

## V

JULY, 1853

(ÆT. 35-36)

*July 1.* I am surveying the Bedford road these days, and have no time for my Journal. Saw one of those great pea-green emperor moths, like a bird, fluttering over the top of the woods this forenoon, 10 A. M., near Beck Stow's. Gathered the early red blackberry in the swamp or meadow this side of Pedrick's, where I ran a pole down nine feet. It is quite distinct from the evergreen one and is without prickles. Fruit red, middle-sized, with a few, perhaps ten or twelve, large globules. May be the *Rubus triflorus*, but not growing on hills.

*July 2.* Cooler to-day. *Polygonum Persicaria*. The *Ranunculus Purshii* is very rarely seen now. I hear a harsh *keow* from a bittern flying over the river. The peetweets are quite noisy about the rocks in Merrick's pasture when I approach; have eggs or young there, which they are anxious about. The tall anemone in blossom, and no doubt elsewhere much earlier, — a week or ten days before this, — but the drought has checked it here. Saw on a maple leaf floating on the Assabet a kind of large aphides, thickly covering it. It was thickly coated with a mass of down,

for their tails were like swan's-down, and, as they were constantly in motion, just stirring at least, it was as if there was a wind on it. Thimble-berries probably a day or two.

*July 3.* Elder is now in its prime. Buttercups are almost gone. Clover is blackened. The umbelled pyrola, apparently yesterday, as well as the *P. rotundifolia* and the *P. elliptica*, or shin-leaf. The *P. secunda*, or one-sided pyrola, is already out of bloom.

The oven-bird's nest in Laurel Glen is near the edge of an open pine wood, under a fallen pine twig and a heap of dry oak leaves. Within these, on the ground, is the nest, with a dome-like top and an arched entrance of the whole height and width on one side. Lined within with dry pine-needles.

Mountain laurel lingers in the woods still. The chestnut behind my old house site is fully out, and apparently has been partly so for several days. There are no flowers on bass trees commonly this year. Smooth sumach just opening and already resounding with bees. The water-target appears to be in its prime, its flowers rising above the water. Remarkable for the thick jelly on its leaves and stem. A smaller potamogeton is in flower there,—the small globose white flower. Why is it so often already torn up by the roots? Poke a day or two in favorable places. Dogsbane and Jersey tea are among the prevailing flowers now. The *Utricularia vulgaris* now yellows low muddy water, as near the Lincoln bound by Walden. The *Vaccinium vacillans* a day or two ripe. Black huckle-

berries. Tansy on the causeway. The Canada thistle. The pinweeds have a reddish look, as if in flower.

*July 4.* The cotton-grass at Beck Stow's. Is it different from the early one? High blueberries begin. The oval-leaved drosera in bloom. *Campanula aparinoides*. I see now a later (?) rose in lower, wetter ground. *Polygala sanguinea*. The weeds are now so thick in the river — potamogetons, heart-leaf, *Ranunculus Purshii*, eel-grass, etc., etc. — as almost to conceal the stream and seriously to obstruct the passage of my boat. *Polygonum sagittatum*. The cymbidium now perhaps in its prime. I am attracted by the peculiar glaucous leaves of the rhodora. Noli-metangere. The beauty of some butterflies, — dark steel-blue with a light-blue edge. Ciræa, some time, the small one, at Corner Spring. Parsnips. The bass appears now — or a few trees — to have bloomed here and there prematurely. The gall on the leaves of the slippery elm is like fruit. The greater plantain, a few days. The fine feathery tail of the *Equisetum sylvaticum* (?) nowadays in damp woods, near Corner Spring. The *Potamogeton hybridus* (?) in fruit and flower; though the spike is cylindrical like *P. heterophyllus*, yet the petioles are shorter than the floating leaves. What is the apparently wholly immersed potamogeton, upright with linear-lanceolate leaves? (No flower nor fruit now.) Also what is that small upright, round, tapering plant, three inches high, at bottom of river, with apparently bristle-formed leaves arranged alternately crosswise, visibly cellular? At

Lee's Cliff, under the slippery elm, *Parietaria Pennsylvanica*, American pellitory, in flower, and near by *Anychia dichotoma*, forked chickweed (*Queria* [sic]) also in flower.

*July 5.* Raspberries, some days.

Such a habit have cows in a pasture of moving forward while feeding that, in surveying on the Great Fields to-day, I was interrupted by a herd of a dozen cows, which successively passed before my line of vision, feeding forward, and I had to watch my opportunity to look between them. Sometimes, however, they were of use, when they passed behind a birch stake and made a favorable background against which to see it.

*July 6.* I can sound the swamps and meadows on the line of the new road to Bedford with a pole, as if they were water. It may be hard to break through the crust, but then it costs a very slight effort to force it down, sometimes nine or ten feet, where the surface is dry. Cut a straight sapling, an inch or more in [diameter]; sharpen and peel it that it may go down with the least obstruction. The larch grows in both Moore's and Pedrick's swamps. Do not the trees that grow there indicate the depth of the swamp? I drink at the black and sluggish run which rises in Pedrick's Swamp and at the clearer and cooler one at Moore's Swamp, and, as I lie on my stomach, I am surprised at the quantity of decayed wood continually borne past. It is this process which, carried on for ages,

formed this accumulation of soil. The outlets of a valley being obstructed, the decayed wood is no longer carried off but deposited near where it grew.

*July 7.* Very dry weather. Every traveller, horse, and cow raises a cloud of dust. It streams off from their feet, white and definite in its outline, like the steam from a locomotive. Those who walk behind a flock of sheep must suffer martyrdom. Now is that annual drought which is always spoken of as something unprecedented and out of the common course.

Is that a utricularia which fills the water at the north end of Beck Stow's? Sarsaparilla berries are ripe.

Paddled up the river this evening. It is remarkable that, in pushing a boat up a river with a sandy bottom, the sound of the oar on the sand should be communicated so distinctly through the oar to the air. It is perhaps as distinct as if no water intervened. We have cool nights now after warm days, — cooler than in June. You cannot safely wear your thin coat into evening outdoors. The *Asclepias incarnata*, or water asclepias now.

*July 8.* Large *œnothera*. Toads are still heard occasionally at evening. To-day I heard a hylodes peep (perhaps a young one), which have so long been silent.

*July 10.* *Galium asprellum*, probably about the 5th or 6th. The side-flowering scutellaria now. Hedge-nettle, a day or two. *Lysimachia lanceolata* var. *hybrida*,

some days. Yellow lily now common (since the 4th). The large seed-vessels of the blue flag conspicuous. The rainbow rush has been in bloom for some time. *Epilobium coloratum*. A rough eupatorium budded at Hubbard's burning. *Ludwigia palustris*, probably for ten days. *Rubus Canadensis* now. The red capsules of the *Hypericum ellipticum* begin to show in low lands. The cardinal-flower shows red. At Cardinal Shore a large *Polygonum amphibium*, seven feet long, left by the water, creeping over the shore and rooting in it at the joints; not yet in flower.

