

III

JULY, 1852

(ÆT. 34-35)

July 1. Thursday. 9.30 A. M. — To Sherman's Bridge by land and water.

A cloudy and slightly showery morning, following a thunder-shower the previous afternoon. One object to see the white lilies in blossom. The *Trifolium arvense*, or rabbit's-foot clover, is just beginning to show its color, and in the same state is the (I think) *Lysimachia stricta*, or upright loosestrife (?), by the back road. The mulleins generally now begin to show their pure yellow in roadside fields, and the white cymes of the elder are conspicuous on the edges of the copses. I perceive the meadow fragrance still. From the bridge I see a bream's nest in soft sand on the edge of deeper water, scooped out quite deep, with very sharp edges sloping both ways. Some pectweets, which probably have eggs in Conant's corn-field, make a great ado twittering and circling about the dog. The path by the wood-side is red with the effete staminiferous flowers of the white pine. It is more agreeable walking this cloudy day, with a few harmless sun-showers, than it would be in a glaring sunny day. It is pleasant to behold so much of the landscape in the shadow of the clouds, especially to look off from the top of Conantum, under shady walnut boughs, to larger shades in valleys,


— all Nine-Acre Corner in the cool shade of a cloud. Roses are in their prime now, growing amid huckleberry bushes, ferns, and sweet-ferns, especially about some dry pond-hole; some paler, some more red. Methinks they must have bloomed in vain while only wild men roamed, yet now they only adorn these cows' pasture.

How well-behaved are cows! When they approach me reclining in the shade, from curiosity, or to receive a whisp of grass, or to share the shade, or to lick the dog held up, like a calf, — though just now they ran at him to toss him, — they do not obtrude. Their company is acceptable, for they can endure the longest pause; they have not got to be entertained. They occupy the most eligible lots in the town. I love to see some pure white about them; they suggest the more neatness.

Borrowed Brigham the wheelwright's boat at the Corner Bridge. He was quite ready to lend it, and took pains to shave down the handle of a paddle for me, conversing the while on the subject of spiritual knocking, which he asked if I had looked into, — which made him the slower. An obliging man, who understands that I am abroad viewing the works of Nature and not loafing, though he makes the pursuit a semi-religious one, as are all more serious ones to most men. All that is not sporting in the field, as hunting and fishing, is of a religious or else love-cracked character. Another hard-featured but talkative character at the bridge inquired, as I was unlocking the boat, if I knew anything that was good for the rheumatism; but I answered that I

had heard of so many and had so little faith in any that I had forgotten them all. (On Conantum I had found *Krigia Virginica*, one of the smallest compound flowers.) The white lilies were in all their splendor, fully open, sometimes their lower petals lying flat on the surface. The largest appeared to grow in the shallower water, where some stood five or six inches out of water, and were five inches in diameter. Two which I examined had twenty-nine petals each. We pushed our boat into the midst of some shallow bays, where the water, not more than a foot deep, was covered with pads and spotted white with many hundreds of lilies which had just expanded. Yet perhaps there was not one open which had not an insect in it, and most had some hundreds of small gnats, which, however, we shook out without much trouble, instead of drowning them out, which makes the petals close.

The freshly opened lilies were a pearly white, and though the water amid the pads was quite unrippled, the passing air gave a slight oscillating, boat-like motion to and fro to the flowers, like boats held fast by their cables. Some of the lilies had a beautiful roseaceous tinge, most conspicuous in the half-opened flower, extending through the calyx to the second row of petals, on those parts of the petals between the calyx-leaves which were most exposed to the influence of the light. They were tinged with red, as they are very commonly tinged with green, as if there were a gradual transition from the stamens to the petals. It seemed to be referred to the same coloring principle which is seen in the under sides of the pads as well as the calyx-leaves.

Yet these rosaceous ones are chiefly interesting to me for variety, and I am contented that lilies should be white and leave those higher colors to the land. I wished to breathe the atmosphere of lilies, and get the full impression which lilies are fitted to make. The form of this flower is also very perfect, the petals are so distinctly arranged at equal intervals and at all angles, from nearly a perpendicular to horizontal about the centre. And buds that were half expanded were interesting, showing the regularly notched outline of the points of the petals above the  - erect green calyx-leaves.

Some of these bays contained a quarter of an acre, through which we with difficulty forced our boat. First there is the low smooth green surface of the pads, — some of the kalmianas purplish, — then the higher level of the pickerel-weed just beginning to blossom, and, rising a little higher in the rear, often extensive fields of pipes (*Equisetum*), making a very level appearance. Mingled with the white lilies were the large yellow ones and the smaller and, here at least, much more common *Nuphar lutea* var. *Kalmiana*, and the floating heart also, still in blossom, and the *Brasenia peltata*, water target or shield, not yet in bloom, the petiole attached to its leaf like a boy's string to his sucking-leather. The rich violet purple of the pontederias was the more striking, as the blossoms were still rare. Nature will soon be very lavish of this blue along the riversides. It is a rich spike of blue flowers with yellowish spots. Over all these flowers hover devil's-needles in their zigzag flight. On the edge of the

meadow I see blushing roses and cornels (probably the panicked). The woods ring with the veery this cloudy day, and I also hear the red-eye, oven-bird, Maryland yellow-throat, etc. In shallow places the river is for long distances filled, quite bridged over, with the leaves of the *Potamogeton natans*, the direction of whose stems, at least, may show which way the sluggish water is inclined. You frequently see a blue devil's-needle resting on a potamogeton flower (raceme?). You will see one red-wing in the midst of many dusky females making a great chattering over some particular part of the meadow, or else chasing a female in *zigzag* (?) *curves*. What are those taller grasses, now headed, in the meadow?

After eating our luncheon at Rice's landing, we observed that every white lily in the river was shut, — and they remained so all the afternoon, though it was no more sunny nor cloudy than the forenoon, — except some which I had plucked before noon and cast into the river, which, floating down, lodged amid the pondweed, which continued fresh but had not the power to close their petals. It would be interesting to observe how instantaneously these lilies close at noon. I only observed that, though there were myriads fully open before I ate my lunch at noon, after dinner I could not find one open anywhere for the rest of the day.

Continuing up the river, we saw the *Comarum palustre*, marsh cinquefoil, in blossom. Its leaf is more noticeable than its flower. The last incloses a strawberry-like fruit. These leaves make very rich and rare-looking beds, alternating with the pontederia and button-bush.

It is so foreign-looking a leaf. Opposite the mouth of the Pantry Brook, or a little more west, I saw the leaves and flower-buds of the *Peltandra Virginica* (calla), — though Gray says its leaves have “shorter and more obtuse lobes” than the sagittaria.

Being made thirsty with our herring, we left our boat at the great bend and went inland to the fine cool spring near the Jenkins house. Found the *Polygonum sagittatum*, scratch-grass, just blossoming in the meadows, and an abundance of the marsh speedwell and of pogonias (adder’s-tongue arcthusas). The erect-scaped pyrola. The Jersey tea almost in bloom and, close by the Jenkins house in Wayland, the privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*). At the spring, where much forget-me-not now in bloom, I found ripe — of a dark red color — what I think must be Gray’s *Rubus triflorus*, dwarf raspberry, though it was in a meadow, — a pleasant lively acid fruit. It was running over some sand cast out in digging a ditch, and I observed none so large or edible elsewhere. This is the fourth kind of berry I have found ripe this season. I must see it again. It tastes and looks like a cross between a raspberry and a blackberry. It may be this whose flowers I observed so early in Hubbard’s Grove Swamp. I drank some high-colored water from a little stream in the meadow; for I love to drink the water of the meadow or the river I pass the day on, and so get eyes to see it with. The potamogeton leaves redden the stream in shoal places and retard the progress of our boat. The lowest front ranks of the riparial plants beyond the pads are the smaller-leaved polygonum beds,

not yet in bloom; then the pontederia, or, perchance (in some places), the marsh cinquefoil; then the meadow-grass, or pipes, or sweet flag, or button-bushes, with their lower limbs and stems covered — is it with a parasitic, moss-like plant? This might be called the Potamogeton River. The leaves now, both on land and in water, are eaten by insects and have been for some weeks. There is hardly a whole pad or potamogeton leaf. They are curiously eaten, often only half through, often in direct straight lines across the pads, as it were skippingly, or as if they had been raked with shot. Their under sides are covered with eggs of insects, as on land. Counted twenty-one fishes’ nests by the shallow shore just beyond Sherman’s Bridge, within less than half a rod, edge to edge, with each a bream poised in it. In some cases the fish had just cleared away the mud or frog-spittle, exposing the yellow sand or pebbles, — sixteen to twenty-four inches in diameter. My early rubus has a much-wrinkled leaf. The morning-glory which I bring home opens the next morning in a pitcher. Is it the *Hypericum ellipticum* now in blossom in the river meadows, about a foot high?¹ The *Lobelia spicata*, pale lobelia, like a snapdragon. Is it the *Erigeron annuus* (*strigosus* of Bigelow) now beginning?

Rice says the earliest flower the honey-bee is found on is that of the skunk-cabbage, before the frost is out of the meadows; also he gets his first honey from the maple and walnut stumps that have been cut in the winter, as soon as the sap begins to flow.

¹ Yes (in June).

A young man in Sudbury told me he had heard woodchucks whistle.

July 2. Bigelow tells me that saddlers sometimes use the excrescence, the whitish fungus, on the birch to stick their awls in. Men find a use for everything at last. I saw one nailed up in his shop with an awl in it.

Last night, as I lay awake, I dreamed of the muddy and weedy river on which I had been paddling, and I seemed to derive some vigor from my day's experience, like the lilies which have their roots at the bottom.

I have plucked a white lily bud just ready to expand, and, after keeping it in water for two days,¹ have turned back its sepals with my hand and touched the lapped points of the petals, when they sprang open and rapidly expanded in my hand into a perfect blossom, with the petals as perfectly disposed at equal intervals as on their native lakes, and in this case, of course, untouched by an insect. I cut its stem short and placed it in a broad dish of water, where it sailed about under the breath of the beholder with a slight undulatory motion. The breeze of his half-suppressed admiration it was that filled its sail. It was a rare-tinted one. A kind of popular aura that may be trusted, methinks. Men will travel to the Nile to see the lotus flower, who have never seen in their glory the lotuses of their native streams.

The *Mollugo verticillata*, carpet-weed, is just beginning in the garden, and the *Polygonum convolvulus*, black bindweed. The spikes of the pale lobelia, some

¹ Till July 3d.

blue, some white, passing insensibly from one to the other, and especially hard to distinguish in the twilight, are quite handsome now in moist ground, rising above the grass. The prunella has various tints in various lights, now blue, now lilac. As the twilight deepens into night, its color changes. It always suggests freshness and coolness, from the places where it grows. I see the downy heads of the senecio gone to seed, this-tle-like but small. The gnaphaliums and this are among the earliest to present this appearance.

On my way to the Hubbard Bathing-Place, at sundown.

The blue-eyed grass shuts up before night, and methinks it does not open *very early* the next morning. The *Cornus stolonifera*, red osier, *osier rouge*, well out, and probably has been *a day or two*. I have got the order of the cornels, I think, pretty well. I see plenty of the *Peltandra Virginica* coming forward in Hubbard's meadow, and its lobes are more blunt than the sagittaria. Pogonias are very common in the meadows now. The seed-vessels of the *Iris Virginica* are formed.

At the bathing-place there is [a] hummock which was floated on to the meadow some springs ago, now densely covered with the handsome red-stemmed wild rose, a full but irregular clump, from the ground, showing no bare stems below, but a dense mass of shining leaves and small red stems above in their midst, and on every side now, in the twilight, more than usually beautiful they appear. Countless roses, partly closed, of a very deep rich color, as if the rays of the departed sun still shone through them; a more spiritual rose at

this hour, beautifully blushing; and then the unspeakable beauty and promise of those fair swollen buds that spot the mass, which will blossom to-morrow, and the more distant promise of the handsomely formed green ones, which yet show no red, for few things are handsomer than a rosebud in any stage; these mingled with a few pure white elder blossoms and some rosaceous or pinkish meadow-sweet heads. I am confident that there can be nothing so beautiful in any cultivated garden, with all their varieties, as this wild clump. I afterwards found a similar though not so large and dense a clump of sweet-briars. Methinks their flowers are not so fragrant, and perhaps never of so deep a red. Perhaps they are more sure to open in a pitcher than the last.

It is starlight. Near woods the veery is a steady singer at this hour.¹ I notice that the lowest leaves of my potamogeton are pellucid and wavy, which, combined with their purplish tinge on the surface, makes me doubt if it be not the *pulcher*.

Do the hardhack leaves stand up and hug the stem at night, that they show their under sides so?

Nature is reported not by him who goes forth consciously as an observer, but in the fullness of life. To such a one she rushes to make her report. To the full heart she is all but a figure of speech. This is my year of observation, and I fancy that my friends are also more devoted to outward observation than ever before, as if it were an epidemic. I cross the brook by Hubbard's little bridge. Now nothing but the cool invigo-

¹ [This sentence is queried in the margin.]

rating scent which is perceived at night in these low meadowy places where the alder and ferns grow can restore my spirits. (I made it an object to find a new *Parmelia caperata* in fruit in each walk.) At this season, methinks, we do not regard the larger features of the landscape, as in the spring, but are absorbed in details. Then, when the meadows were flooded, I looked far over them to the distant woods and the outlines of hills, which were more distinct. I should not have so much to say of extensive water or landscapes at this season. You are a little bewildered by the variety of objects. There must be a certain meagreness of details and nakedness for wide views.

(The obtuse galium shows its minute white flowers in the meadows.) If I remember, the early part of June was cool, as also the latter, though we had some hot weather, perhaps, toward the middle. The clover heads are drying up except in meadows.

9 o'clock. — The full moon rising (or full last night) is revealed first by some slight clouds above the eastern horizon looking white, — the first indication that she is about to rise, the traces of day not yet gone in the west. In the west, similar clouds, seen against a lighter sky, look dark and heavy. Now a lower cloud in the east reflects a more yellowish light. The moon, far over the round globe travelling this way, sends her light forward to yonder cloud, from which the news of her coming is reflected to us. The moon's aurora! it is without redness or fulgidness, like the dawn of philosophy, — and its noon, too. At her dawning no cocks crow. How few creatures to hail her rising! Only some

belated travellers that may be abroad this night. What graduated information of her coming! More and more yellow glows the low cloud, with concentrating light, and now the moon's edge suddenly appears above a low bank of cloud not seen before, and she seems to come forward apace without introduction, after all; and the steadiness with which she rises with undisturbed serenity, like a queen who has learned to walk before her court, is glorious, and she soon reaches the open sea of the heavens. She seems to advance (so, perchance, flows the blood in the veins of the beholder) by graceful sallying essays, trailing her garment up the sky.

July 3. From Deep Cut over Fair Haven; back by Potter's path; 5 p. m.

The yellow lily (*Lilium Canadense*) is out, rising above the meadow-grass, sometimes one, sometimes two. Young woodchucks, sitting in their holes, allow me to come quite near. Clover is mostly dried up. The *Chimaphila umbellata*, wintergreen, must have been in blossom some time. The back side of its petals, "cream colored tinged with purple," which is turned toward the beholder, while the face is toward the earth, is the handsomest. It is a very pretty little chandelier of a flower, fit to adorn the forest floor. Its buds are nearly as handsome. (They appear long in unfolding.) *Polygonum Persicaria* just beginning.

The pickers have quite thinned the crop of early blueberries where Stow cut off winter before last. When the woods on some hillside are cut off, the *Vac-*

cinium Pennsylvanicum springs up, or grows more luxuriantly, being exposed to light and air, and by the second year its stems are weighed to the ground with clusters of blue berries covered with bloom, and much larger than they commonly grow, also with a livelier taste than usual, as if remembering some primitive mountain-side given up to them anciently. Such places supply the villagers with the earliest berries for two or three years, or until the rising wood overgrows them and they withdraw into the bosom of Nature again. They flourish during the few years between one forest's fall and another's rise. Before you had prepared your mind or made up your mouth for berries, thinking only of crude green ones, earlier by ten days than you had expected, some child of the woods is at your door with ripe blueberries; for did n't you know that Mr. Stow cut off his wood-lot winter before last? It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and thus it happens that when the owner lays bare and deforms a hillside, and alone appears to reap any advantage from it by a crop of wood, all the villagers and the inhabitants of distant cities obtain some compensation in the crop of berries that it yields. They glean after the woodchopper, not fagots, but full baskets of blueberries. I am surprised to see how suddenly, when the sun and air and rain are let in, these bushes, which, in the shade of the forest, scarcely yielded the walker a berry, will suddenly be weighed down with fruit. Let alone your garden, cease your cultivation, and in how short a time will blueberries and huckleberries grow there!

I have not noticed a violet for some time.

Bathed beneath Fair Haven.

