

VII

JUNE, 1854

(ÆT. 36)

June 1. 4.30 A. M. — To Hill.

Fever-root. The umbrella toadstool yesterday, and now decaying. A smaller one.

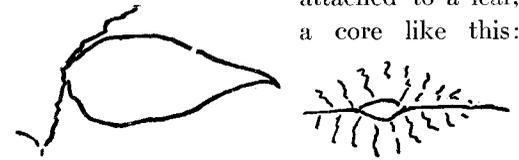
It was so cold last night and still that I surely expected a frost and covered all our melons. But either the wind changed or clouds came over in the night, and there was no frost here. Here is another cool day. I sit with window shut and walk with a thick coat, as yesterday. Do we not always have these changes about the first of June?

P. M. — To Bare Hill *via* Walden road and Goose Pond.

Below the almshouse I see a small sparrow, not larger than the field sparrow, with a white line down the middle of the head, a tawny throat and breast, a yellow spot over the eye and another on the forward part of the wings, flesh-colored legs, upper mandible dusky, and wings dark with faint lines of white. Undoubtedly the *Fringilla passerina*. There were two. Its note was that of my seringo, but very faint and short, sitting on the wall or fence-post.

I see caterpillars, now full-grown, clustered upon their great nests on stripped cherry trees in the woods.

Hear my evergreen-forest note, sounding rather rasp-ingly as usual, where there are large oaks and pines mingled, — *er-er te, te ter twee*, or *er te, te ter twe*.¹ It is very difficult to discover now that the leaves are grown, as it frequents the tops of the trees. But I get a glimpse of its black throat and, I think, yellow head. This and the red-eye and wood pewee are singing now at mid-day. The pincushion galls of the shrub oaks have but little color compared with those of the white oak, and are now turning brown. The shrub oak ones are larger but plainer, less spotted, and less distinctly spotted, than the others. Galls are a surprising production of nature, suggesting a union or connivance of two kingdoms, the animal and vegetable, to produce. Many, like the ordinary black oak-balls (I see some fully grown), seem as natural to the tree as its proper fruit, and plainly anticipated by its whole economy. We hesitate to pronounce them abortions. Their grub is a foster-child of the oak. I see equally if not more remarkable and regular ones on a black shrub oak, of this form, attached to a leaf, green, — a core like this: Being filled with air, they burst with a puff when pressed.



I see marks of a frost last night in sprout-land hollows; young white oaks and hickories, and some

¹ [A good rendering of the song of the black-throated green warbler.]

other oaks even, have been touched, and, though not yet black, their leaves are crisped and come off. In wood-paths and elsewhere I now see countless dragon-flies which have lately taken wing, — some of those pretty little blue ones, and various colors. One of those biting flies stabs my finger severely, wings half black, with a green front.

Within little more than a fortnight the woods, from bare twigs, have become a sea of verdure, and young *shoots* have contended with one another in the race. The leaves have unfurled all over the country like a parasol. Shade is produced, and the birds are concealed and their economies go forward uninterruptedly, and a covert is afforded to the animals generally. But thousands of worms and insects are preying on the leaves while they are young and tender. Myriads of little parasols are suddenly spread all the country over, to shield the earth and the roots of the trees from parching heat, and they begin to flutter and rustle in the breeze. Checkerberry shoots in forward places are now just fit to eat, they are so young and tender. In a long walk I have found these somewhat refreshing. From Bare Hill there is a bluish mist on the landscape, giving it a glaucous appearance.

Now I see gentlemen and ladies sitting at anchor in boats on the lakes in the calm afternoons, under parasols, making use of nature, not always accumulating money. The farmer hoeing is wont to look with scorn and pride on a man sitting in a motionless boat a whole half-day, but he does not realize that the object of his own labor is perhaps merely to add another dollar to

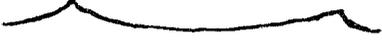
his heap, nor through what coarseness and inhumanity to his family and servants he often accomplishes this. He has an Irishman or a Canadian working for him by the month; and what, probably, is the lesson that he is teaching him by precept and example? Will it make that laborer more of a man? this earth more like heaven? The veiny-leaved hawkweed to-morrow. I see the sand cherry in puffs like the Canada plum in some places.

June 2. Friday. P. M. — Up Assabet to Castilleja and Annursnack.

While waiting for Mother and Sophia I look now from the yard to the waving and slightly glaucous-tinged June meadows, edged by the cool shade — gelid — of shrubs and trees, — a waving shore of shady bays and promontories, — yet different from the August shades. It is beautiful and elysian. The air has now begun to be filled with a bluish haze. These virgin shades of the year, when everything is tender, fresh and green, — how full of promise! promising bowers of shade in which heroes may repose themselves! I would fain be present at the birth of shadow. It takes place with the first expansion of the leaves.

I find sanicle just out on the Island. The black willows are already beautiful, and the hemlocks with their bead-work of new green. Are these not kingbird days, when, in clearer first June days full of light, this aerial, twittering bird flutters from willow to willow and swings on the twigs, showing his white-edged

tail? The *Azalea nudiflora* has about done, or there was apparently little of it. I see some breams' nests near my old bathing-place above the stone-heaps, with sharp, yellow, sandy edges, like a milk-pan from within,

 showing considerable art (?) as well as labor. Also there are three or four small stone-heaps formed. We went near to the stone bridge and crossed direct *via* the house-leek, of which I brought home a bunch. No *Stellaria longifolia* nor *Ranunculus abortivus* to be found yet in bloom, though probably some of the first, apetalous, have opened now. Lamb-kill. The Painted-Cup Meadow is all lit up with ferns, on its springy slopes. The handsome flowering fern, now rapidly expanding and fruiting at the same time, colors these moist slopes afar with its now commonly reddish fronds. And then there are the interrupted and the cinnamon ferns in very handsome and regular tufts, and the brakes standing singly and more backward. The rue, just budded, smells remarkably like a skunk and also like a rank dog. Strange affinity! Took tea at Mrs. Barrett's.

When we returned to our boat at 7 P. M., I noticed first, to my surprise, that the river was all alive with leaping fish, their heads seen continually darted above water, and they were large fish, too. Looking up I found that the whole atmosphere over the river was full of shad-flies. It was a *great flight of ephemerae*. It was not so when I landed an hour and a half before. They extended as high as I could see. It was like a dense snow-storm, and all (with very few exceptions) flying

as with one consent up the stream. Many coupled in the air, and many more with the bodies curved. They reached a mile or more from the stone-heaps to the mouth of the Assabet, but were densest where there were woods on both sides, whether they came out of them, or they made the air more still for them. Those I examined had three very long streamers behind, the two outside about an inch and a quarter. The fishes I saw rise for such as were struggling on the water close to the boat were, I am pretty sure, suckers. This is like what the French fishermen call "manna." There were also swarms of small black millers close above the surface, and other small ones. Several dead suckers were floating. It seemed as if the suckers were now ascending the river. In the air there was one or more at least to every foot. Apparently this phenomenon reached on this stream as far as it was wooded.

Caraway naturalized, and out apparently two or three days, in S. Barrett's front yard.

June 3. Saturday. 9 A. M. — To Fair Haven with Blake and Brown.

A very warm day, without a breeze. A kingbird's nest in a fork of a black willow. Going up Fair Haven Hill, the blossoms of the huckleberries and blueberries imparted a sweet scent to the whole hillside. The cistus is well out on the Cliffs; maybe several days. At Lee's Cliff, where we dined, the oxalis pretty early (?). Hear the first, but a faint, locust.¹ On the pond,

¹ Was it not a cricket?

played a long [time] with the bubbles which we made with our paddles on the smooth, perhaps unctuous, surface, in which little hemispherical cases we saw ourselves and boat, small, black and distinct, with a fainter reflection on the opposite side of the bubble (head to head). These lasted sometimes a minute before they burst. They reminded me more of Italy than of New England. Crossed to Baker Farm and Mt. Misery. To-day, having to seek a shady and the most airy place, at length we were glad when the east wind arose, ruffled the water and cooled the air, and wafted us homeward. Reflected how many times other similar bubbles, which had now burst, had reflected here the Indian, his canoe and paddle, with the same faithfulness that they now image me and my boat.

June 4. 8 A. M. — Up Assabet to Barbarea Shore with Blake and Brown.

Brown speaks of a great brown moth, — probably emperor moth, — which came out in Worcester a few days ago. I see under the window, half dead, a large sphinx-like moth which apparently flew last night. The surface of the still water nowadays with a kind of lint, looking like dust at a little distance. Is it the down of the leaves blown off? In many places it reaches quite across the river. It is interesting to distinguish the different surfaces, — here broken into waves and sparkling with light, there, where covered with this linty dust or film, merely undulating without breaking, and there quite smooth and stagnant. I see in one place a sharp

and distinct line, as if there were a cobweb on the water, between the clear and ruffled water and the stagnant filmy part, as if it were a slightly raised seam; and particles of lint (?) are continually gliding in from the clear space and arranging themselves along the edge of the scum or film.

These warm and dry days, which put spring far behind, the sound of the cricket at noon has a new value and significance, so serene and cool. It is the *iced-cream* of song. It is modulated shade. I see now here and there deep furrows in the sandy bottom, two or three inches wide, leading from the middle of the river toward the side, and a clam on its edge at the end of each. These are distinct whiter lines. Plainly, then, about these times the clams are coming up to the shore, and I have caught them in the act. I now notice froth on the pitch and white pines. The lower and horizontal parts of the shaggy button-bushes, now left bare, are covered thickly with dry brown-paper confervæ, for the most part bleached almost white. It is very abundant, and covers these stems more thickly than clothes on a line.

