Nov. 25th 1857 continued

It is surprising how much--from the
habit of regarding writing as an accomp-
lishment--is wasted on form. A very little
information or wit--is mixed up with
a great deal of conventionalism in the
style of expressing it--as with a sort of pre-
ponderating paste or' vehicle. Some life
is not simply expressed but a long winded
speech is made, with an occasional attempt
to put a little life into it.

Nov 26'th 57

Speaking of those long dry barren hollows
in the Richardson woodlot with Ebby Hub-
bard--he says that the reason why no trees
have sprung up in there is because the trees
were very old when they were cut, & no sprouts
came up from the stumps. Otherwise the lowest
ground is the best timbered. I have referred
it to frost.

Rice tells me he remembers that Nathan
Barrett’s--father used to stutter-- He went
round collecting the direct taxes soon after
the revolution--On carriages--watches--dogs
&c &c-- It was perhaps a dollar on a dog--
Coming to Capt. Bent’s who kept Tavern
in Sudbury where Israel Rice lives--he
collected his tax--& then said--"I want
you to may--ma--ma--ma--make me
a ha, ha ha ha ha--to make me a ha--
ha--ha--a whole mug c’ flip.”

Got my boat up this pm¹ (It is Thanks-
giving day) one end had frozen in--
I see that already some eager urchins
have been able to try their skates on a
short & narrow strip of ice by the river-side
there.

Minott’s is a small square one storied
& unpainted house--with a hipped roof
and at least one dormer window--on the
(a) 3d the way up the south side of
a long hill which is some 50 feet high
& extends East & west-- A traveller of
taste may go straight through the village
with out being detained a moment by any--
dwelling--but either the form or surroundings
being objectionable--but very few go by
this house--without being agreeably impressed
& many are therefore led to imagine who lives
in it. Not that its form is so incomparable
--nor even its weather-stained color--but
chiefly I think, because of its snug & picturesque
position on the hill side fairly’ lodged there--
where all children like to be--& its perfect
harmony with its surroundings & position--
For if preserving this form & color
it should be transplanted to the meadow

¹Stray mark through m
²Initial stroke false start or dash
more than a school house which was lately  
below--no body would notice it. ^ It is there  
because some body was independent or bold enough  
to carry out the happy thought of placing it high  
on the hill side-- It is the locality--not the  
architecture that takes us captive. There is exactly  
only of course less room on either side  
such a site ^--between this house & the next west--  
ward--but few if any even of the admiring travellers  
have thought of this as a house lot--or would  
be bold enough to place a Cottage there.  
side  
Without ^ fences or gravelled walk, or flower plots  
that simple sloping bank before it is pleasanter  
than any front-yard-- Though many a visitor  
--& many times the master--has slipped & fallen  
on the steep path. From its position & exposure  
it has shelter & warmth--& dryness--and prospect.  
He over looks--the road--the meadow & brook--& houses beyond--to the distant woods  
The spring comes earlier to that door-yard than  
to any--& summer lingers longest there.  
Nov. 27'th '57  
Mr. Wesson says that he has seen a striped  
squirrel eating a white bellied mouse on a wall--  
had evidently caught.-- also that the little dipper  
is not a coot--(but he appears not to know a coot--  
& did not recognize the lobed feet when I drew them--)  
says the little dipper has a bill like a hen &  
will not dive at the flash so as to escape, as  
v. Dec. 26 57  
he has proved.^ Says that a loon can run but  
little way & very awkwardly falling on its belly  
& cannot rise from the ground. Makes a  
great noise running on the water before it  
rises.
Standing before Stacy’s large glass windows this morning—I saw that they were gloriously ground by the frost I’ve never saw such beautiful feather & fir-like frosting. His windows are filled with fancy articles & toys—for christmas & New Years presents—but this delicate and graceful outside frosting surpassed them all infinitely. I saw countless feathers with very distinct midribs & fine pinnae {drawing} The half of a trunk seemed to rise in each case up along the sash— & these feathers branched off from it all the way—sometimes nearly horizontally Other crystals looked like pine plumes the size of life. If glass could be ground to look like this how glorious it would be!

You can tell which shopman has the hottest fire within—by the frost being melted off. I was never so struck by the gracefulness of the curves in vegetation—& wonder that Ruskin does not refer to frost work.

Pm Rode to the Kiln & quarry by Wm Farrar, Carlisle—& to gorge behind Melvin’s. The direction of the strata at this quarry is like that of Curly Pate & the Easter Brook quarries ENE × WSW though the latter are very nearly 2 miles S. E. small

Was struck by the appearance of a ^ hickory near the wall in the rocky ravine just above the trough. Its trunk was covered with loose

1 There appears to be a hyphen through “I”  
7 “branced” possible misspelling of “branched”  
9 Caret struck through
scales as like the hickories near it—as much
as the shag-bark. I thought at first it was
shaggy or scaly barked
a shag-bark—but prob it is a var. C. glabra—
It may be well to observe it next fall. The husk
is not thick, like that of the shagbark—but quite thin—
2 splits into 4 only partway down—the shell is not white—
nor sharply 4 angled—like the other—but it is rather like
a pig nut. The stratification twists there as
at Curly Pate or perhaps more N & S
That trough placed on the side of this rocky
valley to catch the trickling spring for the sake of the
cattle—with a long slab cover to the trough that
leads to it—to fend off the feet of cattle that
come to drink, is an agreeable object—in keeping
with the circumstances—amid the hickories & perhaps
oak trees. It reminds me of life sometimes, in the
pasture—that others creatures than myself
quench their thirst at this hill side.
I think that Ruskin is wrong about re-
flections in his Elements of Drawing p 181—He says the reflection is merely the substance “reversed” or “topsy-
turvy”. & adds “Whatever you can see from the place
in which you stand of the solid objects so re-
versed under the water, you will see in the reflection,
always in the true perspective of the solid objects
so reversed.”

Nov 28th

Pm Around Ebby Hubbard’s woodlot—
On the hill side above his swamp near the

---

1 possibly “trends”
10 “q” re-formed from illegible letter
11 altered from an illegible word
12 “8” written over “6”
13 word re-formed
ministerial land I found myself walking
in one of those shelf like hill side paths--
made by Indians, hunters, cows, or what
not--& it was beset with fresh snares
for partridges this wise

{drawing} upright twigs
are stuck in the
ground across the
path a foot or more in height & just close enough
together to turn a partridge aside--leaving a space
about 4 inches wide in the middle. and
some twigs are stretched across above to prevent
the birds’ hopping over. Then a sapling about
an inch in diameter or less is bent over & the end caught
under one of the twigs which has a notch or projection
on one side--& a free running noose attached
to the sapling hangs in the opening & is kept spread
by being hung on some very slight nicks in the 2 twigs.
This seems to suppose the bird to be going one way
only--but perhaps if it cannot escape one way
it will turn & try to go back--& so spring the trap--
I see one that was sprung--with nothing in it--
another whose slip-noose was blown or fallen
one side--& another with a partridge still
warm in it. It was a male bird hanging
dead by the neck just touching its toes to
or ruff
the ground It had a collar ^ about its
neck of large & conspicuous black feathers
now clinched in its agony
black
with a green reflection. This ^ is peculiar
the females {bein} brown
to the male--^ its feet ^ were the strangest

14 looks like “tun”- amend to turn
15 caret positioned directly below hyphen
14 see line 30 for text to be inserted here
looking--pale blue--with a fine fringe, of scales
or the like--on each side of each toe. The small
back feathers were centered with gray spots-- The scapulars
were darker brown dashed\(^\text{17}\) with large clear\(^\text{18}\) pale brown spots--
the breast feathers light with light brown marks--
The tail feathers had each a broad black bar--except
the middle one which was more mixed or grayish
there. The bands of the females are said to be more
brown--as is their collar. There were a few droppings
of the bird close by the snare--in 2 instances--
Were they dropt after it was caught?--or did they
determine the locality of the snare?

These birds appear to run most along the
wooded
sides of ^ banks around swamps--at least
these paths & snares occur there oftenest.
I often scare them up from amid or near hemlocks in the woods.
The general color of the bird is that of the
ground & dry leaves on it at present-- The

bird hanging in the snare was very inconspicuous.
I had gone close by it once without noticing
it. It is wings are short & stout--\(^4\) looks as if
they were a little worn by striking the ground or bushes--
or perhaps in drumming. I observed a bare bright
red or scarlet spot over each eye--

Spoke to Skinner about that wild cat
which he says he heard a month ago in
Ebby Hubbards woods. He was going down
to Walden in the evening to see if geese had not
settled in it (with a companion) when they
heard this sound which his companion at first

---
\(^{17}\) false start on “d”
\(^{18}\) possibly “clean”
thought made by a coon--but S. said
no it was a wild-cat-- He says he has heard
them often in the Adirondack region where
he has purchased furs. He told him he
would hear it again soon & he did--somewhat
like the domestic cat a low sort of growling
& then a sudden quick repeated caterwaul
or yow yow yow or yang yang yang.
He says they utter this from time to time when
on the track of some prey.

Nov 29\textsuperscript{19}th ’57

Sophia called on Old Lady Hayden
yesterday--& she told her of somebody’s twin
infants of whom one died for want of
air--the father therefore was advised
to take the survivor with him each morn-
ing to the barn, & hold it up to ^ each
of the cattle in succession as they got
up that it might catch their
first morning breath--& then lay it
on the hay while he foddered them--
He did so, & there never was a healthier
child than this was 3 months afterward.

Pm to Assabet Bath & down

bank. This & yesterday remarkably warm
27 ///
28 days. In John Hosmer’s low birch sprout\textsuperscript{20}
land a few rods beyond tortoise hollow or
valley I find on raking aside the withered
leaves on the ground one of those fuzzy

\begin{footnotes}
\item[19] “9” written over “7”
\item[20]false start before “sprout”
\end{footnotes}
caterpillars--black at each end & rust colored in middle--curled up in a ring--the same kind that I find on the ice & snow frozen in winter. I think that the river might rise so high as to wash this out of the withered grass & leaves here. Soon after I find another in a cat-birds nest nearly 3 feet from the ground in a thorn together half a nest full of freshly nibbled acorn shells & a few hazel nut shells. The work prob. of a mouse or a squirrel--but this caterpillar was dead & ap. partly eaten. So I am still inclined to think that most of them are washed out of the meadows by the freshets. Several times before I have seen nests half filled with nut-shells--and as the mus leucopus adds to & after occupies old nests--am inclined to think that he does it. It may be a convenient de-striped posit for him (or for a ^ squirrel??)--or else he likes it for concealment & protection against hawks in the midst of a thorn-bush--before the leaves fall. I do not know however that the mouse has this habit of perching while it nibbles--as the squirrel has.

Again I am struck by the singularly wholesome colors of the withered oak leaves--esp. the shrub oak-- Is thick & firm & unworn--without speck or fret--clear reddish brown (sometimes paler or yellowish brown)
it, whitish undersides contrasting with it
in a very cheerful manner—So strong &
cheerful as if it rejoiced at the advent
of winter—& exclaimed “Winter, come on!”
It exhibits the fashionable colors of the
winter on the 2 sides of its leaves. It sets the
fashions—colors good for bare ground or
for snow—grateful to the eyes of rabbits
& partridges. This is the extent of its gaudiness
red-brown & misty white, & yet it is gay. The
colors of the brightest flowers are not
more agreeable to my eye.

Then there is the now rich dark
large &
brown of the black oak’s ^ somewhat
curled leaf on sprouts—with its lighter
almost yellowish brown underside.
Then the salmonish hue of white oak
leaves—with the under sides less distinctly
lighter. Many however have quite faded al-
ready.

Going through a partly frozen meadow near
the meadow—scraping through the sweet
gale— I am pleasantly scented with
its odoriferous fruit.

A week or so ago, as I learn—
Miss Emeline Barrett told a little boy
who boards with her & who was playing with
an open knife in his hand—that he must
be careful not to fall down & cut
himself with it for once Mr David Loring
when he was a little boy fell down with a knife
in his hand & cut his throat badly-- It was
soon reported, among the children at least
that little David Loring, the grandson of the
farmer--had fallen down with a knife in his hand
as he was going to school--& nearly cut his throat--
--Next that Mr David Loring the grand-
father (who lives in Framingham) had com-
mitted suicide--had cut his throat--
was not dead indeed but was not expected to
live--& in this form the story spread
like wild fire over the town & county--
nobody expressed surprize-- His oldest ac-
quaintances & best friends--his legal ad-
visers--all said--well I can believe it.
He was known by many to have been speculating
in western lands, which owing to the bad
times was a failure--& he was depressed in
consequence-- Sally Cummings helped
spread the news-- Said there was no
doubt of it--but there was Fay’s
wife (L’s daughter) knew nothing of it
yet--they were as merry as a crickets over
there. Others stated that Wether-
bee the express man had been over to
Northboro & learned that Mr Loring
had taken poison in Northboro--
was stated to
--Mr Rhodes ^ have received a letter
from Mr Robbins of Framingham giving
all the particulars-- Mr Wild, it was
said had also got a letter from his son
Silas in Framingham to whom he had
written--which confirmed the report--
As Wild went down town--he met Meeks
the carpenter--and inquired in a significant
way--if he got anything {here}21-- Meeks simply
answered "Well David Loring wont eat another
Thanksgiving Dinner"-- A child at school
wrote to her parents at Northboro--telling the
news--. Mrs Lorings sister lives there--
it chances that her husband committed
suicide. They were therefore slow to com-
municate the news to her--but at length
could not contain themselves longer & told
it. The sister was terribly affected--wrote
to her son (L's nephew) in Worcester--
who immediately took the cars & went
to Framingham & when he arrived then
met his Uncle just putting his Family
in to the cars-- He shook his hand very
heartily indeed--look however hard at his
throat--but said not a word about
his errand.

Already doubts had arisen-- people were
careful how they spoke of it-- The ex-
press men were mum-- Adams & Wetherbee
never said Loring-- The Framingham ex-

21Possibly "new"
press man used the same room with Adams in

Boston-- A. simply asked any news from Framingham--

ham this morning--? Seen Loring lately? & learned

that all was well.

Nov 30

A still warm cloudy rain threatening day--

Surveying the J. Richardson Lot. The air

is full of geese-- I saw 5 flocks within an

hour about 10 Am, containing from 30 to 50

each--& afterward 2 more flocks making

in all from 250 to 300 at least--all

flying SW over Goose & Walden Ponds--

The former was ap. well named Goose-

Pond. You first hear a faint honking

from one or 2 in the N. E. & think there are

but few wandering there, but looking up

see 40 or 50 coming on in a more or

less broken harrow--wedging their way

S. W. I suspect they honk more--at any rate

they are more broken & alarmed when passing

over a village--& are seen falling into

their ranks again assuming the per-

fect harrow form. Hearing only one or

2 honking--even for the 7th time, you

think there are but few till you see

them. Ac. to my calculation a thousand

or 1500 may have gone over C.

to day. When they fly low & near they

look very black against the sky.

I hear that one was killed by Lee in the corner about this time.
N. W. of little Goose Pond. on the edge
of Mrs Bigelows woodlot are several
hornbeams (carpinus) Looking into a
cleft in one of them about 3 feet from the
ground, which I thought might be the scar
of a blazing, I found some broken kernels
of corn--prob. placed there by a crow or jay.
This was about 1/2 mile from a corn
field.

Dec 1st '57

Pm Walking in Ebby Hubbard's woods
I hear a red-squirrel barking at me amid
the pine & oak tops--4 now I see him coursing
from tree to tree-- How securely he travels
there 50 feet from the ground--leaping
from the slender bending twig of one tree
across an interval of 3 or 4 feet & catching
at the nearest twig of the next, which
so bends under him that it is at first
hard to get up it-- His travelling a suc-
cession of leaps in the air at that height
without wings! And yet he gets along
about as rapidly as on the ground.

I hear the faintest possible quivet from
a nuthatch quite near me on a pine--
I thus always begin to hear this bird on
the approach of winter ^ as if it did nt
breed here--but wintered here

// I hear of 2 more flocks of geese
going over today--

Dec 2nd ’57

Measuring Little Goose pond— I observed
2 painted tortoises moving about under
the thin transparent ice— When I broke it
with my fist over each in succession—it was
stunned by the blow— I put them back through
the hole—else they might have frozen
outside. There was a brown leach spread broad
& roundish
& flat ^ on the sternum of one nearly an inch
^ a half across. apparently going to winter
with it.

Where are the respectabilities of 60 years
ago— the village aristocracy— the Duncan
An Englishman lived in the
Vose House? 23
Ingrahams who lived in the high house
How poor & short lived a distinction to strive
after!

I find that ac. to the deed of Duncan
Ingraham to John Richardson in 1797
on Walden Pond
my old bean field ^ then belonged to
( Minott thinks he bought it of an Allen)
Geo. Minott. ^ This was Dea. Geo. Minott
who lived in the house next below the E quarter
school house— & was a brother of
my grandather-in-law. He was directly
descended from Thomas Minott who ac—
to Shattuck was secretary of the Abbot
of Walden (!) in Essex— & whose son George
(!) was born at saffron Walden & after
wards was one of the early settlers of Dor—
chester.
Roads were once described as leading to a meeting house—but not so often now-a-days

Thursday Dec 3d 57

Surveying the Richardson Lot which bounds on Walden Pond—I turned up a rock near the pond to make a bound with—& found under it—attached to it, a collection of black ants (say 1/4 inch long) an inch in diameter—collected around one monster.

// black ant as big as 4 or 5 at least—& a small parcel of yellowish eggs (?) The large ant had no wings—was prob. their Queen. The ants were quite lively—though but little way under the edge of the rock. The eggs (?) adhered to the rock when turned up—

Dec 4th

Surveying the Richardson Fair Haven Lot— Rufus Morse who comes to find his bounds on R. accounts for his deed being tattered—by saying that some tame flying squirrels got loose & into a chest where he kept his papers & nibbled them—though the lid was not raised enough to get in a cent!— They are so flat. I survey to a white oak—called in ’91 “a small wht oak”

Dec 5th

// At noon a few flakes fall—

Sunday Dec 6

Flannery tells me he is cutting in Holbrook’s swamp in the Great Meadows—-a lonely place—he sees a fox repeatedly there—

24 possibly “lovely”
& also a white weasel once with a mouse in its mouth
in the swamp.

Dec 7th

Running the long N. W. side of Richardson’s Fair Haven Lot. It is a fair sunny & warm day in the woods for the season-- We eat our dinners on the middle of the line amid the young oaks &. I cut some leafy shrub oaks & cast them down for a dry & springy seat. As I sit there amid the sweet fern--talking with my man Briney--I observe that the recent shoots of the sweet fern (which like many larger bushes & trees have a few leaves in a tuft still at their extremities) toward the sun are densely covered with a bright & silvery down which looks like frost--so thick & white. Looking the other way I see none of it--but the bare reddish twigs. Even this is a cheering & compensating discovery in my otherwise barren work--I get thus a few positive values--answering to the bread & cheese which makes my dinner. I owe thus to my weeks of surveying a few such slight but positive discoveries.

Briney who has been in this country but few years says he has lost 3 children here--His eldest boy fell on the deck in rough weather & struck his knee on the anchor chain & though he didnt mind it then--his whole body ran out of the wound within 2 or 3 months--

I would rather sit at this table with the sweet fern twigs between me & the sun than at the King’s-
Dec 8th

Staples says he came to Concord some 24 years ago a poor boy—with a dollar & 3 cents in his pocket—and he spent the 3 cents for drink at Bigelow’s tavern—and now he’s worth “20 hundred dollars clear.” He remembers many who inherited wealth whom he can buy out to day—I told him that he had done better than I in a pecuniary respect—for I had only earned my living—Well, said he, “That’s all I’ve done—and I don’t know as I’ve got much better clothes than you.”

I was particularly poorly clad then in the woods—my hat—pants—boots—rubbers—& gloves—would not have brought 4our-pence—I told the Irishman that it wasn’t every body could afford to have a fringe round his legs, as I had—my cor-duroy’s not preserving a selvage.

Staples said there was one thing he liked—“What is that—” “An honest man.” If he lent a man money—and when it became due—he came & asked for more time because he could not pay—he excused him—but if after it had become due he went to the man & he then made the same excuse—he lost all confidence in him.

Dec. 13th

Pm to Goose Pond—This & the like ponds are just covered with virgin ice just thick enough to bear. Though it cracks about the edges on the sunny sides—You may call it
virgin ice as long as it is transparent. I see the
water target leaves frozen in. Under the ice
in Little G. Pond--I see those same 2 tortoises
(of Dec 2nd) moving about in the same place under the ice
//
   The Emerson children see 6 under the ice of Goose Pond today
Ap. many winter in there
which I cannot crack with my feet.
mud of these ponds & find25 holes--
In sickness & barrenness--it is encouraging to be-
lieve that our life is dammed & is coming to a head
so that there seems to be no loss--for what is
lost in time is gained in power-- All at once un-
accountably, as we are walking in the woods--or
sitting in our chamber--after a worthless fort-
night--we cease to feel mean & barren.
I go this Pm thinking I may find the stakes
set for auction lots on the Ministerial Lot in
Dec 51. I find one white birch standing--& 2 fallen
The latter were faced at one end, for the numbers,
and at the other rotten & broken off as short
apparently as if sawed--because the bark so tears--
At first I did not know but they had been moved--
but thinking that if they had fallen where they stood
I should find some hollow hole or looseness in the
ground at the rotten end-- I felt for it & in each
case found it. In one also the rotten point
of the stake-- Thus in 6 years 2 out of 3 stout
(2 1/2 inch) birch stakes were flat-- The Hickory
stake I set on R. W. Es town line in March ’50
was flat this last summer--or 7 years--but a white
stake set in 49-50 on Moore & Hosmer's lot was standing
about this month. A surveyor should know
what stakes last longest.

25possibly "pond"
I hear a characteristic anecdote respecting Mrs Hoar--from good authority-- 
Her son Edward who takes his father’s place and attends to the same duties--asked 
his mother the other night--when about 
retiring--“Shall I put the cat down 
cellar--”? “No” said she--you may put her 
out doors-- The next night he asked 
“Shall I put the cat out doors?.” “No,” answered she--”you may put her down 
cellar.” The 3d night he asked “Shall 

I put the cat down cellar or out 
doors?” “Well” said his mother, ”you 
may open the cellar door & then open 
the front door-& let her go just 
which way she pleases.” Ed. suggested 
that it was a cold night for the cat 
to be out doors--but his mother, said 
”Who knows but she has a little kitten 
somewhere to look after?” 

Mrs H is a peculiar woman who has 
her own way & opinions-- A strongwilled-- 
managing woman. 

Dec 15th

Within a day or 2 I saw another partridge 
in the snare of Nov. 28th frozen stiff-- 
To day I see that some creature--has tore 
& disembowelled it--removing it half a 
rod leaving the head in snare--Which
has lifted it 3 or 4 feet in the air on ac. of its lightness. This last bird was either a female or young male its ruff & bar or tail being rather dark brown than black

Dec 16

Begins to snow about 8 Am--& in 15 minutes the ground is white, but it soon stops-- white first.

Dec. 20th

Am to Easterbrook County with Ricketson--

A henhawk circling over that wild region--see its red tail.

The cellar stairs at the old Hunt House are made of square oak timbers. Also the stairs to the chamber of the back part of ap. square maple? timber--much worn. The generous cellar stairs!

Dec 21 '57

Walking over the andromeda ponds between Walden & Fair Haven which have only frozen just enough to bear me. I see in springy parts where the ice is thin good sized pollywogs wiggling away--scared by the sound of my steps & cracking of the ice. They appear to keep in motion in such muddy pond holes where a spring wells up from the bottom--till mid winter if not all winter

Dec 25th

Surveying for Heirs of J. Richardson G. Heywood & G. Brooks accompanying --skate on Goose Pond-- Heywood says that some who have gone into Ebby Hub-
bards barn to find him, have seen the
rats run over his shoulders—they are so
familiar with him—This because I stopped
to speak with Hubbard in his barn about
bounds. I find the true line between Richardson
& Mrs Bigelow—which % Capt %
& Hubbard overlooked
in 1840—& yet I find it by his own plan
of 1827. Bigelow had set ^ split stones
far into Richardson—After making
the proper allowance for variation since
1827 I set my stake exactly on an old spotted
line—which was overlooked in 1840 & is
probably as old as the survey of ’27 or 30
years: It is on good sized white pines &
is quite distinct now—Though not blazed
into the wood at first. It would not be
detected unless you were looking for it.

Dec 26th 57
Snows all day—1st snow of any consequence
//3 or 4 inches in all
Humphrey Buttrick tells me that he
has shot Little Dippers. He also saw
the bird which Melvin shot last summer—
(a coot) but he never saw one of them before
The Little Dipper must therefore be different
from a coot. Is it not a grebe?

Dec 27th Sunday
a clear pleasant day
Pm to Goose Pond—Tree sparrows
//about the weeds in the yard—A snow ball
on every pine plume—for there has been
no wind to shake it down—The pitch
pines look like trees heavily laden with snow-

oranges-- The snow-balls on their plumes

are like a white fruit. When I thoughtlessly

strike at a limb[ing] with my hatchet--

in my surveying down comes a sudden

shower of snow whitening my coat--&

getting into my neck-- You must be

careful how you approach & jar the

trees thus supporting a light snow--

Partridges dash away through the pines

jarring down the snow

Mice have been abroad in the night--

We are almost ready to believe that they

have been shut up in the earth all the

rest of the year because we have not seen

their tracks. I see where, by the shore of Goose

Pond--one has pushed up just far

enough to open a window through the

snow 3/4 of an inch across--but has

not been forth-- Elsewhere where on the

in several places

pond I see ^ where one has made a

circuit out onto the pond a rod or more

returning to the shore again. [drawing]

Such a track may by what we

call accident be preserved for a

geological period--or be obliterated by the

melting of the snow--

Goose Pond is not thickly frozen yet

near the N. shore it cracks under
the snow as I walk--& in many places
water has oozed out & spread over the ice
mixing with the snow & making dark places.

Walden is almost entirely skimmed
over. It will probably be completely frozen
over to-night.

I frequently hear a dog bark at some
distance in the night--which strange
as it may seem reminds me of the
cooing or crowing of a ring-dove which I
heard every night a year ago at Perth Am-
It was sure to coo at the slightest noise in the house--as good as a watch dog.
boy. The crowing of cocks too reminds me
of it--& now I think of it, it was precisely
the intonation & accent of the cat owl’s
hoo’ hoo-hoo-oo dwelling in each case so-
norously on the last syllable. They get the
pitch & break ground with the first note--
& then prolong & swell it in the last.

The commonest & cheapest sounds
as the barking of a dog--produce the
same effect on pert & healthy ears--that
the rarest music does. It depends on
your appetite for sound. Just as a

The commonest & cheapest sounds
as the barking of a dog--produce the
same effect on pert & healthy ears--that
the rarest music does. It depends on
your appetite for sound. Just as a
crust is sweeter to a healthy appetite
than confectionary to a pampered or diseased
one. It is better that these cheap sounds
be music to us than that we have the
rarest ears for music in any other sense.

I have lain awake at night many
a time to think of the barking of a dog
which I had heard long before—bathing my
being again in those waves of sound,
as a frequenter of the opera might
lie awake remembering the music he
had heard.

As my mother made my pockets once
of Father’s old fire bags with the date of the
foundation of the Fire society on them (1794)
(though they made but rotten pockets)
so we put our meaning into those
old mythologies. I am sure that the
Greeks were commonly innocent of any
such double entendres as we attribute to
them.

One while we do not wonder that so
many commit suicide—life is so barren
& worthless. We only live on by an effort
of the will. Suddenly our condition is a-
even meliorated—^ the barking of a dog is
a pleasure to us. So closely is our happi-
ness bound up with our physical con-
dion—& one reacts on the other—

Do not despair of your life— you
have not doubt force enough{to} to overcome
your obstacles. Think of the fox prowling
through wood & field in a winter night
for something to satisfy his hunger— Not-
withstanding cold & the hounds & traps
his race survives— I do not believe any of
them ever committed suicide. I saw this

Pm where prob. a fox had rolled some
small carcass in the snow—

I cut a blueberry bush--this Pm a venerable
looking one bending over Goose Pond--with
a grey flat scaly bark-- The bark split
into long narrow closely adhering scales--the
inner bark dull reddish-- At several feet
from the ground it was 1 5/16 inch in diameter &
I counted about 29 indistinct rings. It seems a
very close grained wood. It appears then that
some of these old gray blueberry bushes which
overhang the pond-holes--have attained half the
age of man.

I am disappointed by most essays & lectures.
I find that I had expected the authors would
have some life--some very private experience
to report--which would make it compara-
tively unimportant in what style they ex-
pressed themselves--but commonly they have
only a talent to exhibit. The new Magazine
which all had been expecting may contain
only another love story as naturally told
as the last perchance, but without the
slightest novelty in it. It may be a mere
vehicle for yankee phrases.

What interesting contrasts our climate affords!

In July you rush panting into pond to cool--
partially** squeezed into right margin

yourself in the tepid water-- when the stones on
the bank are so heated that you can not hold
one tightly in your hand--& horses are melting
on the road-- Now you walk on the same pond
frozen, amid the snow--with numbed fingers & feet,
& see the water target bleached & stiff in the
ice.

