

II

JUNE, 1852

(ÆT. 34)

June 1. Evening. — To the Lee place, the moon about full.

The sounds I hear by the bridge: the midsummer frog (I think it is not the toad), the nighthawk, crickets, the peewee (it is early), the hum of dor-bugs, and the whip-poor-will. The boys are coming home from fishing, for the river is down at last. The moving clouds are the drama of the moonlight nights, and never-failing entertainment of nightly travellers. You can never foretell the fate of the moon, — whether she will prevail over or be obscured by the clouds half an hour hence. The traveller's sympathy with the moon makes the drama of the shifting clouds interesting. The fate of the moon will disappoint all expectations. Her own light creates the shadows in the coming (advancing) clouds, and exaggerates her destiny.¹ I do not perceive much warmth in the rocks.

June 2. Wednesday. Measured C. Davis's elm at the top of his fence, just built, five feet from the ground. It is fifteen and two twelfths feet in circumference and much larger many feet higher. Buttercups now spot the churchyard. The elms now hold a good deal of

¹ [*Excursions*, pp. 329, 330; *Riv.* 405.]

shade and look rich and heavy with foliage. You see darkness in them. Golden alexanders — looks like a parsnip — near or beyond the East Quarter schoolhouse. The barberry blossoms are now abundant. They fill the air with a disagreeable, buttery fragrance. Low blackberry in bloom. Hazy days now. Milkweed, elecampane, butter-and-eggs, etc., etc., are getting up. The dried brown petals of apple blossoms spot the sod in pastures. Measured a chestnut stump on Asa White's land, twenty-three and nine twelfths feet in circumference, eight and one half feet one way, seven feet the other, at one foot from ground. Nest of Wilson's thrush with bluish-green eggs. Female sassafras in bloom. I think I may say the umbelled thesium has begun to bloom. The pincushion galls appear on the oaks.

I found a plant whose name I know not; somewhat fern-like; leaves in a whorl of five, two double, one single; the whole nine inches high; no flower.

June 3. The nepeta by Deacon Brown's, a pretty blue flower. It has been a sultry day, and a slight thunder-shower, and now I see fireflies in the meadows at evening.

June 4. Friday. The birds sing at dawn. What sounds to be awakened by! If only our sleep, our dreams, are such as to harmonize with the song, the warbling of the birds, ushering in the day! They appear comparatively silent an hour or two later.

The dandelions are now almost all gone to seed, and

children may now see if "your mother wants you." The golden alexanders is called *Zizia aurea*. The cistus is out. Lupines in prime. The Canada snapdragon, that little blue flower that lasts so long, grows with the lupines under Fair Haven. The early chickweed¹ with the star-shaped flower is common in fields now.

June 5. The medeola has blossomed in a tumbler. I seem to perceive a pleasant fugacious fragrance from its rather delicate but inconspicuous green flower. Its whorls of leaves of two stages are the most remarkable. I do not perceive the smell of the cucumber in its root.

To Harrington's, p. m. The silver cinquefoil (*Potentilla argentea*) now, a delicate spring-yellow, sunny-yellow (before the dog-days) flower; none of the fire of autumnal yellows in it. Its silvery leaf is as good as a flower. Whiteweed.

The constant inquiry which nature puts is: "Are you virtuous? Then you can behold me." Beauty, fragrance, music, sweetness, and joy of all kinds are for the virtuous. That I thought when I heard the telegraph harp to-day.

Raspberry some days since. The leaves of young oaks are full-grown. The *Viburnum lentago*, if that edged petiole marks it enough. The *Veratrum viride*, with its green and yellowish flower. Umbelled thesium, which has shown its buds so long. The *Viola lanceolata* now, instead of the *V. blanda*. In some places the

¹ Cerastium?

leaves of the last are grown quite large. The sidesaddle-flowers. The *Thalictrum anemonoides* still. The dwarf cornel by Harrington's road looks like large snowflakes on the hillside, it is so thick. It is a neat, geometrical flower, of a pure white, sometimes greenish, or green. The white¹ spruce cones are an inch and a half long. The larch cones appear not so red yet as they will be. Can it be that earliest potentilla that now stands up so high in open pine woods and wood-paths, — a foot high? The *simplex* variety? There is now froth on the white and pitch pines, at the base of the new shoots, which are from three to six inches long. Some meadows are quite white with the cotton-grass. White clover now. Some rye-fields are almost fully grown, where it appears to have sown itself. It is commonly two feet high. Those great roots belong to the yellow lily. Some poet must sing in praise of the bulbous arethusa.

The lupine is now in its glory. It is the more important because it occurs in such extensive patches, even an acre or more together, and of such a pleasing variety of colors, — purple, pink, or lilac, and white, — especially with the sun on it, when the transparency of the flower makes its color changeable. It paints a whole hillside with its blue, making such a field (if not meadow) as Proserpine might have wandered in. Its leaf was made to be covered with dewdrops. I am quite excited by this prospect of blue flowers in clumps with narrow intervals. Such a profusion of the heavenly, the elysian, color, as if these were the Elysian

¹ ["Black" is substituted in pencil.]

Fields. They say the seeds look like babies' faces, and hence the flower is so named. No other flowers exhibit so much blue. That is the value of the lupine. The earth is blued with them. Yet a third of a mile distant I do not detect their color on the hillside. Perchance because it is the color of the air. It is not *distinct* enough. You passed along here, perchance, a fortnight ago, and the hillside was comparatively barren, but now you come and these glorious redeemers appear to have flashed out here all at once. Who planted the seeds of lupines in the barren soil? Who watereth the lupines in the fields?

Distinguished the *Geum rivale*, water avens, in James P. Brown's meadow, a drooping, half-closed, purplish-brown flower, with a strawberry-looking fruit. The *Erigeron bellidifolius*, robin's-plantain (may it be the *E. Philadelphicus?*), that rather rose-purple flower which looks like an early aster. A rather delicate and interesting flower, flesh-colored.

Pray let us live without being drawn by dogs, Esquimaux-fashion, a scrambling pack tearing over hill and vale and biting each other's ears. What a despicable mode of progressing, to be drawn by a pack of dogs! Why not by a flock of mice? ¹

De Kay, of the New York Report, says the bream "is of no value as an article of food, but is often caught for amusement!" I think it is the sweetest fish in our river.

Richardson says that white bears and arctic foxes frequent the most northern land discovered.

¹ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, p. 473; *Misc.*, Riv. 276.]

June 6. Sunday. First devil's-needles in the air, and some smaller, bright-green ones on flowers. The earliest blueberries are now forming as greenberries. The wind already injures the just-expanded leaves, tearing them and making them turn black. I see the effects of recent frosts on the young oaks in hollows in the woods. The leaves are turned dry, black, and crisp. The side-flowering sandwort, an inconspicuous white flower like a chickweed.

June 7. Surveying for Sam. Pierce. Found piece of an Indian soapstone pot.

June 9. The buck-bean in Hubbard's meadow just going out of blossom. The yellow water ranunculus is an important flower in the river now, rising above the white lily pads, whose flower does not yet appear. I perceive that their petals, washed ashore, line the sand conspicuously. The green-briar in flower.

For a week past we have had *washing* days. The grass waving, and trees having leaved out, their boughs wave and feel the effect of the breeze. Thus new life and motion is imparted to the trees. The season of waving boughs; and the lighter under sides of the new leaves are exposed. This is the first half of June. Already the grass is not so fresh and liquid-velvety a green, having much of it blossom[ed] and some even gone to seed, and it is mixed with reddish ferns and other plants, but the general leafiness, shadiness, and waving of grass and boughs in the breeze characterize the season. The wind is not quite agreeable, because it

prevents your hearing the birds sing. Meanwhile the crickets are strengthening their quire. The weather is very clear, and the sky bright. The river shines like silver. Methinks this is a traveller's month. The locust in bloom. The waving, undulating rye. The deciduous trees have filled up the intervals between the evergreens, and the woods are bosky now.

Is that the *Thalictrum Cornuti* that shows green stamens, at the Corner Spring? Gathered strawberries on Fair Haven. Rather acid yet.

The priests of the Germans and Britons were druids. They had their sacred oaken groves. Such were their steeple houses. Nature was to some extent a fane to them. There was fine religion in that form of worship, and Stonehenge remains as evidence of some vigor in the worshippers, as the Pyramids, perchance, of the vigor of the Egyptians, derived from the slime of the Nile. Evelyn says of the oak, which he calls "these robust sons of the earth," "It is reported that the very shade of this tree is so wholesome, that the sleeping, or lying under it, becomes a present remedy to paralytics, and recovers those whom the mistaken malign influence of the Walnut-tree has smitten."¹ Which we may take for a metaphorical expression of the invigorating influence of rude, wild, robust nature, compared with the effeminating luxury of civilized life. Evelyn has collected the fine exaggerations of antiquity respecting the virtues and habits of trees and added some himself. He says, "I am told that those small young acorns which we find in the stock-doves' craws are a delicious

¹ [John Evelyn, *Silva: or a Discourse of Forest Trees.*]

fare, as well as those incomparable salads, young herbs taken out of the maws of partridges at a certain season of the year, which gives them a preparation far exceeding all the art of cookery." If the oft-repeated glorification of the forest from age to age smacks of religion, is even druidical, Evelyn is as good as several old druids, and his "Silva" is a new kind of prayer-book, a glorifying of the trees and enjoying them forever, which was the chief end of his life.

A child loves to strike on a tin pan or other ringing vessel with a stick, because, its ears being fresh, sound, attentive, and percipient, it detects the finest music in the sound, at which all nature assists. Is not the very cope of the heavens the sounding-board of the infant drummer? So clear and unprejudiced ears hear the sweetest and most soul-stirring melody in tinkling cowbells and the like (dogs baying the moon), not to be referred to association, but intrinsic in the sound itself; those cheap and simple sounds which men despise because their ears are dull and debauched. Ah, that I were so much a child that I could unfailingly draw music from a quart pot! Its little ears tingle with the melody. To it there is music in sound alone.

Evelyn speaks of "mel-dews" attracting bees. Can mildews be corrupted from this? Says that the alder, laid under water, "will harden like a very stone," and speaks of their being used "for the draining of grounds by placing them . . . in the trenches," which I have just seen done here under Clamshell Hill.

Evelyn's love of his subject teaches him to use many expressive words, some imported from the Latin, which

I wonder how we can do without. He says of the "oziers or aquatic salix," "It likewise yields more limber and flexible twigs for baskets, flaskets, hampers, cages, lattices, cradles, . . . the bodies of coaches and waggons, . . . for chairs, hurdles, stays, bands," etc.; "likewise for fish-weirs, and to support the banks of impetuous rivers: In fine, for all wicker and *twiggy* works;

'Viminibus Salices' — VIRG."

Many of his words show a poetic genius.

The above-mentioned is the reason that children are fond of and make what grown people call a *noise*, because of the music which their young ears detect in it.

Peaches are the principal crop in Lincoln, and cherries a very important one; yet Evelyn says, "We may read that the peach was at first accounted so tender and delicate a tree, as that it was believed to thrive only in Persia; and even in the days of Galen, it grew no nearer than Egypt, of all the Roman Provinces, but was not seen in the city till about thirty years before Pliny's time;" but now it is the principal crop cultivated in Lincoln in New England, and it is also cultivated extensively in the West and on lands not half a dozen years vacated by the Indians. Also, "It was 680 years after the foundation of Rome, ere Italy had tasted a cherry of their own, which being then brought thither out of Pontus, did after 120 years, travel ad ultimos Britannos," and I may add *Lincolnos*. As Evelyn says, "Methinks this should be a wonderful incitement."

Evelyn well says "a *sobbing* rain."

Trees live so long that Evelyn in Milton's day tells anecdotes of old trees, and recent writers tell the same or similar anecdotes of the same trees still standing. They have stood to have the stories repeated and enlarged concerning them. He tells of "*Neustadt an der grossen Linden*, or Neustadt by the great Lime-tree." After quoting at length some of the inscriptions on the stone columns placed under this famous tree by noble persons, proving its age, he adds, "Together with several more too tedious to recite; and even these might have [been] spared the reader, but that I found the instance so particular and solemn."

What means that custom of parents planting a tree or a forest at the birth of an heir, to be an inheritance or a dower, but a sort of regrafting the man on the vegetable? If a forest were planted at the birth of every man, nations would not be likely to become effete. It has ever been regarded as a crime, even among warriors, to cut down a nation's woods.

He, Evelyn, speaks of pines "pearling out into gums." Things raised in a garden he calls "*hortular furniture*." He talks of modifying the air as well as the soil, about plants, "and make the remedy as well regional as topical." This suggests the propriety of Shakespeare's expression the "*region* cloud," region meaning then oftener upper regions relatively to the earth.

He speaks of a "*dewic sperge* or brush," to be used instead of a watering-pot, which "gluts" the earth. He calls the kitchen-garden the "*olitory garden*." In a dedication of his "*Kalendarium Hortense*" to Cowley, he inserts two or three good sentences or quotations.

viz.: "As the philosopher in Seneca desired only bread and herbs to dispute felicity with Jupiter," so of Cowley's simple retired life. "Who would not, like you, *cacher sa vie?*" "Delivered from the gilded impertinences of life."

June 11. *Friday*. 3 P. M. — Down railroad.

I hear the bobolink, though he does not sing so much as he did, and the lark and my seringo, as I go down the railroad causeway. The cricket sings. The red clover does not yet cover the fields. The whiteweed is more obvious. It commonly happens that a flower is considered more beautiful that is not followed by fruit. It must culminate in the flower. The cistus is a delicate flower in sandy woods now, with a slight, innocent spring fragrance, — one of those, like the pink, which you cannot bring home in good condition. June-grass is ripe. The red-eye sings now in the woods, perhaps more than any other bird. (In the shanty field.) The mountains are misty and blue. It has been quite windy for ten days, and cold a part of the time. The maple-leaved viburnum at Laurel Glen; the round-leaved cornel, and the mountain laurel, all budded.¹ The yellow diervilla (*D. trifida*) ready to blossom there. The low blueberry leaves and flowers (*Vaccinium vacillans* of Gray) have a sweet scent. Froth on the pigeon-plain pines. A robin sings (3.30 P. M.) and wood thrush amid the pines; flies hum, and mosquitoes; and the earth feels under the feet as if it were going to be dry. The air in this pitch pine wood is filled with the hum of

¹ [A pencilled interrogation-point in parenthesis follows here.]

gnats, flies, and mosquitoes. High blackberries a day or two since. The bullfrogs in Walden (some of them at least) are a light-colored greenish brown. The huckleberry-bird is heard. I perceived that untraceable odor by the shore of Walden near railroad, where there are grape-vines, and yet the vines do not smell, and I have perceived it for two or three weeks. The vines appear but just in flower. Bittersweet, woody nightshade (*Solanum Dulcamara*). It has a singular strong odor. Everywhere the leaves of goldenrods from the old roots; also, in some places, epilobium. The veery reminds me of the wood thrush in its note, as well as form and color. You must attend to the birds in the spring.

