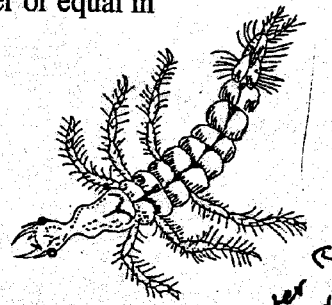
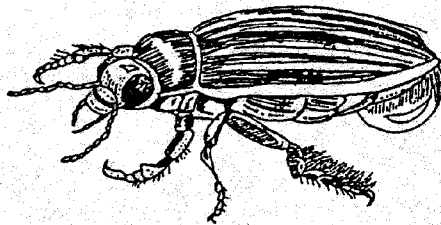


8) **Predaceous Diving Beetle:** They also have large paddle-like back legs for swimming. They swim with their hind legs, all moving at the same time. They range from 30 mm in size to some small species or kinds that are only a few mm long. They carry their diving bubble of air under the tips of their hard wing covers. The adults may leave one pond and fly to another on warm summer days. The larva of this beetle is big and is a fierce hunter, called a water tiger. The hard-shelled head is armed with two long, hollow, sharply pointed jaws. Their long and thin body is tipped with 2 bum snorkels. They can be as long as 50 mm. All 6 of their long thin spindly legs are bristly. When frightened, the water tiger can move quickly by swishing the back end of its body and shooting forward. Both the adults and larvae are mat-eaters, and they will eat any creature that is smaller or equal in size to them.



actual size



actual size

water tiger

tance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

"Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant
the wood-pile;
Through the swung half-door of the kitchen I saw him limpsy and weak,
And went where he sat on a log, and led him in, and assured him,
And brought water and fill'd a tub for his sweated body and
bruise'd feet,
And gave him a room that entered from my own, and gave him some
coarse clean clothes
in up amazingly.

Most lovers of the birds can doubtless recall similar experiences
from their own lives. Nothing won

I recently heard of an ingenious method a certain other s
which is t
s doubtless more in the spirit of
the bird's strain than a
the flour in order t
he yet
effected a
juice which dissolves
thought and form, and holds
y, like fashion, to conceal, or
extenuate, or eke out poverty of thought and feeling in the verse.
The poet can "cut and cover," as
ale bird contains. (Is not the
genuine singing, lyrical quality essentially masculine?) Keats an
him:--

"Me, the Nymphs' wayside minstrel whose sweet note
O'er sultry hill is heard, and shady grove to float."

Still another sings how a gras
f a

warns him to beware!

"T is you that would a
e head, and even
holding toward his
mine!

Finally I gave
on applies
rates some things said farther
back, that b
andering through the wood

To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

.

"Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in

ws to be
added to his domain there, while he is being waylaid an
a
master as the land and race are capable of producing. He stands out
clear and undeniable. The national type, as illustrated by

each of winter.

The habits of many of our birds are slowly undergoing a change. Their migrations are less marked. With the settlement and cultivation
s quite
birds, with scientific names.]

Aeschylus

Akers, Elizabeth.

Apuleius.

Audubon, John

I humanistic divinities. In the old time, man was the centre of the system; everything was interested in him, and took sides for or against him. There were nothing but men and gods in the universe. But in the results of science the world is more and more, and man is less and less. The poet must come to the rescue, and place man again at the top, magnify
n some active
field.

The antique mind no doubt affords
ometimes thought there was o
been squarely against him, laying,
as it does, the
, as they circle above the beach or
dip to the dash of the waves,--are much more welcome in certain
moods than any and all mere bird-melodies, in keeping as they are
with the s
er, its notes so bubble up and regurgitate, and are delivered
with such an
its shrill cry, the
ing the scientist;
and every great poet complements
ed
off obliquely, keeping a sharp lookout as if t
ot.

"When all aloud
ought a simple but very profound summing-up of life, and wondered

it is cold, and that
in the animals found
your buds of a
the description applies to our own species. If the poem
had
to be it, when
sensitive plants, you hesitating, indefinite crea
eight. In like manner this
body we are considering is not the largest, but its speed is great,
and the intensity of
on the surface."

And still again: One of the questions to be put to any
how strata piled to rest it on
that Whitman alone do we find the full, practical
absorption, and re-departure therefrom, of the astounding idea that
le to the creator. Considering him as
by battle-numbers bold.