Dec 31st '57

pm Surveying Goose Pond--

After some rain yesterday & in the night
there was a little more snow--& the ground
is still covered. I am surprised to find
Walden still closed since Sunday night
--notwithstanding the warm weather
since it skimmed over-- & that Goose-
Pond bears, though covered with slosh
--but ice under water is slow to
thaw-- It does not break up so
soon as you would expect-- Walking
over it I thought that I saw an
old glove on the ice or slosh--but
approaching found it to be a bull-
frog flat on its belly with its legs
stretched out-- Touching it I found
it to be alive--though it could not:
partially** open its eyes--and it hung motionless &
flimsy like a rag in my hands--
It was evidently nearly chilled to death
& could not jump. though there was

26 "partially" squeezed into right margin
then no freezing—I looked round a
good while & finally found a hole
to put it into—squeezing it through—
Perhaps in such a warm rain the
surface water becomes warmer than
that of the bottom & so tempts the
frogs up on to the ice through a hole—
This one was wholly unscathed by
any animal—but would surely have frozen
stiff in the night.

It is remarkable that in ordinary winter
weather you will commonly find some of
small
these ^ holes called air—or breathing holes,
in most ponds—But of whatever service
they may be to the inhabitants of the
commonly
water—they are not ^ formed by any
undulation or upwelling from below—
but as far as I have observed by surface
water flowing in through a crevice & wear-
ing away the ice.

Warm as it is—underneath all this
slosh the ice seems as solid as ever—
& attached to one of the
Under ^ the lowermost branches of a
white pine sapling in my old potato
field I see a large hornet’s nest—
close to the ground.

I have been surveying most
of the time for a month past—& have
associated with various characters—
First there was Staples--quick--
clear--down-right--& on the whole
a good fellow--especially good to
treat with rougher & slower men than
himself--Always meaning well--

An Irishman rather slow & dull
but well meaning.

A rustic innkeeper--evidently rather
close-fisted.

Geo. Heywood--a quiet efficient
man--very gentlemanly & agreeable to
deal with--No pretence nor bluster--
but simple direct & even sweet--

Ebby Hubbard a crooked stick
--not readily apprehending your drift--
referring to old deeds or places which
he cant find--thinking he is entitled
to many more acres than belong to
him--but never leaving his work or
his cattle to attend to you--To be found
commonly in his barn--if you come
upon him suddenly before he can hide.

Has some complaint or injury which
deforms him somewhat--has crooked
%when you meet him%
his body--so that he looks as if he
%across%
was going %(%to cross%)% the road.

Another Irishman one of the
worst of his race--full of blarney--
one of the would be gentlemen--
who when treated according to his de-
serts--having complained unreasonably of
my price--apologizes by saying--that
he meant nothing-- “What's the use of
having a tongue in your head if
you don’t use it?”

A common specimen of the yankee
who commonly answers me with “exactly”--
or “just so.”

Abel Brooks who was so afraid he should
lose some land belonging to him--that
though he had employed Rice to survey
his small woodlot of 3 acres, within
a year--he working 2 or 3 days at it
it & setting at least 50 stakes about
it--Having also 2 plans of it--Yet
seeing that I had by chance set a
a foot or 2
stake a one side of his line
thought there was some mistake--& would
have me measure his Lot anew--

It was but little labor--the lines were
so open--for a path was actually worn
round the whole lot-- He appears to go
round it every day or 2. When I wanted
a straight pole he was very scrupu-
ous not to cut it from his neighbor’s
side of the line. He did not seem able
to understand a plan or deed--& had
sold some of his land because he did
not know that he had a good title to it.

Every thing I told him about his deed & plan seemed to surprise him infinitely--^ make
When I pointed out anything in the plan--he did not look at it--only at my fingers-- & at me--^ took my word for it.

him laugh with excess of interest ^. I told
him that I wondered his last surveyor had
not set a stake and stone in one place
according to his plan & deed--a perfectly plain case--the stump of the pitch pine referred to being left-- He said he did not want to make bounds & asked me if I should have set it there-- To which I answered yes, of course,--that is what I had been doing all my life--making or rather finding them--remaking what had been unmade bounds--^ where they were away. He listened to me as if I were an oracle-- He did not in the least understand my instru-
ment--or "spy-glass" as he called it --but had full faith that it knew the way straight through the thickest wood to missing bounds-- He was so deaf I had to shout to him--& there were two more in his house deafer than he--& I think only one other-- The passers by commonly hear them talking to one another within. I could never com-
municate with him when setting a stake or carrying the chain--but by signs & must first get his attention to the signs-- This I accomplished when he had hold of the chain, by giving it several

27 altered from "was" to "is"?
28 mark could be "to"
smart jerks. When he paid me at his
house—I observed that all his money was
in silver. He said he told Hubbard
that we had been cutting off some of
his land—and Hubbard said "Is that right?"
Hubbard has a good deal of large old
wood which he will not cut—Brooks
says that he goes into it with his axe—
& striking on an old tree says—"That’s
sound," & so lets it stand, & though when cut
it turns out to be false hearted.

Brooks says that Rice worked 2 days on only 2
sides of his Lot—but that he told him he
would not charge him but 2 dollars if it
took him a week. I found & used one of
Rice’s poles left on the ground all planed
for the purpose—for he worked not without
tools.

Jan 1st ’58

There are many words which are genuine &
indigenous & have their root in our na-
tures—not made by scholars & as well
understood by the illiterate as others—
There are also a great many words which
are spurious & artificial, and can only
be used in a bad sense, since the thing
they signify is not fair & substantial—
such as the church—the judiciary
--to impeach &c &c they who use them
do not stand on solid ground. It is in vain to try to preserve them by attaching other words to them as the true church &c-- It is like towing a sinking ship with a canoe.

I have lately been surveying the Walden Woods so extensively and minutely--that I now see it mapped in my mind’s eye--as wider on paper--as so many men’s woodlots, and am aware when I walk them that I am at a given moment passing from such a one’s woodlot to such anothers-- I fear this particular dry knowledge may affect my imagination & fancy--that it will not be easy to see so much wildness & native vigor there as formerly-- no thicket will seem so unexplored--now that I know a stake & stones may be found in it. In these respects those maine woods differed essentially from ours-- There you are never reminded that the wilderness which you are threading is after all some villagers familiar woodlot from which his ancestors have sledded their generations fuel for (a century or 2)--or some widow’s 3d--minutely described in some old deed which is recorded--of which the owner has got a plan too--& old boundmarks may be found every 40 rods if you will search--
What a history this Concord wilderness

which I affect so much--may have had--

How many old deeds describe it--some par-
ticular wild spot--how it passed from Cole
to Robinson & Robinson to Jones--& Jones
finally to Smith, in course of years-- Some
have cut it over 3 times during their lives--
& built walls & made a pasture of it perchance--
& some burned it & sowed it with rye "--all
have renewed the bounds--& re blazed the trees
many times--

Here you are not reminded of those things

--Tis true the map informs you that
you stand on land granted by the state to
such an academy--or on Bingham’s
purchase--but these names do not im-
pose on you for you see nothing to re-
mind you of the academy or of Bingham

Sunday 29 Jan. 3d ’58

I see a flock of F. hiemalis this

//Pm-- The weather is hitherto so warm--
lively

About, in his "Greece & the Greeks" says--

"These are the most exquisite delights to be
found in Greece, next to, or perhaps before,
the pleasure of admiring the masterpieces of
art--a little cool water under a genial
sun." I have no doubt that this is true--
Why then travel so far when the same
pleasures may be found near home?

29“Dec 3” is stricken through twice
The slosh on Walden had so much water on it that it has now frozen perfectly smooth and looks like a semi-transparent marble. Being however opaque—it reminds me the more of some vast hall or corridor’s floor—yet probably not a human foot has trodden it yet. Only the track repairers & stokers have cast stones & billets of wood onto it to prove it. Going to the Andromeda Ponds—

I was greeted by the warm brown red glow of the andromeda calyculata toward the sun—I see where I have been through the more reddish undersides apparently being turned up. It is long since a human friend has met me with such a glow.

Jan 4th 57

The weather still remarkably warm—The ice too soft for skating—I go through by the Andromeda Ponds & down river from Fair Haven—

I am encouraged by the sight of men fishing F. H. on the pond—for it reminds me that they have animal spirits for such adventures—I am glad to be reminded that any go a-fishing. When I get down near to Cardinal shore the sun near setting, its light is wonderfully reflected from a narrow edging of yellowish stubble—at the edge of the meadow ice & part of the hill—an edging only 2 or 3 feet wide—& the stubble but a few inches high—

³⁰ Strikeout is in pencil
I am looking East--
It is remarkable--because the ice is but
a dull lead color (it is so soft & sodden)
reflecting no light--& the hill beyond is
a dark russet here & there patched with
snow--but this warm intermediate line of
stubble is all aglow-- I get its true color
& brightness best when I do not look di-
rectly at it, but a little above it toward the hills
seeing it with the lower part of my eye
more truly & abstractly. It is as if all
the rays slid over the ice & lodged against
& were reflected by the stubble. It is sur-
prising how much sunny light a little straw
that survives the winter will reflect--
The channel of the river is open part of the
way-- The cornus sericea & some quite
young willow shoots are the red-barked twigs
so conspicuous now along the river sides--
That bright & warm reflection of sun-
light from the insignificant edgeing of
stubble was remarkable-- I was coming
down stream over the meadow, on the ice
within 4 or 5 rods of the eastern shore-- The
sun on my left was about a quarter of an
hour above the horizon-- The ice was soft
& sodden--of a dull lead color--quite
dark & reflecting no light as I looked
eastward--but my eyes caught by ac-
cident a singular *** sunny bright-
ness--reflected from the narrow border of stubble
only 3 or 4 inches high (and as many feet wide
perhaps) which rose along the edge of the
ice at the foot of the hill. It was not
a mere brightening of the bleached stubble
--but the warm & yellow light of the
sun, which, it appeared, it was peculiarly
fitted to reflect-- It was that amber light
from the west which we sometimes witness
after a storm--concentrated on this stubble
--for the hill beyond was merely a dark
russet spotted with snow-- All the yellow
rays seemed to be reflected by this insignificant
stubble alone--& when I looked more generally
a little above it--seeing it with the under
part of my eye--it appeared yet more
truly & more bright-- The reflected light
made its due impression on my eye separa-
ted from the proper color of the stubble--
--& it glowed almost like a low--steady
& serene fire. It was precisely as if the
sun light had mechanically slid over the
thin ice & lodged against the stubble----
It will be enough to say of something warmly
& sunnily bright that it glowed like lit
stubble. It was remarkable that, looking
eastward this was the only evidence of the
light in the west.

Here & there on the meadow &c near springy
places you see where the thinner ice
has been pushed up tent-wise ((drawing))
& cracked--either for want of room 2 fields
crowding together--or expanding with heat from
below.

Jan 5th

I see one of these fuzzy winter cater-
/ pillars--black at the 2 ends & (brow) red in
middle--crawling on a rock--by the Hunt’s
bridge causeway. Mr Hosmer is loading
hay in his barn-- It is meadow hay & I
am chiefly interested in it31 as a botanist.
If meadow hay is of less worth in the market
it is more interesting to the poet-- In this
there is a large proportion of osmunda
regalis--but I fear that in the long run
it is not so interesting to the cattle to
contemplate & chew this as english hay &
clover-- How completely a load of hay in the
winter revives the memory of past sum-
mers! Summer in us is only a little dried
like it. The rowen in Hosmer’s barn has
finer,
a more (wiry) & greener look than the first
crop. And so the ferns in coal re-
minds us of summers still longer past.

Jan 6th

The first snow storm of much importance
// by noon it may be 6 inches deep--

up RR--to North River

31 Later changed to “interested in it chiefly”
The main stream--barely skimmed over--
with snow which has sunk the thin ice--
and is saturated with water, is of a dull
brown color between the white fields.

I detect a very tall & slender tupelo by
its thorny-looking twigs-- It is close by a
white oak, at the yellow gerardia up RR.
It is nearly 50 feet high & only 1 foot through
at the ground-- I derive a certain excite-
ment--not to be refused--even from going through
Dennis’ swamp on the opposite side of the
RR-- where the poison-dog wood abounds--
--This simple stemmed bush is very full of
loose drooping fruit--hanging in ^ dry pale green ^ pannicles
--some of them are a foot long-- It impresses
me as the most fruitful shrub thereabouts.
--I cannot refrain from plucking it
& bringing home some pretty sprigs. Other
fruits there are these12 which belong to
the hard season-- The enduring
few pannicled andromeda--& a little partly
decayed prinos berries-- I walk amid
the bare midribs of cinnamon ferns
--with at most a terminal leafet--&
dark here & there I see a little ^ water at
the bottom of a dimple in the snow
--over which the snow had not yet been
able to prevail.

I was feeling very cheap nevertheless

12 possibly "those"
reduced to make the most of dry dog-wood berries--very little evidence of God or man did I see just then & Life not as rich & inviting an enterprise as it should be--when my attention was caught by a snow-flake on my coat sleeve. It was one of those perfect crystalline star-shaped ones--6 rayed--like a flat wheel with 6 spokes--only the spokes were perfect little pine trees in shape--arranged around a clustered spangle--This little object--which with many of its fellows rested unmelting on my coat--so perfect & beautiful--reminded me that nature had not lost her pristine vigor yet--& why should man lose heart? Sometimes the pines were worn & had lost their branches--and again it appeared as if several stars had infringed on one another at various angles making a somewhat spherical mass--These little wheels came down like the wrecks of chariots from a battle waged in the sky--These were mingled with these starry flakes--small downy pellets also--This was at midafternoon & it has not quite ceased snowing yet (at 10 Pm) We are rained & snowed on with gems. I confess that I was a little encouraged--for I was begin-ning to believe that nature was poor
& mean--& I was now convinced that she
turned off as good work as ever--
What a world we live in--!33 Where are the
jewellers' shops? There is nothing handsomer than
a snow-flake & a dew-drop. I may say that
the maker of the world exhausts his skill with
each snow flake & dew drop that he sends down--
We think that the one mechanically coheres--
& that the other simply flows together & falls--but
in truth they are the product of enthusiasm
the children of an extacy--finished with the
artist's utmost skill.
The north river is not frozen over--
I see tree sparrows twittering & moving with
a low creeping & jerking motion amid the
chenopodium in a field upon the snow--
so chubby--or puffed out on ac. of the cold
that at first I took them for the arctic birds--but soon I see the bright
chestnut crowns & clear white bars--
--as the poet says--"a thousand feeding
like one"--though there are not more
than a dozen here.

Jan 7th 58

The storm is over--and it is one of those beau-
tiful winter mornings--when a vapor is
seen Lounging in the air between the village
and the woods--Though the snow is
only some six inches deep--the yards

33 Dash written in over an exclamation point?
(star or wheel shaped flakes) appear full of those beautiful crystals lying light as a measure is full of grain.

9 Am to Hill-- It snowed so late last night & so much has fallen from the trees that I notice only one squirrel--and a fox & perhaps partridge into which the snow has blown.-- The fox has been beating the bush along the track--^ walls & fences. The surface of new snow in the woods is thickly masked by the snow which has fallen from the trees on to it.

They have their tracks are obliterated. By 10 1/2 Am it begins to blow ^ {in} the snow comes down from the trees in fine showers-- finer far than ever falls direct from the sky--completely obscuring the view through the aisles of the wood--si in open fields it is rapidly drifting. It is too light to make good sleighing.

By 10 o clock I notice a very long level stratum of cloud not very high in the SE sky. (all the rest being clear--) which I suspect to be the vapor from the sea. This lasts for several hours. These are true mornings of creation-- original & poetic days--not mere reflections of the past-- There is no lingering of yesterdays fog--only such a mist as might have adorned the first morning.

I see some tree sparrows feeding on the fine grass seed above the snow--near the
road on the hill side below the Dutch house—They are
their feet commonly sink in the snow
flitting along one at a time—^uttering occasionally
a low sweet warble—and seemingly as happy
there & with this wintry prospect before them for
the night & several months to come—as any
man by his fireside. One occasionally hops or
flies toward another & the latter suddenly jerks away
from him. They are reaching or hopping up to
the fine grass or oftener picking the seeds from
the snow—At length the whole 10 have collected
within a space a dozen feet square—but
soon after, being alarmed, they utter a different
& less musical chirp & flit away into an
apple tree.

Jan 8th 58

Pm to that small meadow just
above the Boaz Brown meadow—
Going through the swamp the snow balled
so as to raise me 3 inches higher than
usual.

Jan 9th

Snows again

Pm to Deep Cut—
The wind is S. W. & the snow is very moist
with large flakes—Looking toward
Trillium Wood—the nearer flakes ap-
pear to move quite swiftly—often making
the impression of a continuous white
line—They are also seen to move di

^barat positioned under dash
rectly & nearly horizontally--but the
more distant flakes appear to
loiter in the air--as if uncertain
how they will approach the earth
--or even to cross the course of the
former--and are always seen as simple
& distinct flakes-- I think that this
difference is simply owing to the fact
that the former pass quickly over the
field of view--while the latter are much
longer in it.

This moist snow has affected the yellow
sulphur parmelias & others-- They have
all got a green hue--& the fruit of
the smallest lichens looks fresh & fair--
And the wet willow bark is a brighter yellow
Some chicadees come flitting close
//to me--& one utters its spring note--phe-be
for which I fell under obligations to him.

Sunday Jan 10th
Pm to Goose Pond across Walden--
The N side of Walden is a warm walk
in sunny weather-- If you are sick &
despairing, go forth in winter & see the
red alder catkins dangling at the extremi-
ties of the twigs, all in the wintry air--
like long hard mulberries--promising
a new spring & the fulfillment of
all our hopes. We prize any tender-ness any softening in the winter--
The most I got perchance is the sight of
a mulberry-like red catkin—which I
know has a dormant life in it—seemingly
greater than my own—

Monday Jan 11

Rain, Rain, washes off almost every vestige of snow

Wednesday Jan 13th

Go to Lynn to Lecture—via Cambridge

4 1/2 Pm at Jonathan Buffum’s

Lynn—Lecture in John B. Alley’s Parlor—

Mr J. Buffum describes to me ancient
wolf traps—made prob. by the early settlers
in Lynn—perhaps after an Indian model—

One some 2 miles from the shore near Saugus—and then more Northerly—holes say 7 feet
deep—about as long & some 3 feet wide stoned
up very smoothly & perhaps converging a little
so that the wolf could not get out—

Tradition says that a wolf & a squaw
were one morning found in the same hole—

staring at each other.

Jan 14th

Mr Buffum says that in 1817 or 1819

he saw the sea-serpent at Swamscot

& so did several hundred others

He was to be seen off & on for some
time. There were many people on the
beach that first time, in carriages partly
in the water--& the serpent came so
near--that they thinking that he might
come ashore involuntarily turned their
horses to the shore--as with a general con-
sent--& this movement caused him
to sheer off also. The road from Boston
was lined with people directly--coming
to see the monster. Prince came with
his spyglass--saw & printed his account
of him. Buffum says he has seen
him 20 times--once alone from the
rocks at Little Nahant--when he
passed along close to the shore just
beneath the surface--& within 50 or 60
feet of him so that he could have
touched him with a very long pole, if
he had dared to. Buffum is about
60--& it should be said as affecting the
value of his evidence that he is a firm
believer in Spiritualism.

This forenoon I rode to Nahant
all the country bare--a fine warm day
neither snow nor ice--unless you search
on the way narrowly for them
with Mr Buffum--

We pass Mr Alonzo Lewis' Cottage--on
the top of each of his stone posts is fastened
a very perfectly egg-shaped pebble of
sienite from Kettle cove 15 to 18 inches
long & of proportionate diameter-- I
never saw any of that size so perfect.

36 Thoreau draws a line here to separate the interlined material
There are some 15 of them about his house
Says he was surveying once at Kettle Cove where they form a beach 1/3 mile long & 2 to 10
--& on one flatter circular one he has
ft deep, & he brought home as many as his horse could draw.
made a dial--by which I learned the
hour (9 1/2 Am). His house is *clapboard*
with hemlock bark--now some 20 yrs
old-- He says that he built it himself.

Called at the Shop where lately
Samuel Gibson (now of Feltonville)
set up birds--for he is a taxidermist
& very skillful kills his own birds--&
with blow guns which he makes & sells
some 7 feet long of glass--using a clay
ball. Is said to be a dead shot at
6 rods!

Warm & fall like as it is--saw
many *snow-buntings* at the entrance

(So Lewis said--may they not have been velvet ducks, i.e. coot?)
Saw many black ducks ^ on the sea
(may they not have been brant? or some other species?)
& c { } divers
heard of a flock of geese! ^

On the S side of little Nahant a large mass
Nahant is said to have been well-wooded--& furnished
timber for the wharves of Boston--ie to build them--
of *fine* pudding stone  Now a few willows & balm of gileads are the
only trees if you {except} 2 or 3 small cedars-- They say others will not grow on
ac. of wind.
The rocks are porphyry with dykes of
dark green stone in it & at the extremi-
ty of Nahant--argillaceous slate very
distinctly stratified--with fossil corallines
in it(?) looking like shells-- Egg rock
it seems has a fertile garden on the top.

*Pm* Rode with J. Buffum
Parke Pillsbury & Mr Mudge--a lawyer &
geologist of Lynn into the NW part of Lynn--
to the Danvers line. After a mile or 2 we
passed beyond the line of the porphyry
into the Sienite. The Sienite is more
rounded-- Saw some furrows in Sienite.

On a ledge of Sienite in the woods
--the rocky woods--near Danvers line--saw
many boulders of Seinite--part of the
same flock of which Ship rock (so called)
in Danvers is one-- One 15 ft long 10
wide & 5 or 6 deep rested on 4 some-
what rounded (at least water worn) stones+ 18
inches in diameter or more--so that you
could crawl under it--on the top of
a cliff & projected about 8 feet over
it.--just as it was dropped by an ice berg.
A fine broad-backed ledge of sienite just beyond
N or NW--from which we saw Wachusett--
Watatic"--Monadnock--& the Peterboro Hills.

--Also saw where one Boyse (if that
is the spelling) a miller in old times--
got out mill stones in a primitive way--
so said an old man who was chopping
a piece of the
there. He pried or cracked off ^ the crust
of the ledge (lying (horizontal) some 16 or
18 inches thick--then made a fire on it
about its edges & pouring on water cracked
or softened it so that he could break off
the edges & make it round with his sledge
--Then he picked a hole through the middle

37“Watatic” written over “Mona”
& hammered it as smooth as he could & it was done. But this old man said that he had heard old folks say that the stones were so rough in old times that they made a noise like thunder as they revolved--& much grit was mixed with the meal.

Returning down a gully--I thought I would look for a new plant & found at once what I suppose to be *genista tinctoria* Dyer's green weed--(The stem is quite green) with a few pods & leaves left. It is said to have become naturalized on the hills of Essex County--

Close by was a mass of sienite some 7 or 8 feet high with a cedar some 2 inches thick springing from a mere crack on its top.

Visited Jordan's or the Lynn *quarry* (of Sienite) on our return, more S. The stone cracks very squarely & into very large masses--In one place was a dyke of dark greenstone of which joined to the Sienite I brought up specimens (q.v) The more yellowish & rotten surface stone (lying above the hard & greyer) is called the sap by the quarry men.

From these rocky & wooded hills 3 or 4 miles inland in the NW edge of Lynn--we had an extensive view of the ocean from Cape Ann to Scituate & realized how the aborigines when hunting--berrying might perchance have looked out then on the early navigators mudge gave me Saugus jasper--graywacke--Amygdaloid--asbestos--hornstone (!) Buffum some porphyry--epidote--argillaceous slate from end of Nahant

---

38 a line separates the text from the interlined material which follows
39 a line in pencil here leads to pencilled material in the right margin: "Greenstone with a nodule of feldspar"
sailing along the coast—(thousands of them) when they little suspected it—how potent to the inhabitants his visit must have been. A vessel could hardly have passed even at one place only within half a dozen miles of the shore ~ in pleasant weather—without being seen by hundreds of savages—

Mr Buffum tells me that they never eat the Sea-clam without first taking out “the worm” as it is called, about as large as the small end of a pipe stem. He supposes it is the penis.

Jan 15

At Nat Hist Rooms Boston—

Looked at the little Grebe—its feet are not webbed with lobes on the side like the coot—& it is quite white beneath—Saw the good sized duck—velvet duck with white spot on wing—which is commonly called “coot” in salt water. They have a living young bald eagle in the cellar. Talked with Dr Kneeland—They have a Golden Eagle from Lexington (which K. obtained 2 or 3 years since) the 1st Dr Cabot has heard of in Mass. Speaking to him of my night warbler he asked if it uttered such a note—making the note of the myrtle bird. [abl: tetete tetete tetete exactly.

& said that that was the note of the White-throated sparrow—which he heard at Lake superior (at night as well as by day)

V. his report July 15 ’57.
Same pm saw Dr Durkee in Howard street

--He has not seen the common glow worm--

called his a var. of L. noctiluca. Showed to Agassiz

Gould & Jackson--it was new to them-- They

thought it a var. of the above. His were

luminous throughout, mine only in part of each

segment.

Saw some beautiful painted leaves in a

shop window-- maple & oak...

Sunday Jan 17

Pm to Conantum

The common birch fungus--which is horizontal

& turned downward. Splits the bark as it pushes

out very simply (drawing) (drawing) thus-- I see a

large downy owls feather adhering to a

sweet fern twig looking like the down of a

plant blowing in the wind-- This is near where

I have found them before on Conantum

above 1st Cliff. They would be very ornamental

to a bonnet so soft & fine with their re-

flections that the eye hardly rests on the down--

Jan 18th 58

At the Dugan Desert-- I notice under

the overhanging a nearly horizontal small

white oaks--& shrub oaks about the edge--

singular little hollows in the sand--evidently

made by drops of rain or melting snow

---

Post-It on MS page: “annotation information for Jan. 15, 1858 attached to journal entry for Aug. 8, 1857.” There is a cross-reference in the entry for August 8, 1857 that reads: %V. Jan 15, 1858%
falling from the same part of the twig, a foot or
2, on the same spot a long time-- They
are very numerous under every such low hori-
zontal bough on an average about 3/4 of
an inch apart or more, they are 1/3 inch wide
& 1/4 to even 3/4 inch deep. Made some days ago
evidently.

The F. hiemalis about. I hear that the Emer
Ladies delights
son children found (delights) out. yesterday.
Jan 19th

F Hiemalis
Sat. Jan 23d

The wonderfully mild & pleasant weather
continues. The ground has been bare since
the 11th This morning was colder than be-
fore-- I have not been able to walk up
the North Branch this winter--nor along
the channel of the S. branch at any time.
Pm to Saw Mill Brook--
A fine afternoon-- There has been but
little use for gloves this winter-- Though
I have been surveying a great deal
for 3 months-- The sun & cock crowing
bare ground &c &c remind me of March.
Standing on the bridge over the mill-
brook on the Turnpike--there being but
little ice on the S. side, I see several
small water bugs (gyrans) swimming
about as in the spring.
I see the terminal shield fern very prob
as an evergreen at Saw Mill Brook—&
(I think it is) the marginal fern—& Ly-
copodium lucidulum.

I go up the brook—walking on it most
of the way—surprised to find that it will
rock
bear me— Here it falls from step to
rock
step— as down a flight of stairs all through
that rocky wood—from the swamp
which is its source to the everett farm!
The bays or more stagnant parts are
thickest frozen—the channel oftener
open—& here & there the water has over flowed
the ice & covered it with a thickening
mass of glistening spiculae. The white
markings on the under side are very
rich & varied— The currency of the brook.
--The impression of its fleeting bubbles
meadow
even— It comes out of an acre of about
an acre—

I go near enough to Flints pond
about 4 pm to hear it thundering.
In summer I should not have suspected
its presence an eighth of a mile off
through the woods—but in such a
winter day as this it speaks & betrays
itself.

Returning through Britton’s field
I notice the stumps of chestnuts cut

--- Modified from "Were"
--- There is a flattened half-circle written above "e" as if to modify it to "E"
a dozen years ago-- This tall tree grows rapidly--& one layer seems not to adhere very firmly to another-- I can easily count the concentric circles of growth on these old stumps as I stand over them--for they are worn with conspicuous furrows along the lines of the pores of the wood.

One or more rings often gape 1/8 of 24th or an inch or more--at about their ^ 25th year--when the growth, in 3 or cases that I examined, was most rapid.

Looking toward the woods in the horizon--it is seen to be very hazy-- At Ditch pond I hear--what I suppose to be a fox barking--an exceedingly husky hoarse & ragged note, prolonged perhaps by the echo, like a feeble puppy--or even a child endeavoring to scream, but choked with fear ^-- It sounds so thro' the wood--while I am in the hollow--that I cannot tell from which side it comes. I hear it bark 40 or 50 times at least. It is a peculiar sound--quite unlike any other woodland sound that I know.

Walden, I think, begins to crack & boom first on the south side--which is first in the shade--for I hear it cracking there, though it is still in
the sun around me. It is not so sonorous
& like the dumping of frogs as I have heard
it--but more like the cracking of crockery
It suggests the very brittlest material--as
if the globe you stand on were a hollow
sphere of glass--& might fall to pieces
on the slightest touch-- Most shivering
splintery--screeching cracks there are--
as if the ice were not thicker than a tumbler
though it is prob. 9 or 10 inches. Methinks
my weight sinks it & helps to crack
sometimes.