As I climbed the Cliffs, when I jarred the foliage, I perceived an exquisite perfume which I could not trace to its source. Ah, those fugacious universal fragrances of the meadows and woods! Odors rightly mingled!

The snapdragon, a slight blue flower, in dry places. Interesting. The oak balls lie about under the black oaks. The shrub oaks on the plain are so covered with foliage that, when I looked down on it from the Cliff, I am impressed as if I looked down on a forest of oaks. The oven-bird and the thrasher sing. The last has a sort of chuckle. The crickets began to sing in warm dry places.

Another little veronica (?) on the Cliffs, just going out of bloom, *V. arvensis* (?), with crenately cut leaves and hairy. The first was the smooth. The pines are budded. I do not see the female flower yet. There is froth at the base of the new shoots even at the top of

the highest pines. Yarrow, with a strong tansy scent. Lupines, their pods and seeds. First the profusion of color, spikes of flowers rising above and prevailing over the leaves; then the variety in different clumps, rose(?) -purple, blue, and white; then the handsome palmate leaf, made to hold dew. Gray says from *lupus* (wolf) because they "were thought to devour the fertility of the soil." This is scurrilous. Under Fair Haven. First grew the *Viola pedata* here, then lupines, mixed with the delicate snapdragon. This soil must abound with the blue principle. Is that the tephrosia, so forward? The fruit of the *Cerasus pumila* is puffed up like How's plums. The *Aralia nudicaulis* already shows small green berries. The lupine has no pleasant fragrance. The cistus a slight enlargement of the cinquefoil, the June (?) cinquefoil, what the summer can do.

It was probably the *Thalictrum Cornuti*, meadow-rue, which I saw at the Corner Spring, though it has no white stamens. The red (Indian (?) red) huckleberry and the white and red blueberry blossoms (the *Gaylussacia resinosa*, black huckleberry, and *Vaccinium vacillans*) are very handsome and interesting now and would attract more attention if the prospect of their fruit did not make us overlook them. Moon-seed is a good name for a plant. I should know it.

The Jones elm is fifteen and three twelfths feet circumference at five or six feet from ground, or at the smallest place; much more at twelve or fourteen feet from ground, -- larger, then, than C. Davis's elm at the smallest place.

The pyrolas now ready to blossom. Shin-leaf is a good name for one. *Scleranthus annuus*, common knawel, in the paths; inconspicuous and moss-like. *Utricularia vulgaris*, common bladderwort, a dirty-conditioned flower, like a sluttish woman with a gaudy yellow bonnet. Is the grape out? Solomon's-seal, two-leaved, with a third. *Sanicula Marylandica*, black snake-root, without color at first, glows [?] like a buttercup, leaf and stem. Those spotted maple leaves, -- what mean their bright colors? Yellow with a greenish centre and a crimson border on the green leaves, as if the Great Chemist had dropped some strong acid by chance from a phial designed for autumnal use! Very handsome. Decay and disease are often beautiful, like the pearly tear of the shellfish and the hectic glow of consumption.

The ivy or *Rhus Toxicodendron* (*radicans* when climbing trees), budded to blossom, looks like an aralia.

June 12. Saturday. P. M. — To Lupine Hill via Depot Field Brook.

For some time I have noticed the grass whitish and killed at top by worms (?). The meadows are yellow with golden senecio. Marsh speedwell (*Veronica scutellata*), lilac-tinted, rather pretty. The mouse-ear forget-me-not (*Myosotis laxa*) has now extended its racemes (?) very much, and hangs over the edge of the brook. It is one of the most interesting minute flowers. It is the more beautiful for being small and unpretending, for even flowers must be modest. The blue flag (*Iris versicolor*)

color). Its buds are a dark indigo-blue tip beyond the green calyx. It is rich but hardly delicate and simple enough; a very handsome sword-shaped leaf. The blue-eyed grass is one of the most beautiful of flowers. It might have been famous from Proserpine down. It will bear to be praised by poets. The blue flag, notwithstanding its rich furniture, its fringed recurved parasols over its anthers, and its variously streaked and colored petals, is loose and coarse in its habit. How completely all character is expressed by flowers! This is a little too showy and gaudy, like some women's bonnets. Yet it belongs to the meadow and ornaments it much. The critchicrotches are going to seed. I love the sweet-flag as well as the muskrat (?). Its tender inmost leaf is very palatable below. *Oenothera pumila*, dwarf tree-primrose. Ever it will be some obscure small and modest flower that will most please us. Some of the ferns have branches wholly covered with fruit.

How difficult, if not impossible, to do the things we have done! as fishing and camping out. They seem to me a little fabulous now.

Boys are bathing at Hubbard's Bend, playing with a boat (I at the willows). The color of their bodies in the sun at a distance is pleasing, the not often seen flesh-color. I hear the sound of their sport borne over the water. As yet we have not man in nature. What a singular fact for an angel visitant to this earth to carry back in his note-book, that men were forbidden to expose their bodies under the severest penalties! A pale pink, which the sun would soon tan. White men!

There are no white men to contrast with the red and the black; they are of such colors as the weaver gives them. I wonder that the dog knows his master when he goes in to bathe and does not stay by his clothes.

Small white-bellied (?) swallows in a row (a dozen) on the telegraph-wire over the water by the bridge. This perch is little enough departure from unobstructed air to suit them. Pluming themselves. If you could furnish a perch aerial enough, even birds of paradise would alight. Swallows have forked tails, and wings and tails are about the same length. They do not alight on trees, methinks, unless on dead and bare boughs, but stretch a wire over water and they perch on it. This is among the phenomena that cluster about the telegraph.

Hedge-mustard. (Turned into the lane beyond Dennis's.) Some fields are almost wholly covered with sheep's-sorrel, now turned red, — its valves (?). It helps thus agreeably to paint the earth, contrasting even at a distance with the greener fields, blue sky, and dark or downy clouds. It is red, marbled, watered, mottled, or waved with greenish, like waving grain, — three or four acres of it. To the farmer or grazier it is a troublesome weed, but to the landscape-viewer an agreeable red tinge laid on by the painter. I feel well into summer when I see this redness. It appears to be avoided by the cows.

The petals of the sidesaddle-flower, fully expanded, hang down. How complex it is, what with flowers and leaves! It is a wholesome and interesting plant to me, the leaf especially. Rye that has sown itself and come

up scatteringly in bunches is now nearly ripe. They are beginning to cut rank grass on the village street. I should say the summer began with the leafiness, — umbrageous summer! The glory of Dennis's lupines is departed, and the white now shows in abundance beneath them. So I cannot walk longer in those fields of Enna in which Proserpine amused herself gathering flowers.

The steam whistle at a distance sounds even like the hum of a bee in a flower. So man's works fall into nature.

The flies hum at mid-afternoon, as if peevish and weary of the length of the days. The river is shrunk to summer width; on the sides smooth whitish water, — or rather it is the light from the pads; — in the middle, dark blue or slate, rippled.

The color of the earth at a distance where a wood has been cut off is a reddish brown. Nature has put no large object on the face of New England so glaringly white as a white house.

The *Ranunculus filiformis* on the muddy shore of the river. The locusts' blossoms in the graveyard fill the street with their sweet fragrance.

It is day, and we have more of that same light that the moon sent us, but not reflected now, but shining directly. The sun is a fuller moon. Who knows how much lighter day there may be?

June 13. Sunday. 3 P. M. — To Conantum.

A warm day. It has been cold, and we have had fires the past week sometimes. Clover begins to show

red in the fields, and the wild cherry is not out of blossom. The river has a summer midday look, smooth to a cobweb, with green shores, and shade from the trees on its banks. The *Viburnum nudum*. The oblong-leaved sundew, but not its flower. Do the bulbous arethusas last long?

What a sweetness fills the air now in low grounds or meadows, reminding me of times when I went strawberrying years ago! It is as if all meadows were filled with some sweet mint. The *Dracæna borealis* (Bigelow) (*Clintonia borealis* (Gray)) amid the Solomon's-seals in Hubbard's Grove Swamp, a very neat and handsome liliaceous flower with three large, regular, spotless, green convallaria leaves, making a triangle from the root, and sometimes a fourth from the scape, linear, with four drooping, greenish-yellow, bell-shaped (?) flowers. Not in sun. In low shady woods. It is a handsome and perfect flower, though not high-colored. I prefer it to some more famous. But Gray should not name it from the Governor of New York.¹ What is he to the lovers of flowers in Massachusetts? If named after a man, it must be a man of flowers. Rhode Island botanists may as well name the flowers after their governors as New York. Name your canals and railroads after Clinton, if you please, but his name is not associated with flowers. Mosquitoes now trouble the walker in low shady woods. No doubt woodchucks in their burrows hear the steps of walkers through the earth and come not forth. Yellow wood sorrel (*Oxalis stricta*), which, according to Gray, closes its leaves and droops at nightfall. The

¹ [It was named by Rafinesque.]

woolly aphides on alders whiten one's clothes now. What is that palmate(?) -leaved water-plant by the Corner causeway? The buck-bean grows in Conant's meadow. Lambkill is out. I remember with what delight I used to discover this flower in dewy mornings. All things in this world must be seen with the morning dew on them, must be seen with youthful, early-opened, hopeful eyes. Saw four cunning little woodchucks nibbling the short grass, about one third grown, that live under Conant's old house. Mistook one for a piece of rusty iron. The *Viburnum Lentago* is about out of bloom; shows young berries. The *Smilax herbacea*, carrion-flower, a rank green vine with long-peduncled umbels, with small greenish or yellowish flowers just opening, and tendrils, at the Miles swamp. It smells exactly like a dead rat in the wall, and apparently attracts flies (I find small gnats on it) like carrion. A very remarkable odor; a single minute flower in an umbel open will scent a whole room. Nature imitates all things in flowers. They are at once the most beautiful and the ugliest objects, the most fragrant and the most offensive to the nostrils, etc., etc. The compound-racemed convallaria, being fully out, is white. I put it down too early, perhaps by a week. The great leaves of the bass attract you now, six inches in diameter. The delicate maidenhair fern forms a cup or dish, very delicate and graceful. Beautiful, too, its glossy black stem and its wave-edged fruited leaflets. I hear the feeble plaintive note of young bluebirds, just trying their wings or getting used to them. Young robins peep.

I think I know four kinds of cornel beside the dog-

wood and bunchberry: one now in bloom, with *rather* small leaves with a smooth, silky feeling beneath, a greenish-gray spotted stem, in older stocks all gray (*Cornus alternifolia?* or *sericea?*); the broad-leaved cornel in Laurel Glen, yet green in the bud (*C. circinata?*); the small-leaved cornel with a small cyme or corymb, as late to be [*sic*] as the last, in Potter's hedge and on high hills (*C. paniculata*); and the red osier by the river (*C. stolonifera*), which I have not seen this year.

Mosquitoes are first troublesome in the house with sultry nights.

Orobanche uniflora, single-flowered broom-rape (Bigelow), [or] *Aphyllon uniflorum*, one-flowered cancer-root (Gray). C. found it June 12 at Clematis Brook. Also the common fumitory (?), methinks; it is a fine-leaved small plant.

Captain Jonathan Carver commences his Travels with these words: "In June, 1766, I set out from Boston, and proceeded by way of Albany and Niagara, to Michillimackinac; a Fort situated between the Lakes Huron and Michigan, and distant from Boston 1300 miles. This being the uttermost of our factories towards the northwest, I considered it as the most convenient place from whence I could begin my intended progress, and enter at once into the Regions I designed to explore."¹ So he gives us no information respecting the intermediate country, nor much, I fear, about the country beyond.

Holbrook says the *Emys picta* is the first to be seen in the spring.

¹ [Travels through the Interior Parts of North America.]

June 14. There are various new reflections now of the light, *viz.* from the under sides of leaves (fresh and white) turned up by the wind, and also from the bent blades (horizontal tops) of rank grass in the meadows, — a sort of bluish sheeny light, this last. Saw a wild rose from the cars in Weston. The early red roses are out in gardens at home.

June 15. Tuesday. Silene Antirrhina, sleepy catch-fly, or snapdragon catch-fly, the ordinarily curled-up petals scarcely noticeable at the end of the large oval calyx. Gray says opening only by night or cloudy weather. Bigelow says probably nocturnal, for he never found it expanded by day. (I found it June 16th at 6 A. M. expanded, two of its flowers, — and they remained so for some hours, in my chamber.) By railroad near Badger's.

Yesterday we smelt the sea strongly; the sea breeze alone made the day tolerable. This morning, a shower! The robin only sings the louder for it. He is inclined to sing in foul weather.

To Clematis Brook, 1.30 P. M.

Very warm. Now for a thin coat. This melting weather makes a stage in the year. The crickets creak louder and more steadily; the bullfrogs croak in earnest. The drouth begins. The dry z-ing of the locust is heard. The potatoes are of that height to stand up at night. Bathing cannot be omitted. The conversation of all boys in the streets is whether they will or not who will go in a-swimming, and how they will not tell their parents. You lie with open windows and hear the sounds in the streets.

The seringo sings now *at noon* on a post; has a light streak over eye.

The autumnal dandelion (*Leontodon*, or *Apargia*). *Erigeron integrifolius* of Bigelow (*strigosus*, *i. e.* narrow-leaved daisy fleabane, of Gray) very common, like a white aster.

I will note such birds as I observe in this walk, beginning on the railroad causeway in middle of this hot day. The chuckling warble of martins heard over the meadow, from a village box. The lark. The fields are blued with blue-eyed grass, — a slaty blue. The epilobium shows some color in its spikes.

