

IX

MAY, 1855

(ÆT. 37)

May 1. Rained some in the night; cloudy in the forenoon; clears up in the afternoon.

P. M. — By boat with Sophia to Conantum, a maying.

The water has gone down very fast and the grass has sprung up. There is a strong, fresh marsh scent wafted from the meadows, much like the salt marshes. We sail with a smart wind from the northeast, yet it is warm enough. Horse-mint is seen springing up, and for two or three days at the bottom of the river and on shore. At Hill Shore the *Anemone nemoralis* to-morrow. See none wide open. The myrtle-bird is one of the commonest and tamest birds now. It catches insects like a pewee, darting off from its perch and returning to it, and sings something like *a-chill chill, chill chill, chill chill, a-twear, twill twill twice*, or it may be all *tw* — not loud; a little like the *F. hyemalis*, or more like pine warbler. — rapid, and more and more intense as it advances. There is an unaccountable sweetness as of flowers in the air, — a true May-day. Raw and drizzling in the morning. The grackle still. What various brilliant and evanescent colors on the surface of this agitated water, now, as we are crossing Willow Bay, looking toward the half-con-

cealed sun, over the foam-spotted flood! It reminds me of the sea.

At Clamshell, the *Viola blanda*. I do not look for pollen. I find a clamshell five inches long (wanting one sixteenth) and more than two and a half inches broad and two inches thick. What that little dusky-colored lichen on the ground at Clamshell end ditch, with a sort of triangular green fruit? or marchantia? The maples of Potter's Swamp, seen now nearly half a mile off against the russet or reddish hillside, are a very dull scarlet, like Spanish brown, but one against a green pine wood is much brighter. *Thalictrum anemonoides* at Conant Cliff. Did not look for pollen.

Why have the white pines at a distance that silvery (dewy?) look around their edges or thin parts? Is it owing to the wind showing the under sides of the needles? Methinks you do not see it in the winter.

Went to Garfield's for the hawk of yesterday. It was nailed to the barn *in terrorem* and as a trophy. He gave it to me with an egg. He called it the female, and probably was right, it was so large. He tried in vain to shoot the male, which I saw circling about just out of gunshot and screaming, while he robbed the nest. He climbed the tree when I was there yesterday afternoon, the tallest white pine or other tree in its neighborhood, over a swamp, and found two young, which he thought not more than a fortnight old, — with only down, at least no feathers, — and one addled egg, also three or four white-bellied or deer mouse (*Mus leucopus*), a perch, and a sucker,¹

¹ I think these must have been dead fish they found.

and a gray rabbit's skin. He had seen squirrels, etc., in other nests. These fishes were now stale. I found the remains of a partridge under the tree. The reason I did not see my hawks at Well Meadow last year was that he found and broke up their nest there, containing five eggs.

The hawk measures exactly $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and 4 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in alar extent, and weighs $3\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. The ends of closed wings almost two inches short of end of tail. General color *above* of wings and back an olivaceous brown, thickly barred with waving lines of very dark brown, there being a much broader bar next to the tip of the secondaries and tertiaries; and the first five primaries are nearly black toward the ends. A little white appears, especially on the tertiaries. The wing-coverts and scapulars glossed with purple reflections. The twelve tail-feathers (which MacGillivray says is the number in all birds of prey, *i. e.* the *Falconinæ* and *Striginæ*) showing five and three quarters inches a clear brown red, or rather fox-color, above, with a narrow dark band within half an inch of the end, which is tipped with dirty white. A slight inclination to dusky bars near the end of one side feather. Lower tail-coverts for nearly an inch white, barred with fox-color. Head and neck a paler, inclining to ferruginous, brown. *Beneath*, breast and wing-linings brown and white, the feathers of first centred with large dark-brown hastate spots, and the wing-linings streaked with ferruginous. Wings white, barred with dusky. "Vent and femorals," as Nuttall says, "pale ochreous." Tail white, softened by the

superior color. I do not perceive that the abdomen is barred.

Bill very *blue* black, with a *short, stout* curved tip, — curving from the cere more than a quarter of a circle, extends not quite a quarter of an inch beyond the lower mandible, — and is proportionally stouter *at tip* than in any of *his Falconinæ*, judging from plates of heads; whole visible, including cere, $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches long, and 1 inch deep at base; cere yellowish-green.

Tarsus and toes very pale yellow; claws blue-black. As MacGillivray says of *Buteo*, claws flattened beneath, "that of the middle toe with an inner sharp edge." (He says, as I *gather*, that all the diurnal birds of prey of Great Britain, *i. e.* *Falconinæ*, have claws either flattened or concave beneath, except *Pandion*, the inner edge of the middle one being more or less sharp, but least so in *Circus*, or harrier.) Tarsus feathered in front one third the way down. The toes for length stand in this order, — the first (or hind), second, fourth, third, the first being the shortest; for stoutness thus, — one, two, three, four. Claws for stoutness follow the same order with the toes. Utmost spread of toes and claws $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. A considerable web between third and fourth toes.¹ Toes with papillæ not rigid beneath.

The wing extends nearly two feet from the body, and is $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide; from flexure is $15\frac{3}{4}$ inches. When fully expanded it has a rounded outline and a

¹ In this respect *Circus* and *Falco* much the same; *Aquila* and *Pernis* and *Milvus* have several short webs; *Haliaëtus*, *Pandion*, and *Accipiter* are free.

ragged appearance owing to the separation of the first five or six primaries, as I noticed the male bird while resting. The first primary short; they stand, first and eighth, seventh, sixth, second, fifth, third, fourth. The fifth and third are about the same length, and the fourth only a quarter of an inch longer than the third. As in the *Buteo vulgaris* of MacGillivray, found in Europe and in our north, the four first primaries "abruptly cut out on the inner web;" the second, third, fourth, and fifth, but *not* the first and sixth, "slightly so on the outer." There are ten primaries and there are fourteen secondaries. (MacGillivray says the primaries of the *Falconinæ* are ten, the secondaries from thirteen to eighteen.) The wing, I see, naturally opens at the primaries.

This is evidently very closely allied to the *Buteo vulgaris*, but apparently the wings are not so long compared with the tail, and there is a difference in the comparative length and stoutness of the toes; the feet of this are not "*bright yellow*," and the upper mandible is much stouter and more recurved at tip, judging from his plate of the head and his description. It is recurved as much as his osprey's.

The ear looked like a large round hole in the side of the head behind the eye.

The egg is a very dirty brownish white, with brown spots about the smaller end, though one end is about as large as the other. It is larger than a hen's egg, — $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches by 2.

MacGillivray describes the *Buteo*, as "body full, broad and muscular anteriorly;" "wings long, broad,

rounded, the third or fourth quill longest, the first very short." Of *Haliaëtus* he says, "wings very long, broad, rounded, the fourth and fifth quills longest;" *Aquila*, like last, omitting the "very;" *Pandion*, "wings very long, comparatively narrow, rounded, with thirty quills, the third primary longest, the second nearly equal, the fourth not much shorter, the first longer than the fifth;" *Falco*, "wings very long, pointed, the second quill longest, the first almost as long; primaries ten;" *Accipiter*, "wings long, much rounded; primary quills ten, fourth and fifth longest, first very short;" *Pernis*, "wings very long, broad, rounded, the third quill longest, the first about the length of the sixth;" *Milvus*, "wings extremely long, broad, and pointed, the fourth quill longest . . . first much shorter;" *Circus*, "wings long, much rounded; primary quills ten, the fourth and third longest, the first about equal to the seventh." These the genera of Great Britain.

Says of *Buteo*: "In form and plumage they are very intimately allied to the eagles and sea-eagles, as well as in the form of the bill, which is, however, shorter and less deep towards the end, and of the feet, which differ, notwithstanding, in being proportionally less robust, and in having the claws smaller. . . . Usually fly low, and with less rapidity than the falcons and hawks; sail in circles, like the eagles and some other species, and prey on heavy-flying birds, small quadrupeds, reptiles, and even insects." He says the *Buteo vulgaris* "greatly resembles the golden eagle in his mode of flying," so that he has mistaken them for it at a distance; that he "rarely gives chase to a bird on wing."

Neither he, in this case, nor Wilson nor Nuttall, in the case of the red-tail, speaks of their feeding on fishes.

MacGillivray says the *Falconinae* lay from two to five eggs, and their cries are "seldom heard except during the breeding season." "When the young have longitudinal spots on the breast, the old have them transverse."

I do not find much in MacGillivray about the breeding-season of the *Falconinae*. He says the white-tailed sea eagle (*Haliaeetus albicilla*) begins to prepare a nest some time in March, and the kestrel near the end of March, and the young of the golden eagle "are fledged about the end of July." Nuttall says the white-headed eagle begins to lay early in February, that with *Falco peregrinus* incubation "commences in winter, or very early in the spring," and that the osprey begins to lay early in May. This is all to the purpose about the season of incubation of hawks and eagles.

Early in spring I occasionally see hen-hawks perched about river, and approach quite near them, but never at any other time.

This hawk's flesh had a very disagreeable rank scent, as I was cutting it up, though fresh, — cutting off the wings, etc., etc.

I found the feathers of a partridge under the tree where the nest was.

What I have called the frog hawk is probably the male hen-harrier, Nuttall's *Circus cyaneus*, which he says is the same with the European. MacGillivray

refers to *C. Americanus* (?) and says the question of identity is undecided, and the large brown bird with white rump is the female.¹

(Probably my small brown hawk is the *Falco fuscus*, or sharp-shinned.)

