

turned near me and foraged assiduously among leaves and rubbish apparently for beetles. It frequently dug an inch or two after its prey. No smell was noticeable. The most surprising thing connected with this animal in the woods is the enormous size of its tail.

June 15. Visited the carp pond and on the trees around it large numbers of *Hyla versicolor* were trilling musically. I captured four, three of them greyish and one greenish. I watched them for an hour in the bottle and noticed that the greenish one, (the largest) was the only one that trilled, the others merely offering a soft chic, chic, chic. The greenish one was the only one attempting to copulate with the other ones. It was certainly a male and I presume the others were females. I am not aware that sexual distinction is connected with the color of this very variable species; but there is a clear difference in the notes of the sexes. This is interesting. I also noticed that after handling these viscid hylas and accidentally rubbing my eyes I felt a smarting that lasted for twenty minutes or so. I suppose no bird or mammal finds them at all palatable. I would like to offer one to *Procyon lotor*, who greedily devours the *Ranas*.

June 19. The afternoon turning out fine I had the choice of going to a picnic or to the Model. The winds whispered in the beeches, and I went to the latter alone save for the buzzing thoughts that hummed through my head. Splashing through the swamp there, I came half unaware on a magnificent group of *Cypripedium spectabile*, and I did not envy Wordsworth with his heart dancing with the daffodils. Seventeen blossoms had opened out, the peerless flowers all perfect as one could wish, purple and pink fading invisibly into immaculate white—these boats floated in the ethereal air waiting for some dainty Ariel to set a filmy sail above them, and ready to waft them whither he wished. Or indeed it may be (so dull are mortal senses) that they were moccasins fashioned by the patient worker, Nature, for some fairy Indian maiden, for her wedding hour by the light of the full moon this very midsummer night. Be all this as it may, a portion of this beauty pierced deep through my eye and down to my heart. A swamp sparrow brooded on her eggs near by, and a veery filled the woods with his clingle clangle, a silver bell