How rapidly new flowers unfold! as if Nature would get through her work too soon. One has as much as he can do to observe how flowers successively unfold. It is a flowery revolution, to which but few attend. Hardly too much attention can be bestowed on flowers. We follow, we march after, the highest color; that is our flag, our standard, our "color." Flowers were made to be seen, not overlooked. Their bright colors imply eyes, spectators. There have been many flower men who have rambled the world over to see them. The flowers robbed from an Egyptian traveller were at length carefully boxed up and forwarded to Linnaeus, the man of flowers. The common, early cultivated red roses are certainly very handsome, so rich a color and so full of blossoms; you see why even blunderers have introduced them into their gardens.

Ascending to pigeon-place plain, the reflection of the heat from the dead pine-needles and the boughs strewn about, combined with the dry, suffocating scent, is

oppressive and reminds me of the first settlers of Concord. The oven-bird, chewink, pine warbler (?), thrasher, swallows on the wire, cuckoo, phœbe, red-eye, robin, veery. The maple-leaved viburnum is opening with a purplish tinge. Wood thrush.

Is not that the *Prunus obovata*, which I find in fruit, a mere shrub, in Laurel Glen, with oval fruit and long pedicels in a raceme? And have I not mistaken the *P. Virginiana*, or northern red cherry, for this? *Vide Virginiana* and also *vide* the *P. depressa*. Golden and coppery reflections from a yellow dor-bug's coat of mail in the water. Is it a yellowbird or myrtle-bird? Huckleberry-bird.

Walden is two inches above my last mark. It must be four or five feet, at least, higher than when I sounded it. Men are inclined to be amphibious, to sympathize with fishes, now. I desire to get wet and saturated with water. The North River, Assabet, by the old stone bridge, affords the best bathing-place I think of, — a pure sandy, uneven bottom, — with a swift current, a grassy bank, and overhanging maples, with transparent water, deep enough, where you can see every fish in it. Though you stand still, you feel the rippling current about you.

First locust. The *pea-wai*.

There is considerable pollen on the pond; more than last year, notwithstanding that all the white pines near the pond are gone and there are very few pitch. It must all come from the pitch pine, whose sterile blossoms are now dry and empty, for it is earlier than the white pine. Probably I have never observed it in the

river because it is carried away by the current. The umbelled pyrola is just ready to bloom.

Young robins, dark-speckled, and the pigeon woodpecker flies up from the ground and darts away. I forget that there are lichens at this season.

The farmhouses under their shady trees (Baker's) look as if the inhabitants were taking their siesta at this hour. I pass it [*sic*] in the rear, through the open pitch pine wood. Why does work go forward now? No scouring of tubs or cans now. The cat and all are gone to sleep, preparing for an early tea, excepting the indefatigable, never-resting hoers in the corn-field, who have carried a jug of molasses and water to the field and will wring their shirts to-night. I shall ere long hear the horn blow for their early tea. The wife or the hired Irishwoman steps to the door and blows the long tin horn, a cheering sound to the laborers in the field.

The motive of the laborer should be not to get his living, to get a good job, but to perform well a certain work. A town must pay its engineers so well that they shall not feel that they are working for low ends, as for a livelihood merely, but for scientific ends. Do not hire a man who does your work for money, but him who does it for love, and pay him well.¹

On Mt. Misery, panting with heat, looking down the river. The haze an hour ago reached to Wachusett; now it obscures it. Methinks there is a male and female shore to the river, one abrupt, the other flat and meadowy. Have not all streams this contrast more or less, on the one hand eating into the bank, on the other depos-

¹ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, p. 459: *Misc.*, Riv. 258, 259.]

iting their sediment? The year is in its manhood now. The very river looks warm, and there is none of that light celestial blue seen in far reaches in the spring. I see fields a mile distant reddened with sorrel. The very sight of distant water is refreshing, though a bluish steam appears to rest on it. Catbird. The waxwork is just in blossom and groves [of] hickories on the south of Mt. Misery.

How refreshing the sound of the smallest waterfall in hot [weather]! I sit by that on Clematis Brook and listen to its music. The very sight of this half-stagnant pond-hole, drying up and leaving bare mud, with the pollywogs and turtles making off in it, is agreeable and encouraging to behold, as if it contained the seeds of life, the liquor rather, boiled down. The foulest water will bubble purely. They speak to our blood, even these stagnant, slimy pools. It, too, no doubt, has its falls nobler than Montmorenci, grander than Niagara, in the course of its circulations. Here is the primitive force of Egypt and the Nile, where the lotus grows.

Some geraniums are quite rose-colored, others pale purplish-blue, others whitish. The blossom of the *Lentago* is rather sweet smelling. *Orobanche uniflora*, single-flowered broom-rape (Bigelow), [or] *Aphyllon uniflorum*, one-flowered cancer-root (Gray), grows by this brook-side, — a naked, low, bluish-white flower, even reminding you of the tobacco-pipe. Cattle walk along in a brook or ditch now for coolness, lashing their tails, and browse the edges: or they stand concealed for shade amid thick bushes. How perfectly acquainted they are with man, and never run from him! Thorn

bushes appear to be just out of blossom. I have not observed them well. Woodchucks and squirrels are seen and heard in a walk. How much of a tortoise is shell! But little is gone with its spirit. It is well cleaned out, I trust. It is emptied of the reptile. It is not its *exuviae*.

I hear the scream of a great hawk, sailing with a ragged wing against the high wood-side, apparently to scare his prey and so detect it, — shrill, harsh, fitted to excite terror in sparrows and to issue from his split and curved bill. I see his open bill the while against the sky. Spit with force from his mouth with an undulatory quaver imparted to it from his wings or motion as he flies. A hawk's ragged wing will grow whole again, but so will not a poet's.

By half past five, robins more than before, crows, of course, and jays. Dogbane is just ready to open. Swallows. It is pleasant walking through the June-grass (in Pleasant Meadow), so thin and offering but little obstruction. The nighthawk squeaks and booms. The *Veratrum viride* top is now a handsome green cluster, two feet by ten inches.

Here also, at Well Meadow Head, I see the fringed purple orchis, unexpectedly beautiful, though a pale lilac purple, — a large spike of purple flowers. I find two, — the *grandiflora* of Bigelow and *fimbriata* of Gray. Bigelow thinks it the most beautiful of all the orchises. I am not prepared to say it is the most beautiful wild flower I have found this year. Why does it grow there only, far in a swamp, remote from public view? It is somewhat fragrant, reminding me of the lady's-slipper.

Is it not significant that some rare and delicate and beautiful flowers should be found only in unfrequented wild swamps? There is the mould in which the orchis grows. Yet I am not sure but this is a fault in the flower. It is not quite perfect in all its parts. A beautiful flower must be simple, not spiked. It must have a fair stem and leaves. This stem is rather naked, and the leaves are for shade and moisture. It is fairest seen rising from amid brakes and hellebore, its lower part or rather naked stem concealed. Where the most beautiful wild-flowers grow, there man's spirit is fed, and poets grow. It cannot be high-colored, growing in the shade. Nature has taken no pains to exhibit [it], and few that bloom are ever seen by mortal eyes. The most striking and handsome large wild-flower of the year thus far that I have seen.

Disturbed a company of tree-toads amid the bushes. They seemed to bewilder the passer by their croaking; when he went toward one, he was silent, and another sounded on the other side. The hickory leaves are fragrant as I brush past them. Quite a feast of strawberries on Fair Haven, — the upland strawberry. The largest and sweetest on sand. The *first fruit*. The night-warbler. There are few really cold springs. I go out of my way to go by the Boiling Spring. How few men can be believed when they say the spring is cold! There is one cold as the coldest well water. What a treasure is such a spring! Who *divined* it? The cistuses are all closed. Is it because of the heat, and will they be open in the morning? C. found common hound's-tongue (*Cynoglossum officinale*) by railroad.

8 P. M. — On river.

No moon. A deafening sound from the toads, and intermittingly from bullfrogs. What I have thought to be frogs prove to be toads, sitting by thousands along the shore and trilling short and loud, — not so long a quaver as in the spring, — and I have not heard them in those pools, now, indeed, mostly dried up, where I heard them in the spring. (I do not know what to think of my midsummer frog now.) The bullfrogs are very loud, of various degrees of baseness and sonorousness, answering each other across the river with two or three grunting croaks. They are not nearly so numerous as the toads.

It is candle-light. The fishes leap. The meadows sparkle with the coppery light of fireflies. The evening star, multiplied by undulating water, is like bright sparks of fire continually ascending. The reflections of the trees are grandly indistinct. There is a low mist slightly enlarging the river, through which the arches of the stone bridge are just visible, as a vision. The mist is singularly bounded, collected here, while there is none there; close up to the bridge on one side and none on the other, depending apparently on currents of air. A dew in the air it is, which in time will wet you through. See stars reflected in the bottom of our boat, it being a quarter full of water. There is a low crescent of northern light and shooting stars from time to time. (We go only from Channing's to the ash above the railroad.) I paddle with a bough, the Nile boatman's oar, which is rightly pliant, and you do not labor much. Some dogs bay. A sultry night.

June 16. Wednesday. 4.30 A. M. — A low fog on the meadows, but not so much as last night, — a low incense frosting them. The clouds scattered wisps in the sky, like a squadron thrown into disorder at the approach of the sun. The sun now gilds an eastern cloud a broad, bright, coppery-golden edge, fiery bright, notwithstanding which the protuberances of the cloud cast dark shadows ray-like up into the day. The curled dock (*Rumex crispus*) and the *Malva*,¹ the cheese mallows. A new season. The earth looks like a debauchee after the sultry night. Birds sing at this hour as in the spring. You hear that spitting, *dumping* frog and the bullfrogs occasionally still, for the heat is scarcely less than the last night. *No toads now.* The white lily is budded.

Paddle from the ash tree to the swimming-place. The further shore is crowded with polygonums (leaves) and pontederia leaves. There seems to have intervened no night. The heat of the day is unabated. You perspire before sunrise. The bullfrogs boom still. The river appears covered with an almost imperceptible blue film. The sun is not yet over the bank. What wealth in a stagnant river! There is music in every sound in the morning atmosphere. As I look up over the bay, I see the reflections of the meadow woods and the Hosmer hill at a distance, the tops of the trees cut off by a slight ripple. Even the fine grasses on the near bank are distinctly reflected. Owing to the reflections of the distant woods and hills, you seem to be paddling into a vast hollow country, doubly novel and interesting. Thus the voyageur is lured onward to fresh pastures.

[A blank space left for the specific name.]

The melting heat begins again as soon as the sun gets up. My shoes are covered with the reddish seeds of the grass, for I have been walking in the dew. I hear a stake-driver, like a man at his pump, which sucks, — fit sound for our sluggish river. What is the devil's-needle about? He hovers about a foot above the pads on humming wings thus early, from time to time darting one side as if in pursuit of some invisible prey. Most would suppose the stake-driver the sound of a farmer at a distance at his pump, watering his cattle. It oftener sounds like this than like a stake, but sometimes exactly like a man driving a stake in the meadow. Mistook a crow blackbird, on a dark-brown rock rising out of the water, for a crow or a bittern, referring it to a greater distance than the actual, by some mirage. It had a boat tail, conspicuous when it flew. The bullfrogs lie on the very surface of the pads, showing their great yellow throats, color of the yellow breeches of the old school, and protuberant eyes. His whole back out, revealing a vast expanse of belly. His eyes like ranunculus or yellow lily buds, winking from time to time and showing his large dark-bordered tympanum. Imperturbable-looking. His yellow throat swells up like a small moon at a distance over the pads when he croaks. The floating pondweed (*Potamogeton natans*), with the oblong oval leaf floating on the surface, now in bloom. The yellow water ranunculus still yellows the river in the middle, where shallow, in beds many rods long. It is one of the capillary-leaved plants.

It is Bigelow's spotted geranium (*G. maculatum*), or crane's-bill, that we have.

The fisherman offers you mackerel this sultry weather.

By and by the bidens (marigold) will stand in the river, as now the ranunculus. The summer's fervor will have sunk into it. The spring yellows are faint, cool, innocent as the saffron of the morning compared with the blaze of noon. The autumnal, methinks, are the fruit of the dog-days, heats of manhood or age, not of youth. The former are pure, transparent, crystalline, *viz.* [*sic*] the willow catkins and the early cinquefoils. This ranunculus, too, standing two or three inches above the water, is of a light yellow, especially at a distance. This, I think, is the rule with respect to spring flowers, though there are exceptions.

P. M. — To Great Meadows, 4 o'clock.

All but dogs and Englishmen are housed. It has been quite breezy, even windy, this month. The new foliage has rustled. Already leaves are eaten by insects. I see their excrement in the path; even the pads on the river have many holes in them. The *Viola pedata* and the columbines last into June, but now they are scarce. The *Lysimachia thyrsiflora*, tufted loosestrife, by the Depot Field Brook.

9 P. M. — Down railroad.

Heat lightning in the horizon. A sultry night. A flute from some villager. How rare among men so fit a thing as the sound of a flute at evening! Have not the fireflies in the meadow relation to the stars above, *étincelant*? When the darkness comes, we see stars

beneath also. The sonorous note of bullfrogs is heard a mile off in the river, the loudest sound this evening. Ever and anon the sound of his trombone comes over the meadows and fields, a-lulling all Concord to sleep. Do not the stars, too, show their light for love, like the fireflies? There are northern lights, shooting high up withal.

Even the botanist calls your fine new flower "a troublesome weed," — hound's-tongue.

June 17. Thursday. 4 A. M. — To Cliffs.

No fog this morning. At early dawn, the windows being open, I hear a steady, breathing, cricket-like sound from the chip-bird (?), ushering in the day. Perhaps these mornings are the most memorable in the year, — after a sultry night and before a sultry day, — when, especially, the morning is the most glorious season of the day, when its coolness is most refreshing and you enjoy the glory of the summer gilded or silvered with dews, without the torrid summer's sun or the obscuring haze. The sound of the crickets at dawn after these first sultry nights seems like the dreaming of the earth still continued into the daylight. I love that early twilight hour when the crickets still creak right on with such dewy faith and promise, as if it were still night, — expressing the innocence of morning, — when the creak of the cricket is fresh and bedewed. While the creak of the cricket has that ambrosial sound, no crime can be committed. It buries Greece and Rome past resurrection. The earth-song of the cricket! Before Christianity was, it is. Health! health!

health! is the burden of its song. It is, of course, that man, refreshed with sleep, is thus innocent and healthy and hopeful. When we hear that sound of the crickets in the sod, the world is not so much with us.

