

X

JUNE, 1855

(ÆT. 37)

June 1. A *very* windy day, the third, drowning the notes of birds, scattering the remaining apple blossoms. Rye, to my surprise, three or four feet high and glaucous. Cloudy and rain, threatening withal. Surveying at Holden wood-lot, I notice the *Equisetum hyemale*, its black-scaled flowerets now in many cases separated so as to show the green between, but not yet in open rings or whorls like the *limosum*.

I find the *Linnæa borealis* growing near the end of the ridge in this lot toward the meadow, near a large white pine stump recently cut. C. has found the arethusa out at Hubbard's Close; say two or three days at a venture, there being considerable.

June 2. Still windier than before, and yet no rain. It is now very dry indeed, and the grass is suffering. Some springs commonly full at this season are dried up. The wind shakes the house night and day. From that cocoon of the *Attacus cecropia* which I found — I think it was on the 24th of May — on a red maple shrub, three or four feet from the ground, on the edge of the meadow by the new Bedford road just this side of Beck Stow's, came out this forenoon a splendid moth. I had pinned the cocoon to the sash at the

upper part of my window and quite forgotten it. About the middle of the forenoon Sophia came in and exclaimed that there was a moth on my window. At first I supposed that she meant a cloth-eating moth, but it turned out that my *A. cecropia* had come out and dropped down to the window-sill, where it hung on the *side* of a slipper (which was inserted into another) to let its wings hang down and develop themselves. At first the wings were not only not unfolded laterally, but not longitudinally, the thinner ends of the forward ones for perhaps three quarters of an inch being very feeble and occupying very little space. It was surprising to see the creature unfold and expand before our eyes, the wings gradually elongating, as it were by their own gravity; and from time to time the insect assisted this operation by a slight shake. It was wonderful how it waxed and grew, revealing some new beauty every fifteen minutes, which I called Sophia to see, but never losing its hold on the shoe. It looked like a young emperor just donning the most splendid ermine robes that ever emperor wore, the wings every moment acquiring greater expansion and their at first wrinkled edge becoming more tense. At first its wings appeared double, one within the other. At last it advanced so far as to spread its wings completely but feebly when we approached. This occupied several hours. It continued to hang to the shoe, with its wings ordinarily closed erect behind its back, the rest of the day; and at dusk, when apparently it was waving its wings preparatory to its evening flight, I gave it ether and so saved it in a perfect state. As it lies, not

spread to the utmost, it is five and nine tenths inches by two and a quarter.

P. M. — To Hill.

Equisetum limosum pollen — a few — apparently two or three days. The late cratægus on the hill is in full bloom while the other is almost entirely out of bloom.

Three yellowbirds' nests, which I have marked since the 25th of May, the only ones which I have actually inspected, have now all been torn to pieces, though they were in places (two of them, at least) where no boy is at all likely to have found them.

I see in the meadow-grass a fine cob-web or spider's nest three or four inches [in] diameter and, within it, on two twigs, two collections of little yellowish spiders containing a thousand or more, about half as big as a pin-head, like minute fruit-buds or kernels clustered on the twig.



One of the clusters disperses when I stoop over it and spreads over the nest on the fine lines.

Hemlock leafed two or three days, the earliest young plants. The black spruce beyond the hill has apparently just begun to leaf, but not yet to blossom. *Pinus rigida* pollen a day or two or three on the plain. Sweet-flag pollen about two days.

Mr. Hoar tells me that Deacon Farrar's son tells him that a white robin has her nest on an apple tree near their house. Her mate is of the usual color. All the family have seen her, but at the last accounts she has not been seen on the nest.

Silene, or wild pink, how long?

The *Azalea nudiflora* now in its prime. What splendid masses of pink! with a few glaucous green leaves sprinkled here and there — just enough for contrast.

June 3. A rainy day at last. Caraway in garden apparently three days out.

June 4. P. M. — To Hubbard's Close.

Clears up in forenoon. Some of the scouring-rush gathered the 1st begins to open its whorls or stages in the chamber; say sheds pollen to-morrow. Not quite yet the How mulberry pollen. White clover out probably some days, also red as long.

It has just cleared off after this first rain of consequence for a long time, and now I observe the shadows of massive clouds still floating here and there in the peculiarly blue sky; which dark shadows on field and wood are the more remarkable by contrast with the light yellow-green foliage now, and when they rest on evergreens they are doubly dark, like dark rings about the eyes of June. Great white-bosomed clouds, darker beneath, float through the cleared sky and are seen against the deliciously blue sky, such a sky as we have not had before. Thus it is after the first important rain at this season. The song of birds is more lively and seems to have a new character; a new season has commenced. In the woods I hear the tanager and chewink and red-eye. It is fairly summer, and mosquitoes begin to sting *in earnest*. I see the dandelions now generally gone to seed amid the grass — their

downy spheres. There are now many potentillas ascendant, and the *Erigeron bellidifolius* is sixteen inches high and quite handsome, by the railroad this side of turn-off.

