

## VIII

JULY, 1854

(ÆT. 36-37)

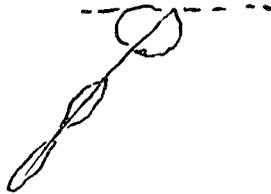
*July 1. Saturday.* P. M. — To Cliffs.

From the hill I perceive that the air is beautifully clear after the rain of yesterday, and not hot; fine-grained. The landscape is fine as behind a glass, the horizon-edge distinct. The distant vales toward the northwest mountains lie up open and clear and elysian like so many Tempes. The shadows of trees are dark and distinct. On the river I see the two broad borders of pads reflecting the light, the dividing line between them and the water, their irregular edge, perfectly distinct. The clouds are separate glowing masses or blocks floating in the sky, not threatening rain. I see from this hill their great shadows pass slowly here and there over the top of the green forest. Later a breeze rises and there is a sparkle on the river somewhat as in fall and spring. The wood thrush and tanager

sing at 4 P. M. at Cliffs. The anychia in steep path beyond springs, almost.

Some boys brought me tonight a singular kind of spawn found attached to a pole floating in Fair Haven Pond. Some

of it six feet below the surface, some at top, the up-



permost as big as a water-pail; a very *firm* and clear jelly, the surface covered with small rayed or star-shaped spawn (?).  A great quantity of it.

*July 2. Sunday.* 4 A. M. — To Hill.

Hear the chip-bird and robin very lively at dawn. From the Hill, the sun rising, I see a fine river fog wreathing the trees — elms and maples — by the shore. I mark the outlines of the elms and *Salix Purshiana*, now so still and distinct, looking east. It is clear summer now. The cocks crow hoarsely, ushering in the long-drawn thirsty summer day. A day for cows. The morning the spring of the day. A few bullfrogs trump.

P. M. — To Flint's Pond and Smith's Hill with C.

Thimble-berries. Parsnip at Tuttle's. Tobacco-pipe well up. Spatulate or long-leaved sundew, some days. *Hypericum Canadense*, some days. *Pyrola elliptica*, apparently some days, or directly after *rotundifolia*, on east side of Smith's Hill. *Asclepias phytolaccoides*, a new plant, apparently two or three days on Smith's Hill. A blue high blueberry ripe. An abundance of red lilies in the upland dry meadow, near Smith's Spring trough; low, — from one to two feet high, — upright-flowered, more or less dark shade of red, freckled and sometimes wrinkle-edged petals; must have been some days. This has come with the intense summer heats, a torrid July heat like a red sunset threatening torrid heat. (Do we not always have a dry time just before the huckleberries turn?) I think this meadow was burnt over about a year ago.

Did that make the red lily grow? The spring now seems far behind, yet I do not remember the interval. I feel as if some broad invisible lethean gulf lay behind, between this and spring. *Geum strictum*, a new plant, apparently a week or ten days; some of the heads already five eighths of an inch in diameter; roadside at Gourgas sprout-land; aspect of a buttercup and *Potentilla Norvegica* with burs.<sup>1</sup> I see some *Lysimachia stricta* (?), with ends of petals coppery-reddish.

*July 3. Monday.* I hear the purple finch these days about the houses, — à twitter witter weeter wee, à witter witter wee.

P. M. — To Hubbard Bridge by boat.

On the great hummock dropped on Dennis's meadow last winter, I see now flourishing, of small plants, water milkweed, *Lysimachia stricta*, hedgehog (?) grass, horse-mint, arrowhead, onoclea, *Viola lanceolata*, gratiola, and the small-flowered hypericum, as well as meadow-grass.

The river and shores, with their pads and weeds, are now in their midsummer and hot-weather condition, now when the pontederias have just begun to bloom. The seething river is confined within two burnished borders of pads, gleaming in the sun for a mile, and a sharp snap is heard from them from time to time. Next stands the upright phalanx of dark-green pontederias. When I have left the boat a short time the seats become intolerably hot. What a luxury to bathe now! It is gloriously hot, — the first of this weather.

<sup>1</sup> Also near (north of) Assabet Bathing-Place, out of bloom, July 8.

I cannot get wet enough. I must let the water soak into me. When you come out, it is rapidly dried on you or absorbed into your body, and you want to go in again. I begin to inhabit the planet, and see how I may be naturalized at last. The clams are so thick on the bottom at Hubbard's Bathing-Place that, standing up to my neck in water, I brought my feet together and lifted up between them, so as to take off in my hand without dipping my head, three clams the first time, though many more dropped off. When you consider the difficulty of carrying two melons under one arm and that this was in the water, you may infer the number of the clams. A cone-flower (new plant), — *Rudbeckia hirta* (except that I call its disk not dull brown but dull or dark purple or maroon; however, Wood calls it dark purple), — in Arethusa Meadow. Saw one plucked June 25; blossomed probably about that time. Many yesterday in meadows beyond almshouse. Probably introduced lately from West. *Pycnanthemum muticum* at Hypericum corymbosum Ditch. Proserpinaca at Skullcap Pool, apparently five or six days. Touch-me-not, good while, — ten days at least; some seeds now spring. As I return down the river, the sun westering, I admire the silvery light on the tops and extremities of the now densely leaved golden willows and swamp white oaks and maples from the under sides of the leaves. The leaves have so multiplied that you cannot see through the trees; these are solid depths of shade, on the surface of which the light is variously reflected. Saw a fresh cherry-stone (must be cultivated cherry; wild not ripe) in the spring under Clamshell Hill, nearly half a

mile from a cherry tree. Must have been dropped by a bird. Mulberries some time.

*July 4.* A sultry night the last; bear no covering; all windows open.

8 A. M. — To Framingham.

Great orange-yellow lily, some days, wild yellow lily, drooping, well out. *Asclepias obtusifolia*, also day or two. Some chestnut trees show at distance as if blossoming. Buckwheat, how long? I probably saw *Asclepias purpurascens* (??) over the walls. A very hot day.

*July 5.* Another very hot night, and scarcely any dew this morning. *Lysimachia lanceolata* var. *hybrida*, a day or two, at Merrick's Bathing-Place. Bass at Island.