Who can doubt that men are by a certain
fate what they are--contending with unseen
& unimagined difficulties--or encouraged
& aided by equally mysterious auspicious
circumstances-- Who can doubt this
essential & innate difference between
man & man--when he considers a
whole race--like the Indian inevitably
& resignedly passing away--in spite
of our efforts to christianize & educate
them? Individuals accept their fate
& live according to it--as the Indian does.

Every body notices that the Indian
retains his habits wonderfully--is still the
same man--that the discoverers found--
The fact is the history of the White man is
a history of improvement--that of the Red
man--a history of fixed habits--stagnation
To insure health a man’s relation to nature--must come very near to a personal one--he must be conscious of a friendliness in her--when human friends part or die she must stand in the gap to him. I cannot conceive of any life which deserves the name, unless there is a certain tenderness relation to nature-- This it is which makes winter warm--& supplies society in the desert & wilderness-- Unless nature sympathizes with & speaks to us, as it were, the most fertile & blossoming regions are barren & dreary.

Mrs W Monroe told Sophia last evening [Sophia’s] that she remembered her ^ grandfather very well. That he was taller than father, & used to come ride out to their house [She was a Stone & lived where she & her husband did after ward--now Darius Merriam’s] when they made cheeses to drink the whey--being in consumption-- She said that she remembered Grandmother too--Jennie Burns--how she came to the school room [in Middle street (?) Boston) once leading here little daughter Eliza- the latter so small that she could not tell her name distinctly--but spoke thick & lispingly--Elizabeth-Orrock Thoreau %V Feb 7th% The dog is to the fox as the white man to the red-- The former
has attained to more clearness in his bark—it is more ringing & musical—
more developed—he explodes the vowels of his alphabet better—and beside he has made his place so good in the world that he can run without skulking in the open field. What a smothered—ragged—feeble & un—
musical sound is the bark of the fox! It seems as if he scarcely dared raise his voice lest he should catch the ear of his tame cousin & inveterate foe.

I observe that the ice of Walden is heaved up more than a foot over that bar between the pond & Cyrus Hubbards basin—The gravelley bank or bar itself is also heaved up considerably where exposed—so that I am inclined to think that such a lifting is simply the result of a thawing beneath—& not merely of a crowding or pressure on the 2 sides.

I do not see that I can live tolerably without affection for nature—If I feel no softening toward the rocks—what do they signify?

I do not think much of that chemistry that can extract corn & potatoes
out of a barren--but rather of
that chemistry that can extract
thoughts & sentiments out of the
life of a man on any soil.

It is vain to write on the seasons unless
you have the seasons in you.

Sunday Jan 24

Pm Nut\footnote{"Nut" is either crossed out or written over.} Meadow Brook--
The river is broadly open--as usual
this winter-- You can hardly say
that we have had any sleighing
at all this winter--though 5 or
of snow
6 inches ^ lay on the ground 5 days after
Jan. 6th. But I do not quite
like this warm weather & bear ground
at this season-- What is a winter
with out snow & ice in this latitude
The bare earth is unsightly-- This winter
is but unburied summer.

At that gully or ravine--in the
clam shell bank--methinks the
sides fall away faster & the winter
& such a winter as this when the
ground is bare than ever-- The subsoil
& sand keeps freezing & thawing & so
bursts off--& the larger stones roll down
on each side and are collected in
a row at the bottom--so that there
will be a sort of wall there of stones
as big as a hens egg propped up & finally covered with sand.

The inside of the swallow holes there ap-
pears quite firm yet--& regular--with marks where it was flecked or scratched by the bird & the top is mottled or blotched almost as if made firm in spots by the saliva of the bird. There is a low oven like expansion at the end--& a good deal of stubble for the nest. I find in one an empty black cherry stone & the remains of a cricket or 2-- Prob. a mouse left them there.

I see 2 of those black & red-brown fuzzy caterpillars in a mullein leaf on this bare edge hill--which could not have blown from any tree I think. They ap. take one on the RR crossing where it is high in the open meadow refuge in such places.

I see a couple of broken small turtle eggs here which have been trodden out of the banks by cows going to drink in the river.

At Hosmers tub--spring a small frog is active!

At Nut meadow Brook the small sized water bugs are as abundant & active as in summer. I see 40 or 50 cir-
cling together in the smooth & sunny bays all along the brook. This
is something new to me. What must
they think of this winter? It is like
a child waked up & set to playing at
midnight. Methinks they are more ready
to dive to the bottom when disturbed than
usual. At night, of course, they dive to the
bottom & bury themselves--and if in the
morning they perceive no curtain of
ice drawn over their sky--& the pleasant
weather continues--they gladly rise again
resume
& continue their gyrations in some sunny
bay amid the alders & the stubble--
I think that I never noticed them
more numerous--but the fact is I
never looked for them so particularly.
But I fear for their nervous systems.
lest this be too much activity--too
much excitement.

The sun falling thus warmly for so long
on the open surface of the brook--
tempts them upward gradually--till there
is a little group gyrating there as in
summer-- What a funny way they have
take a light &
of going to bed. They do not ^ retire upstairs--
they go below-- Suddenly it is heels up & heads
down and they go down to their muddy bed--
& let the unresting stream flow over
them in their dreams. They go to bed in
another element. What a deep slumber
must be theirs and what dreams down
in the mud there!

So the insect life is not withdrawn far off
--but a warm sun would soon entice it forth.

Sometimes they seem to have a little difficulty
in making the plunge--may be they are too dry
to slip under-- I saw one floating on its
back, & it struggled a little while before
it righted itself. Suppose you were to plot
the course of one for a day-- What kind of
a figure would it make! Probably this
feat too will one day be performed by
science--that maid of all work. I see
one chasing a mote--& the wave the
creature makes always causes the mote
to float away from it. I would like to
know what it is they communicate to one
another--they who appear to value each
other's society so much-- How many
water bugs make a quorum!-- How
many hundreds does their Fourier think
it takes to make a complete bug?
Where did they get their backs polished
so? They will have occasion to remember
this year--that winter when we were
waked out of our annual sleep!
What is their precise hour for retiring?

I see stretching from side to
side of this smooth brook--where it is
3 or 4 feet wide—apparently an imaginary line, like a cobweb against which the water is heaped up a very little. This line is constantly swayed to and fro, as by the current a wind bellying forward here & there. I try repeatedly to catch & break it with my hand and let the water run free but still to my surprise—I clutch nothing but fluid & the imaginary line keeps its place. Is it the fluctuating edge of a lighter fluid overflowing a heavier?

I see several such lines.

It is somewhat like the slightest conceivable smooth fall over a dam—I must ask the water bug that glides across it."

Ah—if I had no more sins to answer for than They are only the small water bugs that I see—They are earlier in the spring—and apt. harder a water bug!

I walked about the long pond hole beyond the wooded moraine. There are prinos bushes with much moss on them—such as grows on. There is considerable rattle snake grass there—which with its drooping above the ice reminds me of the button bush around. a wild rice meadows—

On every old oak stump—the ends of the pores are the prominent part while only the scale like silver ray is left between their circles.

The sprouts of the canoe birch are not reddish—like the white—but a

The small white begin to cast off their yellowish brown. red cuticle the 3rd or 4th year & reveal a whitish one

The poison sumach with its recurved

---

44 Possibly written over “to”?
45 comma crossed out.
massed together in profusion at the base of last years stout blunt twigs

pannics of pale greenish fruit ^ is very interesting & handsome-- It is one of the chief ornaments of the swamps--dry & durable--befitting the season--& always attracts me-- It might be the symbol of a vigorous swamp-- The wood is very brittle to split down in the forks--& just broken has a strong somewhat liquor-ice like scent. I do not know that any bird eats them.

I see a few fishes dart in the brooks.

Between winter & summer there is to my mind an immeasurable interval-- as when I pry into the old bank swallows hollow holes to day--see the marks of their bills & even whole eggs left at the bottom. it affects me as the phenome-na of a former geological period. Yet perchance the very swallow which layed those eggs will revisit this hole next spring.

The upper side of his gallery is a low arch quite firm & durable

Like the water bugs--the dormant buds & catkins which over hang the brook ^ might be waked up in mid winter--but these bugs are much the most susceptible to the genial influences.

In fact there was a succession of these invisible cables or booms stretched across the stream--though it ran quite swiftly.

I noticed at Walden yesterday that
when the ice cracked one part was
frequently left an eighth of an inch per-
haps higher than another & after ward
frozen to it in this position. You could
both see & feel with your feet feel the ine-
quality.

Monday 25th

A warm moist day-- Thermometer at
6 1/2 Pm at 49°

What a rich book might be made about
buds--including perhaps sprouts. The impreg-
nable vivacious willow catkins but half
asleep under the armor of their black scales--
sleeping along the twigs--the birch &
oak sprouts--& the rank & lusty dog wood
sprouts--the round red buds of the blueberry
--the small pointed red buds--close to the twig
of the pannicled andromeda--the large yellowish
buds of the swamp-pink &c &
How healthy & vivacious must he be who would treat
of these things!

You must love the crust of the earth on
which you dwell more than the sweet crust
of any bread or cake-- You must be able
to extracts nutriments out of a sand heap--
You must have so good an appetite as this, else you will live in vain--
The creditor is servant to his debtor
especially if he is about paying his due--
I am amused to see what airs men take
about themselves when they have money to pay me.
No matter how long they have deferred it--
They imagine that they are my benefactors
or patrons--& send me most graciously
that if I will come to their houses they will
pay--me--when it is their business to come
to me.

Jan 26th 58

A warm rain from time to time--

Pm to Clintonia swamp down the brook--

When it rains it is like an April shower.
The brook is quite open & there is no snow

on the banks or fields-- From time to
time I see a trout glance--& some--
times in an adjoining ditch quite a school

of other fishes--but I see no tortoises--

In a ditch I see very light colored &

pretty large lizards moving about--
even

& I suspect I may ^ have heard a frog drop

into the water once or twice.

I like to sit still under an umbrella & meditate in the woods in this warm

rain--

On the side hill at the swamp I see

how the common horizontal birch fungus
is formed. I see them in all stages & of
both on the upper & under side--but always facing the ground
all sizes on a dead B. alba-- ^ At first

you perceive the bark merely raised into

a nub & perhaps begun to split & removing

a piece of the bark you a fibrous whitish
like a mildew in the bark
ger & as it were of a fundcus beneath

in the decayed wood & bark-- ^ Next you will

see the fungus pushed out like a hernia

^ Caret positioned under dash
^ I probably intended "fungus"
^ A line indicates that "bark" and "decayed wood &" to be swapped
^ MS pages 66 & 67 are a duplicate copy of pages 64 & 65 (i.e., the last two pages transcribed above). The next page is MS page 68.
about the size as well as form of a pea— At first it is of a nearly uniform con-
& homogeneous vex ^ surface above & below—but very soon or while yet no larger than a pea— it begins to show a little horizontal flat
disk always on the under side—which you would not suspect without examining
it—and the upper surface already begins to be water— So it goes on pushing out
through the bark--further & further--spreading & flattening out more & more till it has attained its growth—with a more or less elongated neck to its peninsula: The fungus
as it grows fills the rent in the bark very closely—and the edges of the bark are recurved lip-like— They commonly beak off at the junction of the true bark with the wood—bringing away some of the woody fiber. Apparently the spongy decayed bark & wood is their soil.

This is lichen day— the white lichens partly encircling aspens & maples look as if a painter had touched their trunks with his brush as he passed.

The yellow birch tree is peculiarly intersting. It might be described as a or bole tree whose trunk ^ was covered with golden & silver shavings glued all over it—and dangling in curls. The edges of the curls—like
commonly
a line of breakers--form ^ diagonal lines up
& down the tree--corresponding to the twist
of the nerve or grain.

Nature loves gradation--trees do not spring
abruptly from the earth. Mosses creep
up over the insteps of the trees & endeavor to re-
claim them.

Is not the moccasin a more picturesque &
fitter sort of shoe, than ours, in which to
Hence the propriety of lacing
move amid the herbage--?1 over the instep--

How Protean is life! One may eat
& drink & sleep & digest & do the ordi-

nary duties of a man & have no excuse
for sending for a doctor--& yet he may
have reason to doubt if he is as truly alive
or his life is as valuable & divine as that
of, an oyster. He may be the very best citi-
zen in the town--& yet it shall occur to him
to prick himself with a pin to see if he is
alive. It is wonderful how quiet--harm-
less & ineffective a living creature may be.

--no more energy may it have than a fungus
that lifts the bark of a decaying tree.

I raised last summer a squash which
weighed 123 1/2 lbs If it had fallen
on me it would have made as deep &
lasting an impression as most men do.
I could just as lief know what it
thinks about God--as what most

---

1 dash combined with question mark
men think, or are said to think-- In such
a squash you have already got the
bulk of a man. My man perchance
when I have put such a question to him
open his eyes for a moment essays in vain
to think like a rusty fire lock out of order--
then calls for a plate of that same
squash to eat--and goes to sleep as it
is called--& that is no great distance
to go surely.

Melvin would have sworn he heard a blue-
bird the other day--if it hadn't been January.
Some say that this particularly warm
weather within a few days--is the Jan.
thaw--but there is nothing to thaw-- The sand-
banks in the deep cut are as dry as in sum-
mer.

Some men have a peculiar taste for bad
words, mouthing & licking them into lumpish
shapes like the bear her cubs--^ words
like tribal--& ornamentation--which
drag a dead tail after them. They will
pick you out of a thousand the still-borne
words--the falsettos--the wing-clipt &
lame words--as if only the false notes
caught their ears. They cry encore
to all the discords--
The cocks crow in the yard & the
hens cackle & scratch all this winter
eggs must be plenty.

Wednesday Jan 27th 58

Pm to Hill & beyond--

It is so mild & moist as I saunter along
by the wall E of the hill. That I remember
or anticipate one of those warm rain storms
in the spring, when the earth is just laid bare
--the wind is South--& the Kladonia lichens are
swollen & lusty with moisture--your foot sinking
into them & pressing the water out as from a
sponge--& the sandy places also are drinking
it in. You wander indefinitely in a beaded
ccoat--wet to the skin of your legs--sit on
moss-clad rocks & stumps & hear the lisping
of migrating sparrows--flitting amid the shrub-
sit hours at a time still & hone your thoughts
oaks. ^ A rain which is as serene as
fair weather--suggesting fairer weather than
was ever seen-- You could hug the clods that
defile you. You feel the fertilizing influence
of you
of the rain in your mind. The part ^ that
is wettest is fullest of life like the lichens.
You discover evidences of immortality not
%cease%
known to divines. You %(%leave off%)% to die--You
detect some buds & sprouts of life--every step
%in the old rye fields%
^ is on virgin soil.
And then the rain comes thicker & faster
than before--thawing the remaining frost
in the ground--detaining the migrating
bird--& you turn your back to it--
It looks as Thoreau penciled in a more obvious "n" over the "n" in "an"
The ground being bare this winter I
attend less to buds & twigs. Snow covering
the ground secures our attention to twigs &c
which rise above it.

I notice a pretty large rock on the Lee Farm
near the site of the old mill over the Assabet
which is quite white & bare with the
roots of a maple cut down a few
years ago, spreading over it--& a thin
dark green crust or mould--a mere
patch of soil as big as a dollar in
one or 2 places on it-- It is evident
that that rock was covered as
much as 3 inches deep with soil--a
old
for the ^ roots are 2 inches thick
few years since ^--31 & that it has been
burnt & washed off since ^--leaving the
surface bare & white-- There are
a few lichens started at one end.

As I came home day before
yesterday over the RR. causeway--at
sunset--the sky was over cast--but
beneath the edge of the cloud far in the
west was a narrow stripe of clear amber
sky coextensive with the horizon--which
reached no higher than the top of
Wachusett. I wished to know how
far off the cloud was by comparing it
with the mts. It had somewhat the
appearance of setting on the mt con-

53 Caret positioned under dash
cealing a part of its summit-- I did not
suppose it did--because the clouds
over my head were too high for that
--but when I turned my head I saw
the whole out-line of the mts distinctly.
I could not tell how far the edge
of the cloud was beyond it--but I
think it likely that that amber light
came to me through a low narrow sky-
light whose the upper sash of whose
frame was 40 miles distant.
The amount of it is that I saw a cloud more
distant than the mt.

Steadily the elemental rain falls--drip drip--
drip--the mist drives & clears you sight--
The wind blows & warms you--sitting on
that sandy upland by the edge of the
wood--that April day.

Jan 28 58--
Minott has a sharp ear for the note of any
migrating bird--though confined to his door
yard by the rheumatism he commonly hears them
sooner than the widest rambler--maybe
he listens all day for them--or they come
report themselves to him and receive their season ticket
& sing over his house--% He is never at fault
If he says he heard such a bird--though
sitting by his chimney side you may depend

on it. He can swear through glass--
He has not spoiled his ears by attending
lectures or caucuses &c The other day the rumor
went that a flock of geese had been
(mid winter as it was by the Almanac)
seen flying north over Concord. I traced it to Minott & yet I was compelled
to doubt. I had it directly that he had heard
I made haste to him-- His reputation was at stake
them within a week-- I saw him-- He said that
he stood in his shed--it was one of the late
warm muggy April like mornings--when he
heard one short but distinct honk of a goose. He went into the house, he took his
cane--he exerted himself--or that sound imparted
to him* strength lame as he was he went up onto the
he had not done it for a year
hill--^55 that he might hear all around--
he saw nothing but he heard the note--again--
It came from over the brook And hence
He thought that the back of the winter was broken--if it had any
this year--but he feared such a winter
the rumor spread & grew--^4 the rumor spread & grew--
I was lost-- I pondered-- v57 I abandoned myself
I drew into all my mind all its members--like the tortoise
to unseen Guides-- Suddenly the truth flashed
on me--& I remembered that within a
week I had heard (that there is*) a box
at the tavern which had come by RR ex-
press--(directed) containing 3 wild geese & di-
rected to his neighbor over the brook. The
april-like morning had excited one so that
he honked. And Minott’s reputation acquired
new luster
He has a propensity to tell stories which you
have no ears to hear--which you cut short
& return unfinished upon him-- He is obscure
This is the worst thing I know of him.

54 “to him” is actually written in a tiny hand between “strength” and “lame”
55 carat positioned under dash
56 mark separates interlined material here
57 inverted carat
58 “is” written over “was”
59 “possibly “more”
I notice much cotton-like down attached to the long curled up seed vessels of the Epilobium angustifolium—such as I think I have seen used in some birds’ nests.

It has been spitting a little snow today—I we were uncertain whether it would increase or turn to rain. Coming thro’ the village at 11 pm—the sky is (perhaps thin) completely overcast—and the “clouds are somewhat very distinctly pink or reddish—as if reflecting a distant fire—but this phenomenon is universal all round & over head.

I suspect there is a red aurora borealis behind.

Jan 29th 58

Pm to Great Meadows at Copan—

It is considerably colder. I go through the northerly part of Beck Stows—N of the new Road. For a great distance it is an exceedingly dense thicket of blueberry bushes—& the shortest way is to bend down bushes 8 feet high & tread on them. The small red & yellow buds—the maze of gray twigs—the green & red sphagnum—the conspicuous yellowish buds of the swamp pink valves of its with it’s the diverging seed vessels—the dried choke berries still common—these and the like are the attractions—
The cranberry rising red above the ice—is seen to be allied to the water andromeda—but is yet redder—

The leaves of a black (oack) which died in the fall will not only hold on but be less withered & of a much livelier yellow now.

In the ditches on Holbrooks meadow near Copan—I see a *rana palustris* swimming and much conferva greening all the water.

Even this green is exhilarating—like a spring in winter. I am affected by the sight even of a mass of conferva in a ditch. I find some radical potamogeton leaves 6 inches long (drawing) under water, which look as if growing

Found some splendid fungi on old aspens used for a fence—quite firm—reddish white above & bright vermilion beneath—or perhaps more scarlet reflecting various shades as it is turned.

It is remarkable that the upper side of the fungus, which must, as here, commonly be low on decaying wood—so that we look down on it—is not bright colored nor handsome—& it was only when I had broken it off & turned it—over that I was surprised by its brilliant color—This intense vermilion ? face which would be known
to every boy in the town, if it were
turned upward faces the earth--
is discovered only by the curious naturalist.
Its ear is turned down--listening to the
honest praises of the earth. It is like
a light red velvet or damask. These silent
& motionless fungi with their ears turned ever
downward toward the earth--revealing their
bright colors perchance only to the prying natur-
alist who turns them upward--remind me
of the "Hear-all" of the story.

Jan 30th 58

Pm to Gowing's swamp--

I thought it would be a good time to rake
pool in the mud of that central--^60 & see what
animal or vegetable life might be there
now that it is frozen-- I supposed that
tortoises & frogs might be buried in the
mud. The pool where there is nothing but
water & sphagnum to be seen & where you
cannot go in the summer--is about 2 rods
long & 1 1/2 wide. ^ Only 1/3 of this (on one side)61 appears
as water now, the rest a level bed of green
sphagnum frozen (with62) the water, though
rising 3 to 4 inches above the general level
here & there-- I cut a hole through the
ice, about 3 inches thick, in what above
appeared to be water--& after raking
out some sphagnum found that I

---

60 carat positioned under dash
61 "(on one side) squeezed in between "this" and "appears"
62 It appears as though another word may be written over "with"
could not fairly reach the mud & tortoises—if
though my rake was 5 foot & 9 inches long
there are any there— but with the sphag-
num I raked up several kinds of bugs or in-
sects— I then cut a hole through the
frozen sphagnum nearer the middle of the
pool—though I supposed it would be a
mere mass of sphagnum with compara-
tively little water—& more mud—nearer the
surface— To my surprise I found clear
water under this crust of sphagnum to
about 5 feet in depth—& still I could
not reach the mud with my rake through
the more decayed sphagnum beneath—
I returned to the thicket & cut a maple
about 18 feet long—this dropped down
5 or 6 feet—& then with a very slight pressure
I put down the whole length. I then
went to the thicket again—searched
a long while for a suitable pole—&
at last cut another maple 30
feet long & between 4 & 5 inches thick
at the but—sharpened & trimmed &
carried it on my shoulder to the spot
& rough as it was it went down with
very little pressure as much as 20 feet
& with a little more pressure 26 feet
& there I left it— for I had [measured] it first &
& one inch—^ If the top had not been
so small that it bent in my hands
I could probably have forced it much
further—
I suspect that the depth of mud &
water under where I walk in summer
on the water andromeda-- A. polofolia\textsuperscript{41}--
--Kalmia glauca-- sphagnum &c-- is about
the same. The whole swamp would
flow off down an inclined plane.
Of course there is room enough for frogs
& turtles, safe from frost.

I noticed that the sap flowed very freely
from one of the maples which I cut.
In the meanwhile the hole which
I had first cut had skimmed over-- I stooped
to look at the ice crystals-- The thin
skimming which did not yet cover the whole
surface-- was minutely marked with \textit{feathers}
as in the frost in windows in the morning--
The crystallization was as usual in deep
some
furrows \textsuperscript{1/3} of an inch wide & finely grained
or channelled longitudinally-- these commonly
intersected each other so as to form triangles
of various sizes-- and it was remarkable
that there was an \textit{elevated} spaces between
the sides of the triangle-- which in some
cases was not yet frozen-- while you
could see & feel the furrow where the
crystals had shot on each side much
lower-- The water crystallizes in certain planes
only--

It seems then that sphagnum will grow

\textsuperscript{41} Likely a misspelling of “polifolia”
on the surface of water 5 feet deep—!

What means the maple sap flowing in pleasant must
days in mid winter, when you "wait {for} later
in the spring for it—in warmer weather? It is
a very encouraging sign of life now

Jan 31st

I notice in one place that the last
6 or more inches of the smooth sumac’s
lusty twigs are dead & withered—not having
been sufficiently matured, notwithstanding
the favorable autumn. This is attaining
one’s growth through difficulties—

Saw one faint tinge of red on
{red on} ice pond hole—6 inches over—

Feb 1st 58

Measured Gowing’s swamp—2 1/2 rods N E of
the middle of the hole—i.e. in the andromeda
& sphagnum near its edge—where I stand in the
summer—also 5 rods NE of the middle of the
or in the midst of the andromeda open hole ^— In both these places the pole went
hard at first but (brook) through a crust of
roots & sphagnum at about 3 feet beneath
the surface & I then easily pushed the pole
down just 20 feet— This being a small pole

I could not push it any further holding it by
with a longer & stiffer pole I could probably have fathomed 30 feet
the small end—it bent there ^— It seems then
that there is over this andromeda swamp
about
a crust ^ 3 feet thick—sphagnum—andromeda

--clyculata"⁴ & polifolia--& Kalmia glauca--&--

⁴ Likely a misspelling of "clyculata"
beneath which there is almost clear
water--& under that an exceedingly
thin mud-- There can be no soil
above that mud--& yet there were
3 or 4 laurel trees 3 feet high or more
between these holes, or over exactly
& there are small spruce nearby
the same water--^ For aught that appears
the swamp is as deep under the andromeda
as in the middle. The 2 andromedas &
the Kalmia glauca may be more truly said
to grow in water than in soil there--
When the surface of a swamp shakes for
a rod around you--you may conclude
that it is a network of roots 2 or 3 feet
thick resting on water over very thin mud.
The surface of that swamp--composed in
great part of sphagnum--is really floating.
It evidently begins with sphagnum which
floats on the surface of clear water--&
accumulating at length affords a basis
for their large seeded sedge (?) andromedas
&c-- The filling up of a swamp then
in this case at least--is not the result
of a deposition of vegetable matter washed
into it--settling to the bottom & leaving the
surface clear--so filling it up from the
bottom to the top-- But the vegetation
first extends itself over it as a film
which gradually thickens till it sup--
ports shrubs--& completely conceals the water--
--& the under part of this crust drops to the
bottom--so that it is filled up first at
the top & the bottom--& the middle part is
the last to be reclaimed from the water--
Perhaps this swamp is in the process of
becoming peat. This swamp has been
partially drained by a ditch.

I fathomed also 2 rods within the edge
of the blueberry bushes, in the path--but
I could not force a pole down more than
8 ft 5/12--so it is much more solid there
& the blueberry bushes require a firmer soil than the
water andromeda.

This is a regular quag or shaking surface--
and in this way evidently floating islands are
formed-- I am not sure but that meadow with
all its bushes in it--would float a man-of-
war--

Feb 2nd 58

Still rains after a rainy night with a
little snow--forming slosh-- As I return
from the P.O. I hear the hoarse robin like chirp
of a song-sparrow on Cheney's ground--& see
him perched on the top most twig of a heap of
brush--looking forlorn & drabbled & solitary in
the rain
Feb 3rd 58

Pm to Conantum--

I notice that the corner posts of the Old Conantum house which is now being pulled down were all set but up & are considerably larger at that end.

I do not see this year--& I do not know that I ever have seen--any unseasonable swelling of the buds of indigenous plants in mild winters--I think that herbaceous plants show less greenness than usual this winter, having been more exposed for want of a snowy covering.

Feb 4th

Pm to C. Miles swamp--

Discover--the Ledum latifolium quite abundant over a space about 6 rods in diameter just E of the small pond-hole--growing with--The Andromeda calyculata--polifolia--Kalmia glauca &c The A. polifolia is very abundant about the pond-hole--some of it very narrow leaved & dark even black above as if burnt.

The ledum bears a general resemblance to the water andromeda--with its dark--reddish--purplish--or rather mulberry leaves--reflexed--but nearer it is distinguihed by its coarseness--the perfect tent form of its upper leaves--
conspicuous terminal
& the large \^ roundish (strictly oval) red
buds, nearly as big as the swamp pink’s
\^ woolly
but rounded-- The ^ stem for a couple of
inches beneath the bud is frequently bare
and conspicuously club-shaped. The rust on
the undersides of the leaves seems of a
lighter color than that of Maine-- The seed
vessels (which open at the base first) still
hold on-- This plant might easily be con-
founded with the water andromeda--by a
careless observer-- When I showed it to a
teamster he was sure that he had seen it
often in the woods, but the sight of the
woolly underside staggered him.

There are many small spruce there abouts
with small twigs & leaves--an abnormal
growth reminding me of strange species of
evergreen from California, China &c

I brought some home & had a cup of tea
\^ slight
made--which in spite of a decided piney
or turpentine flavor-- I thought unexpectedly
good--

An abundance of Nesaea on the E edge of
the pond hole (call it ledum pond hole)
\%Elodea\%
& is that a *Lysimachia* mingled with it.? //

The ledum does not grow amid the
maples--(nor indeed does the A. polifolia
--Kalmia glauca--nor even the water
andromeda abundantly--) It bears no more
It looks as though “some” is written over “in”
she remembers that one sat on a lignum vitae mortar turned bottom up--another
on a box & the 3d on a stool--& then
repeated the account of Jennie Burns bringing
her little daughter to the school as before. v 4 ps forward

I observed yesterday in that oak ^
stump on the ditch bank by Trillium wood
(which I counted the rings of once) that between the
20th & 27th rings there was only about 3/7
of an inch, though before & after this it
grew very fast & seven spaces would
make nearly 2 inches. The tree was growing
lustily--till 20 years old & then for 7 years
it grew only 1/4 or 1/5 part as fast
as before & after-- I am curious to know
what happened to it.