Redstarts still very common in the Trillium Woods (yesterday on Assabet also). Note *tche tche, tche vit*, etc. I see some dark on the breast.

The *Lycopodium dendroideum* now shows fresh green tips like the hemlock. Greenish puffs on paniced andromedas. Lint comes off on to clothes from the tender leaves, but it is clean dirt and all gone when you get home; and now the crimson velvety leaflets of the black oak, showing also a crimson edge on the downy under sides, are beautiful as a flower, and the more salmon white oak. The *Linnæa borealis* has grown an inch. But are not the flowers winter-killed? I see dead and blackened flower-buds. Perhaps it should have opened before. Wintergreen has grown two inches.

See a warbler much like the black and white creeper, but perched warbler-like on trees; streaked slate, white, and black, with a large white and black mark on wing, crown divided by a white line and then chestnut (?) or slate or dark, and then white above and below eye, breast and throat streaked downward with dark, rest beneath white. Can it be the common black and white creeper? Its note hardly reminds me of that. It is somewhat like *pse pse pse pse, psa psa, weese weese weese*, or longer. It did not occur to me that it was the same till I could not find any other like this in the book.

Cotton-grass apparently two or three days out.

Geum, apparently some days. In the clintonia swamp I hear a smart, brisk, loud and clear whistling warble, quite novel and remarkable, something like *te chit a wit, te chit a wit, tchit a wit, tche tche*. It is all bright-yellow or ochreous orange (?) below except vent, and a dark or black crescent on breast, with a white line about eye. Above it appears a nearly uniform dark blue slate, legs light, bill dark (?), tail long and forked. I think it must be the Canada warbler, seen in '37,¹ though that seems *short* for this. It is quite different from the warbler of May 30.

The recent high winds have turned the edges of young leaves by beating and killing them.

Ellen Emerson finds the *Viola pubescens* scarce to-day, but the *Actæa alba* in full bloom. Eddy has brought a great polygonatum from Medford, which he says grew in the woods there. I do not find a satisfactory account of it. It differs from the *pubescens* of Gray, in that the leaves can hardly be called downy beneath and are clasping, the peduncles are two to five flowered (instead of one to two) and the perianth is four fifths of an inch long (instead of a half). Perianth white or whitish with green lobes. It differs from the *canaliculatum* in not being channelled obviously (though angled *between the leaves*), the filaments not being smooth nor inserted in the middle of the tube.

Carex scoparia (?) in meadows some days.

June 5. P. M. — To Clamshell by river.

¹ [A surprising entry, the Canada warbler being a common migrant, brilliantly marked, and from its habits eminently observable.]

Yellow Bethlehem-star in prime. Aphyllon, or orobanche, well out apparently several days. *Nuphar Kalmiana* budded above water. Green-briar flower out apparently two or three days. Low blackberry out in low ground. That very early (or in winter green radical leaf) plant by ash is the *Myosotis laxa*, open since the 28th of May, say June 1st. *Ranunculus reptans*, say two days out, river being very low. Common cress well out along river. Side-flowering sandwort apparently three days out in Clamshell flat meadow. Some oxalis done, say two or three days, on ditch bank. *Ranunculus repens* in prime. Yellow clover well out some days. Flowering ferns, reddish-green, show on meadows. Green oak-balls.

Walking along the upper edge of the flat Clamshell meadow, a bird, probably a song sparrow (for I saw two chipping about immediately after), flew up from between my feet, and I soon found its nest remarkably concealed. It was under the thickest of the dry river wreck, with an entry low on one side, full five inches long and very obscure. On looking close I detected the eggs from above by looking down through some openings in the wreck about as big as sparrows' eggs, through which I saw the eggs, five in number. I never saw the nest so perfectly concealed.

I am much interested to see how Nature proceeds to heal the wounds where the turf was stripped off this meadow. There are large patches where nothing remained but pure black mud, nearly level or with slight hollows like a plate in it. This the sun and air had cracked into irregular polygonal figures, a foot,

more or less, in diameter. The whole surface of these patches here is now covered with a short, soft, and pretty dense moss-like vegetation springing up and clothing it. The little hollows and the cracks are filled with a very dense growth of reddish grass or sedge, about one inch high, the growth in the cracks making pretty regular figures as in a carpet, while the intermediate spaces are very evenly but much more thinly covered with minute sarothra and whitish *Gnaphalium uliginosum*. Thus the wound is at once scarred over. Apparently the seeds of that grass were heavier and were washed into the hollows and cracks. Is it likely that the owner has sprinkled seed here? ¹

June 6. P. M. — Up Assabet by boat to survey Homer's field.