I hear the universal cock-crowing with surprise and pleasure, as if I never heard it before. What a tough fellow! How native to the earth! Neither wet nor dry, cold nor warm, kills him.

Is there any fog in a sultry night? The prudent farmer improves the early morning to do some of his work before the heat becomes too oppressive, while he can use his oxen. As yet no whetting of the scythe. The morning is ambrosial, but the day is a terrestrial *paradise*. Ah, the refreshing coolness of the morning, full of all kinds of fragrance! What is that *little* olivaceous-yellowish bird, whitish beneath, that followed me cheeping under the bushes? The birds sing well this morning, well as ever. The brown thrasher drowns the rest. Lark first, and, in the woods, the red-eye, veery, che-wink, oven-bird, wood thrush.

The cistus is well open now, with its broad cup-like flower. One of the most delicate yellow flowers, with large spring-yellow petals and its stamens laid one way. It is hard to get home fresh; is caducous and inclined to droop. The amelanchier berries begin to be red and edible: perhaps they should be quite purple to be ripe. They will be the second berry of the year. The yellow Bethlehem-star is of a deeper yellow than the cistus, a very neat flower, grass-like. The *Viburnum dentatum*.

P. M. — On the river by Hubbard's meadow.

Looking at a clump of trees and bushes on the meadow, which is commonly flooded in the spring, I saw a middling-sized rock concealed by the leaves lying in the midst, and perceived that this had obtained a place, had made good the locality, for the maples and shrubs which had found a foothold about it. Here the reeds or tender plants were detained and protected. Now concealed by the beneficiaries it had protected? The boulder dropped once on a meadow makes at length a clump of trees there.

Kalm's lily (*Nuphar lutea* var. *Kalmiana* (Gray)) appears to be more abundant on the river than the large one. The polygonum leaves make a dense leafy reddish or red edge to the river. The carrion-flower is very abundant on this river meadow. How many times I must have mistaken it for carrion.

A small thunder-shower came up in the southwest. The thunder sounded like moving a pile of boards in the attic. We could see the increasing outline of the slate-colored falling rain from the black cloud. It passed mainly to the south. We felt only the wind of it at first, but after it appeared to back up and we got some rain. You see large hummocks, one two rods long by one wide, lying high on the bank, as if the farmers had thrown up mud there, and perhaps detect a corresponding hollow, now an open bay amid the pads, from which it was scooped out.

In the damp, warm evening after the rain, the fire-flies appear to be more numerous than ever.

June 18. The hornet's nest is built with many thin layers of his paper, with an interval of about an eighth of an inch between them, so that his wall is one or two inches thick. This probably for warmth, dryness, and lightness. So sometimes the carpenter has learned to build double walls.

When I attended to the lichens last winter, I made out:—

First, the *Umbilicaria Muhlenbergii*, which Tuckerman says was the favorite rock-tripe in Franklin's Journey.

Second, *U. pustulata*.

Third, *U. Dillenii*.

All common on our rocks. The first like a cinder beneath, the second pustuled, the third like an old dried felt hat.

Parmelia perforata (with great shields).

P. caperata (wrinkled sulphur (H.)).

P. saxatilis (gray rock (Hooker)).

P. conspersa (greenish chestnut shielded (Hooker)).

One of the *Parmelia Citrinæ* (Is it the *P. chrysophthalma* on the apple trees of the Cape? In Loudon, *Borreri chrysophthalma*? What is that on the elm?).

P. stellaris (?).

P. hypoleuca (?), very handsome on black oak.

P. perlata (?).

P. orcina, crustaceous on rocks, yellow and fine.

P. albella.

P. Borreri.

P. scraposa (?), on the ground.

Sticta pulmonaria, on rocks.

S. glomerulifera (?), at the foot of oaks.

Cetraria lacunosa, perforated, very common. (*C. Islandica* famous. Some kinds dark-colored, some greenish.)

Evernia jubata, on the pitch pine, dark brown.

E. prunastri, stag's-horn, very handsome.

Ramalinas of two or more kinds, especially on red oaks.

Usneas of several kinds, some fine, some coarse, some long, some short, some ferruginous.

Cladonias, as *C. Cocciferæ*, the red-fruited, on the earth and on stumps.

Cladonias, *Scyphifera*, cup lichens of various kinds, on ground under banks and on stumps.

Cladonias, various cladonias of the reindeer moss kind (which last I have not identified), very common on dry pastures and hills.

Endocarpon miniatum, on moist rocks, Conantum.

Pertusaria papillata (*Porina* Ach.), minute, black, crustaceous.

On a small piece of bark, *Pertusaria faginea*, *Parmelia subfusca*, and *Lecidea parasema* (with the black border).

What is that very common greenish (when wet), pliant, leathery or gelatinous (?) lichen, very common on the earth and amid moss on rocks, with the shield on the under side? There is another, flat, small-leaved, and ash-colored when dry. The dead black birch bark is covered with many handsome small crustaceous lichens.

With roses rose-bugs have come.

7 P. M. — To Cliffs. No moon.

Methinks I saw and heard goldfinches. Pyrolas are beginning to blossom. The four-leaved loosestrife. The longest days in the year have now come. The sun goes down now (this moment) behind Watatic, from the Cliffs. St. John's-wort is beginning to blossom; looks yellow.

I hear a man playing a clarinet far off. Apollo tending the flocks of King Admetus. How cultivated, how sweet and glorious, is music! Men have brought this art to great perfection, the art of modulating sound, by long practice since the world began. What superiority over the rude harmony of savages! There is something glorious and flower-like in it. What a contrast this evening melody with the occupations of the day! It is perhaps the most admirable accomplishment of man.

June 19. Saturday. 8.30 A. M. — To Flag Hill — on which Stow, Acton, and Boxboro corner — with C., with bread and butter and cheese in pocket.

A comfortable breezy June morning. No dust to-day. To explore a segment of country between the Stow hills and the railroad in Acton, west to Boxboro. A fine, clear day, a journey day. A very small blue veronica in the bank by the roadside at Mrs. Hosmer's, apparently the same with that I saw on the Cliffs with toothed leaves. Interesting from being blue. The traveller now has the creak of the cricket to encourage him on all country routes, out of the fresh sod, still fresh as in the dawn, not interrupting his thoughts.

Very cheering and refreshing to hear so late in the day, this morning sound. The whiteweed colors some meadows as completely as the frosting does a cake. The waving June grass shows watered colors like grain. No mower's scythe is heard. The farmers are hoeing their corn and potatoes. Some low blackberry leaves are covered with a sort of orange-colored mildew or fungus. The clover is now in its glory. Whole fields are *rosed* with it, mixed with sorrel, and looking deeper than it is. It makes fields look luxuriant which are really thinly clad. The air is full of its sweet fragrance. I cannot find the linnæa in Loring's; perhaps because the woods are cut down; perhaps I am too late. The robins sing more than usual, maybe because of the coolness. Buttercups and geraniums cover the meadows, the latter appearing to float on the grass, — of various tints. It has lasted long, this rather tender flower. Methinks there are most *tall* buttercups now. These and the senecio, now getting stale, prevail in the meadows. Green early blueberries on hillsides *passim* remind you of the time when berries will be ripe. This is the ante-huckleberry season, when fruits are green. The green fruit of the thorn is conspicuous, and of the wild cherry and the amelanchiers and the thimble-berry. These are the clover days. The small white-starred flowers of the stitchwort (*Stellaria longifolia*), amid grass and bushes by the meadow-sides. Some grass may perchance be well named bent, if from its bended blade. The light of June is not golden but silvery, not a torrid but somewhat temperate heat. See it reflected from the bent grass and the under sides of leaves.

Also I perceive faint silvery gleaming ripples where there is a rapid in the river (from railroad bridge at Darby's), without sun on it.

At the pond on Lord's land saw the *Villarsia lacunosa* (Bigelow), common villarsia, with its small rounded heart-shaped leaves like a small pond-lily leaf, and its transparent frosty white flowers, spotting the whole surface like the white petals of some flower which had fallen on it. It belongs to a stagnant pond like this. What is that smooth elliptical leaf, three or four inches long, of the texture of the white lily leaf, peltate and almost, if not quite, vermilion on the under side? I do not see its flower.

The mullein out, with a disagreeable scent, and the dogbane, with a quite handsome bell-shaped flower, beautifully striped with red (rose red?) within.

Facts collected by a poet are set down at last as winged seeds of truth, samaræ, tinged with his expectation. Oh, may my words be verdurous and sempiternal as the hills! Facts fall from the poetic observer as ripe seeds.

At Willis's Spring under the railroad, a cocoanut shell from the other side of the globe to drink at a New England spring. Water kept cool in the bowels of the earth, the cellar of the earth. The meadow thalictrum there. *Aralia hispida*. The river has a June look, dark, smooth, reflecting surfaces in shade, and the water is refreshing as suggesting coolness. The shadows in and under elms and other trees have not been so rich hitherto. It is grateful to look forward half a mile into some dark umbrageous elm or ash. Is

that the common puffball, now white, convex, nubby? The paniced cornel (under which Gray puts Bigelow's white cornel), with pure white flowers. This and the *Viburnum dentatum*, now out, show handsome corymbs (and the *V. nudum*) in copses, both in sun and shade, against and amid the green leaves of the shrubs or trees. Grape in bloom; agreeable perfume to many, to me not so. This is not the meadow fragrance, then, which I have perceived. I hear the wiry phœbe note of the chickadee. Maybe the huckleberry-bird best expresses the season, or the red-eye. The four-leaved loosestrife covers large sandy tracts by the side of the railroad. The new shoots of the oaks are long enough to droop gracefully.

What subtle differences between one season and another! The warmest weather has, perchance, arrived and the longest days, but not the driest. When I remember gathering ripe blackberries on sandy fields or stones by the roadside, the very berries warmed by the sun, I am convinced of this. The seasons admit of infinite degrees in their revolutions.

Found one of the purple orchises in an open meadow.

Left the railroad near Ford Brook Fall and went over a hill on the left at South Acton. The veiny-leaved hawkweed out. A large swelling pasture hill with hickories left for shade and cattle now occupying them. The bark is rubbed smooth and red with their hides. Pleasant to go over the hills, for there there is most air stirring, but you must look out for bulls in the pastures. Saw one here reclining in the shade amid the cows. His short, sanguinary horns betrayed him, and

we gave him a wide berth, for they are not to be reasoned with.

On our right is Acton, on our left is Stow, and forward, Boxboro. Thus King Richard sailed the Ægean and passed kingdoms on his right and left. Now we are on one of the breezy hills that make the west horizon from Concord, from which we see our familiar Concord hills much changed and reduced in height and breadth. We are in a country very different from Concord, — of swelling hills and long vales, on the bounds of these three towns, more up-countryish. Some clovers are of a beautiful rich transparent (?) red color with their conical heads. A wild rose with large pale-pinkish blossom.

There rose a higher wooded hill on the north side of South Acton. From this hill, on the south side, we selected one from the west (it proved to be Flag Hill on the edge of Boxboro), which we decided to reach by striking more southerly and then following the *ridge* along [?] northwest, so we thought.

It requires considerable skill in crossing a country to avoid the houses and too cultivated parts, — somewhat of the engineer's or gunner's skill, — so to pass a house, if you must go near it through high grass, — pass the enemy's lines where houses are thick, — as to make a hill or wood screen you, — to shut every window with an apple tree. For that route which most avoids the houses is not only the one in which you will be least molested, but it is by far the most agreeable. Saw the handsomest large maple¹ west of this hill that I ever saw. We crawled through the end of a swamp on our

¹ White maple ?

bellies, the bushes were so thick, to screen us from a house forty rods off whose windows completely commanded the open ground, leaping some broad ditches, and when we emerged into the grass ground, some apple trees near the house beautifully screened us. It is rare that you cannot avoid a grain-field or piece of English mowing by skirting a corn-field or nursery near by, but if you must go through high grass, then step lightly and in each other's tracks.

We soon fell into a swamp where we smelt the *Viburnum nudum* rather strong and unpleasant; a dry swamp filled with high bushes and trees and, beneath, tall ferns, one large pinnate leaf, five or six feet high and one foot broad, making a dense undergrowth in tufts at bottom, spreading every way, — two species of this size, one more compound; these we opened with our hands, making a path through. Completely in cool shade. I steered by the sun, though it was so high now at noon that I observed which way my short shadow fell before I entered the swamp, — for in it we could see nothing of the country around, — and then, by keeping my shadow on a particular side of me, I steered surely, standing still sometimes till the sun came out of a cloud to be sure of our course. Came out at length on a side-hill very near the South Acton line in Stow, another large pasture hill smelling of strawberries, where I saw a large sugar maple, the nearest large one, wild, that I know, and some large ash trees. You could see no more of the surrounding country from the swamp than you could of a village street if you were in the cellars of the houses.

On this second hill we sat under another walnut, where the ants on and about the tree ran over us as we were eating our dinner. No water had we seen fit to drink since we started. The farmers of Stow and Acton, we fancied, were now taking a nooning. Now our further hill, which had appeared to be but a continuation of a ridge from this, proved to lie west-north-west across a broad valley some one and one half or two miles. So we dashed down the west side of this toward Heather Meadow Brook, where we found the swamp pink in blossom, a most cool refreshing fragrance to travellers in hot weather. I should place this with, if not before, the mayflower. Its flowers, just opened, have caught but few insects. *This* brook we could not drink, it was so tepid and stagnant. In these meadows, I forgot to say, we saw the beautiful wild rose of a deep red color, in blossom,—a rich sight; islands of rose bushes with a profusion of flowers and buds. How suddenly they have expanded! They are first seen in abundance in meadows. Is not this the carnival of the year, when the swamp rose and wild pink are in bloom, the last stage before blueberries come? We were obliged to choose a shallow place and wade Heather Meadow Brook, but we could not drink it. A cooler rill that emptied in smelt and tasted too strongly of muskrats. Then we threaded more swamp, very tangled, where we had to stoop continually, and full of brakes which we could more easily part, but not so wide as the last. And at length we reached the last hillside, but it proved a long way to its top. Still we could find no water fit to drink, and

were thinking of cool springs gushing from the hillsides under the shade of some maples.