P. M. — To White Pond.

One hundred and nine swallows on telegraph-wire at bridge within eight rods, and others flying about. *Stachys aspera*, Clamshell Ditch. The blue-curls and fragrant everlasting, with their refreshing aroma, show themselves now pushing up in dry fields,—bracing to the thought. Horse-mint under Clamshell, apparently yesterday. On Lupine Knoll, picked up a dark-colored spear-head three and a half inches long, lying on the bare sand; so hot that I could not long hold it tight in my hand. Now the earth begins to be parched, the corn curls, and the four-leaved loose-strife, etc., etc., wilt and wither. *Scirpocarpus*. Small cirœa at Corner Spring, some days. *Rosa Carolina*,

apparently a day or two, Corner causeway; dull leaves with fine serrations, twenty-five to thirty, plus, on a side, and *narrow closed* stipules. *Asclepias incarnata* var. *pulchra*.

*July 6.* P. M. — To Beck Stow's.

*Euphorbia maculata*, good while. *Polygonum aviculare*, a day or two. Now a great show of elder blossoms. *Polygala sanguinea*, apparently a day or more. *Galium asprellum* in shade; probably earlier in sun. Partridges a third grown.

Veery still sings and toad rings.

On the hot sand of the new road at Beck Stow's, headed toward the water a rod or more off, what is probably *Cistudo Blandingii*; had *some* green con-ferva (?) on its shell and body. Length of upper shell, 6½ inches; breadth behind, 4½; tail beyond shell, 2¼. Did not see it shut its box; kept running out its long neck four inches or more; could bend it directly back to the posterior margin of the second (?) dorsal plate. Ran out its head further and oftener than usual. The spots pale-yellow or buff. Upper half of head and neck blackish, the former quite smooth for 1½ inches and finely sprinkled with yellowish spots, the latter warty. The snout lighter, with five perpendicular black marks. Eyes large (?), irides dull green-golden. Under *jaw and throat clear chrome-yellow*. Under parts of neck and roots of fore legs duller yellow; inner parts behind duller yellow still. Fore legs with black scales, more or less yellow spotted above; at root and beneath pale-yellow and yellowish. Hind legs uniformly

black above and but little lighter beneath. Tail black all round. No red or orange about the animal. No hook or notch to jaw.

Plantain, some days, and gnaphalium, apparently two or three days.

July 7. P. M. — To lygodium.

*Verbena urticifolia*. Ilysanthes, three or four days back, flat east of Clamshell Shore. Large form of arrowhead, two or more days. Woodcock at the spring under Clamshell. *Campanula aparinoides*, apparently three or four days. The clover heads are turned brown and dry, and whiteweed is also drying up. I think that that is the water dock just opening in J. P. Brown's meadow. Disturbed two broods of partridges this afternoon, — one a third grown, flying half a dozen rods over the bushes, yet the old, as anxious as ever, rushing to me with the courage of a hen. Columbines still.

*Lygodium palmatum* hardly yet in flower, I should say; for the most very green and tender atop and not much flattened out. Saw a pretty large hawk with narrow and long wings, black-tipped beneath, and white rump, light beneath, circling over the Ministerial Swamp with a loud, shuffling, jay-like and somewhat flicker-like sound.

July 8. Saturday. P. M. — To Assabet Bathing-Place.

Melilot, a day or two. *Spiranthes gracilis*, a day or two (?). A *Lysimachia stricta* (?) by birch fence in path

beyond Shad-bush Meadow, with whorls of three leaves and spike about eight inches long, about June 26th; lower half now out of bloom, one quarter in bloom, upper quarter budded. Ludwigia. The 4th and 5th were the hot bathing days thus far; thermometer at 98 and 96 respectively. Sium almost; say 9th.

8 P. M. — Full moon; by boat to Hubbard's Bend.

There is wind, making it cooler and keeping off fog, delicious on water. The moon reflected from the rippled surface like a stream of dollars. I hear a few toads still. See a bat; how long? The bullfrogs trump from time to time. It is commonly a full round *err, err, err* (gutturally, and increasing in volume), and then coarsely trilled (?), *er-er-er, er-er-er, er-er-er*; occasionally varied like the looing of a bull. The whip-poor-wills are heard, and the baying of dogs.

The *Rosa nitida* I think has [been] some time done; the *lucida* generally now ceasing, and the *Carolina* (?) just begun.

The middle lechea not quite.

July 9. Sunday. P. M. — Fair Haven Hill via Hubbard's Bathing-Place.

*Vaccinium vacillans* berry, four or five days; common blue huckleberry. Hubbard aster, some days. Is it not *Tradescanti*-like? Begins to blossom low in the grass. *Hypericum corymbosum*, not yet. Tansy by railroad causeway, a day or more. *Chenopodium album*.

Examined a lanceolate thistle which has been

pressed and laid by a year. The papers being taken off, its head sprang up more than an inch and the downy seeds began to fly off.

*July 10. Monday.* Took up one of the small tortoise eggs which I had buried June 15th. The eye was remarkable, developed in the colorless and almost formless head, one or two large dark circles of the full diameter; a very distinct pulsation where the heart should be and along the neck was perceptible; but there seemed to be no body but a mass of yellow yolk.

P. M. — To Hubbard's Close, spotted pyrola, and Walden.

Gaultheria, apparently two or three days in open ground. Some choke-berry leaves in dry places are now red, some locust leaves and elm leaves yellow. *Lycopus sinuatus*, a day or two. *Platanthera lacera*, in one place, apparently a week; Stow's strawberry meadow ditch. *Ludwigia palustris*, same place, apparently three or four days. *Pycnanthemum lanceolatum*, two or three days. *Polygala cruciata*, Hubbard's Close, two or three days. I find that most of the wild gooseberries are dried up and blackened. *Solidago stricta*, apparently to-morrow or next day. Northern wild red cherry ripe apparently some days. Low blackberry. A sericocarpus (?) in Poorhouse Meadow with linear, or narrow-spatulate, entire, blunt leaves.