Pm to Cliffs

Through Wheelers pasture on the hill
gray
This new pasture with ^ stumps standing
thickly in the now sere sward--reminds
me of a grave-yard. And on these
monuments you can read each tree’s
name, when it was born (if you know when
it died) how it throve & how long it
lived-- whether it was cut down in full
vigor--or after the infirmities of age
had attacked it.

I am surprised to find the Epigaea66 on
this hill at the NW corner of C Hubbard’s (?)

---

66 It looks like the “p” in “Epigaea” was pencilled in later
lot--i.e the large wood. It extends a rod
or so, & is probably earlier there than where
I have found it before-- Some of the buds
show a very little color. The leaves have
lately been much eaten--I suspect by partridges.
or golden
Little mounds or tufts of yellowish moss
in the young woods look like sunlight
on the ground--

If possible come upon the top of a hill
unexpectedly--perhaps through woods--
& then see off from it to the distant earth
which lies behind a bluer veil--before
you can see directly down it, i.e. bringing
its own near top against the distant
landscape--

In the F. H. orchard I see the small
botrichium still fresh--but quite dark
reddish--
The bark of the Populus grandidentata
there is a green clay color.

Feb 8th 58
Pm to Walden & Goose Pond
The ground is so completely bare this winter
& therefore the leaves in the woods so dry
that on the 5th ult. there was a fire
in the woods by Walden (Wheelers)
& 2 or 3 acres were burned over--set
prob. by the engine-- Such a burning
as commonly occurs in the spring.
The ice which J. Brown is now getting for his ice house from J. Barretts’s is from 8 to 9+ inches thick—but I am surprised to find that Walden ice is only 6 inches thick or even a little less—and it
You can almost drive an axe thro’ it at one blow. has not been thicker—^ In many places about the shore it is open a dozen feet wide—as when it begins to break up in the spring.

I observe as usual the shore heaved up near where my house was. It is evidently the result of it thawing— It is lifted up with an abrupt nearly perpendicular edge nearly a foot high—(but looks as if it had been crowded up by the ice) while the part under water prob has not been frozen, or not been thawed. But in the water close to the shore I observe singular dimples in the sand—sometimes perfectly circular tunnels &c as if a stone had been turned round & round & then lifted out. Perhaps this ridge thus lifted up—remains somewhat loose through the summer—not falling entirely back—& the next winter therefore freezes yet deeper & is heaved up yet higher—& so gains a little from year to year. Thus a pond may create a barrier for itself between along an adjacent meadow. When it thus lifts up the shore, it lifts the trees with it & they are upset.

At little goose Pond—where I am
surprised to find the ice not thicker than
at Walden-- I raked in the middle--
& brought up the branches of white pines
2 inches thick but perfectly sound 4 rods
or more from the shore-- The wood has
been cut about 17 years, on one side &
at least
prob. 12 or 14 on the other--& the present
growth is oak-- These were the tops of
pines that formerly fell into the pond--
They would long since decayed on land.

I walked about Goose Pond looking
for the large blueberry bushes-- I see
many which have 30 rings of annual
growth-- These grow quite on the edge
where they have escaped being cut with
the wood--& have all the appearance
of age--gray & covered with lichens
commonly crooked--zig-zag--& inter-
so that when you have cut one off it is hard to extract it.
twisted with their neighbors --& bending
over--nearly to the ice--with (trusty) young
shoots running up straight by their
sides-- I cut one which measured
8 1/2 inches in circumference at the but--
& I counted pretty accurately 42 rings--
From another I cut a straight & sound club
4 feet long & 6 1/2 inches in circumference at
the small end. It is a heavy & close grained wood

This is the largest of the Vaccinieae which
grows here, or is described in Gray’s Botany.
Some may have borne fruit before I was born
& odd
--or 40 ^ years ago. Older that any culti
vated fruit trees. Nobody could tell me what
kind of wood it was. The biggest pannicled
andromeda that I saw there abouts was
only little more than an inch in diameter--& ap
not half as old-- It has a much more yellow
wood--& with a twist to its grain.

Mrs Monroe says that her mother
respected my Grandfather very much because he
was a religious man. She remembers his calling
one day & inquiring for blue where blue vervain
grew--which he wanted to make a syrup
for his cough-- & a girl happening to
know--ran & gathered some.

Feb. 9th 58

Am to Old Hunt House with Thatcher--
The stairs of this old back porch are
wht pine or spruce--each the half of a square
log (drawing)--those of the cellar in front oak
of the same form. There is no ridge pole
whatever--not even a board--but a steep roof
& some of the rafters are oak saplings
^ hewn & showing a good deal of bark
& scarcely 3 inches diameter at the small
end--yet they have sufficed.

Saw at Simon Browns a sketch ap
made with a pen on which was written
"Concord Jail, near Boston America".
& on a fresher piece of paper on
which the above was pasted was written

“The jail in which General Sir Arch
Campbell & Wilson were confined
when taken off Boston in America by
a French privateer.”

A letter on the back side--from Mr Lewis
of Framingham to Mr Brown--stated that
he Lewis, had received the sketch from
the grandson of Wilson who drew it.

You are suppose to be in the jail yard or
close to it westward--& see the old jail
gamble roofed-- The old Hurd house (partly)
west of the grave yard-- The graveyard &
Dr Hurd House--& over the last & to the
N of it a wooded hill--at Windmill
Hill--& just N of the Hurd House beyond
it ap the Court house & school house
& the road to the battle ground
^67 each with belfries^--& a distant farm house
on a hill Franche’s or Buttricks--perhaps

Feb. 10th /58 9th still
// Begins to snow at noon & about 1 inch falls
whitening the ground--
Feb 10th
// Grows cold toward night & windy--
Feb 11th
At 3 pm it is 11°+ & windy--
//I think it is the coldest day of this winter.
//The river channel is now suddenly & generally
frozen over for the first time.

67 Caret crossed out.
The water in the pitcher plant leaves is frozen—But I see none burst—
They are very tightly filled & smooth—ap. stretched.

The leaves of the round leaved pyrola
--so exposed this winter--look not only dark
but as if frozen-- I am not sure that they
I think not--
are stiffened however -- I see that the
hemlock leaves also have this frozen
or frozen-thawed-cadaverous look--dark
& slightly imbrowned--esp. the most exposed
twigs, while some sheltered ones are still a bright
green. The same is the case even with the
white pines--& as far as I observe, other ever-
greens. There is a change in their leaves
with cold weather--corresponding to the
reddening & darkening of chokeberry &
pyrola leaves-- This change, though they
do not fall,--& are to some extent affected
even as those trees which (like the
oaks) retain a part of their leaves during
the winter in a withered state--i.e. they have
begun to wither or be killed-- I have often
before noticed that the pines when cold
weather came were of a darker & duller
green--somewhat like a frozen apple.
In the hemlock, at least, there is a positive
tendency to redness-- The evergreens then, though

---Written over “are”?
they do not fall the first year, lose their
original summer greenness. They are
changed & partially killed by the cold like
pyrola & checkerberry & lambkill--& even,
in a degree, like oak-leaves-- Perhaps
the pitch pine is the least affected.

Cut a club of celtis wood-- It is hard
but I think, brittle.

The celastrus (wax work-) is a soft
spongy & flexible wood-- Though of very
slow growth. You can easily sink your
knife into it. I count 25 rings in ^ one
which is not quite an inch in diameter
In the sap there is no evidence of rings at all
Feb. 12th 58

// Colder than yesterday morning--perhaps
the coldest of the winter.

Pm to Ledum Pond--

Those small holes in the ground--musquash--
mice &c--thickly beset with crystals of
frost--remind me of the invisible vapor rising
thence which may be call Earth’s-breath--
though you might think it were the breath
of a mouse. In cold weather you ^ not
only mens beards & the hair about the
muzzles of oxen whitened with their
frozen breath, but countless holes in the
banks--which are the nostrils of the
earth--white with the frozen earth’s
breath.

About the Ledum pond hole there is an abundance of that abnormal growth of the spruce—Instead of a regular free & open growth—you have a multitude putting out from the summit or side of the stem of slender branches crowded together & shooting up nearly perpendicularly—with dense fine wiry branchlets & pine needles which have an impoverished look—all together forming a broom-like mass—very much like a heath.

There is a more of the andromeda polifolia in that swamp than any where else in Concord.

Feb 13th

Last night said to have been a little colder than the night before—% the coldest hitherto //

Pm ride to Cafferty’s Swamp

The greatest breadth of the swamp appears to be N Easterly from Adams’s

There is much Pannicled andromeda in it—some 12 feet high—& as I count 28 years old—with yellowish wood.

I saw 3 tupelos in the swamp each about 1 foot in diameter and all within 2 rods—In those parts of the swamp where the bushes were not so high but that I could look over them—

I observed that the swamp was variously
shaded or painted even--like a rug--
with the sober colors running gradually
into each other--by the ^ recent shoots
which grow densely
of various shrubs ^--as the red blue-
berry & the yellowish brown pannicled an-
dromeda-- --& the dark brown or blackish
prinos verticillatus & the chokeberry &c
Stand on a level with those shrubs--you
could see that these colors were only
a foot or so deep--, ac. to the length
of the shoots. So too oftener would the
forests appear if we oftener stood
above them.

How often vegetation is either yellow or
red--as the buds of the swamp pink--the
leaves of the pitcher plant--&c &c & to day I
notice yellow-green recent shoots of high
blueberry.

Observed a coarse dense-headed grass in
the meadow at Stows Old Swamp lot.

What did the birds do for horse {here}70 formerly!
Feb. 14 about 1 inch of snow falls--
Feb 15th
To Cambridge & Boston
Saw at a menagerie--a Canada Lynx
--said to have been taken at the White mts
It looked much like a monstrous Gray Cat
standing on stilts with its tail cut clean71 to
5 inches--a tuft of hair on each
ear & a muffler (or ruff) under the throat.

70 Perhaps T intended "hair"?
71 1906 has "down"
Feb. 18th

I find Walden ice to be 9 1/2+ inches thick--

having gained 3 1/2 inches since the 8th ult.

The *rubus hispidus* (*semervirens* of Big)

is truly evergreen. There has been so little

snow this winter that I have noticed it the

more--red-glossy--& as it were, plaited.

I see the ice--3 inches thick--heaved up

length-wise 18 inches or more in hight--

near the shore--yet where the water is too

deep for the bottom to have been heaved--

as if some steam had heaved it.

At Brister's further spring--the water,

which trickles up in various directions

between & around little mounds of green

grass half frozen--when it reaches

the more mossy ground runs often between

2 perpendicular walls of ice, as at the

bottom of a cañon, the top of these

perfectly square edged bank being covered

with the snow that magically covered

the ground--(otherwise undisturbed) &

extending several feet on each side at

the same level. These icy cliffs are of

a loose crystalline composition--with

many parallel horizontal seams--

as if built up--I suppose that

the water flows just under the moss--&

freezing heaves it one stage--then the
next night, perchance, new water flowing

//under neath, heaves the whole another

stage & so on steadily lifting it up.

Far from here I see The surface of reeds & mud lifted up in like manner where there is no canon

or rill but a puddle

Geo. Minott tells me that he

when young used often to go to a store

by the side of where Bigelow’s Tavern was

& kept by Ephraim Jones—The Goodknow

store. That was prob. the one kept

by my old trader. Told me how Carey

who was a slave to a man who lived

Whittaker I believe Whitney

where Hawthorne owns ^—the same house

who was chopping in the yard

before the revolution—ran off one Sunday—

Whittaker’s boy threw snowballs at him the day before & finally C. threw his

axe at him

& W said he was an ugly nigger—& he must put him in jail—

was pursued by the neighbors & hid himself

in the river up to his neck till night

fall just beyond the great fields

ows. He ran thro’ Gowing’s swamp—

& came back that night to a Mrs Cogs—

well who lived where Charles Davis does

& got something to eat—then cleared

far away—enlisted—& was freed as

a soldier after the war. He may have

been 20 years old when stolen from Africa

left—a wife & one child there.

Used to say that he went home to Africa

in the night & came back again in the

morning—i.e. he dreamed of home.

Lived to be old. Called Thanksgiving

"Tom River"

72 T probably means “Whitney’s,” as his correction on line 14 implies
Feb 19th 58

Coldest morning this winter by our therm. //

3°—at 7 1/2

The traveller is defended & callused--
he deals with surfaces--has a great
coat on-- But he who stays at home
& writes about homely things--gives us
naked & tender thoughts & sentiments.

Feb. 20th

Snows all day. The most wintry day //
of the winter-- Yet not more than 3 inches
on a level is fallen.

We hear the names of the worthies of
Concord--Squire Cumings 73 & the rest--
but the poor slave Casey seems to have
lived a more adventurous life than any
of them-- Squire Cumings probably never had
to run for his life on the plains of Concord.

Feb. 28th

Pm to White Pond -- I see at Minott
Pratt’s Rhodora in bloom in a pitcher
with water andromeda. Went through
that long swamp N. E. of Brook’s meadow.
Interesting & peculiar wetter clumps
or masses of paniced andromeda
uniformly
with light brown stems topped ^ with
very distinct yellow-brown recent
shoots 10 or 12 inches long with minute
red buds sleeping close along them.

73 1906 has “Cuming,” but the “s” is conspicuous in the MS
This uniformity in such masses gives a pleasing tinge to the swamp’s surface—Wholesome colors which wear well—I see quite a number of emperor moth cocoons attached to this shrub—some hung round with a loose mass of leaves as big as my 2 fists—What art in the red-eye to make these 2 adjacent maple twigs serve for the rim of its pencil basket—in weaving them! Surely it finds a place for itself in Nature between the 2 twigs of a maple.

On the side of the meadow moraine just N of the boulder field—I see barberry bushes 3 inches in diameter & 10 ft high What a surprising color this wood has. It splits & splinters very much when I bend it. I cut a cane & shaving off the outer bark— it is of imperial yellow—as if painted—fit for a Chinese Mandarine—

Feb 25th

Ice at Walden 11 inches thick & very soggy sinking to a level with the water—though there is but a trifling quantity of snow on it. Does it not commonly begin to be soggy even thus early & thick? sinking deeper. I hear of sudden openings in ponds—as at Cochitu ate—this year—

Feb. 27th

Am to Hill—
The hedges on the hill are all--cut off--
The journals think they cannot say too much
on improvements in husbandry--it is a
safe theme--like piety. But for me--
as for some of these farms--brushed up--
a model farm, I had as lief see a
patent churn & a man turning it. It
is simply a place where somebody is making
money.

I see a snow bunting though it is pleasant & warm--

Feb. 28th

Pm to White Pond-- I see 24 cones brought
together under one pitch-pine in a field--
evidently gnawed off by a squirrel--but not
opened. Rice says he saw a whistler (?) duck
to day. \%(v before account of winter)\%

Mar 2 1st'74

The divergent open capsules (?) of the rhodora--
yellowish brown are quite interesting when
the rain falls on them. We have just had
a winter with absolutely no sleighbing, which
I do not find that any one distinctly remembers
the like of-- It may have been as warm before
--but with more snow. It was wonderfully
warm & pleasant--up to the 10th of Febru-
ary--& since then the greatest degree of
The ground has been partially covered or whitened only since the 20th
cold I have heard of was 4°"It has
been an excellent winter for walking in
the swamp--or walking any where--
& for lumbering operations in Maine--
there being not too much snow--& yet
the swamp &c frozen there.

Mar 2nd

Snowed last night & this morning--
//about 7 inches deep--much more than
during the winter--the first truly wintry
looking day so far as snow is concerned.
but the snow is quite soft or damp--
lodging in perpendicular walls on the
limbs--white on black. But it is as
yet neither wheeling nor sleighing--the
ground being muddy.

I remember to have seen these\textsuperscript{75} wood lots
being cut this winter-- A little on the $\text{SW}$
edge of R. W. E Pinnacle.-- Stows
up to E end of Cold pool. N. W. corner of Gowings
next great Fields & Moore--an acre or more
of the SW part of the Dennis swamp by RR--
Cyrus Hosmers S. W. of Desert--& W of Marlboro
Road--except N part of last.

I walk through the Colburn Farm
pine woods by RR--& thence to Rear of
John Hosmers-- See a large flock--
//of snow buntings--the White-birds of
the winter--rejoicing in the snow--
I stand near a flock in an open field--
They are trotting about briskly over the snow
amid the weeds--ap pig weed & Roman worm wood
--as it were to keep their toes warm--hopping

\textsuperscript{75} Appears to be underlined in pencil
up to the weeds-- Then they restlessly take to
wing again & as they wheel about one
--it is a very rich sight to see them dressed
in black & white uniforms--alternate
black & white very distinct & regular--
Perhaps no colors would be more effective
above the snow--black tips (considerably more) to
wings then clear white between this and the
back--which is black or very dark again.
One wonders if they are aware what a
pleasing uniform appearance they
make when they show their backs
thus-- They alight again equally near
Their track is much like a small
crow's track--showing a long heel--
furrowing the snow between with their toes.
The last new journal thinks
that it is very liberal--nay bold, but
it dares not publish a child's thought
on important subjects--such as life &
death & good books. It requires the
sanction of the divines just as surely as the
tamest journal does. If it had been pub-
lished at the time of the famous dis-
pute between Christ & the doctors it
would have published only the opinions
of the doctors & suppressed Christ's.
There is no need of a law to check the
license
freedom of the press-- It is law enough--
more than enough--to itself. Virtually,
the community have come together & agreed what things shall be uttered--
--have agreed on a platform--& to excommunicate him who departs from it--and not one in a thousand dares utter anything else. There are plenty of journals brave enough to say what they think about the government--this being a free one--but I know of none widely circulated or well conducted--that does say what it thinks about the Sunday or the bible. They have been bribed to keep dark. They are in the service of hypocrisy.

Mar. 4th Therm. 14° this morn.

& this makes decent sleighing of the other-wise soft snow.

Father Rasle's dictionary of the Abnapki Language--amounts to a very concentrated nat. and trustworthy ^ history of that people--though it was not completed. What they have a word for they have a thing for. A traveller may tell us that he thinks they used a pare-vent76--or built their columns in a certain form--or soaked their seed corn in water--or had no beard &c &c but when one gives us their word for these things--that is a clincher the question is settled.^ Let us know which words they had & how they used them

76 Index card stapled to MS copy: March 4, 1858 "pavement" (1906, p. 290) is a misreading for "parevent" [wind-guard] --appears in Father Rasle's dictionary (information from Bob Sayre, 5/9/74)
& one can infer almost all the rest. The lexicographer not only says that a certain people have or do a certain thing but, being evidently a disinterested party--it may be allowed that he brings sufficient evidence to prove it. He does not so much assert as exhibit. He has no transient or private purpose to serve.

The snow balls particularly when, as now, cold weather comes after a Damp snow has fallen on muddy ground--it is soft beneath while just I grow so fast & am so weighed down & hindered that I have to stop continually & look for a rock where I may kick off these newly acquired heels & soles. freezing above.

Mar 5

Went to hear a Chippeway Indian, a Mung--somebody Doctor ^--(assisted by a Penobscot, who said nothing.) He made the audience laugh unintentionally by putting an and almost after this word alone m after the word too ^ which he brought in continually ^ unnecessarily--emphasising & prolonging that sound as "They carried them home too —-a-h" as if it were a necessity for bringing in so much of the Indian language to his organs for a relief--or a compensation for "twisting his jaws about" as he said in his attempts to speak English--so Polis & the Penobschts--continually put the um or em to our words.
as padium littlum &c There was
so much of unsubdued Indian
accent resounding through his speech
so much of the bow-arrow tang-- I have
no doubt it was a great relief to him
& seemed the word best pronounced.

He thought his ancestors came from
Asia--& was sure that Bhering’s Strait
was no obstacle--since Indians or his
tribe cross Lake Huron' & Superior in
birch bark canoes. Thought Indians
might be Jews because of a similarity
of customs-- When a party of his
warriors which to tell an advanced
concealed
party ^ in a dangerous position to retreat
they shoot an arrow close past them--
if to stay they shoot an arrow over
exactly
their heads-- & this he declared the Jews
did. I inferred from his statement that
the totem (a deer in his case) takes
the place of the surname with us. for
he said that his (post)
children would
have the same totem. He did not use this
word.-- Said they had a secret
paternity like the masonic--by which
they knew & befriended members anywhere--

Had some ornaments of snake skins
4 or 6 inch broad with a bead edging--broad belts--
^ worn diagonally across the breast--
or for a garter--or for a very large & broad
string hands to a bag, passing round the
neck--also an otter skin pouch--
The bead left {on} was evidently very convenient as well as important—-to hold it when caught under the belt-- It was thus very quickly returned to its place. Had head feet & all.

Had on an eagle-feather cap—i.e. a black band with long ^ eagles feathers {strand}"2 from it--this not worn every day-- A buffalo blanket skin ^ worked with porcupine quilla--

Showed the cradle-- The mother cuts a notch in the lower end for each day that passes & one at the top for each moon. If it falls into the water it floats on this-- said the first poetry made at Plymounds-- was suggested by the sight of this cradle swinging of from a tree. viz Rock a by baby &c

Exhibited very handsome birch-bark trays--ornamented with moose hair in-- in the false bottom & side worked ^ representing strawberries &--very well-- Only the white hair was not dyed. These were made without communication with the whites--

The place the feet of the child in the cradle straight or as they would have them-- Ind. step with the feet straight but whites who toe out--seem to have no use for any toes but the great one in walking. Ind. woven{s} are brought up to toe in-- It is improper for them to through a blow gun toe out. Shot small arrows very straight at an apple arod off-lodging them all in it-- The gun was of elder

^ Possibly "stand"
with the pith out about six feet long,
The arrows quite slender of hard wood
with a large & dense cylindrical mass
of thistle down at what is Com-
money the feathered end.
The Penobscot who chanced to be Joe
Pholis brother, told me that the She-cor-
way of the maine lakes was the Shell-
drake & that when they call out
the moose at night they imitate the
voice of the Cow moose-- That of the
bull is very different.
The former carried the cradle low down on
his back with a strap round his head--& showed
how the mother had both hands
free & could chop wood &c with her infant
on her back-- The same blanket covered
both if necessary--& the child was prevented
from being smothered by the bow over its face holding
up the blanket. were not so good as ours--that they did not choose
for themselves but their parents for them
We read the English poets--we study
botany & zoology--& Geology--lean
an dry as they are--& it is rare that we
get a new suggestion-- It is ebb tide with
the scientific reports Prof-- in the chair
we would fain know something more about
these animals & stones & trees around us.
We are ready to skin the animals alive
to come at them. Our scientific names

Possibly altered "Commonly"
Stray mark after "imitate"?
Not sure what word was written before it was changed to "smothered" only that it might have ended with "isly"
Possibly "scientific"
convey a (very) partial information only--
they suggest certain thoughts only--
It does not occur to me that there are
other names for most of these objects
given by a people who stand between
me & them--who had better senses than
our race-- How little I know of that

arbor-vitae--when I have learned only what
science can tell me?-- It is but a word
Tree
It is {not} a thing of life-- But there are

20 words for the tree & its different parts which
the Indian gave--which are not in our
more
botanies--which imploy* a ^ practical
& vital science. He used it every day--
He was well acquainted with its wood--& its
bark--& its leaves. No science does
more than arrange what knowledge
we have of any class of objects-- But
generally speaking how much more con-
versant was the Indian with any wild
animal or plant than we are--and in
his language is implied all that

intimacy as much as ours is expressed in
How many words in our language about the moose--or birch bark! & The like
our language-- ^ The Indian stood
nearer to wild-nature than we. The wildest
^& noblest
"quadrupeds--even the largest fresh water
fishes Some of the wildest & noblest birds--
actually
& the fairest-flowers--have ^ receded
as we advanced--& we have but the

* Possibly "one"
* Possibly "implay" or "impley"
most distant knowledge of them--
a rumor has come down to us that
the skin of a lion was seen & his
roar heard here by an early settler--
But there was a race here that slept on
his skin. It was a new light when
my guide gave me Indian names for
things, for which I had only scientific
ones before. In proportion as I under-
stood the language I saw them from
a new point of view.

A dictionary of the Ind. language reveals
an other & wholly new life to us-- Look
at the wood Canoe--& see what a story
it tells of out-door life--with the names
of all its parts & modes of (using) it--
as our words describing the different parts
%{& \% |\% |\%}
% of a crack--% or at the word wigwam &
see how close it brings you to the ground--
or Indian Corn & see which race was most familiar with it.-- It reveals
to me a life within a life--or rather a
life without a life--as it were threading
still
the words between our towns, & yet we can
never tread in its trail. The Indians’
earthly life was as far off from us
as heaven is.
I saw yesterday a musquash sitting
on thin ice on the Assabet by a hole

90 Cannot read interlineation
"was" written over another word
"line from caret to still
which it had kept open--gnawing a white
nut-- Now & then it would dive & bring up more
I waited for it to dive again--that I might
run nearer to it meanwhile--but it sat 10
minutes all wet in the freezing wind while
& ears
my feet ^ grew numb--so tough it is--
but at last I got quite near-- When
I frightened it--it dove with a sudden
slap of its tail-- I feel pretty (sure)92 that
this is an involuntary movement--the tail
by the the sudden turn of the body being brought
down on the water or ice like a whip-lash.

Mar 6th

Pm Up river on ice to F. H Pond--
The river is frozen more solidly than during //
the past winter--& for the fist time for
a year I could cross it in most places--
I did not once cross it the past winter
though by choosing a safe place I might
done so without doubt once or 2ce--
But I have had no river walks before--
or hawk of any kind
I see the first hen hawk ^ methinks since //
the beginning of winter-- Its scream even is
in spring as the voice of a spring bird.

That light spongey bark about the base of
the Nesaea appears to be good timber. I have
only to touch one end to a coal--& it all burns up
slowly without blazing in whatever position held--
& even after being dipped in water.

92 Possibly “shere”
Mar 7th

Walking by the river this pm--it being
half open--& the waves running pretty high--
the black waves--yellowish where they break over
ice-- I inhale a fresh meadowy spring
odor from them which is a little exciting.
It is like the fragrance of tea to an
old tea-drinker--

Mar 8th

Went to a concert of instrument[al] music
this evening. The imitations of the horn & the
echo by the violincello--were very good--
but the rounds of the clarionet were the
most liquid & melodious-- It is a powerful
instrument & filled the hall--realizing
my idea of the shepherd’s pipe--
It was a conduit of gurgling melody--
but it apparently required a great effort
of the lungs. Its sounds entered every
cranny of the hall & filled it to repletion
with sweet liquid melody. There was
no squeaking no jarring string--no fuzzy
breathing--no rattling stops--but pure
melody--flowing in its invisible &

Mar 9th about 3 inches more
of snow fell last night--which added to about
//5 of the old--makes 8 or more than before
since last spring--Pretty good sleighing.

[53] Suffix possibly "al", "or", "ors", "er", or "ers"
[6] Possible misspelling of "impalpable"
The state commonly grants a tract of forest to make an academy out of--but the groves of the academy are straightway cut down--& that institution is built of its lumber--its coarsest & least valuable part-- And as for the public domains if any body neglected his civil duties during the last war--he is priveleged to cut & stash these--he is let loose against the well-behaved trees--as if the liberty he had defended was derived from liber bark & meant the liberty to bark the trees--

Mar 14th--

Pm I see a[n] F. hiemalis--the first bird perchance--unless one hawk--which is an evidence of spring--though they lingered with us the past unusual winter at least till the 19th of January-- they are now getting summer back earlier than our permanent ^ residents-- It flits past with a rattling or grating chip-- showing its 2 white tail feathers--

The sleighing which began the 4th of March is now done. The only sleighing since the winter of 56-7. I hear that many cherry birds have been seen-- I think I have seen many more tracks of skunks within 2 or 3 weeks than all the winter before--as if if they were partially dormant here in the winter--& came out

---

55 Unclear, but appears to be "grants"
56 "to make" possibly altered or written over something else
57 Looks like "winte"
very early--i.e. perhaps some of them 
are more or less dormant.

Mar. 16th

Pm to Conantum A thick mist--
spiriting away the snow-- very bad walking.
This fog is one of the first decidedly spring
signs--also the withered grass bedewed
by it--& wetting my feet-- A still--foggy--
& rather warm day. I heard this morning
also quite a steady warbling from tree sparrows
on the dripping bushes--& that peculiar drawling
henish
note of a hen--who has this ^ way of expressing
her content at the sight of bare ground &
mild weather-- The crowing of cocks & the
cawing of crows tell the same story. The
ice is soggy & dangerous to be walked on--

How conversant the Indian who lived
out of doors--who lay on the ground
must have been with--mouse ear leaves--
pine needles--mosses & lichens which
form the crust of the earth-- No doubt
he had names accordingly for many things
for which we have no popular names.