How much food the muskrats have at hand! They may well be numerous. At this place the bottom in shallow water at a little distance from the shore is thickly covered with clams, half buried and on their ends, generally a little aslant. Sometimes there are a dozen or more side by side within a square foot, and I [*sic*] that, over a space twenty rods long and one wide (I know not how much farther they reach into the river), they would average three to a square foot, which would give 16,335 clams to twenty rods of shore (on one side of the river), and I suspect that there are many more. No wonder that muskrats multiply, and that the shores are covered with their shells left by the muskrats. In bathing here I can hardly step without treading on them, sometimes half a dozen at once, and often I cut my feet pretty severely on their shells. They are partly covered with mud and the short weeds at the bottom, and they are of the same color themselves; but, stooping down over them, when the roil has subsided, I can see them now (at 5.30 P. M.) with their mouths (?) open, — an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide, with a waving fringe about it, and another smaller opening close to it without any fringe, through both of which I see distinctly into the white interior of the fish. When I touch one, he instantly closes his shell and, if taken out, quickly spurts water like a salt-water clam. Evidently taking in their food and straining it with that waving motion of the ciliæ. There they lie, both under the pads and in the sun.

Ceanothus Americanus, New Jersey tea. The last

month has been very breezy and on the whole a cold one, I remember; rippling leaves, showing their light under sides. *Rubus strigosus*, wild red raspberry. I can hardly find a geranium now. The common carrot by the roadside (*Daucus Carota*) is in some respects an interesting plant, for its umbel, as Bigelow says, is shaped like a bird's nest, and its large pinnatifid involucre, interlacing by its fine segments, resembles a fanciful ladies' work-basket. *Asclepias purpurascens*. I find a potamogeton to-day over the clams, which appears to correspond to the *P. pulcher*. I am not sure that it is what I have called the *natans*, but *this* cannot be the *natans*, for the leaves are not all long-petioled, but the lower ones waved and quite pellucid.

July 4. Sunday. 3 A. M. — To Conantum, to see the lilies open.

I hear an occasional crowing of cocks in distant barns, as has been their habit for how many thousand years. It was so when I was young; and it will be so when I am old. I hear the croak of a tree-toad as I am crossing the yard. I am surprised to find the dawn so far advanced. There is a yellowish segment of light in the east, paling a star and adding sensibly to the light of the waning and now declining moon. There is very little dew on the uplands. I hear a little twittering and some clear singing from the seringo and the song sparrow as I go along the back road, and now and then the note of a bullfrog from the river. The light in the east has acquired a reddish tinge near the horizon. Small wisps of cloud are already fuscous and

dark, seen against the light, as in the west at evening. It being Sunday morning, I hear no early stirring farmer driving over a bridge. The crickets are not remarkably loud at this season. The sound of a whip-poor-will is wafted from the woods. Now, on the Corner road, the hedges are alive with twittering sparrows, a bluebird or two, etc. The daylight now balances the moonlight. How short the nights! The last traces of day have not disappeared much before 10 o'clock, or perchance 9.30, and before 3 A. M. you see them again in the east, — probably 2.30, — leaving about five hours of solid night, the sun so soon coming round again. The robins sing, but not so loud and long as in the spring. I have not been awakened by them latterly in the mornings. Is it my fault? Ah! those mornings when you are awakened in the dawn by the singing, the matins, of the birds! I hear the dumping sound of frogs now on the causeway. Some small clouds in the east are reddish fuscous. There is no fog on the river nor in the meadows. The kingbird twitters (?) on the black willows. Methinks I saw the not yet extinguished lights of one or two fireflies in the darker ruts in the grass, in Conant's meadow. The moon yields to the sun. She pales even in the presence of his *dawn*. It is chiefly the spring birds that I hear at this hour, and in each dawn the spring is thus revived. The notes of the sparrows and the bluebirds and the robin have a prominence now which they have not by day.

The light is more and more general, and some low bars begin to look bluish as well as reddish. (Elsewhere the sky wholly clear of clouds.) The dawn is at

this stage far lighter than the brightest moonlight. I write by it. Yet the sun will not rise for some time. Those bars are reddening more above one spot. They grow purplish, or lilac rather. White and whiter grows the light in the eastern sky. (And now, descending to the Cliff by the riverside, I cannot see the low horizon and its phenomena.) I love to go through these old apple orchards so irregularly set out. Sometimes two trees standing close together. The rows of grafted fruit will never tempt me to wander amid them like these. A bittern leaves the shore at my approach. I suppose it is he whose excrement has whitened the rocks, as if a mason had spilled his whitewash. A nighthawk squeaks and booms, before sunrise. The insects shaped like shad-flies (some which I see are larger and yellowish) begin to leave their cases (and selves?) on the stems of the grasses and the rushes in the water. I find them so weak they can hardly hold on. I hear the black-bird's *conqueree*, and the kingfisher darts away with his alarum and outstretched neck. Every lily is shut.

Sunrise. I see it gilding the top of the hill behind me, but the sun itself is concealed by the hills and woods on the east shore. A very slight fog begins to rise now in one place on the river. There is something serenely glorious and memorable to me in the sight of the first cool sunlight now gilding the eastern extremity of the bushy island in Fair Haven, that wild lake. The subdued light and the repose remind me of Hades. In such sunlight there is no fever. It is such an innocent pale yellow as the spring flowers. It is the pollen of the sun, fertilizing plants. The color of the earliest

spring flowers is as cool and innocent as the first rays of the sun in the morning falling on woods and hills. The fog not only rises upward (about two feet), but at once there is a motion from the sun over the surface. What means this endless motion of water-bugs collected in little groups on the surface and ceaselessly circling about their centre, as if they were a family hatched from the eggs on the under side of a pad? Is not this motion intended partly to balk the fishes? Methinks they did not begin to move till sunrise. Where were they? And now I see an army of skaters advancing in loose array, — of chasseurs or scouts, as Indian allies are drawn in old books.

Now the rays of the sun have reached my seat, a few feet above the water; flies begin to buzz, mosquitoes to be less troublesome. A hummingbird hums by over the pads up the river, as if looking, like myself, to see if lilies have blossomed. The birds begin to sing generally, and, if not loudest, at least most noticeably on account of the quietness of the hour, just before — a few minutes before — sunrise. They do not sing so incessantly and earnestly, as a regular thing, half an hour later.

Carefully looking both up and down the river, I could perceive that the lilies began to open about fifteen minutes after the sun from over the opposite bank fell on them, which was perhaps three quarters of an hour after sunrise (which is about 4.30), and one was fully expanded about twenty minutes later. When I returned over the bridge about 6.15, there were perhaps a dozen open ones in sight. It was very difficult to find one

not injured by insects. Even the buds which were just about to expand were frequently bored quite through, and the water had rotted them. You must be on hand early to anticipate insects.

One thimble-berry which will be quite ripe by to-morrow. Indigo almost expanded. I perceive the meadow fragrance on the causeway. Bobolinks still.

I bring home a dozen *perfect* lily buds, — all I can find within many rods, — which have never yet opened; I prepare a large pan of water; I cut their stems quite short; I turn back their calyx-leaves with my fingers, so that they may float upright; I touch the points of their petals, and breathe or blow on them, and toss them in. They spring open rapidly, or gradually expand in the course of an hour, — all but one or two.

At 12.30 p. m., I perceive that the lilies in the river have begun to shut up. The water has gone down so much that I can stand on the shore and pluck as many as I want, and they are the fairest ones, concealed by the pickerel-weed, often the whole plant high and dry. I go again to the river at 2.30 p. m., and every lily is shut.

I will here tell the history of my rosaceous lilies plucked the 1st of July. They were buds at the bottom of a pitcher of water all the 2d, having been kept in my hat part of the day before. On the morning of the 3d I assisted their opening, and put them in water, as I have described; but they did not shut up at noon, like those in the river, but at dark, their petals, at least, quite tight and close. They all opened again in the course of the forenoon of the 4th, but had not shut up

at 10 o'clock P. M., though I found them shut in the morning of the 5th. May it be that they can bear only a certain amount of light, and these, being in the shade, remained open longer? (I think not, for they shut up in the river that quite cloudy day, July 1st.) Or is their vitality too little to permit [them] to perform their regular functions?

Can that meadow fragrance come from the purple summits of the eupatorium?

I looked down on the river behind Dodd's at 2.30 P. M., a slate-colored stream with a scarcely perceptible current, with a male and female shore; the former, more abrupt, of button-bushes and willows, the other, flat, of grass and pickerel-weed alone. Beyond the former, the water being deep, extends a border or fringe of green and purplish pads lying perfectly flat on the surface, but on the latter side the pads extend a half a rood or a rod beyond the pickerel-weed, — shining pads reflecting the light, dotted with white or yellow lilies. This sort of ruff does the river wear, and so the land is graduated off to water. A tender place in nature, an exposed vein, and nature making a feint to bridge it quite over with a paddy film, with red-winged black-birds liquidly warbling and whistling on the willows, and kingbirds on the elms and oaks; these pads, if there is any wind, rippling with the water and helping to smooth and allay it. It looks tender and exposed, as if it were naturally subterranean, and now, with these shields of pads, held scale-like by long threads from the bottom, she makes a feint to bridge it. So floats the Musketaquid over its segment of the sphere.

Methinks there is not even a lily, white or yellow, in Walden.

I see perfectly formed pouts by the shore of the river, one inch long. The great spatterdock lily is a rich yellow at a little distance, and, seen lying on its great pads, it is an indispensable evidence of the fertility of the river. The *gratiola* begins to yellow the mud by the riverside. The *Lysimachia lanceolata* var. *hybrida* is out, in the meadows. The *Rosa nitida* (?) appears to be now out of bloom.

July 5. I know a man who never speaks of the sexual relation but jestingly, though it is a subject to be approached only with reverence and affection. What can be the character of that man's love? It is ever the subject of a stale jest, though his health or his dinner can be seriously considered. The glory of the world is seen only by a chaste mind. To whomsoever this fact is not an awful but beautiful mystery, there are no flowers in nature.

White lilies continue to open in the house in the morning and shut in the night for five or six days, until their stamens have shed their pollen and they turn rusty and begin to decay, and the beauty of the flower is gone, and its vitality, so that it no longer expands with the light.

How perfect an invention is glass! There is a fitness in glass windows which reflect the sun morning and evening, windows, the doorways of light, thus reflecting the rays of that luminary with a splendor only second

to itself. This invention one would say was anticipated in the arrangement of things. The sun rises with a salute and leaves the world with a farewell to our windows. To have, instead of opaque shutters or dull horn or paper, a material like solidified air, which reflects the sun thus brightly! It is inseparable from our civilization and enlightenment. It is encouraging that this intelligence and brilliancy or splendor should belong to the dwellings of men, and not to the cliffs and micaceous rocks and lakes exclusively.

P. M. — To Second Division Brook.

The *Typha latifolia*, or reed-mace, sheds an abundance of sulphur-like pollen into the hand now. Its tall and handsome swords are seen waving above the bushes in low grounds now. What I suppose the *Vaccinium fuscatum*, or black blueberry, is now ripe here and there, quite small. Heard the blating or lowing of a calf. Sat in the shade of the locusts in front of J. Hosmer's cottage and heard a locust z-ing on them, but could not find him. This cottage and the landscape, seen through the frame made by the "Railroad Crossing" sign, as you approach it along the winding bushy road, is a pleasing sight. It is picturesque.

There is a meadow on the Assabet just above Derby's Bridge, — it may contain an acre, — bounded on one side by the river, on the other by alders and a hill, completely covered with small hummocks which have lodged on it in the winter, covering it like the mounds in a graveyard at pretty regular intervals. Their edges are rounded like [the] latter, and they and the paths

between are covered with a firm, short greensward, with here and there hardhacks springing out of them, so that they make excellent seats, especially in the shade of an elm that grows there. They are completely united with the meadow, forming little oblong hillocks from one to ten feet long, flat as a mole to the sward. I am inclined to call it the elfin burial-ground, or perchance it might be called the Indian burial-ground. It is a remarkably firm-swarded meadow, and convenient to walk on. And these hummocks have an important effect in elevating it. It suggests at once a burial-ground of the aborigines, where perchance lie the earthly remains of the rude forefathers of the race. I love to ponder the natural history thus written on the banks of the stream, for every higher freshet and intenser frost is recorded by it. The stream keeps a faithful and a true journal of every event in its experience, whatever race may settle on its banks; and it purls past this natural graveyard with a storied murmur, and no doubt it could find endless employment for an old mortality in renewing its epitaphs.

The progress of the season is indescribable. It is growing warm again, but the warmth is different from that we have had. We lie in the shade of locust trees. Haymakers go by in a hay-rigging. I am reminded of berrying. I scent the sweet-fern and the dead or dry pine leaves. Cherry-birds alight on a neighboring tree. The warmth is something more normal and steady, ripening fruits. *Campanula aparinoides*, slender bell-flower. The *Cicuta maculata*, American hemlock. It begins to be such weather as when people go a-huckle-

berrying. Nature offers fruits now as well as flowers. We have become accustomed to the summer. It has acquired a certain eternity. The earth is dry. Perhaps the sound of the locust expresses the season as well as anything. The farmers say the abundance of the grass depends on wet in June. I might make a separate season of those days when the locust is heard. That is our torrid zone. This dryness and heat are necessary for the maturing of fruits.

How cheering it is to behold a full spring bursting forth directly from the earth, like this of Tarbell's, from clean gravel, copiously, in a thin sheet; for it descends at once, where you see no opening, cool from the caverns of the earth, and making a considerable stream. Such springs, in the sale of lands, are not valued for as much as they are worth. I lie almost flat, resting my hands on what offers, to drink at this water where it bubbles, at the very udders of Nature, for man is never weaned from her breast while this life lasts. How many times in a single walk does he stoop for a draught!

We are favored in having two rivers, flowing into one, whose banks afford different kinds of scenery, the streams being of different characters; one a dark, muddy, dead stream, full of animal and vegetable life, with broad meadows and black dwarf willows and weeds, the other *comparatively* pebbly and swift, with more abrupt banks and narrower meadows. To the latter I go to see the ripple, and the varied bottom with its stones and sands and shadows; to the former for the influence of its dark water resting on invisible mud,

and for its reflections. It is a factory of soil, depositing sediment.

How many virtues have cattle in the fields! They do not make a noise at your approach, like dogs; they rarely low, but are quiet as nature, — merely look up at you. In the Ministerial Swamp there is a great deal of the naked viburnum rising above the dwarf andromeda. The calopogon, or grass-pink, now fully open, is remarkably handsome in the grass in low grounds, by contrast — its four or five *open* purple flowers — with the surrounding green. It makes a much greater show than the pogonia. It is of the same character with that and the arethusa, with a slight fragrance, methinks. It is very much indebted to its situation, no doubt, in low ground, where it contrasts with the dark-green grass. All color, with only a grass-like leaf below; flowers eminently. If it grew on dry and barren hilltops, or in woods above the dead leaves, it would lose half its attractions. Buttercups have now almost disappeared, as well as clover. Some of the earliest roses are ceasing, but others remain. I see many devil's-needles zigzagging along the Second Division Brook, some green, some blue, both with black and perhaps velvety wings. They are confined to the brook. How lavishly they are painted! How cheap was the paint! How free the fancy of their creator! I caught a handful of small water-bugs, fifteen or twenty, about as large as apple seeds. Some country people call them apple seeds, it is said, from their scent. I perceived a strong scent, but I am not sure it was like apples. I should rather think they were so called from their shape.

Some birds are poets and sing all summer. They are the true singers. Any man can write verses during the love season. I am reminded of this while we rest in the shade on the Major Heywood road and listen to a wood thrush, now just before sunset. We are most interested in those birds who sing for the love of the music and not of their mates; who meditate their strains, and *amuse* themselves with singing; the birds, the strains, of deeper sentiment; not bobolinks, that lose their plumage, their bright colors, and their song so early.

The robin, the red-eye, the veery, the wood thrush, etc., etc.

The wood thrush's is no opera music; it is not so much the composition as the strain, the tone, — cool bars of melody from the atmosphere of everlasting morning or evening. It is the quality of the song, not the sequence. In the peawai's note there is some sultriness, but in the thrush's, though heard at noon, there is the liquid coolness of things that are just drawn from the bottom of springs. The thrush alone declares the immortal wealth and vigor that is in the forest. Here is a bird in whose strain the story is told, though Nature waited for the science of æsthetics to discover it to man. Whenever a man hears it, he is young, and Nature is in her spring. Wherever he hears it, it is a new world and a free country, and the gates of heaven are not shut against him. Most other birds sing from the level of my ordinary cheerful hours — a carol; but this bird never fails to speak to me out of an ether purer than that I breathe, of immortal beauty

and vigor. He deepens the significance of all things seen in the light of his strain. He sings to make men take higher and truer views of things. He sings to amend their institutions; to relieve the slave on the plantation and the prisoner in his dungeon, the slave in the house of luxury and the prisoner of his own low thoughts.

How fitting to have every day in a vase of water on your table the wild-flowers of the season which are just blossoming! Can any house [be] said to be furnished without them? Shall we be so forward to pluck the fruits of Nature and neglect her flowers? These are surely her finest influences. So may the season suggest the fine thoughts it is fitted to suggest. Shall we say, "A penny for your thoughts," before we have looked into the face of Nature? Let me know what picture she is painting, what poetry she is writing, what ode composing, now.

I hear my hooting owl now just before sunset. You can fancy it the most melancholy sound in Nature, as if Nature meant by this to stereotype and make permanent in her quire the dying moans of a human being, made more awful by a certain gurgling melodiousness. It reminds of ghouls and idiots and insane howlings. One answers from far woods in a strain made really sweet by distance. Some poor weak relic of mortality who has left hope behind, and howls like an animal, yet with human sobs, on entering the dark valley. I find myself beginning with the letters *gl* when I try to imitate it. Yet for the most part it is a sweet and melodious strain to me.¹

¹ [*Walden*, pp. 138, 139; Riv. 196.]