The following are the birds I chanced to hear in this walk (did not attend much): The seringos on fences, link of bobolink, crow, oven-bird, tanager, chewink,

huckleberry-bird (pretty often and loud), flicker cackle, wood thrush, robin (?), before 3 P. M.; then red-eye, veery trill, catbird rigmarole, etc., etc.

This is what I think about birds now generally:—

See a few hawks about.

Have not heard owls lately, not walking at night.

Crows are more noisy, probably anxious about young.

Hear phoebe note of chickadee occasionally; otherwise inobvious.

Partridge, young one third grown.

Lark not very common, but sings still.

Have not heard *conquerees* of blackbird for about a month, methinks.<sup>1</sup>

Robin still sings, and in morning; song sparrow and bay-wing.

See no downy woodpeckers nor nuthatches.

Crow blackbirds occasionally chatter.

Hear flicker rarely.

Rush sparrow, common and loud.

Saw a snipe within two or three days.<sup>2</sup>

Woodcock seen within two or three days.

Think I have heard pine warbler within a week.

Cuckoo and quail from time to time.

Barn swallow, bank swallow, etc., numerous with their young for a week or two.

I hear the plaintive note of young bluebirds.

Chip-sparrow in morning.

Purple finch about and sings.

Martin lively.

Warbling vireo still, and wood thrush, and red-eye, and tanager, all at midday.

Catbird's rigmarole still.

Chewink sings; and veery trill from out shade.

Whip-poor-will at evening.

Summer yellowbird and yellow-throat rarely.

<sup>1</sup> Heard one *conquerees* July 11th. Chattering flocks now of females and young over river.

<sup>2</sup> And July 11th.

Goldfinch oftener twitters over.  
 Oven-bird still.  
 Evergreen-forest note, I think, still.  
 Night-warbler of late.  
 Hardly a full bobolink.  
 Kingbird lively.  
 Cherry-bird commonly heard.  
 Think I saw turtle dove within a day or two.

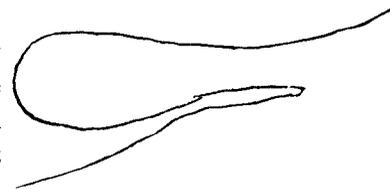
*The singing birds at present are: —*

Villageous: Robin, chip-bird, warbling vireo, swallows.  
 Rural: Song sparrow, seringos, flicker, kingbird, goldfinch, *link* of  
 bobolink, cherry-bird.  
 Sylvan: Red-eye, tanager, wood thrush, chewink, veery, oven-bird,  
 — all even at midday. Catbird full strain, whip-poor-will, crows.

*July 11. Tuesday. P. M. —* By boat to Fair Haven.  
 White geum, probably about the 5th (not the 3d).

Pontederia now makes a handsome show. The female red-wings and their young now fly in small chattering flocks over the river. The smallest-flowered hypericum, several days; have I mentioned it? Purple utricularia well out since the 5th; say 7th. The black high blue-berries are a trifle earlier, small and acid. The *Rosa lucida* still common. *Utricularia cornuta* at Fair Haven, apparently two days. The water-target is common off this shore. *Hypericum corymbosum* in front of Lee's Cliff, a day or two. The drought is very obvious on these rocks now, which are so verdurous in spring. The ivy (*Toxicodendron*), *Arenaria serpyllifolia*, etc., are quite sere and brown. Pennyroyal, thimble-berries, and ferns also are withering. Some huckleberries quite as if dried on a pan. Ampelopsis out three or

four days on the rock. *Parietaria*, apparently two or three days against rock. Handsome now from these rocks the bay (on the south side of Fair Haven at the inlet of river),



with its spit of shining pads. *Lobelia inflata*, a day or more. *Veronica serpyllifolia* about done. There is much large bur-reed leaves afloat and lodged in the middle of the river at Clamshell Bend. Did the wind tear it up? I heard Conant's cradle cronching the rye behind the fringe of bushes in the Indian field. Reaping begun. Sun set when I was off Nut Meadow. A straight edge of massy cloud had advanced from the south-southeast and now stretched overhead from west-southwest to east-northeast, and after sunset reflected a soft fawn-colored (?) light on the landscape, lighting up with harmonious light the dry parched and shorn hillsides, the soft, mellow, fawn-colored light seeming to come from the earth itself.

*July 12. P. M. —* To Dodge's Brook.

The early cotton-grass is now about gone from Hubbard's Close. With this month began the reign of river-weeds obstructing the stream. Potamogetons and heart-leaves, etc., now for a long time covered with countless mosquito cases (?). They catch my oars and retard the boat. A rail will be detained a month by them in mid-stream, and tortoises (*Sternotherus* or *Emys*

*picta*), four or five or more in a row, lie along it. Many young barn (?) swallows (they have a darker crescent on the breast and long tail-feathers not grown) sit in flocks on the bared dead willows over the water and let me float within four or five feet. Birds do not distinguish a man sitting in a boat. I see a green bittern wading in a shallow muddy place, with an awkward teetering, fluttering pace. Button-bush. Observed a pickerel in the Assabet, about a foot long, headed upstream, quasi-transparent (such its color), with darker and lighter parts contrasted, very still while I float quite near. There is a constant motion of the pectoral fins and also a waving motion of the ventrals, apparently to resist the stream, and a slight waving of the anal, apparently to preserve its direction. It darted off at last by a strong sculling motion of its tail. See white maple leaves floating bottom up, covered with feathery aphides.

A *Lilium Canadense* (at Dodge Brook corner by road), approaching *superbum*, four and a half feet high, with a whorl of four flowers, and two more above, somewhat pyramidal, and petals recurved.

July 13. Thursday. 2 P. M. — To Bare Hill, Lincoln, by railroad.