P. M. — To Walden.

Now is the time [to] observe the leaves, so fair in color and so perfect in form. I stood over a sprig of choke-cherry, with fair and perfect glossy green obovate and serrate leaves, in the woods this P. M., as if it were a rare flower. Now the various forms of oak leaves in sprout-lands, wet-glossy, as if newly painted green and varnished, attract me. The chinquapin and

black shrub oak are such leaves as I fancy crowns were made of. And in the washing breeze the lighter under sides begin to show, and a new light is flashed upon the year, lighting up and enlivening the landscape. Perhaps, on the whole, as most of the under sides are of a glaucous hue, they add to the glaucous mistiness of the atmosphere, which now has begun to prevail. The mountains are hidden. Methinks the first dry spell or drought may be beginning. The dust is powdery in the street, and we do not always have dew in the night.

The cracks in the ground made by the frost in the winter are still quite distinct.

In some cases fame is perpetually false and unjust. Or rather I should say that she *never* recognizes the simple heroism of an action, but only as connected with its apparent consequence. It praises the interested energy of the Boston Tea Party, but will be comparatively silent about the more bloody and disinterestedly heroic attack on the Boston Court-House, simply because the latter was unsuccessful. Fame is not just. It never finely or discriminatingly praises, but coarsely hurrahs. The truest acts of heroism never reach her ear, are never published by her trumpet.¹

June 5. 6 P. M. — To Cliffs.

Large yellow butterflies with black spots since the 3d. Carrion-flower, maybe a day. Dangle-berry, probably June 3d at Trillium Woods. Now, just before sundown, a nighthawk is circling, imp-like, with

¹ [Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, p. 403; Misc., Riv. 190, 191.]

undulating, irregular flight over the sprout-land on the Cliff Hill, with an occasional squeak and showing the spots on his wings. He does not circle away from this place, and I associate him with two gray eggs somewhere on the ground beneath and a mate there sitting. This squeak and occasional booming is heard in the evening air, while the stillness on the side of the village makes more distinct the increased hum of insects. I see at a distance a kingbird or blackbird pursuing a crow lower down the hill, like a satellite revolving about a black planet. I have come to this hill to see the sun go down, to recover sanity and put myself again in relation with Nature. I would fain drink a draft of Nature's serenity. Let deep answer to deep. Already I see reddening clouds reflected in the smooth mirror of the river, a delicate tint, far off and elysian, unlike anything in the sky as yet. The evergreens now look even black by contrast with the sea of fresh and light-green foliage which surrounds them. Children have been to the Cliffs and woven wreaths or chaplets of oak leaves, which they have left, for they were unconsciously attracted by the beauty of the leaves now. The sun goes down red and shorn of his beams, a sign of hot weather, as if the western horizon or the lower stratum of the air were filled with the hot dust of the day. The dust of his chariot eclipses his beams. I love to sit here and look off into the broad deep vale in which the shades of night are beginning to prevail. When the sun has set, the river becomes more white and distinct in the landscape. The pin-cushion galls have mostly turned brown, especially

the shrub oak ones. Perhaps the sorrel was most noticeable last week. The caterpillars are and have been very numerous this year. I see large trees (wild cherry and apple) completely stripped of leaves. Some of the latter, twenty or thirty feet high, are full of blossoms without a single leaf. I return by moonlight.

June 6. Tuesday. I perceive the sweetness of the locust blossoms fifteen or twenty rods off as I go down the street.

P. M. — To Assabet Bathing-Place and return by stone bridge.

I see now great baggy light-green puffs on the paniced andromeda, some with a reddish side, two or three inches through. The *Stellaria longifolia* has been out, apparently, a day or two. A slender rush, flowered at the top, at bathing-place, some time.

The painted tortoises are nowadays laying their eggs. I see where they have just been digging in the sand or gravel in a *hundred* places on the southerly sides of hills and banks near the river, but they have laid their eggs in *very* few. I find none whole. Here is one which has made its hole with the hind part of its shell and its tail apparently, and the ground is wet under it. They make a great deal of water at these times, apparently to soften the earth or to give it consistency, or both. They are remarkably circumspect, and it is difficult to see one working. They stop instantly and draw in their heads, and do not move till you are out of sight, and then probably try a new place.

They have dabbled in the sand and left the marks of their tails all around.

The black oaks, birches, etc., etc., are covered with ephemeræ of various sizes and colors, with one, two, three, or no streamers, ready to take wing at evening, *i. e.* about seven. I am covered with them and much incommoded. There is garlic by the wall, not yet out. The air over the river meadows is saturated with sweetness, but I look round in vain on the yellowish sensitive fern and the reddish cupatorium springing up. From time to time, at mid-afternoon, is heard the trump of a bullfrog, like a Triton's horn.

I am struck now by the large light-purple *Viola palmata* rising above the grass near the river.

There are: —

The small, firm, few-lobed, wholesome, dark-green shrub oak leaf, light beneath.

The more or less deeply cut, and more or less dark green or sometimes reddish black oak, not light beneath. These two bristle-pointed.

The very wet-glossy, obovatish, sinuate-edged swamp white oak, light beneath.

The small narrower, sinuated, and still more chestnut-like chinquapin, little lighter beneath.

All these more or less glossy, especially the swamp white and shrub.

Then the dull-green, *sometimes* reddish, more or less deeply cut or fingered, unarmed, round-lobed white oak, not light beneath. The last three without bristles.

I remember best the sort of rosettes made by the wet-glossy leaves at the ends of some swamp white

oak leaves [*sic*], also the wholesome and firm dark-green shrub oak leaves, and some glossy and finely cut light-green black (?) or red (?) or scarlet (?).

I see some devil's-needles, a brilliant green, with white and black or openwork and black wings, — some with clear black wings, some white bodies and black wings, etc.

White pine.

6.30 A. M. [*sic*]. — Up Assabet.

Rhus Toxicodendron, yesterday, on Rock. *Smilacina racemosa*, probably June 4th. Beautiful the hemlock-fans, now broad at the ends of the lower branches, which slant down, seen in the shade against the dark hillside. Such is the contrast of the very light green just put forth on their edges with the old very dark, I feast my eyes on it. Pignut. A crow blackbird's nest in a white maple this side the Leaning Hemlocks, in a crotch seven or eight feet from ground; somewhat like a robin's, but larger, made of coarse weed stems, mikania, and cranberry vines (without leaves), fish-lines, etc., without, and of mud lined with finer fibres or roots within; four large but blind young covered with dark down. Sphinx moths about the flowers — honeysuckles — at evening, a night or two.

June 7. Wednesday. 6 A. M. — Up railroad.

Viburnum dentatum. Grape yesterday. *Viburnum nudum*, June 5. A thick fog this morning, through which at last rain falls, — the first after a considerable and first dry spell. As yet nothing has suffered from

dryness; the grass is very green and rank, owing to the cold spring, the June-grass converting hillside pastures into mowing-land, and the seeds (or chaff ?) of many grasses begin to fall on my shoes.

P. M. — To Dugan Desert *via* Linnæa Hills.

Curled dock. Linnæa abundantly out some days; say 3d or 4th. It has not rained since morning, but continues cloudy and is warm and muggy, the sun almost coming out. The birds sing now more than ever, as in the morning, and mosquitoes are very troublesome in the woods. The locusts so full of pendulous white racemes five inches long, filling the air with their sweetness and resounding with the hum of humble and honey bees, are very interesting. These racemes are strewn along the path by children. Is that the *Cratægus Crus-Galli*, roadside between Joe Hosmer's and Tarbell's? Again I am struck by the rank, dog-like scent of the rue budded to blossom. Along the wood-paths and in wood-side pastures I see the golden basins of the cistus. I am surprised at the size of green berries, — shad-bush, low blueberries, choke-cherries, etc., etc. It is but a step from flowers to fruit.

As I expected I find the desert scored by the tracks of turtles, made evidently last night, though the rain of this morning has obliterated the marks of their tails. The tracks are about seven eighths of an inch in diameter, one half inch deep, two inches apart (from centre to centre) in each row, and the rows four or five inches apart; and they have dabbled in the sand in many places and made some small holes. Yesterday

was hot and dusty, and this morning it rained. Did they choose such a time? Yesterday I saw the painted and the wood tortoise out. Now I see a snapping turtle, its shell about a foot long, out here on the damp sand, with its head out, disturbed by me. It had just been excavating, and its shell — especially the fore part and sides — and especially its snout, were deeply covered with earth. It appears to use its shell as a kind of spade whose handle is within, tilting it now this way, now that, and perhaps using its head and claws as a pick. It was in a little cloud of mosquitoes, which were continually settling on its head and flippers, but which it did not mind. Its sternum was slightly depressed. It seems that they are very frequently found fighting in the water and sometimes dead in the spring, maybe killed by the ice. Some think that the suckers I see floating are killed by the ice.

The *Linaria Canadensis* well out, near Heart-leaf Pond. How long? *Enothera pumila* in low ground. Angelica at Nut Meadow Brook. The low blackberry leaves on Dennis's lupine hill are now covered beneath with that orange rust.¹ Were those premature scarlet leaves which I saw at the Rock on the 4th the shad-bush? ² Common iris, some days; *one withered*.

Saw again what I have pronounced the yellow-winged sparrow (*Fringilla passerina*), with white line down head and yellow over eyes and my seringo note; but this time yellow of wings not apparent; ochreous throat and breast; quite different from the bay-winged,

¹ The same on thimble-berry the 13th June.

² Yes; it was dying.

and smaller. Does the bay-wing make the seringo note?¹

Now the river is reduced to summer width. It is in the spring that we observe those dark-blue lakes on our meadows. Now weeds are beginning to fill the stream.

This muggy evening I see fireflies, the first I have seen or heard of at least. This luring day has been a regular fisherman's day, and I have seen many on the river, a general turnout.

June 8. Thursday. A. M. — Gentle, steady rain-storm.