The bream poised over its sandy nest on waving fin — how aboriginal! So it has poised here and watched its ova before this New World was known to the Old. Still I see the little cavities of their nests along the shore.

*Lycopus sinuatus*, water horehound.

July 11. Rain last night.

The aromatic trichostema now springing up. *Gnaphalium uliginosum* now. Hydrocotyle, some days. Agrimony, also, some days. Button-bush. *Centaurea nigra*, some time, Union Turnpike, against E. Wood's, low ground, and *Ludwigia alternifolia*, apparently just begun, at entrance to poke-logan near Assabet Bathing-Place. The small crypta already in fruit. I find in the river, especially near the Assabet Bathing-Place, a ranunculus some of whose leaves are capillary, others merely wedge-cut or divided. Is it not the *R. aquatilis*?<sup>1</sup> But I see no flowers.

<sup>1</sup> I think it is the *R. Purshii*.

July 12. White vervain. Checkerberry, maybe some days. Spikenard, not quite yet. The green-flowered lanceolate-leaved orchis at Azalea Brook will soon flower. Either *Gymnadenia tridentata* or *Platanthera flava*. *Circea alpina* (?) there, but nearly eighteen inches high. *Lycopus Virginicus*, not open in shade; probably in a day or two. Wood horse-tail very large and handsome there.

July 13. Purslane, probably to-day. *Chenopodium album*. Pontederias in prime. Purple bladderwort (*Utricularia purpurea*), not long, near Hollowell place, the buds the deepest-colored, the stems rather loosely leaved or branched, with whorls of five or six leaves. On the hard, muddy shore opposite Dennis's, in the meadow, *Hypericum Sarothra* in dense fields, also *Canadense*, both a day or two, also *lysanthus*, sium with leaves a third of an inch wide, and the cardinal flower, probably the 11th. *Hypericum mutilum* in the meadow, maybe a day or two. Whorled bladderwort, for some time, even gone to seed; this, the purple, and the common now abundant amid the pads and rising above them. *Potamogeton compressus* (?) immersed, with linear leaves. I see no flower.

I believe it is the radical leaves of the heart-leaf, — large, waved, transparent, — which in many places cover the bottom of the river where five or six feet deep, as with green paving-stones. Did not somebody mistake these for the radical leaves of the kalmiana lily?

July 14. Heavy fog.

I see a rose, now in its prime, by the river, in the water amid the willows and button-bushes, while others, lower on shore, are nearly out of bloom. Is it not the *R. Carolina*? Saw something blue, or glaucous, in Beck Stow's Swamp to-day; approached and discovered the *Andromeda Polifolia*, in the midst of the swamp at the north end, not long since out of bloom. This is another instance of a common experience. When I am shown from abroad, or hear of, or in any [way] become interested in, some plant or other thing, I am pretty sure to find it soon. Within a week R. W. E. showed me a slip of this in a botany, as a great rarity which George Bradford brought from Wattertown. I had long been interested in it by Linnæus's account. I now find it in abundance. It is a neat and tender-looking plant, with the pearly new shoots now half a dozen inches long and the singular narrow revolute leaves. I suspect the flower does not add much to it.

There is an abundance of the buck-bean there also. Holly berries are beginning to be ripe. The *Polygonum Hydropiper*, by to-morrow. *Spergula arvensis* gone to seed and in flower. A very tall ragged orchis by the Heywood Brook, two feet high, almost like a white fringed one. Lower ones I have seen some time.

The clematis there (near the water-plantain) will open in a day or two. Mallows gone to seed and in bloom. *Erigeron Canadensis*, butter-weed.

July 15. Common form of arrowhead. The *Rumex obtusifolius* shows its single grain now. Near Loring's

ram that coarse mustard-like branched plant, one or two feet high, with racemes of small yellow flowers, — perhaps Gray's *Nasturtium palustre* or Bigelow's *Sisymbrium amphibium*, — in seed and in blossom.

July 16. *Rhus copallina* behind Bent's, budded, not quite open. *Solidago stricta* (?) at Cato's cellar, a day or two. The pasture thistle, more than a week. Is it the *Potamogeton heterophyllus* in Walden, now in flower and for some time? Door-grass.

July 17. The common amaranth. Young toads not half an inch long at Walden shore. The smooth sumach resounds with the hum of bees, wasps, etc., at Water-target Pond. I see two great devil's-needles, three inches long, with red abdomens and bodies as big as hummingbirds, sailing round this pond, round and round, and ever and anon darting aside suddenly, probably to seize some prey. Here and there the water-targets look red, perhaps their under sides. A duck at Goose Pond. Rank weeds begin to block up low wood-paths, — goldenrods, asters, etc. The pearly everlasting. *Lobelia inflata*. The *Solidago nemoralis* (?) in a day or two, — gray goldenrod. I think we have no *Hieracium Gronovii*, though one not veined always and sometimes with two or more leaves on stem. No grass balls to be seen.

July 18. *Sonchus oleraceus* well in bloom.

8.30 A. M. — To Sudbury meadows with W. E. C. by boat.

Hardhack in bloom perhaps a day or two. The button-bush beginning to open generally. The late, or river, rose spots the coves over the water, — a great ornament to the river's brink now. Three utricularias and perhaps the horned also common now. Rhexia, a day or two. The pads are now much eaten. Thoroughwort. Meadow haying has commenced. There is no pause between the English and meadow haying. There are thousands of yellow butterflies on the pontederia flowers, and of various colors on the button-bush. In the Sudbury meadows are dense fields of pipes three feet high bordering the river. The common large rush, flowering at top, makes black-looking squads there. The fields of pontederia are in some places four or five rods wide and almost endless, but, crossing from side to side on shore, are the open white umbels of the hemlock, and now thesium begins to show. These meadows, with their meandering stream, through whose weeds it is hard to push a boat, are very wild. The stake-driver and the *virescens* rise and go off with sluggish flight from time to time. What is that continual dry *chucking* sound heard about the pads? The darting of a fish, or of an insect? The heart-leaves are eaten and turned dark, but the less decayed part in the centres, still green, is of the form and appearance of the less cut leaves of the *Ranunculus Purshii*, — either leading to or following after that. As they decay, such a leaf as the less divided ones of the *R. Purshii* is left, or promises to be left, — is suggested. That smaller narrow-leaved polygonum which forms the first and lower rank in the river is in many

places in blossom, rose-colored, whitish. What is that rather tall, coarse kind of aster, with a few broad rays, in the copse behind Bittern Cliff? <sup>1</sup> Is it *Diplopappus cornifolius*? Now are the days to go a-berry-ing.

*July 19.* Clematis has been open a day or two. The alisma will open to-morrow or next day. This morning a fog and cool. What is that small conyza-like aster, with flaccid linear leaves, in woods near Boiling Spring? Some woodbine, cultivated, apparently long since flowered. The same of some on Lee's Cliff, where it is early.

*July 20.* To Nawshawtuct at moonrise with Sophia, by boat.