On the Island I hear still the redstart — *tsip tsip tsip tsip*, *tsit-i-yet*, or sometimes *tsip tsip tsip tsip*, *tse vet*. A young male. It repeats this at regular intervals for a long time, sitting pretty still now. Waxwork open and pollen one or two days. I notice a clam lying up, and two or three cleared or light-colored places, apparently bream-nests commenced.

You see the dark eye and shade of June on the river as well as on land, and a dust-like tint on river, apparently from the young leaves and bud-scales, covering the waters, which begin to be smooth, and imparting a sense of depth. Blue-eyed grass maybe several days in some places. One thimble-berry blossom done — probably several days. There are now those large

¹ No.

swarms of black-winged millers (?) a half-inch long, with two long streamers ahead, fluttering three to six inches over the water; not long, methinks; also other insects. I see a yellow-spotted tortoise twenty rods from river, and a painted one four rods from it which has just made a hole for her eggs. Two catbirds' nests in the thickest part of the thicket on the edge of Wheeler's meadow near Island. One done laying (I learn after); four eggs, green, — much darker green than the robin's and more slender in proportion. This is *loosely* placed in the forks of a broad alternate or silky cornel bush, about five feet from the ground, and is composed of dead twigs and a little stubble, then grape-vine bark, and is lined with dark root-fibres. Another, eight rods beyond, rests still more loosely on a *Viburnum dentatum* and birch; has some dry leaves with the twigs, and one egg, — about six feet high. The bird hops within five feet.¹

The white maple keys are about half fallen. It is remarkable that this happens at the time the emperor moth (*cecropia*) comes out. *Carex crinita* (?), a few days, along bank of Assabet. Whiteweed, Merrick's pasture shore, these two or three days.

The *Salix cordata* (which apparently blossomed some days after the *S. sericea*) is very common on Prichard's shore and also Whiting's. Also at the last place is a small shrub, — a little of it, — perhaps *S. lucida*, which apparently blossomed about same time [as], or a day or two after, the *sericea*.

¹ This egg gone on the 9th.

June 7. Rain.

In afternoon — mizzling weather — to Abel Homer Woods.

Cistus, apparently yesterday, open. A yellowbird's nest on a willow bough against a twig, ten feet high, four eggs. I have heard no musical *gurgle-ee* from blackbirds for a fortnight. They are now busy breeding.

June 8. P. M. — Goose Pond.

High blueberry. A crow two thirds grown tied up for a scarecrow. A tanager's (?) nest in the top-most forks of a pitch pine about fifteen feet high, by Thrush Alley; the nest very slight, apparently of pine-needles, twigs, etc.; can see through it; bird on.

In that pitch pine wood see two rabbit forms (?), very snug and well-roofed retreats formed by the dead pine-needles falling about the base of the trees, where they are upheld on the dead stubs from the butt at from six inches to a foot from the ground, as if the carpet [of the] forest floor were puffed up there. Gnawed acorn-shells in them. Two *Fringilla pusilla* nests in my old potato-field, at the foot of little white pines each; made of dried grass lined with hair, snug in the sod. Four eggs to each; one lot nearly hatched; with reddish-brown spots, especially toward larger end, but a light opening quite at that end; smaller, slenderer, and less spotted than the song sparrow's. The bird is ash side-head, ferruginous above, mahogany bill and legs, two whitish bars. Eggs do not agree with account? Nuttall says this bird's eggs are so thick with ferruginous as to appear almost wholly of that color! A jay's nest

with three young half fledged in a white pine, six feet high (in it), by the Ingraham cellar, made of coarse sticks. Hear, I am pretty sure, a rose-breasted grosbeak sing. See apparently a summer duck in Goose Pond. C. says he saw two other *dark* ducks here yesterday. A great many devil's-needles in woods within a day or two. G. Brooks told me on June 1st that a few evenings before he saw as many as a thousand chimney swallows pour down into Goodnow's chimney.

A catbird's nest on the peninsula of Goose Pond — four eggs — in a blueberry bush, four feet from ground, close to water; as usual of sticks, dry leaves, and bark lined with roots.

What was that little nest on the ridge near by, made of fine grass lined with a few hairs and containing five small eggs (two hatched the 11th), nearly as broad as long, yet pointed, white with fine dull-brown spots especially on the large end — nearly hatched? The nest in the dry grass under a shrub, remarkably concealed.¹

Found in this walk, of nests, one tanager, two bay-wing, one blue jay, one catbird, and the last named.

June 9. P. M. — To Wheeler's azalea swamp, across meadow.

Early primrose done, say two days. An orchis, probably yellowish, will be common in Wheeler's meadow.²

¹ June 11. — It is a Maryland yellow-throat; *runs* and *flies* along the ground away like a nighthawk. Can't trace it off, it goes so low in the grass, etc., at first. Very shy it is.

² [A marginal query here.]

Sidesaddle, apparently a day or two; petals hang down. A song sparrow's nest low in Wheeler's meadow, with five eggs, made of grass lined with hair. *Rhus Toxicodendron* on Island Rock.