The *Rosa nitida* bud which I plucked yesterday has blossomed to-day, so that, notwithstanding the rain, I will put it down to to-day.

P. M. — On river.

Sidesaddle, apparently to-morrow (?). Earliest and common potamogeton. *Erigeron strigosus* slowly opening, perhaps to-morrow.² Meadow-rue, with its rank dog-like scent. Ribwort plantain is abundantly in bloom, fifteen or sixteen inches high; how long? *Utricularia vulgaris*. Young robins in nest.

Herndon, in his “Exploration of the Amazon,” says that “there is wanting an industrious and active population, who know what the comforts of life are, and who have artificial wants to draw out the great resources of the country.” But what are the “artificial wants” to be encouraged, and the “great resources” of a country? Surely not the love of luxuries like the tobacco and slaves of his native (?) Virginia, or that fer-

¹ No.

² *Vide* 14th.

tility of soil which produces these. The chief want is ever a life of deep experiences, — that is, character, — which alone draws out “the great resources” of Nature. When our wants cease to be chiefly superficial and trivial, which is commonly meant by artificial, and begin to be wants of character, then the great resources of a country are taxed and drawn out, and the result, the staple production, is poetry. Have the “great resources” of Virginia been drawn out by such “artificial wants” as there exist? Was that country really designed by its Maker to produce slaves and tobacco, or something more even than freemen and food for freemen? Wants of character, aspirations, — this is what is wanted; but what is called civilization does not always substitute this for the barren simplicity of the savage.¹

June 9. Friday. P. M. — To Well Meadow.

The summer aspect of the river begins perhaps when the *Utricularia vulgaris* is first seen on the surface, as yesterday. As I go along the railroad causeway, I see, in the cultivated grounds, a lark flashing his white tail, and showing his handsome yellow breast, with its black crescent like an Indian locket. For a day or two I have heard the fine seringo note of the cherry-birds, and seen them flying past, the only (?) birds, methinks, that I see in small flocks now, except swallows. The willow down and seeds are blowing over the causeway. *Veronica scutellata*, apparently several days. A strawberry half turned on the sand of

¹ [Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, pp. 479, 480; Misc., Riv. 284.]

the causeway side, — the first fruit or berry of the year that I have tasted. Ladies’-slippers are going to seed. I see some white oak pincushions, nearly two inches through.

Is that galium, out apparently some days in the woods by Deep Cut, near Linnæa, *triflorum* or *Aparine*?¹ *Vide* Maps. Compare that at Lee’s. I should like to know the birds of the woods better, what birds inhabit our woods? I hear their various notes ringing through them. What musicians compose our woodland quire? They must be forever strange and interesting to me. How prominent a place the vireos hold! It is probably the yellow-throated vireo I hear now, — a more interrupted red-eye with its *prelia—prelioit* or *tully-ho*, — invisible in the tops of the trees. I see the thick, flower-like huckleberry apples. Haynes (?), Goodwin’s comrade, tells me that he used to catch mud turtles in the ponds behind Provincetown with a toad on a mackerel hook thrown into the pond and the line tied to a stump or stake on shore. Invariably the turtle when hooked crawled up, following the line to the stake, and was there found waiting — Goodwin baits minks with muskrats.

Find the great fringed orchis out apparently two or three days. Two are almost fully out, two or three only budded. A large spike of peculiarly delicate pale-purple flowers growing in the luxuriant and shady swamp amid hellebores, ferns, golden senecios, etc., etc. It

¹ Call it the first, for it has less prickles or angles, has smaller and less prickly fruit, rather three separate than three couples, and is more spreading and reclining, and is later?

is remarkable that this, one of the fairest of all our flowers, should also be one of the rarest, — for the most part not seen at all. I think that no other but myself in Concord annually finds it. That so queenly a flower should annually bloom so rarely and in such withdrawn and secret places as to be rarely seen by man! The village belle never sees this more delicate belle of the swamp. How little relation between our life and its! Most of us never see it or hear of it. The seasons go by to us as if it were not. A beauty reared in the shade of a convent, who has never strayed beyond the convent bell. Only the skunk or owl or other inhabitant of the swamp beholds it. In the damp twilight of the swamp, where it is wet to the feet. How little anxious to display its attractions! It does not pine because man does not admire it. How independent on our race! It lifts its delicate spike amid the hellebore and ferns in the deep shade of the swamp. I am inclined to think of it as a relic of the past as much as the arrowhead, or the tomahawk I found on the 7th.

Ferns are four or five feet high there.

7 P. M. — Up Assabet.

The tupelo's stamens are loose and will perhaps shed pollen to-morrow or next day. It is twilight, and the river is covered with that dusty lint, as was the water next the shore at Walden this afternoon. Chimney and bank swallows are still hovering over the river, and cherry-birds fly past. The veery rings, and the tree-toad. The air is now pretty full of shad-flies, and there is an incessant sound made by the fishes leaping for

such as are struggling on the surface; it sounds like the *lapsing* of a swift stream, sucking amid rocks. The fishes make a business of thus getting their evening meal, dimpling the river like large drops as far as I can see, sometimes making a loud plashing. Meanwhile the kingfishers are on the lookout for the fishes as they rise, and I saw one dive in the twilight and go off uttering his *cr-r-ack, cr-r-rack*.

The mosquitoes encircle my head and torment me, and I see a great moth go fluttering over the tree-tops and the water, black against the sky, like a bat. The fishes continue to leap by moonlight. A full moon.

Covered with disgrace, this State has sat down coolly to try for their lives the men who attempted to do its duty for it. And this is called justice! They who have shown that they can behave particularly well, — they alone are put under bonds "for their good behavior!" Such a judge and court are an impertinence. Only they are guiltless who commit the crime of contempt of such a court. It behooves every man to see that his influence is on the side of justice, and let the courts make their own characters. What is any political organization worth, when it is in the service of the devil? I see that the authorities — the Governor, Mayor, Commissioner, Marshal, etc. — are either weak or unprincipled men, — *i. e.*, well disposed but not equal to the occasion, — or else of dull moral perception, with the unprincipled and servile in their pay. All sound moral sentiment is opposed to them.

I had thought that the Governor was in some sense the executive officer of the State; that it was his busi-

ness to see that the laws of the State were executed; but, when there is any special use for him, he is useless, permits the laws to go unexecuted, and is not heard from. But the worst I shall say of the Governor is that he was no better than the majority of his constituents — he was not equal to the occasion. While the whole military force of the State, if need be, is at the service of a slaveholder, to enable him to carry back a slave, not a soldier is offered to save a citizen of Massachusetts from being kidnapped. Is this what all these arms, all this "training," has been for these seventy-eight years past? What is wanted is men of principle, who recognize a higher law than the decision of the majority. The marines and the militia whose bodies were used lately were not men of sense nor of principle; in a high moral sense they were not *men* at all.

Justice is sweet and musical to hear; but injustice is harsh and discordant. The judge still sits grinding at his organ, but it yields no music, and we hear only the sound of the handle. He believes that all the music resides in the handle, and the crowd toss him their coppers just the same as before.¹

June 10. Saturday. P. M. — To Conantum on foot.

The bay-wing sparrow apparently is not my seringo, after all. What is the seringo? I see some with clear, dirty-yellow breasts, but others, as to-day, with white breasts, dark-streaked. Both have the yellow over eye and the white line on crown, and agree in size,

¹ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, pp. 391, 392, 404; *Misc.*, Riv. 175, 176, 191.] *Vide* 17th.

but I have seen only one with distinct yellow on wings. Both the last, *i. e.* except only the bay-wing, utter the seringo note. Are they both yellow-winged sparrows? or is the white-breasted with streaks the Savannah sparrow?

The meadows now begin to be yellow with seneccio. Sidesaddle generally out; petals hang down, apparently a day or two. It is a conspicuous flower. The fragrance of the arethusa is like that of the lady's-slipper, or pleasanter. I see many dead painted tortoisés, the bugs now devouring them, in the fields. The [*Viburnum*] *Lentago* is just out of bloom now that the *V. nudum* is fairly begun.

Saw probably a crow's nest high in a white pine, two crows with ragged wings circling high over it and me, not noisy.

June 11. Sunday. 8.30 A. M. — To Framingham with Mrs. Brown. All day cloudy and cool without rain.

At twelve walked up the Sudbury River above Frank's to Ashland, at first through the meadows, then over the high hills in the vicinity. The stream narrows suddenly in the middle of Framingham, probably about the outlet from Farm Pond and also Stony Brook. It is merely a large brook from a rod to a rod and a half wide, pursuing a serpentine course through meadows, still deep and dark and sluggish for the most part, and bordered with pads, thus preserving its character below. Diervilla abundant on bank of river at Frank's, out possibly yesterday. I see that red sugar incrustation on red maple leaves. Young song

sparrows have flown some days at Frank's. Prunella well out, perhaps two or three days. From a high hill on the west of the river, about a mile from Frank's, get a good view of Farm Pond eastward, which empties into the river, with South Framingham on the south-east side of it. I did not instantly detect it, the dark hills and trees being reflected in it. How agreeable in a still, cloudy day, when large masses of clouds, equally dispersed, float across the sky, not threatening rain, but preserving a temperate air, to see a sheet of water thus revealed by its reflections, a smooth, glassy mirror, reflecting the light sky and the dark and shady woods. It is very much like a mirage. I went to a pretty high hill east of and near to Ashland, where I found an abundance of ripe strawberries, earlier, I am sure, than with us. A young man picking strawberries pointed toward Hopkinton southwesterly and said that it was four miles thither straight and six to Whitehall Pond (the source of the river), but a great deal farther by the river, that boats were used here at Ashland, and pouts and pickerel caught. Grape out. Saw in and near some woods four or five cow black-birds, with their light-brown heads, -- their strain an imperfect, milky, gurgling *conquerree*, an unsuccessful effort. It made me think, for some reason, of streams of milk bursting out a sort of music between the staves of a keg. I saw a yellow-spotted tortoise come out, undoubtedly to lay its eggs, -- which had climbed to the top of a hill as much as a hundred and thirty feet above any water. A wood tortoise had just made its hole in the damp soil of Frank's garden.