MacGillivray says the harrier occasionally eats dead fish and also will catch a chicken, not a hen. *Sometimes* catches its prey in open flight. Will hunt on the same beat at the same hour, for many days, according to Jardine (MacGillivray says that the golden eagle "seeks for *live* prey at a small height over the surface"); sail in circles. "The male, after the first autumnal moult, acquires in a considerable degree the plumage of the adult." "The change of plumage is effected in the autumn of the year after it leaves the nest, and not in the same year." The female used to be regarded as a distinct species called the "Ring-tail. Country people name it Blue Kite, Blue Hawk, Ring-tail, Brown Kite, or Gled; and the Highlanders call it Breid-air-toin (rag-on-rump), on account of the white tail-coverts conspicuous in both sexes."

May 2. P. M. — By boat up Assabet.

Quince begins to leaf, and pear; perhaps some of last earlier. Aspen leaves of young trees — or twenty to twenty-five feet high — an inch long suddenly; say yesterday began; not till the 11th last year. Leafing, then, is differently affected by the season from flowering. The leafing is apparently comparatively earlier this year than the flowering. The young aspens

¹ Vide Wilson.

are the first of indigenous trees conspicuously leafed. Diervilla, say began to leaf with viburnums. *Ame-lanchier Botryopium* yesterday leafed. That small native willow now in flower, or say yesterday, just before leaf, — for the first seem to be bracts, — two to seven or eight feet high, very slender and curving. Apparently has three or four lanceolate toothed bracts at base of petioled catkin; male three quarters and female one inch long; scales black and silky-haired; ovary oblong-oval, stalked, downy, with a small yellowish gland not so long as its stalk. See leaf by and by. Saw many crow blackbirds day before yesterday. Vigorous look the little spots of triangular sedge (?) springing up on the river-banks, five or six inches high, yellowish below, glaucous and hoary atop, straight and rigid. Many clamshells have round brassy-colored spots as big as a fourpence. Found one opened by rats last winter, almost entirely the color of tarnished brass within. Open the Assabet spring. The anemone is well named, for see now the *nemorosa*, amid the fallen brush and leaves, trembling in the wind, so fragile. Hellebore seems a little later than the cabbage.

Was that a harrier seen at first skimming low then soaring and circling, with a broad whiteness on the wings beneath?

May 3. P. M. — To Assabet Bath.

Small pewee; *chevet*, with a jerk of the head. Hardhack leafed two or maybe three days in one place. Early pyrus leafed yesterday or day before, if I have not named it. The skull of a horse, — not a mare,

for I did not see the two small canine teeth in the upper jaw, nor in the under, — six molars on each side, above and below, and six incisors to each jaw. I first observed the stillness of birds, etc., at noon, with the increasing warmth, on the 23d of April. Sitting on the bank near the stone-heaps, I see large suckers rise to catch insects, — sometimes leap. A butterfly one inch in alar extent, dark velvety brown with slate-colored tips, on dry leaves. On the north of Groton Turnpike beyond Abel Hosmer's, three distinct terraces to river; first annually overflowed, say twenty-five or thirty rods wide, second seven or eight feet higher and forty or sixty wide, third forty feet higher still. Sweet-fern opened apparently yesterday. *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum* began to leaf yesterday. Young red maple leaf to-morrow; also some white birch, and perhaps sugar maple.

Humphrey Buttrick, one of eight who alone returned from Texas out of twenty-four, says he can find woodcock's eggs; now knows of several nests; has seen them setting with snow around them; and that Melvin has seen partridges' eggs some days ago. He has seen crows building this year. Found in a hen-hawk's nest once the legs of a cat. Has known of several goshawks' nests (or what he calls some kind of eagle; Garfield called it the Cape eagle); one in a shrub oak, with eggs. Last year his dog caught seven black ducks so far grown that he got sixty cents a pair for them; takes a pretty active dog to catch such. He frequently finds or hears of them. Knew of a nest this year. Also finds wood ducks' nests. Has very often seen par-

tridges drum close to him. Has watched one for an hour. They strike the body with their wings. He shot a white-headed eagle from Carlisle Bridge. It fell in the water, and his dog was glad to let it alone. He suggested that my fish hawks found pouts in holes made by ice.

May 4. A robin sings when I, in the house, cannot distinguish the earliest dawning from the full moonlight. His song first advertises me of the daybreak, when I thought it was night, as I lay looking out into the full moonlight. I heard a robin begin his strain, and yielded the point to him, believing that he was better acquainted with the springs of the day than I, — with the signs of day.

5 A. M. — To Hill.

Many red-wings and grackles feeding together on meadows. They still fly in flocks. Some dark-ash; are they female grackles? Hear a brown thrasher. Yellow lily pads are just beginning to show themselves on the surface, the first noticeable on the water. All kinds of young maples, and some limbs of large white, begin to leaf. Red maple blossoms begin to cover ground. *Ostrya* will leaf to-morrow. The second amelanchier, sweet-fern, and early thorn begin to leaf to-day. Small white-barked shrub (*andromeda*?) on Island Neck begins to leaf to-morrow.¹ I think I hear a warbling vireo.²

Birds. Still see three or four crows together, though some at least are building. Jays do not scream as

¹ Or say 7th, and then slow.

² Certainly the 10th.

early. Chickadee, spring notes still. Partridges setting. Have noticed no ducks for some days. All the *black* blackbirds as plenty as ever, and in flocks. Have not noticed robins in flocks for two or three days. See no gulls, nor *F. hyemalis*¹ nor tree sparrows now. Red-tail hawk young fourteen days old. Snipes feeding in numbers on the 29th April. Yellow redpolls in numbers May 1st. Woodcocks setting. Purple finch sings steadily. Myrtle-birds numerous, and sing their *tea lee, tea lee* in morning. White-throated sparrows here, and numerous. No goldfinches for long time. The water is now generally off the meadows.

P. M. — To beeches.

In cut woods a small thrush, with crown inclining to rufous, tail foxy, and edges of wings dark-ash; clear white beneath. I think the golden-crowned? See more white-throated sparrows than any other bird to-day in various parts of our walk, generally feeding in numbers on the ground in open dry fields and meadows next to woods, then flitting through the woods. Hear only that sharp, lisping *chip* (?) from them. A partridge's grayish tail-feather, with a subterminal dark band. Several larger thrushes on low limbs and on ground, with a dark eye (not the white around it of the wood thrush) and, I think, the nankeen spot on the secondaries. A hermit thrush?

Sitting in Abel Brooks's Hollow, see a small hawk go over high in the air, with a long tail and distinct from wings. It advanced by a sort of limping flight yet

¹ Think I saw one to-day.

rapidly, not circling nor tacking, but flapping briskly at intervals and then gliding straight ahead with rapidity, controlling itself with its tail. It seemed to be going a journey. Was it not the sharp-shinned, or *Falco fuscus*? I think that what I have called the sparrow hawk falsely, and latterly pigeon hawk, is also the sharp-shinned (*vide* April 26th and May 8th, 1854, and April 16th, 1855),¹ for the pigeon hawk's tail is white-barred.

Found a black snake's skeleton. Remarkd the globular protuberance on which the vertebræ revolve, and the four (?) sharp, recurved teeth in the lower jaw.

Red cherry not *generally* leafing before yesterday. Sand cherry yesterday leafed. See where a skunk has probed last night, and large black dung with apparently large ants' heads and earth or sand and stubble or insects' wings in it; probably had been probing a large ants' hill. Was that a  cerasus or prunus on Pine Hill, thus from  wood-pile? AB two rods west. The beech  leaf-buds are very handsome reddish-brown now, some nearly an inch and a half long and very slender, not more than a sixth of an inch in diameter and regularly swelling from each end; will open, apparently, in three or four days. The blossom-buds are still larger; may bloom in eight days. Potentilla out.

What that plant in Baker's Pool, with sessile spatulate leaves toothed at end, now four or five inches high?

Noticed a perfectly regular circular concavity in

¹ And July, 1858.

a sandy soil in a hollow in birch woods, where apparently a partridge had dusted herself.

Yesterday a great many spotted and wood tortoises in the Sam Wheeler birch-fence meadow pool, which dries up. One of the former gradually settled itself into the sod by turning round and round and scratching with its claws.

A shower.

May 5. P. M. — To Beck Stow's.

Cold weather for several days. Canada plum and cultivated cherry and Missouri currant look as if they would bloom to-morrow. The sugar maples on the Common have just begun to show their stamens peeping out of the bud, but that by Dr. Barrett's has them an inch and a half long or more.

The trees and shrubs which I observe to make a show now with their green, without regard to the time when they began, are (to put them in the order of their intensity and generalness): —

- Gooseberry, both kinds
- Raspberry
- Meadow-sweet
- Choke-cherry *shoots*
- Some young trembles
- Very young apples
- Red currant, and probably black
- Pyrus, probably *arbutifolia*
- Young black cherry
- Thimble-berry
- Probably wild red cherry in *some* places
- Salix alba* with bracts (?)
- Some small native willows

Cultivated cherry

Some mountain-ash (*i. e.* European)

Some horse-chestnut

Excepting the *S. alba*, I am inclined to stop with the *Pyrus arbutifolia*.

The *Andromeda Polifolia* will apparently open about the 10th. High blueberry began to leaf in some places yesterday. Larch began to leaf, say when it opened, the 28th of April, but not noticeably till to-day. I find one bundle with needles a quarter of an inch long and spreading.