The cow-wheat. The huckleberry-bird still. You see, on distant hills, cows everywhere standing in the shade; sometimes a woodchuck by the side of a clover-field standing up on his hind quarters like a short post. The strawberries are small and dried up.

Now, half-way up this hill, we struck into a thick wood, which, descending, turned into a thicker swamp, sometimes with trees, sometimes high bushes only, which completely shaded us, blueberries, etc.; and I saw the *Prinos lævigatus* (?), smooth winterberry, though the flowers, *in clusters*, appeared fertile and the pedicels were rather long, a half-inch all of them; beneath and around, brakes; under foot, sphagnum and gold-thread and decaying logs. This was the most intricate swamp of all, high on the side of a hill and wide. I climbed a yellow birch covered with lichens, looking as if dead, and another, whence I saw a larch red with cones, but could not see out; but, steering by the sun, at length came out right, on Flag Hill, in the southeast corner of Boxboro, where the three towns corner, and looked west to Harvard and Bolton hills. The country wore a New Hampshire aspect.

Returned by road and railroad to South Acton, crossed the side of the South Acton Hill, and cut across to Ford Brook at the Boxboro road. The *Juncus militaris*¹ in bloom. The prunella already, with few flowers. The adder's-tongue arethusa, with the bulbous. Thus we returned as we went, skirting meadows, threading

¹ *Scirpus lacustris*?

woods and swamps, and climbing hills, and occasionally skirting or crossing dusty cultivated fields between the rows of corn or potatoes. In the meadows the senecio, bruised, yields the prevailing smell. Saw some canoe (?) birches, probably, which looked like whitewashed trees, so large.

Can that hairy potentilla (but not dichotomous) be the Norway potentilla, already?

The orchis keeps well. One put in my hat this morning, and carried all day, will last fresh a day or two at home. These are peculiar days when you find the purple orchis and the arcthusa, too, in the meadows. The fields a walker loves best to strike into are bare, extended, rolling, bordered by copses, with brooks and meadows in sight, sandy beneath the thin sod, where now blackberries and pinks grow, erst rye or oats, — perchance these and stony pastures, where is no high grass nor grain nor cultivated ground nor houses near.

Bathed in the North River by the old stone bridge just before sundown.

Flag Hill is about eight miles *by the road* from Concord. We went much further, going and returning both; but by how much nobler road! Suppose you were to ride to Boxboro, what then? You pass a few teams with their dust, drive through many farmers' barn-yards, between two walls, see where Squire Tuttle lives and barrels his apples, bait your horse at White's Tavern, and so return, with your hands smelling of greasy leather and horseshair and the squeak of a chaise body in your ears, with no new flower nor agreeable experience. But, going as we did, before you got to Boxboro line,

you often went much further, many times ascended New Hampshire hills, taking the noble road from hill to hill, across swamps and valleys, not regarding political courses and boundaries, many times far west in your thought. It is a journey of a day and a picture of human life.

It was a very good day on the whole, for it was cool in the morning, and there were just clouds enough to shade the earth in the hottest part of the day, and at evening it was comfortably cool again.

The primos-like shrub in the southwest of Acton swamp, on side of Flag Hill, has from six to nine petals and the same number of stamens on the monopetalous flower, which all comes off together and leaves a distinct calyx of six or seven lanceolate segments and, within, the germ, with apparently three sessile stigmas or short divisions at its apex. All on slender peduncles about five eighths of an inch long, proceeding from nearly a common centre (with leaves).

June 20. 7 P. M. — To Hubbard Bathing-Place.

The blue-eyed grass is shut up. When does it open? Some blue flags are quite a red purple, — dark wine-color. Identified the *Iris prismatica*, Boston iris, with linear leaves and round stem.

The stake-driver is at it in his favorite meadow. I followed the sound. At last I got within two rods, it seeming always to recede and drawing you like a will-o'-the-wisp further away into the meadows. When thus near, I heard some lower sounds at the beginning, much more like striking on a stump or a stake, a dry

hard sound; and then followed the gurgling, pumping notes, fit to come from a meadow. This was just within the blueberry and *Pyrus arbutifolia* (choke-berry) bushes, and when the bird flew up alarmed, I went to the place, but could see no water, which makes me doubt if water is necessary to it in making the sound. Perhaps it thrusts its bill so deep as to reach the water where it is dry on the surface. It sounds the more like wood-chopping or pumping, because you seem to hear the echo of the stroke or the reverse motion of the pump-handle. I hear them morning and evening. After the warm weather has come, both morning and evening you hear the bittern pumping in the fens. It does not sound loud near at hand, and it is remarkable that it should be heard so far. Perhaps it is pitched on a favorable key. Is it not a call to its mate? Methinks that in the resemblance of this note to rural sounds, to sounds made by farmers, the protection, the security, of the bird is designed. Minott says: "I call them belcher-squelechers. They go *slug-toot, slug-toot, slug-toot.*"

Dry fields have now a reddish tinge from the seeds of the grass.

Lying with my window open, these warm, even sultry nights, I hear the sonorously musical trump of the bullfrogs from time to time, from some distant shore of the river, as if the world were given up to them. By those villagers who live on the street they are never seen and rarely heard by day, but in the quiet sultry nights their notes ring from one end of the town to another. It is as if you had waked up in the infernal regions. I do not know for a time in what world I am.

It affects my morals, and all questions take a new aspect from this sound. At night bullfrogs lie on the pads and answer to one another all over North America; undoubtedly there is an incessant and uninterrupted chain of sound, *troomp, troomp, troomp*, from the Atlantic to the Pacific (*vide* if they reach so far west), further than Britain's morning gun. It is the snoring music of nature at night. When you wake thus at midnight and hear this sonorous trump from far in the horizon, you need not go to Dante for an idea of the infernal regions. It requires the night air, this sound. How allied to a pad in place, in color, — for his greenish back is the leaf and his yellow throat the flower, — even in form, with his sesquipedality of belly! (And other, white-bellied frogs are white lilies.) Through the summer he lies on the pads, or with his head out, and in the winter buries himself at their roots (?). The bullpaddock! His eyes like the buds of the *Nuphar Kalmiana*. Methinks his skin would stand water without shrinking forever. Gloves made of it for rainy weather, for trout-fishers!! Frogs appear slow to make up their minds, but then they act precipitately. As long as they are here, they are here, and express no intention of removing; but the idea of removing fills them instantaneously, as nature, abhorring, fills a vacuum. Now they are fixed and imperturbable like the Sphinx, and now they go off with short, squatty leaps over the spatter-dock, on the irruption of the least idea.

June 21. Monday. 7 P. M. — To Cliffs via Hubbard Bathing-Place.

Cherry-birds. I have not seen, though I think I have heard them before, — their *fine* seringo note, like a vibrating spring in the air. They are a handsome bird, with their crest and chestnut breasts. There is no keeping the run of their goings and comings, but they will be ready for the cherries when they shall be ripe.

The adder's-tongue *arethusa* smells exactly like a snake. How singular that in nature, too, beauty and offensiveness should be thus combined! In flowers, as well as men, we demand a beauty pure and fragrant, which perfumes the air. The flower which is showy but has no, or an offensive, odor expresses the character of too many mortals.

The swamp-pink bushes have many whitish spongy excrescences. Elder is blossoming; flowers opening now where black berries will be by and by. Panicled *andromeda*, or privet *andromeda*.

Nature has looked uncommonly bare and dry to me for a day or two. With our senses applied to the surrounding world we are reading our own physical and corresponding moral revolutions. Nature was so shallow all at once I did not know what had attracted me all my life. I was therefore encouraged when, going through a field this evening, I was unexpectedly struck with the beauty of an apple tree. The perception of beauty is a moral test.

When, in bathing, I rush hastily into the river the clamshells cut my feet.

It is dusky now. Men are fishing on the Corner Bridge. I hear the veery and the huckleberry-bird and the catbird. It is a cool evening, past 8 o'clock. I

see the tephrosia out through the dusk; a handsome flower.

What rich crops this dry hillside has yielded! First I saw the *Viola pedata* here, and then the lupines and the snapdragon covered it; and now the lupines are done and their pods are left, the tephrosia has taken their place. This small dry hillside is thus a natural garden. I omit other flowers which grow here, and name only those which to some extent cover it or possess it. No eighth of an acre in a cultivated garden would be better clothed, or with a more pleasing variety, from month to month, and while one flower is in bloom you little suspect that which is to succeed and perchance eclipse it. It is a warmly placed dry hillside beneath a wall, very thinly clad with grass. Such spots there are in nature, natural flower gardens. Of this succession I hardly know which to admire the most. It would be pleasant to write the history of one hillside for one year. First and last you have the colors of the rainbow and more, and the various fragrances, which it has not. Blackberries, roses, and dogsbane also are now in bloom here.

I hear neither toads nor bullfrogs at present; they want a warmer night. I hear the sound of distant thunder, though no cloud is obvious, muttering like the roar of artillery. That is a phenomenon of this season. As you walk at evening, you see the light of the flashes in the horizon and hear the muttering of distant thunder, where some village is being refreshed with the rain denied to Concord. We say that showers avoid us, that they go down the river, *i. e.* go off down the Merrimack,

or keep to the south. Thunder and lightning are remarkable accompaniments to our life, as if to remind us that there always is or should be a kind of battle waging. The thunder is signal guns to us.

The dwarf orchis (*O. herbiola* (Bigelow), *Platanthera flava* (Gray)) at the bathing-place in Hubbard's meadow, not remarkable. The purple orchis is a good flower to bring home. It will keep fresh many days, and its buds open at last in a pitcher of water. Obtuse galium. I observe a rose (called by some moss rose), with a bristly reddish stem; another, with a smooth red stem and but a few prickles; another, with many prickles and bristles. Found the single-flowered broom-rape in Love Lane, under the oak.

June 22. 8 P. M. — Up the Union Turnpike.

We have had a succession of thunder-showers to-day and at sunset a rainbow. How moral the world is made! This bow is not utilitarian. Methinks men are great in proportion as they are moral. After the rain He sets his bow in the heavens! The world is not destitute of beauty. Ask of the skeptic who inquires, *Cui bono?* why the rainbow was made. While men cultivate flowers below, God cultivates flowers above; he takes charge of the parterres in the heavens. Is not the rainbow a faint vision of God's face? How glorious should be the life of man passed under this arch! What more remarkable phenomenon than a rainbow, yet how little it is remarked!

Near the river thus late, I hear the peewee, with white-barred wings. The scent of the balm-of-Gilead

leaves fills the road after the rain. There are the amber skies of evening, the colored skies of both morning and evening! Nature adorns these seasons. Unquestionable truth is sweet, though it were the announcement of our dissolution.

More thunder-showers threaten, and I still can trace those that are gone by. The fireflies in the meadows are very numerous, as if they had replenished their lights from the lightning. The far-retreated thunder-clouds low in the southeast horizon and in the north, emitting low flashes which reveal their forms, appear to lift their wings like fireflies; or it is a steady glare like the glow-worm. Wherever they go, they make a meadow. I hear no toads this cool evening.

June 23. 5 A. M. — To Laurel Glen.

The bobolink still sings, though not as in May. The tall buttercups do not make so much show in the meadows, methinks, as the others did. Or are they beaten down by last night's rain? The small Solomon's-seal is going out of flower and shows small berries. The pretty little *Mitchella repens*, with its twin flowers, spots the ground under the pines with its downy-petalled, cross-shaped flowers and its purplish buds. Gray's *Pyrola asarifolia*¹ for some days, with small roundish thick leaves, and his *P. secunda*, or one-sided pyrola, apparently a little later. Another ripe amelanchier berry, red inclining to purple, with a still downy peduncle, so I suppose it is Bigelow's *Pyrus ovalis*. This is the next fruit after the strawberry. I

¹ [Queried in pencil.]

suppose the June berry (blue berry) [*sic*] will be the next. The first amelanchier berry I tasted corresponded in leaf to Bigelow's *P. sanguinea*, which is a tree, though that was a low shrub. The grass is not nearly so wet after thunder-showers in the night as after an ordinary dew. Apparently the rain falls so swiftly and hard that it does not rest on the leaves, and then there is no more moisture to be deposited in dew. Yellow dier-villa must have been in bloom about a week. Round-leaved cornel resembles the panicled in flower. The mountain laurel, with its milk-white flower, in cool and shady woods, reminds one of the vigor of nature. It is perhaps a first-rate flower, considering its size and ever-greenness. Its flower-buds, curiously folded in a ten-angled pyramidal form, are remarkable. A profusion of flowers, with an innocent fragrance. It reminds me of shady mountain-sides where it forms the underwood. I hear my old Walden owl. Its first note is almost like a somewhat peevish scream or squeal of a child shrugging its shoulders, and then succeed two more moderate and musical ones. The wood thrush sings at all hours. I associate it with the cool morning, sultry noon, and serene evening. At this hour it suggests a cool vigor.

What I have called the dwarf choke-cherry is the *Cerasus Pennsylvanica* of Gray, *i. e.* wild red cherry. We have also the *C. Virginiana* (or *obovata* of Bigelow), the true choke-cherry, with a raceme. Both their fruits are now the size of small peas. When does the last blossom? Bigelow says a fortnight before the *serotina*. The herd's-grass shows its tops.

P. M. — To the mountain laurel in Mason's pasture in Carlisle *via* old Carlisle road.

I hear the trilled dream of many toads from a *road-side* pool, though not quite so loud, perchance, as in the spring, and from time to time, when very near, a sound somewhat like a hoarse chicken. It is what I call a *washing* day, such as we sometimes have when buttercups first appear in the spring, an agreeably cool and clear and breezy day, when all things appear as if washed bright and shine, and, at this season especially, the sound of the wind rustling the leaves is like the rippling of a stream, and you see the light-colored under side of the still fresh foliage, and a sheeny light is reflected from the bent grass in the meadows. Haze and sultriness are far off. The air is cleared and cooled by yesterday's thunder-storms. The river too has a fine, cool, silvery sparkle or sheen on it. You can see far into the horizon, and you can hear the sound of crickets with such feelings as in the cool morning.