Maple viburnum well out. It must come very soon after the *nudum*. The note of the cuckoo is an agreeable sound in the middle of these days. I think I saw wild radish (*Raphanus*) out, as I rode along. These days observe and admire the forms of clms.

June 12. P. M. — To Walden.

Clover now reddens the fields. Grass in its prime. Comfrey in front of Stow's well out some days apparently. With the roses now fairly begun I associate summer heats. *Galium trifidum* var. *latifolium* (?), smooth-angled, some with linear leaves. Is it *tinctorium*? Hear the evergreen-forest note, and see the bird on the top of a white pine, somewhat creeper-like, along the boughs, and golden head except a black streak from eyes, black throat, slate-colored back, forked tail, white beneath, — *er te, ter ter te*. Another bird with *yellow* throat near by may have been the other sex. Is it the golden-winged warbler? ¹

Pyrola chlorantha. *Rosa lucida*, probably yesterday, the 11th, judging from what I saw Saturday, *i. e.* the 10th. A bud in pitcher the 13th. The *R. nitida* is the most common now. The round-leaved cornel is well out at Heywood Peak, probably two or three days. Perhaps this and the maple-leaved viburnum are as early as the *V. nudum* and *V. dentatum*, only more rare. Scared a kingfisher on a bough over Walden. As he flew off, he *hovered* two or three times thirty or forty feet above the pond, and at last dove and apparently caught a fish, with which he flew off low over

¹ Vide June 17th.

the water to a tree. Mountain laurel at the pond. A narrow-leaved potamogeton well out at the bathing-place, — leaves two to three inches long. Four-leaved loosestrife.

Silene antirrhina, how long? Do I not see two birds with the seringo note, — the Savannah (?) sparrow, larger with not so bright a yellow over eye, none on wing, and white breast, and beneath former streaked with dark and perhaps a dark spot, and the smaller yellow-winged, with spot on wing also and ochreous breast and throat? The first sings *che che rar, che ra-a-a-a-ar*.

Sundown. — To Clamshell Hill.

Nightshade a day or two. The cracks made by cold in pastures in the winter are still quite distinct. Phleum or herd's-grass (?). I sit on the Clamshell Hill at sunset, while several kinds of swallows are playing low over it chasing each other, and occasionally alighting on the bare hillside. The level rays of the sun shine into and light up the trunk and limbs of a swamp white oak on Hubbard's meadow.

June 13. Tuesday. I hear a quail this morning.

2 P. M. — By boat to Bittern Cliff and so to Lee's Cliff.

I hear the muttering of thunder and see a dark cloud in the west-southwest horizon; am uncertain how far up-stream I shall get. The *Nuphar lutea* var. *Kalmiana*, apparently two or three days in *some* places; generally not yet. Its leaf appears to be the prevail-

ing pad; it is outside in the deepest water, and is smaller and narrower in proportion to its breadth than the other, with a small leaf-stem, the lobes overlapping. Now, in shallow places near the bends, the large and conspicuous spikes of the broad-leaved potamogeton rise thickly above the water. Though the plants are slanted downward by the stream, the spikes at their ends rise perpendicularly two or three inches. My boat passes over these beds of potamogetons, pressing their spikes under water. I see the yellow water ranunculus in dense fields now, in some places on the side of the stream, two or three inches above water, and many gone to seed. See a white lily bud.

The clams now lie up thickly at the Hubbard Bathing-Place, all on their edges. The small iris is budded near by. The clouds are rising up in the southwest, irregular and ragged black pillars in the form of men and bears, the northernmost with a glowing side. If it rains hard, I will run my boat ashore, turn it over, and get under it. I will not turn back; my afternoon shall not be interrupted by a thunder-shower. It is so warm that I stop to drink wherever there is a spring. The flowering fern is reddish and yellowish green on the meadows. There are bare places on the meadow, from which the surface was carried off last winter. An opposite cloud is rising fast in the east-northeast, and now the lightning crinkles down it and I hear the heavy thunder. It appears to be rising to meet the cloud in the west, and I shall surely get wet. The *Comarum palustre* well out apparently three or four

days, with its small dark and dull purple petals on a dark purplish calyx ground. I paddle slowly by farmers in small parties, busily hoeing corn and potatoes. The boy rides the horse dragging the cultivator. They have a jug of sweetened water in the grass at the end of the row. The kingbird's eggs are not yet hatched. How often I see Garfield, — Uncle Daniel, — the stout broad-shouldered farmer, taking his way through the fields toward night, toward the river, with his fish-pole and basket over his shoulder. He had on a live shiner, six or seven inches long, the other day and a cork above. He wanted to see if he "could n't catch a big pickerel." At Bittern Cliff



Spring, a handsomely cut petalled geranium, the whole rather elliptical in outline. Forget the number of petals.

The panieled cornel by Conant's orchard wall will open in a day or two.¹ The small veronica with minute blue flowers at Lee's Cliff, how long? *V. arvensis*. Pennyroyal is four or five inches high there.

Galium circazans well out some days at Cliff, — the broad three-nerved four leaves. The thunder-cloud in the east has disappeared southward, and that in the west has changed to a vast black sheaf falling over on all sides at top, but [it does] not rise fast. The little globular drooping reddish buds of the *Chimaphila umbellata*, — pipsissewa, — are now very pretty. It is remarkable how much the pads are eaten already. Some water-target leaves at Walden yesterday were scored as by some literal character. I see also the

¹ Probably 14th; well out the 16th elsewhere.

leaves of a columbine with light markings, being half eaten through; and, as there are eggs beneath, it may have been done to let the light through to them. The krigia seeds and down begin to fly. The common polypody and ebony spleenwort show green fruit dots. It is remarkable how many birds' nests are broken up. At least half that I examine again have been disturbed, only the broken shells left; *viz.*, a chewink's and a brown thrasher's. The last was on the ground under a barberry bush, was six or seven inches in diameter without, of dead leaves and hay, then of small twigs, then of dark root-fibres within, — no more lining. How beautiful the solid cylinders of the lamb-kill now just before sunset, — small ten-sided, rosy-crimson basins, about two inches above the recurved, drooping dry capsules of last year, — and sometimes those of the year before are two inches lower. The first rose-bug on one of these flowers. Stopped to pick strawberries on Fair Haven. When I have stayed out thus till late many miles from home, and have heard a cricket beginning to chirp louder near me in the grass, I have felt that I was not far from home after all, — began to be weaned from my village home. There is froth on alders, which comes off on to my clothes. I see over the bream nests little schools of countless minute minnows. Can they be the young breams? The breams being still in their nests. It is surprising how thickly strewn our soil is with arrowheads. I never see the surface broken in sandy places but I think of them. I find them on all sides, not only in corn and grain and potato and bean fields, but in

pastures and woods, by woodchucks' holes and pigeon beds, and, as to-night, in a pasture where a restless cow has pawed the ground. I float homeward over water almost perfectly smooth, yet not methinks as in the fall, my sail so idle that I count ten devil's-needles resting along it at once.

Carpet-weed, and purslane, and sweet-briar.

Is not the rose-pink *Rosa lucida* paler than the *R. nitida*?

June 14. P. M. — To lime-kiln with Mr. Bacon of Natick.

Sisymbrium amphibium (?) of Bigelow, some days, at foot of Loring's land. Common mallows well out; how long? What is that sisymbrium or mustard-like plant at foot of Loring's? *Erigeron strigosus* (??) out earliest, say yesterday. Observed a ribwort near Simon Brown's barn by road, with elongated spikes and only pistillate flowers. Hedge-mustard, how long? Pepper-grass, how long? Some time. *Scirpus lacustris*, maybe some days. I see a black caterpillar on the black willows nowadays with red spots. Mr. Bacon thinks that cherry-birds are abundant where cankerworms are. Says that only female mosquitoes sting (not his observation alone); that there are one or two arbor-vitæ native in Natick. He has found the *Lygodium palmatum* there. There is one pure-blooded Indian woman there. Pearl [?], I think he called her. He thought those the exuvie of mosquitoes on the river weeds under water.¹ Makes his own microscopes and uses garnets. He called

¹ Russell makes them many other creatures also.

the huckleberry-apple a parasitic plant, — pterospora, — which [has] grown on and changed the nature of the huckleberry. Observed a diseased *Andromeda paniculata* twig prematurely in blossom. Caught a locust, — properly harvest-fly (cicada), — drumming on a birch, which Bacon and Hill (of Waltham) think like the *septendecim*, except that ours has not red eyes but black ones. Harris's other kind, the dog-day cicada (*canicularis*), or harvest-fly. He says it begins to be heard invariably at the beginning of dog-days; he (Harris) heard it for many years in succession with few exceptions on the 25th of July. Bacon says he has seen pitch pine pollen in a cloud going over a hill a mile off; is pretty sure.

June 15. 5.30 A. M. — To Island and Hill.