Some fields are quite yellow with johnswort now, — a pleasing motley hue, which looks autumnal. What is that small chickweed-like plant on Clamshell Hill, now out of bloom?

The sun has set. We are in Dennis's field. The dew is falling fast. Some fine clouds, which have just escaped being condensed in dew, hang on the skirts of day and make the attraction in our western sky, — that part of day's gross atmosphere which has escaped the clutches of the night and is not enough condensed to fall to earth, — soon to be gilded by his parting rays. They are remarkably finely divided clouds, a very fine mackerel sky, or, rather, as if one had sprinkled that part of the sky with a brush, the outline of the whole being that of several large sprigs of fan coral. C., as usual, calls it a Mediterranean sky. They grow darker and darker, and now are reddened, while dark-blue bars of clouds of wholly different character lie along the northwest horizon.

The *Asclepias Cornuti* (*Syriaca*) and the *A. incarnata* (*pulchra*) (this hardly out). Considerable fog to-night.

July 6. 2.30 p. m. — To Beck Stow's, thence to Saw Mill Brook, and return by Walden.

Now for the shade of oaks in pastures. The witnesses attending court sit on the benches in the shade of the great elm. The cattle gather under the trees. The pewee is heard now in the heat of the day, and the red-eye (?). The pure white cymes (?) of the elder are very conspicuous now along the edges of meadows,

contrasting with the green above and around. Yarrow is another of those flat-cymed flowers, now common. Here are holes dug by cattle in the dry fields (the Great Fields), like the buffalo wallows. In the swamp I find no blueberries ripe. But few *old* leaves remain on the dwarf andromeda. Woodchucks are remarkably numerous this year. *Cirsium arvense*, Canada thistle, just begun.

From the lane in front of Hawthorne's I see dense beds of tufted vetch (*Vicia cracca*), for some time taking the place of the grass in the low grounds, blue inclining in spots to lilac like the lupines. This, too, was one of the flowers that Proserpine was gathering, and yellow lilies, too. It is affecting to see such an abundance of blueness in the grass. It affects the eyes, this celestial color. I see it afar (from Hosmer's) in masses on the hillsides near the meadow. So much blue, laid on with so heavy a hand!

In selecting a site in the country, let a lane near your house, grass-grown, cross a sizable brook where is a watering-place. I see a pickerel in the brook showing his whitish greedy upper lips projecting over the lower. How well concealed he is! He is generally of the color of the muddy bottom or the decayed leaves and wood that compose it, and the longitudinal white stripe on his back and the transverse ones on his sides are the color of the yellowish sand here and there exposed. He heads up-stream and keeps his body perfectly motionless, however rapid the current, chiefly by the motion of his narrow pectoral fins, though also by the waving of his other fins and tail as much as necessary, which a

frog might mistake for that of weeds. Thus, concealed by his color and stillness, like a stake, he lies in wait [for] frogs or minnows. Now a frog leaps in, and he darts forward three or four feet.

Pastinaca sativa, parsnip. How wholesome and edible smells its sweet root! What is that succulent plant near Tuttle's? *Agrimonia eupatoria* with a rather handsome spike of yellow flowers. Tansy (*Tanacetum vulgare*) just begins.

A quail. I associate its whistle with breezy weather.

Hosmer is haying, but inclined to talk as usual. I blowed on his horn at supper-time. I asked if I should do any harm if I sounded it. He said no, but I called Mrs. Hosmer back, who was on her way to the village, though I blowed it but poorly. I was surprised to find how much skill and breath it took, depending on the size of the throat. Let blow a horn, says Robin, that good fellowship may us know. Where could a man go to practice on the horn, unless he went round to the farmer's at meal-time?

I am disappointed that Hosmer, the most intelligent farmer in Concord, and perchance in Middlesex, who admits that he has property enough for his use without accumulating more, and talks of leaving off hard work, letting his farm, and spending the rest of his days easier and better, cannot yet think of any method of employing himself but in work with his hands; only he would have a little less of it. Much as he is inclined to speculation in conversation — giving up any work to it for the time — and long-headed as he is, he talks of working for a neighbor for a day now and then and taking

his dollar. He "would not like to spend his time sitting on the mill-dam." He has not even planned an essentially better life.

Lysimachia stricta, upright loosestrife, now well out, by Hosmer's Pond and elsewhere, a rather handsome flower or cylindrical raceme of flowers. The *Castanea vesca*, with cream-colored flowers, seen from far, and the small green burs just forming. This is before the bass, methinks. It is covered with insects, now that tree flowers are scarce, — rose-bugs, a kind of locust, and I see a milk-white spider with two reddish spots; — a rather disagreeable buttery scent. I saw the other day a spider on a dwarf primrose, yellow, like the flower, and shaped like a flower. The red lily (*Lilium Philadelphicum*). This has very open petals of a dark vermilion color, speckled within, and grows in rather dry places, by wood-paths, etc., and is very interesting and handsome.

Sometimes the swampy vigor in such doses proves rank poison to the sensitively bred man! — as where dogwood grows. How far he has departed from the rude vigor of Nature, that he cannot assimilate and transmute her elements! The morning air may make a debauchee sick; no herb is friendly to him; all, at last, are poisons, and yet none are medicines to him, and so he dies; the air kills him.

Saw five drooping lily buds — yellow lilies, I suppose — on one stem. I notice the handsome stages of leaves, whorl-like or spiral, of the ground pine (*Lycopodium dendroideum*), whose spike is budded now. The *Galium trifidum*, rough. Also the *Galium triflorum*, flat on the

ground, raying out two feet each way with broad and pointed leaves.

Returning through Britton's peach-field, I see numerous caterpillars' nests on the shrub oaks, made of clustered leaves, as big as your fist. They are three quarters of an inch long within. Soon to strip the bushes.

The *Erigeron strigosus* (*integrifolius* of Bigelow) is very common now in the fields, the flowers on the branches generally higher than the middle ones, like small white asters. At Saw Mill Brook, *Circaea alpina*, enchanter's-nightshade, moist shady places, with thin tender leaves *somewhat* like the touch-me-not's, — a sounding name for so inconspicuous a flower. The *Rubus hispidus*, or running swamp blackberry, was just in bloom when I gathered my early red ones, and is still generally in bloom; also the *R. Canadensis* is still often in bloom.

The early blueberries ripen first on the hills, before those who confine themselves to the lowlands are aware of it. When the old folks find only one turned here and there, children, who are best acquainted with the localities of berries, bring pailfuls to sell at their doors. For birds' nests and berries, give me a child's eyes. But berries must be eaten on the hills, and then how far from the surfeiting luxury of an alderman's dinner!

I heard a solitary duck on Goose Pond making a doleful cry, though its ordinary one, just before sundown, as if caught in a trap or by a fox, and, creeping silently through the bushes, I saw it — probably a

wood duck — sailing rapidly away; but it still repeated its cry, as if calling for a mate.

When the hen hatches ducks they do not mind her clucking. They lead the hen. Chickens and ducks are well set on the earth. What great legs they have! This part is early developed. A perfect Antæus is a young duck in this respect, deriving a steady stream of health and strength, for he rarely gets off it, ready either for land or water. Nature is not on her last legs yet. A chick's stout legs! If they were a little larger they would injure the globe's tender organization with their scratching. Then, for digestion, consider their crops and what they put into them in the course of a day! Consider how well fitted to endure the fatigue of a day's excursion. A young chick will run all day in pursuit of grasshoppers and occasionally vary its exercise by scratching, go to bed at night with protuberant crop, and get up early in the morning ready for a new start.

We have all kinds of walks in the woods, if we follow the paths, — some quite embowered in old forests and carpeted with slippery pine leaves, some covered with fine grass, rarely used between glossy shrub oaks and locusts, winding away.

July 7. 4 A. M. — The first¹ really foggy morning. Yet before I rise I hear the song of birds from out it, like the bursting of its bubbles with music, the bead on liquids just uncorked. Their song gilds thus the frostwork of the morning. As if the fog were a great sweet froth

¹ [This is queried in pencil.]

on the surface of land and water, whose fixed air escaped, whose bubbles burst with music. The sound of its evaporation, the fixed air of the morning just brought from the cellars of the night escaping. The morning twittering of birds in perfect harmony with it. I came near awaking this morning. I am older than last year; the mornings are further between; the days are fewer. Any excess—to have drunk too much water, even, the day before—is fatal to the morning's clarity, but in health the sound of a cow-bell is celestial music. Oh, might I always wake to thought and poetry—regenerated! Can [it] be called a morning, if our senses are not clarified so that we perceive more clearly, if we do not rise with elastic vigor? How wholesome these fogs which some fear! They are cool, medicated vapor baths, mingled by Nature, which bring to our senses all the medical properties of the meadows. The touchstones of health. Sleep with all your windows open, and let the mist embrace you.

To the Cliffs.

The fog condenses into fountains and streams of music, as into the strain of the bobolink which I hear, and runs off so. The music of the birds is the tinkling of the rills that flow from it. I cannot see twenty rods. The trees look darker through it, and their outlines more distinct, apparently because of the whiteness of the fog and the less light that comes through the trees. There is everywhere dew on the cobwebs, little gossamer veils or scarfs as big as your hand, dropped from fairy shoulders that danced on the grass the past night.

Even where the grass was cut yesterday and is now cocked up, these dewy webs are as thick as anywhere, promising a fair day. There is no sunrise.

Hayden says his old cow "split her bones" in giving birth to a calf, and lies now helpless and incurable in the pasture, where he feeds her. Thus Nature rends the old husks, careful only for the fruit. The old, no doubt, have their satisfactions as well as the young.

The cobwebs on the dead twigs in sprout-lands covered with fog or dew. Their geometry is very distinct, and I see where birds have flown through them. I noticed that the fog last night, just after sundown, was like a fine smoke in valleys between the woods. The, to me, beautiful rose-colored spikes of the hardhack (*Spiraea tomentosa*). One is out. I think it was this thin vapor that produced a kind of mirage when I looked over the meadow from the railroad last night toward Trillium Wood, giving to the level meadow a certain liquid, sea-like look. Now the heads of herd's-grass, seen through the dispersing fog, look like an ocean of grass. Yesterday I noticed some goldenrods by the Walden road whose sheafy tops were yellowish. I appear to have brought home last night the *Pyrola rotundifolia* and *elliptica*, or shin-leaf, and perhaps *chlorantha* (?), now quite abundant.

6 P. M. — To Hubbard's Bathing-Place.

Pogonias are still abundant in the meadows, but arethusas I have not lately seen. The drooping heads of rattlesnake grass look autumnal. The blue-eyed

grass shuts up before sunset. The blossom of the cranberry looks singularly dry and shaving-like, considering its locality. The very handsome "pink purple" flowers of the *Calopogon* (!) *pulchellus* enrich the grass all around the edge of Hubbard's blueberry swamp, and are now in their prime. The *Arethusa bulbosa*, "crystalline purple;" *Pogonia ophioglossoides*, snake-mouthed arethusa, "pale purple;" and the *Calopogon pulchellus*, grass pink, "pink purple," make one family in my mind,—next to the purple orchis, or with it,—being flowers *par excellence*, all flower, all color, with inconspicuous leaves, naked flowers, and difficult—at least the calopogon—to preserve. But they are flowers, excepting the first, at least, without a name. *Pogonia*! *Calopogon*!! They would blush still deeper if they knew what names man had given them. The first and the last interest me most, for the pogonia has a strong snaky odor. The first may perhaps retain its name arethusa, from the places in which it grows, and the other two deserve the names of nymphs, perhaps of the class called Naiades. How would the Naiad *Ægle* do for one? The calopogon, like so many flowers, looks lilac-colored in the twilight. (My hummock of roses is still full of flowers and buds.) To be sure, in a perfect flower there will be proportion between the flowers and leaves, but these are fair and delicate, nymph-like.

The flowers of the *Lysimachia lanceolata* var. *hybrida*, loosestrife, are of a particularly faint or saffron or spring (?) yellow. *Plantago major*, *Lepidium Virginicum*, pepper-grass, an inconspicuous weed, with seed-vessels

somewhat like shepherd's-purse. I find in Hubbard's meadow what may be the 17th, 18th, or 19th aster of Gray. *Vide* Dictionary.

When the yellow lily flowers in the meadows, and the red in dry lands and by wood-paths, then, methinks, the flowering season has reached its height. They surprise me as perhaps no more can. Now I am prepared for anything.

July 8. P. M. — Down river in boat to the Holt.

The small globose white flower in muddy places by river and elsewhere. The bass on Egg Rock is just ready to expand. It is perhaps the warmest day yet.

We held on to the abutments under the red bridge to cool ourselves in the shade. No better place in hot weather, the river rippling away beneath you and the air rippling through beneath the abutments, if only in sympathy with the river, while the planks afford a shade, and you hear all the travel and the travellers' talk without being seen or suspected. The bullfrog it is, methinks, that makes the dumping sound. There is generally a current of air circulating over water, always, methinks, if the water runs swiftly, as if it put the air in motion. There is quite a breeze here this sultry day. Commend me to the sub-pontean, the under-bridge, life.

I am inclined to think bathing almost one of the necessities of life, but it is surprising how indifferent some are to it. What a coarse, foul, busy life we lead, compared even with the South-Sea-Islanders, in some re-

spects. Truant boys steal away to bathe, but the farmers, who most need it, rarely dip their bodies into the streams or ponds. M—— was telling me last night that he had thought of bathing when he had done his hoeing, — of taking some soap and going down to Walden and giving himself a good scrubbing, — but something had occurred to prevent it, and now he will go unwashed to the harvesting, aye, even till the next hoeing is over. Better the faith and practice of the Hindoos who worship the sacred Ganges. We have not faith enough in the Musketaquid to wash in it, even after hoeing. Men stay on shore, keep themselves dry, and drink rum. Pray what were rivers made for? One farmer, who came to bathe in Walden one Sunday while I lived there, told me it was the first bath he had had for fifteen years. Now what kind of religion could his be? Or was it any better than a Hindoo's?

M—— said that Abel Heywood told him he had been down to the Great Meadows (river meadows) to look at the grass, and that there was n't a-going to be much of a crop; in some places there was n't any grass at all. The great freshet in the spring did n't do it any good.

Under the *Salix nigra* var. *falcata*, near that hand-somest one, which now is full of scythe-shaped leaves, the larger six inches long by seven eighths wide, with remarkably broad lunar leafy appendages or stipules at their base, I found a remarkable moth lying flat on the still water as if asleep (they appear to sleep during the day), as large as the smaller birds. Five and a half inches in alar extent and about three inches long, some-

thing like the smaller figure in one position of the wings (with a remarkably narrow lunar-cut tail), of a sea-green color, with four conspicuous spots whitish within, then a red line, then yellowish border below or toward the tail, but brown, brown orange, and black above, toward head; a very robust body, covered with a kind of downy plumage, an inch



and a quarter long by five eighths thick. The sight affected me as tropical, and I suppose it is the northern verge of some species. It suggests into what productions Nature would run if all the year were a July. By night it is active, for, though I thought it dying at first, it made a great noise in its prison, a cigar-box, at night. When the day returns, it apparently drops wherever it may be, even into the water, and dozes till evening again. Is it called the emperor moth? ¹

Yesterday I observed the arrow-wood at Saw Mill Brook, remarkably tall, straight, and slender. It is quite likely the Indians made their arrows of it, for it makes just such shoots as I used to select for my own arrows. It appears to owe its straightness partly to its rapid growth, already two feet from the extremities chiefly. The pontederia begins to make a show now. The black willow has branches horizontal or curving downward to the water first, branching at once at the ground. The *Sium latifolium*, water parsnip, — except that the calyx-leaves are minute and the fruit *ribbed*, — close to the edge of the river.

¹ [The luna moth.]

July 9. Friday. 4 A. M. — To Cliffs.

No dew; no dewy cobwebs. The sky looks mist-like, not clear blue. An aurora fading into a general saffron color. At length the redness travels over, partly from east to west, before sunrise, and there is little color in the east. The birds all unite to make the morning quire; sing rather faintly, not prolonging their strains. The crickets appear to have received a reinforcement during the sultry night. There is no name for the evening red corresponding to aurora. It is the blushing foam about the prow of the sun's boat, and at eve the same in its wake. I do not often hear the bluebird now except at dawn. Methinks we have had no clear winter skies — no skies the color of a robin's egg, and pure amber around — for some months. These blueberries on Fair Haven have a very innocent, ambrosial taste, as if made of the ether itself, as they plainly are colored with it. I hear the chickadee's two wiry notes. The jay's note, resounding along a raw wood-side, suggests a singular wildness. I hear many scarlet tanagers, the first I have seen this season, which some might mistake for a red-eye. A hoarse, rough strain, comparatively, but more easily caught owing to its simplicity and sameness; something like *heer chip-er-way-heer chory chay*. A bobolink. How handsome the leaves of the shrub oak, so clear and unspotted a green, so firm and enduring, like fame; glossy, uninjured by the wind, need for mighty conquerors; and also lighter on the under side, which contrast is important. The wood thrush sings on a dead tree-top. There is an insect in the froth on the *Vaccinium vacillans*. I see the cistus

still. The amelanchier's is a handsome berry, purplish when ripe, though handsomest when red, and inkish [?] next the stem. It must be the cuckoo that makes that half-throttled sound at night, for I saw one while he made it this morning, as he flew from an apple tree when I disturbed him. Those white water-lilies, what boats! I toss one into the pan half unfolded, and it floats upright like a boat. It is beautiful when half open and also when fully expanded. Methinks I have found the *Asclepias obtusifolia*, which has long horns and is quite fragrant.