The Canada thistles begin to show their purple. What great thistle is that by the wall near Dakin's, not yet in bloom? In the Carlisle road, the rather slender veiny-leaved hawkweed. Rattlesnake-weed is in blossom quite commonly, like a small elevated dandelion on a slender stalk taking the place of the true. These slight yellow flowers to cheer the traveller here; also a *Hieraceum scabrum* (rough) or else *Gronovii* (hairy) of Gray. I saw one of *these last the 19th*. These little hawkweeds are to me a rather interesting family, so unpretending, or if only because they make so distinct or marked a family by themselves. Also the

barberry bushes hang now with small reddish-green fruit, and green huckleberries grow in this grassy road. Cheered by these promises, the traveller holds on his way. But I travel chiefly in the fields or pastures parallel with the road.

These are very agreeable pastures to me; no house in sight, no cultivation. I sit under a large white oak, upon its swelling instep, which makes an admirable seat, and look forth over these pleasant rocky and bushy pastures, where for the most part there are not even cattle to graze them, but patches of huckleberry bushes, and birches, and pitch pines, and barberry bushes, and creeping juniper in great circles, its edges curving upward, and wild roses spotting the green with red, and numerous tufts of indigo-weed, and, above all, great gray boulders lying about far and near, with some barberry bush, perchance, growing half-way up them; and, between all, the short sod of the pasture here and there appears.

The beauty and fragrance of the wild rose are wholly agreeable and wholesome and wear well, and I do not wonder much that men have given the preference to this family of flowers, notwithstanding their thorns. It is hardy and more complete in its parts than most flowers, — its color, buds, fragrance, leaves, the whole bush, frequently its stem in particular, and finally its red or scarlet hips. Here is the sweet-briar in blossom, which to a fragrant flower adds more fragrant leaves. I take the wild rose buds to my chamber and put them in a pitcher of water, and they will open there the next day, and a single flower will perfume a room; and

then, after a day, the petals drop off, and new buds open.

I am inclined to think that my hat, whose lining is gathered in midway so as to make a shelf, is about as good a botany-box as I could have and far more convenient, and there is something in the darkness and the vapors that arise from the head — at least if you take a bath — which preserves flowers through a long walk. Flowers will frequently come fresh out of this botany-box at the end of the day, though they have had no sprinkling.

As I walk through these old deserted wild orchards, half pasture, half huckleberry-field, the air is filled with fragrance from I know not what source. How much purer and sweeter it must be than the atmosphere of the streets, rendered impure by the filth about our houses! It is quite offensive often when the air is heavy at night. The roses in the front yard do not atone for the sink and pigsty and cow-yard and jakes in the rear.

I sit on one of these boulders and look south to Ponkawtasset. Looking west, whence the wind comes, you do not see the under sides of the leaves, but, looking east, every bough shows its under side; those of the maples are particularly white. All leaves tremble like aspen leaves. Perhaps on those westward hills where I walked last Saturday the fields are somewhat larger than commonly with us, and I expand with a sense of freedom. The side of the hill commonly makes but one field. They begin to partake of the character of up-country pastures a little more. Two or three large

boulders, fifteen or twenty feet square, make a good foreground in this landscape, for the gray color of the rock contrasts well with the green of the surrounding and more distant hills and woods and fields. They serve instead of cottages for a wild landscape as perches or *points d'appui* for the eye.

The red color of cattle, also, is agreeable in a landscape; or let them be what color they may, — red, black, white, or mouse-color, or spotted, all which I have seen this afternoon. The cows which, confined to the barn or barn-yard all winter, were covered with filth, after roaming in flowery pastures possess now clean and shining coats, and the cowy odor is without alloy. Indeed they make such an impression of neatness (I think of a white cow, spotted with red, and her two sizable calves of like color, which I saw this afternoon) that one who was unacquainted with etymology might be excused if he gave a new signification to the word neat as applied to cattle, and did not refer it to *knittan*, to butt (*i. e.* horned cattle).

It seems natural that rocks which have lain under the heavens so long should be gray, as it were an intermediate color between the heavens and the earth. The air is the thin paint in which they have been dipped and brushed with the wind. Water, which is more fluid and like the sky in its nature, is still more like it in color. Time will make the most discordant materials harmonize.

I see the silk-green-abdomened fly on cow-dung in the road.

There are some very handsome white pines and pine

groves on the left of the road just before you enter the woods. They are of second growth, of course, broad and perfect, with limbs almost to the ground, and almost as broad as they are high, their fine leaves trembling with silvery light, very different from the tall masts of the primitive wood, naked of limbs beneath and crowded together. So soft, and with such a mass of foliage through which the wind sighs. But you must be careful how you sit beneath them on account of pitch. Somewhat of a conical form.

This grassy road now dives into the wood, as if it were entering a cellar or bulkhead, the shadow is so deep. June is the first month for shadows. How is it in July? And now I scent the pines. I plucked a blue geranium in a meadow near the Kibbe Place, which appeared to me remarkably fragrant, like lilies and strawberries combined. The path I cut through the swamp late last fall is much more grown up than I expected. The sweet fragrance of swamp-pinks fills all the swamps, and when I look down, I see commonly the leaf of the gold-thread. The mountain laurels in Mason's pasture have not a blossom. They appear to have been partly killed by the winter or else late frosts; the leaves many of them are turned red and dead. And yet they sometimes blossom, for I see the remains of former flowers. They grow in the open pasture. Here is another pasture, with fields of sweet-fern bushes, and the humble but beautiful red lambkill everywhere, alone or mingled with other shrubs. Ever the walker will be attracted by some deeper red blossom than usual. You cannot bring it home in good condition;

else, perchance, it would be better known. With white pines and birches, beginning to prevail over the grass.

There are interesting groves of young soft white pines eighteen feet high, whose vigorous yellowish-green shoots of this season, from three to eighteen inches long, at the extremities of all the branches, contrast remarkably with the dark green of the old leaves. I observe that these shoots are bent and, what is more remarkable, all one way, *i. e.* to the east, almost at a right angle the topmost ones, and I am reminded of the observation in Henry's Adventures, that the Indians guided themselves in cloudy weather by this mark. All these shoots, excepting those low down on the east side, are bent toward the east. I am very much pleased with this observation, confirming that of the Indians. I was singularly impressed when I first observed that all the young pines in this pasture obeyed this law, without regard to the direction of the wind or the shelter of other trees. To make myself more sure of the direction, as it was not easy to determine it exactly, standing on one side, where so many shoots were bent in the air, I went behind the trees on the west till the bent shoot appeared as a straight line, and then, by observing my shadow and guessing at the time of day, I decided that their direction was due east. This gives me more satisfaction than any observation which I have made for a long time. This is true of the rapidly growing shoots. How long will this phenomenon avail to guide the traveller? How soon do they become erect? A natural compass. How few civilized men probably have ever made this observation, so important to the

savage! How much may there have been known to his woodcraft which has not been detected by science! At first I remarked the shoots of a distinct yellowish green, contrasting with the rest of the tree, then that they were not upright but bent more or less, and next that they were all inclined one way, as if bent by the wind, and finally that they were all bent east, without regard to the wind.

On the side of this pasture, I hear the red-eye in the swamp and the cool peep of a robin who has young, amid the pines. How quick are cattle and horses to hear the step of a walker! I pass much nearer to men at work in a field without being observed than to cattle or horses feeding. The latter hear me or, perchance, scent me if they do not look up. I observed a bullock this afternoon, when all his companions on a side-hill were already looking at me, suddenly whirl round to stare, as if he had detected from their attitude that some object engaged them. Then how curiously a whole herd will leave off grazing, and stare till you have passed, and if you have a dog, will think of their calves and make demonstrations of tossing him!

I returned to the bridle road and thence over Hubbard's oak grove hill. We have few handsome open oak groves left, but how handsome and cool and bosky they look in this breezy weather!

From N. Barrett's road I look over the Great Meadows. The meadows are the freshest, the greenest green in the landscape, and I do not (at this hour, at any rate) see any bent grass light. The river is a singularly deep living blue, the bluest blue, such as I rarely ob-

serve, and its shore is silvered with white maples, which show the under sides of their leaves, stage upon stage, in leafy towers. Methinks the leaves continue to show their under sides some time after the wind has done blowing. The southern edge of the meadow is also silvered with (I suppose) the red maple. Then there is the darker green of the forest, and the reddish, brownish, and bluish green of grass-lands and pastures and grain-fields, and the light-blue sky. There are not clouds enough in the sky to attract you to-day.

The sweet-briar bud which I brought home opened in the night. Is that the habit of roses?

June 24. P. M. — To White Pond.

The keys of the white ash cover the trees profusely, a sort of mulberry brown, an inch and a half long, handsome. The *Vaccinium macrocarpon*, probably for some days.

The *Calopogon pulchellus* (*Cymbidium* of Bigelow), grass pink of some, a pretty purple arethusa-like flower in a shady low copse on Corner road, near the *Asclepias quadrifolia*, a rather striking flower with two umbels of small pink and white flowers standing above the surrounding herbage. *Spiræa salicifolia* by the roadsides. *Archangelica atropurpurea*, interesting for its great umbels and vigorous growth of its purplish but rank-smelling stem. It is one of the most forward early leaves in warm springy places. I perceive excrescences on the grape leaves and vines, resembling in their form and disposition the grape clusters that are to be.

The drifting white downy clouds are to the landsman

what sails on the sea are to him that dwells by the shore, — objects of a large, diffusive interest. When the laborer lies on the grass or in the shade for rest, they do not too much tax or weary his attention. They are unobtrusive. I have not heard that white clouds, like white houses, made any one's eyes ache. They are the flitting sails in that ocean whose bounds no man has visited. They are like all great themes, always at hand to be considered, or they float over us unregarded. Far away they float in the serene sky, the most inoffensive of objects, or, near and low, they smite us with their lightnings and deafen us with their thunder. We know no Ternate nor Tidore grand enough whither we can imagine them bound. There are many mare's-tails to-day, if that is the name. What could a man learn by watching the clouds? The objects which go over our heads unobserved are vast and indefinite. Even those clouds which have the most distinct and interesting outlines are commonly below the zenith, somewhat low in the heavens, and seen on one side. They are among the most glorious objects in nature. A sky without clouds is a meadow without flowers, a sea without sails. Some days we have the mackerel fleet. But our devilishly industrious laborers rarely lie in the shade. How much better if they were to take their nooning like the Italians, relax and expand and never do any work in the middle of the day, enjoy a little sabbath in the middle of the day.

I still perceive that wonderful fragrance from the meadow (?) on the Corner causeway, intense as ever. It is one of those effects whose cause it

is best not to know, perchance. Uncommonly cool weather now, after warm days and nights for a week or more. I see *many* grasshoppers for the first time (only single ones before), in the grass in the White Pond road. They describe a thousand little curves as I walk,  with an ominous dry rustling of their wings, about three quarters of an inch long. Come to eat the grass? It is the biggest game our dog starts. Much of the June-grass is dead; *most* of it in dry fields.

White Pond very handsome to-day. The shore alive with pollywogs of large size, which ripple the water on our approach. There is a fine sparkle on the water, though not equal to the fall one quite. The water is very high, so that you cannot walk round it, but it is the more pleasant while you are swimming to see how the trees *actually* rise out of it on all sides. It bathes their feet. The pines now hold somewhat of a subordinate rank amid the flourishing evergreens.

The dog worried a woodchuck, half grown, which did not turn its back and run into its hole, but backed into it and faced him and us, gritting its teeth and prepared to die. But even this little fellow was able to defend himself against the dog with his sharp teeth. That fierce gritting of their teeth is a remarkable habit with these animals.

I am disappointed to notice to-day that most of the pine-tops incline to the west, as if the wind had to do with it. The paniced andromeda has froth on it. The *Linnaea borealis* just going out of blossom. I should

have found it long ago. Its leaves densely cover the ground.

June 25. Just as the sun was rising this morning, under clouds, I saw a rainbow in the west horizon, the lower parts quite bright.

“Rainbow in the morning,
Sailors take warning;
Rainbow at night
Sailors' delight.”

A few moments after, it rained heavily for a half-hour; and it has continued cloudy as well as cool most of the day. I observe that young birds are usually of a duller color and more speckled than old ones, as if for their protection in their tender state. They have not yet the markings (and the beauty) which distinguish their species, and which betray it often, but by their colors are merged in the variety of colors of the season.

P. M. — To Cliffs, 4 P. M.

It is cool and cloudy weather in which the crickets, still heard, remind you of the fall, — a clearer ring to their creak. Also the prunella, cool in the grass, and the johnswort make you think it late in the year. *Maruta Cotula*, or mayweed, — why so named? — just begins, with its strong-scented leaf. It has taken up its position by the roadside close to the ruts, — in bad taste. The *Prinos verticillatus*, with its small, neat, scentless white flower. Dogwood (*Rhus venenata*). The bobolink and golden robin are occasionally heard nowadays. Sometimes the lambkill flowers form a very even rounded, close cylinder, six inches long and two

and a half in diameter, of rich red saucer-like flowers, the counterpart of the *latifolia* in flowers and flower-buds, but higher colored. I regard it as a beautiful flower neglected. It has a slight but not remarkable scent. The *Convolvulus sepium*, bindweed; morning-glory is the best name. It always refreshes me to see it. Some saw it the 19th. In the morning and cloudy weather, says Gray. I associate it with holiest morning hours. It may preside over my morning walks and thoughts. There is a flower for every mood of the mind.

Methinks roses oftenest display their high colors, colors which invariably attract all eyes and betray them, against a dark ground, as the dark green or the shady recesses of the bushes and copses, where they show to best advantage. Their enemies do not spare the open flower for an hour. Hence, if for no other reason, their buds are most beautiful. Their promise of perfect and dazzling beauty, when their buds are just beginning to expand,—beauty which they can hardly contain,—as in most youths, commonly surpasses the fulfillment of their expanded flowers. The color shows fairest and brightest in the bud. The expanded flower has no higher or deeper tint than the swelling bud exposed. This raised a dangerous expectation. The season when wild roses are in bloom should have some preëminence, methinks.

Agreeable is this cool cloudy weather, favorable to thought, after the sultry days. *Linaria vulgaris*, butter-and-eggs, toad-flax, on Fair Haven. (Was seen the 19th.) It is rather rich-colored, with a not disagreeable

scent. It is called a troublesome weed. Flowers must not be too profuse nor obtrusive; else they acquire the reputation of weeds. It grows almost like a cotton-grass, so above and distinct from its leaves, in wandering patches higher and higher up the side of the hill. I see no reddish ferns in the meadows now (looking from the hill), but much of the grass and the ferns, perhaps, is of a yellowish green, as if retaining the sunlight in this cloudy weather. Grateful the coolness which compels me to wear a thick coat.