A young painted tortoise on the surface of the water, as big as a quarter of a dollar, with a reddish or orange sternum. I suppose that my skater insect is the hydrometer. Found a nest of tortoise eggs, apparently buried last night, which I brought home, ten in all, — one lying wholly on the surface, — and buried in the garden. The soil *above* a dark virgin mould about a stump was unexpectedly hard.¹

P. M. — Up Assabet to Garlic Wall.

That tall grass opposite the Merrick Swimming-Place is getting up pretty well, and blossoming with a broad and regular spike, for some time. This is the third afternoon that we have had a rumbling thunder-

¹ These were stinkpots and only a few feet from water's edge.

cloud arise in the east, — not to mention the west, — but all signs have failed hitherto, and I resolve to proceed on my voyage, knowing that I have a tight [roof] in my boat turned up. The froth on the alders, andromeda, etc., — not to speak of the aphides, — dirties and apparently spots my clothes, so that it is a serious objection to walking amid these bushes these days. I am covered with this spittle-like froth. At the Assabet Spring I must have been near a black and white creeper's nest. It kept up a constant chipping. Saw there also, probably, a chestnut-sided warbler. A yellow crown, chestnut stripe on sides, white beneath, and two yellowish bars on wings. A red oak there has many large twigs drooping withered, apparently weakened by some insect. May it not be the locust of yesterday? Black willow is now gone to seed, and its down covers the water, white amid the weeds. The swamp-pink apparently two or even three days in one place. Saw a wood tortoise, about two inches and a half, with a black sternum and the skin, which becomes orange, now ochreous merely, or brown. The little painted tortoise of the morning was red beneath. Both these young tortoises have a distinct dorsal ridge. The garlic not in flower yet. I observed no *Nuphar lutea* var. *Kalmiana* on the Assabet.

7 P. M. — To Cliff by railroad.

Cranberry. *Prinos laevigatus*, apparently two days. Methinks the birds sing a little feebler nowadays. The note of the boboliuk begins to sound somewhat rare. The sun has set, or is at least concealed in a low

mist. As I go up Fair Haven Hill, I feel the leaves in the sprout-land oak, hickory, etc., cold and wet to my hand with the heavy dew that is falling. They look dry, but when I rub them with my hand, they show moist or wet at once. Probably I thus spread minute drops of dew or mist on their surface. It cannot be the warmth of my hand, for when I breathe on them it has no effect. I see one or two early blueberries prematurely turning. The *Amelanchier Botryapium* berries are already reddened two thirds over, and are somewhat palatable and soft, — some of them, — not fairly ripe.

June 16. 5 A. M. — Up railroad.

As the sun went down last night, round and red in a damp misty atmosphere, so now it rises in the same manner, though there is no dense fog. Poison-dogwood yesterday, or say day before, *i. e.* 14th. *Rubus hispidus*, perhaps yesterday in the earliest place, over the sand. Mullein, perhaps yesterday.

Observed yesterday the erigeron with a purple tinge. I cannot tell whether this, which seems in other respects the same with the white, is the *strigosus* or *annuus*. The calla which I plucked yesterday sheds pollen to-day; say to-day, then. A *Hypericum perforatum* seen last night will probably open to-day. I see on the *Scirpus lacustris* and pontederia leaves black patches for some days, as if painted, of minute closely placed ova, above water. I suspect that what I took for milfoil is a sium. Is not that new mustard-like plant behind Loring's, and so on down the river, *Nasturtium hispidum*, or hairy cress? Probably the first the 19th.

Heart-leaf. *Nymphaea odorata*. Again I scent the white water-lily, and a season I had waited for is arrived. How indispensable all these experiences to make up the summer! It is the emblem of purity, and its scent suggests it. Growing in stagnant and muddy [water], it bursts up so pure and fair to the eye and so sweet to the scent, as if to show us what purity and sweetness reside in, and can be extracted from, the slime and muck of earth. I think I have plucked the first one that has opened for a mile at least. What confirmation of our hopes is in the fragrance of the water-lily! I shall not so soon despair of the world for it, notwithstanding slavery, and the cowardice and want of principle of the North. It suggests that the time may come when man's deeds will smell as sweet. Such, then, is the odor our planet emits. Who can doubt, then, that Nature is young and sound? If Nature can compound this fragrance still annually, I shall believe her still full of vigor, and that there is virtue in man, too, who perceives and loves it. It is as if all the pure and sweet and virtuous was extracted from the slime and decay of earth and presented thus in a flower. The resurrection of virtue! It reminds me that Nature has been partner to no Missouri compromise. I scent no compromise in the fragrance of the white water-lily. In it, the sweet, and pure, and innocent are wholly sundered from the obscene and baleful. I do not scent in this the time-serving irresolution of a Massachusetts Governor, nor of a Boston Mayor. All good actions have contributed to this fragrance. So behave that the odor of your actions may enhance the general sweetness of the

atmosphere, that, when I behold or scent a flower, I may not be reminded how inconsistent are your actions with it; for all odor is but one form of advertisement of a moral quality. If fair actions had not been performed, the lily would not smell sweet. The foul slime stands for the sloth and vice of man; the fragrant flower that springs from it, for the purity and courage which springs from its midst. It is these sights and sounds and fragrances put together that convince us of our immortality. No man believes against all evidence. Our external senses consent with our internal. This fragrance assures me that, though all other men fall, one shall stand fast; though a pestilence sweep over the earth, it shall at least spare one man. The genius of Nature is unimpaired. Her flowers are as fair and as fragrant as ever.¹

Three days in succession, — the 13th, 14th, and 15th, — thunder-clouds, with thunder and lightning, have risen high in the east, threatening instant rain, and yet each time it has failed to reach us, and thus it is almost invariably, methinks, with thunder-clouds which rise in the east; they do not reach us. Perhaps they are generated along, and confined to, the seacoast.

The warmer, or at least *drier*, weather has now prevailed about a fortnight. Once or twice the sun has gone down red, shorn of his beams. There have been showers all around us, but nothing to mention here yet. Yet it is not particularly dry. I hear nowadays the anxious notes of some birds whose young have just flown, — crow blackbirds, etc., etc.

¹ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, pp. 407, 408; *Misc.*, Riv. 195, 196.]

As for birds, I think that their quire begins now to be decidedly less full and loud. I hear the phoebe note of the chickadee occasionally. I see only a stray, probably summer, duck very rarely on the river. The blue-bird is lost and somewhat rare-looking. The quail begins to be *heard*. Very few if any hawks are commonly noticed. The cow troopials have [been] seen in small flocks flitting about within a week. Along low roads, the song sparrows, bay-wings, Savannah (?), and yellow-winged (?) (*i. e.* ochreous-throated) quite commonly sing. Woodpeckers not noticeable as in spring. Rush sparrow at sundown. Methought I heard a pine warbler to-day. Many chip-birds have flown. The blue herons appear not to remain here this summer, and wood thrushes are not so numerous within my range as formerly. Kingfishers quite common, perhaps especially at Walden, where the water is clear, and on the Assabet. The black and white creeper sings much. The pine warbler, as usual, and the evergreen-forest note (golden-winged (?) warbler). Thrasher and catbird sing still; summer yellowbird and Maryland yellow-throat sing still; and oven-bird and veery. The bobolink, full strains, but further between. The red-eye incessant at midday. Goldfinches twitter over as usual. The wood pewee prominent. The nighthawk in full blast. Cherry-birds numerous, — the bold, combative-looking fellows, — etc., etc.

Since spring — say for a month or so — we have had no *tumultuous* water, — waves running with whitecaps.

Caterpillars have some time been grown on apple and cherry trees, and now the trees are leafing again.

Other caterpillars on oaks, black willows, etc. Dragonflies of various sizes and colors are now extremely abundant, hovering just over the surface of the river and coupling there, — a blue and brown or a blue and green one united. Alighting on the least surface of a weed. One kind of cicada, at least, began a fortnight ago, — a sort of black-eyed *septendecim*. Shad-flies are *probably* disappearing. *Great* moths now abroad. Rose-bugs have just come. Various plants are frothy.

Tortoises, of all kinds, as I have seen, but *odoratus*, are laying their eggs for some time. I find their eggs dropped. Apparently young breams over nests. Frog-spawn apparently, in river; stringy, ash-color.

The effect of a good government is to make life more valuable, — of a bad government, to make it less valuable. We can afford that railroad and all merely material stock should depreciate, for that only compels us to live more simply and economically; but suppose the value of life itself should be depreciated. Every man in New England capable of the sentiment of patriotism must have lived the last three weeks with the sense of having suffered a vast, indefinite loss. I had never respected this government, but I had foolishly thought that I might manage to live here, attending to my private affairs, and forget it. For my part, my old and worthiest pursuits have lost I cannot say how much of their attraction, and I feel that my investment in life here is worth many per cent. less since Massachusetts last deliberately and forcibly restored an innocent man, Anthony Burns, to slavery. I dwell before in the illusion that my life passed somewhere

only *between* heaven and hell, but now I cannot persuade myself that I do not dwell wholly within hell. The sight of that political organization called Massachusetts is to me morally covered with scoriae and volcanic cinders, such as Milton imagined. If there is any hell more unprincipled than our rulers and our people, I feel curious to visit it. Life itself being worthless, all things with it, that feed it, are worthless. Suppose you have a small library, with pictures to adorn the walls, — a garden laid out around, — and contemplate scientific and literary pursuits, etc., etc., and discover suddenly that your villa, with all its contents, is located in hell, and that the justice of the peace is one of the devil's angels, has a cloven foot and a forked tail, — do not these things suddenly lose their value in your eyes? Are you not disposed to sell at a great sacrifice?

I feel that, to some extent, the State has fatally interfered with my just and proper business. It has not merely interrupted me in my passage through Court Street on errands of trade, but it has, to some extent, interrupted me and every man on his onward and upward path, on which he had trusted soon to leave Court Street far behind. I have found that hollow which I had relied on for solid.

I am surprised to see men going about their business as if nothing had happened, and say to myself, "Unfortunates! they have not heard the news;" that the man whom I just met on horseback should be so earnest to overtake his newly bought cows running away, — since all property is insecure, and if they do not

run away again, they may be taken away from him when he gets them. Fool! does he not know that his seed-corn is worth less this year, — that all beneficent harvests fail as he approaches the empire of hell? No prudent man will build a stone house under these circumstances, or engage in any peaceful enterprise which it requires a long time to accomplish. Art is as long as ever, but life is more interrupted and less available for a man's proper pursuits. It is time we had done referring to our ancestors. We have used up all our inherited freedom, like the young bird the albumen in the egg. It is not an era of repose. If we would save our lives, we must fight for them.