The small andromeda has lost its reddish leaves, probably about the time it blossomed, and I can neither get the red cathedral-window light looking toward the now westering sun in a most favorable position, nor the gray colors in the other direction, but it is all a grayish green. But the patches of cranberry in the swamp, seen at some distance toward the sun, are a beautiful crimson, which travels with you, keeping between you and the sun, like some rare plant in bloom there densely. I could not believe it was cranberry.

Looking over my book, I found I had done my errands, and said to myself I would find a crow's nest. (I had heard a crow scold at a passing hawk a quarter of an hour before.) I had hardly taken this resolution when, looking up, I saw a crow wending his way across an interval in the woods towards the highest pines in the swamp, on which he alighted. I directed my steps to them and was soon greeted with an angry *caw*, and, within five minutes from my resolve, I detected a new nest close to the top of the tallest white pine in the swamp.

A crow circled cawing about it within gunshot, then over me surveying, and, perching on an oak directly over my head within thirty-five feet, cawed angrily. But suddenly, as if having taken a new resolution, it flitted away, and was joined by its mate and two more, and they went off silently a quarter of a mile or more and lit in a pasture, as if they had nothing to concern them in the wood.

May 6. The young sugar maples leafing are more conspicuous now than any maples. Black oak buds are large and silvery. Peach leafed yesterday.

P. M. — To epigæa.

Salix alba opened yesterday. Gilead not leafing yet, but perhaps to-morrow? A robin's nest with two eggs, betrayed by peeping. On the 30th of April a phœbe flew out from under the arched bridge; probably building.

Saw again a slender vireo-like bird (seen yesterday, near R. Brown's); head somewhat crested behind; made me think of small pewee, — catches insects somewhat like it. *As I remember*, maybe ashy-white beneath, dusky-olive above, with two whitish bars on wings and dusky tail. Can it be the solitary vireo? *Equisetum sylvaticum*, probably yesterday or day before. Strawberry. That low sedge-like plant under Clamshell very common, with brownish, somewhat umbelled spikes, probably *Luzula campestris* (?), one of the wood rushes. *Viola lanceolata*, yesterday at least. High blackberry has begun to leaf; say two days. Hear near Second Division the *er er twe*,

ter ter twe, evergreen-forest note. Bright-yellow head and shoulders and beneath, and dark legs and bill-catching insects along base of pitch pine plumes, some, what creeper-like; very active and restless, darting from tree to tree; darted at and drove off a chickadee. I find I have thus described its colors last year at various times, *viz.*: black throat, this often with dark and light beneath; again, black streak from eyes, slate-colored back (?), forked tail, white beneath (?); another bird with yellow throat near by, perhaps female; again, June 17, black wings with white bars (?). Is it black-throated green, or Latham's yellow-fronted, or the golden-winged warbler? From Wilson I should think it the last, which he thinks the same with Pennant and Latham's yellow-front.

The small juncus at Second Division shows a field of dark green with reddish top, the flower just beginning to peep out; this the earliest plant of this kind to make a show; more than a foot high. *Epigæa* in full bloom.

Myrtle-birds very numerous just beyond Second Division. They sing like an instrument, *tee tee te, ttt, ttt*, on very various keys, *i. e.* high or low, sometimes beginning like *phe-be*. As I sat by roadside one drew near, perched within ten feet, and dived once or twice with a curve to catch the little black flies about my head, coming once within three feet, not minding me much. I could not tell at first what attracted it toward me. It saw them from twenty-five feet off. There was a little swarm of small flies, regularly fly-like with large shoulders, about my head. Many white-throated sparrows there.

Road full of cattle going up country.

Heard at a distance a ruby(?)-crowned wren, so robin-like and spirited. After saw one within ten or fifteen feet. Dark bill and legs, apparently dark olivaceous ashy head, a *little* whitish before and behind the full black eyes, ash breast, olive-yellow on primaries, with a white bar, dark tail and ends of wings, white belly and vent. Did not notice vermilion spot on hindhead. It darted off from apple tree for insects like a pewee, and returned to within ten feet of me as if curious. I think this the only *Regulus* I have ever seen.

Near Jenny Dugan's, perceive that unaccountable fugacious fragrance, as of all flowers, bursting forth in air, not near a meadow, which perhaps I first perceived on May 1st. It is the general fragrance of the year. I am almost afraid I shall trace it to some particular plant. It surpasses all particular fragrances. I am not sitting near any flower that I can perceive.

Two or three rods this side of John Hosmer's pitch pines, beyond Clamshell, some white *Viola ovata*, some with a faint bluish tinge.

A beautiful sunset, the sun behind a gilt-edged cloud, with a clear bright crimson space beneath.

May 7. 5 A. M. — To Island.

Finger-cold and windy. The sweet-flags showed themselves about in the pads. Hear Maryland yellow-throat. Many grackles still in flocks singing on trees, male and female, the latter a very dark or black ash, but with silvery eye. I suspect the red-wings are

building. Large white maples began to leaf yesterday at least, generally; one now shows considerably across the river. The aspen is earlier. *Viburnum dentatum* yesterday leafed. Bass to-morrow (some shoots sheltered now).

A crow's nest near the top of a pitch pine about twenty feet high, just completed, betrayed by the birds' cawing and alarm.¹ As on the 5th, one came and sat on a bare oak within forty feet, cawed, reconnoitred; and then both flew off to a distance, while I discovered and climbed to the nest within a dozen rods. One comes near to spy you first. It was about sixteen inches over, of the pitch pine dead twigs laid across the forks, and white oak leaves and bark fibres laid copiously on them; the cavity deep, and more than half covered and concealed with a roof of leaves; a long, sloping approach or declivity left on one side the nest.

Red currant out.

P. M. — To Lee's Cliff *via* Hubbard's Bath.

Viola cucullata apparently a day or two. A lady-bug and humblebee, the last probably some time. A lily wholly above water, and yellow, in Skull-Cap Meadow, ready to open.² See *Rana fontinalis*.

Climbed to two crows' nests, — or maybe one of them a squirrel's, — in Hubbard's Grove. Do they not sometimes use a squirrel's nest for a foundation? A ruby-crested wren is apparently attracted and eyes me. It is wrenching and fatiguing, as well as dirty,

¹ A mistake.

² On the 12th I observed it sunk beneath the water.

work to climb a tall pine with nothing, or maybe only dead twigs and stubs, to hold by. You must proceed with great deliberation and see well where you put your hands and your feet. Saw probably a female *Falco fuscus* sail swift and low close by me and alight on a rail fence. It was a rich, very dark, perhaps reddish slate brown. I saw some white under the head; no white on rump. Wings thickly barred with dark beneath. It then flew and alighted on a maple. Did not fly so irregularly as the last one I called by this name. The early willow on the left beyond the bridge has begun to leaf, but by no means yet the one on the right. Scared up two gray squirrels in the Holden wood, which ran glibly up the tallest trees on the opposite side to me, and leaped across from the extremity of the branches to the next trees, and so on very fast ahead of me. Remembering — aye, aching with — my experience in climbing trees this afternoon and morning, I could not but admire their exploits. To see them travelling with so much swiftness and ease that road over which I climbed a few feet with such painful exertion!

A partridge flew up from within three or four feet of me with a loud whir, and betrayed one cream-colored egg in a little hollow amid the leaves. Hear the tweezer-bird. It looks like a bluish slate above, with a greenish(?)—yellow back and bright orange-yellow throat and breast, forked tail, two white bars on wings, whitish vent. Another, probably female, paler bluish, with fainter yellow and a conspicuous black crescent on breast. This is undoubtedly the parti-colored warbler,

i. e. Brewer's blue yellow-back (*Sylvia Americana* of Latham and Audubon, *pusilla* of Wilson). *Vide* June 18th, 1854 and May 9th, 1853. I believe the yellow-rumped warbler has a note somewhat like the tweezer's.

Climbed a hemlock to a very large and complete, probably gray squirrel's, nest, eighteen inches [in] diameter, — a foundation of twigs, on which a body of leaves and some bark fibres, lined with the last, and the whole covered with many fresh green hemlock twigs one foot or more long with the leaves on, — which had been gnawed off, — and many strewed the ground beneath, having fallen off. Entrance one side.

A short distance beyond this and the hawk's-nest pine, I observed a middling-sized red oak standing a little aslant on the side-hill over the swamp, with a pretty large hole in one side about fifteen feet from the ground, where apparently a limb on which a felled tree lodged had been cut some years before and so broke out a cavity. I thought that such a hole was too good a one not to be improved by some inhabitant of the wood. Perhaps the gray squirrels I had just seen had their nest there. Or was not the entrance big enough to admit a screech owl? So I thought I would tap on it and put my ear to the trunk and see if I could hear anything stirring within it, but I heard nothing. Then I concluded to look into it. So I shinned up, and when I reached up one hand to the hole to pull myself up by it, the thought passed through my mind perhaps something may take hold my fingers, but nothing did. The first limb was nearly opposite to the hole, and, resting on this, I looked in, and, to my great surprise,

there squatted, filling the hole, which was about six inches deep and five to six wide, a salmon-brown bird not so big as a partridge, seemingly asleep within three inches of the top and close to my face. It was a minute or two before I made it out to be an owl. It was a salmon-brown or fawn (?) above, the feathers shafted with small blackish-brown somewhat hastate (?) marks, *grayish* toward the ends of the wings and tail, as far as I could see. A large white circular space about or behind eye, banded in rear by a pretty broad (one third of an inch) and quite conspicuous perpendicular *dark*-brown stripe. Egret, say one and a quarter inches long, sharp, triangular, reddish-brown without mainly. It lay crowded in that small space, with its tail somewhat bent up and one side of its head turned up with one egret, and its large dark eye open only by a long slit about a sixteenth of an inch wide; visible breathing. After a little while I put in one hand and stroked it repeatedly, whereupon it reclined its head a little lower and closed its eye entirely. Though curious to know what was under it, I disturbed it no farther at that time.