Morton, in his "Crania Americana," says, referring to Wilkinson as his authority, that "vessels of porcelain of Chinese manufacture have of late been repeatedly found in the catacombs of Thebes, in Egypt," some as old as the Pharaonic period, and the inscriptions on them "have been read with ease by Chinese scholars, and in three instances record the following legend: The flower opens, and lo! another year." There is something sublime in the fact that some of the oldest written sentences should thus celebrate the coming in of spring. How many times have the flowers opened and a new year begun! Hardly a more cheering sentence could have come down to us. How old is spring, a phenomenon still so fresh! Do we perceive any decay in Nature? How much evidence is contained in this short and simple sentence respecting the former inhabitants of this globe! It is a sentence to be inscribed on vessels of porcelain. Suggesting that so many years had gone before. An observation as fit then as now.

3 P. M. — To Clematis Brook.

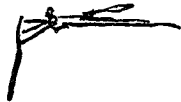
The heat to-day (as yesterday) is furnace-like. It produces a thickness almost amounting to vapor in the near horizon. The railroad men cannot work in the Deep Cut, but have come out on to the causeway, where there is a circulation of air. They tell with a shudder of the heat reflected from the rails. Yet a breezy wind, as it were born of the heat, rustles all leaves. Those drifting piles of clouds in the north, assuming interesting forms, of unmeasured rocky mountains or unfathomed precipices, light-colored and even downy above, but with watery bases, portend a thunder-shower before night. Well, I can take shelter in some haven or under a bridge. It shall not spoil my afternoon. I have scarcely heard one strain from the telegraph harp this season. Its string is rusted and slackened, relaxed, and now no more it encourages the walker. I miss it much. So is it with all sublunary things. Every poet's lyre loses its tension. It cannot bear the alternate contraction and expansion of the seasons. The *Lactuca elongata*, four or five feet high, with its small pale-yellow flowers now closed. How intense and suffocating the heat under some sunny wood-sides where no breeze circulates! I go by Well Meadow Head. The tephrosia, which still lingers, is remarkable, perhaps, for the contrast of its light or clear purple with its cream-colored petals. The *Veratrum viride* in the swamp is already turned yellow and decaying and half prostrate. Its fall is already come. I observe that the fever-bush here, as on Conantum, died down last winter. The red lily, with its torrid

color and sun-freckled spots, dispensing, too, with the outer garment of a calyx, its petals so open and wide apart that you can see through it in every direction, tells of hot weather. It is a handsome bell shape, so upright, and the *flower* prevails over every other part. It belongs not to spring. It grows in the path by the town bound. It is refreshing to see the surface of Fair Haven rippled with wind. The waves break here quite as on the seashore and with the like effects. This little brook makes great sands comparatively at its mouth, which the waves of the pond wash up and break upon like a sea. The *Ludwigia palustris*, water purslane, on mud in bottom of dry ditches.

Bathing is an undescribed luxury. To feel the wind blow on your body, the water flow on you and lave you, is a rare physical enjoyment this hot day. The water is remarkably warm here, especially in the shallows,—warm to the hand, like that which has stood long in a kettle over a fire. The pond water being so warm made the water of the brook feel very cold; and this kept close on the bottom of the pond for a good many rods about the mouth of the brook, as I could feel with my feet; and when I thrust my arm down where it was only two feet deep, my arm was in the warm water of the pond, but my hand in the cold water of the brook. The clams are, if possible, more numerous here, though perhaps smaller than at the shore under the Cliffs. I could collect many bushels of them.

The sandy shore just beyond this is quite yellow with the *Utricularia cornuta*, the small ranunculus, and

the gratiola, all growing together. They make quite a show. A black snake on the sand retreats not into the bushes, but into the pond, amid the pontederia. The *Rhus glabra* is out. At Clematis Pond, the small arrow-head in the mud is still bleeding where cows have cropped. In some places the mud is covered with the *Thysanthes gratioloides*, false pimpernel. I think it is this, the flower shaped somewhat like a skull-cap (*Lindernia* of Bigelow). The bottom of this pond, now for the most part exposed, of dark virgin mud, soft and moist, is an invigorating sight. It is alive with hundreds of small bullfrogs (?) at my approach, which go skipping into the water. Perhaps they were outside for coolness. It is also recently tracked by minks or muskrats in all directions, and by birds. (I should have said that the sand washed down by the brook at Pleasant Meadow covered the muddy bottom of the pond, but where the sandy covering was thin I slumped through it into the mud. I saw there some golden or brownish-golden winged devil's-needles, and was struck by the manner in which they held to the tops of the rushes when they alighted, — just on one side. You would perhaps confound them with the spike (?) of flowers.) The *Corylus rostrata*, beaked hazel, with green fruit, by Clematis Brook. The milkweeds, *syriaca* chiefly, are now in full flower by the ditch just beyond and fill the air with a strong scent, — five or six feet high. The *Asclepias obtusifolia* has a handsome waved or curled leaf and, methinks, more fragrant flowers. By this ditch also grows the *Sisym-*



brium amphibium, amphibious cress, of Bigelow (apparently *Nasturtium palustre* of Gray, though the pods are tipped with a conspicuous style and are not to be compared for length with the pedicels). It has the aspect and the taste of mustard. A rather high plant in water. That large galium. Can it be the cardinal-flower here in bud, a coarse plant with a leaf-like red-tipped envelope to its united stamens?

Nowadays I scare up the woodcock (?) by shaded brooks and springs in the woods. It has a carry-legs flight and goes off with a sort of whistle. As you walk now in wood-paths, your head is encompassed with a swarm of ravenous, buzzing flies. It seems almost too hot for locusts.

Low hills, or even hillocks, which are stone-capped, — have rocky summits, — as that near James Baker's, remind me of mountains, which, in fact, they are on a small scale. The brows of earth, round which the trees and bushes trail like the hair of eyebrows, outside bald places, *templa*, primitive places, where lichens grow. I have some of the same sensations as if I sat on the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Some low places thus give a sense of elevation.

Sleeman says that no boy in India ever robs a bird's nest. Are they heathenish in that?

Walden and White Ponds have a brimful look at present, though the former is not quite so high as when I last observed it. The bare hills about it are reddened in spots where the pine leaves are sere on the ground. The *Vaccinium vacillans*, small glaucous blueberry, bears here and there a ripe one on

the hills, and the *Rubus Canadensis*, low blackberry, bears already a few ripe ones on sandy banks like the railroad causeway, exposed to the sun. *Portulaca oleracea* (?), purslane, just in flower, bright yellow, in the garden.¹ Observed in the river yesterday a potamogeton with leaves half an inch wide and four or five long. The white spruce shoots when wilted have the same raspberry fragrance with those of the fir balsam, but not so much of it. *Galium asprellum*, pointed cleavers.

July 10. Saturday. Another day, if possible still hotter than the last. We have already had three or four such, and still no rain. The soil under the sward in the yard is dusty as an ash-heap for a foot in depth, and young trees are suffering and dying.

2 P. M. — To the North River in front of Major Barrett's.

It is with a suffocating sensation and a slight pain in the head that I walk the Union Turnpike where the heat is reflected from the road. The leaves of the elms on the dry highways begin to roll up. I have to lift my hat to let the air cool my head. But I find a refreshing breeze from over the river and meadow. In the hottest day you can be comfortable in the shade on the open shore of a pond or river where a zephyr comes over the water, sensibly cooled by it; that is, if the water is deep enough to cool it. I find the white melilot (*Melilotus leucantha*), a fragrant clover, in blossom by this roadside.

¹ This should have been in next day, 10th.

We turn aside by a large rye-field near the old Lee place. The rye-fields are now quite yellow and ready for the sickle. Already there are many flavous colors in the landscape, much maturity of small seeds. The nodding heads of the rye make an agreeable maze to the eye. I hear now the huckleberry-bird, the red-eye, and the oven-bird. The robin, methinks, is oftener heard of late, even at noon. There are but few travelers abroad, on account of the oppressive heat. This heat is at the same time ripening and drying up the berries.

The long, narrow open intervals in the woods near the Assabet are quite dry now, in some parts yellow with the upright loosestrife. One of these meadows, a quarter of a mile long by a few rods wide, narrow and winding and bounded on all sides by maples, showing the under sides of their leaves, swamp white oaks with their glossy dark-green leaves, and birches, etc., and full of meadow-sweet just coming into bloom and cranberry vines and a dry kind of grass, is a very attractive place to walk in. We undressed on this side, carried our clothes down in the stream a considerable distance, and finally bathed in earnest from the opposite side. The heat tempted us to prolong this luxury, I think that I never felt the water so warm, yet it was not disagreeably so, though probably bathing in [it] was the less bracing and exhilarating, not so good as when you have to make haste, shivering, to get your clothes on in the wind; when ice has formed in the morning. But this is certainly the most luxurious. The river has here a sandy bottom and is for the most part quite shallow.

I made quite an excursion up and down it in the water, a fluvial, a water, walk. It seemed the properest highway for this weather. Now in water a foot or two deep, now suddenly descending through valleys up to my neck, but all alike agreeable. Sometimes the bottom looked as if covered with long, flat, sharp-edged rocks. I could break off cakes three or four inches thick and a foot or two square. It was a conglomeration and consolidation of sand and pebbles, as it were cemented with oxid of iron (?), quite red with it, iron-colored, to the depth of an inch on the upper side, — a hard kind of pan covering or forming the bottom in many places. When I had left the river and walked in the woods for some time, and jumped into the river again, I was surprised to find for the first time how warm it was, — as it seemed to me, almost warm enough to boil eggs, — like water that has stood a considerable while in a kettle over a fire. There are many interesting objects of study as you walk up and down a clear river like this in the water, where you can see every inequality in the bottom and every object on it. The breams' nests are interesting and even handsome, and the shallow water in them over the sand is so warm to my hand that I think their ova will soon be hatched. Also the numerous heaps of stones, made I know not certainly by what fish, many of them rising above the surface. There are weeds on the bottom which remind you of the sea. The radical leaves of the floating-heart, which I have never seen mentioned, very large, five inches long and four wide, dull claret (and green where freshest), pellucid, with waved edges, in large tufts or

dimples on the bottom, oftenest without the floating leaves, like lettuce or some kelps or carrageen moss (?). The bottom is also scored with furrows made by the clams moving about, sometimes a rod long; and always the clam lies at one end. So this fish can change its position and get into deeper and cooler water. I was in doubt before whether the clam made these furrows, for one apparently fresh that I examined had a "mud clam" at the end; but these, which were very numerous, had living clams.

There are but few fishes to be seen. They have, no doubt, retreated to the deepest water. In one somewhat muddier place, close to the shore, I came upon an old pout cruising with her young. She dashed away at my approach, but the fry remained. They were of various sizes from a third of an inch to an inch and a half long, quite black and pout-shaped, except that the head was most developed in the smallest. They were constantly moving about in a somewhat circular, or rather lenticular, school, about fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter, and I estimated that there were at least a thousand of them. Presently the old pout came back and took the lead of her brood, which followed her, or rather gathered about her, like chickens about a hen; but this mother had so many children she didn't know what to do. Her maternal yearnings must be on a great scale. When one half of the divided school found her out, they came down upon her and completely invested her like a small cloud. She was soon joined by another smaller pout, apparently her mate, and all, both old and young, began to be very familiar with me; they came

round my legs and felt them with their feelers, and the old pouts nibbled my toes, while the fry half concealed my feet. Probably if I had been standing on the bank with my clothes on they would have been more shy. Ever and anon the old pouts dashed aside to drive away a passing bream or perch. The larger one kept circling about her charge, as if to keep them together within a certain compass. If any of her flock were lost or devoured she could hardly have missed them. I wondered if there was any calling of the roll at night, — whether she, like a faithful shepherdess, ever told her tale under some hawthorn in the river's dales. Ever ready to do battle with the wolves that might break into her fold. The young pouts are protected then for a season by the old. Some had evidently been hatched before the others. One of these large pouts had a large velvet-black spot which included the right pectoral fin, a kind of disease which I have often observed on them.

I wonder if any Roman emperor ever indulged in such luxury as this, — of walking up and down a river in torrid weather with only a hat to shade the head. What were the baths of Caracalla to this? Now we traverse a long water plain some two feet deep; now we descend into a darker river valley, where the bottom is lost sight of and the water rises to our armpits; now we go over a hard iron pan; now we stoop and go under a low bough of the *Salix nigra*; now we slump into soft mud amid the pads of the *Nymphaea odorata*, at this hour shut. On this road there is no other traveller to turn out for.

When I first came out of the water, the short, dry grass was burning hot to my bare feet, and my skin was soon parched and dry in the sun.

We finally return to the dry land, and recline in the shade of an apple tree on a bank overlooking the meadow. I still hear the bobolink. (There are comparatively few clams in the sandy Assabet, but methinks there are more than usual everywhere this year.) The stones lying in the sun on this hillside where the grass has been cut are as hot to the hand as an egg just boiled, and very uncomfortable to hold, so do they absorb the heat. Every hour we expect a thunder-shower to cool the air, but none comes. We say they are gone down the river.

The skull-cap (*Scutellaria galericulata*) is open in this meadow, a pretty conspicuous blue flower. Also the *Drosera longifolia*. That sort of erigeron is open. *Sericocarpus conyzoides* (?), small, many-flowered, with few rays, has long been budded.

St. John's-wort is perhaps the prevailing flower now. Many fields are very yellow with it. In one such I was surprised to see rutabaga turnips growing well and showing no effects of drouth, and still more surprised when the farmer, a very worthy but perfect Don Quixote looking man, showed me with his hoc that the earth was quite fresh and moist there, only an inch beneath the surface. This, he thought, was the result of keeping the earth loose by cultivation. This man's farm is extremely long and narrow, so that he could hardly hear a dinner horn where he was then at work. I was pleased to find that the woman who called her husband

from a distant field did not accomplish it without some skill and effort of the lungs.

July 11. 4.30 A. M. — To the river.

The shore is strewn with quite a long grove of young red maples two inches high, with the samaræ attached. So they are dispersed. The heart-leaf flower is abundant more than ever, but shut up at this hour. The first lily I noticed opened about half an hour after sunrise, or at 5 o'clock. The *Polygonum hydropiperoides*, I think it is, now in blossom in the mud by the river. Morning-glories are in perfection now, some dense masses of this vine with very red flowers, very attractive and cool-looking in dry mornings. They are very tender and soon defaced in a nosegay. The large orange lily with sword-shaped leaves, strayed from cultivation, by the roadside beyond the stone bridge.

It is a sufficient reason for walking in the forenoon sometimes that some flowers shut up at noon and do not open again during the day, thus showing a preference for that portion of the day.

P. M. — To Conantum.

The wind makes it rather more comfortable to-day. That small globose white flower with glossy radical leaves is common now on the muddy shore of the river. The fishes' nests are left high and dry, and I perceive that they are distinctly hollowed, five or six inches deep, in the sand, *i. e.* below the surrounding surface. Here are some which still contain their painful of water, but are no longer connected with

the river. They have a distinct raised edge of sand about one and a half inches high and three or four wide. The lilies I have tried in water this warmest weather have wilted the first day. Only the water can produce and sustain such flowers. Those which are left high and dry, or even in very shallow water, are wont to have a dwarfed growth. The Victoria lily is a water flower.

The river is low. Now is the time for meadow walking. (I am in the meadow north of Hubbard's Bridge.) You go dry-shod now through meadows which were comparatively impassable before, — those western reserves which you had not explored. We are thankful that the water has preserved them inviolate so long. There is a cheerful light reflected from the under sides of the ferns in the drier meadows now, and has been for some time, especially in breezy weather. It was so in June. The dusty roads and roadsides begin to show the effects of drouth. The corn rolls.

The bass on Conantum is now well in blossom. It probably commenced about the 9th. Its flowers are conspicuous for a tree, and a rather agreeable odor fills the air. The tree resounds with the hum of bees on the flowers. On the whole it is a rich sight. Is it not later than the chestnut? The elder is a very conspicuous and prevalent flower now, with its large flat cymes.

Pogonias and calopogons are very abundant in the meadows. They are interesting, if only for their high color. Any redness is, after all, rare and precious. It is the color of our blood. The rose owes its preëmi-

nence in great measure to its color. It is said to be from the Celtic *rhos*, red. It is nature's most precious color.

Impatiens fulva, by Corner Spring. I hear often nowadays the kingbird's chattering twitter. As you walk under oaks, you perceive from time to time a considerable twig come gently falling to the ground, whose stem has been weakened by a worm, and here and there lie similar twigs whose leaves are now withered and changed.

How valuable and significant is shade now! Trees appear valuable for shade mainly, and we observe their shadows as much as their form and foliage. The waving of the meadow-grass near Fair Haven Isle is very agreeable and refreshing to one looking down from an elevation. It appears not merely like a waving or undulation, but a progress, a creeping, as of an invisible army, over it, its flat curly head. The grass appears tufted, *watered*. On the river the ripple is continued into the pads, where it is smoother, — a longer undulation. Pines or evergreens do not attract so much attention now. They have retired on the laurels of the winter campaign.