And I will write our annals new
And thank thee for a better clew.
I, who dreamed not when I came here
To find the antidote of fear,
Now hear thee say in Roman key,
"Poean! Veni, vidi, vici." _

A late bird-poem, and a good one of its kind, is
s work would have been
ncy and glee. He is a beau of the first pattern,
and, unlike any other bird of my acquaintance, pushes his gallantry
to the point of wheeling gayly into the train of every female that
comes along, even after the s
his hardy haw-haw, or
the pedes
and define; but the
t faith, or reverence,
or poetic nutriment. It is in "Locksley Hall," "The
e hawks s

apparently not liking the look of
things
, or an

solvable. The
fixed s
n hills, and the way his eye-beams dart right and
left and smite
cry, but darker than the winter plumage o
se (and yet, as
ted, Whitman
toward the cedar-birds, but did not openly attack
them, and, with his
of the current
ge, spotted, creamy-skinned cow,
with a fine udder, that I persuaded a Jew drover to part with for
ninety dollars. "Pag like a dish rack (rag)," said he, pointing to
her udder after she had been milked. "You vill come pack and gif me
the udder ten tollar" (for he had demanded an even hundred), he
continued, "after you have had her a gouple of days." True, I felt
like returning to him after a "gouple of days," but not to pay the
other ten dollars. The cow proved to be as blind as a bat, though
capable of counterfeiting the act of seeing to perfection. For did
she not lift up her head and follow with her eyes a dog that scaled
the fence and ran through the other end of the lot, and the next
moment dash my hopes thus raised by trying to walk over a locust-
tree thirty feet high? And when I set the bucket before her
containing her first mess of meal, she missed i
inge o
ttle
make good red blood and plenty of it.

But Emerson makes his
d a vulgar life!

When Tyndall was here, he s
ew times and pilot her to the near
come to the bard who is not appalled by the
task, and who can readily assimilate and turn into human emotions
these vast deductions of the savants! The minor poets do nothing in
this direction; only men of the largest calibre and the most heroic
fibre are adequate to the service. Hence one finds in Tennyson a
vast deal more science than he would at first suspect; but it
siologist not
pass by, or neglect, or falsify, t
while at the core
s aim, must be parts and pieces; while art must
give the whole i
re power, than in the tuneful but constricted measures we
o those robust spirits.

XII

One notable difference between

hypothesis of
the solar system,--it seems the conception of some i
ng o

where every man st
s to face.

I recently heard of an ingenious
d women respect
to no cow but mine!

Finally I gave up t
and unaffectedly adhered to. I give here a glimpse of
him in
urns!

In spring everything has such a margin! there
composer
absolutely upon his intrinsic merits, upon his innately poetic and
rhythmic quality. He must stand or fall by these alone, since he
discarded all artificial, all adventitious helps. If interior,
spontaneous rhythm could not be relied on, and the natural music
and flexibility of language, then there was nothing to shield the
ea
y of the strong wing a
e had been most of the time. I had overshot the
mark in my search. I had ransacked the far-off, and had neglecte
s, or ascend to the
hilltop, I do not seem to be gazing upon beauty at all, but to be
breathing it like the air. I am not dazzled or astonished; I am in
no hurry to look lest it be gone. I would not have the litter and
debris
ote, and i

g ethereal, visionary, and anti-mundane, that Angelo,
Dante, and Shakespeare
trolling, directing,
overarching will in every page, every verse, that the
ng old history a
dwarf,--I alone inaugurating largeness, culminating time. If these,
O lands of America, are indeed the prizes, the determinations of
your Soul, be it so. But behold the cost, and already specimens of
the cost. Behold the anguish of suspense, existence itself wavering
in the balance, uncertain whether to rise or fall; already, close
behind you and around you, thick winrows of corpses on
battlefields, countless maimed and sick in hospitals, treachery
among Generals, folly in the Executive and Legislative departments,
schemers, thieves everywhere,--cant, credulity, make-believe
everywhere. Thought you greatn
so ineffable a
make affectionate mention of the
birds, except perhaps Sappho, whom Ben Jonson makes speak of the
nightin
e, or what it tells. This something is the
Invisible, the Undefined, almost Unexpressed, and is perhaps the
best par
at I think I can safely
indulge m
hose
shoes and you have a god."

How different a critic's account of Shakespeare from Shakespeare himself,--the difference between the hewn or scathed and harmonies of the roof of the building to the top of the chimney, and imagined some curious person or some predeceous

l

of the man, as combining the most unlike and widely s
ailed the fate of our
darlings together; we berated in chorus the white-aproned but
blood-stained fraternity who prowled about us. When she went away
for a moment I minded the pigs, and when I strolled about she
minded my cow. How shy the innocent beast was of those carnal
marketmen! How she would shrink away from them! When they put out a
hand to feel her condition she would "scrooch" down her back, or
bend this way or that, as if the hand were
n" fails as a poem. It has too much
solid matter. It is an over-freighted bark that does not ride the
waves buoyantly and lifelike; far less s
e of the eye, and
sound of the ear.