In the meanwhile, the crows were making a great cawing amid and over the pine-tops beyond the swamp, and at intervals I heard the scream of a hawk, probably the surviving male hen-hawk, whom they were pestering (unless they had discovered the male screech owl), and a part of them came cawing about me. This was a very fit place for hawks and owls to dwell in, — the thick woods just over a white spruce swamp, in which the glaucous kalmia grows; the gray squirrels,

partridges, hawks, and owls, all together. It was probably these screech owls which I heard in moonlight nights hereabouts last fall. *Vide* end of this day.

Birch leaves to-day; probably some yesterday, with white maple. The Conantum thorn (cockspur?) leaves with earliest. That little red-stemmed (?) moss has now yellow-green oval fruit hanging densely in the sod. Sweet-briar shoots two inches long; this one of the earlier roses to leaf. Put it with early rose. The *Rubus triflorus* up two inches or more. Put it next after raspberry for present.

Polygonatum pubescens at Lee's, in three or four days. *Amelanchier Botryaphum* on rocks, partly open; will probably shed pollen to-morrow. The long, narrow unfolded flower-buds, *rose-pink* without, are very pretty with the dark-*purplish* leaves, — prettier than the open ones, — like little cigarettes, to compare fair with foul. The dark-purple fruit-like fascicles of the staminate flowers of the ash on the rocks are now very remarkable, about the size of pignuts, and looking somewhat like them against the sky on the perfectly bare tree, or like dry alder scales or cones; will shed pollen in a day or two. Oftener one *pedicelled* anther and stamen than two together in the very minute



calyx. — if it is one. Young bass from seed an inch high, the two leaves remarkably cut.

Returning by owl's nest, about one hour before sunset, I climbed up and looked in again. The owl was gone, but there were four nearly round *dirty brownish white*¹ eggs, quite warm, on nothing but the

¹ MacGillivray describes no eggs of this color, — only white, —

bits of rotten wood which made the bottom of the hole. The eggs were very nearly as large at one end as the other, slightly oblong, $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches by $1\frac{2}{8}$, as nearly as I could measure. I took out one. It would probably have hatched within a week, the young being considerably feathered and the bill remarkably developed. Perhaps she heard me coming, and so left the nest. My bird corresponds in color, as far as I saw it, with Wilson's *Strix asio*, but not his *navia*, which Nuttall and others consider a young (?) bird, though the egg was not pure white. I do not remember that my bird was barred or mottled at all.¹

Nuttall says, Little Screech-Owl: Greenland to Florida; chiefly prey on mice; also small birds, beetles, crickets, etc.; nest in May and June, and lined with etc., etc., eggs four to six; several bluebirds, black-birds, and song sparrows in one. In cloudy weather come out earlier. Wilson's thrush attacked one. Note in autumn, "hō, hō hō hō hō hō hō, proceeding from high and clear to a low guttural shake or trill."

Was not that an owl's feather which I found half a mile beyond, downy more than half, and with base and separate white *points* beyond a dark band at the end?

Was not mine a bird of last year? But MacGillivray says of owls that the young differ very little from the old; "the older the individual becomes, the more simple is the colouring; the dark markings diminish

and the same with Nuttall, except the great gray owl. [Screech owl's eggs, when clean, are always white.]

¹ *Vide* the 12th.

in extent, and the finer mottlings are gradually obliterated." *Rhus Toxicodendron* under rocks leaf.

May 8. 5 A. M. — To Gilead.¹

Still finger-cold. Think I saw bank swallows.²

At noon begins a cold, drizzling rain, which continues at intervals through the next day. A cold May storm, wind easterly. Grackle here still. Cultivated cherry opened flower yesterday. The rock maples (such sized as we *generally* have) come on faster and show more now than the red.

May 9. P. M. — To Annursnack.

The black currant will not bloom for five or six days. A *large* red maple just begun to leaf — its keys an inch and a half long — by Assabet Bridge. Castilleja show red, — *one*, — but will not bloom under a week probably. The same of crigeron. *Cornus alternifolia* and *paniculata* begin to leaf. Scared up three quails in the stubble in G. M. Barrett's orchard. They go off partridge-like from within two rods, with a sharp, whistling whir. Heard, methinks, a white-throated sparrow (?) sing very much like the beginning of a catbird's song. Could see no other bird. Thought it a catbird at first. See several of these sparrows yet.

May 10. Canada plum opens petals to-day and leaf. Domestic plum only leaf. Summer yellowbird.

P. M. — To Becches.

¹ Began to leaf yesterday.

² Not at all certain.

Young red maples are *generally* later to leaf than young sugar maples; hardly began before yesterday; and large white are not so forward as young sugar. Muhlenberg's willow leafed four or five days. Young yellow birch leaf, say two days. In Callitriche Pool hear a bullfrog belch or dump. Is that a proserpinaca with finely divided leaves in this pool? Hear a tree-toad, — or, maybe, a woodpecker tapping. A juncus in Hubbard's Close two feet high and big as a crow's quill. Round-leafed cornel leaf to-morrow; also pig-nut leaf to-day in some places. The beech leaf-buds are more back[ward], apparently, than chestnut, but some leaves are expanding with the flower-buds, which are now opened so as to show the separate buds. *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum*, early blueberry, in bloom; probably may shed pollen. A yellow redpoll still.

May 11. A. M. — To Island.

Only the lower limbs of bass begin to leaf yet, — yesterday. A crow blackbird's nest, about eight feet up a white maple over water, — a large, loose nest without, some eight inches high, between a small twig and main trunk, composed of coarse bark shreds and dried last year's grass, without mud; within deep and size of robin's nest; with four pale-green eggs, streaked and blotched with black and brown. Took one. Young bird not begun to form. Hear and see yellow-throat vireo. See oat-seed spawn — a mass as big as fist — on bottom; of brown jelly composed of smaller globules, each with a fish-like tadpole, color of a seed.

P. M. — To *Andromeda Polifolia*.

Some young elms begin to leaf. Butternut leaves apparently to-morrow. Larger rock maples not yet begun to leaf, — later considerably than large white maples, and somewhat than large red. Apparently andromeda will not open before the 15th or 16th, and the buck-bean, now just budded above the water, not before the 20th. *Juniperus repens* will not open, apparently, before the 14th or 15th. Canoe birch just sheds pollen. Very handsome drooping golden catkins, sometimes two or three together, some five and a quarter inches long. The leaves of some young sprouts already three-quarters inch over, but of the trees not started. The second amelanchier just sheds pollen, in a swamp.

I trod on a large black snake, which, as soon as I stepped again, went off swiftly down the hill toward the swamp, with head erect like a racer. Looking closely, I found another left behind, partly concealed by the dry leaves. They were lying amid the leaves in this open wood east of Beck Stow's, amid the sweet-fern and huckleberry bushes. The remaining one ran out its tongue at me, and vibrated its tail swiftly, making quite a noise on the leaves: then darted forward, passed round an oak, and *whipped* itself straight down into a hole at its base one and a half inches over. After its head had entered, its tail was not long in following.

You can hardly walk in a thick pine wood now, especially a swamp, but presently you will have a crow or two over your head, either silently flitting over, to spy what you would be at and if its nest is in danger,

or angrily cawing. It is most impressive when, looking for their nests, you first detect the presence of the bird by its shadow.

Was not that a bay-wing which I heard sing, — *ah, twar twe twar, twit twit twit twit, twe?* *Viola pedata* sheds pollen,¹ — the first I have chanced to see.

I hear some kind of owl partially hooting now at 4 P. M., I know not whether far off or near.

May 12. Cold enough for a fire this many a day.

6 A. M. — To Hill.

I hear the myrtle-bird's² *te-e-e, te-e-e, t t t, t t t*, clear flute-like whistle, and see eight or ten crow blackbirds together.

P. M. — To Lee's Cliff.

C. says he saw upland plover two or three nights ago. The sweet-gale begins to leaf. I perceive the fragrance of the *Salix alba*, now in bloom, more than an eighth of a mile distant. They now adorn the causeways with their yellow blossoms and resound with the hum of bumblebees, etc., etc. I have found half a dozen robins' nests with eggs already, — one in an elm, two in a *Salix alba*, one in a *Salix nigra*, one in a pitch pine, etc., etc. I find the partridge-nest of the 7th partially covered with dry oak leaves, and two more eggs only, three in all, cold. Probably the bird is killed.

As I approached the owl's nest, I saw her run past the hole up into that part of the hollow above it, and

¹ A great many out on the 13th. ² White-throat sparrow's.

probably she was there when I thought she had flown on the 7th. I looked in, and at first did not know what I saw. One of the three remaining eggs was hatched, and a little downy *white* young one, two or three times as long as an egg, lay helpless between the two remaining eggs. Also a dead white-bellied mouse (*Mus leucopus*) lay with them, its tail curled round one of the eggs. Wilson says of his red owl (*Strix asio*), — with which this apparently corresponds, and not with the mottled, though my egg is not "pure white," — that "the young are at first covered with a whitish down." *Heard* an oven-bird.

