp white oak on the edge of the river meadow, two to three feet from ground, made of slender twigs which are prettily ornamented with much ramalina lichen, lined with hickory catkins and pitch pine needles. I have described the rest before.

Saw a little pickerel with a minnow in his mouth. It was a beautiful little silver-colored minnow, two inches long, with a broad stripe down the middle. The pickerel held [it] crosswise near the tail, as he had seized it, and as I looked down on him, he worked the minnow along in his mouth toward the head, and then swallowed it head foremost. Was this instinct? Fishermen should consider this in giving form to their bait. The pickerel does not swallow the bait at once, but first seizes it, then probably decides how it can best be swallowed, and no doubt he lets go again in disgust some baits of which he can make neither head nor tail.

The radical leaves (four?) of the floating-heart are triangularly or wedge ovate, on petioles one to two inches long. The two large potamogetons now common on river (the smaller apparently not long in flower), with ovate or elliptical floating leaves sometimes salmon-color, belong to one or two of the first three of Gray. The smaller has its immersed leaves long, narrowly linear, and semicylindrical; those of the largest are pellucid, lanceolate, and waved. That sort of ostrich feather on the bottom appears to be the *Potamogeton Robbinsii*. What is that foul, submerged, densely whorled and capillary-leaved and forked utricularia-

like but bladderless plant? Then there is a pinnate and cut-leafed plant on the bottom. Is it radical leaves of a proserpinaca? or a milfoil? I find a little bug between the calyx and petals of white lilies which have not opened. It has eaten holes in them.

The dogsbane is one of the more interesting little flowers.

June 28. Nettle out a few days. Pepper-grass, a week or more. Catnep, also, a few days. We have warmer weather now again.

June 29. Jersey tea, just beginning. *Asclepias obtusifolia*, a day or two. *Sericocarpus conyzoides*.

June 30. Succory on the bank under my window, probably from flowers I have thrown out within a year or two. A rainbow in the west this morning. Hot weather.