Moon apparently full yesterday. A low mist incrusts the meadow, — not so perceptible when we are on the water. Now we row through a thin low mist about as high as one's head, now we come to a place where there is no mist on the river or meadow, apparently where a slight wind stirs. The gentle susurrus from the leaves of the trees on shore is very enlivening, as if Nature were freshening, awakening to some enterprise. There is but little wind, but its sound, incessantly stirring the leaves at a little distance along the shore, heard not seen, is very inspiring. It is like an everlasting dawn or awakening of nature to some great purpose. As we go up the hill we smell the sweet-

<sup>1</sup> July 30th, a somewhat similar white aster with many middle-sized heads and a roughish stem in Dugan's [?] meadow.

briar. The trees are now heavy, dark masses without tracery, not as in spring or early in June; but I forgot to say that the moon was at first eclipsed by a vast black bank of cloud in the east horizon, which seemed to rise faster than it, and threatened to obscure it all the night. But suddenly she rose above it, and when, a few moments after, we thought to look again for the threatening cloud-bank, it had vanished, or a mere filmy outline could be faintly traced beneath her. It was the eclipse of her light behind it that made this evil look so huge and threatening, but now she had triumphed over it and eclipsed it with her light. It had vanished, like an ugly dream. So is it ever with evils triumphed over, which we have put behind us. What was at first a huge dark cloud in the east which threatened to eclipse the moon the livelong night is now suddenly become a filmy vapor, not easy to be detected in the sky, lit by her rays. She comes on thus, magnifying her dangers by her light, at first displaying, revealing them in all their hugeness and blackness, exaggerating, then casting them behind her into the light concealed. She goes on her way triumphing through the clear sky like a moon which was threatened by dark clouds at her rising but rose above them.<sup>1</sup> That black, impenetrable bank which threatened to be the ruin of all our hopes is now a filmy dash of vapor with a faint-purplish tinge, far in the orient sky.

From the hilltop we see a few distant lights in farmhouses down below, hard to tell where they are,

<sup>1</sup> [*Excursions*, p. 329; Riv. 405.]

yet better revealing *where* [*sic*] they are than the sun does. But cottage lights are not conspicuous now as in the autumn. As we looked, a bird flew across the disk of the moon. Saw two skunks carrying their tails about some rocks. Singular that, of all the animated creation, chiefly these skunks should be abroad in this moonlight. This is the midsummer night's moon. We have come round the east side of the hill to see the moon from amid the trees. I like best to see its light falling far in amid the trees and along the ground before me, while itself is hidden behind them or one side. It is cool, methinks with a peculiar coolness, as it were from the luxuriance of the foliage, as never in June. At any rate we have had no such sultry nights this month as in June. There is a greater contrast between night and day now, reminding me that even in Hindostan they freeze ice in shallow vessels at night in summer (?). There is a mist very generally dispersed, which gives a certain mellowness to the light, a waviness apparently, a creaminess. Yet the light of the moon is a cold, almost frosty light, white on the ground.

There [are] a few fireflies about. Green, their light looks sometimes, and crickets are heard. You are pretty sure also to hear some human music, vocal or instrumental, far or near. The masses of the trees and bushes would be called black, if our knowledge that they are leaves did not make us call them dark-green. Here is the *Pycnanthemum lanceolatum* near the boat's place, which I scent in the dark. It has been out some days, for some flowers are quite withered. I hear

from the copses or bushes along the shore, returning, a faint everlasting fine song from some small cricket, or rather locust, which it required the stillness of night to reveal. A bat hovers about us. How oily smooth the water in this moonlight! And the apparent depth where stars are reflected frightens Sophia. These Yankee houses and gardens seen rising beyond this oily moon-lit water, on whose surface the circling insects are like sparks of fire, are like Italian dwellings on the shores of Italian lakes. When we have left the boat and the river, we are surprised, looking back from the bank, to see that the water is wholly concealed under a white mist, though it was scarcely perceptible when we were in its midst. The few bullfrogs are the chief music. I do not know but walnuts are peculiarly handsome by moonlight, — seeing the moon rising through them, and the form of their leaves. I felt some nuts. They have already their size and that bracing, aromatic scent.

July 21. 2 P. M. — Went, in pursuit of boys who had stolen my boat-seat, to Fair Haven.

Plenty of berries there now, — large huckleberries, blueberries, and blackberries. My downy-leafed plant of Annursnack and under the Cliffs, now in bloom, and some days, is the *Pycnanthemum incanum*, — common mountain mint or wild basil. It is two or three feet high and very velvety-downy, while calamint is rigid. What is that small creeping plant covering the ground in the Cliff brook like a veronica, — leaf shaped like that of the small veronica on the Cliffs,

leaves opposite but far apart, rooting at base? No traces of a flower. The small purple orchis, its spikes half opened. The *Rhus copallina* is most abundant on the low knoll beneath the Cliffs, not yet blossomed. *Euphorbia hypericifolia* (?) at Bittern Cliff, how long? Horse-mint, a day or two, the earliest. *Desmodium acuminatum*, some days; it is a delicate spike of flowers on a long peduncle. The berries of the alternate cornel are beginning to ripen. I am entering Fair Haven Pond. It is now perfectly still and smooth, like dark glass. Yet the westering sun is very warm. He who passes over a lake at noon, when the waves run, little imagines its serene and placid beauty at evening, as little as he anticipates his own serenity. There is no more beautiful part of the river than the entrance to this pond. The *Asclepias incarnata* is well named water silkweed, for it grows here amid the button-bushes and willows in the wettest places along the river. Nature is beautiful only as a place where a life is to be lived. It is not beautiful to him who has not resolved on a beautiful life. The horned utricularia appears to be in its prime, though there was none here June 16th. It yellows the shore, together with the hyssop and filiform ranunculus, not to mention the lanceolate loosestrife. The spear thistle.

The tall anemone grows by the red oak near the elms opposite the pond on Conantum and is still in flower. I am surprised by the abundance of large shining blackberries on the hillsides; every bush does its best. The river is so low and weedy that at Hubbard's bend, though there is most current at bends,



three rails have been lodged in different places in mid-channel and have not advanced for a week or more. It rapidly grows cool toward sunset. The sun is now warm on my back, and when I turn round I have to shade my face with my hands; but some time before it sets the dews begin to fall, and a damp, cool air is felt over the water, and I want a thick coat. Ten minutes before sunset I saw large clear dewdrops at the tips, or half an inch below the tips, of the pontederia leaves.

July 22. P. M. — To Annursnack.

The *Chenopodium hybridum* (?); at least its leaves are dark-green, rhomboidal, and heart-shaped. The orchis and spikenard at Azalea Brook are not yet open. The early roses are now about done, — the sweet-briar quite, I think. I see sometimes houstonias still. The elodea out. Boehmeria not yet. On one account, at least, I enjoy walking in the fields less at this season than at any other; there are so many men in the fields haying now. Observed, on the wild basil on Annursnack, small reddish butterflies which looked like a part of the plant. It has a singularly soft, velvety leaf. Smooth sumach berries crimson there.