I walk in muddy fields--hearing the tinkling
of new-born rills. When the melted snow has
made a swift rill in the rut of a cart path
flowing over an icy bottom & between icy banks--
I see just below a little fall of one ich--
a circular mass of foam or white bubbles nearly

98 Stray mark or underlining under "lived"
99 Possibly "inch"
2 inches in diameter—slowly revolving—but never moving off—the swift stream at the fall appears to strike one side, as it might the side of a water wheel—and so cause its to revolve—but & 1/2 inch distant in the angle between this & the fall is another individually larger & more evanescent circle of bubbles only 1/2 inch in diameter—revolving very rapidly in the appropriate direction—The laws perchance by which the world was made & ac. to which the systems revolve—are seen in full operation in a rill of melted snow.

March 17 58

Hear the 1st bluebird. //

Pm to the hill—

with a S. or SW wind

A remarkably warm & pleasant day —but //

still very bad walking—the frost coming out & the snow that was left going off. The air is full of blue-birds—I hear them far & near on all sides of the hill—warbling in the tree tops—though I do not distinctly see them—

I stand by the well at the eastbase of the hill—looking over the alder meadow—lately cut off—I am peculiarly attracted by its red-brown maze—seen in this bright sun & mild S W wind—It has expression in it as a familiar freckled face—Methinks it is abut waking up—though it still slumbers—See the still smooth pools of water in its midst almost free from ice—I seem to hear the sound of the water soaking in to it—as it were its voice.

100 “c” in “cause” written over something else
We must not expect it to blow warm long at a time—even today methinks these are cool veins in the air—as if some puffs came over snow & ice & others not—like the meat which consisted alternately of a streak of fat & a streak of bean.

I sit on the bank at the hemlocks & watch the great white cakes of ice going swiftly by—now one strikes a rock—& swings round in an eddy—They bear on them the wrecks & refuse of the shore where they have formed.

Even the shad is agreeable to day. You hear the buzzing of a fly from time to time & see the black speck zig zag by—

// Ah—there is the note of the first flicker—a prolonged monotonous—

wisk—wisk—wisk—wisk—wisk wick &c

or, if you please, quick quick—

^ heard far over & through the dry leaves—But how that single sound & enriches peoples ^ all the woods & fields—

They are no longer the same woods & fields that they were—. This note really quickens what was dead—It seemed to put a life into—withered grass & leaves—& bare twigs—& hence forth the days shall not be as they have been—It is as when a family—your neighbors—re—
turn to an empty house--after a long absence--
& you hear the cheerful hum of voices--
& the laugh of children--& see the smoke
from the kitchen fire. The doors are thrown
open--& children go screaming through the
hall-- So the flicker dashed through
the miles of the grove--throws up a window
here & cackles out it--& then there--
airing the house-- It makes its voice sing
up stairs & down stairs--& so as it were
fits it for its habitation & ours & takes
possession-- It is as good as a housewarming
to all nature-- Now I hear & see him
louder & nearer on the top of the Long-
armed white oak--sitting very upright as
is their wont--as it were calling for
some of his kind that may also have
arrived.

As usual I have seen for some weeks
on the ice these peculiar (perla?) insects //
with long wings & 2 tails--
The withered vegetation--seed vessels of
all kinds &c--are peculiarly handsome
now having been remarkably well preserved\(^{101}\) the
past winter--{on} ac--of the absence of snow--

How indulgent is nature--to give to a
few common plants--like checkerberry

This aromatic flavor to relieve the
Perhaps I am most [sensible] of
general insipidity! the presence of these plants when
the ground is 1st drying at this season--& they come fairly out..\(^{102}\)
--also mouse-ear & pyrola

\(^{101}\) Stray mark above the “v” in “preserved”?
\(^{102}\)second period might be a blotch
Sitting under the handsome scarlet oak beyond the hill— I hear
a faint note far in the wood which
reminds me of the robin— again I hear
//it, it is he— an occasional peep—
These notes of the earliest birds seem
to invite forth vegetation— no doubt, the
plants concealed in the earth hear them
& rejoice— They wait for this assurance.
Now I hear when passing the S side of
the hill— or first when threading the
maple swamp far W of it the tchuck
of a black-bird & after— a
//distinct conqueree So it is a red-wing?
Thus these 4 species of birds have
all come in one day— no doubt to al—
most all parts of the town—
Mar. 18th
7 Am by River— Almost every bush has
//its song sparrow this morning & their tinkling
strains are heard on all sides— You see them
just hopping under the bush or into some other covert
turning with a jerk this way & that
as you go by — or they flit away just above
the ground which they resemble. It is the
prettiest strain I have heard yet. Melvin
for all day
is already out in his boat— with his
white hound in the prow— bound up the
river for musquash &c— but the river
is hardly high enough to drive them out.
1 Pm to F. H. Hill via Hub’s Bath--
2 How much more habitable a few birds
3 make the fields! At the end of winter
4 when the fields are bare—and there is nothing
5 to relieve the monotony of the withered
6 vegetation, our life seems reduced to its lowest
7 terms—But let a bluebird come &
8 warble over them & what a change!
9 The note of the first blue-bird in the air--
10 answers to the purling rill of melted snow
11 beneath—It is eminently soft & soothing—&
12 as surely as the thermometer indicates a higher
13 temperature—It is the accent of the South wind—
14 its vernacular—It is modulated by the S. wind
15 The song sparrow is more sprightly—mingling
16 its notes with the rustling of the brash along
17 the water sides—--but it is at the same
18 time more terrene than the blue-bird--.
19 The first woodpecker comes screaming into
20 the empty house—& throws open doors &
21 windows wide—calling out each of them
22 to let the neighbors know of its return--
23 But heard further off it is very suggestive
24 of ^ associations which cannot be distinctly
25 of long-drawn summer hours
26 recalled—^ & thus it also has the affect of
27 music. I was not aware that the capacity
28 to hear the woodpecker had slumbered within
29 me so long.
30 When the black-bird gets to a conqueree
31 he seems to be dreaming of the sprags
that are to be & on which he is to perch--

The robin does not come singing--

but utters a somewhat anxious or

inquisitive peep at first--

The Song sparrow is immediately most at

home of any that I have named--

I see this p.m. as many as a dozen

bluebirds on the warm side of a

wood. ¹⁰⁵

At Hubbards shore--where a strong but

warm westerly wind is blowing--the shore

is lined for half a rod in width with pulverised

ice or "brash" driven against it

At Potter’s sand hill (Bear Garden) I see

on the SE side of the blue curls very dis-
tinct & regular arcs of circl____ies (about

1/3 of a circle) scored deep in the sand

by the tops of these weeds which have been

blown about by the wind--& these marks

show very surely & plainly how the wind has

been blowing & with what force--& flowiness¹⁰⁶

The rather warm but strong wind now

roars in the wood--(as in the maple

swamp) with a novel sound-- I doubt

if the same is ever heard in the winter

It apparently comes at this season, not¹⁰⁷

only to dry the earth--but to wake up

the trees, as it were,--as one would wake

a sleeping man with a smart shake

---

¹⁰⁵ Possibly "word"
¹⁰⁶1906 has “flawiness” but the third letter looks like an “o” with stray marks
¹⁰⁷ Unclear “not”
Perchance they need to be thus wrung & twisted
& their sap flows the sooner for it--

Perfectly dry\textsuperscript{108} sand even is something at-
tractive now--\& I am tempted to tread on &
Skunks’ tracks are every where now
to touch it--as a curiosity-- on the sand \& the little snow that is left--
close by

The river is still covered with ice at Cardi-
so Melvin must have stopped here at least--
nal shore--\& but there is a crescent of "brash"

there which the waves blown upstream

have made half a dozen rods wide-- It is
the
even blown a rod onto ^ solid ice. The noise
made by this brash undulating \& grating
upon itself--at a little distance is very much
like the rustling of a winnow of leaves dis-
turbed by the winds--A little further off--
It is not to be distinguished from the roar of the
wind in the woods--

Each new year is a surprise to us-- We find that
virtually
we had ^ forgotten the note of each bird--\&
when we hear it again--it is remembered like a
dream--reminding us of a previous state of
existence. How happens it that the associa-
tions it awakens are always pleasing--
never saddening--reminiscences of our sanest
hours? The voic(e) of nature is always encouraging.--
prob. grackle this time

The black bird ^ sings his way direct above
northward ^ carrier haste
the swamp--^ with a regular Tchuck ^--
calling the summer months along, like

When I get 2/3 up the hill, I look round

\textsuperscript{108} Word corrected to “dry” (“a” or “o” crossed out between “r” and “y”)
and am for the hundredth time sur-
prised by the landscape--of the river valley--
with its distant blue-scolloped river
& the horizon. ^ It is a spring landscape--
& as impossible a fortnight ago, as the song
of birds-- It is a deeper & warmer blue than
in winter--methinks--. The snow is off the
mts, which seem even to have come again like
the birds-- The undulating river is a bright
sharp edged retained by the willows
blue channel between ^ shores of ice ^110-- The wind
blows strong but warm from W. by north, so that
I have to hold my paper tight while I write this--
making the copses creak & roar--but the sharp
tinkle of a song sparrow is heard through it
all. But ah! the needles of the pine,
as I look down over the Holden wood & westward
how they shine! ^ Every third tree is lit with
the most subdued but clear ethereal light--
as if it were the most delicate frost work
in a winter morning--reflecting no heat but
only light-- And as they rock & wave in the
strong wind even a mile off--the light
courses up & down them as over a field of
grain--i.e. they are alternately light & dark
--like looms above the forest--when the
shuttle is thrown between the light woof & the
{weaving} a light article spring goods for Nature to wear.
dark web-- ^ At sight of this my spirit
is like a lit tree. It runs or flashes over
their parallel boughs as when you play
with the teeth of a comb-- The pine tops
wave like squirrels' tails flashing in the air
Not only osiers--but pine needles methinks

110 vertical line drawn from caret to insertion
110 might be marginal mark in pencil in left margin
Anacreon noticed the same
shine in the spring--& arrow heads--& RR. rails-- ^111 &c &c.

--Is it not the higher sun--& cleansed air--& greater
There is a warmer red to the leaves of
animation of nature? The Shrub oak & to the tail of the hawk
circling over them--
I sit on the cliff, & look toward Sudbury--
I see its meeting houses & its common--& its
fields lie but little beyond my ordinary walk--
but I never played on its common nor read the
etipaths in its grave yard--& many strangers
to me dwell there-- How distant in all
important senses may be the town which
We see beyond our ordinary walks & thoughts
yet is within sight! ^-- With a glass I might
perchance read the time on its clock-- How
circumscribed are our walks after all--!
With the utmost industry we cannot ex-
pect to know well an area more than 6 miles
to be acquainted with Siberia & Africa!
square--& yet we pretend to be travellers--
Going by the epigae on F. H. Hill--I
thought I would follow down the shallow gully
through the woods from it--that I might
find more or something else-- There was an abundance
of checkerberry--as if it were a peculiar locality
for shrubby evergreens
^ At first the checkerberry was green, but
low down the hill it ^ suddenly became
dark red--^ as if it had been more subject
to frost there-- It being more frosty lower
down-- Where it was most turned, that part
of a leaf which was protected by another
overlapping it was still pure bright green
making a pretty contrast when you lifted it.

8 or 10112 rods off I noticed an evergreen

111 line from caret to insertion
112 Difficult to read, but phrase appears to be "8 or 10"
shrub with the aspect or habit of
growth of the juniper--but as it was
in the woods--I already suspected it to
//be what it proved--the American Yew
already strongly budded to bloom-- This is
a Capital discovery-- I have thus found the *ledum*
& the *Taxus* this winter & a new locality of
the *epigaea--*

Mar. 19th '58

Pm to Hill & Grackle Swamp--
Another pleasant & warm day--painted
my boat this pm. These spring impressions
(as of the "waking up of the meadow--described
day before yesterday {and} are not repeated the
same year--at least not with the same
force--for the next day the same phenomenon
does not surprise us-- Our appetite has
lost its edge-- The other day the face of the
meadow wore a peculiar appearance, as if
it were beginning to wake up under the in-
fluence of the S. W. wind & the warm sun--but
it cannot again this year present precise-
ly that appearance to me-- I have taken a step
forward to a new position & must see some-
You perceive and are affected by,\textsuperscript{113} changes too
thing else. subtle to be described

I see little swarms of those fine fuzzy gnats
in the air-- I am behind the hemlocks-- It is
their wings which are most conspicuous, when
they are in the sun--their bodies are comparatively

\textsuperscript{113}comma may be a stray mark
small black—& they have 2 Mourning plumes
in their fronts— Are not these the winter
gnat? They keep up a circulation in the air
sometimes a globular swarm 2 feet or more in diameter—suggesting
like water bugs on the water— They people a
how genial & habitable the air is become
portion of the other wise vacant air—being
ap. fond of the sunshine—in which they are
most conspicuous.

I hear turkey’s gobble— This too I suppose is
a spring sound. I hear a steady sigh of the
wind rising & swelling into a roar in the pines
which seems to tell of a long warm rain
to come—

I see a white pine which has borne fruit
4 in number
in its 9th year— The cones which are 7/8 of an
inch long have stems about 2 1/2 inches
so the stem prob. does not
long!—not yet curving down— grow any more.

Met Channing—& walked on (with) him
to what we will call Grackle Swamp
Those light yellow {hypnums}? like sunlight on decaying logs
admiring the mossy " {jungermannia}-like
{see} mosses ready spread
Hear the phebe note of a chicadee

In the swamp see grackles—4 or 5—
their bead-eyes
with the light ring about eye— They utter only
those ineffectual split notes—no conqueree

Might I not call that Hemlock Brook?
& the source of it Horse Skull Meadow?

Hear the pleasant chill-lill of the F. hiemalis
--the first time have heard this note—this too sug-
gests pleasant associations.

By the river see distinctly red wings—& hear

115 mark between small and black might be a hyphen
116 Possibly “fon d”
117 T. prob. meant “light”?
118 slash marks are actually above the end of “hiemalis” on the MS page
119 Looks like “distinctly"
Possibly "ee" or "ei"

119 Possibly "ee" or "ei"

Their conqueror. They are not associated with grackles -- I distinguish them even by its flight--hovering slowly from tree top to tree top as if ready to utter its liquid notes-- Their whistle is very clear & sharp while the grackles is ragged & split.

It is a fine evening--as I stand on the bridge--the waters are smooth--very little ice to be seen--the red wing & song & a flock of tree sparrows is pleasantly warbling--their gurgle is heard when smooth waters begin--they come together. fuzzy gnats in the sun--and as often as one turns his boat round on the smooth surface the setting sun is reflected from its side--

I feel reproach when I have spoken with levity--when I have made a jest--of my own existence-- The makers have thus secured seriousness & respect for their work in our very organization-- The most serious events have their most ludicrous respect--such as death-- but we cannot excuse ourselves when we have taken this view of them only-- It is pardonable when we spurn the proprieties--even the sanctities--making them stepping stones to something higher.

Mar 20th

Am by river--

The tree sparrow is perhaps the sweetest & most melodious warbler at present-- & for some days-- It is peculiar too for singing in
concert, along the hedge-rows—much like a canary—especially in the mornings—

Very clear sweet melodious notes—between a twitter & a warble, of which it is hard to catch the strain—for you commonly hear many at once—

The note of the F. hiemalis is a chill-lill is a jingle—with also a \{sharpe\} & dryer crackling or shuffling ^ chirp as it flits by—

I hear now at (?Am) from the hill across the water—probably the note of a woodpecker I know not what species—Not that very early {guah guah} which I have not heard this year—

Now first I hear a very short robin’s song Pm to Clematis Brook— via Lee’s—with C.

We cross the Depot field—which is fast becoming dry & hard. At Hubbard’s wall how handsome the willow catkins! those wonderfully bright silvery buttons so regularly disposed in oval schools in the air—or if you please a long the seams of which their twigs make—in all degrees of forwardness from the faintest— --tiniest speck of silver just peeping from beneath the black scales— have thrown off their scaly coats—& to lusty {pussies} which ^ show some redness at base on a close inspection. These fixed swarms of arctic buds ^ spot the air very prettily along the hedges.

They remind me somewhat of their brilliancy—of the

\[120\] dash might be cross for the “t”
\[121\] Stray mark above “hard”?
\[122\] Cannot tell if “is a” has been crossed out could be “grah grah” or “gnah gnah” (1906 has “gnah”)
\[123\] Poss. “along” (Coy of MS is poor)
\[124\] This dash might also be a t cross.
\[125\] Stray mark or strikethrough between “somewhat” and “of”
snow flecks which are so bright by contrast at this season when the sun is high.

Is not this perhaps—the earliest most obvious They are greyish & not nearly so silvery a week or 10 days later when more expanded—showing the dark scales. awakening of vegetable life?

Farmer told me this Am that he found a bay-

//wing's egg yesterday--dropped in a foot path!

I have not seen that bird yet--

// In low grounds--we feel from time to time the icy crust in the soil sink beneath us.

// but it is so dry—that we need no rubbers now

// A small ant fallen on water--& swimming

// A small brown grass hopper jumps in to {our}

brook at our approach & drifting down clings to a stubble-- I see another just like it--

2 hours later-- We look into that pool & admire the green weeds—water {purslain}(?) at the bottom, on the S side of Hubbards’ grove—^ There is slowly moving along in it near the bottom one of

//%those bashaws with 2 tails—in their case red tails

--something devils’ needle like— The whole pool is full of a small gyrating insect—I took up from a weed within it, by a chance sweep of my hand, a minute bivalve clam like shell hardly 1/20 of a inch long— Yet this dries up in summer—

The other pool near by within the woods is still soggy, covered with black ^ ice.

The herbaceous plant have evidently suffered far more than usual the past wonderfully mild & snow less winter—not only is there less green—as in the fields—but even less at the bottoms of the pools & ditches.
The foul flanks of the cattle—remind me how early it is still in the spring—

On that same tree by Conants’ orchard

I see a flock of cherry-birds—with that alert chieftain-like look—and hear their seringo note—as if may by their swift flight through the air—They have been seen a week or 2—

Fair Haven is still closed—near the open water where the river is eating up into it the ice is very black—even sooty here & there from this point of view—You would not believe that mere waterlogged ice could be so black—You cannot now get onto it—

but you (——) see the holes which pickerel fishers cut in it a month ago—

We go looking in vain for ducks—a semi-riparial walk—from time to time we are deceived a moment by a [sh ___ ing]129 cake of ice on its edge at a distance—

We go along behind Lees looking up over the Sudbury meadows— I see a distant roof at Round Hill. It is pleasant when we see this—only the roof of a house at a distance—a mere gray scale—diamond shape against the side of a hill—while all the lower part is lost in shade—It is more interesting than a full view.

The river but yesterday was a bright blue
artery—between straight edgins of ice held by the
bushes—but beyond on each side was a clear

canal. (↩) To day most of this ice is [↓↓↓]
drifted down the stream or blown across it—so {that}

often—the straight edge is presented to the

opposite meadow—& is at first sight un-
accountable.

The wind shifts to east or SE but still its
rawness is agreeable. As C says of the
water insect—we too come out of our shells in
the spring.—Yes we take off our great coats—

I had noticed from the Cliff by Lees road—
an elevated sandy point above Pole Brook

which I said must be Indian ground—& walking
there I found a piece of a soap-stone pot.

In the sluice way of Pole Brook—by the
road just beyond I found another kind of Ind. pot

It was an eel-pot(?) or creel—a wattled basket—
or wicker-work—made of willow osiers with
the bark on—very artfully—It was about

4 {feet} long & shaped thus—About a dozen (or
{drawing} Moore says that he used to find them in the
brooks when he was trout fishing stopping them
up so closely with sticks & stones on the sides that not
a trout could pass—& he would cut them
from end to end with his knife. 

more) willow sticks as {bid} as { } finger—or larger

being set small end down—in a circle in a
thin round board which made the bottom

& then smaller osiers interwoven at right

angle with them—close & firm—Another

---

[130] probably meant to be “edgins” but there is no second “g”
[131] Possibly “Yet”
[132] Stray mark after “made”?
[133] Stray mark through “l” in “long”?
[134] This text lies to the right of drawing
[135] Possibly “big” (1906 has “big”)

128
funnel shaped basket--was secured within
this--extending about half way down {in it}^{136}--as
represented by the dotted lines--with a opening
hardly 2 inches wide at the bottom--where only
a dozen sharper sticks approached each other.
There was a square door in the board bottom
by which the fishes could be taken out-- This
was set in that sluice way--with the mouth
or broad end down stream all sunk beneath
the surface-- This fishes being now evidently.
running up the brooks from the river & ponds
the ice being mostly gone out of the meadows &
brooks. We raised this and found 8 or 10 small
pickerel in it--the biggest a foot long--&
1 good sized perch. It was pleasant to find
that any were practising such {cunning} art
in the outskirts. I am not sure whether
this insertion is Indian--or derived from
our own ancestors-- Creel appears to be an
old English word-- But I have no doubt
that the Ind. used something very like this--
How much more we might have learned of the Aborigines
if they had not been so reserved-- Suppose they had
generally become the laboring class among
the whites--that any^{137} father had been a farmer
& had an Indian for his hired man--how many
aboriginal ways we children should have
learned from them! It was very pleasant
to meet with this kind of textile--or basket
Minot has known them to be set for musquash--& sometimes the musquash gnaw out
{or if not drowned}^{138}

^{136}possibly just "it"
^{137}Possibly "my"
^{138}Interlined section is difficult to read, specifically the section encompassed in braces
Possibly "others"

1
in our walk--to know that some had leisure
2
for other things than farming & town-meeting--
3
--& that they felt the spring influence in their
4
way. That man was not pitting from the State
5
He was meditating
6
prison when he was weaving that creel. a small poem
7
in his way
8
It was equal to a successful stanza whose subject
9
was spring--

The fishes are going up the brooks--as they open--

they are dispersing themselves through the fields &
importing new life with them
woods-- they are taking their places under the
shelving banks--& in the dark swamps--
The water running down meets the fishes running up--
They hear the latest news--
Spring--aroused fishes are running up our veins too--
Little fishes--are seeking the sources of the brooks
--seeking to disseminate their principles-- Talk about
a {revival} of religion! & business men's prayer
meetings! with which all the country goes mad
now-- What if it were as true & wholesome
which came out of the sluggish waters--& run up the water toward their sources
a revival as the little fishes feel! All
nature revives at this season--with her it
is really a new life--but with these church
goers it is only a revival of religion or hypocrisy.
--they go down stream to still muddier waters. It cheers
me more to behold the swarms of gnats which have
revived in the spring sun. The fish lurks by the
mouth of its native brook--watching its oppor-
tunity to dart up the stream by the cakes of ice--

Do the fishes stay to hold prayer meetings in Fair
Haven Bay?--while some monstrous pike gulps
privately or with its kindred spirits
them down—or is not rather (each) one ^ as soon as
possible stemming the current of its native (book)¹⁴²—
making its way to more ethereal water? burnishing
his scaly armor—by his speed—oftimes running into osier
creels & finding its salvation there even—as in the dis-
charge of its duty—

No wonder we feel the spring influence—there is a
motion in the very ground under our feet—each rill
is peopled with her life rushing up it.
If a man do not revive with nature in the spring,
how shall he revive when a white-collared priest
prays for him?

Small water bugs in Clematis brook—

We had turned in at the old minot house— We kept
on by Heron pool—& through the pitch pine wood
behind Bakes¹⁴¹—down the path to Spanish Brook—
& came out on to the RR. at Walden— Channing
thought it was a suitably long stretch to wind
up with—like one of our old Nashoba walks
so long drawn—& taxing our legs so—in which
it seemed that the nearer you got to home the
farther you had to go

That is a very handsome descent by the path to
Spanish Brook— Seeing the path below—between
the trunks of the trees— How important the
hemlock amid the pines for its darker & wilder
green!

We too are out obeying the same law with
all nature— Not less important are the observers of
the birds than the birds themselves.

At last I see a small straight flock of ducks

¹⁴² looks like “book” but “brook” makes more sense
¹⁴¹ “Bakers”?
going N. E. in the distance

In order that a house and grounds may
be picturesque & interesting in the highest
degree--they must suggest the idea of
necessity--proving the devotion of the builder--
not of luxury-- We need to see the honest &
naked life here & there protruding. What
is a fort without any foe before it--that
is not now sustaining & even less sustained
a {siege}\textsuperscript{142}? The gentleman whose purse
is always full--who can meet all demands--
though he employs the most famous ar-
tists can never make a very interesting seat.
He does not carve from near enough to the
bone. No man is rich enough to keep a
poet in his pay.

Mar. 21st

// Warm rain--April like--the first of
the season--holding up from time to time though
always completely overcast

Pm to Ministerial swamp--via Little
River. Standing by the mud-hole in the swamp
I hear the pleasant phebee\textsuperscript{143} note of the
Chicadee-- It is methinks the most \^ wilder-
ness note of any yet-- It {p} is peculiarly
interesting that this {which} is one of our
winter birds also--should have a note
with which to welcome the spring.

Standing by that pool, it is pleasant to

\textsuperscript{142} could be “seize” or “seize” or “seige” but “siege” makes the most sense
\textsuperscript{143} Possibly “phebe”
see the dimples made on its smooth surface--

by the big drops after the rain has held

up a quarter of an hour--

The skunk cabbage at Clam Shell is

shedding pollen

well out"-- It is evident that the date of

its flowering is very fluctuating--ac. to the

condition in which the winter leaves the crust of

the meadow.

This first spring rain is very agreeable-- I love
to hear the pattering of the drops on my umbrella
also %helps% & I love ^ the wet scent of the umbrella-- It ^ takes

the remaining frost out & settles the ways--

but there is yet frost & ice in meadows & swamps.

Mar 22d

Pm Launch my boat.

& row down stream-- There is a strong
& cool N. W. wind. Leaving our boat just

below N. Barretts'--we walk down the shore--

We see many gulls on the very opposite

side of the meadow--near the woods-- They look

bright white like snow on the dark blue

water-- It is surprising how far they can be

seen--how much light they reflect--& how

being strung along one every rod-- they made me think of {line} fleet in line of

battle conspicuous they are-- We go along to the

off p. pine hill nearest Abner Buttricks--& finding

a sheltered & sunny place we watch the
ducks from it with our glass. There are

not only gulls--but about 40 black

ducks & as many {Whistlers' ducks} sheldrakes

---

144 Possibly "winter"
I think 2 wood ducks--
//I see those peculiar spring (?) clouds, scattered cumuli with dark level bases--
The gulls appear considerably the largest &
no doubt the season is to be detected by the aspect of the clouds no less than by
that
make the most show--they are so uniformly
of the earth--
light colored-- At a distance, as I have
said they look like snowy masses--& even
nearer they have a lumpish look--like a mass
of cotton--the head being light as well as the
breast-- They are seen sailing about in the
shallow water--or standing motionless on a
clad that just rises above the surface--in which
position they have a particularly clumsy look--
or one (or) 2 may be seen slowly wheeling
about above the rest-- From time to time
the whole flock of gulls suddenly rises--&
begins circling about--& at last they settle
down in some new place & order--. With
these were at first associated about 40
black ducks--pretty close together--sometimes
single
apparently in close ^ lines. Some looking lumpish
like decoys of wood--others standing on the bottom
& reminding me of penguins.-- They were constantly
diving with great energy--making the
water fly up. 2 feet upward--in a thick shower
Then away they all go circling about
for 10 minutes at least before they can
decide where to alight.

The black-heads & white breasts--which may
be golden-eyes--for they are evidently--paired
male & female for the most part--& yet

\[145\] Period might be a splotch
\[146\] Penciled interlineation above the word "the"; looks like "sheldrake"
I thought that I saw the red bill of the sheldrake

These--are most incessantly & skillfully plunging

& from time to time apparently--pursuing each other--

They are much more active--whether diving or swim-

ming about than you expect ducks to be-- Now

perchance they are seen changing their ground--

--swimming off perhaps 2 X 2 in pairs very

steadily & swiftly--without diving-- I see 2

of these very far off on a bright blue (bouy)\(^{147}\)

where the waves are running high-- They are

2 intensely white specks-- & now are \[\underline{\underline{\text{[}}}\] which

yet you might mistake for the forming crest

of waves-- Now one disappears--but soon is seen

again--& after its companion (\[\underline{\underline{\text{[}}}\]) is lost in

like manner having dived.

Mar 23d

Surveying Mr. Gordon’s Farm--

See something stirring amid the dead leaves in the

water at the bottom of a ditch--in 2 or 3

places--& presently see the back of a yellow-\[//\]

spotted turtle. Afterward a large flock

of fox-colored sparrows\(^{148}\)--flit by along

\[//\]

an alder-row--uttering a faint chip--like

that of the tree sparrow.

Mar. 24th

Pm to F. H. Pond--E. side.\[//\]

The pond not yet open-- A cold N by W wind--which\(^{149}\)

must have come over much snow & ice.

\[\text{\^{i.e.} song sparrow}\]

The chip of the ground bird \[\text{\^{i.e.} its expression is the same}\]

\[\text{\^{i.e.} only fainter--& reminds}\]

\[^{147}\text{1906 has “bay”}\]

\[^{148}\text{Stray mark after “sparrows”?}\]

\[^{149}\text{possibly pencil between line 27 and 28}\]
me that the robin's peep—which sounds
like a note of distress—is also a chip, or
call note to its kind.