The nest probably of the small pewee — looking from the ground like a yellowbird's, showing reddish wool of ferns — against a white birch, on a small twig, eighteen feet from ground. Four little eggs, all pale cream-color before blowing, white after — fresh. A yellowbird's nest eight feet from ground in crotch of a very slender maple. A chip-bird's in a white thorn on the Hill; one egg.

A catbird's nest, three eggs, in a high blueberry, four feet from ground, with rather more dry leaves than usual, above Assabet Spring. Lambkill out. Catbird's nest, one egg, on a blueberry bush, three feet from ground, of (as usual) sticks, leaves, bark, roots. Another near same (also in V. Muhlenbergii Swamp) on a bent white birch and andromeda, eighteen inches from ground; three eggs; stubble of weeds mainly instead of twigs, otherwise as usual. A chewink's nest sunk in ground under a bank covered with ferns, dead and green, and huckleberry bushes; composed of dry leaves, then grass stubble, and lined with a very few slender, reddish moss stems; four eggs, rather fresh; merely enough moss stems to indicate its choice. Fever-root, *perhaps* several days.

See very few hawks for several weeks.

Found to-day, of nests, one song sparrow, one small pewee (?), one yellowbird, one chip-bird, three cat-

birds, one chewink, one robin (the last on a black willow, two feet from ground, one egg).

I think I have hardly heard a bobolink for a week or ten days.

June 10. P. M. — To owl's nest.

A remarkably strong wind from the southwest all day, racking the trees very much and filling the air with dust. I do not remember such violent and incessant gusts at this season. Many eggs, if not young, must have been shaken out of birds' nests, for I hear of some fallen. It is almost impossible to hear birds — or to keep your hat on. The waves are like those of March.

That common grass,¹ which was in blossom a fortnight since, and still on our bank, began a week ago to turn white here and there, killed by worms. *Veronica scutellata*, apparently a day or two. *Iris versicolor*, also a day or two. A red maple leaf with those crimson spots. *Clintonia*, apparently four or five days (not out at Hubbard's Close the 4th).

A catbird's nest of usual construction, one egg, two feet high on a swamp-pink; an old nest of same near by on same.

Some *Viola cucullata* are now nine inches high, and leaves nearly two inches wide. *Archangelica* stamiferous umbellets, say yesterday, but some, apparently only pistilliferous ones, look some days at least older; seed-vessel pretty large.

¹ June-grass.

Oven-bird's nest with four eggs two thirds hatched, under dry leaves, composed of pine-needles and dry leaves and a hair or two for lining, about six feet southwest of a white oak which is six rods southwest of the hawk pine. The young owls are gone. The *Kalmia glauca* is done before the lambkill is begun here; apparently was done some days ago. A very few rhodoras linger.

Nest of a kingbird or wood pewee¹ on a white [*sic*] spruce in the Holden Swamp, about fifteen feet high, on a small branch near the top, of a few twigs and pine-needles, and an abundance of usnea mainly composing and lining and overflowing from it, very open beneath and carelessly built, with a small concavity; with three eggs pretty fresh, but apparently all told, cream-color before blowing, with a circle of brown spots about larger end. The female (?) looked darker beneath than a kingbird and uttered that clear plaintive *till tilt*, like a robin somewhat, sitting on a spruce.

C. finds an egg to-day, somewhat like a song sparrow's, but a little longer and slenderer, or with less difference between the ends in form, and more finely and regularly spotted *all over* with pale brown. It was in a pensile nest of grape-vine bark, on the low branch of a maple. Probably a cowbird's; fresh-laid.

He has found in nests of grass in thick bushes near river what he thought red-wing's eggs,² but they are pale-blue with large black blotches — one with a very

¹ Probably of *Muscicapa Cooperi* or pe-pe, disc[overed] by Nuttall (?). *Vide* May 15.

² Yes.

large black spot on one side. Can they be bobolinks? or what?¹

My partridge still sits on seven eggs.

The black spruce which I plucked on the 2d expanded a loose, rather light brown cone on the 5th, say. Can that be the pistillate flower? The white spruce cones are now a rich *dark* purple, more than a half-inch long.

Nuttall thus describes the *Muscicapa Cooperi*, olive-sided flycatcher, or pe-pe: —

"SPEC. CHARACT. — Dusky brown; head darker, without discolored spot; sides olive grey; lateral space beneath the wing white; lower mandible purplish horn color; tail nearly even and extending but little beyond the closed wings."

No white on tail; secondaries and coverts edged with whitish; "rictus bright yellow, as well as the inside of the mouth and tongue." "Chin white." "Sides dusky olive, a broad line down the middle of the breast, with the abdomen and rump yellowish white; a broadish white space on the side, beneath the wing towards the back." "This species, though of the size of the King-bird, is nearly related to the Wood Pewee, yet perfectly distinct."