What is called genius is the abundance of life or health, so that whatever addresses the senses, as the flavor of these berries, or the lowing of that cow, which sounds as if it echoed along a cool mountain-side just before night, where odoriferous dews perfume the air and there is everlasting vigor, serenity, and expectation of perpetual untarnished morning, — each sight and sound and scent and flavor, — intoxicates with a healthy

intoxication. The shrunken stream of life overflows its banks, makes and fertilizes broad intervals, from which generations derive their sustenances. This is the true overflowing of the Nile. So exquisitely sensitive are we, it makes us embrace our fates, and, instead of suffering or indifference, we enjoy and bless. If we have not dissipated the vital, the divine, fluids, there is, then, a circulation of vitality beyond our bodies. The cow is nothing. Heaven is not there, but in the condition of the hearer. I am thrilled to think that I owe a perception to the commonly gross sense of taste, that I have been inspired through the palate, that these berries have fed my brain.¹ After I had been eating these simple, wholesome, ambrosial fruits on this high hillside, I found my senses whetted, I was young again, and whether I stood or sat I was not the same creature.

The yellow lily is not open-petalled like the red, nor is its flower upright, but drooping. On the whole I am most attracted by the red. They both make freckles beautiful.

Fragrances must not be overpowering, however sweet. I love the sweet fragrance of melilot. The *Circæa alpina*, enchanter's-nightshade, by Corner Spring, low, weed-like, somewhat like touch-me-not leaves. Was it not the *C. Luteana* (a larger plant) that I found at Saw Mill Brook?

July 12. I observed this morning a row of several dozen swallows perched on the telegraph-wire by the bridge, and ever and anon a part of them would launch

¹ [Walden, p. 241; Riv. 339.]

forth as with one consent, circle a few moments over the water or meadow, and return to the wire again.

2 P. M. — To the Assabet.

Still no rain. The clouds, cumuli, lie in high piles along the southern horizon, glowing, downy, or cream-colored, broken into irregular summits in the form of bears erect, or demigods, or rocking stones, infant Herculeses; and still we think that from their darker bases a thunder-shower may issue. In other parts of the heavens are long stratified whitish clouds, and in the northwest floating isles, white above and darker beneath. The kingbird is active over the causeway, notwithstanding the heat, and near the woods I hear the huckleberry-bird and the song sparrow. The turtle-dove flutters before you in shady wood-paths, or looks out with extended neck, losing its balance, slow to leave its perch.

Now for another fluvial walk. There is always a current of air above the water, blowing up or down the course of the river, so that this is the coolest highway. Divesting yourself of all clothing but your shirt and hat, which are to protect your exposed parts from the sun, you are prepared for the fluvial excursion. You choose what depths you like, tucking your toga higher or lower, as you take the deep middle of the road or the shallow sidewalks. Here is a road where no dust was ever known, no intolerable drouth. Now your feet expand on a smooth sandy bottom, now contract timidly on pebbles, now slump in genial fatty mud — greasy, saponaceous — amid the pads. You scare out whole schools of small breams and perch, and some-

times a pickerel, which have taken shelter from the sun under the pads. This river is so clear compared with the South Branch, or main stream, that all their secrets are betrayed to you. Or you meet with and interrupt a turtle taking a more leisurely walk up the stream. Ever and anon you cross some furrow in the sand, made by a muskrat, leading off to right or left to their galleries in the bank, and you thrust your foot into the entrance, which is just below the surface of the water and is strewn with grass and rushes, of which they make their nests. In shallow water near the shore, your feet at once detect the presence of springs in the bank emptying in, by the sudden coldness of the water, and there, if you are thirsty, you dig a little well in the sand with your hands, and when you return, after it has settled and clarified itself, get a draught of pure cold water there. The fishes are very forward to find out such places, and I have observed that a frog will occupy a cool spring, however small.

The most striking phenomenon in this stream is the heaps of small stones about the size of a walnut, more or less, which line the shore in shallow water, one every rod or two, the recent ones frequently rising by more than half their height above the water, at present, *i. e.* a foot or a foot and a half, and sharply conical, the older flattened by the elements and greened over with the threadlike stem of *Ranunculus filiformis*, with its minute bright-yellow flower. Some of these heaps contain two cartloads of stones, and as probably the creature that raised them took up one at a time, it must have been a stupendous task. They are from the size

of a hen's egg down to the smallest gravel, and some are so perfect that I cannot believe they were made before the river fell.

Now you walk through fields of the small potamogeton (*heterophyllus* or *hybridus*), now in flower; now through the glossy pads of the white or the yellow water-lily, stepping over the now closed buds of the latter; now pause in the shade of a swamp white oak (up to your middle in the cool element), to which the very skaters and water-bugs confine themselves for the most part. It is an objection to walking in the mud that from time to time you have to pick the leeches off you. The stinkpot's shell, covered with mud and fine green weeds, gives him exactly the appearance of a stone on the bottom, and I noticed a large snapping turtle on one of the dark-brown rocks in the middle of the river (apparently for coolness, in company with a painted tortoise), so completely the color of the rock that, if it had not been for his head curved upwards to a point from anxiety, I should not have detected him. Thus nature subjects them to the same circumstances with the stones, and paints them alike, as with one brush, for their safety.

What art can surpass the rows of maples and elms and swamp white oaks which the water plants along the river, — I mean in variety and gracefulness, — conforming to the curves of the river.

Excepting those fences which are mere boundaries of individual property, the walker can generally perceive the reason for those which he is obliged to get over. This wall runs along just on the edge of the hill and

following all its windings, to separate the more level and cultivatable summit from the slope, which is only fit for pasture or wood-lot, and that other wall below divides the pasture or wood-lot from the richer low grass ground or potato-field, etc. Even these crooked walls are not always unaccountable and lawless.

The mower, perchance, cuts some plants which I have never seen in flower.

I hear the toads still at night, together with bullfrogs, but not so universally nor loud as formerly. I go to walk at twilight, — at the same time that toads go to their walks, and are seen hopping about the sidewalks or the pump. Now, a quarter after nine, as I walk along the river-bank, long after starlight, and perhaps an hour or more after sunset, I see some of those high-pillared clouds of the day, in the southwest, still reflecting a downy light from the regions of day, they are so high. It is a pleasing reminiscence of the day in the midst of the deepening shadows of the night. The dor-bugs hum around me, as I sit on the river-bank beyond the ash tree. Warm as is the night, — one of the warmest in the whole year, — there is an aurora, a low arc of a circle, in the north. The twilight ends to-night apparently about a quarter before ten. There is no moon.

July 13. A journal, a book that shall contain a record of all your joy, your ecstasy.

4 P. M. — To R. W. E.'s wood-lot south of Walden.

The pool by Walden is now *quite yellow* with the common utricularia (*vulgaris*). This morning the hea-

vens were overcast with a fog, which did not clear off till late in the forenoon. I heard the muttering of thunder behind it about 5 A. M. and thought it would rain at last, but there were dewy cobwebs on the grass, and it did not rain, but we had another hot dry day after all.

The northern wild red cherry of the woods is ripe, handsome, bright red, but scarcely edible; also, sooner than I expected, huckleberries, both blue and black; the former, not described by Gray or Bigelow, in the greater abundance, and must have been ripe several days. They are thick enough to pick. The black only here and there. The former is apparently a variety of the latter, blue with bloom and a tough or thick skin. There are evidently several kinds of huckleberries and blueberries not described by botanists: of the very early blueberries at least two varieties, one glossy black with dark-green leaves, the other a rich light blue with bloom and yellowish-green leaves; and more kinds I remember. I found the *Vaccinium corymbosum* well ripe on an exposed hillside. Each day now I scare up woodcocks by shady springs and swamps. The dark-purple amelanchier are the sweetest berries I have tasted yet. One who walks the woods and hills daily, expecting to see the first berry that turns, will be surprised at last to find them ripe and thick before he is aware of it, ripened, he cannot tell how long before, in some more favorable situation. It is impossible to say what day — almost what week — the huckleberries begin to be ripe, unless you are acquainted with, and daily visit, every huckleberry bush in the town, at least every place where they grow.

Already the goldenrod, apparently *Solidago stricta*, willow-leaved goldenrod, preaches of the lapse of time, on the Walden road. How many a tale its yellow tells! The *Polygala sanguinea* and *P. cruciata* in Brister's meadow, both numerous and well out. The last has a fugacious (?) spicy scent, in which, methinks, I detect the scent of nutmegs. Afterward I find that it is the lower part of the stem and root which is most highly scented, like checkerberry, and not fugacious. The *Verbena urticifolia*, white vervain. Succory, or *Cichorium intybus*. It appears to shut up this hot weather. Is that nettle-like plant by the wall below Mrs. Heywood's *Urtica gracilis*? Now in blossom. *Polygonum aviculare*, goose-grass, about the door.

The weather has been remarkably warm for a week or ten days, the thermometer at ninety-five degrees, more or less; and we have had no rain. You have not thought of cold or of taking cold, night or day, but only how you should be cool enough. Such weather as this the only use of clothing is to cover nakedness and to protect the body from the sun. It is remarkable that, though it would be a great luxury to throw aside all clothing now except one thin robe to keep off the sun, yet throughout the whole community not one is found to do it.

July 14. A writer who does not speak out of a full experience uses torpid words, wooden or lifeless words, such words as "humanitary," which have a paralysis in their tails.

Is it not more attractive to be a sailor than a farmer?

The farmer's son is restless and wants to go to sea. Is it not better to plow the ocean than the land? In the former case the plow runs further in its furrow before it turns. You may go round the world before the mast, but not behind the plow.

Morton quotes Wafer as saying of some albinos among the Indians of Darien that "they are quite white, but their whiteness is like that of a horse, quite different from the fair or pale European, as they have not the least tincture of a blush or sanguine complexion. . . . Their eyebrows are milk-white, as is likewise the hair of their heads, which is very fine, inclining to a curl, and growing to the length of six or eight inches. . . . They seldom go abroad in the daytime, the sun being disagreeable to them, and causing their eyes, which are weak and poring, to water, especially if it shines towards them; yet they see very well by moonlight, from which we call them moon-eyed." In Drake's "Collection of Voyages." Neither in our thoughts in these moonlight walks, methinks, is there "the least tincture of a blush or sanguine complexion," but we are, perchance, intellectually and morally albinos, children of Endymion whose parents have walked much by moonlight. Walking much by moonlight, conversing with the moon, makes us, then, albinos. Methinks we should rather represent Endymion in colorless marble, or in the whiteness of marble, than painted of the ruddy color of ordinary youths.¹

Saw to-day for the first time this season fleets of yellow butterflies dispersing before us, [as] we rode

¹ [*Excursions*, pp. 325, 326; Riv. 400.]

along berrying on the Walden road. Their yellow fleets are in the offing. Do I ever see them in numbers off the road? They are a yellow flower that blossoms generally about this time. Like a mackerel fleet, with their small hulls and great sails. Collected now in compact but gorgeous assembly in the road, like schooners in a harbor, a haven; now suddenly dispersing on our approach and filling the air with yellow snowflakes in their zigzag flight, or as when a fair wind calls those schooners out and disperses them over the broad ocean.

How deep or perhaps slaty sky-blue are those blueberries that grow in the shade! It is an unexpected and thrilling discovery to find such ethereal fruits in dense drooping clusters under the fresh green of oak and hickory sprouts. Those that grow in the sun appear to be the same species, only to have lost their bloom and freshness, and hence are darker.¹



The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood-shed with them.

Trees have commonly two growths in the year, a spring and a fall growth, the latter sometimes equaling the former, and you can see where the first was checked whether by cold or drouth, and wonder what there was in the summer to produce this check, this blight. So is it with man; most have a spring growth only, and never get over this first check to their youthful hopes; but plants of hardier constitution, or perchance planted in a more genial soil, speedily recover

¹ *Vide* p. [283].

themselves, and, though they bear the scar or knot in remembrance of their disappointment, they push forward again and have a vigorous fall growth which is equivalent to a new spring. These two growths are now visible on the oak sprouts, the second already nearly equalling the first.

Murder will out. Morton detects the filthiness of the lower class of the ancient Peruvians by the hair of old mummies being "charged with desiccated vermin, which, though buried for centuries in the sand, could not possibly be mistaken for anything else."

July 16. *Chenopodium album*, pigweed. The common form of the arrowhead, with larger, clear-white flowers. Also another arrowhead, with a leaf shaped  not in flower. *Xyris*, yellow-eyed  grass, with three pretty yellow petals atop. The forget-me-not is still abundant.

There is sport in the boy's water-mill, which grinds no corn and saws no logs and yields no money, but not in the man's.

Pyrus arbutifolia melanocarpa fruit begins to be black. *Cephalanthus occidentalis*, button-bush.

The bass on Conantum is a very rich sight now, though the flowers are somewhat stale; a solid mass of verdure and of flowers with its massed and rounded outline. Its twigs are drooping, weighed down with pendulous flowers, so that, when you stand directly under it and look up, you see one mass of flowers, a flowery canopy. Its conspicuous leaf-like bracts, too,

have the effect of flowers. The tree resounds with the hum of bees, — bumblebees and honey-bees; rose-bugs and butterflies, also, are here, — a perfect susurrus, a sound, as C. says, unlike any other in nature, — not like the wind, as that is like the sea. The bees abound on the flowers of the smooth sumach now. The branches of this tree touch the ground, and it has somewhat the appearance of being weighed down with flowers. The air is full of sweetness. The tree is full of poetry.

I observe the yellow butterflies everywhere in the fields and on the pontederias, which now give a faint blue tinge to the sides of the rivers. I hear the *link link*, fall-like note of the bobolink (?) in the meadows; he has lost the *bobo* off. Is it the goldfinch that goes twittering over, but which I cannot see? This is a still, thoughtful day, the air full of vapors which shade the earth, preparing rain for the morrow. The sarsaparilla berries are black. The weeds begin to be high in low grounds and low wood-paths, — the *Eupatorium purpureum* and goldenrods, etc., — suggesting a certain fecundity and vigor in nature, so that we love to wade through their ranks. The *Rhexia Virginica*, the meadow-beauty, high-colored, more beautiful than you remembered. The *Stachys aspera*, or hedge-nettle, looking like a white prunella with a long spike, in the meadows. The *Platanthera lacera*, ragged orchis, an unpainted flower. Is that delicate rose-purple flower in the Miles Swamp, with a long slender panicle and large leaves in a sort of whorl with long petioles, the *Desmodium acuminatum*, pointed-leaved tick-trefoil or hedy-

sarum? The *Leechea major*, larger pinweed, everywhere in dry fields. Is it open?

July 17. Saturday. Cooler weather; a gentle steady rain, not shower; such coolness as rain makes; not sharp and invigorating, exhilarating, as in the spring, but thoughtful, reminding of the fall; still, moist, unoppressive weather, in which corn and potatoes grow; not a vein of the northwest wind or the northeast. The coolness of the west tempered with rain and mist. As I walked by the river last evening, I heard no toads. A coolness as from an earth covered with vegetation, such as the toad finds in the high grass. A verdurous coolness, not a snowy or icy one, in the shadow of the vapors which the heat makes rise from the earth. Can this be dog-dayish?

P. M. — A summer rain. A gentle steady rain, long a-gathering, without thunder or lightning, — such as we have not, and, methinks, could not have had, earlier than this.

To Beck Stow's.

I pick raspberries dripping with rain beyond Sleepy Hollow. This weather is rather favorable to thought. On all sides is heard a gentle dripping of the rain on the leaves, yet it is perfectly warm. It is a day of comparative leisure to many farmers. Some go to the mill-dam and the shops; some go a-fishing. The *Antennaria margaritacea*, pearly everlasting, is out; and the thoroughworts, red and white, begin (?) to show their colors. Notwithstanding the rain, some children still pursue their blackberrying on the Great Fields.

Swamp-pink lingers still. Roses are not so numerous as they were. Some which I examine now have short, stout hooked thorns and narrow bracts. Is it the *Rosa Carolina*? I love to see a clear crystalline water flowing out of a swamp over white sand and decayed wood, spring-like. The year begins to have a husky look or scent in some quarters. I remark the green coats of the hazelnuts, and hear the permanent jay. Some fields are covered now with tufts or clumps of indigo-weed, yellow with blossoms, with a few dead leaves turned black here and there.

Beck Stow's Swamp! What an incredible spot to think of in town or city! When life looks sandy and barren, is reduced to its lowest terms, we have no appetite, and it has no flavor, then let me visit such a swamp as this, deep and impenetrable, where the earth quakes for a rod around you at every step, with its open water where the swallows skim and twitter, its meadow and cotton-grass, its dense patches of dwarf¹ andromeda, now brownish-green, with clumps of blueberry bushes, its spruces and its verdurous border of woods imbowering it on every side. The trees now in the rain look heavy and rich all day, as commonly at twilight, drooping with the weight of wet leaves.

That *Sericocarpus conyzoides* prevails now, and the entire-leaved erigeron still abounds everywhere. The meadows on the Turnpike are *white* with the meadow-rue *now more than ever*. They are filled with it many feet high. The *Lysimachia lanceolata* is very common too. All flowers are handsomer in rain. Methinks the

¹ [This word is queried in pencil.]

sweet-briar is done. The hardhack, whose spires are not yet abundant, stands to me for agreeable coarseness. Swallows are active throughout this rain. *Lobelia inflata*, Indian-tobacco. *Lappa major*, burdock. *Amaranthus hybridus*, though not yet red. *Verbena hastata*, blue vervain. *Gnaphalium uliginosum* by the roadside, cudweed. Again methinks I hear the goldfinch, but not for a day or two the bobolink. At evening the prunellas in the grass like the sky glow purple, which were blue all day. The vetch I looked for is mown, but I find it fresh elsewhere. The caducous polygala has the odor of checkerberry at its root, and hence I thought the flower had a fugacious, spicy fragrance. *Hypericum Canadense*. The slender bellflower, galium-like, with a triangular stem in low grounds now.