Returning about 5 Pm across the Depot
Field—I scare up from the ground a flock
of about 20 birds which fly low making
a short circuit toward the part of the field.
At first they remind me of bay-wings—
except that they are in a flock—show no white
in tail—(are) I see a little larger—and utter
a faint sweet sweet merely—a (sort)
of sibilant chip. Starting there again I
see that they have black tails—very conspicuous\footnote{Stray mark after “conspicuous” or a period?}
when they pass near—They fly in the flock some—
what like snow buntings—occasionally one
surging upward a few feet in pursuit of
another—and they alight about where they first
were—It almost impossible to discern them
on the ground they squat so flat—and so much
resemble—it—running amid the stubble—
But at length I stand within 2 rods of one
& get a good view of its markings with my
//glass. They are the \textit{Alanda alpestris} did I not see them on Nantucket?
or Shore lark\footnote{T originally wrote “larck,” but crossed out the c} quite a sizable & handsome
bird—delicate pale lemon yellow line above
the—with a dark line through the eye—the
yellow again on the sides of the neck—and
on the throat—with a black crescent below
the throat—with a buff-ash breast & reddish
brown tinges--beneath white--above rusty brown behind

& darker--ash or slate with purplish brown reflections

bill blue

forward. Legs black--& black-- Common to

the old & new World.

Mar. 25th

Pm to Bank of Great Meadows’ by Peters--

Cold N. W. wind as yesterday & day before.

Large skaters (hydrometra) on a ditch--

Going across A. Clarke’s field behind Garfield’s--

I see many fox-colored sparrows flitting past

in a straggling manner into the birch & p. pine woods

on the left--& hear a sweet warble there from

time to time. They are busily scratching like hens

amid the dry leaves of that wood--(not sure why)

from time to time the rearmost moving for-

ward one or 2 at a time--while a few are

perched here & there on the lower branches of

a birch or other tree--& I hear a very clear

& sweet whistling strain--commonly half-finished

from one every 2 or 3 minutes-- It is too irregular

to be readily caught--but methinks begins like

At tche tche tchear, Te Tche Tchear--&c &c

but is more clear than these woods would in-
dicate-- The whole flock is moving along

pretty steadily.

There are so many sportsmen out that the

ducks have no rest on the great meadows

which are not half covered with water. They

sit uneasy on the water looking about--

without feeding--& I see one man endea--

species is actually spelled “hydrometra”

Probably “sure why”
vor to approach a flock--crouching by through
the meadow for half a mile--with Indian
rubber boots on--where the water is often a
foot deep-- This has been going on on these
meadows ever since the town was settled--
& will go on as long as ducks settle here.

You might frequently say of a
poet away from home that he was
as mute as a bird of passage--uttering
a mere chip from time to time--but
follow him to his true habitat--& you shall
not know him he will sing so melodiously.

Mar 27th

Pm Sail to Bittern Cliff--

Scare up a flock of sheldrakes just off F. H. Hill.
--the conspicuous white ducks--sailing straight
hither & thither-- At first they fly low up
the stream but having risen come back half
way to us then wheel & go up stream.

Soon after we scare up a flock of black
ducks. We land and steal over the hill
through the woods expecting to find them under
(Lee's) Cliff--as indeed we do--having crawled
over the hill through the woods on our stomachs--
& then we watched various water fowl for
an hour-- There are a dozen sheldrakes
(or Goosanders) & among them 4 or 5 fe-
males-- They are now pairing-- I should say
one or 2 pairs are made-- At first

154 T. prob. means "Lee's" and it might actually be that with a long tail on the "s"
we see only a male & female quite on the
alert, some way out on the pond--talking\textsuperscript{155}
back & forth & looking every way-- They keep close
together headed one way & when one turns the
other also turns quickly-- The male appears to
taken the lead-- (Soon) the rest appear sailing
out from the shore into sight--

We hear a squeaking note--as if made
by a pump--& presently see 4 or 5 great
hovering gulls wheeling about, sometimes
they make a sound like the scream of a henhawk
They are shaped somewhat like a very thick white rolling pin sharpened at both ends.
-- At length they alight near the ducks.
The sheldrakes at length acquire confidence--

come close in shore & go to preening themselves
so it may be{,} they are troubled with lice-- They
are all busy about it at once, continually

thrusting their bills into their backs--still sailing
slowly along back & forth {on}\textsuperscript{156} shore--
some-
times they are in 2 or 3 straight lines--

Now they will all seem to be crossing the pond--

but presently you see that they have tacked
& are all heading this way again.

Among them or near by I at length detect
3 or 4 Whistlers--by their wanting the
red bill--being considerably smaller--
& less white--having a white spot on the
head--a black back--& altogether
less white--& also keeping more or less
apart & not diving when the rest do--

\textsuperscript{155} Possibly "tacking"
\textsuperscript{156} Difficult to determine correct word or word extension, i.e. offshore, on, up
Now one half the sheldrakes sail off—Southward & suddenly go to diving as with one consent--7 or 8 or the whole of the party will be under water & {lost} at once-- In the meanwhile coming up they chase one another {scooting}\(^{157}\) over the surface--& making the water fly--Sometimes 3 or 4 making a rush toward one--

At length I detect 2 little dippers

//as I have called them--though I am Rice says that the little dipper has a hen bill & is not lobe-footed.

not sure that I have ever seen the male Met his brother Israel also Speak of another water-fowl of the close togethers\(^{158}\) river with a before-- They are male & female "--the hen bill & some bluish feathers on the wings.

common size of what I have called the little dipper-- They are incessantly diving close to the button bushes-- The female is ap. uniformly black--another dark brown--but the male has a conspicuous crest--with (ap--

white on the hind head)--a white breast & white line on the lower sides of the neck-- i.e. the head & breast are black & ? white conspicuously--can this be the Fuligula albeola? & have I commonly seen only the female? (or is it a grebe?)

F. H. Pond 4/5 clear-- C. saw a phoebe i.e Pewee F.

// the 25th.

The sheldrake has a peculiar long clipper look often moving rapidly straight forward over the water--It sails to various depths in the water

---

\(^{157}\) Poss. "Scooting"

\(^{158}\) “close togethers” is circled and connected to the carat. T maybe indicating that the carat applies only to this phrase.
Sometimes, as when ap. alarmed, showing only
its head & neck & the upper part of its back--
& at others when at ease, flocking buoyantly
on the surface
^as if it had taken in more air--showing all its
white breast & the white along its sides-- Some-
times it lifts itself up on the surface & flaps its wings
revealing its whole rosaceous breast & its lower parts
& looking in form like a penguin.

When I first saw them fly up stream-- I suspected
that they had gone to F. H. Pond--& would alight
under the lee of the cliff. (^) creeping slowly down
through the woods 4 or 5 rods,\textsuperscript{159} I was enabled to
get a fair sight of them--& finally we sat
exposed on the rocks within 25 rods-- They appear
not to observe a person so high above them.

It was a pretty sight to see a pair of them tacking
about--always within a foot or 2 of each other
& heading the same way--now\textsuperscript{160} on this short tack
now on that--the male taking the lead--sink-
ing deep & looking every way-- When the whole
12 had come together--they would now break
up again--& were continually changing their
ground--though not diving--now sailing slowly
this way a dozen rods--& now that--& now
coming in near the shore-- Then they would all
go to preening themselves--thrusting their bills
into their backs--& keeping up such a brisk
motion that you could not get a fair sight
of ones head-- From time to time you heard
a slight titter not of alarm but per-

\textsuperscript{159}May be a period
\textsuperscript{160}Poss. "how"
haps a breeding note--for they were evidently
I see one scratch its ear or head with its foot
selecting their mates ^-- Then it was surprising
to see how briskly sailing off one side--they
went to diving--as if they had suddenly come
across a school of minnows a whole
company would disappear at once--never
rising high as before-- Now for nearly a minute
there is not a feather to be seen--& the
next minute you see a party of half a
dozens there chasing one another & making
the water fly far & wide.

When returning we saw near the outlet of the
pond 7 or 8 sheldrakes standing still in a line
on the edge of the ice & others swimming close
by. They evidently love to stand on the ice for
a change--

I saw on the 22nd a sucker which ap. had been
dead a week or 2 at least-- Therefore they
must begin to die late in the winter.

Mar 28th ’58
pm to Cliffs.

After a cloudy morning--a warm & pleasant
//afternoon-- I hear that a few geese were
seen this morning. Israel Rice says that he
? heard 3 brown thrashers sing this morning! Is sure
because he has kept the bird in a cage. I cant
believe it.

I go down the RR--turning off in the cut.
I notice the hazel stigmas in the warm
hollow on the right there **just beginning** to peep forth //

This is an unobserved but very pretty & interesting evi-
dence of the progress of the season-- I should
not have noticed it--if I had not carefully
examined the fertile lands-- It is like a crimson
star first dimly detected in the twilight. The
warmth of the day--in this sunny hollow above
the withered sedge--has caused the stigmas
to show their lips through the scaly shield.
They do not project more than the 30th of
%some not the 60th% an inch. ^ The staminate catkins are also con-
siderably loosened-- Just as the turtles put forth
their heads so these put forth their stigmas
in the spring. How many accurate thermometers
there are on every hill & in every valley! Mea-
sure the length of the hazel stigmas & you can
tell how much warmth there has been this
spring. How fitly & exactly any season of the
year may be described--by indicating the condition
of some flower!

I go by the springs toward the epigaea-- It is a
fine warm day--^ It is pleasant to sit out
doors now--& it being Sunday, neighbors
walk about or stand talking in the sun
looking at & scratching the dry earth which
& smell
they are glad to see ^ again-- In the sunny epigaea
wood I start up 2 vanessa antiopa which flutter
about over the dry leaves before & are evidently
attracted toward me--settling at last within a
few feet-- The same warm & placid day calls out

---

[^141] might just be a blotch
It is surprising that men can be divided into those who lead an indoor & those whose lead an outdoor life--as if birds and quadrupeds were to be divided into those that lived a within nest or burrow life--& that lived without their nests & holes chiefly-- How many of our troubles are house-bred! He lives an out-door life--i.e. he is not squatted behind the shield of a door--he does not keep himself [tubbed].

It is such a phrase as an "honest man"--or the "naked eye"--a if the eye which is not covered with a spy-glass should properly be called naked.

From Wheeler's plowed field on the top of F. H. Hill I look toward F. H. Pond. now quite smooth-- There is not a duck nor a gull to be seen on it-- I can hardly believe that it was so alive with them yesterday-- Apparently they improve this warm & pleasant day--with little or no wind to continue their journey northward. ^ The strong & cold N. W. wind of about a week past has probably detained them-- Knowing that the meadows & ponds were swarming with ducks yesterday you go forth this particularly pleasant & still day to see them at your leisure but find that they are all gone. No doubt there are some left--& many more will soon come with the

162 Poss. "tubbed"
163 two blotches after "the"
April rains-- It is a wild life that
is associated with stormy & blustering
weather-- When the invalid comes forth
on his cane--& misses improve the pleasant
air to look for signs of vegetation--that
wild life has withdrawn itself.

But where one kind of life goes another
comes-- This plowed land on top of the
hill--(and all other fields as far as I observe)
is covered--with cob webs--which every few
inches are stretched from root to root or
clod to clod--gleaning & {waving} in the
sun--the light {plucking}\textsuperscript{164} along them as they
wave in the wind. How much insect life
& activity connected with this peculiar
state of the atmosphere these imply-- Yet
I do not notice a spider-- Small cottony
films are continually settling down or blown
A gossamer day-- I see them also for a week after \%V 7 \{ps\} forward\%
along through the air--Does not this gossa-
mer answer to that of the fall? They must
have spring\textsuperscript{165} to with one consent last night
or this morning & bent new cables to the
clods & stubble all over this part of the
F. Haven pond is open--XXX-- This & Flints
world-- --& Walden all open together this year! The latter was so thinly frozen
for C says Flints & Walden were each 1/3 open on the 25th
The little fuzzy gnats too are in \{swarms\} in
the air--peopling that uncrowded space-- They are
not confined by any fence-- Already the distant
forest is streaked with \{lines\} of thicker & whiter
haze over the successive valleys--
Walden is open when? (on the 20th it was pretty solid)
C. sees a very little ice on it to-day-- but prob. it gets entirely free to night
Sitting on the top of the Cliff—I look through my glass at the smooth river & see the long forked ripple (drawing) made by a musquash swimming along over the meadow. While I sit on these warm rocks—turning my glass toward the sun reflected from the rocks on monadnock—I know that it would be pleasant to be there too today as well as here—I see to warm & cozy seats on the rocks where the flies are buzzing—and probably some walker is enjoying the prospect. From this hill top I overlook again bare of snow—putting on a warm hazy spring face—this seemingly concave circle of earth, in the midst of which I was born & dwell—which in the N. W. & SE has a more distant blue rim to it—as it were of more costly manufacture—On ascending the hill next his house every man finds that he dwells in a shallow concavity—whose sheltering walls are the convex surface of the earth—beyond which he cannot see. I see those familiar features—that large type—with which all my life is associated—unchanged. Cleaning out the spring on the W side of F H. Hill—I find a small frog—
ap a bull frog--just came forth--which //
must have wintered in the mud there. There
is very little mud however--& the rill never runs
more than 4 or 5 rods before it is soaked
up--& the whole spring after dries up in the
summer-- It seems then that 2 or 3 frogs
the sole in habitants of so small a spring
will bury themselves--at its head-- A few
frogs will be buried at the puniest spring
head--

Coming home I hear the **croaking** frogs
in the pond on the S side of Hubbards grove--

It is sufficiently warm for them at last. //

Near the sand path above Potters Mud hole
I find what I should call 20 & more mud-turtles
close together
eggs ^ which appear to have been dug from a hole
close by last year-- They are all broken & cracked
& more or less indented & depressed-- and
they look remarkably like my pigeons egg
fungi--a dirty white covered thickly with a
pure white roughness--which through a glass
is seen to be oftenest in the form of minute
but regular rosettes--of a very pure white substance
If these were turtles eggs--( & there is no stem)
mark of a fungus) it is remarkable that
they should thus come to resemble so closely
another natural product--the fungus.

The 1st lark of the 23d sailed through
the meadow with that peculiar prolonged

---

168 T probably meant “Potters” but spelled it with two “e’s”?
169 T originally wrote “appeared” but corrected it to “appear”
170 T wrote “&” over the word “or”
or twittering[^1]
chipping ^ sound—perhaps sharp clucking—

Mar 29th (Monday)

Hear a phoebe early in the morning over
the street—Considerable frost this morning
& some ice formed on the river—
The White maple (stig) stamens are very apparent,
now on one tree though they do not project
beyond the buds—

**Pm** to Ball’s Hill
nearly as warm & pleasant as yesterday
I see what I suppose is the female
rusty grackle—black body with green
reflections—& purplish brown head & neck—
but I notice no light iris. By a pool
SE of Nathan Barretts’ see 5 or 6 painted
prob some more out yesterday—
//turtles in the sun—& afterward along a
ditch just east of the Pine hill near the
river a great many more—as many as 20
within a rod— I must have disturbed this
**Pm** 100 at least. They have crawled out
onto the grass on the sunny side of the ditches
where there is a sheltering bank— I notice
the scales of one all turning up on the edges—
It is evident that great numbers lie buried in
the mud of such ditches & mud holes in
the winter—for they have not yet been crawling
over the meadows. Some have very broad yellow
lines on the back— others are almost uniformly
dark above. They hurry & tumble into the water
at your approach—but several soon

[^1]: “or twittering” is cut off on MS copy so I can’t verify
rise to the surface--& just put their heads out to re-

connoitre-- Each trifling weed or clod is a serious

impediment in their path--catching their flippers

or causing them to tumble back-- They never lightly

skip over it. But there they have patience & per-

severance--& plenty of time. The narrow edges

of the ditches are almost paved in some places

with their black & muddy backs-- They seem

to come out with the sun about the time the phoebe

is heard over the water--

At the first pool I also scared up a snipe-- It

(rises) with a single cra-a-(cka) & goes off with

its zig-zag flight--with its bill presented to

(the) earth--ready to charge bayonets--against

the inhabitants of the mud.

As I sit 2/3 the way up the sunny side of

the Pine Hill looking over the meadows--which

are now almost completely bare--the crows

by their swift flight & scolding screech to me some

large bird of prey--hovering over the river--

I perceive by its marking & size that it can-

not be a hen hawk--& now it settlers

on the topmost branch of a white maple

bending it down-- Its great armed & feathered

legs dangle helplessly--in the air for a

moment a if feeling for the perch--

while its body is tipping this way & that--

It sits there facing me some 40 or 50 rods

off--pluming itself--but keeping a good look

---

172 Possibly "then"
173 Could T mean "settles"?
out-- At this distance & in this light--

it appears to have a rusty brown head & breast

& is white beneath--with rusty leg feathers--

& a tail black beneath-- When it flies

again--it is principally black varied with

white--regular light spots on its tail & wings

beneath--but chiefly a conspicuous white

space on the forward part of the back

--also some of the upper side of the tail or

tail coverts is white-- It has broad ragged

buzzard like wings--& from the white

& stoutness

of its back--as well as the shape ^ of its wings

& its not having a gull like body-- I think it

//? must be an eagle-- It lets itself down with

its legs somewhat helplessly dangling--as if

feeling for something on the bare meadow--

& circling

& then gradually flies away soaring ^ higher

& higher until lost in the downy clouds

This lofty soaring is at least a grand re-

creation--as if it were nourishing sublime

ideas-- I should like to know why it soars

higher & higher so--whether its thoughts

are really turned to earth--for it seems

to be more nobly as well as highly {emplouyed}174

than the laborers ditching in the meadow

beneath--or any others of my fellow
townsmen.

Hearing a quivering note of alarm from

some bird-- I look up & see a male

174 Possibly "employed"
hen-harrier--the neatly-built hawk--sweeping over 

the hill.

While I was looking at the eagle(?) I saw on the 
hill side far across the meadow by Holbrooks 
clearing--what at first I took for a red flag 
(a) handkerchief--carried along on a pole--just above 
the woods-- It was a fire in the woods--& I 
saw the top of the flashing flames above the 
tree tops. The woods are in a state of tinder-- 
& the smoker & sportmen--& the burner must 
be careful now--

I do not see a duck on the great meadows 
today--as I did not upstream yesterday-- It is 
remarkable how suddenly & completely those that 
were here 2 days ago have left us. It is true 
the water has gone down still more on the meadows.

I infer that waterfowl travel in pleasant weather 

With many men their fine manners are 
a lie all over--a ski\m\ coat or finish 
of falsehood-- They are not brave enough to 
do without this suit of armor--which they 
wear night & day.

The trees in swamps are streaming with gossamer 
at least 30 feet up--& prob. were yesterday 
A hedge many tree 
sparrows & fox col. sparrows--the latter are singing very loud & sweetly-- Some what like 
\Ar, tea,--twe twe, twe twe. or
\Ar te, ter twe twe, twe twe. variously 
They are quite tame

175 “or”? 
176 T probably means “I” 
177 T had originally written a small “g” in “Gourgase’s” and later capitalized it 
178 Possibly “on” or “one” 
179 Stray mark after “or”? 
Mar. 30th

Pm to my boat at Cardinal Shore-- & thence
to Lee's Cliff--

Another fine Pm warmer than before, I think.

I walk in the fields now without
slumping in the thawing ground-- or
there are but few (†)\(^{180}\) soft places-- & the
distant sand banks look dry & warm.

The frogs are now heard leaping into
the ditches as you approach & their
dimple is seen-- (I find a smallish
// bullfrog\(^{?}\)?% under my boat)

Approaching carefully the little pool
S. of Hubbards Grove-- I see the dimples
where the croakers which were on the
surface have dived-- & I see 2 or 3 still
spread out on the surface (drawing)-- in the
sun. They are very wary & instantly dive to the
bottom on your approach & bury themselves
in the weeds or mud. The water is quite
smooth & it is very warm here just under
the edge of the wood-- but I do not hear
any croaking-- Later in a pool behind
Lee's Cliff-- I hear them-- the waking up
of the leafy pools. The last was a pool
amid the blueberry & huckleberry & a
few little pines-- I do not remember that
I ever hear this frog in the river or
ponds-- They seem to be an early frog pe-

\(^{180}\) crossed out vertical line may be an "l" or just the start of another letter
culiar to pools & small ponds in the woods & fields.

I notice scampering over this water 2 or 3 brown spiders--middling-sized--they appear to be the ones which have spun this gossamer.

There is at the bottom of this pool much of the ludwigia--that evergreen weed seen in winter at the bottom of pools & ditches-- Methinks those peculiar bulbs--some of which I see near it--are of this plant.

Landing at Bittern Cliff--I went round through the woods to get sight of ducks on the pond.

Creeping down through the woods I reached the rocks & saw 15 or 20 Sheldrakes scattered about. The full plumaged males--conspicuously black & white--& often swimming in pairs--appeared to be the most wary--keeping furthest out. Others with much less white & duller black--were very busily fishing just N the inlet to the pond--where there is about 3 feet of water--& others still playing & preening themselves. These ducks whose tame representatives are so sluggish & deliberate in their motions--were full of activity-- A party of these ducks fishing & playing is a very lively scene-- On one side for instance you will see a party of 8 or 10 busily diving & most of the time under
water--not rising high when they come
up--& soon plunging again. The whole
surface will be in commotion there
though no ducks may be seen-- I saw
one come up with a large fish--whereupon
all the rest as they successively came to
the surface gave chase to it, while it
held its prey over the water in its bill--
& they pursued with a great rush & clatter
a dozen or more rods over the surface
making a great furrow in the
water--but there being some trees in the
way I could not see the issue--
I saw 7 or 8 all dive together as with
one consent--remaining under half
a minute or more--

On another side you see a party which
seem to be playing & pluming themselves
They will run & dive & come up & dive again
every 3 or 4 feet--occasionally one pursuing
another--will flutter in the water making
it fly--or erect themselves at full length
on the surface like a penguin & flap their
wings-- This party make an incessant
noise--

Again you will see some steadily tacking
this way or that in the middle of the
pond--& often they rest there asleep
with their heads in their backs--
They readily cross the pond swimming from this
side to that.

While I am watching the ducks a mosquito is endeavoring to sting me--

At dusk--I hear 2 flocks of geese go over. //

Mar 31st '58

Pm to Flints Pond.

A Fresh S or SE wind-- willow181

The most forward ^ catkins are not so

more greyish

silvery now--^ being much enlarged & the down

less compact--revealing the dark scales--

Flints, F Haven, & Walden Ponds broke up

just about the same time on Mar. 28th, this

year-- This is very unusual. It is182 because, on

ac. of the mildness of the winter Walden did

not become so cold as the others--or freeze

so thick--& there was proportionally less

thawing to be done in it. They are burning //

brush now a days-- You see a great slanting

column of dim smoke on the N. E of the
town, which turns out to be much further

off than you suppose-- It is Sam Piece burn-

Thus {we} are advertised as some man’s occupation in a neighboring town

ing brush. ^ As I walk I smell the smoke

of burnings though I see none--

In the wood paths now I see many small

red butterflies I am not sure of what species--not //

seeing them still. The earliest butterflies seem to

be born of the dry leaves on the forest floor--

I see about a dozen black ducks on Flint’s

Pond asleep with their heads in their backs

& drifting across the pond before the wind.

---

181 Carat applies to "willow"
182 stray mark between “is” and “because"
I suspect that they are nocturnal in their habits & therefore require much rest by day. So do the seasons revolve & every chink is filled. While the waves toss this bright day the ducks asleep are drifting before it across the ponds. Every now & then one or too¹⁸³ lift their heads & look about as if they watched by turns.

//I see also 2 ducks--perhaps a little larger than these--I am pretty sure without red bills & therefore not shell-drakes--(and they are not nearly as white as sheldrakes ordinarily) with more elevated heads & gibbons(?) bills--The heads--bills & upper parts of neck black--breast¹⁸⁴ white or whitish--but back //sober colored-- Can they be brant or mallards? The leaves are now so dry--& loose that it is almost impossible to approach the shore of the pond without being heard by the ducks I am not sure--but I heard a pine warbler ? day before yesterday--& from what a boy asks me about a yellow bird chick he saw there I think it likely. Just after sundown

//I see a large flock of geese in a perfect harrow cleaving their way toward the north-east. With Napoleonic tactics split-ting the forces of winter--

// C. says he saw a great many wood turtles on the bank of the Assabet today-- The painted & wood turtles have seemed to be out in surprising abundance at an unusually early date this year--but I think I can account for it. The river

¹⁸³ Or "two" with the "w" closed up all the way
¹⁸⁴ Cannot read interlineation above "breast"
is remarkably low--almost at summer level--
I am not sure that I remember it so low at this season-- Now probably these tortoises would always lie out in the sun at this season, if there were any bank at hand to lie on-- Ordinarily at this season, the meadows being flooded--together
with the pools & ditches in which the painted turtles lie--there is no bank exposed near their winter quarters for them to lie\textsuperscript{165} out on--\& I first notice\textsuperscript{166} them under water on the meadow.
But this year it is but a step for them to the sunny bank--\& the shores of the Assabet.
\& of ditches are lined with them.

C. heard hylas today.  //

April 1st '58

White-bellied swallows

Pm paddle up Assabet--

The river is at summer level--has not been up this spring--\& has fallen to this.
The lowermost willow at my boat is bare--
The white-maples are abundantly out today--prob--the very first\textsuperscript{167} bloomed on the 29th. XXXX We hold the boat beneath one surprised to hear the resounding hum of honey bees which are busy about about them-- It reminds me of the bass \& its bees. The trees are conspicuous with dense clusters of light colored stamens.
The alders above the hemlocks do not yet shed

\textsuperscript{165} Difficult to read: 1906 has "come"
\textsuperscript{166} T crossed out the "d" in "noticed" to make it "notice"
\textsuperscript{167} might be a dash after "first" but likely the t cross
What I called yellow wasps-- which built over my window last year have come & are about the old nest-- Numbers have settled on it. I observed night before last as often before when geese were passing over in the twilight pretty quite near--though the whole heavens were still light & I know which way to look by the honking-- I could not distinguish them. It takes but a little obscurity to hide a bird in the air--

How difficult even in broadest daylight to discover again a hawk at a distance in the sky ^ when you have once turned your eyes away!

Pleasant it is to see again the red lark of the C. sericea shining in the warm sun--at the hill swamp--above the spring. Walking through the maple there I see a squirrels' nest 23 or 24 feet high in a large maple--& climbing to it (for it was so peculiar, having a basket work of twigs about it that I did not know but it was a hawks nest) I found that it was a very perfect prob. red squirrels' nest--made entirely of the now very dark or blackish green moss such as grows on the button bush--& on the swamp ground--a dense mass of it about 1 foot through matted

188 apostrophe might be before "s" in squirrels, also on line 27
inobvious

together with an ^ hole on the east side

& a tuft of loose moss blowing up1893

above it which seemed to answer for a

door or porch covering. The cavity within

was quite small but very snug & warm

where 1 or 2 squirrels might be warmly in

the severest storm--the dense moss walls

being about 3 inches thick or more. But

what was most peculiar was that

to place over the

center of the tree where it divided

into 4 or 5 branches--was regularly

& elaborately hedged about & supported

by a basket work of strong twigs

stretched across from bough to bough

--which twigs I perceived had been

gnawed green from the maple itself

--the stub ends remaining visible

all around.

Near by I saw another much smaller

& less perfect nest of the same kind

which had fallen to the ground.

This had been made in a birch & the

birch twigs had been gnawed off--

but in this case I noticed a little fine

broken grass within it mixed with the

moss--

I notice large water bugs--

It is remarkable that the river

---Stray mark after "up"?
seems rarely to rise or fall gradually\footnote{Ink blotch after “gradually”?}

--but rather by fits & starts--& hence

the water rises as indicated now by the

saw-dust--are very distinct parallel

lines 4 or 5 or more inches apart--

It is time the wind has something to do with

it--& might waft to a certain place much

more dust than was left on another when

the water stood much longer at the

saw

same level. Surely the ^ miller’s

is a trade which cannot be \footnote{Looks like “carried”} on

in secret. Not only this saw dust be--

trays him--but at night, esp. when

the water is high I hear the tearing sound

of his saw a mile or more off--born

down the stream.

\footnote{T used a different spelling of sternotherus (the name for a musk turtle?)}

// I see six \textit{Sternotherus odoratus} in

the river thus early--2 are fairly out

sunning. One has crawled up a willow--

It is evident then that they may be earlier

in other places or towns that I had

supposed--where they are not concealed

by such freshets as we have. I took up &

smelt of 5 of these--& they emitted none

of their peculiar scent! It would seem

then that this may be connected with their

breeding--or at least with their period of

greatest activity. They are quite slug-

gish now

At Hemlock brook a dozen or more
rods from the river I see on the wet mud

a little snapping turtle evidently hatched last year-- It does at\(^{193}\) open its eyes nor mouth while I hold it-- Its eyes appear as if sealed up by its long sleep. In our ability to contend with the elements--what feeble infants we are to this one-- Talk of great heads

look at this one-- Talk of Hercules’ feats in the cradle-- What sort of cradle & nursing has this infant had? It totters forth confident & victorious when it can hardly carry its shield. It looked so much like the mud or a wet muddy leaf

--it was a wonder I saw it.