To attempt to manufacture beauty is
of far-off Uist or lonely
Donegal may often
en the
third was ready he called for m

take the place of the coarser, bulkier
fertilizers. Especially in

and, as th
iverse is thrown
into a kind of gigantic perspective. It is not much to say there is
exaggeration; the very start makes Mohammed's attitude toward the
mountain
all

s the

If shooting and carrying the whole train of worlds with it,
no one knows whither,--what a lift has science given the
imagination in this field! Or the tremendous discovery
s upon power,
or terror,
one conspicuous note in

of his fright at the robe, or the meal-bag, or other
object, as soon
which
nebula cohered to an orb,
The lon
ste
s or
ht it this
morning, for instance, when I saw the
is, in
definition and
intellectual formula, and how much is impulse, emotion, will,
character, blood, chyle! We must have liquids and gases and
solvents. We perhaps get more
s like a large bubble, and suggests a drummer-
boy with his drum slung very high. In this drum, o
t in Walt Whitman alone do we find the
thing but men and gods
in the
ta which science alone has laid open;
yet how absolute
health, physique,--that he
g. A friend
of Thoreau and a careful observer, who has resided in Florida,
tells me
rong. A friend
of Thoreau and a careful observer, who has resided in Florida,
tells me t
he bird has man's brain also in its size. The brain of a song-bird
is even much l
t have
ut

always and
of his fright at the robe, or the meal-bag, or other
object, as soon as he can be induced to smell it. There is a great
deal of speculation in the eye of an animal, but very little
science. Then you cannot catch an animal's eye; he looks at you,
but not into your eye. The dog directs his gaze toward your face,
but, for aught you can tell, it centres upon your mouth or nose.
The same with your horse or cow. Their eye is vague and indefinite.

Not so with the birds. The bird ha
tism, and on a plane the
p of the chimney, and imagined some curious
per
rful souls
s
are so fond of displaying. But I am inclined to believe that the
males think only of themselves and of outshining each other, and
not at all of the approbation
nexpected,--the
congruous leaping from the incongruous, the high coming down, the
low springing up, likeness or relation suddenly
the cow a cud, and, after due waiting, the experiment took, a
response came back, and the mysterious machinery was once more in
motion, and the cow was herself again.

Have you, O poet, or essayist, or story-writer, never lost your
cud, and wandered about days and weeks without being able to start
a single thought or an image that tasted good,--your literary
appetite dull

nature, or in character,--a negative service, but
still indispensable. The point, the moral of the poem, is really
backed up and driven home by this list. The poet
nly the delighting of the ear with the
outpouring of sweetest melody a
m sweep

Mysterious clock-work guides, and some hid pulley

Her drowsy

ing in the highway or hiding her calf in the bushes, the first
fires, the smoke going up through the shining atmosphere, from the
burning of rubbish in gardens

erhaps never
before has the a
he

groves and the
and th

ing spring. The humid season, with its tender, melting blue
sky, its fresh, earthy smells, its new furrow, its few simple signs
and awakenings here and there, and its strange feeling of unrest,--
how difficult to put its charms into words! None of the so-called
pastoral poets have succeeded in doing it. That is the best part of
spring which escapes a direct and matter-of-fact description of
her. There is more of spring in a line or

oped and recruited, his
spirit's descent; how he walks through materials absorbing and
conquering them; how he confronts the immensities of
pecies lurked about the barnyard all w
sing, . . . but the

her eyes, lowing
softly and entreatingly till I returned.

At last the money was counted out for her, and her rope surrendered to the hand of another. How that last look of alarm and incredulity, which I caught as I turned for a parting glance, went to my heart!

Her stall was soon filled, or partly filled, and this time Emerson gets on his highest horse, which he it, and the chipping was verlooked, and Halleek, Longfellow, and Mrs. Sigourney have written poems upon him, but from none o remarkable his name:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, span

s. Literature

dies with the decay of the un- literary element. It is not in the spirit of something far away in the clouds or under the m frenzied bawl she utters on smelling blood, which causes every member of the herd to lift its head and hasten to the spot,--the native cry of the clan. When she is gored or in great danger she bawls also, but that is different. And lastly, there is the long, sonorous volley she lets off on the hills or in the yard, or along the highway, and which seems to be expressive of a kind of unrest and vague longing,--the longing of the imprisone d) stands t

forms and shows of the universe. A
man
for a practical ornithologist, Mr. Wilson
Flagg, t
nd
ns, flush
with the intellectual man. That we moderns have fallen behind here
is unquestionable, and we in this country more than the Old World
peoples. All the works of Whitman, prose and verse, are embosomed
in a sea of emotional humanity, and they float deeper than they
show; there is far more in what they necessitate and imply than in
what they say.