Have heard a faint locust-like sound from crickets a week or two. In the midst of July heat and drought. The season is trivial as noon. I hear the hot-weather and noonday birds, — red-eye, tanager, wood pewee, etc. Plants are curled and withered. The leaves dry, ripe like the berries. The point of a lower leaf of a

smooth sumach is scarlet, and some geranium leaves. Many birch leaves are yellow and falling. Leaves are very much eaten (June is the time to collect perfect ones); of some kinds hard to find a perfect specimen, unless of a firm texture. The *Pyrus arbutifolia* is very thick and glossy dark green. The tupelo leaf is pretty firm and perfect, not *so* glossy, more or less winding, and the shoots are zigzag or winding. *Polygonum Hydropiper* at Baker Swamp. Thoroughwort, tomorrow or next day. *Scutellaria lateriflora*, some days at least. The chestnuts, now in full bloom, are conspicuous from the hills (Bare Hill), like a yellowish or creamy-tinged rime.

*Vaccinium vacillans* on Bare Hill ripe enough to pick, now considerably in advance of huckleberries; sweeter than last and grow in dense clusters. The *V. Pennsylvanicum* is soft and rather thin and tasteless, mountain and spring like, with its fine light-blue bloom, very handsome, simple and ambrosial. This *vacillans* is more earthy, like solid food. Many of the huckleberries here on the hilltop have dried black and shrivelled before ripening.

Boys go after the cows now about 5.30 o'clock. Decodon not distinctly flower-budded yet. Gnaphalium (pearly) well out, say yesterday. If there is an interregnum in the flowers, it is when berries begin. Scent the bruised leaves of the fragrant goldenrod along the Lincoln road now. What I have called *Solidago arguta* at Walden (*vide* radical leaves); also an aster, probably *Diplopappus umbellatus*, at Baker Swamp, will open in a few days.

*July 14. Friday.* Awake to day of gentle rain, — very much needed; none to speak of for nearly a month, methinks. The cooler and stiller day has a valuable effect on my spirits.

P. M. — Over the Hill to Brown's watering-place.

It holds up from time [to time], and then a fine, misty rain falls. It lies on the fine reddish tops of some grasses, thick and whitish like morning cobwebs. The stillness is very soothing. This is a summer rain. The earth is being bedewed. There is no storm or violence to it. Health is a sound relation to nature. *Anychia* plenty by the watering-place (with the *amphicarpæa*), but calyx apparently not expanded. *Amphicarpæa*, not yet. *Penthorum*, three or four days. *Xyris*, apparently three or four days in meadow close by. *Hardhack*, two or three days. A *hedyotis* still. *Elodea* to-morrow. The red capsules of the *Hypericum ellipticum*, here and there. This one of the fall-ward phenomena in still rainy days.

*July 15. Saturday.* P. M. — To Hubbard's Bridge causeway *via* river.

Rained still in forenoon; now cloudy. Fields comparatively deserted to-day and yesterday. Hay stands cocked in them on all sides. Some, being shorn, are clear for the walker. It is but a short time that he has to dodge the haymakers. This cooler, still, cloudy weather after the rain is very autumnal and restorative to our spirits. The robin sings still, but the goldfinch twitters over oftener, and I hear the *link link* of the bobolink (one perfect strain!), and the crickets

creak more as in the fall. All these sounds dispose our minds to serenity. Perhaps the mosquitoes are most troublesome such days in the woods, if it is warm enough. We seem to be passing, or to have passed, a dividing line between spring and autumn, and begin to descend the long slope toward winter. On the shady side of the hill I go along Hubbard's walls toward the bathing-place, stepping high to keep my feet as dry as may be. All is stillness in the fields. The calamint (*Pycnanthemum muticum*), standing by the wall with its hoary upper leaves, full of light even this cloudy day and reminding of the fragrance which I know so well, is an agreeable sight. I need not smell it; it is a balm to my mind to remember its fragrance.

I hear a bay-wing on the wall near by, sound[ing] far away, — a fainter song sparrow strain, somewhat. I see its open mouth and quivering throat, yet can hardly believe the seemingly distant strain proceeds from it, *yaw yaw, twee twee, twitter twitter, te twee twee tw tw*, and so ends with a short and rapid trill.

Again I am attracted by the Clamshell reach of the river, running east and west, as seen from Hubbard's fields, now beginning to be smoothed as in the fall. First, next the meadow, is the broad dark-green rank of pickerel-weeds, etc., etc. (*polygonum*, etc.), then the light-reflecting edging of pads, and then the smooth, still, cloud-reflecting water. My thoughts are driven inward, even as clouds and trees are reflected in the still, smooth water. There is an inwardness even in the mosquitoes' hum, while I am picking blueberries in the dank wood.

*Rhexia* near the *Rhus copallina*, apparently yesterday. The flicker still, and the veery full, and Maryland yellow-throat, and nuthatch. Many birds begin to fly in small flocks like grown-up broods. Green grapes and cranberries also remind me of the advancing season. The former are as large as ripe cranberries, the latter as big as peas, though the vines are still full of blossoms. Cymbidiums are quite fresh and pogonias linger still. *Drosera rotundifolia*, end of Hubbard's bank wall, Corner road, some days, — perhaps a fortnight, for it was nearly out on the 2d, its lower flowers first, and now dry.

The stems and leaves of various asters and golden-rods, which ere long will reign along the way, begin to be conspicuous. *Amaranthus hybridus*, several days at least. It has come out quite fair and warm. There are many butterflies, yellow and red, about the *Aselepias incarnata* now.

*July 16. Sunday.* A thick fog began last night and lasts till late this morning; first of the kind, methinks.

P. M. — *Via* railroad and pond to Saw Mill Brook.

Many yellow butterflies and red on clover and yarrow. Is it the yellow-winged or Savannah sparrow with yellow alternating with dark streaks on throat, as well as yellow over eye, reddish flesh-colored legs, and two light bars on wings? *Solidago nemoralis* yesterday.