The discovery is what manner of men your countrymen are. They steadily worship mammon — and on the seventh day curse God with a tintamarre from one end of the *Union* to the other. I heard the other day of a meek and sleek devil of a Bishop Somebody, who commended the law and order with which Burns was given up. I would like before I sit down to a table to inquire if there is one in the company who styles himself or is styled Bishop, and he or I should go out of it. I would have such a man wear his bishop's hat and his clerical bib and tucker, that we may know him.

Why will men be such fools as [to] trust to lawyers for a *moral* reform? I do not believe that there is a judge in this country prepared to decide by the principle that a law is immoral and therefore of no force. They put themselves, or rather are by character, exactly on a level with the marine who discharges his

musket in any direction in which he is ordered. They are just as much tools, and as little men.¹

P. M. — To Baker Ditch *via* almshouse.

Autumnal dandelion, some time, in Emerson's meadow pasture. *Potentilla Norvegica*, a day or two, in low ground; very abundant at Baker Ditch with other weeds, on a cleared and ditched swamp. Veiny-leaved hawkweed at Heywood Peak appears shut up at midday, — also the autumnal dandelion. A veiny-leaved hawkweed without veins. Is not this my *Gronovii*?² Paniced cornel well out on Heywood Peak.

There is a cool east wind, — and has been afternoons for several days, — which has produced a very thick haze or a fog. I find a tortoise egg on this peak at least sixty feet above the pond. There is a fine ripple and sparkle on the pond, seen through the mist. But what signifies the beauty of nature when men are base? We walk to lakes to see our serenity reflected in them. When we are not serene, we go not to them. Who can be serene in a country where both rulers and ruled are without principle? The remembrance of the baseness of politicians spoils my walks. My thoughts are murder to the State; I endeavor in vain to observe nature; my thoughts involuntarily go plotting against the State. I trust that all just men will conspire.³

¹ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, pp. 401, 402, 405-407; *Misc.*, Riv. 187-189, 192-194.]

² Think not. *Vide* forward, July 1st.

³ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, p. 407; *Misc.*, Riv. 195.]

Dogbane, apparently to-morrow. I observed yesterday that the *Viburnum dentatum* was very conspicuous and prevalent along the river, as if few other flowers were in bloom.

An abundance of *Galium trifidum* in low grounds, some smooth, some rough, with four leaves, or five or six; I do not distinguish the varieties. Am in doubt whether the polygonum which I find just opening at the ditch (say to-morrow) is *sagittatum* — a rank one — or *arifolium*.¹ The lobes of the leaves do not spread thus :

styles  but are:  Three or four and four or five angled pods. Epilobium, probably 

coloratum, yet rather downy, to-morrow. It is worth the while to see the rank weeds which grow here on this cleared and ditched swamp, — *Potentilla Norvegica*, touch-me-not, *Polygonum sagittatum* (?), nightshade, etc., etc. The *Rosa nitida* grows along the edge of the ditches, the half-open flowers showing the deepest rosy tints, so glowing that they make an evening or twilight of the surrounding afternoon, seeming to stand in the shade or twilight. Already the bright petals of yesterday's flowers are thickly strewn along on the black mud at the bottom of the ditch.

The *R. nitida*, the earlier (?), with its narrow shiny leaves and prickly stem and its moderate-sized rose-pink petals.

The *R. lucida*, with its broader and duller leaves, but larger and perhaps deeper-colored and more purple

¹ ["Yes" is inserted after *sagittatum*, "or *arifolium*" is crossed out, and "*Vide* Aug. 19" follows.]

petals, perhaps yet higher scented, and its great yellow centre of stamens.

The smaller, lighter, but perhaps more delicately tinted *R. rubiginosa*.

One and all drop their petals the second day. I bring home the buds of the three ready to expand at night, and the next day they perfume my chamber. Add to these the white lily (just begun), also the swamp-pink, and probably morning-glory, and the great orchis, and mountain laurel (now in prime), and perhaps we must say that the fairest flowers are now to be found. Or say a few days later. (The arctusa is disappearing.)

It is eight days since I plucked the great orchis; one is perfectly fresh still in my pitcher. It may be plucked when the spike is only half opened, and will open completely and keep perfectly fresh in a pitcher more than a week. Do I not live in a garden, — in paradise? I can go out each morning before breakfast — I do — and gather these flowers with which to perfume my chamber where I read and write, all day. The note of the cherry-bird is fine and ringing, but peculiar and very noticeable. With its crest it is a resolute and combative-looking bird. The mountain laurel is remarkable for its great dense and naked (for it runs to flower now) corymbs of large and handsome flowers. And this is a prevailing underwood on many of our mountainsides! Perhaps it is more appreciated in this neighborhood, where it is comparatively rare, — rare as poetry. Whitest in the shade. Meadow-sweet to-morrow.

June 17. Saturday. 5 A. M. — To Hill.

A cold fog. These mornings those who walk in grass are thoroughly wetted above mid-leg. All the earth is dripping wet. I am surprised to feel how warm the water is, by contrast with the cold, foggy air. The frogs seem glad to bury themselves in it. The dewy cobwebs are very thick this morning, little napkins of the fairies spread on the grass. Whorled utricularias. A potamogeton off Dodd's with fine, grassy, thread-like leaves and stems (somewhat flattish), and small globular spikes, maybe some time? *Ranunculus reptans*, maybe a day or more. A duck, probably wood duck, which is breeding here. From the Hill I am reminded of more youthful mornings, seeing the dark forms of the trees eastward in the low grounds, partly within and against the shining white fog, the sun just risen over it. The mist fast rolling away eastward from them, their tops at last streaking the mist and dividing it into vales. All beyond them a submerged and unknown country, as if they grew on the sea-shore. Why does the fog go off always toward the sun, — is seen in the east when it has disappeared in the west? The waves of the foggy ocean divide and flow back for us Israelites of a day to march through. I hear the half-suppressed guttural sounds of a red squirrel on a tree; at length he breaks out into a sharp bark.

Slavery has produced no sweet-scented flower like the water-lily, for its flower must smell like itself. It will be a carrion-flower.¹

¹ [Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, p. 408. Misc., Riv. 19.]

Saw the sun reflected up from the Assabet to the hill-top, through the dispersing fog, giving to the water a peculiarly rippled, pale-golden hue, — “gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.”

The judges and lawyers, and all men of expediency, consider not whether the Fugitive Slave Law is right, but whether it is what they call constitutional. They try the merits of the case by a very low and incompetent standard. Pray, is virtue constitutional, or vice? Is equity constitutional, or iniquity? It is as impertinent, in important moral and vital questions like this, to ask whether a law is constitutional or not, as to ask whether it is profitable or not. They persist in being the servants of man, and the worst of men, rather than the servants of God. Sir, the question is not whether you or your grandfather, seventy years ago, entered into an agreement to serve the devil, and that service is not accordingly now due; but whether you will not now, for once and at last, serve God, — in spite of your own past recreancy or that of your ancestors, — and obey that eternal and only just Constitution which he, and not any Jefferson or Adams, has written in your being. Is the Constitution a thing to live by? or die by? No, as long as we are alive we forget it, and when we die we have done with it. At most it is only to swear by. While they are hurrying off Christ to the cross, the ruler decides that he cannot *constitutionally* interfere to save him. The Christians, now and always, are they who obey the higher law, who discover it to be according to their constitution to interfere. They at least cut off the ears of the police; the others pocket the

thirty pieces of silver. This was meaner than to crucify Christ, for he could better take care of himself.¹

P. M. — To Walden and Cliffs *via* almshouse.

Rumex obtusifolius (?), maybe some days. The evergreen-forest bird at old place in white pine and oak tops, top of Brister's Hill on right. I think it has black wings with white bars. Is it not the black-throated green warbler? The unmistakable tanager sits on the oaks at midday and sings with a *hoarse* red-eye note, *pruit*, *prewee*, *prewa*, *prear*, *preā* (often more notes), some of the latter notes clearer, without the *r*. It does not sing so continuously as the red-eye, but at short intervals repeats its half-dozen notes. *Iris Virginica* well out at Peltandra Meadow, probably a day or two, though not yet at Arum Meadow. The sorrel-fields are now turning brown.

Another remarkably hazy day; our view is confined, the horizon near, no mountains; as you look off only four or five miles, you see a succession of dark wooded ridges and vales filled with mist. It is dry, hazy June weather. We are more of the earth, farther from heaven, these days. We live in a grosser element. We [are] getting deeper into the mists of earth. Even the birds sing with less vigor and vivacity. The season of hope and promise is past; already the season of small fruits has arrived. The Indian marked the midsummer as the season when berries were ripe. We are a little saddened, because we begin to see the interval between our hopes and their fulfillment. The prospect

¹ [Cape Cod, and *Miscellanies*, pp. 401, 402; *Misc.*, Riv. 188.]

of the heavens is taken away, and we are presented only with a few small berries. Before sundown I reached Fair Haven Hill and gathered strawberries. I find beds of large and lusty strawberry plants in sprout-lands, but they appear to run to leaves and bear very little fruit, having spent themselves in leaves by the time the dry weather arrives. It is those still earlier and more stunted plants which grow on dry uplands that bear the *early* fruit, formed before the droughts. But the meadows produce both leaves and fruit.

I begin to see the flowering fern at a distance in the river meadows. Butter-and-eggs, some days perhaps; one or two well out, while the rest show no forwardness. Tephrosia well out, apparently some days. Lupines are going to seed. Morning-glory, apparently yesterday. Well named morning-glory. Its broad, bell- and trumpet-shaped flowers, faintly tinged with red, are like the dawn itself. The new pitcher-plant leaf is formed in some places, now free from insects. Pogonia, *perhaps* a day or two.