It is not so
In it fable and
superstition are at an end, priestcraft is at an end, skepticism
and doubt are at an end, with
t is by some such a
nature far from their holes.
She has
and presence send forth. Never before in poetry has the body
received such ennoblement. The great theme is IDENTITY, and
identity comes through the body; and all that pertains to the body,
the poet teaches, is entailed upon the spirit. In his rapt gaze,
the body and the soul are one, and what debases the one debases the
other. Hence he glorifies the body. Not more ardently and purely
did the great sculptors of
o t
science agog by a description of th
anchors were dragged or
lost, immense new cables were quickly taken ashore and fastened to
trees; but no use: trees were upturned, the cables stretched till
y or competition between the males, one

f advice, "Hitch your wagon to a star," is typical of the man, as combining the most unlike and widely separate qualities. Because not less marked than his idealism and mysticism is his shre

ul song,

Or

brotherhood of the poems, come those passages in "Leaves
of Grass" that have caused so much abuse and fury,--the allusions
to sexual acts and organs,--the momentary contemplation of man as
the perpetuator of hi

that he

should wish to please me

can (*Botaurus lentiginosus*).

Bjornson, Bjornstjerne.

Blackbird, cow, or cowbird (*Molothrus ater*).

Blackbird, European.

Bluebird (*Sialia sialis*).

Bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*).

Bryant, William Cullen.

Buchanan, Robert.

Bunting, snow, or snowflake (*Passerina nivalis*).

Burke, Edmund.

Burns, Robert.

Byron, Lord.

Car
ould see how much of the theology
of the day would fall before the standard of him who had got even
the insects. And let any one set about studying these creatures
carefully, and he will see the force of the remark. We learn the
tremendous
h million times, we
might see
ngs and screams of vengeance for tyrannies
and enslavement; Christ, with bent h
prong of a moss-scalloped stake,
Down, almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tea
ly t
intensity of its impact

y him, exalt him,
reinforce him, and match t
of the whole, and to give to the imagination these
new and true fields of wonder and romance. In it
ely ever to be
seen. He had for twenty years inte
s hardy haw-haw, or
the pedestrain meadowlark sounding his
the master; and I ha
herds. Her wild nature would be likely
tant to the next generation. He is
in horn of the first
honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the clear
piping of the little frogs
ed, anchors were dragged or
lost, immense new cables were quickly taken ashore and fastened to
trees; but no use: trees were upturned, the cables s

noun pastoral bird in the Eastern States
after due waiting, the experiment took, a
response came back, and the mysterious machinery was once more in
motion, and the cow was herself again.

Have you, O poet, or essayist, or story-writer, never lost your
cud, and wandered about days and weeks without being able to start
a single thought or an image that tasted good,--your literary
appetite dull or al
parate his not

ass, and turn again."

What is
y bodies that
one wonders how they withstand the giant cold,--but they do. Birds
live on highly concentrated food,--the fine s
hout feeling of me;
We must have a turn together--I undress--hurry me out of sight of
the land;
Cushion me soft, rock me in billowy drowse;
Das
h and English
thinker
universal human traits. (If Whitman was
grand in his physical and perfect
age,
illness, and poverty, from the swarms of maligners who st
ned but
blood-stained fraternity who prowled about us. When she

d safe is t
is the Iliad o
inside went to pushing and
chewing. Only once did one of the outsiders
by ice o
of
chambers opening and expanding more and more and continually.

INDEX

[Transcriber's note: Index has been shortened to names of round as they circle above the beach or dip to the dash of the waves,--are much more welcome in certain moods than any and all mere bird-melodies, in keeping as they are with the shaggy and untamed features of ocean and woods, and suggesting something like the Richard Wagner music in the ornithological orchestra.

"Nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me,"

says Cowper. "I never hear," says Burns in one of his letters, "the
loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild
mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumn
e, the sword, and the
codex,--of the figures, some far o
so red with iron and quick
with oxygen. But in him se
op, and that the immense display and prodigality of
Nature are for him. But they are no more for him than they are for
the birds
nto shape, certainly
the cow could do it. You may see her perform this office for young
Taurus a
nstantly it was the loon. Who could
not tell a loon a half mile o

ilk of human kindness, and does
not separate
exander.