Of note, her "oft repeated, whining call of 'pŭ 'pŭ, then varied to 'pŭ pŭp, and 'pŭp pŭ, also at times 'pŭp 'pŭp 'pŭ, 'pŭp 'pŭp 'pŭp, 'pŭ 'pŭ pŭp, or 'tŭ 'tŭ 'tŭ, and 'tŭ 'tŭ. This shrill, pensive, and quick whistle sometimes dropped almost to a whisper, or merely 'pŭ. The tone was in fact much like that of the 'phŭ 'phŭ

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'phũ of the Fish Hawk. The male, however, besides this note, at long intervals, had a call of 'eh'phèbēē, or 'h'phcbéū, almost exactly in the tone of the circular tin whistle, or bird-call."¹

June 11. How's morus, staminate flowers apparently only a day or two (pollen); the pistillate a long time. The locust apparently two or three days open.

When I would go a-visiting I find that I go off the fashionable street — not being inclined to change my dress — to where man meets man and not polished shoe meets shoe.

According to Holland's "History of Western Massachusetts," in Westfield, "In 1721, it was voted that the pews next the pulpit should be highest in dignity. The next year it was voted that persons should be seated in the meeting house according to their age and estate, and that so much as any man's estate is increased by his negroes, 'that shall be left out.' If a man lived on a hired farm, 'or hath obtained his property by marrying a widow, it shall be reckoned only one-third,' that is, he shall have only one-third as much dignity as if he owned his farm, or had acquired his money by his own industry."²

What if we feel a yearning to which no breast answers? I walk alone. My heart is full. Feelings impede the current of my thoughts. I knock on the earth

¹ [A Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and of Canada, second edition, vol. i, pp. 298-302.]

² [Josiah Gilbert Holland, History of Western Massachusetts, vol. ii, pp. 142, 143.]

for my friend. I expect to meet him at every turn; but no friend appears, and perhaps none is dreaming of me. I am tired of frivolous society, in which silence is forever the most natural and the best manners. I would fain walk on the deep waters, but my companions will only walk on shallows and puddles. I am naturally silent in the midst of twenty from day to day, from year to year. I am rarely reminded of their presence. Two yards of politeness do not make society for me. One complains that I do not take his jokes. I took them before he had done uttering them, and went my way. One talks to me of his apples and pears, and I depart with my secret untold. His are not the apples that tempt me.

Now (September 16, '55), after four or five months of invalidity and worthlessness, I begin to feel some stirrings of life in me.

Is not that carex, *Pennsylvanica*-like, with a long spike (one inch long by one half-inch wide), *C. bullata*?

What a difference between one red-wing blackbird's egg and another's! *C.* finds one long as a robin's, but narrow, with large black spots on larger end and on side, on or between the bushes by riverside; another much shorter, with a large black spot on the side. Both pale-blue ground.

The early willows at the bridge are apparently either *S. discolor* or *eriocephala*, or both.

I have noticed the green oak-balls some days. Now observe the dark *evergreen* of June.

The target leaf is eaten above.

In order to get the deserted tanager's nest at the top

[of] a pitch pine which was too weak to climb, we carried a rope in our pockets and took three rails a quarter of a mile into the woods, and there rigged a derrick, by which I climbed to a level with the nest, and I could see if there were eggs in it. I have the nest. Tied the three tops together and spread the bottoms.

Carex cephalophora (?) on Heywood's Peak. That fine, dry, wiry wild grass in hollows in woods and sprout-lands, never mown, is apparently the *C. Pennsylvanica*, or early sedge. There are young bluebirds.

June 12. Tuesday. Down river to swamp east of Poplar Hill.

I hear the toad, which I have called "spray frog" falsely, *still*. He sits close to the edge of the water and is hard to find — hard to tell the direction, though you may be within three feet. I detect him chiefly by the motion of the great swelling bubble in his throat. A peculiarly rich, sprayey dreamer, now at 2 P. M.! How serenely it ripples over the water! What a luxury life is to him! I have to use a little geometry to detect him. Am surprised at my discovery at last, while C. sits by incredulous. Had turned our prow to shore to search. This rich, sprayey note possesses all the shore. It diffuses itself far and wide over the water and enters into every crevice of the noon, and you cannot tell whence it proceeds.

Young red-wings now begin to fly feebly amid the button-bushes, and the old ones chatter their anxiety. At mouth of Mill Brook, a red-wing's nest tied on to that thick, high grass and some low willow, eighteen

inches from ground, with four eggs variously marked, full of young.

In a hedge thicket by meadow near Peter's Path, a catbird's nest, one egg; as usual in a high blueberry, in the thickest and darkest of the hedge, and very loosely built beneath on joggle-sticks.