The sun goes down red again, like a high-colored flower of summer. As the white and yellow flowers of spring are giving place to the rose, and will soon to the red lily, etc., so the yellow sun of spring has become a red sun of June drought, round and red like a midsummer flower, production of torrid heats.

Massachusetts sits waiting his decision, as if the crime were not already committed. The crime consists first of all and chiefly in her permitting an innocent man to be tried for more than his life. — for his

liberty. They who talk about Mr. Loring's decision, and not about their own and the State's consenting that he shall be the umpire in such a case, waste time in words and are weak in the head, if not in the heart alone [*sic*].¹

(June 9th, continued.) — The amount of it is, if the majority vote the devil to be God, the minority will live and behave accordingly, and obey the successful candidate, trusting that some time or other, by some Speaker's casting-vote, they may reinstate God again. Some men act as if they believed that they could safely slide down-hill a little way, — or a good way, — and would surely come to a place, by and by, whence they could slide up again. This is *expediency*, or choosing that course which offers the fewest obstacles to the feet (of the slider). But there is no such thing as accomplishing a moral reform by the use of expediency or policy. There is no such thing as sliding up-hill. In morals the only sliders are backsliders.

Let the judge and the jury, and the sheriff and the jailer, cease to act under a corrupt government, — cease to be tools and become men.

Certainly slavery, and all vice and iniquity, have not had power enough to create any flower thus annually to charm the senses of men. It has no life. It is only a constant decaying and a death, offensive to all healthy nostrils. The unchangeable laws of the universe, by a partial obedience to which even sin in a measure succeeds, are all on the side of the just and fair. It is his few good qualities misallied which

¹ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, p. 393; *Misc.*, Riv. 178.]

alone make the slaveholder at all to be feared; it is because he is in some respects a better man than we.

Why, who are the real opponents of slavery? The slaveholders know, and I know. Are they the governors, the judges, the lawyers, the politicians? Or are they Garrison, Phillips, Parker & Co.? The politicians do now, and always will, instinctively stand aloof from such.

And at this very time I heard the sound of a drum in our streets. There were men or boys training; and for what? With an effort I could pardon the cocks for crowing still, for they had not been beaten that morning; but I could not excuse this rubadub of the trainers.¹

June 18. Sunday. P. M. — To climbing fern.

The tephrosia is interesting for the contrast of yellowish or cream-color with red. On every dry or sandy bank I see the curled egg-shells of tortoises, which the skunks have sucked. The *Rosa lucida* is pale and low on dry sunny banks like that by Hosmer's pines. The leaves of what I call *Rumex obtusifolius* are now lighter green and broader and less curled and, I think, shorter-petioled than those of the curled dock, and the root is not yellow but white at core. The great water (?) dock, with its broad but pointed leaves, is just beginning to be obvious. The flowering fern seed ripe, probably [a] good while in some places. There are many strawberries this season, in meadows now,

¹ [*Cape Cod, and Miscellanies*, pp. 392, 402, 408; *Misc.*, Riv. 176, 189, 196.]

just fairly begun there. The meadows, like this Nut Meadow, are now full of the taller grasses, just beginning to flower, and the graceful columns of the rue (*Thalictrum*), not yet generally in flower, and the large tree- or shrub-like archangelica, with its great umbels, now fairly in bloom along the edge of the brook.

What we want is not mainly to colonize Nebraska with free men, but to colonize Massachusetts with free men, — to be free ourselves. As the enterprise of a few individuals, that is brave and practical; but as the enterprise of the State, it is cowardice and imbecility. What odds where we squat, or how much ground we cover? It is not the soil that we would make free, but men.

As for asking the South to grant us the trial by jury in the case of runaway slaves, it is as if, seeing a righteous man sent to hell, we should run together and petition the devil first to grant him a trial by jury, forgetting that there is another power to be petitioned, that there is another law and other precedents.

Am surprised to find the *Cirsium horridulum*, or great yellow thistle, out, some already withering, turned a dark purple, possibly a week old.

I discover that J. Dugan found the eggs of my snapping turtle of June 7th, apparently the same day. It did not go to a new place then, after all. I opened the nest to-day. It is, perhaps, five or six rods from the brook, in the sand near its edge. The surface had been disturbed over a foot and a half in diameter

and was *slightly* concave. The nest commenced five inches beneath, and at its neck was two and a half inches across and from this nearly four inches deep,

and swelled out below to four inches in width; shaped like a short, rounded

bottle with a broad mouth; and the surrounding sand was quite firm. I took out forty-two eggs, close packed, and Dugan says he had previously broken one, which made forty-three.¹ They are a dirty white and spherical, a little more than one and one sixteenth inches in diameter, — soft-shelled, so that my finger left a permanent dimple in them. It was now ten days since they had been laid, and a little more than one half of each was darker-colored (probably the lower half) and the other white and dry-looking. I opened one, but could detect no organization with the unarmed eye. The halves of the shell, as soon as emptied, curled up, as we see them where the skunks have sucked them. They must all have been laid at one time. If it were not for the skunks, and probably other animals, we should be overrun with them. Who can tell how many tortoise eggs are buried thus in this small desert?

Observed in two places golden-crowned thrushes, near whose nests I must have been, hopping on the lower branches and in the underwood, — a somewhat sparrow-like bird, with its golden-brown crest and

¹ Daniel Foster says he found forty-two this summer, in a nest in his field in Princeton.

white circle about eye, carrying the tail somewhat like a wren, and inclined to run along the branches. Each had a worm in its bill, no doubt intended for its young. That is the chief employment of the birds now, gathering food for their young. I think I heard the anxious peep of a robin whose young have just left the nest.

Examined, as well as I could with the glass, what I will call the *tweezer-bird*, — *tra-wee, shreca-shre*, — raspingly. I have heard [it] perhaps as long as the evergreen-forest. It is a slender, somewhat small, vireo-like bird, yellow and yellowish all beneath, except a chestnutish (?) crescent on breast, with apparently a white spot on the wing, and certainly a yellow or greenish-yellow back between wings. Keeping rather high in the trees, I could not see the general color of the upper parts, but thought it was dark olivaceous or maybe slaty. Can it be the blue yellow-back warbler? ¹

Small grasshoppers very abundant in some dry grass. I find the lygodium, a late fern, now from a foot to eighteen inches high and not yet flower-budded or the leaves fully expanded. *Platanthera flava* at the Harrington Bathing-Place, possibly yesterday, — an unimportant yellowish-green spike of flowers. A large fresh stone-heap eight or ten inches above water just below there, — quite sharp, like Teneriffe. *Aralia hispida*. *Typha latifolia* may have shed pollen two or three days. I am surprised at the abundance of its sulphur-like pollen, on the least jar covering my

¹ Probably is. *Vide* May 7, 1855.

hands and clothes, — green; at least it does not burn. The female part of the spike green and solid and apparently *immature*. *Epilobium angustifolium* up railroad, this end of high wood.

Another round red sun of dry and dusty weather to-night, — a red or red-purple helianthus. Every year men talk about the dry weather which has now begun as if it were something new and not to be expected.

Often certain words or syllables which have suggested themselves remind me better of a bird's strain than the most elaborate and closest imitation. Heard young partridges.

It is not any such free-soil party as I have seen, but a free-man party, — *i. e.* a party of free men, — that is wanted. It is not any politicians, even the truest and soundest, but, strange as it may sound, even godly men, as Cromwell discovered, who are wanted to fight this battle, — men not of policy but of probity. Politicians! I have looked into the eyes of two or three of them, but I saw nothing there to satisfy me. They will vote for my man to-morrow if I will vote for theirs to-day. They will whirl round and round, not only horizontally like weathercocks, but vertically also.

My advice to the State is simply this: to dissolve her union with the slaveholder instantly. She can find no respectable law or precedent which sanctions its continuance. And to each inhabitant of Massachusetts, to dissolve his union with the State, as long as she hesitates to do her duty.¹

¹ [Cape Cod, and Miscellanies, p. 403; Misc., Riv. 190.]

June 19. Monday. P. M. — Up Assabet.

A thunder-shower in the north. Will it strike us? How impressive this artillery of the heavens! It rises higher and higher. At length the thunder seems to roll quite across the sky and all round the horizon, even where there are no clouds, and I row homeward in haste. How by magic the skirts of the cloud are gathered about us, and it shoots forward over our head, and the rain comes at a time and place which baffles all our calculations! Just before it the swamp white oak in Merrick's pasture was a very beautiful sight, with its rich shade of green, its top as it were incrustated with light. Suddenly comes the gust, and the big drops slanting from the north, and the birds fly as if rudderless, and the trees bow and are wrenched. It comes against the windows like hail and is blown over the roofs like steam or smoke. It runs down the large elm at Holbrook's and shatters the house near by. It soon shines in silver puddles in the streets. This the first rain of consequence for at least three weeks.

Amelanchier berries now generally reddening. Mc-thinks the *Botryapium* has broader, more ovate, often rounded and pointed leaves, the calyx-lobes recurved on the fruit, while the *oblongifolia* is inclined to obovate and narrower leaves and erect calyx-lobes. Flowering raspberry, perhaps yesterday.

Men may talk about measures till all is blue and smells of brimstone, and then go home and sit down and expect their measures to do their duty for them. The only measure is integrity and manhood.

June 20. Tuesday. Motherwort to-morrow. Elder. A cloud of minute black pollywogs in a muddy pool. I see where the crickets are eating the wild strawberries.