There is a kind of low blackberry which does not bear large fruit but very dense clusters, by wall-sides, shaded by the vine or other plants often, of clammy and strong-tasted berries.

Yellow butterflies in the road. I find the *Campanula Americana* of the West naturalized in our garden. Also a silene (?) without visibly viscid stem and with

swollen joints; apparently the snapdragon catchfly otherwise. Leaves opposite, sessile, lanceolate.

July 23. P. M. — To P. Hutchinson's.

I cannot find a single crotalaria pod there this year. Stone-crop is abundant and has now for some time been out at R. Brown's watering-place; also the water-plantain, which is abundant there. About the water further north the elodea is very common, and there, too, the rhexia is seen afar on the islets, — its brilliant red like a rose. It is fitly called meadow-beauty. Is it not the handsomest and most striking and brilliant flower since roses and lilies began? Blue vervain out some days.

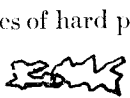

Bathing yesterday in the Assabet, I saw that many breams, apparently an old one with her young of various sizes, followed my steps and found their food in the water which I had muddied. The old one pulled lustily at a *Potamogeton hybridus*, drawing it off one side horizontally with her mouth full, and then swallowed what she tore off. The young pouts were two and a half inches long in Flint's Pond the 17th.

July 24. Sunday. 4.30 A. M. — By boat to Island.

Robins, larks, peawais, etc., as in the spring, at this hour. The mikania to-morrow or next day.<sup>1</sup> The zizania, some days. The low, front-rank polygonums are still imbrowned in many places; as I think, have not recovered from the effect of late frosts.

Mr. Pratt asked me to what animal a spine and

<sup>1</sup> July 29.

broken skull found in the wall of James Adams's shop belonged, — within the partition. I found by its having but two kinds of teeth, and they incisive and molar, that it belonged to the order *Rodentia*, which, with us, consists of the Beaver, Hare, Rat (including squirrels), and Porcupine families. From its having "incisors  $\frac{2}{2}$ , molars  $\frac{3}{3}$ " and "molars with a flat crown and zigzag plates of enamel," I knew it to be a muskrat, which probably got into the building at a time of high water. The molars appeared like one long tooth, their flat, smooth tops zigzagged with the edges of hard plates of enamel in this wise  some-what;  but after looking long and sharply with a microscope, though on the side I could not distinguish the separate teeth, I made out, by tracing about the edges of the enamel which intertwined and broke joints curiously for strength, three separate inclosures, and, with full faith in this and in science, I told Pratt it was a muskrat, and gave him my proofs; but he could not distinguish the three molars even with a glass, or was still plainly uncertain, for he had thought them one tooth, when, taking his pincers, he pulled one out and was convinced, much to his and to my satisfaction and our confidence in science! How very hard must be the teeth of this animal whose food is clams! What keeps his incisors so sharp? Look at this strong head, with its upper jaw and incisor curved somewhat like a turtle's beak. What an apparatus for cutting, holding, crushing! What a trap to be caught in! It is amusing to think what grists have

come to this mill, though now the upper and nether stones fall loosely apart, and the brain-chamber above, where the miller lodged, is now empty (passing under the portcullis of the incisors), and the windows are gone.

With or without reason, I find myself associating with the idea of summer a certain cellar-like coolness, resulting from the depth of shadows and the luxuriance of foliage. I think that after this date the crops never suffer so severely from drought as in June, because of their foliage shading the ground and producing dews. We had fog this morning, and no doubt often the last three weeks, which my surveying has prevented my getting up to see.

It is the palmer-worm which has attacked the apple trees this year.

Surveying one very hot day, a week or two ago, and having occasion to strip a sapling of its bark, I was surprised to observe how cool the freshly exposed and sappy wood was, as if it extracted coolness from the cool cellars of the earth.

Sophia's *Viola pedata*, taken up in the spring, blossomed again a day or two ago. I perceive the peculiar scent of corn-fields.

Yesterday a dew-like, gentle summer rain. You scarcely know if you are getting wet.

At least two kinds of grass as tall as the zizania have preceded it along the river. One has long since gone to seed, and looks flavid or yellowish now. The other is still in blossom, its chaff (?) being remarkably and regularly on one side of the glume (?). For a week or more I have perceived that the evenings were con-

siderably longer and of some account to sit down and write in. Ate an early-harvest apple of my own raising yesterday; not quite ripe. The scent of some very early ones which I have passed in my walks, imparting some ripeness to the year, has excited me somewhat. It affects me like a performance, a poem, a thing done; and all the year is not a mere promise of Nature's.

How far behind the spring seems now, — farther off, perhaps, than ever, for this heat and dryness is most opposed to spring. Where most I sought for flowers in April and May I do not think to go now; it is either drought and barrenness or fall there now. The reign of moisture is long since over. For a long time the year feels the influence of the snows of winter and the long rains of spring, but now how changed! It is like another and a fabulous age to look back on, when earth's veins were full of moisture, and violets burst out on every hillside. Spring is the reign of water; summer, of heat and dryness; winter, of cold. Whole families of plants that lately flourished have disappeared. Now the phenomena are tropical. Let our summer last long enough, and our land would wear the aspect of the tropics. The luxuriant foliage and growth of all kinds shades the earth and is converting every copse into a jungle. Vegetation is rampant. There is not such rapid growth, it is true, but it slumbers like a serpent that has swallowed its prey. Summer is one long drought. Rain is the exception. All the signs of it fail, for it is dry weather. Though it may seem so, the current year is not peculiar in this

respect. It is a slight labor to keep count of all the showers, the rainy days, of a summer. You may keep it on your thumb nail.

P. M. — To Corner Spring and Fair Haven Hill.

*Mimulus ringens* at Heywood Brook, probably several days. The fruit of the skunk-cabbage is turned black. At Hubbard's Bathing-Place I tread on clams all across the river in mid-channel, flattening them down, for they are on their edges. The small linear-leaved hypericum (*H. Canadense*) shows red capsules. The black choke-berry, probably some days. The dark indigo-blue (Sophia says), waxy, and like blue china blue berries of the clintonia are already well ripe. For some time, then, though a few are yet green. They are numerous near the edge of Hubbard's lower meadow. They are in clusters of half a dozen on brittle stems eight or ten inches high, oblong or squarish round, the size of large peas with a dimple atop. Seen thus, above the handsome, regular green leaves which are still perfect in form and color and which, here growing close together, checker the ground, and also in the dense shade of the copse, there is something peculiarly celestial about them. This is the plant's true flower, for which it has preserved its leaves fresh and unstained so long. *Eupatorium pubescens* at Hubbard's burnt meadow. There is much near his grove. Also *Epilobium molle* there (put it with the *coloratum*), and *coloratum* and the common still in blossom. There is *erectites* there, budded. Also *Lysimachia ciliata* and, by the causeway near, the ovate-leaved, quite dis-

tinct from the lanceolate, — I think not so early as the last. At the Corner Spring the berries of the trillium are already pink. The medeola is still in flower, though with large green berries. The swamp-pink still blooms and the morning-glory is quite fresh; it is a pure white, like a lady's morning gown.