In the thick swamp behind the hill I look at the vireo's nest which C. found on the 10th, within reach on a red maple forked twig, eight feet from ground. He took one cowbird's egg from it, and I now take the other, which he left. There is no vireo's egg, and it is said they always desert their nest when there are two cowbird's eggs laid in it. I saw a red-eye lurking near. Have the nest. Near by, in a part of the swamp which had been cleared and then burnt apparently by accident, we find the nest of a veery on a tussock eight inches high, which like those around has been burnt all off close and black. The nest is directly in the top, the outside burnt. It contains three eggs, which have been scorched, discolored, and cooked, — one cracked by the heat, though fresh. Some of the sedge has since sprung up green, eight inches high, around here and there. All the lower part of the nest is left, an inch thick with dead leaves, — maple, etc., — and well lined with moss stems (??). It is a dry swamp.

In a high blueberry bush, on the Poplar Hill-side, four feet from ground, a catbird's nest with four eggs, forty feet high up the hill. They even follow the blueberry up-hill.

A field sparrow's nest with three young, on a *Vac-*

cinium vacillans, rose, and grass, six inches from ground, made of grass and hair.

A *Carya tomentosa* hickory on the hill well out, and froth on the nuts, almost all out and black; perhaps three or four days.

A hawthorn grows near by, just out of bloom, twelve feet high — *Cratagus Oxyacantha*. A veronica at Peetweet Rock; forget which kind. A crow blackbird's nest high in an elm by riverside just below the Island. C. climbed to it and got it. I have it. There were eggs. Bottom of mud and coarse grass and sedge, lined with finer grass and dry weed stems. Another in an elm rear of Loring's, in a recess where a limb was once broken off, open on one side, eighteen feet high. Young with heads out almost ready to fly.

Nuttall says of the cowbird's egg, "If the egg be deposited in the nest alone, it is uniformly forsaken;" has seen "sometimes 2 of these eggs in the same nest, but in this case one of them commonly proves abortive." "Is almost oval, scarcely larger than that of the Bluebird." He says it is "thickly sprinkled with points and confluent touches of olive brown, of two shades, somewhat more numerous at the greater end, on a white ground tinged with green. But in some of these eggs the ground is almost pure white, and the spots nearly black."¹

June 13. C. finds a pigeon woodpecker's nest in an apple tree, five of those pearly eggs, about six feet from the ground; could squeeze your hand in. Also

¹ [*Op. cit.*, pp. 193-195.]

a peetweet's, with four eggs, in Hubbard's meadow beyond the old swamp oak site; and two kingbirds' nests with eggs in an apple and in a willow by riverside.

June 14. Thursday. Up river.

See young red-wings; like grizzly-black vultures, they are still so bald. See many empty red-wing nests now amid the *Cornus sericca*. The bluebird's nest high in the black willow at Sassafras Shore has five eggs. The gold robin's nest, which I could pull down within reach, just beyond, has three eggs. I have one. I told C. to look into an old mortise-hole in Wood's Bridge for a white-bellied swallow's nest, as we were paddling under; but he laughed, incredulous. I insisted, and when he climbed up he scared out the bird. Five eggs. "You see the feathers about, do you not?" "Yes," said he.

Kalmiana lily, several days. The little galium in meadow, say one day. A song sparrow's (?) nest in ditch bank under Clamshell, of coarse grass lined with fine, and five eggs nearly hatched and a peculiar dark end to them. Have one or more and the nest. The bird evidently deserted the nest when two eggs had been taken. Could not see her return to it, nor find her on it again after we had flushed her. A kingbird's nest with four eggs on a large horizontal stem or trunk of a black willow, four feet high, over the edge of the river, amid small shoots from the willow; outside of mikania, roots, and knotty sedge, well lined with root-fibres and wiry weeds. *Viburnum dentatum*, apparently not long, say two days, and carrion-flower the same.

Looked at the peewee's nest which C. found yesterday. It was very difficult to find again in the broad open meadow; no nest but a mere hollow in the dead cranberry leaves, the grass and stubble ruins, under a little alder. The old bird went off at last from under us; low in the grass at first and with *wings up*, making a worried sound which attracted other birds. I frequently noticed others afterward flying low over the meadow and alighting and uttering this same note of alarm. There [were] only four eggs in this nest yesterday, and to-day, to C.'s surprise, there are the two eggs which he left and a young peewee beside; a gray pinch of down with a black centre to its back, but already so old and precocious that it runs with its long legs swiftly off from squatting beside the two eggs, and hides in the grass. We have some trouble to catch it. How came it here with these eggs, which will not be hatched for some days? C. saw nothing of it yesterday. J. Farmer says that young peewees run at once like partridges and quails, and that they are the only birds he knows that do. These eggs were not addled (I had opened one, C. another). Did this bird come from another nest, or did it belong to an earlier brood? Eggs white, with black spots here and there all over, dim at great end.

A cherry-bird's nest and two eggs in an apple tree fourteen feet from ground.¹ One egg, round black spots and a few oblong, about equally but thinly dispersed over the whole, and a dim, internal, purplish tinge about the large end. It is difficult to see anything of

¹ *Vide* 16th.

the bird, for she steals away early, and you may neither see nor hear anything of her while examining the nest, and so think it deserted. Approach very warily and look out for them a dozen or more rods off.

