“I noticed first to my surprise that the river was all alive with leaping fish- their heads seen continually darted aboce water- & they were large fish too- looking up I found that the whole atmosphere over the river was full of shad flies. It was a *Great Flight of Ephemerae* It was not so when I landed an hour & a half before. They extended as high as I could see. It was like a dense snow storm, and all (with very few exceptions) flying as with one consent up the stream. Many coupled in the air & many more with their bodies curved. They reach a mile or more from the stone heaps to the mouth of the assabet- but were densest where there were woods on both sides- whether they came out of them- or they made the air more still for them- Those I examined had 3 very long streamers behind the 2 outside about 1 ¼ inches.”