Passing on into the Miles meadow, was struck by the interesting tender green of the just springing foliage of the aspens, apples, cherries (more reddish), etc. It is now especially interesting while you can see through it, and also the tender yellowish-green grass shooting up in the bare river meadows and prevailing over the dark and sere.

Watched a black and white creeper from Bittern Cliff, a very neat and active bird, exploring the limbs on all sides and looking three or four ways almost at once for insects. Now and then it raises its head a *little*, opens its bill, and, without closing it, utters its faint *seeser seeser seeser*.

From beyond the orchard saw a large bird far over the Cliff Hill, which, with my glass, I soon made out to be a fish hawk advancing. Even at that distance, half a mile off, I distinguished its gull-like body, — pirate-like fishing body fit to dive, — and that its wings did not curve upward at the ends like a hen-hawk's

(at least I could not see that they did), but rather hung down. It came on steadily, bent on fishing, with long and *heavy* undulating wings, with an easy, sauntering flight, over the river to the pond, and hovered over Pleasant Meadow a long time, hovering from time to time in one spot, when more than a hundred feet high, then making a very short circle or two and hovering again, then sauntering off against the wood-side. At length he reappeared, passed downward over the shrub oak plain and alighted on an oak (of course now bare), standing this time apparently lengthwise on the limb. Soon took to wing again and went to fishing down the stream a hundred feet high. When just below Bittern Cliff, I observed by its motions that it observed something. It made a broad circle of observation in its course, lowering itself somewhat; then, by one or two steep sidewise flights, it reached the water, and, as near as intervening trees would let me see, skimmed over it and endeavored to clutch its prey in passing. It failed the first time, but probably succeeded the second. Then it leisurely winged its way to a tall bare tree on the east end of the Cliffs, and there we left it apparently pluming itself. It had a very white belly, and indeed appeared all white beneath its body. I saw broad black lines between the white crown and throat.

The brown thrasher is a powerful singer; he is a quarter of a mile off across the river, when he sounded within fifteen rods. Hear the night-warbler.

Slippery elm leaf more forward than the common; say yesterday; only young common yet. White ash

begins to shed pollen at Lee's; yesterday, or possibly day before, but no leaves on the same. Hear the first creak of a cricket beneath the rocks there, so serene and composing. Methinks it surpasses the song of all birds; sings from everlasting to everlasting. Apparently a thousand little slender catchflies shooting up on the top of the cliff. The red oak there leafed a day or two, or one day earlier than hickory, and the black near it not yet. *Rhus radicans* leafed there a day or two. See one white-throat sparrow still.

The hearing of the cricket whets my eyes. I see one or two long lighter and smoother streaks across the rippled pond from west to east, which preserve their form remarkably, only are bent somewhat at last. The zephyr does not strike the surface from over the broad button-bush row till after a rod or so, leaving a perfectly smooth border, with a fine, irregular shaded edge where the rippling begins. I now begin to distinguish where at a distance the *Amelanchier Botryapium*, with its white against the russet, is waving in the wind.

Under Lee's Cliff, about one rod east of the ash, am surprised to find some pale-yellow columbines, — not a tinge of scarlet, — the leaves and stem also not purplish, but a yellowish and light green, with leaves differently shaped from the common, the parts, both flower and leaves, more slender, and the leaves not so flat, but inclining to fold. One flower of the *Polygonatum pubescens* open there; probably may shed pollen to-morrow.

Returning over Conantum, I directed my glass

toward the dead tree on Cliffs, and was surprised to see the fish hawk still sitting there, about an hour after he first alighted; and now I found that he was eating a fish, which he had under his feet on the limb and ate as I have already described. At this distance his whole head looked white with his breast.

Just before sundown, took our seats before the owl's nest and sat perfectly still and awaited her appearance. We sat about half an hour, and it was surprising what various distinct sounds we heard there deep in the wood, as if the aisles of the wood were so many ear-trumpets, — the cawing of crows, the peeping of hylas in the swamp and perhaps the croaking of a tree-toad, the oven-bird, the *yorrick* of Wilson's thrush, a distant stake-driver, the night-warbler and black and white creeper, the lowing of cows, the late supper horn, the voices of boys, the singing of girls, — not all together but separately, distinctly, and musically, from where the partridge and the red-tailed hawk and the screech owl sit on their nests.

May 13. P. M. — Down river and to Yellow Birch Swamp.

Yesterday was the first warm day for a week or two, and to-day it is much warmer still and hazy — as much like summer as it can be without the trees being generally leafed. I saw a *Fringilla hyemalis* this morning and heard the golden robin, now that the elms are beginning to leaf, also the myrtle-bird's *tealee*. The earliest gooseberry in garden has opened.

As we float down the river through the still and hazy

air, enjoying the June-like warmth, see the first king-birds on the bare black willows with their broad white breasts and white-tipped tails; and the sound of the first bobolink was floated to us from over the meadows; now that the meadows are lit by the tender yellow green of the willows and the silvery-green fruit of the elms. I heard from a *female* red-wing that peculiar rich screwing warble — not *o gurgle ee* — made with *r*, not with *l*. The whole air too is filled with the ring of toads louder than heretofore. Some men are already fishing, indistinctly seen through the haze. Under the hop-horn-beam below the monument, observed a large pellet, apparently dropped by some bird of prey, consisting of mouse-hair, with an oat or two in it undigested, which probably the mouse had swallowed. This reminded me that I had read this kind of birds digested the flesh of the animals they swallowed, but not the vegetable food in the stomachs of the latter. The air is filled with the song of birds, — warbling vireo, gold robin, yellowbirds, and occasionally the bobolink. The gold robin, just come, is heard in all parts of the village. I see both male and female. It is a remarkable difference between this day and yesterday, that yesterday this and the bobolink were not heard and now the former, at least, is so musical and omnipresent. Even see boys a-bathing, though they must find it cold. I saw yesterday some of that common orange rust-like fungus already on a *Potentilla simplex* leaf. Hear the first catbird, more clear and tinkling than the thrasher. Left the boat below N. Barrett's and walked inland. Saw several handsome red-winged grass-

hoppers in different parts of our walk; but though we saw where they alighted, yet several times we could not find them in the grass for all that. The bayberry apparently will not open under a week. There are now a great many *Viola pedata*. The brook in Yellow Birch Swamp is very handsome now — broad and full, with the light-green hellebore eighteen inches high and the small two-leaved Solomon's-seal about it, in the open wood. Only a part of the yellow birches are leafing, but not yet generally the large ones. I notice no catkins. One white birch sheds pollen. The white birches on the side of Ponkawtasset are beginning to show faint streaks of yellowish green here and there.

A cooler and stronger wind from the east by mid-afternoon.

The large bass trees now begin to leaf.

Now, about two hours before sunset, the brown thrashers are particularly musical. One seems to be contending in song with another. The chewink's strain sounds quite humble in comparison.

At 9.30 P. M. I hear from our gate my night-warbler. Never heard it in the village before.

I doubt if we shall at any season hear more birds singing than now.¹

Saw an amelanchier with downy leaf (apparently *oblongifolia*) on the southeast edge of Yellow Birch Swamp, about eighteen feet high and five or six inches in diameter, — a clump of them about as big as an apple tree.

¹ [This sentence is queried in the margin.]

May 14. Our peaches begin to bloom; others probably earlier. Domestic plums open; some *maybe* yesterday. Missouri currant open yesterday or day before. One apple on a roof open. The beech blossom in house opens; say to-morrow in woods, and probably will leaf generally by the next day. Second gooseberry in garden open. White ash begins to leaf; and waxwork. Clethra leafed. High blueberry open by Hubbard's Bath. Black scrub oak leafed, and chinquapin. Red choke-berry leafed, *say* two days later than black.

P. M. — To Cliffs *via* Hubbard's Bath.

See a male hen-harrier skimming low along the side of the river, often within a foot of the muddy shore, looking for frogs, with a very compact flock of small birds, probably swallows, in pursuit. Occasionally he alights and walks or hops flutteringly a foot or two over the ground. The Lombardy poplar and silvery white leafed at least two days ago. *Vaccinium vacillans* leafed, and perhaps flower opened, if that is one near West Fair Haven Spring. Some hickories, just opening their leaves, make quite a show with the red inner sides of the bud-scales turned back. All the oak leaves off the shrub oak plain, except apparently a few white oaks. Some gaylussacias leafed. Uva-ursi at Cliffs out some time, and some new shoots leafing.

Under the dead pine on which the fish hawk sat on the 12th *inst.*, a half-mile from the river, I find a few fish bones — one, I am pretty sure from comparison, the jaw of a pout. So that in three instances, the only ones observed this year, they were feeding on pouts. Probably the mice, etc., had picked up the rest of his

droppings. Thus these inhabitants of the interior get a taste of fish from time to time, — crumbs from the fish hawk's table.

Prinos verticillatus leafed.

May 15. P. M. — To Beck Stow's.

Suddenly very warm. Hear a hummingbird in the garden. Pear blossomed, — some perhaps yesterday. Locust, black and scarlet oak, and *some* buttonwoods leaf. A yellow butterfly. I hear from the top of a pitch pine in the swamp that loud, clear, familiar whistle which I have sometimes wrongly referred to the wood pewee, — *whip-ter-phe-ee*. Is it the whip-tom-kelly note which Soane and Wilson gave to the red-eye, but which Nuttall says he never heard from it? Sometimes *ter-phee-e*. This is repeated at considerable intervals, the bird sitting quite still a long time. I saw it dart out once, catch an insect, and return to its perch muscicapa-like.¹ As near as I could see it had a white throat, was whitish, streaked with dark, beneath, darker tail and wings, and maybe olivaceous shoulders; bright-yellow within bill.