One man lies in his words, and gets a bad reputation; another in his manners, and enjoys a good one.

The air is clear, as if a cool, dewy brush had swept the vales and meadows of all haze. A liquid coolness invests them, as if their midnight aspect were suddenly revealed to midday. The mountain outline is remarkably distinct, and the intermediate earth appears more than usually scooped out, like a vast saucer sloping upward to its sharp mountain rim. The mountains are washed in air. The sunshine, now seen far away on fields and hills in the northwest, looks cool and wholesome, like the yellow grass in the meadows.

I am too late for the white pine flowers. The cones are half an inch long and greenish, and the male flowers effete.

The sun now comes out bright, though westering, and shines on Fair Haven, which, rippled by the wind, is of an unusual clay-muddy color. The *Specularia perfoliata*, clasping bellflower, on the Cliffs is very pretty, and has apparently been out several days. There are little recesses, a rod or two square, in bosky woods

which have not grown fast, where a fine, wiry grass invites to lie down in the shade, under the shrub oaks, on the edge of the Well Meadow Head field.

8.30 P. M. — To Conantum.

Moon half full. Fields dusky; the evening star and one other bright one near the moon. It is a cool but pretty still night. Methinks I am less thoughtful than I was last year at this time. The flute I now hear from the Depot Field does not find such caverns to echo and resound in in my mind, —no such answering depths. Our minds should echo at least as many times as a Mammoth Cave to every musical sound. It should awaken reflections in us. I hear not many crickets. Some children calling their kitten home by some endearing name. Now his day's work is done, the laborer plays his flute, — only possible at this hour. Contrasted with his work, what an accomplishment! Some drink and gamble. He plays some well-known march. But the music is not in the tune; it is in the sound. It does not proceed from the trading nor political world. He practices this ancient art. There are light, vaporous clouds overhead; dark, fuscous ones in the north. The trees are turned black. As candles are lit on earth, stars are lit in the heavens. I hear the bullfrog's trump from afar.

Now I turn down the Corner road. At this quiet hour the evening wind is heard to moan in the hollows of your face, mysterious, spirit-like, conversing with you. It can be heard now only. The whip-poor-will sings. I hear a laborer going home, coarsely singing to

himself. Though he has scarcely had a thought all day, killing weeds, at this hour he sings or talks to himself. His humble, earthy contentment gets expression. It is kindred in its origin with the notes or music of many creatures. A more fit and natural expression of his mood, this humming, than conversation is wont to be. The fireflies appear to be flying, though they may be stationary on the grass stems, for their perch and the nearness of the ground are obscured by the darkness, and now you see one here and then another there, as if it were one in motion. Their light is singularly bright and glowing to proceed from a living creature. Nature loves variety in all things, and so she adds glow-worms to fireflies, though I have not noticed any this year. The great story of the night is the moon's adventures with the clouds. What innumerable encounters she has had with them! When I enter on the moonlit causeway, where the light is reflected from the glistening alder leaves, and their deep, dark, liquid shade beneath strictly bounds the firm damp road and narrows it, it seems like autumn. The rows of willows completely fence the way and appear to converge in perspective, as I had not noticed by day. The bullfrogs are of various tones. Some horse in a distant pasture whinnies; dogs bark; there is that dull, dumping sound of frogs, as if a bubble containing the lifeless sultry air of day burst on the surface, a belching sound. When two or more bullfrogs trump together, it is a ten-pound-ten note. In Conant's meadow I hear the gurgling of unwearied water, the trill of a toad, and go through the cool, primordial liquid air that has settled there.

As I sit on the great door-step, the loose clapboards on the old house rattle in the wind weirdly, and I seem to hear some wild mice running about on the floor, and sometimes a loud crack from some weary timber trying to change its position.

On Conantum-top, all white objects like stones are observed, and dark masses of foliage, at a distance even. How distant is day and its associations! The light, dry cladonia lichens on the brows of hills reflect the moonlight well, looking like rocks. The night wind comes cold and whispering, murmuring weirdly from distant mountain-tops. No need to climb the Andes or Himalayas, for brows of lowest hills are highest mountain-tops in cool moonlight nights. Is it a cuckoo's chuckling note I heard? Occasionally there is something enormous and monstrous in the size and distance of objects. A rock, is it? or an elephant asleep? Are these trees on an upland or a lowland? Or do they skirt the brink of a sea-beach? When I get there, shall I look off over the sea? The whiteweed is the only obvious flower. I see the tops of the rye wave, and grain-fields are more interesting than by day. The water is dull-colored, hardly more bright than a rye-field. There is dew only in the low grounds. What were the firefly's light, if it were not for darkness? The one implies the other.

You may not suspect that the milk of the cocoanut which is imported from the other side of the world is mixed. So pure do some truths come to us, I trust.

What a mean and wretched creature is man! By and by some Dr. Morton may be filling your cranium with white mustard seed to learn its internal capacity. Of

all ways invented to come at a knowledge of a living man, this seems to me the worst, as it is the most belated. You would learn more by once paring the toenails of the living subject. There is nothing out of which the spirit has more completely departed, and in which it has left fewer significant traces.

June 26. I have not put darkness, duskiness, enough into my night and moonlight walks. Every sentence should contain some twilight or night. At least the light in it should be the yellow or creamy light of the moon or the fine beams of stars, and not the white light of day. The peculiar dusky serenity of the sentences must not allow the reader to forget that it is evening or night, without my saying that it is dark. Otherwise he will, of course, presume a daylight atmosphere.

The earliest water surfaces, as I remember, as soon as the ice is melted, present as fair and matured scenes, as soft and warm, reflecting the sky through the clear atmosphere, as in midsummer, — far in advance of the earth. The earliest promise of the summer, — is it not in the smooth reflecting surface of woodland lakes in which the ice is just melted? Those liquid eyes of nature, blue or black or even hazel, deep or shallow, clear or turbid; green next the shore, the color of their iris.

P. M. — Boated up the Assabet.

The *Nymphaea odorata*, water nymph, sweet water-lily, pond-lily, in bloom. A superb flower, our lotus, queen of the waters. Now is the solstice in still waters. How sweet, innocent, wholesome its fragrance! How pure its white petals, though its root is in the mud! It

must answer in my mind for what the Orientals say of the lotus flower. Probably the first a day or two since. To-morrow, then, will be the first Sabbath when the young men, having bathed, will walk slowly and soberly to church in their best clothes, each with a lily in his hand or bosom, — with as long a stem as he could get. At least I used to see them go by and come into church smelling a pond-lily, when I used to go myself. So that the flower is to some extent associated with bathing in Sabbath mornings and going to church, its odor contrasting and atoning for that of the sermon. We now have roses on the land and lilies on the water, — both land and water have done their best, — now *just* after the longest day. Nature says, “You behold the utmost I can do.” And the young women carry their finest roses on the other hand. Roses and lilies. The floral days. The red rose, with the intense color of many suns concentrated, spreads its tender petals perfectly fair, its flower not to be overlooked, modest yet queenly, on the edges of shady copses and meadows, against its green leaves, surrounded by blushing buds, of perfect form; not only beautiful, but rightfully commanding attention; unspoiled by the admiration of gazers. And the water-lily floats on the smooth surface of slow waters, amid rounded shields of leaves, bucklers, red beneath, which simulate a green field, perfuming the air. Each instantly the prey of the spoiler, — the rose-bug and water-insects. How transitory the perfect beauty of the rose and lily! The highest, intensest color belongs to the land, the purest, perchance, to the water. The lily is perhaps the only

flower which all are eager to pluck; it may be partly because of its inaccessibility to most. The farmers' sons will frequently collect every bud that shows itself above the surface within half a mile. They are so infested by insects, and it is so rare you get a perfect one which has opened itself, — though these only are perfect, — that the buds are commonly plucked and opened by hand. I have a faint recollection of pleasure derived from smoking dried lily stems before I was a man. I had commonly a supply of these. I have never smoked anything more noxious. I used to amuse myself with making the yellow drooping stamens rise and fall by blowing through the pores of the long stem.

I see the nests of the bream, with each its occupant, hollowed, scooped in the sunny water, and partly shaded by the leaves of the limnanthemum, or floating heart, now in blossom, and the *Potamogeton natans*, or pondweed. Under the cool, glossy green leaves of small swamp white oaks, and leaning against their scaly bark near the water, you see the wild roses, five or six feet high, looking forth from the shade; but almost every bush or copse near the river or in low land which you approach these days emits the noisome odor of the carrion-flower, so that you would think that all the dead dogs had drifted to that shore. All things, both beautiful and ugly, agreeable and offensive, are expressed in flowers, — all kinds and degrees of beauty and all kinds of foulness. For what purpose has nature made a flower to fill the lowlands with the odor of carrion? Just so much beauty and virtue as there is in the world, and just so much ugliness and vice, you see

expressed in flowers. Each human being has his flower, which expresses his character. In them nothing is concealed, but everything published. Many a villager whose garden bounds on the river, when he approaches the willows and cornels by the river's edge, thinks that some carrion has lodged on his shore, when it is only the carrion-flower he smells.

Though the water is many feet deep, I hear very plainly the grating sound of the pole on the sandy bottom communicated through the wood. Some of the hemlock twigs, especially those that hang low about the trunks, broad, flat, and triangular like fans, edged with the recent yellowish green leaves about an inch deep, are very handsome and rich, shaped, the whole, like a fan or reticule, a foot base by eight or nine inches altitude. So many rich green drooping fans edged with yellowish hanging about the trunk. All shadows or shadowlets on the sandy bottom of the river are interesting. All are circular, or nearly so, almost lenticular, for they appear to have thickness; even the shadows of grass blades are broken into several separate circles of shade. Such is the fabulous or Protean character of the water lights. A skater insect casts seven flat globular shades, —  four smaller in front, two larger behind, and the smallest of all in the centre. From the shadow on the  bottom you cannot guess the form on the surface; everything is transmuted by the water. The shadow, however small, is black within, edged with a sunny halo, corresponding to the day's twilight: and a certain liquidness is imparted to

the whole by the incessant motion from the undulation of the surface. The oblong leaves of the *Potamogeton hybridus*,¹ now in seed, make a circular shadow also, — somewhat coin-like. A halo produced by the thick atmosphere which the water is. These bright, sparkling brook and river bottoms are the true gold washings, — where the stream has washed the pebbly earth so long.

It is pleasant to walk in sprout-lands now in June, there is so much light reflected from the under side of the new foliage. The rich meadows, too, reflect much of the bluish light from the *bent* grass. We land on the south side opposite S. Barrett's, where the innocent forest trees, become dead logs, are unceasingly and relentlessly, I know not for what crime, drawn and quartered and sawn asunder (after being torn limb from limb), with an agony of sound. There are some interesting retired natural meadows here, concealed by the woods near the river-bank, which are never cut, long, narrow, and winding, full of a kind of stiff, dry cut-grass and tender meadow-sweet and occasional cranberry patches (now in bloom), with a high border, almost as high as the meadows are wide, of maples, birches, swamp white oaks, and alders, etc. The flashing, silvery light from the under sides of the maple leaves, — high, rippling, washing towers, far and near, — such a cool, refreshing, breezy, light-flashing look, they are very memorable. When you think you have reached the end of such a winding meadow, you pass between two alders where the copses meet, and emerge into another meadow beyond. I suppose that these

¹ [Queried in pencil.]

meadows are as nearly in their primitive state as any; that we see there how this country looked (in one of its aspects) a thousand years ago. What difference to the meadow-sweet or the swamp white oak, or to the silver-flashing maple leaves, a thousand years ago or to-day? We noticed two or three large wood tortoises, showing but little of their orange-skins, there. The meadows, for the most part, dry enough for walking. The prevalence of the meadow-sweet (at least) distinguishes these meadows from the ordinary ones. Picked two blue blueberries where they lay over a rock.

Forded the river with our clothes on our heads. The rounded heaps of stones, whether made by suckers or lamprey eels, are among the curiosities of the river.

From the sand-bank we looked at the arched bridge while a traveller in a simple carriage with a single pair of wheels went over it. It interested me because the stratum of earth beneath him was so thin that he appeared quite in the air, while he sat with his elbows on his knees, entertaining all earthly thoughts, or thoughtless, while [we] looked directly beneath him through much air to a fair and distant landscape beyond. Channing says that is what men go to Italy to see. I love to see the firm earth mingled with the sky, like the spray of the sea tossed up. Is there not always, whenever an arch is constructed, a latent reference to its beauty? The arch supports itself, like the stars, by gravity, — by always falling never falls (*semper cadendo nunquam cadit*). But it should not be by their architecture but by their abstract thoughts that a nation should seek to commemorate itself. How much more

admirable the Bhagavat Geeta than all the ruins of the East! Methinks there are few specimens of architecture so perfect as a verse of poetry. Architectural remains are beautiful not intrinsically and absolutely, but from association. They are the luxury of princes. A simple and independent mind does not toil at the bidding of any prince, nor is its material silver and gold, or marble. The American's taste for architecture, whether Grecian or Gothic, is like his taste for olives and wine, though the last may be made of logwood. Consider the beauty of New York architecture, — and there is no very material difference between this and Baalbec, — a vulgar adornment of what is vulgar. To what end pray is so much stone hammered? An insane ambition to perpetuate the memory of themselves by the amount of hammered stone they leave. Such is the glory of nations. What if equal pains were taken to smooth and polish their manners? Is not the builder of more consequence than the material? One sensible act will be more memorable than a monument as high as the moon. I love better to see stones in place. The grandeur of Thebes was a vulgar grandeur. She was not simple, and why should I be imposed on by the hundred gates of her prison? More sensible is a rod of stone wall that bounds an honest man's field than a hundred-gated Thebes that has mistaken the true end of life, that places hammered marble before honesty. The religion and civilization which are barbaric and heathenish build splendid temples, but Christianity does not. It needs no college-bred architect. All the stone a nation hammers goes toward its tomb only. It

buries itself alive.¹ The too exquisitely cultured I avoid as I do the theatre. Their life lacks reality. They offer me wine instead of water. They are surrounded by things that can be bought.