The aspect of vegetation about the spring reminds me of fall. The angelica, skunk-cabbage, trillium, arum, and the lodged and flattened grass are all phenomena of the fall.

A spikenard just beyond the spring has already pretty large green berries, though a few flowers. Say July 10th. It is a great plant, six feet high, seven long, with the largest pinnate leaves of this kind I think of. More than two feet by two, with single leaflets eleven inches by nine. The two-leaved convallaria and the *Smilacina racemosa* show ripening clusters. I hear incessantly a cricket or locust, inspired by the damp, cool shade, telling of autumn. I have not observed it more than a week. *Scutellaria galericulata*, maybe some time.

The berries of the *Vaccinium vacillans* are very abundant and large this year on Fair Haven, where I am now. Indeed these and huckleberries and blackberries are very abundant in this part of the town. Nature does her best to feed man. The traveller need not go out of the road to get as many as he wants; every bush and vine teems with palatable fruit. Man for once stands in such relation to Nature as the animals that pluck and eat as they go. The fields and hills are a table constantly spread. Wines of all kinds and qualities, of noblest vintage, are bottled up in the skins of

countless berries, for the taste of men and animals. To men they seem offered not so much for food as for sociality, that they may picnic with Nature, — diet drinks, cordials, wines. We pluck and eat in remembrance of Her. It is a sacrament, a communion. The not-forbidden fruits, which no serpent tempts us to taste.<sup>1</sup> Slight and innocent savors, which relate us to Nature, make us her guests and entitle us to her regard and protection. It is a Saturnalia, and we quaff her wines at every turn. This season of berrying is so far respected that the children have a vacation to pick berries, and women and children who never visit distant hills and fields and swamps on any other errand are seen making haste thither now, with half their domestic utensils in their hands. The woodchopper goes into the swamp for fuel in the winter; his wife and children for berries in the summer.

The late rose, — *R. Carolina*, swamp rose, — I think has larger and longer leaves; at any rate they are duller above (light beneath), and the bushes higher. The shaggy hazelnuts now greet the eye, always an agreeable sight to me, with which when a boy I used to take the stains of berries out of my hands and mouth. These and green grapes are found at berry time. High blueberries, when thick and large, bending the twigs, are a very handsome cool, rich, acid berry.

On Fair Haven a quarter of an hour before sunset. — How fortunate and glorious that our world is not roofed in, but open like a Roman house, — our skylight so broad and open! We do not climb the hills in vain. It is no crystal palace we dwell in. The windows of the

<sup>1</sup> [Channing, pp. 71, 72.]

sky are always open, and the storms blow in at them. The field sparrow sings with that varied strain. The night wind rises. On the eastern side of this hill it is already twilight. The air is cooler and clearer. The mountains which [were] almost invisible grow more distinct. The various heights of our hills are plainly shown by the more or less of the mountain bases seen from them. The atmosphere of the western horizon is impurpled, tingeing the mountains. A golden sheen is reflected from the river so brightly that it dazzles me as much as the sun. The now silver-plated river is burnished gold there, and in midst of all I see a boat ascending with regular dip of its seemingly gilt oars. That which appears a strip of smooth, light silvery water on each side of the stream, not reflecting the sky, is the reflection of light from the pads. From their edges, there stream into the smooth channel sharp blue serrations or ripples of various lengths, sometimes nearly across, where seemingly a zephyr gliding off the pads strikes it. A boy is looking after his cows, calling "ker ker ker ker," impatient to go home. The sun is passing under the portcullis of the west. The nighthawk squeaks, and the chewink jingles his strain, and the wood thrush; but I think there is no loud and general serenade from the birds. I hear no veery. How much more swiftly the sun seems to perform the morning and evening portions of his journey, when he is nearest his starting-place or goal! He is now almost ready to dip, — a round red disk shorn of his beams, — his head shaved like a captive led forth for execution.

Meanwhile the night is rapidly gathering her forces in deepening lines of shade under the east side of the willow causeway and the woods. Now the sun has dipped into the western ocean. He is one half below the horizon, and I see lines of distinct forest trees, miles and miles away on some ridge, now revealed against his disk. It takes many a western woodland — go far enough, a whole Iowa — to span it. Now only the smallest segment of its sphere, like a coal of fire rising above the forest, is seen sending a rosy glow up the horizon sky. The illustrious traveller with whom we have passed a memorable day has gone his way, and we return slowly to our castle of the night. But for some minutes the glowing portal clouds are essentially unchanged.

*Pycnanthemum muticum* behind Wheeler's cottages; put it with the earliest of its class.

July 25. Dodder, probably the 21st. Blue-curls. Burdock, probably yesterday.

P. M. — To Le Grosse's.

*Cerasus Virginiana*, — choke-cherry, — just ripe. White and red huckleberries said to be in Le Grosse's or Wetherbee's pasture. Could not find them. *Cynoglossum Morisoni*, beggar's-lice, roadside between Sam Barrett's mill and the next house east, in flower and fruiting probably ten days. Probably the same with plant found beyond the stone bridge, gone to seed, last year.

I have for years had a great deal of trouble with my shoe-strings, because they get untied continually.

They are leather, rolled and tied in a hard knot. But some days I could hardly go twenty rods before I was obliged to stop and stoop to tie my shoes. My companion and I speculated on the distance to which one tying would carry you, — the length of a shoe-tie, — and we thought it nearly as appreciable and certainly a more simple and natural measure of distance than a stadium, or league, or mile. Ever and anon we raised our feet on whatever fence or wall or rock or stump we chanced to be passing, and drew the strings once more, pulling as hard as we could. It was very vexatious, when passing through low scrubby bushes, to become conscious that the strings were already getting loose again before we had fairly started. What should we have done if pursued by a tribe of Indians? My companion sometimes went without strings altogether, but that loose way of proceeding was not [to] be thought of by me. One shoemaker sold us shoe-strings made of the hide of a South American jack-ass, which he recommended; or rather he gave them to us and added their price to that of the shoes we bought of him. But I could not see that these were any better than the old. I wondered if anybody had exhibited a better article at the World's Fair, and whether England did not bear the palm from America in this respect. I thought of strings with recurved prickles and various other remedies myself. At last the other day it occurred to me that I would try an experiment, and, instead of tying two simple knots one over the other the same way, putting the end which fell to the right over each time, that I would reverse

the process, and put it under the other. Greatly to my satisfaction, the experiment was perfectly successful, and from that time my shoe-strings have given me no trouble, except sometimes in untying them at night.

On telling this to others I learned that I had been all the while tying what is called a granny's knot, for I had never been taught to tie any other, as sailors' children are; but now I had blundered into a square knot, I think they called it, or two running slip-nooses. Should not all children be taught this accomplishment, and an hour, perchance, of their childhood be devoted to instruction in tying knots?

Those New-Hampshire-like pastures near Asa Melvin's are covered or dotted with bunches of indigo, still in bloom, more numerous than anywhere that I remember.