Andromeda calyculata begins to leaf — separate twigs from blossoming ones. *Andromeda Polifolia* just open. Buck-bean, apparently in three days (in house the 18th).

The 13th, saw large water-bugs (*Gyrinus*) crawled up high on rocks. Watch a pine warbler on a pitch pine, slowly and faithfully searching it creeper-like. It encounters a black and white creeper on the same

¹ Probably *M. Cooperi*. *Vide* June 10th.

tree; they fly at each other, and the latter leaves, apparently driven off by the first. This warbler shuts its bill each time to produce its peculiar note. Rhodora will apparently open in two or three days. See and hear for a moment a small warbler-like bird in Nemopanthes Swamp which sings somewhat like *tehut a-worieter-worieter-worieter-woo*.

The greater part of the large sugar maples on the Common leaf. Large red maples generally are late to leaf.

Minott says that some years ago, maybe ten or fifteen, a man in Bedford climbed to an owl's nest (probably a cat owl's), and the owl took out one of his eyes and nearly killed him. He read it in the papers.

May 16. P. M. — Up Assabet.

Trees generally leafing. Black willow leaf. Bass leaf is an inch over; probably began about the 14th. Panicled andromeda leafed in some places, probably a day or two. Grape buds begin to open. Swamp white oak leaf, probably yesterday. Silky cornel leaf, two days or three. A woodcock, near river. A blue heron-like bird on a tree over river, but with uniformly fawn-colored throat and breast and *red* feet. We hear these last two or three warm days the loud sound of toads borne on or amid the rippling wind. A green bittern with its dark-green coat and crest, sitting watchful, goes off with a limping pectwect flight.

May 17. Waked up at 2.30 by the peep of robins, which were aroused by a fire at the pail-factory about

two miles west. I hear that the air was full of birds singing thereabouts. It rained gently at the same time, though not steadily.

May 18. P. M. — Boat to Nut Meadow.

Large devil's-needle. Sassafras well open. How long? Celtis will probably shed pollen to-morrow; shoots already an inch long. Sorrel pollen. First veery strain. Green-briar leafed several days. *Veronica serpyllifolia* well out (how long?) at Ash Bank Spring. Saw the yellow-legs feeding on shore.¹ Legs *not* bright-yellow. Goes off with the usual whistle; also utters a long monotonous call as it were [*sic*] standing on the shore, not so whistling. Am inclined to think it the lesser yellow-legs (though I think the only one we see). Yet its bill appears quite two inches long. Is it curved up? Observed a blackbird's (red-wing's) nest finished.² At Clamshell a bay-wing sparrow's nest, four eggs (young half hatched) — some *black-spotted*, others not.³ These last warmer days a great many fishes dart away from close to the shore, where they seem to lie now more than ever. I see some darting about and rippling the water there with large back fins out, either pouts or suckers (not pickerel certainly). Apparently their breeding-season arrived. Is not this where the fish hawks get them? Rhodora; probably some yesterday. Black scrub oak pollen. Fir balsam pollen; say begins to leaf at same time. The clump of golden willows

¹ C. now thinks he has not seen it before.

² Four eggs in it on the 25th.

³ Three young partly (slightly) fledged the 26th.

west of new stone bridge is very handsome now seen from hill, with its light-yellowish foliage, because the stems of the trees are seen through it.

May 19. Put my little turtles into the river. They had not noticeably increased in size, — or hardly. Three had died within a week for want of attention, — two mud turtles and one musk turtle. Two were missing, — one mud and one musk. Five musk were put into the river.

May 20. Rains a little.

May 21. P. M. — To Island.

Salix nigra leaf. Is that plump blue-backed, *rufous-rumped* swallow the cliff swallow, flying with barn swallows, etc., over the river? Nuttall apparently so describes it, — $5\frac{1}{2}$ by 12. It dashes within a foot of me. Lambkill leaf, a day or two. Choke-berry pollen; perhaps a day or more elsewhere. *Viola palmata* pretty common, apparently two or three days. *Some* button-bush begins to leaf. Cranberry well started; shoots three quarters of an inch. Bluets whiten the fields, and violets are now perhaps in prime.

Very cold to-day: cold weather, indeed, from the 20th to 23d inclusive. Sit by fires, and *sometimes* wear a greatcoat and expect frosts.

May 22. *Cerasus pumila* in full bloom. How long? Bank swallows — ashy-brown above — have holes at Deep Cut. Have not surely distinguished them before,

this season. Sage willow may have begun to leaf a week or ten days ago or more. Cuckoo. Scared up a nighthawk — from the white on wings — amid the dry leaves on the edge of a copse on Fair Haven Hill, where apparently it had been scratching, the leaves looking as if they had been turned up. *Linaria Canadensis* on Cliffs open. The deciduous trees leafing begin to clothe or invest the evergreens. The oaks are a *little* more than in the gray. Huckleberry open, possibly yesterday. Fringed polygala, how long? Herd's-grass (?) on Channing's bank, pollen.¹ Harris tells Emerson my cicada is the *Novboracensis* (?), known to New-Yorkers. Lupine not open yet for two or three days. Not yet chinquapin oak.

May 23. A. M. — To bayberry *via* river.

Myrica, not quite. Lousewort pollen, how long?

May 24. A. M. — To Beck Stow's.

Buttonwood not open. Celandine pollen. Button-nut pollen, apparently a day or two. Black oak pollen yesterday, at least. Scarlet oak the same, but a little later. The staminate flowers of the first are on long and handsome tassels for three or four inches along the extremities of last year's shoots, depending five inches (sometimes six) by four in width and quite dense and thick. The scarlet oak tassels are hardly half as long; the leaves, much greener and smoother and now somewhat wilted, emit a sweet odor, which those of the black do not. Both these oaks are appar-

¹ [See May 24, where this grass apparently is called foxtail grass.]

ently more forward at top, where I cannot see them. Mountain-ash open apparently yesterday. In woods by *Andromeda Polifolia* the chestnut-sided warbler, with clear yellow crown and yellow on wings and chestnut sides. It is exploring low trees and bushes, often along stems about young leaves, and frequently or after short pauses utters its somewhat summer-yellowbird-like note, say, *tchip tchip, chip chip* (quick), *tche tche ter tchéa*, — spray[ey] and rasping and faint. Another, further off.

Andromeda Polifolia now in prime, but the leaves are apt to be blackened and unsightly, and the flowers, though delicate, have a feeble and sickly look, rose-white, somewhat crystalline. Its shoots or new leaves, unfolding, say when it flowered or directly after, now one inch long. Buck-bean just fairly begun, though probably first the 18th; a handsome flower, but already when the raceme is only half blown, some of the lowest flowers are brown and withered, deforming it. What a pity! *Juniperus repens* pollen not even yet; apparently to-morrow. Apparently put back by the cold weather. Beach plum pollen probably several days in some places; and leaves begun as long.

Hear a rose-breasted grosbeak. At first thought it a tanager, but soon I perceived its more clear and instrumental — should say whistle, if one could whistle like a flute; a noble singer, reminding me also of a robin; clear, loud and flute-like; on the oaks, hill-side south of Great Fields. Black all above except white on wing, with a triangular red mark on breast but, as I saw, all white beneath this. Female quite

different, yellowish olivaceous above, more like a muscicapa. Song not so sweet as clear and strong. Saw it fly off and catch an insect like a flycatcher.

An early thorn pollen (not *Crus-Galli*) apparently yesterday.

Picked up a pellet in the wood-path, of a small bird's feathers, one inch in diameter and loose; nothing else with them; some slate, some yellow. Young robins some time hatched. Heard a purple finch sing more than one minute without pause, loud and rich, on an elm over the street. Another singing very faintly on a neighboring elm.

Conant fever-bush had not begun to leaf the 12th. I seem to have seen, among sedges, etc., (1) the *Carex Pennsylvanica*; also (2) another similar, but later and larger, in low ground with many more pistillate flowers nearly a foot high, three-sided and rough culm (the first is smooth); also (3) an early sedge at Lee's Cliff with striped and pretty broad leaves not rigid, perhaps on 554th page of Gray; (4) the rigid tufted are common in meadows, with cut-grass-like leaves. Call it *C. stricta*, though not yet more than a foot high or eighteen inches.

Of *Juncaceæ*, perhaps *Luzula campestris*, the early umbelled purple-leaved, low.

And, apparently, of grasses, foxtail grass, on C.'s bank.

Naked azalea shoots more than a week old, and other leaves, say a week at least.

P. M. — To Cliffs.

Wind suddenly changed to south this forenoon, and for first time I think of a thin coat. It is very hazy in consequence of the sudden warmth after cold, and I cannot see the mountains. Chinquapin pollen. Lupine not yet. Black scrub oak tassels, some reddish, some yellowish. Just before six, see in the northwest the first summer clouds, methinks, piled in cumuli with silvery edges, and westward of them a dull, rainy-looking cloud advancing and shutting down to the horizon; later, lightning in west and south and a little rain. Another kind of frog spawn at Beck Stow's.

May 25. A rather warm night the last; window slightly open. Hear buzz of flies in the *sultryish* morning air on awaking.