July 18. Sunday. 8.30 A. M.—To the Sudbury meadows in boat.

Peter Robbins says that the rain of yesterday has not reached the potatoes, after all. Exorbitant potatoes! It takes a good deal to reach them,—serious preaching to convert them. The white lilies and the floating-heart are both well open at this hour, and more abundant than I have noticed them before. Like ducks, the former sit on the water as far as I can see on both sides. As we push away from Monroe's shore, the robins are singing and the swallows twittering. There is hardly a cloud in the sky. There are dewy cobwebs on the grass; so this is a fit morning for any adventure. It is one of those everlasting mornings, with

cobwebs on the grass, which are provided for long enterprises. It is a sabbath within the water as well as in the air and on the land, and even the little pickercrels not half so long as your finger appear to be keeping it holy amid the pads. There is a sort of dusty or mealy light in the bream's tail and fins waving in clear water. The river is now in all its glory, adorned with water-lilies on both sides. Walkers and sailors ordinarily come hither in the afternoon, when the lilies are shut, and so never see the river in its pride. They come after the exhibition is over for the day, and do not suspect it. We are gliding swiftly up the river by Barrett's Bend. The surface of the water is the place to see the pontederia from, for now the spikes of flowers are all brought into a dense line,—a heavy line of blue, a foot or more in width, on one or both sides of the river. The pontederias are now in their prime, there being no withered heads. They are very freshly blue. In the sun, when you are looking west, they are of a violaceous blue. The lilies are in greater profusion than when we came to see them before. They appear to be too many for the insects, and we find enough untouched. Horsemint (*Mentha Canadensis*) is now out.

We take a bath at Hubbard's Bend. The water seems fresher, as the air, in the morning. Again under weigh, we scare up the great bittern amid the pontederia, and, rowing to where he alights, come within three feet of him and scare him up again. He flies sluggishly away plowing the air with the coulter of his breast-bone, and alighting ever higher up the stream.

We scare him up many times in the course of an hour. The surface of the river is spotted with the radical leaves of the floating-heart, large and thin and torn, rarely whole, which something has loosened from the bottom. The larks and blackbirds and kingbirds are heard in the meadows. But few button-bushes are in blossom yet. Are they dark-brown weed-like fibrous roots of the plant itself that invest its stems below? Harmless bright downy clouds form in the atmosphere on every side and sail the heavens.

After passing Hubbard's Bridge, looking up the smooth river between the rows of button-bushes, willows, and pads, we see the sun shining on Fair Haven Hill behind a sun-born cloud, while we are in shadow, — a misty golden light, yellow, fern-like, with shadows of clouds flitting across its slope, — and horses in their pasture standing with outstretched necks to watch us; and now they dash up the steep in single file, as if to exhibit their limbs and mettle. The carcass of a cow which has recently died lies on the sandy shore under Fair Haven, close to the water. Perhaps she was poisoned with the water parsnip, which is now in flower and abounds along the side of the river. We have left the dog in the middle of Fair Haven Bay swimming in our wake, while we are rowing past Lec's, and we see no more of him. How simple are the ornaments of a farmhouse! To one rowing past in the middle of a warm summer day, a well at a distance from the house in the shadow of an oak, as here, is a charming sight. The house, too, with no yard but an open lawn sloping to the river. And young turkeys seen wandering in the

grass, and ever and anon hopping up as if a snake had scared them. The pontederias are alive with butterflies. Here is a fisherman's willow pole left to mark a lucky place, with green shoots at the top. The other day I noticed that Neighbor Gorman's willow bean-poles had grown more than his beans. We now go through the narrow gut at the bend near the town bound. A comfortable day. Methinks we shall have no torrid blazing dry heats after this,¹ but muggy, dog-dayish weather, tempered by mists and shadows of fogs, the evaporation of vegetation? The nights, too, can be decidedly cool.

No one has ever put into words what the odor of water-lilies expresses. A sweet and innocent purity. The perfect purity of the flower is not to be surpassed. They now begin to shut up. Looking toward the sun, I cannot see them, cannot distinguish lilies from the sun reflected from the pads.

Thus we go on, into the Sudbury meadows, opening the hills. The near hills, even, have a misty blueness, — a liquid one, like a field of oats yet green. Both wish now to face up-stream and see the hills open. The *Peltandra Virginica* (*Calla*), which I saw well budded opposite the Pantry, July 1st, has flowered and curved downward into the water and mud, but I observe other flowers to come. The columbine lingers still. The red-eye sings at noon, and the song sparrow. The bobolink I do not hear of late, — not since this fall-like, late-feeling weather. Now the fogs have begun, in midsummer and mid-haying time. We go inland to

¹ [Two interrogation-points in the margin here.]

the Jenkins house spring, through the handsome oak grove, white and black (?), eight or nine of them, on the further edge of the meadow, where the haymakers' path comes in. Strawberries are still occasionally found in meadows. The *Cerasus Virginiana*, or choke-cherry, is turning, nearly ripe. We sit on the edge of the hill at the Jenkins house, looking northward over a retired dell in the woods, an unfrequented johnswort and blackberry field, surrounded by a deep forest — with several tall white pines against the horizon, a study of which you would never tire. The swallows twitter overhead, the locust, we know not where, is z-ing, and the huckleberry-bird is heard on the birches. The ground under the apple tree, where we lie, is strewn with small sun-baked apples, but we are not yet reminded of apples.

When I think of the London *Times* and the reviews here, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and of the kind of life which it is possible to live here, I perceive that this, the natural side, has not got into literature. Think of an essay on human life, through all which was heard the note of the huckleberry-bird still ringing, as here it rings ceaselessly. As if it were the muse invoked! The *Revue des Deux Mondes* does not embrace this view of things, nor imply it.

Which neottia have I found? In the front and lowest rank, the narrow-leaved polygonum, in the river, I see a flower or two beginning. The farmers have cut some meadow-lay here. In the broader meadows the river winds the most, where there are no iron-bound rocky hills to constrain it. Through all these Sudbury mead-

ows it is a perfect meander, where no wind will serve the sailer long. It is a luxury to sit sailing or rowing here and look off to the hills, at the deep shadows of the trees in which the cattle stand. We land on the left, half a mile above Sherman's Bridge, ramble to the "sand" and poplars, where I picked up two arrow-heads. The *Spergula arvensis*, corn-spurry, which has long been in blossom; the *Raphanus Raphanistrum*, wild radish; the *Lycopus sinuatus*, horehound. Here is a horse who keeps the hilltop for the breeze.

We push still further up the river into the great meadow, scaring the bitterns, the largest and the next in size. In many parts of the river the pickerel-weed is several rods wide, its blueness akin to the misty blue air which paints the hills. You thin it by rising in the boat; you thicken or deepen it by sitting low. (When we looked from the hills, there was a general sheeny light from the broad, level meadow, from the bent grass, watered, as it were, with darker streaks where a darker grass, the pipes, etc., bordered the (for the most part) concealed river.) The lilies are shut. First on the edge of the bright river in the sun, in this great meadow, are the pads, then the pontederia or polygonum, then the bulrushes standing in dense squadrons, or pipes or meadow-grass, then the broad heavens, in which small downy clouds are constantly forming and dissolving. No fear of rain. The sky is a pretty clear blue, yet not such a skimmed-milk blue, methinks, as in winter; some cream left in the milk. I cannot believe that any of these dissolving cloudlets will be rainbow-tinged or mother-o'-pearled. I observe that even in these

meadows, where no willows nor button-bushes line the shore, there is still a pretty constant difference between the shores. The border of pontederia is rarely of equal depth on both sides at once, but it keeps that side in the meander where the sediment is deposited, the shortest



course which will follow the shore, as I have dotted it,

crossing from this side to that as the river meanders; for on the longest side the river is active, not passive, wearing into the bank, and runs there more swiftly. This is the longest line of blue that nature paints with flowers in our fields, though the lupines may have been more densely blue within a small compass. Thus by a natural law a river, instead of flowing straight through its meadows, meanders from side to side and fertilizes this side or that, and adorns its banks with flowers. The river has its active and its passive side, its right and left breast.

Return. There is a grand view of the river from the hill near Rice's. The outlines of this hill, as you ascend it, and its various swells are very grateful, closely grazed, with a few shade trees on its sides. You look far south over the gulf meadow, and north also. The meadow-grass seen from this side has no sheen on it. Round Hill is a mathematical curve. The petals of the rhexia have a beautiful clear purple with a violet tinge. The *Brasenia peltata*, or water-shield, which was budded July 1st, is now in blossom, — obscure reddish blossoms. To what plant does that elliptical pad belong whose lobes lap more than half an inch, three inches long,

and stem lenticular on a cross-section? Does the *Kalmiana* so vary? What kind of lettuce (or *Nabalus*?) is that, with triangular hastate leaves, reddish stem, and apparently whitish flowers, now budded?

When near home, just before sundown, the sun still inconveniently warm, we were surprised to observe on the uppermost point of each pontederia leaf a clear drop of dew already formed, or flowing down the leaf, where all seemed still warmth and dryness, also as often hanging from the lobes below. It appeared a wonderful chemistry by which the broad leaf had collected this pearly drop on its uppermost extremity. The sun had no sooner sunk behind the willows and the button-bushes, than this process commenced. And now we see a slight steam like smoke rising from amidst the pontederias. In half an hour the river and the meadows are white with fog, like a frosted cake. As you stand on the bank in the twilight, it suddenly moves up in sprayey clouds, moved by an unfelt wind, and invests you where you stand, its battalions of mists reaching even to the road.

But there is less in the morning.

Every poet has trembled on the verge of science.

Got green grapes to stew.

July 19. P. M. — R. W. E.'s cliff.

Phytolacca decandra, poke, in blossom. The *Cerasus pumila* ripe. The chestnuts on Pine Hill being in blossom reveals the rounded tops of the trees; separates them, and makes a richer and more varied scene.

July 20. To Assabet behind Lee Place.

Perceived a small weed, coming up all over the fields, which has an aromatic scent. Did not at first discover that it was blue-curls. It is a little affecting that the year should be thus solemn and regular, that this weed should have withheld itself so long, biding its appointed time, and now, without fail, be coming up all over the land, still extracting that well-known aroma out of the elements, to adorn its part of the year! I also perceive one of the coarse late fleabanes making itself conspicuous. The stinging nettle is not very obvious, methinks. Fields are yellow with grain, being cut and stacked, or still standing. Long rows I see from far, as they were left by the cradle. *Elodea Virginica*, marsh St. John's-wort. Dug open a muskrat's gallery. It was flat on the bottom, on sand, and quite regularly arched, and strewn with coarse meadow-grass or flags for a carpet. There was half of a critchicrotch in it.

Sunset. — To Cliffs.

The clouds, as usual, are arranged with reference to the sunset. The sun is gone. An amber light and golden glow. The first redness is on clouds in the east horizon. As we go by the farmhouses, the chickens are coming home to roost. The horns of the moon only three or four days old look very sharp, still cloud-like, in the midst of a blue space, prepared to shine a brief half-hour before it sets. The redness now begins to fade on eastern clouds, and the western cloudlets glow with burnished copper alloyed with gold. As we approach the woods, we perceive a fresh, cool evening

scent from them. The squeak of the nighthawk is heard; the hum of mosquitoes in the woods; the song sparrow and the huckleberry-bird. The bat seen flying over the path. The western clouds grow more red or fiery, by fits and starts, and now, as suddenly, their glory departs, and they remain gray or greenish. We see from the hill darkness infolding the village, collected first in the elm-tops. If it were not for the light-colored barns and white houses, it would already be dark there. The redness of the clouds, or the golden or coppery or fuscous glow, appears to endure almost till starlight. Then the cloudlets in the west turn rapidly dark, the shadow of night advances in the east, and the first stars become visible. Then, and before the western clouds, the light behind them having faded, do or appear to disperse and contract and leave a clear sky, when I invert my head (on Fair Haven Hill), the dark cloudlets in the west horizon are like isles, like the tops of mountains cut off by the gross atmosphere.

The pitch pine woods are heavy and dark, but the river is full of golden light and more conspicuous than by day. It is starlight. You see the first star in the southwest, and know not how much earlier you might have seen it had you looked. Now the first whip-poor-will sings hollowly in the dark pitch pine wood on Bear Garden Hill, as if the night had never ceased, and it had never ceased to sing, only now we heard it. And now, when we had thought the day birds gone to roost, the wood thrush takes up the strain. The bullfrog trumps. We sit on the warm rocks (Cliffs). Now is the evening red; late into the night almost it reaches.

The gross atmosphere of day, closest to the heels of the sun, is the last to glow red,—this general low fuliginous, lurid redness, long after the sunset and the glowing of the clouds. The western sky is comparatively clear, the clouds that followed in day's train having swept by. Night is seen settling down with mists on Fair Haven Bay. The stars are few and distant; the fireflies fewer still. Will they again be as numerous as after the early thunder-showers?

Now there is a *second* fuscous glow, brassy (?) glow, on the few low western cloudlets, when we thought the sun had bid us a final adieu,—quite into evening. Those small clouds, the rearmost guard of day, which were wholly dark, are again lit up for a moment with a dull-yellowish glow and again darken; and now the evening redness deepens till all the west or northwest horizon is red; as if the sky were rubbed there with some rich Indian pigment, a permanent dye; as if the Artist of the world had mixed his red paints on the edge of the inverted saucer of the sky. An exhilarating, cheering redness, most wholesome. There should be a red race of men. I would look into the west at this hour till my face permanently reflects that red. It is like the stain of some berries crushed along the edge of the sky. The crescent moon, meanwhile, has grown more silvery, and, as it sank in [the] west, more yellowish, and the outline of the old moon in its arms was visible if you did not look directly at it. The first distinct moonlight was observed some time before this, like the first gray light of the dawn reflected from the tree-tops below us. Some dusky redness lasted almost

till the last traces of daylight disappeared. The last took place about 10 o'clock, and about the same time the moon went down.

At evening the eastern clouds, the western clouds, and the atmosphere of the west horizon have one history successively—a fainter glow and redness, gradually and by stages deepening till the darkness prevails.

This afternoon, in the gutter by roadside beyond S. Wheeler's, *Penthorum sedoides* (?), ditch stonecrop. Is that nettle-like but smooth and, I should say, obtusely four-angled plant in the low moist ground on the Assabet the *Boehmeria cylindrica*? *Alisma Plantago*, water-plantain, about out of flower, by the Assabet; small leaves like the plantain. What is that ternate-leaved vine with yellow dusty excrescences by the Assabet, not in bloom?¹ The *Vernonia noveboracensis* is budded by the riverside.

July 21. 4 A. M. — Robins sing as loud as in spring, and the chip-bird breathes in the dawn. The eastern waters reflect the morning redness, and now it fades into saffron. And now the glow concentrates about one point. At this season the northeast horizon is lit up and glows red and saffron, and the sun sets so far northwest that but a small part of the north horizon is left unillustrated. The meadows are incrustated with low, flat, white, and apparently hard fog. Soon it begins to rise and disperse.

Walden Pond and Lake Superior are both uncommonly high this year.

¹ Ground-nut (?).

At sunset to Corner Spring.

A broken strain from a bobolink. A golden robin once or twice to-day. The *Mimulus ringens*, or monkey-flower; one of the most noticeable of this class of flowers. Is that *Sium lineare*, with a smooth, round stem and *fringe-serrate* linear leaves, without bulblets? ¹ *Eupatorium pubescens*, ovate-leaved eupatorium, not quite out, with a fastigiate corymb. All sunsets are not equally splendid. To-night there is not a cloud in the west, and the sun goes down without pomp or circumstance, — only a faint glow in the gross atmosphere next the earth after a warm day. Those first (not moss) roses appear to be out of bloom. Those I see now have stout, rather short, hooked prickles or thorns. This evening is remarkably serene. It is awfully still; not a bird now heard, only the *fine* sound of crickets. I see the earliest star fifteen or twenty minutes before the red is deepest in the horizon. I mean the atmospheric redness. It is not generally, *i. e.* conspicuously, starlight till that begins to fade. Perhaps it is not time to light a candle till then, for some duskieness should intervene to separate between day and night. This redness is at first intenser as reflected in the river, as, when you look into the horizon with inverted head, all colors are intensified. Methinks I hear my old friend the locust in the alders. The river is perfectly smooth, reflecting the golden sky and the red, for there is an unexpectedly bright and general golden or amber glow from the upper atmosphere in the west. At evening lakes and rivers become thus placid. Every

¹ [See p. 295.]

dimple made by a fish or insect is betrayed. Evening descends on the waters. There is not a breath of air. Now is the time to be on the water, for there is no mist rising and little evening coolness or damp. At morning and at evening this precious color suffuses the sky. Evening is the reverse of the day with all its stages intensified and exaggerated. The roads and bridges are strewn with hay which has dropped from the loads. The whip-poor-will began to sing at earliest twilight. Do we perceive such a deep Indian red after the first starlight at any other season as now in July? How far we smell carrion at night! A dead cow lies by the shore under Fair Haven nearly half a mile above this causeway. When I passed this way at earliest starlight I did not smell it, but now, returning half an hour later, it taints [the] atmosphere of the causeway from one end to the other, and I am obliged to hurry over, — borne down over the meadow on the damp air. The root of the caducous polygala has a checkerberry odor. Has the other?