I start under the hemlocks there a butterfly (Call it the tawny orange single white spotted) about the size of vanessa antiopa & pale brown about them tawny orange with black spots\(^{194}\) or eyes ^--a white spot near the corner of each front wing--a dark line near the edge behind A small sharp projecting angle {to} the bird wings--a green-yellow back to body. See wood turtles coupled on their edges at the bottom--where the stream has turned them up.

Far up in still shallows disturb pickerel & perch &c--they ap. touch the muddy bottom as they dart out--muddying the water here & there. A Rana halecina on the bank.

\(^{193}\) does T mean “not”?

\(^{194}\) comma scratched out after “spots”
When I started to walk that suddenly pleasant Pm the 28th of Mar. I
crossed the path of the 2 brothers R.--
who were walking direct to the depot as
if they had special business there that Sunday--
the queer short legged dog running {ahead}--
I talked with them an hour there in the hope
that the one who is not a stranger to me
would let something escape from his wide
head--but he was very moderate-- All I
got out of him to be remembered was that
in some town up country where he lived
when young--they called the wood chuck
"Squash-belly"--with references to his form
I suggested--but so far he had not ad-
vanced. This he communicated very se-
riously as an important piece of informa-
tion with which he labored. The other
told me how to raise a dog’s dander--
any the gentlest dogs--by looking stern by
in his face & making a peculiar sound
with your mouth-- I then broke short
the conference--continued my walk--
While these gentlemen {wheeled} directly
about & walked straight back again.
It is evident that the date
of the 1st general revival of the
turtles, excepting such as are generally
seen in ditches--i.e. the yellow spotted--
depends on the state of the river--
whether it is high or low in the spring.

April 2nd

\[\text{Pm to Yew & R W. E's Cliff--}\]

At Hubbard’s Grove—I see a wood-chuck

He waddles to his hole & then puts up
his grey nose within 30 feet to reconnoitre—

It is too windy—& the surface of the

croaker pool is too much ruffled for
any of the croakers to be lying out—but

I notice a large mass of their spawn

there well advanced.

At the first little sluice way just beyond

I catch a large rana halecina—which
puffs itself up considerably as if it might
be full of spawn—I must look there for
its spawn—It is rather sluggish--cannot
jump much yet—It allows me to stroke
it & at length take it up in my hand
squatting still in it.

Who would believe that out of those dry &

withered banks will come violets, lupines &
in profusion? At the spring on the W side
of F. H. Hill I startle a striped snake.

It is a large one with a white stripe down
the dorsal ridge—between 2 broad black ones—
and on each side the last a buff one & then
blotchy brown sides--darker toward tail--beneath
greenish yellow—This snake generally has
a pinkish cast—There is another evidently the
same species—but not half so large
with its neck lying affectionately across the first-- (I) may have separated them by my approach which seen by itself you might have thought a distinct species-- The dorsal line in this one is bright yellow--though not so bright as the lateral ones--& the yellow about the head--also the black is more glossy & this snake has no pink cast-- No doubt on almost every such yellow warm bank now you will find a snake lying out.

The first notice I had of them was a slight rustling in the leaves as if made by a squirrel--though I did not see them for 5 minutes after-- The biggest at length dropped straight down into a hole within a foot of where he lay. They allowed me to lift their heads with a stick 4 or 5 inches without stirring--nor did they mind the flies that alighted on them--looking steadily at me without the slightest motion of head body or eyes as if they were of marble-- & as you looked back at them you continually forgot that they were real & not imaginary.

// There hazel has just begun to shed pollen here XX perhaps yesterday in some other places-- This loosening & elongating of its catkins is a sufficiently pleasing sight--in dry

---

195 The "I" can be seen, but it appears to be connected to something before it
196 Possibly "on" & a stray mark
& warm hollows on the hill sides. It is an unexpected
evidence of life in so dry a shrub.

On the side of F. H. Hill I go looking for bay-
wings--turning my glass to each sparrow or
a rock or tree-- At last I see one which flies
right up straight from a rock 80 or a hundred
feet & warbles a peculiar long & pleasant
strain after the manner of the sky lark methinks--
& close by I see another ap. a bay wing, though
I do not see its white in tail--& it utters while
sitting the same subdued rather peculiar strain.

See how those black ducks--swimming
in pairs far off on the river are "are" poss. "we"
disturbed
by our appearance--swimming away in alarm--
& now when we advance again, they rise &
fly up stream & about uttering regularly
a crack or-r-r ack of alarm--even
fo 5 or 10 minutes as they circle about,
long after we have lost sight of them cir-
cling about--"dash might be a period
now we hear it on that
side now on that.

The Yew shows its bundles of anthers plainly
as if it might open in 4 or 5 days

Just as I get home I think I see crowblack
birds about a willow by the river--yes

It is not important that the poet
should say some particular thing--but
should speak in harmony with nature--
The tone & pitch of his voice is the main thing--
It appears to me that the wisest philosophers that I know are as foolish as Sancho Panza dreaming of his Island -- considering the ends they propose & the obstructions in their path--they are even-- One philosopher is feeble enough alone but observe how each multiplies his difficulties by how many unnecessary links he allyes himself to the exciting state of things. He girds himself for his enterprise with fasting & prayer--& then instead of pressing forward like a light armed soldier with the fewest possible hinderances--he at once hooks himself on to some immovable institution, as a family--the very rottenest of them all & begins to sing & scratch gravel towards his objects-- Why it is as much as the strangest man can do decently to bury his friends & relations--without making a new world of it. But if the philosopher is as foolish as Sancho Panza--he is also as naïve & nothing so truly makes a thing so or so (↑) as thinking it so.

Approaching the side of a wood on which were some pines--this I heard the note of //the Pine warbler--calling the pines to life-- though I did not see it. It has probably been here as long as I said before. Returning I
199 Possibly "mingling"

saw a sparrow-like bird flit by in an orchard--&
turning my glass upon it was surprised by its
burning yellow. This higher color in birds sur-
prizes us like and increase of warmth in the day.

April 3d 58'

Going down town this morning--I am surprised
by the rich strain of the purple-finch--from
the elms-- 3 or 4 have arrived--& lodged
against the elms of our street--which runs
east & west across their course--& they are
now [mingling] their land & rich strain with
tree
that of the ^ sparrows--robins--blue birds &c--

The hearing of this note implies some improve
ment in the acoustics of the air-- It reminds me
of the genial state of the air when the elms
are in bloom-- They sit still over the street & make a
business of warbling-- They advertise me surely of
some additional warmth & serenity. How this
note sings over the roof of the village!
You wonder that even the sleepers are
not awakened by it--to inquire who is
there-- and yet prob. not another than
myself in all the town observes their
coming & not half a dozen even distin-
guished them in their lives. And yet the
very mob of the town know the hard
names of Germanians or swiss families
which once sang here or elsewhere.

About 9 Am C & I paddle
down the river. It is a remarkably warm & pleasant day—\(^2\) The shore is alive with tree sparrows sweetly warbling—also black-birds &c The crow b. bird which I saw last night are hoarsely clucking from time to time. Approaching the island we hear the air full of the hum of bees which at first we refer to the near trees— It comes from the white maples across the N. Branch 15 rods off— We hear it from time to time as we paddle along all day down to the Bedford line. There is no pause to the hum of the bees all this warm day. It is a very simple but pleasing—\& soothing sound this [susurrus]\(^2\) thus early in the spring.

When off the mouth of the mill Brook we hear the the stertorous tut tut tut of frogs from the meadow— with an occasional faint bull-frog-like \*er \*er \*er inter mingled— I land there to reconnoitre. The river is remarkably low— quite down to summer level—& there is but very little water any where on the meadows. I see some shallow lagoons (W of the brook--) whence the sound comes— There too are countless painted turtles out around on the banks & hummocks left by the ice— their black & muddy backs shine afar in the sun—\& though now 15 to 20 rods off I see through my glass that they are already alarmed— have their necks stretched out & are beging\(^2\) to slip into the water— when many heads are seen— Resolved to identify this frog—on\(^2\) or 2 of whose heads I could already see above the surface with

\(^{200}\) dash might be a period
\(^{201}\) Possibly "susurrus"
\(^{202}\) T probably meant "beginning"
\(^{203}\) "one"?
my glass--I picked my way to the nearest pool--
Close where I landed an R. halecina lay
out on some sedge-- In went all the
turtles immediately & soon after the frogs
and their note was heard only from more distant pools
sank to the bottom ^; I stood perfectly still,
and ere long they began to reappear one by one--
& spread themselves out on the surface-- They were
the R. halecina-- I could see very plainly the

two very prominent yellow lines along the sides
of the head--& the large dark ocellated marks
even under water on the thighs &c-- Gradually
the204 begin to recover their voices--but it is hard to say
at first which one of the dozen within 20 feet
is speaking-- They begin to swim & hop along the
surface toward each other-- Their note is a
hard dry tut tut tut tut not at all
singing like the toads--& produced with very
little swelling or motion of the throat--but
so much trembling of the whole body--and from time
to time one makes that (—)205 faint some what bull
frog-like or or or. Both these sounds then are made
by one frog,206 & what I have formerly thought an early
bull frog note was this-- This, I think, is the first
frog-sound I have heard from the river meadows--
or anywhere except the croaking leaf-pool207 frogs
and the hyloides-- They are evidently breeding now
like toads--and probably are about the
notes as exclusively--as the toads will soon be--

This sound we continue to hear all day long--

204 I don’t see the “y” to spell “they”
205 two or three indecipherable crossed-out letters
206 This period might just be a blotch
207 hyphen may just be part of the “f” in “leaf”
especially from the broad meadows in Bed-
ford.— Close at hand a single one does
not sound loud— Yet it is surprising how
far a hundred or thousand croaking (?)
at once can be heard. It comes to me
on the breeze from north over the Bedford
meadows a quarter of a mile off—filling
the air— It is like the rolling of a wagon along
some highway— or more like a distant train
or else of many rills (emptying) in
or an RR— or more yet like the sound of
a factory— & it comes with an echo which makes
it seem yet more distant & universal.

At this distance it is a soft and almost
purring sound— yet with the above named
bull-frog like variation in it. Some times
the meadow will be almost still— then they will
begin in earnest & plainly excite one another
into a general snoring or eructation over a
quarter of a mile of meadow. It is unusually
early to hear them so numerously— & by day—
but the water being so very low & shallow
and the meadow is unusually warm
this pleasant day. This might be called
// the Day of the Snoring Frogs—or
the Awakening of the Meadows.

Probably the frost is out of the meadows very
early this year. It is a remarkable spring
for reptile life. It remains now to detect the
note of the palustris, wood frog, & fonti-
nalis.

? I am not sure but I heard one kind of bull-
frogs note along the river once or twice. I saw
several mid sized frogs with green noses &
dark bodies small bull frog (like) (?) sitting

208 “ford—” poss. “ford.”
209 “d” appears to run into the “t” in “the”
210 Possibly “!”
along the shore. At what perhaps is called the
Holt just below N. Barretts Many grackles
& red wings together flit along the willows by our
side or a little ahead keeping up a great chattering--
while countless painted turtles are as steadily rustling
& dropping into the water from the willows &c just ahead.

We land at Ball’s Hill & eat our dinners--
It is so warm we would {fain} {bath}211-- We seek
some shade & cannot easily find it-- You
wonder that all birds & insects are not out
at once in such a heat--

We find it delicious to take off our shoes & stock-
ings & wade far through the shallows on the
meadow to the Bedford Shore--to let our legs
drink air.

How pretty the ^ fibrous roots of the eriocaulon--
floating in tufts on the meadow--like {deeded} chains!--

In the hazy atmosphere yesterday we could
hardly see Garfield’s old unpainted farm-
house. It was only betrayed by its elms. This would
be the right color for painters to imitate. When
the sun went into a cloud we detected the outlines
of the windows only.

When returning we discovered on the ^ side of
the river just at the old crossing place from
the great meadows N of the ludwigia prob--
a carrion kind of spawn-- It was white //
each ovum about as big as a robin shot or
larger with mostly a very minute white core--

211 1906 says “bathe” but I don’t see an “e” in MS
no black core
^ & these were agglutinated together in the
form of zig-zag hollow cylinders ^ 2 to
3 inches in diameter & 1 or 2 feet long--
looking like a ladies"\textsuperscript{212}" ruff--or other
muzlin work on the bottom or on
roots & twigs of willow & button bush--
where the water was 2 or 3 feet deep--
The greater pat"\textsuperscript{213}" lay on the bottom, looking
like a film--these cylinders being some--
what coiled about there"\textsuperscript{214}"
{drawing} When you took it up the two
sides fell together and it was flat
in your hand like the leg of a stock--
ing-- In one place there are
//a dozen very large red-bellied & brown backed
leeches in it evidently battening on it--
(This must be frog or fish spawn. If frog--
spawn, I think it must be that of the
{No}--V Ap. 5th Is it not fish spawn?
R. halecina", the only ones fairly awake
along the river--but how are leeches
propagated? There was a great abun--
many bushels
dance of it ^ for at least a dozen rods
along the shore--& it must afford food
The consistency of a jelly we eat
to many creatures-- He saw one perch there.
Some on the ruts was quite up to the surface--
but most lower. When you had taken
up a handful & broken it--or dropping it
into the water, it recovered its form for the
most part. I noticed that the

\textsuperscript{212} T wrote "ies" over "y" to make "ladies"
\textsuperscript{213} Could T mean "part"?
\textsuperscript{214} Possibly "these"
fine willow root fibres & weeds—Potamogeton
these or [ooze]—1/8 to 1/4 inch deep or long
&c.^ were thickly covered with a whitish film ^ ap--
connected with this spawn—which made them
look like plants covered with frost in a
though it was a duller white—
winter morning—^ but out of water you did not
perceive any thing. Prob. this was the milk.

When I have been out thus the whole day—& spend
that^ whole afternoon returning—It seems to
me pitiful & ineffectual to be out as usual
only in the afternoon—as if you had come late
to a feast—after your betters had done—The
afternoon seems coarse & reversed—or at least
a long twilight after the fresh & bright forenoon.

The gregariousness of men is their most con-
temptible & discouraging aspect—See how they
follow each other like sheep not knowing why.
Day & Martin’s blacking was preferred by the last
%They{ }
%&
%ancient times several parties were nearly equally
matched— they appointed a committee & made
a compromise agreeing to vote or believe so
& so & they still helplessly abide by that—Men
are the inveterate foes of all improvement. Generally
speaking they think more of their hen-houses,—
than of any desirable heaven. If you aspire
to any thing— better than politics expect no
cooperation from men— They will not further
anything good— You must prevail of your own force

215 Poss. "the"
216 Second 't' in "betters" is not clear
217 Cannot read rest of T’s interlineations
218 Continuation of T’s unreadable interlineation
219 period may be part of the dash
220 "any thing" poss. "anything"
as a plant springs & grows by its own vitality.

// Hear the Rana sylvaticas halecinas from the evening also (while I sit at) my window--

Ap 4th

Go to the cold pond-hole S of J. P. Brown's to hear the croaking frogs. They are in full blast.

on the SW side where (that) have been some (birches) &c cut the past winter--& there is much brush fallen in the water--whose shelter they evidently like & there they have dropped their spawn on the twigs.

I stand for nearly an hour within 10 feet on the bank overlooking them. You see them lying spread out or swimming toward one another-- sometimes getting onto the bush above the water-- or hopping onto the shore a few feet-- I see one or 2 pairs coupled--now sinking now rising to the surface-- The upper one a male quite dark brown & considerably smaller than the such part of her as I can see female--which is reddish & has quite distinct dark bars on its posterior extremities--while I cannot discern any on the male--

But the greatest commotion comes from a mass of them 5 or 6 inches in diameter-- where there are at least a dozen or 15 clinging to one another & making a queer croaking-- From time to time a new comer adds himself to the mass turning them over & over-- It was an incessantly struggling mass-- You could have taken up a dozen or 15 in your hands The water is all alive with them for a couple of rods{--} & from time to time they croak much more generally than at others--evidently exciting one another to it--as (do) the R. halecina
Before I caught any of them I was only struck
with the fact that the males were much smaller
and very much darker—though I could see only
one female partially. At length when all the
rest had been scared to the bottom by nearer approach
I got near to the struggling mass. They were con-
tinually dropping off from it & when at length
I reached out to seize it there were left but
two—lifting the female the male still clung
with his arms about her body
to her & I caught them both—& they were per-
factly passive while I carried them off in my
hand—To my surprise the female was the
ordinary light reddish brown wood-frog—R—
sylvatica—with legs distinctly barred with dark
whose note along[222] I have heard methinks—
—while the male ^ was not only much smaller—but
of a totally different color—a dark brown above
with dark slate colored sides—& then yet darker
bars on its posterior extremities—and the dark line
from its snout only to be distinguished close
Throat & beneath a cream white, like but clearer than the female
prob [A] fontinalis
inspection—^ In color a small bull frog ^ which
I had caught—^ almost any other frog that
I know was more like the female than these
males were. I have caught the female in previous
years—as last spring in New Bedford—but
could find no description of him—& suspected it
It seems they were all ^ about one female—& I saw only one other ^ !—but ap only
to be an undescribed frog. ^

There was a good deal of spawn firmly
attached to the brush close to the surface—& as
much in some lights you could not see the
jelly—only the core—

[222] T probably meant “alone”
I brought these frogs home & put them in a pan of water—
v. below
Sophia has brought home the early large
{catkinned} willow well out—prob some yesterday—
at least—

Ap. 5th
as far as I can see round it
What I call the young ^ bull frog—about
It has a bright golden ring {out} side of the iris {Is} this the case with the bull
frog?
2 1/2 inches long—though it has no yellow on
May it not be a young R. fontinalis? no yellow to throat.
throat— I found it on the shore of the Clam—
Now in { }
Shell Hill ditch—can jump much better
than the others—& easily gets out of the
deep pan. V 3 ps forward %V also June 8 58—prob a R. fontinalis%
Those to whom I showed the 2 R. sylvaticas
could not believe that they wer one species—
but this morning on taking them out of the
water to examine minutely—they changed so
rapidly^{11} chameleon—like that I could only
describe their first appearance from memory
The male grew a lighter brown & the
female darker—till in 10 minutes there
was but a slight shade of difference—&
but esp. that of the male
this whole aspect ^ seemed altered also—
so that it was not easy to distinguish them.
Yet they would readily be recognized^{12} for rather
the posterior extremities? both having distinct dark bars
dark-colored wood-frogs—^
The female was 2 1/10 inches long, the male
1 4/5 inches long— The female was (ap. in-
voluntarily) dropping a little spawn in the
pan this morning—& the black core was
as big as the head of a pin when it issued from
the body.
The only dif—in color—that I now noticed
except that the male was a shade the {duskest}^{13}—
(both a pale brown) was that there was
a very distinct dark mark on the front side at
the base of the anterior extremities of the

^{11} Possibly "rapid by"
^{12} Possibly "recognised"
^{13} Possibly "darkest"—1906 says "darkest"
female—while {there} was but the slightest trace of
it in the male. Also the female {is} more green on the
flanks & abdomen—also she had some dusky spots
beneath.

What is described as a yellow line along the lower
edge of the dark one through the eyes —— and which
I observed to be such last spring—was in both these
at all times a broad silvery or bright cream-colored
line. Putting them into the water; after
an hour they again acquired distinct colors
quite —— but not — so distinct at first—

It is singular that at the breeding season at
least—though both are immersed in water—they are
of a totally different color—the male a very dark
brown for a frog—dark than the ordinary color
of any Massachusetts frog & without distinct bars to
his posterior extremities—or a distinct dark line
along the throat—while the female is a light
reddish brown or lively dead-leaf color—and that
taken out of water they rapidly approximate each
other till there is only a shade of difference if any.

At their breeding season there the colors of
the male are not livelier as in the case
of birds—but darker & more somber

Considering how few of these or of the R. halecina
you meet with in the summer—it is surprising how
many are now collected in the pools & meadows—
The woods resound with the one & the meadows day
& night with the other—so that it—amounts to
a general awakening of the pools & meadows.

122 Possibly "was"
123 Could be "then" or "their"
I hear this morning the Seringo sparrow

In the proceedings of the Nat. Hist Soc
for Dec. '56 there were presented by Dr. H. R. Storer
"A globular concretion of grass said to have
been formed by the action of waves upon the
sea shore." Were not then some obtained
by the Hoars or Emersons from F. Pond?.

I go to the meadow at the
mouth of the Mill brook to find the spawn of the
R. halecina. They are croaking & coupling there
by thousands as before, though there is a raw E.
wind to-day. I see them coupled merely— in
a few instances— but no such balls or masses
of them about one female as in the case of
the R. sylvatica— though this may occur—
You can easily get close to them & catch
them by wading— The first lagoon within
any where
the meadow was not a foot deep & I found
the spawn where it was about 8 inches deep—
with a grassy & mossy bottom— I was principally
in 2 collections which were near together &
each about a yard in diameter— The separate
masses of this were from 2 to 6. (or commonly 3 or
4) inches in diameter— and generally looked
quite black & dense or fine egged in the water—
But it really on a closer inspection presented
quite an interesting variety of appearances—

The black core is about the size of a
pin head & one half of it is white—

---

124 slashes are faint and might be bleed-through
125 period could be a blotch
126 period could be a blotch
It commonly lies with the black side up--
& when you look directly down on it has
blue
a rich very dark purple appearance-- when
with the white or wrong side up--it looks like
a mass of small silvery points or bubbles & you
do not notice the jelly-- But it lies also
at all intermediate angles & so presents a
variety of appearances-- It is attached
pretty finely to the grass & rises just to the
surface-- There are very fine froth-like bubbles
more or less mingled with it-- I am not
sure that I can distinguish it from that of
the R. sylvatica.

I caught several of the first--the dark blotches on the
back were generally more or less roundish with a
crenate edge-- There are distinct raised light
bronze colored ridges from the snout along the side
head & body--which were conspicuous at a distance--
They were all that I caught, distinctly yellow
%{Yes} & some had green buttocks%^ & now,
standing over them, I saw that there were con-
siderable lateral bubbles formed when they
croaked--I. e. the (throaght) was puffed out on
each side quite far behind the snout. The
tympanum was very convex--& prominent

A {evening} I find that the male R. sylvatica
couples with or fastens himself to the back of the
%R fontinalis%
young bull frog(?) ^ or {whatever} it is & the latter mean-
while {croaks} in short {croaks} 4 or 5 times repeated
much like the R. sylvatica methinks.

---

127 Possibly "it"
128 Possibly "whatever"
129 Underlined in pencil
I hear the hylodes peeping now at evening
being at home—though I have not chanced
to hear any during the day. They prefer the evening.

Ap. 6th ’58

A moist fogg130 & very slightly drizzly evening

It has been pretty foggy for several mornings.

This makes the banks look suddenly greener—
apparently making the green blades more promi-
nent & more vividly131 green than before—prevailing
over the withered ones—

Pm Ride to Lees Cliff & to 2d Division

Brook—It begins to grow cold about noon.

After a week or more of generally warm & pleasant
weather—They with whom I talk do not
remember when the river was so low as this
top of the season. The ^ bathing rock above the island

in the main branch was more than a foot out

of water on the 3d & the river has been
falling since—On examining the buds of
the elm at helianthus bank I find it is not
the slippery elm—& therefore I know but
one.

At Lee’s Cliff I find no saxifrage in bloom
above the rock—on account of the ground having
been so exposed the past exceedingly mild winter

no R. fascicularis {where} there—& but on a
few small {-----} shelves under the rocks
the saxifrage makes already a pretty white
edging along the edge of the grass sod
on the rocks—has got up 3 or 4 inches &

may have been out 4 or 5 days. XXX

130 Possibly “fogy”
131 Underlined in pencil
I also notice one columbine which may bloom in a week— if it is pleasant weather—

The {Ulmus} Americana—is ap. just out here X

or possibly yesterday— The U. fulva not yet— of course—
large rusty blossom

The " buds of the last have been extensively eaten

& mutilated prob. by birds— leaving on the branches

which I examine mostly were shells—

I see in or 2 places in low ground elder started

1/2 inch— before any other shrub or tree—

The Turritis Stricta is 4 to 6 inches high.

No mouse-ear there yet—

I hear hylas in full blast {2} 1/2 Pm—

It is remarkable how such herbacious &

shrubby plant— some which are decidedly ever-

green— have suffered the past very mild but

open winter on ac. of the ground being bare—

Accordingly the Saxifrage & and Crowfoot are

so backward not withstanding the warmth of

the last 10 days— Perhaps they want more moisture

too— The asplenium ferns of both species are

very generally— perfectly withered & shrivelled

& in exposed places on hills the checker berry

has not proved an evergreen— but is completely

withered & a dead-leaf color— I do not remember

when it has suffered so much. Such plants

require to be covered with snow to protect them.

A 2nd division the caltha palustris half a

dozens well out 12 the earliest may have been a day or 2 XXX

The first is but just coming out in cold

wood paths on the north sides of hills

which make it very muddy— there only.

---

132 Proper spelling is "Ulmus"
133 Possibly "jusst" or "justt"
134 Possibly "on"
135 Stray mark above the fraction?
136 Space indicates possible sentence end; no punctuation to indicate this point
Returned by the Dugan desert--& stopped
at the mill there to get the aspen-flowers
-- The very earliest aspens--such as grow
in warm exposures on the S sides of hills
//or woods--have begun to be effete-- Others
are not yet out--

Talked a moment with 2 little Irish(?)
8 or 10 yrs old
^ boys ^ that were playing in the brook by the
mill-- Saw one catch a minnow-- I asked him if he need a hook-- He said no, it was
a dolly chunk(?) or some such word dully
what asked-- Yes dully said he & he
would not venture to repeat the whole word--
again. It was a small horse hair ship
noose at the end of a willow stick 4 feet long
The horse hair was twisted 2 or 3 together. He passed this over the fish slowly & then jerked
him out-- The noose slipping & hold him him--
It seems they are sometimes made with wire to catch trout
{drawing} I asked him to let me see
the fish he had caught\footnote{137 This line is to the right of the drawing in MS}
5 inches long
It was a little pickerel ^--& appeared to
me strange being transversely barred--&
reminded me of the Wrentham pond pickerel
--but I could not remember surely whether this
now the rule or the exception--but when
I get home I found that this was the
//one which Storer does not name nor de-
Is it not the brook pickerel?
scribe--but only had heard of ^ Asking what
other fish he had caught--he said a pike
That said I is a large pickerel-- He said
it had "a long long web like a ducks' bill."

It rapidly grows cold & blustering--

Ap. 7th '58

A cold & gusty--blustering day. //

We put on great coats again //

Pm Down the great meadows--

The river is low--even for summer-- the ground
about the outmost willow at my boat’s place
is high & dry. I cross the meadows & step across
the mill-brook near Mrs Ripley’s. You hear
no stertorous sounds of the Rana halecina this
cold & blustering day--unless a few when you go
close to their breeding places & listen attentively.

Scarcely one has his head out of water--though
I see many at the bottom. I wear India rubber
boots & wade through the shallow water where
they are found. In a shallow shelf of water
on the meadow--with a grassy bottom--the
spawn will commonly all be collected in
one or 2 parcels in the deepest part, if
it is generally less than 8 or 10 inches deep--
to be prepared for a further fall-- You will
also find a little here & there in weedy
ditches in the meadow-- One f138 the first named
parcels will consist of even a hundred
about 3 inch in diameter
or 4 separate deposits ^ {crowded} together-- The
frogs are most numerous today about
& beneath the spawn-- Each little
mass of ova is pretty firmly attached

138 Possibly "of" without the "o"
to the stubble—not accidentally, but designedly
& effectively—and when you pull it off
leaves some of the jelly adhering to the stubble.
If the mass is large it will run out of your
hand this side or that like a liquid or as
if it had life—like "Sun squawl"—" It
is not injured by every ordinary agitation of
the water—but the mass adhered well together—
It bears being carried any distance in a pail—
when dropped into the water again it falls wrong
side up—showing the white sides of the cores
or +139 yolks(?) On the Great meadows I
stand close by 2 coupled— The male is very
much the smallest—an inch at least the
shortest—and much brighter colored. The line
or margins
or "halo" (?) ^ about its blotches is a distinct
yellow or greenish yellow— The female has
a distended paunch full of spawn.
Snipes rise 2 or 3 times as I go over the
meadow—
The remarkable spawn of the 3d {alt}—just
below the Holt (?) does not show its cylindrical
form so well as before—appears to have been
broken up considerably perhaps by creatures
feeding on it.
I see the remains of a duck which has died
on this meadow—& the S. E. edge of
the meadow is strewn with the feathers
of the water fowl that plumed them—
selves here before the water went down—
There is no water anywhere on these meadows
now—except the one or 2 permanent pools

+139 Crossed out open paren
, which I cannot walk through in my boots.

Where they have been digging mud the past winter in Beck Stow’s Swamp— I perceive that the crust for 1 foot deep at least consists chiefly—or perhaps 1/2 of it— of the dead & fallen stems of water andromeda which have accumulated in course of time.

I brought home the above 2 kinds of spawn in a pail— Putting some of the Rana halecina spawn in a tumbler of water I cannot see the gelatinous part—but only the dark or white cores—which are kept asunder by it at regular intervals.