*July 26.* I reckon that about nine tenths of the flowers of the year have now blossomed.

Dog-days, — sultry, sticky (?) weather, — now when the corn is topped out. Clouds without rain. Rains when it will. Old spring and summer signs fail.

P. M. — To Fair Haven Hill.

The lycopodium which I see is not yet out. The *Potentilla Norvegica* is common and tall, the tallest and now most flourishing of the potentillas. The xyris, some time, on Hubbard's meadow, south of the water-plantain, whose large, finely branched, somewhat pyramidal panicle of flowers is attractive. The bobolinks are just beginning to fly in flocks, and I hear their *link link*. I see the young birds also, just

able to get out of my way above the weeds and bushes of the low grounds, their tails not grown out to steady them. Larks, too, seen now, four or five together, sing as of yore; also the goldfinch twitters over oftener. That other kind of amaranth is apparently quite out in some places. The *Hypericum corymbosum*, which may have been out nearly as long as the *perforatum*. I see on all hands the hardhack's slender rosy pyramid spring above the walls and hedges. It is a fine coarse plant and must rank with the rhexia or near it. The broader, more cone-like meadow-sweet also. The swamp rose and the polygalas are other reds now in prime which I think of, not to include the orchis.<sup>1</sup> The small bluish-white berries of the trientalis appear to be ripe. *Gnaphalium polycepalum*, less downy and greener than the pearly one. I notice to-day the first purplish aster, a pretty sizable one; may have been out a day or two, near the brook beyond Hubbard's Grove, — *A. Radula* (?).

I mark again the sound of crickets or locusts about alders, etc., about this time when the first asters open, which makes you fruitfully meditative, helps condense your thoughts, like the *mel* dews in the afternoon. This the afternoon of the year. How apt we are to be reminded of lateness, even before the year is half spent! Such little objects check the diffuse tide of our thoughts and bring it to a head, which thrills us. They are such fruits as music, poetry, love, which humanity bears.

Saw one of the common wild roses (*R. lucida*?).

<sup>1</sup> But there are the cardinal, thistles, milkweeds, etc., etc.

The swamp blackberry ripe in open ground. The *Rhus copallina* is not yet quite out, though the *glabra* is in fruit. The smaller purple fringed orchis has not quite filled out its spike. What a surprise to detect under the dark, damp, cavernous copse, where some wild beast might fitly prowl, this splendid flower, silently standing with all its eyes on you! It has a rich fragrance withal. Rain in the evening.

July 27. 8 A. M. — Rains, still quite soakingly. June and July perhaps only are the months of drought. The drought ceases with the dog-days.

P. M. — To White Pond in rain.

The autumnal dandelion now appears more abundantly within a week. *Solidago lanceolata* also, a few days probably, though only partially open.

July 28. 7 A. M. — To Azalea Brook.

The mikania is hardly out yet;<sup>1</sup> like the eupatoriums, shows its color long before it opens. The vernonia not quite yet. The lilies, though a little less numerous, appear freer from insects than at first. Their pads not so much eaten as those of the nuphar. The pickerel-weed has passed its prime. The petty-morel at the brook not out, though that by the Corner Spring has berries.

P. M. — To Clematis Brook via Lee's with Mr. Conway.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vide 29th.

<sup>2</sup> [Rev. Moncure D. Conway. See his *Autobiography*, vol. i. pp.

Tells me of a kind of apple tree with very thick leaves near the houses in Virginia called the tea-tree, under which they take tea, even through an ordinary shower, it sheds the rain so well, and there the table constantly stands in warm weather.

The *Gerardia flava* in the hickory grove behind Lee's Cliff, some days. Answers apparently in every respect to the above, yet its lower leaves are like narrow white oak leaves. Have I seen the *G. quercifolia*? Is that the *Cicuta bulbifera* just out at Clematis Brook, with decompound leaves and linear leaflets fringe-toothed?<sup>1</sup> That low hieracium, hairy, especially the lower part, with several hairy, obovate or oblanceolate leaves, remotely, very slightly, toothed, and glandular hairs on peduncles and calyx, a few heads, some days at least. *Vide* herbarium. Saw lower leaves of the white vervain turned a reddish lake or claret. Nightshade berries begin to ripen, — to be red. Is that rather coarse flower about Mrs. Brooks's house (escaped from cultivation), called Bouncing Bet, and which has been open ten days or more, *Saponaria Vaccaria*, — cow-herb? The mullein pink is also escaped from gardens thereabouts. *Aster linariifolius*.

July 29. P. M. — To hibiscus, Beck Stow's, and Brister's Hill.

*Galeopsis Tetrahit*, a good while. Vernonia, just opened, a few central ones. *Polygonum hydropiper-*

141, 142, where he speaks of walking with Thoreau in the summer of 1853.]

<sup>1</sup> Yes.

*oides*. At Vernonia Meadow I notice the beds of horse-mint now in flower, — bluish whorls of flowers, — now in its prime. Now is the time to gather thorough-wort. Cardinals are in their prime. The hibiscus is barely budded, but already the meadow-hay mowers have sheared close to it.

Most fields are so completely shorn now that the walls and fence-sides, where plants are protected, appear unusually rich. I know not what aspect the flowers would present if our fields and meadows were untouched for a year, if the mower were not permitted to swing his scythe there. No doubt some plants contended long in vain with these vandals, and at last withdrew from the contest. About these times some hundreds of men with freshly sharpened scythes make an irruption into my garden when in its rankest condition, and clip my herbs all as close as they can, and I am restricted to the rough hedges and worn-out fields which had little to attract them, to the most barren and worthless pastures. I know how some fields of johnswort and goldenrod look, left in the natural state, but not much about our richest fields and meadows.

Those huckleberries near the hibiscus are remarkably glossy, fresh, and plump in the lowland, but not so sweet as some. Crossed the river there, carrying over my clothes.

The Great Meadows present a very busy scene now. There are at least thirty men in sight getting the hay, revealed by their white shirts in the distance, the farthest mere specks, and here and there great loads of hay, almost concealing the two dor-bugs that



draw them — and horse racks [*sic*] pacing regularly back and forth. It is refreshing to behold and scent even this wreck of the meadow-plants. Here is a man sedulously cocking up great heaps composed almost alone of flowering fern, yet perfectly green. Here are many owners side by side, each taking his slice of the great meadow. The mower fixes bits of newspaper to stakes in straight lines across the meadow to guide him, lest he cut over his bounds. The completion of haying might be celebrated by a farmers' festival.

The wormwood, perhaps; has hardly opened yet. Peter appears to have cut all the *liatris* before its time.<sup>1</sup> The *Solidago stricta* begins to yellow the Great Fields in front of his house, but the *nemoralis* is hardly out there yet. The *crotalaria* has some fully formed pods, together with flowers, a little further east than before. It must be three weeks old at least. The sight of the small rough sunflower about a dry ditch bank and hedge advances me at once further toward autumn. At the same time I hear a dry, ripe, autumnal chirp of a cricket. It is the next step to the first goldenrod. It grows where it escapes the mower, but no doubt, in our localities of plants, we do not know where they would prefer to grow if unmolested by man, but rather where they best escape his vandalism. How large a proportion of flowers, for instance, are referred to and found by hedges, walls, and fences.