Woodcock by side of Walden in woods. Methinks there were most devil's-needles a month ago. *Lycopus Virginicus* by Target Meadow, a day or two; maybe

as long as the other elsewhere. *Ludwigia palustris*<sup>1</sup> grows there. *Goodyera repens* to-morrow. *Polygala verticillata*, apparently some days. The *Rhus Toxicodendron* leaves are turned clear light yellow in some places, in others, many dried and brown. *Mimulus ringens* at Saw Mill Brook, apparently two days. The large (?) *circæa* (it is the *lutetiana*, though the flowers are white), apparently two or three days. *Trientalis*, ash-colored fruit. After the late rains and last night's fog, it is somewhat dog-dayish, and there is a damp, earthy, mildewy scent to the ground in wood-paths. *Aralia nudicaulis* berries well ripe. The *Polygala sanguinea* heads in the grass look like sugar-plums.

*July 17. Monday.* Last night and this morning another thick dogdayish fog. I find my chamber full this morning. It lasts till 9 A. M.

11 A. M. — By river to Fair Haven.

I go to observe the lilies. I see a rail lodged in the weeds with seven tortoises on it, another with ten, another with eleven, all in a row sunning now at mid-day, hot as it is. They are mostly the painted tortoise. Apparently no weather is too hot for them thus to bask in the sun. The pontederia is in its prime, alive with butterflies, yellow and others. I see its tall blue spikes reflected beneath the edge of the pads on each side, pointing down to a heaven beneath as well as above. Earth appears but a thin crust or pellicle. The river was at its lowest thus far probably on the 13th. The rains succeeding the drought have now

<sup>1</sup> Box kind.

raised it a little, and this forenoon, though a little air is stirring, the water is smooth and full of reflections here and there, as if there had been oil in those rains, which smoothed it. In that hottest and driest weather about the 4th, there was yet considerable air stirring. Methinks that about *this* time the waters begin to be more glassy, dark and smooth. The cuckoo *cows* at midday.

At Purple Utricularia Shore, there are, within a circle of four or five rods' diameter, ninety-two lilies fairly open and about half a dozen which appear to have already partly closed. I have seen them far more numerous. I watch them for an hour and a half.

At 11.45 . . . 92 fairly open

At 12 . . . 88

At 12.15 . . . 75

At 12.30 . . . 46

At 12.45 . . . 26

At 1 . . . 4 which are more or less stale

By about 1.30 they are all shut up, and no petal is to be seen up and down the river unless a lily is broken off. You may therefore say that they shut up between 11.30 and 1.30, though almost all between 12 and 1. I think that I could tell when it was 12 o'clock within half an hour by the lilies. One is about an hour about it. The petals gradually draw together, and the sepals raise themselves out of the water and follow. They do not shut up so tight but that a very little white appears at the apex. Sometimes a sepal is held back by a pad or other weed, leaving one side bare. Many fall over on their sides more or less, but none withdraw

under water as some have said. The lilies reach from the water's edge, where they are raised two or three inches above the surface, out five or six rods to where the water is four feet deep, and there succeed the *small* yellow lily.

Meanwhile large yellowish devil's-needles, coupled, are flying about and repeatedly dipping their tails in the water. Why are not all the white lily pads red beneath? On the muddy bottom, under the pads and between their stems, are countless red bugs crawling about. The birds are quite lively at this hour of noon, — the robin, red-eye, wood pewee, martins, and kingbirds, etc. The cuckoo is a very neat, slender, and graceful bird. It belongs to the nobility of birds. It is elegant. Here and there a phalanx of bluish-green *large* bulrushes rises near the shore, and all along a troop of pontederias, fronted and often surrounded by a testudo of pads. I feel an intense heat reflected from the surface of the pads. The rippled parts of the stream contrast with the dark smooth portions. They are separated as by an invisible barrier, yet, when I paddle into the smoothness, I feel the breeze the same. I see where a *Juncus militaris* has grown up through a white lily pad and stands two feet above it. Its hard, sharp point pierced it, instead of lifting it off the water. It reminds me of the Saladin's cutting a silk handkerchief in the air with his cimetar. This continual snapping of the pads which I hear appears to be made underneath and *may be* produced by minnows darting at the insects which feed on them.

At Cardinal Shore, *Lobelia cardinalis* a day or more. *Pyrenanthemum incanum*, apparently several days. It also is hoary at top. Staghorn sumach in fruit. The fall of hellebore and cabbage has begun. The former lies along, yellow and black and decaying. The stinging spotted flies are very troublesome now. They settle in the hollows of the face, and pester us like imps. The clams lie on their edges or ends like buds or bulbs crowded together. *Desmodium acuminatum* at Conant Orchard Grove, perhaps two or three days. One four feet high, its leaves making a flat cricket, a foot from the ground.

Agrimony here almost done. *Diplopappus cornifolius*, a day or more. I was surprised by the loud humming of bees, etc., etc., in the bass tree; thought it was a wind rising at first. Methinks none of our trees attract so many.

I am surprised to see crossing my course in middle of Fair Haven Pond great yellowish devil's-needles, flying from shore to shore, from Island to Baker's Farm and back, about a foot above the water, some against a head wind; also yellow butterflies; suggesting that these insects see the distant shore and resolve to visit it. In fact, they move much faster than I can toward it, yet as if they were conscious that they were on a journey, flying for the most part straight forward. It shows more enterprise and a wider range than I had suspected. It looks very bold. If devil's-needles cross Fair Haven, then man may cross the Atlantic. Seeing him, I am reminded of Horace's lines about the breast of triple brass. Pasture thistle on Lee's

Cliff, three or four days. Woodbine on rocks begun to redden there. I start two green bitterns in different places amid the weeds by the shore. In Conant's meadow just behind Wheeler's, the smaller fringed orchis not quite reached by the mowers. It may have been out four or five days. It is a darker purple for being so exposed. None yet opening in the shade. *Aralia racemosa* at Spring a short time. The sarothra tomorrow. The late rose not *fairly* begun along the river, now when *lucida* is leaving off.

*July 18. Tuesday. 5 A. M.* — Up Turnpike.

A haymaking morning fog, through and above which the trees are glorious in the sun. The elm leaves appear to be drinking the moisture along the dusty, debauched highway; some of them yellowing. Whence these fogs and this increase of moisture in the air? The kingbird, song sparrows, and quail are lively. The centaurea, not yet. I think I have not heard a night-warbler for a fortnight. *Erigeron Canadensis*. *Erigeron strigosus* I must call the other.