8 A. M. — To Hill.

Late rose shoots, two inches, say a fortnight since. *Salix nigra* pollen, a day at least. Wood pewee. Apparently yellowbirds' nests just completed — one by stone bridge causeway,¹ another on birch by mud turtle meadow. *Veronica peregrina* in Mackay's strawberries, how long? Most of the robins' nests I have examined this year had three eggs, clear bluish green.

A chip-bird's nest on a balm-of-Gilead, eight feet high, between the main stem and a twig or two, with four very pale blue-green eggs with a sort of circle of brown-black spots about larger end.

Red-wing's nest with four eggs — white, very faintly tinged with (perhaps) green and curiously and neatly

¹ One egg in it the next morning. Also a red-wing's nest opposite Dodd's (one egg in it next morning, *i. e.* 26th).

marked with brown-black spots and lines on the large end. Red-wings now *generally* beginning to lay.

Fever-root one foot high and more, say a fortnight or three weeks. Scared a screech owl out of an apple tree on hill; flew swiftly off at first like a pigeon woodpecker and lit near by facing me; was instantly visited and spied at by a brown thrasher; then flew into a hole high in a hickory near by, the thrasher following close to the tree. It was reddish or ferruginous. Choke-cherry pollen on island, apparently two or three days. Hemlock pollen, probably to-morrow; some in house to-day; say to-day; not yet leafing. *Aralia nudicaulis*, *perhaps* two days pollen. *Cornus florida*, no bloom. Was there year before last? Does it not flower every other year? Its leaf, say, just after *C. sericca*. Tupelo leaf before button-bush; maybe a week now. Red oak pollen, say a day or two before black. Swamp white oak pollen.

River at summer level, four inches below long stone. Grass patches conspicuous, and flags and *Equisetum limosum* and *pontederia* (eight inches high), and white lily pads now (after yellow) red above, and purplish polygonum leaves in beds above water. For some days the handsome phalanxes of the *Equisetum limosum* have attracted me. The button-bush hardly yet *generally* begun to leaf. Critchicrotches in prime.

Heard the first regular bullfrog's trump on the 18th; none since.¹

Juniper, plucked yesterday, sheds pollen in house to-day, and probably in field.

¹ One in the evening.

Is our white willow Gray's var. 2d, *cærulea*?

The golden robin keeps whistling something like
Eat it, Potter, eat it!

Carex exilis (??), river-shore opposite Wheeler's gate, six inches high, but the culm smooth — some time.

Is that sweet-scented vernal grass just begun to bloom at celtis shore?

Fir balsam begun to leaf — with flower.

Cottony aphides on white pines. Hear a quail and the summer spray frog,¹ amid the ring of toads.

May 26. 8 A. M. — By boat to *Kalmia glauca* and thence to scouring-rush.

Again a strong cold wind from the north by west, turning up the new and tender pads. The young white lily pads are now red and crimson above, while greenish beneath. Nightshade dark-green shoots are eight inches long. Button-bush would commonly be said to begin to leaf.

At Clamshell. *Ranunculus acris* and *bulbosus* pollen apparently about two or three days. Comandra pollen apparently two days there. *Arenaria serpyllifolia* and scleranthus, how long? White oak pollen. The oaks apparently shed pollen about four days later than last year; may be owing to the recent cold weather. Interrupted fern pollen the 23d; may have been a day or two. Cinnamon fern to-day. Checkerberry shoots one inch high. *Carex stipata*? Close-spiked sedge in Clamshell Meadow some time. Early willow on right

¹ Or toad?

beyond Hubbard's Bridge leafed since 12th; say 19th or *generally* before button-bush.

At Kalmia Swamp. — Nemopanthes, apparently several days, and leaf say before tupelo. White spruce pollen one or two days at least, and now begins to leaf.

To my surprise the *Kalmia glauca* almost all out; perhaps began with rhodora. A very fine flower, the more interesting for being early. The leaf say just after the lambkill. I was wading through this white spruce swamp just to look at the leaves. The more purple rhodora rose here and there above the small andromeda, so that I did not at first distinguish the *K. glauca*. When I did, probably my eyes at first confounded it with the lambkill, and I did not remember that this would not bloom for some time. There were a few leaves just faintly started. But at last my eyes and attention both were caught by those handsome umbels of the *K. glauca*, rising, one to three together, at the end of bare twigs, six inches or more above the level of the andromeda, etc., together with the rhodora.¹ Umbels, one and one half inches [in] diameter, of five to eighteen flowers on red threads three quarters to an inch long, at first deep rose-color, after pale rose. Twigs bare except two or three small old leaves close to the end of the dry-looking twigs. Flowers not arranged in whorls about the twig, but rising quite above it. The larger flowers about nine-sixteenths inch diameter. Flowers somewhat larger, methinks, and more terminal than lambkill. The whole about two feet

¹ The rhodora did not accompany it into the more open and level and wet parts, where was andromeda almost alone.

high in sphagnum. The lambkill is just beginning to be flower-budded.

What that neat song-sparrow-like nest of grass merely, in the wet sphagnum under the andromeda there, with three eggs, — in that very secluded place, surrounded by the watery swamp and andromeda, — — from which the bird stole like a mouse under the andromeda? *Vide egg*. It is narrower and more pointed at one end and lighter, a little, — the brown less confluent, — than that of the song sparrow with one spot on breast which took from ivy tree tuft. The last is bluish-white very thickly spotted and blotched with brown. Four eggs first seen, I think, the 22d.

Swamp-pink leaf before lambkill. A mosquito. Lupine in house from Fair Haven Hill, and probably in field.

At the screech owl's nest I now find two young slumbering, almost uniformly gray above, about five inches long, with little dark-grayish tufts for incipient horns (?). Their heads about as broad as their bodies. I handle them without their stirring or opening their eyes. There are the feathers of a small bird and the leg of the *Mus leucopus* in the nest.

The partridge which on the 12th had left three cold eggs covered up with oak leaves is now sitting on eight. She apparently deserted her nest for a time and covered it. Already the mouse-car down begins to blow in the fields and whiten the grass, together with the bluets. In Conant's thick wood on the White-Pond-ward lane, hear the evergreen-forest note, but commonly, at a distance, only the last notes — a fine sharp *té té*. The

mountain laurel near scouring-rush apparently just begun to leaf. Trientales open. Do I not hear a tanager? See a beautiful blue-backed and long-tailed pigeon sitting daintily on a low white pine limb.

I perceive no new life in the pipes (*Equisetum hyemale*), except that some are flower-budded at top and may open in a week, and on pulling them up I find a new one just springing from the base at root. The flower-bud is apparently on those dry-looking last year's plants which I thought had no life in them.

Returning, I lay on my back again in Conant's thick wood. Saw a redstart over my head there; black with a sort of brick red on sides [of] breast, spot on wing, and under root of tail. Note heard once next day, at Kalmia Swamp, somewhat like *aveet aveet aveet aveet*. In the meanwhile hear another note, very smart and somewhat sprayey, rasping, *tshrip tshrip tshrip tshrip*, or five or six times with equal force each time. The bird hops near, directly over my head. It is black, with a large white mark forward on wings and a fiery orange throat, above and below eye, and line on crown, yellowish beneath, white vent, forked tail, dusky legs and bill; holds its wings (which are light beneath) loosely. It inclines to examine about the lower branches of the white pines or midway up. The Blackburnian warbler very plainly; whose note Nuttall knows nothing about.

Two-leaved Solomon's-seal pollen not long in most places. *Ranunculus recurvatus* at Corner Spring up several days at least; pollen. Trillium pollen maybe several days. Arum, how long? The *Ranunculus*

Purshii in that large pool in the Holden Swamp Woods makes quite a show at a little distance now.

See to-day (and saw the 23d) a larger pectweet-like bird on the shore, with longer, perhaps more slender, wings, black or blackish without white spots; all white beneath; and when it goes off it flies higher. Is it not the *Totanus solitarius*, which Brown found at Goose Pond?

I think that the red-fruited choke-berry has shed pollen about a day, though I have not examined. The leaves are a little downy beneath and the common peduncle and the pedicels stout and quite hairy, while the black-fruited is smooth and glossy.

May 27. P. M. — To Fair Haven Pond, taking boat opposite Puffer's.

Still a very strong wind from northerly, and hazy and rather cool for season. The fields now begin to wear the aspect of June, their grass just beginning to wave: the light-colored withered grass seen between the blades, foliage thickening and casting darker shadows over the meadows, elm-tree-tops thick in distance, deciduous trees rapidly investing evergreens, haze with the strong wind. How important the dark evergreens now seen through the haze in the distance and contrasting with the gauze-like, as yet thin-clad deciduous trees! They are like solid protuberances of earth. A thrasher's nest on the bare open ground with four eggs which were seen three days ago. The nest is as open and exposed as it well can be, lined with roots, on a slight ridge where a rail fence has been, some rods

from any bush. Saw the yellow-legs on one side flying over the meadow *against* the strong wind and at first mistook it for a hawk. It appeared now quite brown, with its white rump; and, excepting [for] its bill and head, I should have taken it for a hawk; between the size of male harrier and the male pigeon hawk, or say the size of a dove. It alighted on the shore. And now again I think it must be the large one.