I see three or four (apparently) young marsh hawks, but full grown, circling and tumbling about not much

<sup>1</sup> No.

above the ground and playing with one another. They are quite a reddish brown. They utter a squeak (not a shrill scream), much like a small bird or animal. I noticed that my hen-hawks screamed and circled round their old nest yesterday, though their young must be fully grown.

Butterflies of various colors are now more abundant than I have seen them before, especially the small reddish or coppery ones. I counted ten yesterday on a single *Sericocarpus conyzoides*. They were in singular harmony with the plant, as if they made a part of it. The insect that comes after the honey or pollen of a plant is necessary to it and in one sense makes a part of it. Being constantly in motion and, as they moved, opening and closing their wings to preserve their balance, they presented a very lifesome scene. To-day I see them on the early goldenrod (*Solidago stricta*).

I broke through Heywood's thick wood, north of Moore's land, going toward Beck Stow's in the Great Fields, and unexpectedly came into a long, narrow, winding, and very retired blueberry swamp which I did not know existed there. A spot seemingly untrodden, — a deep withdrawn meadow, sunk low amid the forest and filled with green waving sedge, three feet high, and low andromeda and hardhack, for the most part dry to the feet and with no print of man or beast, interspersed with islands of blueberry bushes and surrounded by a dense hedge of high blueberry bushes, panicked andromeda, high choke-berry, wild holly, with its beautiful crimson

berries, etc., etc., this being the front rank to a higher wood. Thus hedged about these places are, so that it is only at some late year that you stumble upon them. Crouching you thread your way amid some dense shrub oak wood some day, descending next through the almost impenetrable hedge, and stand to your surprise on the edge of this fair open meadow with a bottom of unfathomed mud, as retired and novel as if it were a thousand miles removed from your ordinary walks. Not penetrable except in mid-summer. It is as far off as Persia from Concord. I entered from this swamp to that next south, through a narrow passage hardly a foot wide, stooping close to the ground, worn by some cows once, brushing off blueberries in my passage, and then burst out into another yet larger swamp, or meadow, of a similar character. And in the first I found great blueberries as big as old-fashioned bullets or cranberries, — the ambrosial fruit. These grew side by side in singular harmony in the dense hedge with crimson holly berries and black choke-berries. Over these meadows the marsh hawk circles undisturbed. What means this profusion of berries at this season only? Beck Stow's is much frequented by cows, which burst through the thickest bushes.

Crossed over to Tuttle's. Aaron's-rod not yet. The high blackberries began to be ripe about a week ago. The small flowers of the *Helianthemum Canadense* (cistus). Its leaves are like the *Lechea major*, for which I took it last (?) fall, when surrounded with frost at its base (hence called frost-weed). Started a pack of

grouse two-thirds grown. *Spiranthes gracilis* in Hubbard's Wood Path, coming toward his Close. May have been out some time. *Hypopitys lanuginosa*, American pine-sap, just pushing up, — false beech-drops. Gray says from June to August. It is cream-colored or yellowish under the pines in Hubbard's Wood Path. Some near the fence east of the Close. A plant related to the tobacco-pipe. Remarkable this doubleness in nature, — not only that nature should be composed of just these individuals, but that there should be so rarely or never an individual without its kindred, — its cousin. It is allied to something else. There is not only the tobacco-pipe, but pine-sap. Moist banks covered with the nearly grown, but green, partridge-berries now. *Prenanthes*, almost. Tobacco-pipe, how long? Coral-root well out, — *Corallorhiza multiflora*, — at Brister's Hill. There are some beautiful glossy, firm ferns there, — *Polystichum acrostichoides* (?), — shield fern. Nature made ferns for pure leaves, to show what she could do in that line. I also see some small, umbrella-shaped (with sharp cones), shining and glossy yellow fungi, like an election cake atop, also some dead yellow and orange. Clethra, a day or two in some places. In the Poorhouse Meadow, the white orchis spike almost entirely out, some days at least. This is the best place to find the *Pycnanthemum muticum* and *lanceolatum* that I know. *Eupatorium purpureum*. We are willing this coarse plant should be called Joe-Pye-weed. *Rhus copallina* behind Bent's, out a day or two; earlier than at Cliffs. *Acalypha Virginica* probably out in

some places; not the plant I saw. Some scarlet thorn leaves are yellow-spotted now. By railroad causeway a large smooth-stemmed goldenrod (not yet out), with smooth (both sides) linear-lanceolate sharply toothed leaves.<sup>1</sup> Another in a meadow, smaller, downy, with broader leaves, already out, like (?) the first. That was probably the *Scirpus lacustris*, — the black rush of the Sudbury meadows, long since out; panicle just below the top.

Perchance the moon shines sometimes merely to tempt men forth to view creation by night, but soon wanes to warn them that day is the season appointed for their labors.

July 30. I have for some time noticed the emerged leaves of the *Bidens Beckii* above the river surface, and this morning find the first flower. Last year I found none. Was it owing to the high water? The river has risen some since the dog-days. Wool-grass appears now in its prime. The weeds in the river seem to be subject to more casualties than elsewhere.

Many go to Europe to finish their education, and when they have returned their friends remark that the most they have acquired is a correct pronunciation of English. It is a premature hardening but hollowing of the shell. They become valuable utensils of the gourd kind, but have no palatable and nutritious inside. Instead of acquiring nutritious and palatable qualities to their pulp, it is all absorbed into a prematurely hardened shell. They went away squashes,

<sup>1</sup> *Solidago arguta*?

and they return gourds. They are all expressed, or squeezed out; their essential oil is gone. They are pronounced for you; they are good to stand before or for a noun or man as handles; not even hollow gourds always, but the handle without the mug. They pronounce with the sharp precise report of a rifle, but the likeness is in the sound only, for they have no bullets to fire.

P. M. — To Ministerial Swamp.

Going through Dennis's and Hosmer's meadows, I see a dozen or more men at work. In almost every meadow throughout the town they are thus engaged at present. In every meadow you see far or near the lumbering hay-cart with its mountainous load and the rakers and mowers in white shirts. The bittern hardly knows where to lay its eggs. By the way, I have heard no stake-driver for some time. If the meadows were untouched, I should no doubt see many more of the rare white and the beautiful smaller purple orchis there, as I now see a few along the shaded brooks and meadow's edge.

The choke-cherries (*Cerasus Virginiana*) near Hosmer's Spring are very abundant now; the bushes, about as high as your head, are loaded with full racemes, two or three inches long, of shining dark-red berries, the size of a pea, slightly oblong or oval, but, as yet at least, very astringent, puckering the mouth for a long time. No doubt frequently mistaken at sight for the rum cherry.