It is midsummer, and, looking from the hills at mid-day, I see the waving blades of corn reflecting the light. The foliage of the trees looks green generally. The shrub oak leaves especially are not much injured, and the fields, though rather brown, are not so dry as I expected.

July 22. This morning, though perfectly fair except a haziness in the east, which prevented any splendor, the birds do not sing as yesterday. They appear to make distinctions which we cannot appreciate, and

perhaps sing with most animation on the finest mornings.

1 P. M. — Lee's Bridge, *via* Conantum; return by Clematis Brook.

There men in the fields are at work thus indefatigably, more or less honestly getting bread for men. The writer should be employed with at least equal industry to an analogous though higher end.

Flocks of yellow-breasted, russet-backed female bobolinks are seen flitting stragglingly across the meadows. The bobolink loses his song as he loses his colors.

Tansy is now conspicuous by the roadsides, covered with small red butterflies. It is not an uninteresting plant. I probably put it down a little too early. Is that a slender bellflower with entire leaves by the Corner road? The green berries of the arum are seen, and the now reddish fruit of the trillium, and the round green-pea-sized green berries of the axil-flowering Solomon's-seal. Farmers have commenced their meadow-haying. The *Aster macrophyllus*, large-leaved, in Miles's Swamp. Is not that the *Lysimachia ciliata*, or hairy-stalked loosestrife, by the Corner road, not the *lanceolata*? *Eupatorium sessilifolium* now whitish. A strong west wind, saving us from intolerable heat, accompanied by a blue haze, making the mountains invisible. We have more of the furnace-like heat to-day, after all. The *Rhus glabra* flowers are covered with bees, large yellowish wasps, and butterflies; they are all alive with them. How much account insects make of some flowers! There are other botanists than I. The *Asclepias syriaca* is going to seed. Here is a kingfisher frequenting the

Corner Brook Pond. They find out such places. Huckleberrying and blackberrying have commenced. The round-leaved sundew. *Monotropa uniflora*, Indian-pipe. *Solidago Canadensis* (?) almost out. Either a smooth *Polygonum hydropiperoides* or a white *P. amphibium* var. *terrestre*. The spear thistle.¹ *Galium circæans*, wild liquorice, in Baker Farm Swamp.

What is that minute whitish flower with an upright thread-like stem and thread-like linear leaves, with a kind of interrupted spike or raceme of small, whitish, erect, bell-like flowers, the corolla divided by a stout partition, from which projects the style, with three distinct segments in the edge of the bell each side of the partition?² Also found a very small narrow-leaved whitish aster (?).³

July 23. P. M. — To Annursnack.

Herbage is drying up; even weeds are wilted, and the corn rolls. Agriculture is a good school in which to drill a man. Successful farming admits of no idling. Now is the haying season. How active must these men be, all the country over, that they may get through their work in season! A few spoiled windrows, all black and musty, have taught them that they must make hay while the sun shines, and get it in before it rains.

Much that I had taken to be the lanceolate loosestrife is the heart-leaved, especially by the Corner road. *Pycnanthemum muticum*, mountain mint. Have I not

¹ *Cirsium lanceolatum*.

² Canada snapdragon.

³ *Erigeron Canadensis*.

perhaps sing with most animation on the finest mornings.

1 P. M. — Lee's Bridge, *via* Conantum; return by Clematis Brook.

There men in the fields are at work thus indefatigably, more or less honestly getting bread for men. The writer should be employed with at least equal industry to an analogous though higher end.

Flocks of yellow-breasted, russet-backed female bobolinks are seen flitting stragglingly across the meadows. The bobolink loses his song as he loses his colors.

Tansy is now conspicuous by the roadsides, covered with small red butterflies. It is not an uninteresting plant. I probably put it down a little too early. Is that a slender bellflower with entire leaves by the Corner road? The green berries of the arum are seen, and the now reddish fruit of the trillium, and the round green-pea-sized green berries of the axil-flowering Solomon's-seal. Farmers have commenced their meadow-haying. The *Aster macrophyllus*, large-leaved, in Miles's Swamp. Is not that the *Lysimachia ciliata*, or hairy-stalked loosestrife, by the Corner road, not the *lanceolata*? *Eupatorium sessilifolium* now whitish. A strong west wind, saving us from intolerable heat, accompanied by a blue haze, making the mountains invisible. We have more of the furnace-like heat to-day, after all. The *Rhus glabra* flowers are covered with bees, large yellowish wasps, and butterflies; they are all alive with them. How much account insects make of some flowers! There are other botanists than I. The *Asclepias syriaca* is going to seed. Here is a kingfisher frequenting the

Corner Brook Pond. They find out such places. Huckleberrying and blackberrying have commenced. The round-leaved sundew. *Monotropa uniflora*, Indian-pipe. *Solidago Canadensis* (?) almost out. Either a smooth *Polygonum hydropiperoides* or a white *P. amphibium* var. *terrestre*. The spear thistle.¹ *Galium circaezans*, wild liquorice, in Baker Farm Swamp.

What is that minute whitish flower with an upright thread-like stem and thread-like linear leaves, with a kind of interrupted spike or raceme of small, whitish, erect, bell-like flowers, the corolla divided by a stout partition, from which projects the style, with three distinct segments in the edge of the bell each side of the partition?² Also found a very small narrow-leaved whitish aster (?).³

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² Canada snapdragon.

³ *Erigeron Canadensis*.

mistaken this for the other species heretofore? The dwarf choke-cherry is ripe now, long before the rum cherry. Also the *Pyrus arbutifolia*. *Cnicus pumilus*,¹ pasture thistle. *Chenopodium hybridum*, maple-leaved goose-foot.

What is that white hairy plant with lanceolate leaves and racemes now, with flat burs, one to three, and a long spine in the midst, and five ovate calyx-leaves left (these turned to one side of the peduncle), burs very adhesive, close to road in meadow just beyond stone bridge on right; long out of bloom? Every man says his dog will not touch you. Look out, nevertheless.

Twenty minutes after seven, I sit at my window to observe the sun set. The lower clouds in the north and southwest grow gradually darker as the sun goes down, since we now see the side opposite to the sun, but those high overhead, whose under sides we see reflecting the day, are light. The small clouds low in the western sky were at first dark also, but, as the sun descends, they are lit up and aglow all but their cores. Those in the east, though we see their sunward sides, are a dark blue, presaging night, only the highest faintly glowing. A roseate redness, clear as amber, suffuses the low western sky about the sun, in which the small clouds are mostly melted, only their golden edges still revealed. The atmosphere there is like some kinds of wine, perchance, or molten cinnabar, if that is red, in which also all kinds of pearls and precious stones are melted. Clouds generally near the horizon, except near the sun, are now a dark blue. (The sun sets.) It is half past seven.

¹ *Cirsium pumilum*.

The roseate glow deepens to purple. The low western sky is now, and has been for some minutes, a splendid map, where the fancy can trace islands, continents, and cities beyond compare. The glow forsakes the high eastern clouds; the uppermost clouds in the west now darken, the glow having forsaken them too; they become a dark blue, and anon their under sides reflect a deep red, like heavy damask curtains, after they had already been dark. The general redness gradually fades into a pale reddish tinge in the horizon, with a clear white light above it, in which the clouds grow more conspicuous and darker and darker blue, appearing to follow in the wake of the sun, and it is now a quarter to eight, or fifteen minutes after sunset, twenty-five minutes from the first. A quarter of an hour later, or half an hour after sunset, the white light grows cream-colored above the increasing horizon redness, passing through white into blue above. The western clouds, high and low, are now dark fuscous, not dark blue, but the eastern clouds are not so dark as the western. Now, about twenty minutes after the first glow left the clouds above the sun's place, there is a second faint fuscous or warm brown glow on the edges of the dark clouds there, sudden and distinct, and it fades again, and it is early starlight, but the tops of the eastern clouds still are white, reflecting the day. The cream-color grows more yellowish or amber. About three quarters of an hour after sunset the evening red is deepest, *i. e.* a general atmospheric redness close to the west horizon. There is more of it, after all, than I expected, for the day has been clear and rather

cool, and the evening red is what was the blue haze by day. The moon, now in her first quarter, now begins to preside, — her light to prevail, — though for the most part eclipsed by clouds. As the light in the west fades, the sky there, seen between the clouds, has a singular clarity and serenity.

July 24. The cardinal-flower probably open to-day. The quails are heard whistling this morning near the village.

It would be well if the false preacher of Christianity were always met and balked by a superior, more living and elastic faith in his audience; just as some missionaries in India are balked by the easiness with which the Hindoos believe every word of the miracles and prophecies, being only surprised "that they are so much less wonderful than those of their own scripture, which also they implicitly believe."

3.30 P. M. — To Goose Pond.

Is that slender narrow-leaved weed which is just coming into flower everywhere the *Erigeron Canadensis* which has spread so far and wide? Not only blue-curls but wormwood, both aromatic herbs, are seen preparing for their reign: the former a few inches high now over all fields, which has reserved itself so long; and most do not recognize it, but you stoop and pluck it and are thankful for the reminiscence of autumn which its aroma affords; the latter, still larger, shows itself on all compost-heaps and in all gardens, where the chenopodium and amaranth are already rank. I sympathize with weeds perhaps more than with the crop they choke,

they express so much vigor. They are the truer crop which the earth more willingly bears. The ground is very dry, the berries are drying up. It is long since we have had any rain to speak of. Gardeners use the watering-pot. The sere and fallen leaves of the birches in many places redden the ground; this heat and drouth have the effect of autumn to some extent. The smooth sumach berries are red. However, there is a short, fresh green on the shorn fields, the aftermath. When the first crop of grass is off, and the aftermath springs, the year has passed its culmination.

7 P. M. — To the hills by Abel Hosmer's.

How dusty the roads! Wagons, chaises, loads of barrels, etc., all drive into the dust and are lost. The dust now, looking toward the sun, is white and handsome like a vapor in the morning, curling round the head and load of the teamster, while his dog walks obscured in it under the wagon. Even this dust is to one at a distance an agreeable object.

I heard this afternoon the cool water twitter of the goldfinch, and saw the bird. They come with the springing aftermath. It is refreshing as a cup of cold water to a thirsty man to hear them, now only one at a time. Walden has fallen about six inches from where it was a month or so ago. I found, by wading out on the bar, that it had been about six feet higher than the lowest stage I have known.

Just after sunrise this morning I noticed Hayden walking beside his team, which was slowly drawing a heavy hewn stone swung under the axle, surrounded

by an atmosphere of industry, his day's work begun. Honest, peaceful industry, conserving the world, which all men respect, which society has consecrated. A reproach to all sluggards and idlers. Pausing abreast the shoulders of his oxen and half turning round, with a flourish of his merciful whip, while they gained their length on him. And I thought, such is the labor which the American Congress exists to protect, — honest, manly toil. His brow has commenced to sweat. Honest as the day is long. One of the sacred band doing the needful but irksome drudgery. Toil that makes his bread taste sweet, and keeps society sweet. The day went by, and at evening I passed a rich man's yard, who keeps many servants and foolishly spends much money while he adds nothing to the common stock, and there I saw Hayden's stone lying beside a whimsical structure intended to adorn this Lord Timothy Dexter's mansion, and the dignity forthwith departed from Hayden's labor, in my eyes.¹ I am frequently invited to survey farms in a rude manner, a very [*sic*] and insignificant labor, though I manage to get more out of it than my employers; but I am never invited by the community to do anything quite worth the while to do. How much of the industry of the boor, traced to the end, is found thus to be subserving some rich man's foolish enterprise! There is a coarse, boisterous, money-making fellow in the north part of the town who is going to build a bank wall under the hill along the edge of his meadow. The powers have put this into his head to keep him out of mischief, and he wishes

¹ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, pp. 457, 458; *Misc.*, Riv. 256, 257.]

me to spend three weeks digging there with him. The result will be that he will perchance get a little more money to hoard, or leave for his heirs to spend foolishly when he is dead. Now, if I do this, the community will commend me as an industrious and hard-working man; but, as I choose to devote myself to labors which yield more real profit, though but little money, they regard me as a loafer. But, as I do not need this police of meaningless labor to regulate me, and do not see anything absolutely praiseworthy in his undertaking, however amusing it may be to him, I prefer to finish my education at a different school.¹

The corn now forms solid phalanxes, though the ears have not set, and, the sun going down, the shadows, even of corn-fields, fall long over the meadows, and a sweetness comes up from the shaven grass, and the crickets creak more loud in the new-springing grass. Just after sunset I notice that a thin veil of clouds, far in the east, beyond the nearer and heavier dark-gray masses, glows a fine rose-color, like the inner bark or lining of some evergreens. The clear, solemn western sky till far into night was framed by a dark line of clouds with a heavy edge, curving across the northwest sky, at a considerable height, separating the region of day from that of night. Lay on a lichen-covered hill which looked white in the moonlight.

July 25. 4 A. M. — To Cliffs.

This early twitter or breathing of chip-birds in the dawn sounds like something organic in the earth. This

¹ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, pp. 456, 457; *Misc.*, Riv. 255, 256.]

is a morning celebrated by birds. Our bluebird sits on the peak of the house and warbles as in the spring, but as he does not now by day. This morning is all the more glorious for a white fog, which, though not universal, is still very extensive over all lowlands, some fifty feet high or more, though there was none at ten last night. There are white cobwebs on the grass. The battalions of the fog are continually on the move.

How hardy are cows that lie in the fog chewing the cud all night! They wake up with no stiffness in their limbs. They are indifferent to fogs as frogs to water; like hippopotami, fitted are they to dwell ever on the river bank of this world, fitted to meadows and their vicissitudes. I see where, in pastures of short, firm turf, they have pulled up the grass by the roots, and it lies scattered in small tufts. To anticipate a little, when I return this way I find two farmers loading their cart with dirt, and they are so unmanly as to excuse themselves to me for working this Sunday morning by saying with a serious face that they are burying a cow which died last night after some months of sickness, — which, however, they unthinkingly admit that they killed last night, being the most convenient time for them, and I see that they are now putting more loads of soil over her body to save the manure. How often men will betray their sense of guilt, and hence their actual guilt, by their excuses, where no guilt necessarily was. I remarked that it must be cold for a cow lying in such fogs all night, but one answered, properly, "Well, I don't know how it may be with a sick cow, but it won't hurt a well critter any."

The ditch stonecrop is abundant in the now dry pool by the roadside near Hubbard's.

From Fair Haven Hill, the sun having risen, I see great wreaths of fog far northeast, revealing the course of the river, a noble sight, as it were the river elevated, or rather the ghost of the ample stream that once flowed to ocean between these now distant uplands in another geological period, filling the broad meadows, — the dews saved to the earth by this great Musketaquid condenser, refrigerator. And now the rising sun makes glow with downiest white the ample wreaths, which rise higher than the highest trees. The farmers that lie slumbering on this their day of rest, how little do they know of this stupendous pageant! The bright, fresh aspect of the woods glistening with moisture when the early sun falls on them. (As I came along, the whole earth resounded with the crowing of cocks, from the eastern unto the western horizon, and as I passed a yard, I saw a white rooster on the topmost rail of a fence pouring forth his challenges for destiny to come on. This salutation was travelling round the world; some six hours since had resounded through England, France, and Spain; then the sun passed over a belt of silence where the Atlantic flows, except a clarion here and there from some cooped-up cock upon the waves, till greeted with a general all-hail along the Atlantic shore.) Looking now from the rocks, the fog is a perfect sea over the great Sudbury meadows in the southwest, commencing at the base of this Cliff and reaching to the hills south of Wayland, and further still to Framingham, through which only the tops of the higher

hills are seen as islands, great bays of the sea, many miles across, where the largest fleets would find ample room and in which countless farms and farmhouses are immersed. The fog rises highest over the channel of the river and over the ponds in the woods which are thus revealed. I clearly distinguish where White Pond lies by this sign, and various other ponds, methinks, to which I have walked ten or twelve miles distant, and I distinguish the course of the Assabet far in the west and southwest beyond the woods. Every valley is densely packed with the downy vapor. What levelling on a great scale is done thus for the eye! The fog rises to the top of Round Hill in the Sudbury meadows, whose sunburnt yellow grass makes it look like a low sand-bar in the ocean, and I can judge thus pretty accurately what hills are higher than this by their elevation above the surface of the fog. Every meadow and watercourse makes an arm of this bay. The primeval banks make thus a channel which only the fogs of late summer and autumn fill. The Wayland hills make a sort of promontory or peninsula like some Nahant. As I look across thither, I think of the sea monsters that swim in that sea and of the wrecks that strew the bottom, many fathom deep, where, in an hour, when this sea dries up, farms will smile and farmhouses be revealed. A certain thrilling vastness or vastness it now suggests. This is one of those ambrosial, white, ever-memorable fogs presaging fair weather. It produces the most picturesque and grandest effects as it rises, and travels hither and thither, enveloping and concealing trees and forests and hills. It is lifted up

now into quite a little white mountain over Fair Haven Bay, and, even on its skirts, only the tops of the highest pines are seen above it, and all adown the river it has an uneven outline like a rugged mountain ridge; in one place some rainbow tints, and far, far in the south horizon, near the further verge of the sea (over Saxonville?) it is heaved up into great waves, as if there were breakers there. In the meanwhile the wood thrush and the jay and the robin sing around me here, and birds are heard singing from the midst of the fog. And in one short hour this sea will all evaporate and the sun be reflected from farm windows on its green bottom.