P. M. — To Sam Barrett's by boat, and old Wheeler house.

A hot midsummer day with a sultry mistiness in the air and shadows on land and water beginning to have a peculiar distinctness and solidity. The river, smooth and still, with a deepened shade of the elms on it, like midnight suddenly revealed, its bed-curtains shoved aside, has a sultry languid look. The atmosphere now imparts a bluish or glaucous tinge to the distant

trees. A certain debauched look, as the highway in the morning. This a crisis in the season. After this the foliage of some trees is almost black at a distance. I do not know why the water should be so remarkably clear and the sun shine through to the bottom of the river, making it so plain. Methinks the air is not clearer nor the sun brighter, yet the bottom is unusually distinct and obvious in the sun. There seems to be no concealment for the fishes. On all sides, as I float along, the recesses of the water and the bottom are unusually revealed, and I see the fishes and weeds and shells. I look down into the sunny water. In midsummer, when its foliage is thickest and stems most concealed, the *Salix Purshiana* is most beautiful. Its leafy sails are now all set, concealing its spars, and it appears to float in light masses buoyantly on the water.

Methinks the asters and goldenrods begin, like the early ripening leaves, with midsummer heats. Now look out for these children of the sun, when already the fall of some of the very earliest spring flowers has commenced.

The Island is now dry and shows few flowers. Where I looked for early spring flowers I do not look for midsummer ones. Such places are now parched and withering. Blue vervain, apparently a day; one circle is open a little below the top. As I go along the Joe Smith road, I see some of the lower leaves of the white vervain turned a faint mulberry-color. Brooks has let out some of his pigeons, which stay about the stands or perch to bait others. Wild ones nest in his woods quite often. He begins to catch them the middle of August.

I found so many berries on that rocky road, between and about the careless farmers' houses and walls, that the soil seemed more fertile than where I live. Every bush and bramble bears its fruit; the sides of the road are a fruit garden; blackberries, huckleberries, thimbleberries, fresh and abundant, no signs of drought; all fruits in abundance; the earth teems. What are the virtues of the inhabitants that they are thus blessed? Do the rocks hold moisture, or are there no fingers to pluck them? I seem to have wandered into a land of greater fertility, some up-country Eden. Are not these the delectable hills? It is a land flowing with milk and honey. Great shining blackberries peep out at me from under the leaves upon the rocks. There the herbage never withers. There are abundant dews.

Now comes the dews and fogs to save the berries and the transplanted trees.

Elecampane will apparently open in two or three days; begins to show some yellow. Choke-cherry, though not dark.<sup>1</sup> By the elecampane and the Wheeler house, to my great surprise growing abundantly in the road, the *Monarda fistulosa*, apparently a week at least, — three or more feet high with a few heads containing a whorl of large, very showy crimson flowers, with crimsoned bracts in whorls beneath, with a balm or summer savory or sweet marjoram fragrance. These things out of the heavenward northwest. Perhaps it is Wood's variety *mollis*. It cannot be the *didyma*, for the corolla is not more than one and three eighths inches long.

<sup>1</sup> Say a week later; ate some black, August 8th.

Two common milkweeds I do not identify. First apparently *Asclepias Syriaca* of Linnæus and Bigelow; nectaries "with an oblique ridge on each side the fissure;" horns long with a slender point as high as the nectaries; leaves gradually acute. It appears to be *A. Cornuti* of Gray, but what does he mean by leaves "with a slight point"? Can he refer to the mucronate-leaved kind? Apparently *A. Cornuti* of Wood, but in his plate he gives the short, stout, recurved horn of the mucronate kind. *Vide* if the heads are spinous, as *A. Cornuti*.

Then there is a common [kind] with many thick, elliptical, short-petioled leaves (up railroad, June 25); mucronated; stout-stemmed. Is it *purpurascens* of Bigelow? It is not dark-purple. Not *purpurascens* of Gray, when he says that the pedicels are only about twice the length of the divisions of the corolla and that only the lower leaves are mucronate. Are the pods smooth? <sup>1</sup>

This side the sunflower house, against woods, in road, just beyond large pine, *Hedyotis longifolia*, a good while tufted, but without striæ in throat, many-flowered.

We have very few bass trees in Concord, but walk near them at this season and they will be betrayed, though several rods off, by the wonderful susurrus of the bees, etc., which their flowers attract. It is worth going a long way to hear. I was warned that I was passing one in two instances on the river, — the

<sup>1</sup> The pods have soft spinous projections, and it must be *A. Cornuti* of Gray (July 30th). The first kind, opposite the monarda, has no spinous projections.

only two I passed, — by this remarkable sound. At a little distance [it] is like the sound of a waterfall or of the cars; close at hand like a factory full of looms. They were chiefly humblebees, and the great globeose tree was all alive with them. I heard the murmur distinctly fifteen rods off. You will know if you pass within a few rods of a bass tree at this season in any part of the town, by this loud murmur, like a waterfall, which proceeds from it.

July 19. P. M. — To Beck Stow's and Walden.

Alisma, apparently a day or more. *Polygonum Carey* to-morrow. In Moore's Swamp I pluck cool, though not very sweet, large red raspberries in the shade, making themselves dense thickets. Wild holly berries, a day or two. The throttled sound of a cuckoo from out the shade of a grove. How lustily the poison-dogwood grows, — five feet from the ground this year and still growing, covered with a rich glaucous bloom! The more smothering, furnace-like heats are beginning, and the locust days. Crotalarias but few, apparently a day or two only. The tall, wand-like, large-leaved *Desmodium Canadense*, some days at least in the dry, rough sunflower field. Black choke-berry, several days. High blueberries scarce, but a few half an inch or more in diameter. Apparently a catbird's nest in a shrub oak, lined with root-fibres, with three green-blue eggs. *Erigeron annuus* perhaps fifteen rods or more beyond the Hawthorn Bridge on right hand, — a new plant, — probably last month. Thinner leaves than the *strigosus*. The white cotton-grass now

(and how long?) at Beck Stow's appears to be the *Eriophorum gracile* (?). I see no rusty ones. In the maple swamp at Hubbard's Close, the great cinnamon ferns are very handsome now in tufts, falling over in handsome curves on every side, — a rank undergrowth about three feet high, completely hiding the dead leaves. Some are a foot wide and raised up six feet long. Clintonia berries in a day or two. I am surprised to see at Walden a single *Aster patens* with a dozen flowers fully open a day or more. Smooth sumach berries. The anychia shows some small pods; probably flowered about July 1st. *Lechea minor* shows stamens.