It suddenly began to rain with great violence, and we in haste drew up our boat on the Clamshell shore, upset it, and got under, sitting on the paddles, and so were quite dry while our friends thought we were being wet to our skins. But we had as good a roof as they. It was very pleasant to lie there half an hour close to the edge of the water and see and hear the great drops patter on the river, each making a great bubble; the rain seemed much heavier for it. The swallows at once and numerously began to fly low over the water in the rain, as they had not before, and the toads' spray rang in it. After it began to hold up, the wind veered a little to the east and apparently blew back the rear of the cloud, and blew a second rain somewhat in upon us.

As soon as the rain was over I crawled out, straightened my legs, and stumbled at once upon a little patch of strawberries within a rod, — the sward red with them. These we plucked while the last drops were thinly falling.

Silene antirrhina out on Clamshell, how long?

June 15. *Friday*. To Moore's Swamp.

Robin's nest in apple tree, twelve feet high — young nearly grown. Hair-bird's nest on main limb of an apple tree, horizontal, ten feet high. Many pollywogs an inch long. In the swamp a catbird's nest in the

darkest and thickest part, in a high blueberry, five feet from ground, two eggs; bird comes within three feet while I am looking.

Viburnum nudum, how long? Not long.

Wool(?) - grass.

I see a strange warbler still in this swamp. A chestnut and gray backed bird, five or six inches long, with a black throat and yellow crown; note, *chit chit chill le le*, or *chut chut a wutter chut a wut, che che*.

Crimson frosting on maple leaves. The swamp pyrus twigs are in some places curving over and swollen, and curling up at ends, forming bunches of leaves.

June 16. Saturday. The cherry-bird's egg was a satin color, or very pale slate, with an internal or what would be called black-and-blue ring about large end.

P. M. — To Hubbard's Grove, on river.

A sparrow's nest with four gray eggs in bank beyond ivy tree. Four catbirds half fledged in the green-briar near bathing-place, hung three feet from ground.

Examined a kingbird's nest found before (13th) in a black willow over edge of river, four feet from ground. Two eggs. West of oak in Hubbard's meadow. Catbird's nest in an alder, three feet from ground, three fresh eggs.

See young and weak striped squirrels nowadays, with slender tails, asleep on horizontal boughs above their holes, or moving feebly about; might catch them. Redstarts in the swamp there. Also see there a blue yellow-green-backed warbler, with an orange breast

and throat, white belly and vent, and forked tail — indigo-blue head, etc.

Ground-nut, how long?

A painted tortoise just burying three flesh-colored eggs in the dry, sandy plain near the thrasher's nest. It leaves no trace on the surface. Find near by four more about this business. When seen they stop stock-still in whatever position, and stir not nor make any noise, just as their shells may happen to be tilted up.

June 18. To Hemlocks.

Sparganium. A yellowbird feigns broken wings. Woodcock.

At 3 P. M., as I walked up the bank by the Hemlocks, I saw a painted tortoise just beginning its hole; then another a dozen rods from the river on the bare barren field near some pitch pines, where the earth was covered with cladonias, cinquefoil, sorrel, etc. Its hole was about two thirds done. I stooped down over it, and, to my surprise, after a slight pause it proceeded in its work, directly under and within eighteen inches of my face. I retained a constrained position for three quarters of an hour or more for fear of alarming it. It rested on its fore legs, the front part of its shell about one inch higher than the rear, and this position was not changed essentially to the last. The hole was oval, broadest behind, about one inch wide and one and three quarters long, and the dirt already removed was quite wet or moistened. It made the hole and removed the dirt with its hind legs only, not using its tail or shell, which last of course could not

enter the hole, though there was some dirt on it. It first scratched two or three times with one hind foot; then took up a pinch of the loose sand and deposited it directly behind that leg, pushing it backward to its full length and then deliberately opening it and letting the dirt fall; then the same with the other hind foot. This it did rapidly, using each leg alternately with perfect regularity, standing on the other one the while, and thus tilting up its shell each time, now to this side, then to that. There was half a minute or a minute between each change. The hole was made as deep as the feet could reach, or about two inches. It was very neat about its work, not scattering the dirt about any more than was necessary. The completing of the hole occupied perhaps five minutes.

It then without any pause drew its head completely into its shell, raised the rear a little, and protruded and dropped a wet flesh-colored egg into the hole, one end foremost, the red skin of its body being considerably protruded with it. Then it put out its head again a little, slowly, and placed the egg at one side with one hind foot. After a delay of about two minutes it again drew in its head and dropped another, and so on to the fifth — drawing in its head each time, and pausing somewhat longer between the last. The eggs were placed in the hole without any *particular* care, — only well down flat and [each] out of the way of the next, — and I could plainly see them from above.