P. M. — To Shad-bush Meadow.

Heard a new bird — *chut-cheeter-carrer-chutter-wit* — on the low bushes, about the size of Wilson's thrush apparently. Apparently olivaceous (?) above, most so on head, yellow front, dark bill, dark wings with two white bars, all yellow or yellowish breast and beneath. Perhaps never heard it before. Cow-wheat, apparently two or three days. A three-leaved *Lysimachia stricta* apparently, with reddish flower-buds, not open. Shad-berries almost, but scarce. There seems to be much variety in the *Rosa lucida*, — some to have stouter hooked prickles than the *R. Carolina*. Upland hay-ing begun, or beginning. Common nettle.

June 21. Wednesday. We have had thick fog, and rain fell through it this morning.

P. M. — To Walden, etc.

Mitchella in Deep Cut woods, probably a day or two. Its scent is agreeable and refreshing, between the mayflower and rum cherry bark, or like peach-stone meats. *Pyrola secunda* at Laurel Glen, a day or two (?). A third of the spike now out. Most hieraciums (*venosum*) are shut by day; some open this cloudy afternoon. When I see the dense, shady masses of weeds about water, — already an unexplorable maze, — I am struck with the contrast between this and the spring, [when] I wandered about in search of the first faint greenness along the borders of the brooks.

Then an inch or two of green was something remarkable and obvious afar. Now there is a dense mass of weeds along the waterside, where the muskrats lurk, and overhead a canopy of leaves conceals the birds and shuts out the sun. It is hard to realize that the seeds of all this growth were buried in that bare, frozen earth.

The glyceria is budded and drooping at the pond, but hardly in flower.

In the little meadow pool, or bay, in Hubbard's shore, I see two old pouts tending their countless young close to the shore. The former are slate-colored. The latter are about half an inch long and very black, forming a dark mass from eight to twelve inches in diameter. The old are constantly circling around them, — over and under and *through*, — as if anxiously endeavoring to keep them together, from time to time moving off five or six feet to reconnoitre. The whole mass of the young — and there must be a thousand of them at least — is incessantly moving, pushing forward and stretching out. Are often in the form of a great pout, apparently keeping together by their own instinct chiefly, now on the bottom, now rising to the top. Alone they might be mistaken for pollywogs. The old, at any rate, do not appear to be very successful in their apparent efforts to communicate with and direct them. At length they break into four parts. The old are evidently very careful parents. One has some wounds apparently. In the second part of the story of Tanner it is said: "*Ah-wa-sis-sie* — Little catfish. The Indians say this fish hatches its young in a hole in the mud, and that they accompany

her for some time afterwards." Yet in Ware's Smellie it is said that fishes take no care of their young. I think also that I see the young breams in schools hovering over their nests while the old are still protecting them.

I see two varieties of *Galium trifidum*, apparently equally early, one smooth, the other rough; sometimes it grows in very dense tufts. Peltandra well out, apparently yesterday; quite abundant and pretty, raised two or three inches above the water. *Prinos verticillatus*, possibly yesterday. *Hypericum ellipticum*. Eriocaulon. Partridges drum still. The effect of the pond on its shore while standing at a great height is remarkable. Though considerably lower than it was, it appears much higher in some places, where it has worn away a barrier between itself and a meadow and so made the water deeper there.

Rambled up the grassy hollows in the sprout-lands north (?) of Goose Pond. I felt as if in a strange country, — a pleasing sense of strangeness and distance. Here, in the midst of extensive sprout-lands, are numerous open hollows more or less connected, where for some reason¹ the wood does not spring up, — and I am glad of it, — filled with a fine wiry grass, with the paniced andromeda, which loves dry places, now in blossom around the edges, and small black cherries and sand cherries straggling down into them. The woodchuck loves such places and now wabbles off with a peculiar loud squeak like the sharp bark of a red squirrel, then stands erect at the entrance of his

¹ Maybe frosts.

hole, ready to dive into it as soon as you approach. As wild and strange a place as you might find in the unexplored West or East. The quarter of a mile of sprout-land which separates it from the highway seems as complete a barrier as a thousand miles of earth. Your horizon is there all your own.

Indigo, apparently a day in *some* places. Calopogon a day or two at least in Hubbard's Close, — this handsomest of its family after the arethusa. Again I am attracted by the deep scarlet of the wild moss rose half open in the grass, all glowing with rosy light.

June 23. Friday. There has been a foggy haze, dog-day-like, for perhaps ten days, more or less. To-day it is so cold that we sit by a fire. A little skunk, a quarter or a third grown, at the edge of the North River, under hill. Birds do not sing this afternoon, though cloudy, as they did a month ago. I think they are most lively about the end of May.

P. M. — Walden and Cliffs.

I see by the railroad causeway young barn swallows on the fences learning to fly. Lactuca, maybe a day or two, but the heads not upright yet. Whiteweed now for three weeks has frosted the fields like snow; getting old. *Polygonum Convolvulus*. Wool-grass tops. *Pyrola rotundifolia* in cut woods to-morrow. A black snake in Abel Brooks's wood [?], on a warm dry side of it, his head concealed in a stump, rapidly vibrating his tail, which struck upon the leaves. Five feet one inch long; uniform coal-black above, with greenish coaly reflections; bluish or slaty beneath;

white beneath head; about 189 abdominal plates; tail more than one foot long and slender. When the head was dead, exerted great power with its body; could hardly hold it.

Early blueberries have begun on the Brown sprout-land, Fair Haven. This the third summer since the woods were cut, and the first for any quantity of berries, I think; so of Heywood's lot on Walden, which I think was cut also in '51-'52.

Lysimachia stricta, perhaps yesterday, at Lincoln bound, Walden. After one or two cold and rainy days the air is now clearer at last. From the Cliffs the air is beautifully clear, showing the glossy and light-reflecting greenness of the woods. It is a great relief to look into the horizon. There is more room under the heavens. *Specularia*, handsome, dark-purple, on Cliffs, how long? Disturbed three different broods of partridges in my walk this afternoon in different places. One in Deep Cut Woods, big as chickens ten days old, went flying in various directions a rod or two into the hillside. Another by Heywood's meadow, the young two and a half inches long only, not long hatched, making a fine peep. Held one in my hand, where it squatted without winking. A third near Well Meadow Field. We are now, then, in the very midst of them. Now leading forth their young broods. The old bird will return mewing and walk past within ten feet.

June 25. P. M. — To Assabet Bathing-Place and Derby Bridge.

Mayweed, say 27th. At Ludwigia Poke-logan, a cinder-like spawn in a white, frothy jelly. A green bittern, apparently, awkwardly alighting on the trees and uttering its hoarse, *zarry* note, *zskeow-wskeow-wskeow*. Shad-berry ripe. Garlic open, eighteen inches high or more. The calla fruit is curving down. I observe many kingfishers at Walden and on the Assabet, very few on the dark and muddy South Branch. *Asclepias* (the mucronate-pointed, what?) yesterday. A raspberry on sand by railroad, ripe. Through June the song of the birds is gradually growing fainter. *Epilobium coloratum*, railroad above red house unless the one observed some time ago was a downy *coloratum*, with lanceolate leaves. *Trifolium arvense*.

June 26. Monday. P. M. — Up river to Purple Utricularia Shore.

Cornus sericea, yesterday at least. Small front-rank polygonum, a smut-like blast in the flower. Small form of arrowhead in Hubbard's aster meadow, apparently several days. I am struck, as I look toward the Dennis shore from the bathing-place, with the peculiar agreeable dark shade of June, a clear air, and bluish light on the grass and bright silvery light reflected from fresh green leaves. *Sparganium*, apparently *ramosum*, two or three days. The largest apparently the same, but very rarely in blossom; found one, however, with a branched scape, but not concave leaves except below. *Gratiola*. *Cicuta maculata*, apparently to-morrow.

June 27. P. M. — Cliffs *via* Hubbard meadow.

Smooth sumach¹ at Texas house, two days. Hellebore in full bloom; how long? For the most part does not bloom. *Polygonum sagittatum* probably also some time at Baker Swamp. *Enothera biennis*, two or more days. *Scutellaria galericulata*, to-morrow. *Polygonum Persicaria*. *Marchantia polymorpha*. Hydrocotyle, a day or two in Potter's field near Corner road by apple tree. Blueberries pretty numerous ripe on Fair Haven. P. Hutchinson says that he can remember when haymakers from Sudbury, thirty or forty years ago, used to come down the river in numbers and unite with Concord to clear the weeds out of the river in shallow places and the larger streams emptying in. The three lecheas show reddish and flower-like at top, — the second of Gray apparently a little the most forward.

June 28. A. M. — To Island.

Tall anemone. Pontederia to-morrow.

A thunder-shower in the afternoon.

June 29. Another clear morning after last evening's rain.

P. M. — To lime-kiln.

Spurry, a good while. Cichorium at Simon Brown's, three or four days (early); also catnep, about two days. Canada thistle, yesterday. Earliest cultivated cherries, a week ago. Hazelnut burs now make a show. *Veronica serpyllifolia* still. The cherry-bird's note is like the fine peep of young partridges or woodcocks.

¹ Probably staghorn: smooth not for a week probably.

All the large black birches on Hubbard's Hill have just been cut down, — half a dozen or more. The two largest measure two feet seven inches in diameter on the stump at a foot from the ground; the others, five or six inches less. The inner bark there about five eighths of an inch.

June 30. P. M. — Walden and Hubbard's Close.

Jersey tea. Young oak shoots have grown from one and a half to three or four feet, but now in some cases appear to be checked and a large bud to have formed. Poke, a day or two. Small crypta Elatine, apparently some days at least, at Callitriche Pool. *Rubus triflorus* berries, some time, — the earliest fruit of a rubus. The berries are very scarce, light (wine?) red, semitransparent, showing the seed, — a few (six to ten) large shining grains and rather acid. *Lobelia spicata*, to-morrow.