The blue yellow-back or parti-colored warbler still, with the chestnut crescent on breast, near my Kalmia Swamp nest. See a painted turtle on a hill forty or fifty feet above river, probably laying eggs. Some mountain sumach has grown one inch, some not started; some button-bush three inches, some not started. The first must be put after the last. *Myosotis stricta* under Cliffs, how long? The meadow fragrance to-day. How interesting the huckleberries now generally in blossom on the knoll below the Cliff — countless wholesome red bells, beneath the fresh yellow-green foliage! The berry-bearing vaccinium! It is a rich sight. Geranium at Bittern Cliff, apparently several days, and *Arabis rhomboidea* there in meadow, apparently still longer — say seven or eight days; but I am doubtful about the "slender style tipped with a conspicuous stigma." Carrion-flower a foot high. Crimson gall on a shrub oak. A loose-spiked sedge at Bittern Cliff Meadow, — forgot to bring, — a foot high.

May 28. How's morus not yet, apparently, for two or three days, though the stigmas are obvious. Button-wood stigmas are now brown, since the 24th.

P. M. — To Middle Conantum Cliff.

Yesterday left my boat at the willow opposite this Cliff, the wind northwest. Now it is southeast, and I can sail back. *Our* quince open this morning, possibly yesterday; and some others, I believe, much earlier. Do I not hear a short snappish, rasping note from a yellow-throat vireo? I see a tanager, the most brilliant and tropical-looking bird we have, bright-scarlet with black wings, the scarlet appearing on the rump again between wing-tips. He brings heat, or heat him. A remarkable contrast with the green pines. At this distance he has the aspect and manners of a parrot, with a fullness about the head and throat and beak, indolently inspecting the limbs and twigs — leaning over to it — and sitting still a long time. The female, too, is a neat and handsome bird, with the same indolent ways, but very differently colored from the male; all yellow below with merely dusky wings, and a sort of clay(?) -color on back.

While we sit by the path in the depths of the woods three quarters of a mile beyond Hayden's, confessing the influence of almost the first summer warmth, the wood thrush sings steadily for half an hour, now at 2.30 P. M., amid the pines, — loud and clear and sweet. While other birds are warbling betweenwhiles and catching their prey, he alone appears to make a business of singing, like a true minstrel. Is that one which I see at last in the path, above dusky olive-brown becoming *ferruginous* on base of tail, eye not very prominent with a white line around it, some dark-colored feathers apparently on outer wing-coverts, very light-

colored legs, with dashes on breast which I do not see clearly? I should say that it had not the large black eye of the hermit thrush, and I cannot see the yellowish spot on the wings; yet it may have been this.

I find the feathers apparently of a brown thrasher in the path, plucked since we passed here last night. You can generally find all the tail and quill feathers in such a case. The apple bloom is very rich now. Fever-bush shoots are now two inches long; say begin to leaf just before late willow. Black ash shoots three inches long; say with late willow. White pine and pitch pine shoots from two to five inches long. *Rubus triflorus* at Miles Swamp will apparently open to-morrow. *Some* krigia done some days. *Silene antirrhina*. Barberry open (probably two or more days at Lee's). C. says he has seen a green snake. Examined my two yellowbirds' nests of the 25th. Both are destroyed, — pulled down and torn to pieces probably by some bird, — though they [had] but just begun to lay. Large yellow and black butterfly. The leaves of kalmiana lily obvious.

I have seen within three or four days two or three new warblers which I have not identified; one to-day, in the woods, all pure white beneath, with a full breast, and greenish-olive-yellow (?) above, with a duskiest head and a slight crest muscicapa-like, on pines, etc., high; very small.¹

Also one all lemon-yellow beneath, except whitish vent, and apparently bluish above.

¹ Perhaps young and female redstarts.

May 29. P. M. — To Island Neck.

That willow by the rock south of Island (of May 2d) appears to be without doubt the *Salix sericea*, — the leaves beginning to turn black quite soon, and the bark is *very* bitter.¹ There is, then, another small willow or sallow with narrower and shining leaves, very common along river, with longer catkins and very long tapering smooth pods. — I mean the one I have associated with the *S. alba*.

Azalea nudiflora in garden.

There are a great many birds now on the Island Neck. The red-eye, its clear loud song in bars continuously repeated and varied; all tempered white beneath and dark yellow olive above and on edge of wings, with a dark line on side-head or from root of bill; dusky claws, and a very long bill. The long bill and the dark line on the side of the head, with the white above and beneath, or in the midst of the white, giving it a certain oblong, swelled-cheek look, would distinguish on a side view. There is also the warbling vireo, with its smooth-flowing, continuous, one-barred, shorter strain, with methinks a dusky side-head. Also the yellow-throated vireo — its head and shoulders as well as throat yellow (apparently olive-yellow above), and its strain but little varied and short, not continuous. It has dusky legs and two very distinct white bars on wings (the male).

I see the first swamp sparrow of the season, and probably heard its loud song; clear, broad, undivided

¹ June 6th. — The leaves answer well to the account, and the bitter bark and brittle twig at base.

chestnut or bay (?) crown and clear *dark-ash* throat and breast, and light, perhaps yellowish, line over eye, dark bill, and much bay (?) on wings. Low, amid the alders.

But what is that bird I hear much like the first part of the yellowbird's strain, only two thirds as long and varied at end, and not so loud, — *a-che che che, che-á,* or *tche tche tche, tche-a,* or *ah tche tche tche, chit-i-vet?*

It is very small, not timid, but incessantly changing its position on the pitch pines, etc. Some a pure dull white, some tawny-white, beneath; some cinereous, others more dusky still, above; with a flycatcher or muscicapa bill and head (head rounded?), but — what is most remarkable — a very deeply forked or divided tail with a broad black tip beneath, and toward the roots a fire-brick-color, this last color much brighter on the sides of the breast, and some of it on the wings in a broad bar, though some perhaps have not the last mark. Did I see some of the yellowish on rump? Dark-ash above and some reddish-brown (?). One is very inquisitive; hops down toward me lower and lower on the pitch pine twigs, while I hold out my hand till within five feet, but in such a light that I cannot distinguish its colors. There are at least half a dozen of them about; continually flitting about, sometimes in a circle of a few rods' diameter, one pursuing another, both male and female, back to near the same spot, but I can hardly bring my glass to bear on them before they change their position. It is undoubtedly young males and the females of the redstart, described by Wilson, — very different from the full-plumaged black males.

I see on the first limb of a white oak, close to the trunk and about eight feet from the ground, squatting as if asleep, a chipping squirrel two thirds grown. The hole it came out of, apparently, is four or five feet from the base of the tree. When I am about to put my hand on it, it runs feebly up the tree and rests again as much higher in a similar place. When C. climbs after, it runs out quite to the end of a limb, where it can hardly hold on, and I think it will drop every moment with the shaking of the tree.

May 30. Saw bird's nest on an apple by roadside, seven feet high: one egg.

Cherry-bird on a cherry; also pecking at the apple blossoms. Minott says that within two or three days a stream of winged ants came out from under his door-sill, and the hens and countless swallows and the kingbirds came and fed on them. Buttonwood flowers now effete; fertile flowers were not brown on the 24th, but were the 28th; say, then, about the 26th.

Nuttall thus describes the note of the white-eyed vireo: It is much varied; in March in Florida, "ss't (with a whistle) wá wítte wítte wē-wá (the first part very quick);" in June at Fresh Pond, "'tshippewee-wá-say tshippewee-wée-was-say, sweetly whistled," with great compass of voice and loudness, etc., etc.; other variations. Also "'whīp te woī wee, the last syllable but one considerably lengthened and clearly whistled."¹

Lepidium virginicum, roadside bank at Minott's.

¹ [A Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and of Canada, second edition, vol. i, p. 348.]

The myrica, bayberry, plucked on the 23d, now first sheds pollen in house, the leaf being but little more expanded on the flowering shoot. Gray says, "somewhat preceding the flowers." The catkins about a quarter of an inch long, erect, sterile, oval, on the sides of last year's twigs.

P. M. — Up railroad.

A strong west wind and much haze. Silvery potentilla, four or five days at least. In the thick of the wood between railroad and Turnpike, hear the evergreen-forest note, and see probably the bird, — black throat, greenish-yellow or yellowish-green head and back, light-slate (?) wings with two white bars. Is it not the black-throated green warbler? I find close by a small fresh egg on the forest floor, with a slight perforation, white (with perhaps a tinge of flesh-color (?) when full), and brown spots and black marks at the larger end. In Brewer's synopsis the egg of the black-throat is described as "light flesh-color with purple spots." But these spots are not purple. I could find no nest.

Senecio in open meadows, say yesterday. See a small black snake run along securely through thin bushes (alders and willows) three or four feet from the ground, passing intervals of two feet easily, — very readily and gracefully, — ascending or descending. *Cornus Canadensis* out, how long?

Green lice from birches (?) get on my clothes.

Is it not summer now when the creak of the crickets begins to be general?

Poison-dogwood has grown three or four inches at

ends of last year's shoots, which are three to six feet from ground.

Hear a familiar warbler not recognized for some years, in the thick copse in Dennis's Swamp, south of railroad; considerably yellowbird-like (the note) — *tshē tshē tshar tshar tchit, tchit tit te vet.* It has apparently a yellow head, bluish or slaty wings with two white bars, tail even, wings dusky at tips, legs light, bill dark, beneath all bright-yellow, remarkably striped lengthwise with dusky, more or less dark in different specimens. Can it be the *S. maculosa*, or black and yellow warbler, seen formerly? I did not see the black — nor indeed the back at all well. It may have been a female, not described by Wilson. Frequents the tops of trees.

Ladies' slipper, apparently.

May 31. Another windy, washing day, but warm. See a yellowbird building a nest on a white oak on the Island. She goes to a fern for the wool. In evening hear distinctly a *tree-toad*.¹

¹ And again the 4th of June.