It is a rare music, the earliest bee's hum amid the flowers, revisiting the flower-bells just after sunrise.

Of flowers observed before June 11th the following I know or think to be still in blossom, viz. :—

<i>Stellaria media</i>	} probably	Nuphars, both not numerous
Shepherd's-purse		<i>Ranunculus Purshii</i> ??
<i>Potentilla Canadensis</i> ¹		Rilwort
Columbine?		Cotton-grass, common
Hedysotis		<i>Rubus Canadensis</i> ?
Grasses and sedges		Cistus, very scarce
Sorrel ??		Canada snapdragon
<i>Trifolium procumbens</i> , yellow clover		<i>Potentilla argentea</i> , not very common?
Celandine		Whiteweed, may be here and there
Red clover	} in favorable moist and shady places	White clover
Tall crowfoot		Meadow-rue, very common
Forget-me-not, common		High blackberry?
<i>Hypoxis erecta</i>		Bitter-sweet, still
Blue-eyed grass, scarce		Yarrow, very common
<i>Sarracenia</i> ?? ²		Knawel?
		<i>Utricularia vulgaris</i> ?

¹ [Two interrogations points in pencil here.]

² No petals?

Gone out of blossom since June 10th (of those observed after June 10th before June 24th) the following:—

<i>Iris versicolor</i>	<i>Aralia hispida</i>
Broom-rape?	Grape-vines
Fumaria?	Moss rose and early straight-thorned (?)
Viburnums	Pyrolas?
Dracena	Swamp-pink? may linger somewhere
Carrion-flower	
Cornels	<i>Prinos lavigatus</i>
<i>Silene antirrhina</i> ??	Pogonia?
<i>Erigeron strigosus</i>	<i>Iris Virginica</i>
Waxwork?	Elder?
Large purple orchises	Mitchella?
Hound's-tongue?	Diervilla
Tufted loosestrife	Mountain laurel
Four-leaved loosestrife??	Sweet-briar
A veronica	

Of those observed between June 10th and 24th the following are still *common*:—

Marsh speedwell	Butter-and-eggs
Floating-heart	Prunella
Mullein	Epilobium
Dogsbane	Some or most galiums
Cow-wheat	

July 26. By my intimacy with nature I find myself withdrawn from man. My interest in the sun and the moon, in the morning and the evening, compels me to solitude.

The grandest picture in the world is the sunset sky. In your higher moods what man is there to meet? You are of necessity isolated. The mind that perceives clearly any natural beauty is in that instant withdrawn

from human society. My desire for society is infinitely increased; my fitness for any actual society is diminished.

Went to Cambridge and Boston to-day. Dr. Harris says that my great moth is the *Attacus luna*; may be regarded as one of several emperor moths. They are rarely seen, being very liable to be snapped up by birds. Once, as he was crossing the College Yard, he saw the wings of one coming down, which reached the ground just at his feet. What a tragedy! The wings came down as the only evidence that such a creature had soared,—wings large and splendid, which were designed to bear a precious burthen through the upper air. So most poems, even epics, are like the wings come down to earth, while the poet whose adventurous flight they evidence has been snapped up [by] the ravenous vulture of this world. If this moth ventures abroad by day, some bird will pick out the precious cargo and let the sails and rigging drift, as when the sailor meets with a floating spar and sail and reports a wreck seen in a certain latitude and longitude. For what were such tender and defenseless organizations made? The one I had, being put into a large box, beat itself—its wings, etc.—all to pieces in the night, in its efforts to get out, depositing its eggs, nevertheless, on the sides of its prison. Perchance the entomologist never saw an entire specimen, but, as he walked one day, the wings of a larger species than he had ever seen came fluttering down. The wreck of an argosy in the air.

He tells me the glow-worms are first seen, he thinks, in the last part of August. Also that there is a large

and brilliant glow-worm found here, more than an inch long, as he measured it to me on his finger, but rare.

Perhaps the sunset glows are sudden in proportion as the edges of the clouds are abrupt, when the sun finally reaches such a point that his rays can be reflected from them.

At 10 P. M. I see high columns of fog, formed in the lowlands and lit by the moon, preparing to charge this higher ground. It is as if the sky reached the solid ground there, for they shut out the woods.

July 27. Tuesday. 4 P. M. — To Assabet behind Lee place.

It is pleasing to behold at this season contrasted shade and sunshine on the side of neighboring hills. They are not so attractive to the eye when all in the shadow of a cloud or wholly open to the sunshine. Each must enhance the other.

That the luxury of walking in the river may be perfect it must be very warm, such as are few days even in July, so that the breeze on those parts of the body that have just been immersed may not produce the least chilliness. It cannot be too warm, so that, with a shirt to fend the sun from your back, you may walk with perfect indifference, or rather with equal pleasure, alternately in deep and in shallow water. Both water and air must be unusually warm; otherwise we shall feel no impulse to cast ourselves into and remain in the stream. To-day it is uncomfortably cool for such a walk. It is very pleasant to walk up and down the stream, however, studying the further bank, which is six

or seven feet high and completely covered with verdure of various kinds. I observe grape-vines with green clusters almost fully grown hanging over the water, and hazelnut husks are fully formed and are richly, autumnally, significant. *Viburnum dentatum*, elder, and red-stemmed cornel, all with an abundance of green berries, help clothe the bank, and the *Asclepias incarnata* and meadow-rue fill the crevices. Above all there is the cardinal-flower just opened, close to the water's edge, remarkable for its intense scarlet color, contrasting with the surrounding green.

I see young breams in small schools, only one inch long, light-colored and semitransparent as yet, long in proportion to their depth. Some two inches long are ludicrously deep already, like little halibuts, making the impression, by their form, of vast size like halibuts or whales. They appear to be attended and guarded still by their parents. What innumerable enemies they have to encounter!

The sun on the bottom is indispensable, and you must have your back to it.

Woodcocks have been common by the streams and springs in woods for some weeks.

Aster dumosus (?) by wood-paths.

A quarter before seven P. M. — To Cliffs.

It has been a clear, cool, breezy day for the season. There is only one white bar of cloud in the north. I now perceive the peculiar scent of the corn-fields. The corn is just high enough, and this hour is favorable. I should think the ears had hardly set yet. Half an hour before sundown, you perceive the cool, damp air in

valleys surrounded by woods, where dew is already formed.

I am sure that if I call for a companion in my walk I have relinquished in my design some closeness of communion with Nature. The walk will surely be more commonplace. The inclination for society indicates a distance from Nature. I do not design so wild and mysterious a walk.

The bigoted and sectarian forget that without religion or devotion of some kind nothing great was ever accomplished.

On Fair Haven Hill. The slight distraction of picking berries is favorable to a mild, abstracted, poetic mood, to sequestered or transcendental thinking. I return ever more fresh to my mood from such slight interruptions.

All the clouds in the sky are now close to the west horizon, so that the sun is nearly down before they are reached and lighted or gilded. Wachusett, free of clouds, has a fine purplish tinge, as if the juice of grapes had been squeezed over it, darkening into blue. I hear the scratching sound of a worm at work in this hardwood-pile on which I sit.

We are most disturbed by the sun's dazzle when it is lowest. Now the upper edge of that low blue bank is gilt where the sun has disappeared, leaving a glory in the horizon through which a few cloudy peaks send raylike shadows. Now a slight rosy blush is spreading north and south over the horizon sky and tingeing a few small scattered clouds in the east. A blue tinge southward makes the very edge of the earth there a moun-

tain. That low bank of cloud in the west is now exactly the color of the mountains, a dark blue. We should think sacredly, with devotion. That is one thing, at least, we may do magnanimously. May not every man have some private affair which he can conduct greatly, unhurriedly? The river is silvery, as it were plated and polished smooth, with the slightest possible tinge of gold, to-night. How beautiful the meanders of a river, thus revealed! How beautiful hills and vales, the whole surface of the earth a succession of these great cups, falling away from dry or rocky edges to gelid green meadows and water in the midst, where night already is setting in! The thrush, now the sun is apparently set, fails not to sing. Have I heard the veery lately? All glow on the clouds is gone, except from one higher, small, rosy pink or flesh-colored isle. The sun is now probably set. There are no clouds on high to reflect a golden light into the river.

How cool and assuaging the thrush's note after the fever of the day! I doubt if they have anything so richly wild in Europe. So long a civilization must have banished it. It will only be heard in America, perchance, while our star is in the ascendant. I should be very much surprised if I were to hear in the strain of the nightingale such unexplored wildness and fertility, reaching to sundown, inciting to emigration. Such a bird must itself have emigrated long ago. Why, then, was I born in America? I might ask.


I should like to ask the assessors what is the value of that blue mountain range in the northwest horizon to Concord, and see if they would laugh or seriously

set about calculating it. How poor, comparatively, should we be without it! It would be descending to the scale of the merchant to say it is worth its weight in gold. The privilege of beholding it, as an ornament, a suggestion, a provocation, a heaven on earth. If I were one of the fathers of the town I would not sell this right which we now enjoy for all the merely material wealth and prosperity conceivable. If need were, we would rather all go down together.

The huckleberry-bird as usual, and the nighthawk squeaks and booms, and the bullfrog trumps, just before the earliest star. The evening red is much more remarkable than the morning red. The solemnity of the evening sky! I turn round, and there shines the moon, silvering the small clouds which have gathered; she makes nothing red.

New creaking or shrilling from crickets (?) for a long time past, more fine and piercing than the other. *Aster dumosus* (?) by wood-paths.

July 28. P. M. — To Yellow Pine Lake.

Epilobium coloratum, roadside just this side of Dennis's. Water lobelia, is it, that C. shows me? There is a yellowish light now from a low, tufted, yellowish, broad-leaved grass, in fields that have been mown. A June-like, breezy air. The large  shaped sagittaria out, a large crystalline-white three-petalled flower. Enough has not been said of the beauty of the shrub oak leaf (*Quercus ilicifolia*), of a thick, firm texture, for the most part uninjured by insects, intended to last all winter; of a glossy green above

and now silky downy beneath, fit for a wreath or crown. The leaves of the chinquapin oak might be intermixed. Grasshoppers are very abundant, several to every square foot in some fields. I observed some leaves of woodbine which had not risen from the ground, turned a beautiful bright red, perhaps from heat and drought, though it was in a low wood. This *Ampelopsis quinquefolia* is in blossom. Is it identical with that about R. W. E.'s posts, which was in blossom July 13th? *Aster Radula* (?) in J. P. Brown's meadow. *Solidago altissima* (?) beyond the Corner Bridge, out some days at least, but not rough-hairy. Goldenrod and asters have fairly begun; *i. e.* there are several kinds of each out. What is that slender hieracium or aster-like plant in woods on Corner road with lanceolate, coarsely feather-veined leaves, sessile and remotely toothed; minute, clustered, imbricate buds (?) or flowers and buds? Panicked hieracium? ¹

The evenings are now sensibly longer, and the cooler weather makes them improvable.

July 29. P. M. — To Burnt Plain.

The forget-me-not still by the brook. Floating-heart was very common yesterday in J. P. Brown's woodland pond. *Gaultheria procumbens* in bloom on this year's plants. The *Mitchella repens* shows small green fruit, and the trientalis is gone to seed, black in a small white globule. *Proserpinaca palustris* for how long? *Euphorbia maculata* how long? I see a bluet still in damp ground. Apples now by their size remind me of

¹ Yes.

the harvest. I see a few roses in moist places with short curved thorns and narrow bracts. *Eupatorium perfoliatum* just beginning. The *Ranunculus repens* var. *filiformis* is still very abundant on the river-shore. I see a geranium leaf turned red in the shade of a copse; the same color with the woodbine seen yesterday. These leaves interest me as much as flowers. I should like to have a complete list of those that are the first to turn red or yellow. How attractive is color, especially red; kindred this with the color of fruits in the harvest and skies in the evening. The colors which some rather obscure leaves assume in the fall in dark copses or by the roadside, for the most part unobserved, interest me more than their flowers. There is also that plant with a lake or claret under side to its radical leaves in early spring. What is that?¹

It did me good this afternoon to see the large soft-looking roots of alders occupying a small brook in a narrow shady swamp, laid bare at a distance from their base, covered with white warts sometimes on a green ground. With what rapacity they grasped, with what tenacity they held to life! also filling the wet soil with innumerable fibres, ready to resist the severest drought.

Blue-curls and wormwood springing up everywhere, with their aroma, — especially the first, — are quite restorative. It is time we had a little wormwood to flavor the somewhat tasteless or cloying summer, which palls upon the taste. That common rigid narrow-leaved faint-purplish aster in dry woods by shrub oak paths, *Aster linariifolius* of Bigelow, but it is not *savory*—

¹ *Aster undulatus*?

leaved. I do not find it in Gray. *Lespedeza violacea*, is that under Fair Haven? It must have been out a week. Can that be *Hypericum mutilum* grown so high in Potter's low field? That is apparently *Solidago nemoralis* in dry fields. *Lechea minor*?

It is commonly said that history is a history of war, but it is at the same time a history of development. Savage nations — any of our Indian tribes, for instance — would have enough stirring incidents in their annals, wars and murders enough, surely, to make interesting anecdotes without end, such a chronicle of startling and monstrous events as fill the daily papers and suit the appetite of barrooms; but the annals of such a tribe do not furnish the materials for history.

July 30. The fore part of this month was the warmest weather we have had; the last part, sloping toward autumn, has reflected some of its coolness, for we are very forward to anticipate the fall. Perhaps I may say the spring culminated with the commencement of haying, and the summer side of the year in mid-July.

3.30 P. M. — To Flint's Pond.

How long is it since I heard a veery? Do they go, or become silent, when the goldfinch heralds the autumn? Do not all flowers that blossom after mid-July remind us of the fall? After midsummer we have a belated feeling as if we had all been idlers, and are forward to see in each sight and hear in each sound some presage of the fall, just as in middle age man anticipates the end of life. Tansy is a prevalent flower now; dogbane still common. Nighthawks squeak and

fly low over Thrush Alley at 4 P. M. A small purple orchis (*Platanthera psycodes*), quite small, so that I perceive what I called by this name before must have been the *fimbriata*. The sand cherry is a handsome fruit but not very palatable. *Hedeoma pulegioides*, pennyroyal, is out of bloom apparently for some time; in the ruts of an old path through a copse. *Lobelia Dortmanna*, water lobelia, apparently for some time. A small kind of potamogeton which I have not examined before, most like the *P. hybridus*, but with a cylindrical spike.

The ripple-marks on the east shore of Flint's are nearly parallel firm ridges in the white sand, one inch or more apart. They are very distinctly felt by the naked feet of the wader. What are those remarkable spherical masses of fine grass or fibres looking like the nests of water mice, washing toward the shore at the bottom amid the weeds? Quite numerous over a long shore. I thought they must be nests of mice till I found some solid.

The *Clethra alnifolia* is just beginning, — as the swamp-pink shows its last white petals, — but August will have its beauty. It is important as one of the later flowers. High blackberries ripe, apparently for a day or two. That succulent plant by Tuttle's sluice appears to be *Sedum Telephium*, garden orpine, or live-forever, called also house-leek, since it will grow if only one end is tucked under a shingle.

What a gem is a bird's egg, especially a blue or a green one, when you see one broken or whole in the woods! I noticed a small blue egg this afternoon washed up by Flint's Pond and half buried by white

sand, and as it lay there, alternately wet and dry, no color could be fairer, no gem could have a more advantageous or favorable setting. Probably it was shaken out of some nest which overhung the water. I frequently meet with broken egg-shells where a crow, perchance, or some other thief has been marauding. And is not that shell something very precious that houses that winged life?

Caught in a thunder-shower, when south of Flint's Pond. Came back by C. Smith's road. Stood under thick trees. I care not how hard it rains, if it does not rain more than fifteen minutes. I can shelter myself effectually in the woods. It is a grand sound, that of the rain on the leaves of the forest a quarter of a mile distant, approaching. But I got wet through, after all, being caught where there were no trees.

July 31. P. M. — To Assabet over Nawshawtuct.

There is more shadow under the edges of woods and copses now. The foliage appears to have increased so that the shadows are heavier, and perhaps it is this that makes it cooler, especially morning and evening, though it may be as warm as ever at noon. Saw but one *Lysimachia stricta* left in the meadows, the meadow-sweet meadows. The green cranberries are half formed. The absence of flowers, the shadows, the wind, the green cranberries, etc., are autumnal. The river has risen a foot or so since its lowest early in the month. The water is quite cool. Methinks it cannot be so warm again this year. After that torrid season the river rises in the first rains and is much cooled.

The springs are mostly buried on its shore. The high blueberry has a singularly cool flavor. The alder locust again reminds me of autumn. Can that low blackberry which has, I think, a rather wrinkled leaf and bears dense masses of lively berries now, commonly in cool moist ground, be the same with the common? *Eupatorium purpureum* has just begun, and probably the *ovate*, etc., but I suspect no entire corymb is out.