The alders, birches, etc., are covered with white winged aphides (?), which whiten my clothes, — perfect showers of them.

In some shallow parts of the North River, as at the Leaning Hemlocks, where some large rocks partially bridge the stream, I notice smaller stones strewn between in a low wall, as if they had helped form an Indian weir once.

Some names are to be retained, not because they are descriptive, but because they strike the fancy and suggest ideas in harmony with the flower.

June 27. Sunday. P. M. — To Bear Hill, Lincoln.

The epilobium, spiked willow herb, shows its showy pale-purple spikes (pinkish?). It showed some color the 15th. I will set it down to the 20th. *Epilobium angustifolium*, one of the most conspicuous flowers at this season on dry open hillsides in the woods, sproutlands. That tree-like cornel by the Heywood Meadow Brook, now showing green fruit, must be the alternate-leaved cornel. I perceive the morning-glory open at midday, but the worse for the wear. I still perceive that ambrosial sweetness from the meadows in some places. Give me the strong, rank scent of ferns in the spring for vigor; just blossoming late in the spring.

¹ [Walden, pp. 63, 64; Riv. 92, 93.]

A healthy and refined nature would always derive pleasure from the landscape. As long as the bodily vigor lasts, man sympathizes with nature.

Looking from Bear Hill, I am struck by the yellowish green of meadows, almost like an ingrained sunlight. Perhaps they have that appearance because the fields generally incline now to a reddish-brown green. The freshness of the year in most fields is already past. The tops of the early grass are white, killed by the worm. It is somewhat hazy, yet I can just distinguish Monadnock. It is a good way to describe the density of a haze to say how distant a mountain can be distinguished through it, or how near a hill is obscured by it.

Saw a very large white ash tree, three and a half feet in diameter, in front of the house which White formerly owned, under this hill, which was struck by lightning the 22d, about 4 P. M. The lightning apparently struck the top of the tree and scorched the bark and leaves for ten or fifteen feet downward, then began to strip off the bark and enter the wood, making a ragged narrow furrow or crack, till, reaching one of the upper limbs, it apparently divided, descending on both sides and entering deeper and deeper into the wood. At the first general branching, it had got full possession of the tree in its centre and tossed off the main limbs butt foremost, making holes in the ground where they struck; and so it went down in the midst of the trunk to the earth, where it apparently exploded, rending the trunk into six segments, whose tops, ten or twenty feet long, were rayed out on every side at an angle of about

30° from a perpendicular, leaving the ground bare directly under where the tree had stood, though they were still fastened to the earth by their roots. The lightning appeared to have gone off through the roots, furrowing them as the branches, and through the earth, making a furrow like a plow, four or five rods in one direction, and in another passing through the cellar of the neighboring house, about thirty feet distant, scorching the tin milk-pans and throwing dirt into the milk, and coming out the back side of the house in a furrow, splitting some planks there. The main body of the tree was completely stripped of bark, which was cast in every direction two hundred feet; and large pieces of the inside of the tree, fifteen feet long, were hurled with tremendous force in various directions, one into the side of [a] shed, smashing it, another burying itself in a wood-pile. The heart of the tree lay by itself. Probably a piece as large as [a] man's leg could not have been sawn out of the trunk which would not have had a crack in it, and much of it was very finely splintered. The windows in the house were broken and the inhabitants knocked down by the concussion. All this was accomplished in an instant by a kind of fire out of the heavens called lightning, or a thunderbolt, accompanied by a crashing sound. For what purpose? The ancients called it Jove's bolt, with which he punished the guilty, and we moderns understand it no better. There was displayed a Titanic force, some of that force which made and can unmake the world. The brute forces are not yet wholly tamed. Is this of the character of a wild beast, or is it guided by intelligence

and mercy? If we trust our natural impressions, it is a manifestation of brutish force or vengeance, more or less tempered with justice. Yet it is our own consciousness of sin, probably, which suggests the idea of vengeance, and to a righteous man it would be merely sublime without being awful.

This is one of those instances in which a man hesitates to refer his safety to his prudence, as the putting up of a lightning-rod. There is no lightning-rod by which the sinner can finally avert the avenging Nemesis. Though I should put up a rod if its utility were satisfactorily demonstrated to me, yet, so mixed are we, I should feel myself safe or in danger quite independently of the senseless rod. Yet there is a degree of faith and righteousness in putting up a rod, as well as trusting without one, though the latter, which is the rarest, I feel to be [the] most effectual rod of the two. It only suggests that impunity in respect to all forms of death or disease, whether sickness or casualty, is only to be attained by moral integrity. It is the faith with which we take medicine that cures us. Otherwise we may be cured into greater disease. In a violent tempest, we both fear and trust. We are ashamed of our fear, for we know that a righteous man would not suspect danger, nor incur any. Wherever a man feels fear, there is an avenger. The savage's and the civilized man's instincts are right. Science affirms too much. Science assumes to show *why* the lightning strikes a tree, but it does not show us the moral *why* any better than our instincts did. It is full of presumption. Why should trees be struck? It is not enough to say be-

cause they are in the way. Science answers, *Non scio*, I am ignorant. All the phenomena of nature need [to] be seen from the point of view of wonder and awe, like lightning; and, on the other hand, the lightning itself needs to [be] regarded with serenity, as the most familiar and innocent phenomena are. There runs through the righteous man's moral spinal column a rod with burnished points to heaven, which conducts safely away into the earth the flashing wrath of Nemesis, so that it merely clarifies the air. This moment the confidence of the righteous man erects a sure conductor within him; the next, perchance, a timid staple diverts the fluid to his vitals. If a mortal be struck with a thunderbolt *coelo sereno*, it is naturally felt to be more awful and vengeful. Men are probably nearer to the essential truth in their superstitions than in their science. Some places are thought to be particularly exposed to lightning, some oaks on hilltops, for instance.

I meet the partridge with her brood in the woods, a perfect little hen. She spreads her tail into a fan and beats the ground with her wings fearlessly within a few feet of me, to attract my attention while her young disperse; but they keep up a faint, wiry kind of peep, which betrays them, while she mews and squeaks as if giving them directions.

Chestnut trees are budded.

I picked a handful or two of blueberries, though strawberries are now in their prime. They follow hard upon the first red amelanchier berries. Blueberries and huckleberries deserve to be celebrated, such simple, wholesome, universal fruits, food for the gods and for

aboriginal men. They are so abundant that they concern our race much. Tournefort called some of this genus, at least, *Vitis Idæa*, which apparently means the vine of Mount Ida. I cannot imagine any country without this kind of berry. Berry of berries. On which men live like birds. Still covering our hills as when the red men lived here. Are they not the principal wild fruit? Huckleberry puddings and pies, and huckleberries and milk, are regular and important dishes.

Hedyotis longifolia, a smaller-flowered houstonia, rather interesting, on the top of Bear Hill.

Have I not omitted to mention the star-flowered cerastium, like the early *Stellaria media*. I saw it at least as early as the last week of May.

June 28. *Enothera biennis*, evening-primrose, with its conspicuous flowers but rather unsightly stem and leaves. The *Rubus odorata*, purple flowering raspberry, in gardens. Potatoes for some time.

Evening. 7 P. M. — Moon more than half.

There are meteorologists, but who keeps a record of the fairer sunsets? While men are recording the direction of the wind, they neglect to record the beauty of the sunset or the rainbow. The sun not yet set. The bobolink sings — — — descending to the meadow as I go along — — — the railroad to the pond. The seringo-bird and the common song sparrow, — and the swallows twitter. The plaintive strain of the lark, coming up from the meadow, is perfectly adapted to the hour. When I get nearer the wood, the veery is heard, and the oven-bird, or whet-saw, sounds hollowly

from within the recesses of the wood.¹ The clouds in the west are edged with fiery red. A few robins faintly sing. The huckleberry-bird in more open fields in the woods. The thrasher? The sun is down. The night-hawks are squeaking in the somewhat dusky air and occasionally making the ripping sound; the chewinks sound; the bullfrogs begin, and the toads; also tree-toads more numerously.

Walden imparts to the body of the bather a remarkably chalky-white appearance, whiter than natural, tinged with blue, which, combined with its magnifying and distorting influence, produces a monstrous and ogre-like effect, proving, nevertheless, the purity of the water. The river water, on the other hand, imparts to the bather a yellowish tinge.²

There is a very low mist on the water close to the shore, a few inches high. The moon is brassy or golden now, and the air more dusky; yet I hear the pea-wai and the wood thrush, and now a whip-poor-will before I have seen a star. The walker in the woods at this hour takes note of the different veins of air through which he passes, — the fresher and cooler in the hollows, laden with the condensed fragrance of plants, as it were distilled in dews; and yet the warmer veins in a cool evening like this do not fail to be agreeable, though in them the air is comparatively lifeless or exhausted of its vitality. It circulates about from pillar to post, from wood-side to side-hill, like a dog that has lost its master, now the sun is gone.

Now it is starlight; perhaps that dark cloud in the

¹ [There is a marginal query against this sentence.]

² [Walden, p. 197; Riv. 278.]

west has concealed the evening star before. Yet I hear a chewink, veery, and wood thrush. Nighthawks and whip-poor-wills, of course. A whip-poor-will whose nest, perchance, I am near, on the side of the Cliff, hovers in the dusky air about ten feet from me, now on this side, then on that, on quivering wings, inspecting me, showing the white on its wings. It holds itself stationary for a minute. It is the first warm night for a week, and I hear the toads by the river very numerous. First there was sundown, then starlight. Starlight! That would be a good way to mark the hour, if we were precise. That is an epoch, when the last traces of daylight have disappeared and the night (*nox*) has fairly set in. Is not the moon a mediator? She is a light-giver that does not dazzle me.

I have camped out all night on the tops of four mountains, — Wachusett, Saddle-back, Ktaadn, and Monadnock, — and I usually took a ramble over the summit at midnight by moonlight. I remember the moaning of the wind on the rocks, and that you seemed much nearer to the moon than on the plains. The light is then in harmony with the scenery. Of what use the sunlight to the mountain-summits? From the cliffs you looked off into vast depths of illumined air.

June 29. P. M. — On North River.

Leonurus Cardiaea, motherwort, a nettle-like plant by the street-side.

The *Rana halecina* (?), shad frog, is our handsomest frog, bronze striped, with brown spots, edged and intermixed with *bright* green; does not regard the fly that

sits on him. The frogs and tortoises are striped and spotted for their concealment. The painted tortoise's throat held up above the pads, streaked with yellowish, makes it the less obvious. The mud turtle is the color of the mud, the wood frog and the hylodes of the dead leaves, the bullfrogs of the pads, the toad of the earth, etc., etc. The tree-toad of the bark.

In my experience nothing is so opposed to poetry — not crime — as business.¹ It is a negation of life.

The wind exposes the red under sides of the white lily pads. This is one of the aspects of the river now. The bud-bearing stem of this plant is a little larger, but otherwise like the leaf-stem, and coming like it directly from the long, large root. It is interesting to pull up the lily root with flowers and leaves attached and see how it sends its buds upward to the light and air to expand and flower in another element. How interesting the bud's progress from the water to the air! So many of these stems are leaf-bearing, and so many flower-bearing. Then consider how defended these plants against drought, at the bottom of the water, at most their leaves and flowers floating on its surface. How much mud and water are required to support their vitality! It is pleasant to remember those quiet Sabbath mornings by remote stagnant rivers and ponds, when pure white water-lilies, just expanded, not yet infested by insects, float on the waveless water and perfume the atmosphere. Nature never appears more serene and innocent and fragrant. A hundred white lilies, open to the sun, rest on the surface smooth as

¹ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, p. 456; *Misc.*, Riv. 255.]

oil amid their pads, while devil's-needles are glancing over them. It requires some skill so to pull a lily as to get a long stem. The great yellow lily, the spatter-dock, expresses well the fertility of the river.

The *Sparganium ramosum*, or bur-reed, amid the flags now. It is associated with the reed-mace by systematists. One flower on a spike of the *Pontederia cordata* just ready to expand. Children bring you the early blueberry to sell now. It is considerably earlier on the tops of hills which have been recently cut off than on the plains or in vales. The girl that has Indian blood in her veins and picks berries for a living will find them out as soon as they turn. The yellow water ranunculus is hardly to be seen in the river now. The *Anemone Virginiana*, tall anemone, looking like a white buttercup, on Egg Rock, cannot have been long in bloom. I see the columbine lingering still.

June 30. Nature must be viewed humanly to be viewed at all; that is, her scenes must be associated with humane affections, such as are associated with one's native place, for instance. She is most significant to a lover. A lover of Nature is preëminently a lover of man. If I have no friend, what is Nature to me? She ceases to be morally significant.

7.30 P. M. — To stone bridge over Assabet. Moon nearly full; rose a little before sunset.

Cat-mint (*Nepeta cataria*) in bloom. The lower shoots of the *Andromeda calyculata* are now six inches long, the upper from two to four.¹ The fruit is on the

¹ [This sentence is queried in the margin.]

extremities of last year's shoots in the midst of the persistent small leaves. The shrub oak acorns are as big as peas; principally cup.

The moon appears full. At first a mere white cloud. As soon as the sun sets, begins to grow brassy or obscure golden in the gross atmosphere. It is starlight about half an hour after sunset to-night; *i. e.* the first stars appear. The moon is now brighter, but not so yellowish. Ten or fifteen minutes after, the fireflies are observed, at first about the willows on the Causeway, where the evening is further advanced. Sparrows quite generally, and occasionally a robin sings. (I heard a bobolink this afternoon.) The creak of the crickets is more universal and loud, and becomes a distinct sound. The oily surface of the river in which the moon is reflected looks most attractive at this hour. I see the bright curves made by the water-bugs in the moonlight, and a muskrat crossing the river, now at 9 o'clock. Finally the last traces of day disappear, about 9.30 o'clock, and the night fairly sets in. The color of the moon is more silvery than golden, or silvery with a slight admixture of golden, a *sort of burnished cloud*.

The bass tree is budded. Haying has commenced. Some think the foliage of the trees is not so thick as last year, that the leaves have suffered from the wind.

Is not this period more than any distinguished for flowers, when roses, swamp-pinks, morning-glories, arbutus, pogonias, orchises, blue flags, epilobiums, mountain laurel, and white lilies are all in blossom at once?