A wood thrush to-night. Veery within two or three days.

July 20. A very hot day, a bathing day. Warm days about this.

P. M. — To Hubbard Bath.

That long, narrow sparganium, which is perhaps the smaller one, growing long in our river, stands thick, with the heart-leaf and potamogeton, in the middle in shallow places. Methinks there begins to be a bluish scum on the water at this season, somewhat stagnant-looking. This may be the oil which smooths it. The large potamogeton in midstream is ten feet long. There is an immense quantity of clams there in the middle where it is four feet deep. I dived and took up four large ones in one hand at the first grip. Now and for several days I have seen, on the leaves of the red and black oaks, minute caterpillars feeding, with

very small pearly, dewdrop-like ova near them partly hatched. Skunk-cabbage fruit some days; cut by the mowers.

A muttering thunder-cloud in northwest gradually rising and with its advanced guard hiding in the sun and now and then darting forked lightning. The wind rising ominously also drives me home again. At length down it comes upon the thirsty herbage, beating down the leaves with grateful, tender violence and *slightly* cooling the air; but all the thunder and lightning was in its van. How soon it swept over and we saw the flash in the southeast! Corn in blossom these days.

July 22. The hottest night, — the last.

It was almost impossible to pursue any work out-of-doors yesterday. There were but few men to be seen out. You were prompted often, if working in the sun, to step into the shade to avoid a sunstroke. At length a shower passing in the west slightly cooled the air. The domestic animals suffer much. Saw a dog which had crawled into a corner and was apparently dying of heat. Fogs almost every morning now. First *noticed* the dry scent of corn-fields a week ago.

Now clouds have begun to hang about all day, which do not promise rain, as it were the morning fogs elevated but little above the earth and floating through the air all day.

P. M. — To Assabet Bath.

Centaurea, one or two flowerets. There is a cool wind from east, which makes it cool walking that way while it is melting hot walking westward. Spear-leaved

thistle, apparently several days, some being withered. The larger pinweed, apparently a few days, probably same date with the *minor*; its lower leaves dull-red, those of *Lechea minor* equally red or brighter. Some *Amelanchier obovata* leaves a light dirty scarlet. Zi-



zania, a day, with a handsome light-green panicle a foot or more long, a long slender stem, and corn-like leaves frequently more than an inch wide. Diervilla leaves dull red and green. The large primrose lower leaves a clear dark red. The *Epilobium coloratum* lower leaves very dark red. *Gerardia flava*, apparently two or three days, Lupine Hillside up railroad, near fence. Also *Solidago odora*, a day or two, there, and what I will call *S. puberula* (?), to-morrow. *S. altissima* on railroad, a day or two. When the flower-buds of the boehmeria, just ready to open, are touched with a pin, the stamens spring out remarkably, scattering their pollen.

*July 23. Sunday. P. M. — To Walden via Hubbard's Grove and Fair Haven Hill.*

Carrot by railroad, some time; say ten days. *Eupatorium purpureum*. There is a peculiar light reflected from the shorn fields, as later in the fall, when rain and coolness have cleared the air. *Eupatorium pubescens*, to-morrow. The white orchis at same place, four or five days at least; spike one and three quarters by three inches. I see small flocks of song sparrows, etc., rustle along the walls and fences. *Lonicera Ciliata*, apparently several days, Corner causeway, right side.

Boehmeria there also. Since the 19th, have heard locusts oftener. *Aster acuminatus* at Radula Swamp, in a day or two. My three-leaved *Lysimachia stricta* (?) at Radula Swamp, common. *A. Radula* (?), a day. Saw yesterday on edge of Lee House Meadow a low blueberry (?) bush with large oblongish black berries and narrow leaves, with little or no bloom, conspicuous calyx, apparently between *Vaccinium vacillans* and *V. corymbosum*. Some elsewhere two and a half feet high. I also have seen on Fair Haven Hill-side, near west spring, a sort of larger *V. Pennsylvanicum* with oblong black berries and conspicuous calyx. *Lespedeza capitata*, Lupine Bank, a day. *Cerasus pumila* berries, some time. Hazel leaves in dry places have begun to turn yellow and brown. *Lespedeza violacea*, apparently several days. I see broods of partridges later than the others, now the size of the smallest chickens. Onoclea green fruit conspicuous. See a thunder-cloud coming up in northwest, but as I walk and wind in the woods, lose the points of compass and cannot tell whether it is travelling this way or not. At length the sun is obscured by its advance guard, but, as so often, the rain comes, leaving thunder and lightning behind.

*July 24.* The last four or five days it has been very hot and [we] have been threatened with thunder-showers every afternoon, which interfered with my long walk, though we had not much. Now, at 2 P. M., I hear again the loud thunder and see the dark cloud in the west. Some small and nearer clouds are float-

ing past, white against the dark-blue distant one. Burdock, probably 20th.

July 25. A decided rain-storm to-day and yesterday, such as we have not had certainly since May. Are we likely ever to have two days' rain in June and the first half of July? There is considerable wind too.