The angelica has gone to seed, and its great umbels, six inches in diameter, are turned brown at the top

of its still purple hollow stems, sometimes seven feet high, the joints two feet long, and one and one third inches in diameter. By a meandering line of tall bare stems, surmounted by dark, dry umbels, I can trace the course of Nut Meadow Brook for half a mile. Nay, I find it by their aid when concealed by the grass even within a rod of me, for they indicate every meander. They rise much above everything else in the meadow. Close at hand, also, this brook is seen to be lined with the slender *Cicuta maculata* — there is much of this poisonous plant in our meadows — and *bulbifera*, with their smaller white umbels. This is a good place to look for the latter. I suppose it is the *Rumex hydrolapathum*, or great water dock, now going to seed there, with large valves and three large glands. I find some fruit on the *Ribes hirtellum* in J. P. Brown's land. It is globular, smooth, and red, marked by internal meridian lines, and inclined to be flattened at the poles. This does not blossom so early as our earliest in garden, but its fruit is more like this in color (though more smooth and glossy), while our later one is a dark purple or blue. Rather acid and wild-tasted. Is that the *Cirsium horridulum*, now out of bloom, on the north side of T. Wheeler's meadow, with tall, downy stem and the lower leaves almost entire and downy both sides, upper clasping and cut? Apparently the same by the L. Hosmer road at Nut Meadow Brook in Brown's meadow. The painted-cup still, and there. I was correct about the alders. The *incana* has a rounder leaf; the other is more oblong and is quite smooth beneath. I have missed the veery

for some time, but the wood thrush still sings and the pcawai.

The wayfarer's tree! How good a name! Who bestowed it? How did it get adopted? The mass of men are very unpoetic, yet that Adam that names things is always a poet. The boor is ready to accept the name the poet gives. How nameless is the poet among us! He is abroad, but is not recognized. He does not get crowned with the laurel.

*Goodyera pubescens* on hillside south of Ministerial Swamp. Its veiny leaves, a hoary green, completely cover the ground on the damp and shady hillside, like a rug, sprinkled with dry oak leaves, which it has lifted as it grew. It is just sending up its green scapes amid the sere ones of last year, and one has partly blossomed. The hunter often sits on a shady bank and muses on this beautiful leaf, wondering what rare virtues it may possess.


The tobacco-pipe has also pushed up there amid the dry leaves in the shade. It is abundant now, and here. Both stem and flowers and scales are a pure and delicate crystalline white. What to name it? Sheathed with delicate white scales. It reminded me of a maiden in her robes of purity who has always been nurtured in a shady and vault-like seclusion, — a nun of spotless purity, a daughter of Tellus and Cælum too, making her entrance into the world. Pushing aside the doorway of dry leaves, three sisters of various heights issue from their hidden convent and stand side by side in the presence of the light. We are surprised to see such pure robes come from

the bowels of the earth. Yet this white and crystalline purity smacks of the cellar and shade. They come forth to be proved, and stand abashed in presence of the light, with hanging heads and faces toward the ground under their pure white hoods and capes, striving at first to conceal their nakedness and tenderness. A few loose, scanty, but beautiful, pearly sheaths alone invested them, and the broader capes of their hoods. The sisters then came forth of spotless purity, but soon, exposed to light and air, their virtue dried black. I was surprised to hear that this was called the tobacco-pipe! Their untried virtue cannot long stand the light and air. These and pine-sap the plants the dog-days (?) produce.

Here, too, are clintonia berries and, with the neottia and the pyrolas, now generally almost out of bloom. *Lygodium palmatum* now apparently in bloom. It is a most beautiful slender and delicate fern, twining like [a] vine about the stem of the meadow-sweet, panicle andromeda, goldenrods, etc., to the height of three feet or more, and difficult to detach from them. The lower half, in the shade, of small leafy sterile frondlets, the upper half, exposed to the light, of the finely divided fertile frondlets. Our most beautiful fern, and most suitable for wreaths or garlands. It is rare. Round-leaved sundew for some time. Bartonian or centaurella almost out, not spread, somewhat like the former now. Tansy has been the prevailing yellow flower for some time. It precedes the goldenrods.

This month has not been so warm as June. There

have been no such *bathing* days as we had last year, two or three. Methinks our warm weather hardest to bear is the last half of June and the first half of July. Afterward the shade and the dog-days give us moisture and coolness, especially at night.

Saw some green galls on a goldenrod (?) three quarters of an inch in diameter, eter, shaped like a fruit or an Eastern temple, with two or three little worms inside, completely changing the destiny of the plant, showing the intimate relation between animal and vegetable life. The animal signifies its wishes by a touch, and the plant, instead of going on to blossom and bear its normal fruit, devotes itself to the service of the insect and becomes its cradle and food. It suggests that Nature is a kind of gall, that the Creator stung her and man is the grub she is destined to house and feed. The plant rounds off and paints the gall with as much care and love as its own flower and fruit, admiring it perchance even more.

I see a rusty-colored shorter-wooled cotton-grass, which may be the *Eriophorum Virginicum*.

*July 31. Sunday. P. M. — To Walden.*

The bristly aralia berries in dense patches with their numerous umbels, the central ones ripe for two or three days. They are about two inches in diameter and perfect hemispheres of dark-blue or blue-black berries, size of a huckleberry, on slender peduncles of equal length, forming a dense hemispherical umbel, two inches in diameter. I counted a hundred and thirty such berries in one. Rum cherry just ripe. Pur-

ple gerardia by to-morrow or the next day; the linear-leaved gerardia. The anychia, or forked chickweed, grows larger, with spreading red stems, on the south side of Heywood Peak. The commonest *Lespedeza violacea*, with small elliptical leaves, perhaps a week. *Desmodium nudiflorum*, naked-flowered tick-trefoil, some already with laments round-angled; probably more than a week; the tall, naked flowering stems, sometimes more than two feet high, appearing like separate plants, at some distance from the rest, which are much lower, about ten inches high, with a bunch of oval

leaves. *Lespedeza hirta* out. I find also a trefoil plant with long, wand-like(?) paniced racemes, rising a foot or more above the leaves, with flowers turned a bluish or verdigris green, apparently wilted, and leaves below, about the simple stem, on short petioles, oblongish, one to two inches. Maybe *Desmodium Canadense*(?) or *lavigatum* (?) or — ? Somewhat downy-stemmed.<sup>1</sup> Some time — a week — out. Also in J. Hosmer's pines beyond Clamshell Hill. Also the

*Gnaphalium decurrens*, to the eye much like the fragrant one near by, but a lighter green and very sticky. Pennyroyal well out for some days at least there, in large bushy tufts. White goldenrod. Bushy gerardia, showing no radical leaves yet. I see some galls on under side of hickory leaves, red like currants, hollow with a grub within. *Solidago nemoralis*. These desmodiums, etc., etc., on the south side of Heywood Peak,

<sup>1</sup> *Dillenii*?? Vide Aug. 14.

a warm dry sprout-land, where I suspect they were not to be found before the wood was cut. They are very forward there. *Goodyera repens* well out at Corallorhiza Hillside; some time out. Put it close after the *gracilis*.

I calculate that less than forty species of flowers known to me remain to blossom this year.