Woodchuck.

Woodpecker, downy (Dryobates
e inclines strongly to the curve; then, she
despiseth hay. This last is a sure test. Offer
ng the place more or les
playing. But I am inclined to believe that the

nto two hostile clans that came into frequent collision. One
Saturday both sides mustered their forces, and a regular fight
ensued, one boy here also l
ds so well calculated to captivate the Emersonian
muse.

Emerson himself is a
f thy kind,

As full of
antress! what tricks you play with us! The old is
already proved,--the past and the distant hold nothing but the
beauti
growths of nature do with a carefully clipped hedge;
and to the spirit the contras
tinuity of char
ence! The influences
mpede her t
, t
ion by an author, previous to becoming
s nose, a sinewy brow,
a massive, benevolent chin. In most men there is more face than
feature, but here is a vast deal more feature than face, and a
correspo

he unexpected,--the
congruous leaping from the incongruous, the high coming down, the
low springing up, likeness or relat
sic, he seems to be shut
out. This may be seen by his reference to Shelley in his last
note, I started out,
not a little
an

ch return of it. Its name has an
indescribable charm to me. Its two s
erior. This is Sprague's pipit, sometimes called
allusions to the birds,
as to any other natural feature, show him to be a careful observer,
as when he speaks of

reach their hands
in one of Raphael's
finest
epic ships,
that
I know can be had to keep their little furnaces going. And, as
they
burn below."

A recognition of the planetary system, and of the great fact that
the earth moves eastward through the heavens, in a soft and tender
love-song!

But in Walt Whitman alone do we find the full, practical
absorption, and re-departure therefrom, of the astounding idea that
the earth is a star in the heavens |
never the feeling directly and
chiefly addressed in them, but
y the leaves and debris under the hemlocks and
cedars, you find there is no frost at all. The Earth freezes her
ears and toes and naked places first, and her body last.

If heat were visible, o

their free, holiday lives, and how many suggestions to the poet in
their flight and song!

Indeed, is not the bird the original type and teacher of the poet,
and do w

e highway, and which seems to be expressive of a kind of
unrest and vague longing,--the longing of the imprisoned Io for her
lost identity. She sends her voice forth so that every god on Mount
Olympus can hear her plaint. She makes this sound in the morning,
especially in the spring, as she goes forth to graze.

One of our rural

h to water

Emerson; yet it will not do to lose sight of the fact that m
would be impossible without them,--would be
nothing when separated from them. It is for
at extent is your masterpiece the
stand

compassion. Let us pray for unction, which is the
ul days;

The songs which trembled on our lips
Are half complaint, half praise.

"Swing, robin, on the budded sprays,
And sing your blithest

into
the
ally discovered
that it bore some relation to her native "shucks," when she fell to
eagerly.

I cherish the memory of this cow, however, as the most affectionate brute I ever knew. Being deprived of her calf, she tra

m Emerson:--

"The heifer that lows in

fowl, or in fact any part of the plumage, comes out when the hold of its would-be capturer is upon this alone; and how hard it yields in the dead bird! No doubt there is relaxation in the former case. Nature says to the pursuer, "Hold on," and to the pursued, "Let your tail go." What is the tortuous, zigzag course of those slow-flying moths for but to make it difficult for the birds to snap them up? The skunk is a slow, witless
ing
sympathizes.

The perception of a certain range of truth, such as is indicated by Plato, Hegel
voice
ater; and seven tenths of
Shakespeare is passion, emotion,--fluid humanity. Out of this arise
his forms, as Venus arose out of the sea, and as man is daily built
up out of the l
,--like the real landscape and the s
e of hers

cedar can be had, the cedar-bird will
om ol
of crops, but submits to the exhaustive process of taking
about the same things from his soil year after year. Some readers
think they detect a falling off. It is evident there is not the
same spontaneity, and that the soil has
t poverty of thought and feeling in the verse
ote, at utter variance with the rest of the
strain. When my ear first caught this singular note, I started out,
not a little puzzled, to make, as I supposed, a new acquaintance,
but had not gone far when I discovered whence it procee
in one of his sonnets speaks
of her song as mournful, while Martial calls her the "most
garrulous" of birds. Milton sang:--

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most me
These lines, written in early spring, afford a good
specimen:--

"I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet

e soldier, t
ng my friends a man who has passed
his life in cities amid
like is their freshness and
sweet good fait
ngle

lines in it often went
Apri

sound of the whetstone, coming up from the meadows in the dewy
morning, was ple
he is as easily
at
d. Among the works of our young
and rising poets, I am not certain but that Mr. Gilder's "New Day