P. M. — To Bare Hill, Lincoln, *via* railroad.

High blackberries, a day or two. The middle umbel of the bristly aralia in some places, also a day or more. *Solidago bicolor*, to-morrow. I still see the cracks in the ground in old pastures, made last winter. The turtle dove dashes away with a slight note from midst of open pastures. *Diplopappus umbellatus* just beyond Baker Swamp, on right hand of road, probably about ten days; say July 15. I see some oak sprouts from the stump, six feet high. Some are now just started again after a pause, with small red leaves as in the spring. Clematis, apparently a day or two. *Hedyotis longifolia* on Bare Hill still. Decodon, not yet, but will apparently open in two or three days. The rain has saved the berries. They are plump and large. The long chestnut flowers have fallen and strew the road. *Arabis Canadensis*, sickle-pod, still in flower and with pods not quite two inches long. Pennyroyal, a day or two. Hear a wood thrush. *Desmodium nudiflorum*, a week at least. Have I not noticed it before? I now start some packs of partridges, old and young, going off together without mewing. Saw in woods a toad, dead-leaf color with black spots.

July 26. Wednesday. *Polygonum hydropiperoides* first obvious. Mikania, a day or two. Lilies open about 6 A. M. Methinks I have heard toads within a week. A white mildew on ground in woods this morning.

P. M. — To lime-kiln *via* rudbeckia.

Ate an early apple from one of my own trees. Amaranthus, apparently three or four days. The under sides of its lower leaves are of a rich pale lake-color. This appears to have nothing to do with their maturity, since very young and fresh ones are so. I see these in Hosmer's onion garden, where he is weeding, and am most attracted by the weeds.

One reason why the lately shorn fields shine so and reflect so much light is that a lighter-colored and tender grass, which has been shaded by the crop taken off, is now exposed, and also a light and fresh grass is springing up there. Yet I think it is not wholly on this account, but in a great measure owing to a clearer air after rains which have succeeded to misty weather. I am going over the hill through Ed. Hosmer's orchard, when I observe this light reflected from the shorn fields, contrasting affectingly with the dark smooth Assabet, reflecting the now dark shadows of the woods. The fields reflect light quite to the edge of the stream. The peculiarity of the stream is in a certain languid or stagnant smoothness of the water, and of the bordering woods in a dog-day density of shade reflected darkly in the water. Alternate cornel berries, a day or two.

To-day I see in various parts of the town the yellow butterflies in fleets in the road, on bare damp sand (not dung), twenty or more collected within a diam-

eter of five or six inches in many places. They are a greenish golden, sitting still near together, and apparently headed one way if the wind blows. At first, perhaps, you do not notice them, but, as you pass along, you disturb them, and the air is suddenly all alive with them fluttering over the road, and, when you are past, they soon settle down in a new place. How pretty these little greenish-golden spangles! Some are a very pale greenish yellow. The farmer is not aware how much beauty flutters about his wagon. I do not know what attracts them thus to sit near together, like a fleet in a haven; why they collect in groups. I see many small red ones elsewhere on the sericocarpus, etc., etc.

Rudbeckia, apparently three or four days at least; only the middle flower yet for most part. Rusty cotton-grass how long. Green grapes have for some days been ready to stew. *Diplopappus linariifolius*. *Aster dumosus*. Almost every bush now offers a wholesome and palatable diet to the wayfarer, — large and dense clusters of *Vaccinium vacillans*, largest in most moist ground, sprinkled with the red ones not ripe; great high blueberries, some nearly as big as cranberries, of an agreeable acid; huckleberries of various kinds, some shining black, some dull-black, some blue; and low blackberries of two or more varieties. The broods of birds just matured find thus plenty to eat. *Gymnadenia* [*sic*], maybe five or six days in swamp southeast of lime-kiln; one without any spurs. It is a windy day and hence worse [?] in respect to birds, like yesterday, yet almost constantly I hear borne on the wind from far, mingling with the sound of the wind, the z-ing of the

locust, scarcely like a distinct sound. *Vernonia*, begun in centre a day.

*July 28. Friday.* Clethra. Methinks the season culminated about the middle of this month, — that the year was of indefinite promise before, but that, after the first intense heats, we postponed the fulfillment of many of our hopes for this year, and, having as it were attained the ridge of the summer, commenced to descend the long slope toward winter, the afternoon and down-hill of the year. Last evening it was much cooler, and I heard a decided fall sound of crickets.

Partridges begin to go off in packs.

Lark still sings, and robin.

Small sparrows still heard.

Kingbird lively.

Veery and wood thrush (?) not very lately, nor oven-bird.

Red-eye and chewink common.

Night-warbler<sup>1</sup> and evergreen-forest note not lately.

Cherry-bird common.

Turtle dove seen.

*July 29. P. M.* — Berrying to Brooks Clark's.

Rich-weed, how long? *Amaranthus hypochondriacus*, apparently some days, with its interesting spotted leaf, lake beneath, and purple spike; amid the potatoes.

*July 30. Sunday.* To lygodium.

Cuscuta, not long. *Desmodium Canadense* is to be

<sup>1</sup> See forward.

found at Clamshell Hill oaks. I have found the new rudbeckia in five distinct and distant parts of the town this year, — beyond almshouse, Arethusa Meadow, Sam. Wheeler meadow, Abel Hosmer meadow, and J. Hosmer meadow. Also in last place, beyond ditch, the rusty cotton-grass is now common. *Cicuta bulbifera*, apparently a week or more. Is that goose-grass near yellow thistles? Opened one of the snapping turtle's eggs at Dugan Desert, laid June 7th. There is a little mud turtle squirming in it, apparently perfect in outline, shell and all, but all *soft* and of one consistency, — a bluish white, with a mass of yellowish yolk (?) attached. Perhaps it will be [a] month more before it is hatched. There are some of what I will call the clustered low blackberries on the sand just beyond the Dugan Desert. There are commonly a few larger grains in dense clusters on very short peduncles and flat on the sand, clammy with a cool subacid taste. Small rough sunflower, apparently two days.

I have seen a *few* new fungi within a week. The tobacco-pipes are still pushing up white amid the dry leaves, sometimes lifting a canopy of leaves with them four or five inches. *Bartonia*, apparently some days. Bunch-berries. Mountain sumach, apparently two or three days. *Nabalus albus*, apparently three or four days. *Mulgedium*, apparently four or five days.

Barn swallows still.

*July 31.* Blue-curls. Wood thrush still sings. *Desmodium rotundifolium*. *Lespedeza hirta*, say 26th, at Heywood Peak.