After these ten minutes or more, it without pause or turning began to scrape the moist earth into the hole with its hind legs, and, when it had half filled it, it

carefully pressed it down with the edges of its hind feet, dancing on them alternately, for some time, as on its knees, tilting from side to side, pressing by the whole weight of the rear of its shell. When it had drawn in thus all the earth that had been moistened, it stretched its hind legs further back and to each side, and drew in the dry and lichen-clad crust, and then danced upon and pressed that down, still not moving the rear of its shell more than one inch to right or left all the while, or changing the position of the forward part at all. The thoroughness with which the covering was done was remarkable. It persevered in drawing in and dancing on the dry surface which had never been disturbed, long after you thought it had done its duty, but it never moved its fore feet, nor once looked round, nor saw the eggs it had laid. There were frequent pauses throughout the whole, when it rested, or ran out its head and looked about circumspectly, at any noise or motion. These pauses were especially long during the covering of its eggs, which occupied more than half an hour. Perhaps it was hard work.

When it had done, it immediately started for the river at a pretty rapid rate (the suddenness with which it made these transitions was amusing), pausing from time to time, and I judged that it would reach it in fifteen minutes. It was not easy to detect that the ground had been disturbed there. An Indian could not have made his cache more skillfully. In a few minutes all traces of it would be lost to the eye.

The object of moistening the earth was perhaps to enable it to take it up in its hands (?), and also to pre-

vent its falling back into the hole. Perhaps it also helped to make the ground more compact and harder when it was pressed down.¹

June 19. Tuesday. P. M. — Up Assabet.

A pewee's nest (bird apparently small pewee, nest apparently wood pewee's) on a white maple's nearly horizontal bough, eighteen feet above water, opposite Hemlocks; externally of lichens from the maple trunk, and hemlock (?) twigs, very inconspicuous, like a lichen-covered knot.² I hear many wood pewees about here.

Young song sparrows flutter about.

A yellowbird's nest saddled on a horizontal (or slanting down amid twigs) branch of a swamp white oak, within reach, six feet high, of fern down and lint; a sharp cone bottom; four eggs, just laid, pale flesh-color with brown spots; have one.

There are a great many glaucous and also hoary and yellowish-green puffs on the *Andromeda paniculata* now, some four inches in diameter. Wood tortoises united, with heads out of water.

Did I enumerate the sharp-shinned hawk among ours?

Mr. Bull found in his garden this morning a snapping turtle about twenty rods from the brook, which had there just made a round hole (apparently with head) $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 5+ deep, in a slanting direction. I brought her home and put her into a pen in the garden that she might lay (she weighed seven pounds five ounces), but she climbed over an

¹ *Vide* September 10th.

² Empty on July 25th.

upright fence of smooth stakes twenty-two inches high.

June 20. A catbird's nest eight feet high on a pitch pine in Emerson's heater piece, partly of paper. A summer yellowbird's, saddled on an apple, of cotton-wool, lined with hair and feathers, three eggs, white with flesh-colored tinge and purplish-brown and black spots. Two hair-birds' nests fifteen feet high on apple trees at R. W. E.'s (one with two eggs). A robin's nest with young, which was lately, in the great wind, blown down and somehow lodged on the lower part of an evergreen by arbor, — without spilling the young!

June 21. Saw a white lily in Everett's Pond.

Sparrow's nest, four eggs, deep in the moist bank beyond cherry-bird's nest (have three), of peculiar color. She deserted the nest after one was taken. Outside of stubble, scantily lined with fibrous roots. Clams abundant within three feet of shore, and bream-nests. The early grass is ripe or browned, and clover is drying. Peewees make quite a noise calling to their young with alarm.

On an apple at R. W. E.'s a small pewee's nest, on a horizontal branch, seven feet high, almost wholly of hair, cotton without, not incurved at edge; four eggs, pale cream-color.

June 22. At 6 p. m. the temperature of the air is 77°, of river one rod from shore 72°. Warmest day yet.

June 23. Probably a redstart's nest (?) on a white oak sapling, twelve feet up, on forks against stem. Have it. See young redstarts about.

Hear of flying squirrels now grown.

June 25. Under E. Wood's barn, a phœbe's nest, with two birds ready to fly; also barn swallow's nest lined with feathers, hemisphere or cone against side of sleeper; five eggs, delicate, as well as white-bellied swallow's.

June 26. C. has found a wood pewee's nest on a horizontal limb of a small swamp white oak, ten feet high, with three fresh eggs, cream-colored with spots of two shades in a ring about large end. Have nest and an egg.

June 28. On river.

Two red-wings' nests, four eggs and three — one without any black marks. Hear and see young golden robins which have left the nest, now peeping with a peculiar tone. Shoals of minnows a half-inch long. Eel-grass washed up.

June 30. 2 P. M. — Thermometer north side of house, 95°; in river where one foot deep, one rod from shore, 82°.