The other (probably fish) spawn is seen to be arranged in perfect hexagons—i.e. the ova so impinge on each other— but where there is a (vent) or free side— it is a regular arc of a circle — ^ I see the embryo already fish-like(?) curved round the yolk {--}

with a microscope. The greater part of the fish spawn being left out in a firkin— was ap killed by the cold 

Ap. 8th ’58

the water freezing 1/2 inch thick ap 7th-- Surveying Kettell Farm

Could I have heard F. socialis along the street this Am? or may it have been the hiemalis? (V 12th)

Polly Houghton comes along & says half believing it— of my compass “This is what regulates the moon & stars.”
141

April rain at last but not much clears up at night

At 4 1/2 Pm to bell meadow Field--

The Yew looks as if it would bloom

in a day or 2. & The staminate

//S. humilis in the path in 3 or 4 days. ^

elsewhere

---it is already out ^ --if perchance that

ossibly it was not ^ just beginning on the 6th on the Marlbor

o road? The pistillate appear more for-ward. It must follow pretty close to the

earliest willows.-- I hear the booming

//of snipe this evening & Sophia says she heard them on the 6th

The meadows having been bare so long they may have begun yet earlier

Persons walking up or down our village street

in still evenings at this season--hear this

singular (winnowing) sound in the sky over

the meadows & know not which it is. This

"booming" of the snipe is our regular village

for the first time

serenade. I heard it this evening ^ as I sat

in the house--through the window-- Yet

Yet common & unusual & remarkable

as it is--yet not one in a hundred of the

villagers hears it & hardly so many know

of what it is. Yet the majority know ^ the

Germanians who have only been here once--

Mr Hoar was almost the only inhabi-tant of this street whom141 I have heard

speak of this note--which he used annually

to hear & listen for in his sundown or

evening walks.

141 Possibly "when"
R. Rice tells me that he has seen the pickerel spawn hung about on the brush—esp. where a tree had fallen in—He thinks it was the pickerel’s because he has seen them about at the time. This seems to correspond with mine of Ap. 3d—though he did recognize the peculiar form of it.

I doubt if men do ever simply & naturally glorify (God) in the ordinary sense—but it is remarkable how sincerely in all ages they glorify nature—the praising of Aurora, for instance, under some form—is obedience to as irresistible an instinct as that which impels the frogs to peep.

Ap—11th

Pm to Lee’s Cliff.
The black spheres (rather dark brown) in the R. sylvatica spawn by Hubbard’s grove, have now opened & flatted out into a rude broad // pollywog form. (This was an early specimen) Yesterday saw moles working in a meadow—throwing up heaps // I notice at the Conantum house—of which only the chimney & frame now stands—a triangul- lar mass of rubbish—more than 1/2 bushel[s], resting on the great [mantle]-tree against an angle in the chimney—It being mixed with clay—I at first thought it a mass of clay & straw mortar, to fill up with, but looking further I found it composed of corn-
cobs &c and the excrement (and of)

---

[142] Proper spelling is pickerel but it looks like the second “e” is an “I”
[143] Possibly “God”
[144] Possibly “10”
of rats [drawing] of this form & size--
of pure clay. Looking like the cells of
an insect. Either the wharf rat or
this country rat-- They had anciently chosen
So this was an old rats nest as well as human nest--
this warm place for their nest, & carried
& so it is with every old house--
a great store of eatables thither--
The rats’ nest may have been 150 yrs old.
the clay of the chimney washing down had
Wherever you see an old house there look for an old rats’ nest.
incrusted the whole mass over. In hard
Conant says this house was built by Rufus Homers Great Grand father

times they had ab been compelled to
eat the clay--or it may be that they
love it. It is a wonder they had not set
the house on fire with their nest.

// Slip. elm XX {cowf} crowfoot R. fascicularis

//at Lees--since the 6th ap a day or 2 before this. Mouse
//ear not yet.
//See thimble-berry--& rose-bush leafing under the rocks

Am Surveying part of Wm D. Brown’s

wood lot in Acton--W. of factory-- Hear

//the huckleberry bird. & I think the F. socialis
prob. for I hear it the 14th

//The handsomest pails at the factory are of

oak--white--& some “gray” (perhaps scarlet)

but these are chiefly for stables. The

woods are all alive with pine-warblers

now-- Their note is the music to which I

survey-- Now the early willows are in

on a hill side

//their prime methinks. At angle H ^

of the Lot{,} I find the May flower--but

not in bloom-- It appears to be common

there abouts.

---

145 Marginalia: vertical text from line 16 to 1
146 Also underlined
Returning on the RR. the noon train
down passed us op. the old-maid Hosmer’s
house-- In the woods just this side we came
upon a partridge standing on the track between
the rails over which the cars had just passed.
She had evidently been run down--but though
a few small feathers were scattered along
for a dozen rods beyond her--& she looked
apparently a little ruffled--she was evidently more
disturbed in mind than body-- I took her up
and carried her one side to a safer place-- At
first she made no resistance--but at length fluttered
out of my hands--& ran 2 or 3 feet. I had to take
& drive her up again & carry ^ her further off--& left her--
standing with head erect as at first--as if beside
herself. She was not lame--& I suspect her wing
was broken-- I did not suspect that this
swift wild bird was ever run down by the
cars. We have an account in the news-
papers of every cow & calf that is run
over--but not of the various wild creatures
who meet with that accident-- It may
be many generations before the partridges
learn to give the cars a sufficiently wide
berth.

Ap. 13th
Began to rain last evening & still rains
The tree sparrows sing sweetly canary like still.
Hear the first toad in the rather cool rains. 10 Am
through the dark rain

148 See ^ the first flash of lightning--
in the west. horizon--doubting if it was
not a flash of my eye at first--
but after a very long interval I hear
the low rumbling of the first thunder
& now the summer is baptised & inau-
gurated in due form. Is not the 1st
lightning the forerunner or warranty
of Summer heat. The air now contains
such an amount of heat that it emits
a flash.

Speaking to J. B. Moore about the partridge
being run down--he says that he was told
by Lexington people some years ago that
they found a duck lying dead under
the spire of their old meeting house (since
burned--) which stood on the battle ground.
The weather cock--it was a cock in this
case--was considerably bent--& the in-
ference was that the duck had flown
against it in the night.

pm to the Yew

Shepherd’s purse already going to seed--in bloom
there some time. Also Chickweed how long? I
had thought these would be later on--
ac. of the ground having been--so bare--& in-
deed they did suffer much but early warm
weather forwarded them.

That unquestionable staminate S. humilis beyond
Yew will not be out for 3 or 4 days. Its old
leaves on the ground are turned cinder color
--as are those under larger & doubtful forms.

Epigaea abundantly out--may be 4 or 5

days-- It was ap. in its winter state Mar. 28th

Ap 14th

Rains still--with one or 2 flashes of lightning

but soon over

The Yew plucked yesterday blossoms in house to-day--

v. 15--

Pm up Assabet--

The river is a little higher on ac. of rain--

sweet six or 8 inch long floating

I see much ^ flag--(sweet) floating--it having

been cut up ap. by musquash. {{}} The 17th

prox. I see much of the sparganium cut up

close to the bottom along a musquash path

at the bottom of a meadow where there was 1 foot

of water--

My Rana halecina spawn ^ is now flatted out--

& begins to betray the polly-wog form--I had al-

ready noticed a little motion in it from time to
time--but nothing like the incessant activity

of the embryo fishes.

I find no sucker’s nests yet. There has been

no rise of the river of any consequence--

At Ed. Hoar’s in the evening--I look at

one of his slides through a microscope--at the

infusorial skeletons--of the {navicula} {drawing}

& dumbell {drawing} infusoria &c &c--

With his microscope--I see the heart beating

in the embryo fish .{151} the circulations distinctly

a long the body--

Ap 15th

S

Pm to sedge path S. humilis--

150 Underline is in pencil

151 blotch?
See a pair of wood peckers on a rail & on the ground a-courting—One keeps hopping near the other & the latter hops away a few feet—& so they accompany one another a long distance—uttering some-times a faint or short "a-week"

I go to find Hylodes spawn— I hear some now peeping at mid afternoon— in Potters meadow just N of his swamp— It is hard to tell how far off they are, At often nearer a distance they ^ appear to be further off than they are, when I get nearer I think them further off than they are— & not till I get their parallax with my eyes by going to one side do I discover their locality. From time to time one utters that peculiar quavering sound—I suspect of alarm—like that which a hen makes when she sees a hawk— The peep but thinly at this hour of a bright day. Wading about in the meadow there bare legged—I find the water from time to time—though no deeper than before exceedingly cold. evidently because there is ice in the meadow there still. Having stood quite still on the N edge of the ditch close to the ^ edge of the maple swamp—some time—& heard a slight rustling near me from time to time

152 slashes are faint and might be in pencil
I looked round & saw a mink under the bushes within a few feet-- It was pure reddish brown above with a blackish & somewhat bushy tail a blunt nose & somewhat innocent looking head. It crept along toward me & around me within 2 feet\(^{153}\) in a semicircle--snuffling the air--& pausing to look at me several times-- Part of its course when nearest me was in the water of the ditch. It then crawled slowly away & I saw by the ripple where it had taken to the ditch again-- Perhaps it was after a frog like myself. It may have been attracted by the peeping. saw ap. 28 ‘57! a very diff color--(though) the tail the same form.

The naturalist accomplishes a great deal by patience--more perhaps than by activity. He must take his position & then wait & watch. It is equally true of quadrupeds & reptiles. Sit still in the midst of their haunts.

Yew ap. yesterday XXX The S. Humilia of // the sedge path--X This is the smallest form of // it.

\(^{154}\) Saw flitting ^ through the wood near the Yew 2 or 3 thrushes much like at least the \{T\}. Wilsonii-- // & whitish side of throat (?) or cinnamon a light ring about eyes-- ^ rather fox col. ^ tail--with ashy reflections from edges of primaries--flesh colored legs-- Did not see the breast. Could it have been what I have called.\(^ {155}\) T. solitarius?

Soon after methought (?) I heard one faint woodthrush note(??) v 18th

Catch a peeper at Haden’s pool-- I suspect it

---

\(^{153}\) Period after “feet”?
\(^{154}\) Possibly “silently”
\(^{155}\) blotch
May have been a female—for though I kept it a day at home it did not peep. It was a pale fawn color, out of water, 9/10 inch long—[drawing] Marked with dusky like this, though not so distinctly—

It could easily climb up the side of a tumbler & jumped 18 inches at once—Equisetum arvense out by RR—

Prob. I saw it out on the 12th near the factory. Ap. 16th

My fish ova in a tumbler has gradually expanded till it is some 3/16 of an inch in diameter & for more than a week the embryos have been conspicuously active—hardly still enough to be observed with a microscope— Their tails-eyes—pectoral-fins—&c—were early developed & conspicuous.
The keep up a regular jerking motion as they lie curved in the egg—& so develop themselves— This morning I set them in the sun—& looking again soon after found that they were suddenly hatched—& more than half of them were free of the egg— They were nearly 1/4 of an inch long or larger than the diameter of a perfect egg—
The substance of the egg shell seemed to have expanded & softened—& the embryo by its incessant quicking elongated it so that it was able to extend itself (of) full length. It then almost incessantly kept up a vibratory motion of its tail & its
pectoral fins & every few moments it bunted--
against the side of the egg--wearing it
away & extending it--till it broke through
some times it got its head out first--& then
struggled many minutes before it escaped com-
pletely. It was a pretty sight to see them
all rising immediately to the surface--by
means of the tail & pectoral fins--the first
vibrating from 1/20 to 1/30 of an inch--at an
angle of about 45° (drawing) & then ceasing
their motions they steadily settled down again
Think of the myriads of these minnows
set free of a warm morning & rising &
falling in this rise in their native element!!
(Some are still in the egg on the 18th)
The incessant activity of these minnows &
apparent vigor are surprising-- Already they
dart swiftly an inch one side like little
pickerel--tender as they are carrying the
which gradually diminishes as I notice in a day or 2 after
yolk with them-- They have no snouts yet
--or only blunt and rounded ones-- I have not
detected any general resting even at night--
though they often rest on the bottom day or
night. They are remarkably aroused when
placed in the morning sun-- This sets them all
in motion-- Looking at them through a
a hundred at once
jar between you & the sun-- They reflect
the colors of the rain bow--some purple--others
violet--green &c &c It is a wonder how
they survive the accidents of their condition.

159 Poss. "7" or "2"
By what instinct do they keep together
in a school--
I think that the spawn could not have been
laid long when I found it Ap. 3d--it
was so perfect--& the embryo so slightly{.}
if at all developed. That was a sudden very
warm day. In that case they may be hatched
in a fortnight.
That appeared to have been a general breeding place
for this species of fish-- I looked a good
while on the 14th but could find none
near home.
My hylodes in the tumbler will always hop
to the side toward the window as fast as I turn
it.
We may think these days of the myriads of
fishes just hatched which come rising to the
surface. The water swarms with them as with the
mosquito.

Pm to Conantum.
The rana sylvatica spawn at Hub’s Grove
//begins to kick free-- This is early-- I put
some in a bottle which being shaken in my
walk--I find the embryos all separated
from the ova when I get home-- These are
now regular little pollywogs & wiggle
about in a lovely manner when the water
is shaken. They are chiefly tail & head--
They look like the samara of the ash--&
in both cases this winged--or feather like
tail it is that transports them--I
can already see (these) little feet or fins.
The bodkin-like bulb—considerably grown
in my tumbler & elsewhere—is prob. the water
free
purslane— I see it floating & sending out
many rootlets—on pools & ditches. In this
way it spreads itself.

The earliest red-maple I can see in this
walk is well out—on the Hub-Bridge Causeway—
prob some was yesterday—XX

I sat a long time by the little pool behind
Lees’—to see the hylodes—Not one was heard there
only the skater insects were slightly rippling the
pursuing one another & breeding
surface amid the grass— The water is covered with
pretty proserpinacea— At length I see one
hyloides—with heels up burying itself at the bottom
how wary they are— After nearly half an hour I see
one sitting out on a blade of the floating purple
grass—but down he does again. They see or hear you
3 or 4 rods off— They are more active toward night

Ap. 17th 58
Pm via Assabet to Coral-Rock.

See several king-fishers—Redwings
still in flocks—& crow b. birds feeding
amid leaves by Assabet side half a dozen togethers— The female flowers of the Alder
are now very pretty when seen against the
sun—bright crimson. I take up a
wood turtle on the shore, whose sternum is
covered with small ants.— The sedge
is shooting up in the meadows—erect

160 T probably meant “goes”
rigid & sharp--a glaucous green

unlike that of the grass on banks.

-- The Linnaea like plant--turns out
to be Golden Saxifrage-- Its leaf is the
same form but smooth & not shrubby.

// The R. halecina spawn in tumbler

begins to struggle free of the ova--but it
is not so much developed as the R. syl-
vatica-- Some of the first may be a little
more forward in the meadows-- I see some
prob. this kind
today ^ flatted out, though I do not see
the frog. It made the same sound however--
The R. sylvatica is prob. generally the earliest.

Ap. 18th '58

Pm to Hub. Grove

// A dandelion open--will shed pollen tomorrow--X
// The R. sylvatica tadpoles have mostly wiggled away from the
Put some R. halecina spawn which has ova161

? flatted out in a ditch on Hubbards land--
I saw in those ditches many small pickerel

//land locked--which appeared to be transversely

barred! They bury themselves in the mud at my

approach.

Examined the pods & ditches in that neighbor-

hood--i.e. of skull-cap ditch--for frogs--
All that I saw distinctly--were what except
2 R. fontinalis--were what I have con-
sidered young bull frogs--middling sized

frogs with a greenish brown back--& a throat

commonly white or whitish-- I saw in a

161 Line under "ova" prob. used to separate "from the ova" from line 19
deep & cold pool--some spawn placed just like
that of the R sylvatica & the R. halecina--(It was
in the open field) & the only frog I could distinguish
near it was a middling sized one or larger with a
yellow throat--not distinctly green but brown or
greenish brown above--but green a long each upper
jaw--a small portion of bright golden ring about
the eye was to be seen in front.

On the spring near by I see 2 unquestionably
R. fontinalis-- One much the largest & with
brighter mottlings (prob on ac. of the season)
The upper & forward part of their bodies distinct
green--but their throats white or whitish not
yellow. There were also 2 small & dark
colored frogs (yet with a little green tinge about
the snouts) in the same spring.

I suspect that all these frogs may be the
R. fontinalis--& none of them bull frogs. Certainly
those 2 unquestionable R fontinalis had no yellow
to throats--& prob. they vary very much in the
greenness of the back-- Those two were not
so much barred in the legs as mottled &
in one the mottlings had quite bright halos.
as also had the 2 smallest
halos-- They had the yellow segment in front part of eye 162
Have the bull frogs this? I doubt if I have
seen a bull frog yet--
I should say--with regard to that spawn, that
I heard in the neighboring pool--the stertorous
tut tut tut like the R. halecina. & also one
dump sound.

162 line from caret to inserted text
Frogs are strange creatures. One would describe them as peculiarly wary & timid--another as equally bold & all that is required in studying them is patience--imperturbable. "You will sometimes walk a long way along a ditch--I hear 20 or more leap in one after another before you--and see where they rippled the water--

You will sometimes walk a long way along a ditch--I hear 20 or more leap in one after another before you--and see where they rippled the water--

without getting sight of one of them--

Sometimes as this afternoon the 2 R. fontinalis--

when you approach a pool or spring--a frog hops in & buries itself at the bottom--

You sit down on the brink & wait patiently for his reappearance--After a quarter of an hour or more he is seen to rise\textsuperscript{163} to the surface & put out his nose quietly without making a ripple--eyeing you steadily. At length he becomes as curious about you as you can be about him. He suddenly hops straight toward pausing within a foot--& takes a near & leisurely view of you.

Perchance you may now scratch its nose with your finger--& examine it to your hearts content for it is become as imperturbable as it was shy before. You conquer them by superior patience & immoveableness\textsuperscript{164}--not by quickness, but by slowness--not by heat but by coldness,--

You see only a pair of heads disappearing in the weedy bottom & raising a few insect the pool becomes as smooth as a mirror and ap. as uninhabited. At length--after half an hour you detect a frogs' snout & a pair of eyes above the green shine, turned toward you. &c

\textsuperscript{163} Possibly "ris" or "rise" with the "e" above baseline or that "e" may be the dot for the "I"

\textsuperscript{164} Possibly "immoveable-ness"
It is evident that the frog-spawn is not accidentally placed—simply adhering to the stubble that may be nearest—but the frog chooses a convenient place to deposit it. --for in the above-named pool there was no stout stubble rising above the surface except at one side—& there the spawn was placed—

It is remarkable how much the musquash cuts up the weeds at the bottom of pools sweet and ditches—burr-reed—flags—pontederia—yel-lily—grass like fine & rushes—now you see it floating on the surface—sometimes ap. where it has merely burrowed along the bottom.

I see where a ditch was cut a few years ago in a winding course—& now a young hedge of alders is springing up from the bottom on one side—winding with the ditch—The seed has evidently been caught in it, as in a trap.

Ap 19th 58

Spend the day hunting for my boat which was stolen—As I go up the river side I see a male marsh-hawk—hunting—He skims along exactly over the edge of the water on the meadowy side not more than 3 or 4 feet from the ground & winding with for in such a torturous line do the frogs sit. They prob. know the shore—looking for frogs. ^ It must be easy about what time to expect his visits—being regularly decimated— for him to get a breakfast. Far as I can see with a glass he is still tilting this way & that—over the water line.

165 blotch after "no"
166 blotch between "one" and "side"
At F. H. Pond I see half a mile off 8 large water fowl which I thought at first were large ducks—though their necks appeared long. Study—
ing them patiently with a glass—I found that they had gray backs—black heads & necks with perhaps green reflections—white breasts—dark tips to tails & a white spot about eyes on each side of bill—At first the whole bird had looked much darker like black ducks—. I did not know but they might be but at length inclined to the opinion that they were geese—brant or some very large ducks—^ A 5 1/2
being on the Common I saw a small flock of geese going over N. E. Being reminded of the birds of the morning—and their number—I looked again—& found that there were 8 of them & probably they were the same I had seen—
// The Cedar (ardele) Lees Cliff. ap XX also Edith Emerson found them there yesterday X also columbines
//V. ovata on bank above (X 2 of them)^ & the early potentilla ap. 13th !!!
I hear the pine warblers there & also what I thought a variation of its note—quite different yet I thought not unfamiliar to me—After—
wards along the wall under the Middle Conantum //Cliff—I saw many Goldfinches male & female
The males singing in a very sprightly & varied manner—
sitting still on bare trees—Also uttered their watery twitter & their peculiar mewing. In the meanwhile I heard a faint thrasher’s note as if faintly but perfectly instated by some bird 20 or 30 rods off—This surprised me very much—It was equally rich & varied

167 Possibly “whole” 168 Possibly “over” 169 Possibly “unfamiliar”
yet I did not believe it to be a thrasher—Determined to find out the singer I sat still with my glass in hand—and at length detected the singer a goldfinch sitting within gun shot all the while—This was the most varied & sprightly performer of any bird I have heard this year—and it is strange that I never heard the strain before. It may be this note which is taken for the thrasher’s before the latter comes.

Pm down river—

I find that my R. halecina spawn in the house is considerably further advanced than that left in the meadows—The latter is not only deeper beneath the surface now on ac. of the rain—but has gathered dirt from the water so that the jelly itself is now plainly seen—& some of it has been killed prob. by frost being exposed at the surface—I hear the same tut tut tut prob—of the halecina still there—though not so generally as before.

See 2 or 3 yellow lilies nearly open—showing most of their yellow—beneath the water. say in 2 or 3 days.

Rice tells me of winging a sheldrake once just below F. H. Pond—and pursuing it in a boat as it swam down the stream—till it went above at Hubbard’s wood & crawled into a wood chuck’s hole about a rod from the water on a wooded bank—He could see its tail & pulled it out.
He tells of seeing cartloads of lamprey eels in the spawning season clinging to the shores at a dam in Saco, & that if you spat on a stone & cast it into the swift water above them they would directly let go & wiggle down the stream & you could hear their tails snap like whips on the surface—but if you172 as if the spittle was poison to them—but if you did not spit on the stone they would not let go. He thinks that a flock of geese will sometimes stop for a wounded one to get well.

// Hear of bluets found on Saturday the 17th how long?

// Hear a toad sing at 9 pm Perhaps I first hear them at night though cooler--because it is still. R. W. E saw an anemone on the 18th

Ap 20

// Pm Rain storm begins with hail Ap. 21st

Geo. Melvin says that Joshua Haynes once saw a perch depositing her spawn & the male following behind & devouring it.!? Garlic173 in his book on Pisciculture says that the perch spawn in May. Melvin says that these short nosed brook pickerel are caught in the river also--but rarely weigh more than 2 lbs. The puddles have dried off along the road dark & left thick deposits or water lines of the ^ purple

172 Stray mark after “you”?
173 T is referring to Theodatus Garlick
anthers of the elm coloring the ground like sawdust-- You could collect great quantities of them

The arbor vitae is ap effete--already

Ed. Hoar says he heard a wood-thrush the 18th

The Bendzonia yesterday & possibly the 19th XXX

So much being killed--it might otherwise have been earlier yet-- Populus grandidentata some days at least-- The C. florida flower-beds are killed. The rocks on the E side of Bateman’s Pond are a very good place for ferns. I see some very large Leather apron umbilicaria there-- They are flaccid & unrolled now showing most of the olivaceious purslanes upper side. This side feels cold & damp while the other the black is dry & warm--not--withstanding the warm air-- This side evidently is not expanded by moisture. It is a little exciting even to meet with a rock covered with these livid (?) green aprons--betraying so much life. Some of them are 3/4 of a foot in diameter. What a growth for a bare rock!

Hear martins about a box

To Hubbard’s Great meadow.

The spawn of April 18th is gone! It was fresh there & ap. some creature has eaten it.-- I see spawn (R halecina-like) in the

174 actual word is "olivaceous" meaning olive-green
large pool S. E. of this & catch a\textsuperscript{175} I catch

an\textsuperscript{176} ap common sized! R halecina near it

The general aspect dark brown with \textcolor{red}{\&} bronze
colored stripes along sides of back--1/10 of
an inch wide. Spots roundish with a dull
green halo--a roundish spot on each orbit
--no bright spots. I catch ap another in
the Great meadow--& I think some R. halecina
are still spawning--for I see some perch
spawn there.

Andromeda\textsuperscript{177} ap. a day or 2--(at least at
edge of Island wood which I have not seen)

I walk along several brooks & ditches &
see a great many yet spot turtles--several
//couples copulating-- The upper most in-
variably has a depressed sternum while
the other’s is full \textcolor{red}{\&} The E. pictas
see 2 ap. coupled on the shore--
//are evidently breeding also. \textcolor{red}{\&} You see both
kinds now in little brooks not more than
a foot wide--slowly \& awkwardly moving
about one another. They can hardly make
their way against the swift stream.

I see one E. picta holding on to a weed
with one of its fore feet-- Meanwhile
a yel-spot-turtle shoots swiftly down
the stream carried along by the current
\& is soon out of sight-- The E pictas,
are also quite common in the shallows on
the river’s meadows-- I see many masses

\textsuperscript{175} large blotch after “a” in between lines 1 and 2
\textsuperscript{176} Possibly “an”
\textsuperscript{177} T switched “r” and “o” in andromeda
beneath it

178 & ^ a row of smaller roundish spots--as Storer says

a large roundish spot on the upper & inner

side of each orbit & one on the top of the head

before it-- The throat & forward part of

the belly cream-colored. Abdomen & inside

of the limbs bright [ochreous yellow--

most of which is seen in looking at the back

of the frog. Tympanum slightly curves in

middle

%{another {one} {is} {——} 3/4 inch longer}%

The female is about ^ 179 an eighth of an inch longer &

--beside being now fuller (prob of spawn)--the pale brown

or fawn brown is more brassy or bronze-like & does not be-

come darker next day--she has no very-oblong squarish

(v other side)

178 "beneath...115". This text was written on a two-sided note waxed to MS 210. T indicates placement by "V.S." at bottom of MS 211

179 "of" crossed out in pencil
Spots on back— but smaller & roundish ones
& many fine dusky spots interspersed—is
thickly\textsuperscript{180} dark spotted on sides—Throat & belly
white or pale cream color—Sides of abdomen
only & inside of limbs much paler yellow
than the male.—has no % dark spots on orbits
or on head in front% (another specimen (prob))

\textsuperscript{\textit{180}}50
150
1.03) ($) 115

\textsuperscript{180} Or “thickly”
\textsuperscript{181} “50” to “115” is written perpendicularly to last line of text of attached note that is adhered to MS 210
of empty or half empty R. halecina spawn—

Ap. 23d

I receive today Sanguinaria Canadensis from Brattleboro well in bloom how long? //

In a large box full of May-flowers. //

(The) toads sing now by day--but not very loud now generally--

What is that Salix just //

out XX by the oak stump on S. Brown’s land S of the Island? There is more of it--

%ap.% both sexes--by the elm on the hill-Shore %{perhaps} {Salix}%

N of Dod’s. Is it S. rostrata? ^ I see the large head ap. of a bull frog%?% by the river side {of} many mid sized frogs (ap. bull-frogs--green above & more or less dark spotted--with either yellow or white throats.) sitting along the waters edge now--

Catch 2 R. palustris coupled—^ They jump together into the river-- The male is 2 1/4 inches

This I find to be about an average sized one of 4 or 5 that I distinguish long ^ -- Above pale brown--or fawn brown (another which I think is a male from the size & the equally bright yellow of the abdomen & inside of limbs)^182 is dusky183 brown--& next day, both the males are of this color-- So you must notice184 the change of color of frogs.)--with 2 rows of very oblong 4185 or more times as long as broad, squarish ended dark brown spots with a light brown edge. The near ones becoming smaller & roundish--

Also a similar row along each side V. S.

---

182 Parenthesis is crossed out in pen
183 “dusky” is underlined in pencil
184 “rice” was added in pencil
185 “4” is crossed out in pencil and “2 or 3” was added
//Saw a viola blanda in a girl’s hand--

Ap 24th

// A cold N. W. wind-- I go at 8 Am
to catch frogs to compare with the

R. palustris & halecin bull frog which I
have-- But I find it too cold for

them. Though I walk more than a
mile along the river I do not get

sight of one--and only of one or

2 turtles-- Neither do I find any more

frogs (though many E. picta) at 4 pm it being still cold. Yet

the frogs were quite numerous yesterday--

This shows how sensitive they are to changes

of temperature. Hardly one puts its head

out of the water--if ever he creeps out the

grassy or muddy bottom, this cold day.

That proserpinacea deserves to be named

after the frog--ranunculus, or what not? it

is so common ^ at the bottom the shallow

grassy pools where I go looking for spawn--

It is remarkable that I see many E. pictas
dead along the shore--dead within a few

weeks apparently--also a sternothaerus.

alive

//One of the last ^ emitted no odor today.

// Salix alba at W end of RR bridge XXXX

I find washed up by the river side part

of a pale greenish egg-shell bigger than

a hen’s egg which was prob the egg

---

186 "But" first written with a lower case “b”
187 blotch?
of a duck--laid in the meadow last year or lately.

There is an abundance of the R halecina spawn near the elms at the hill Shore N of Dod’s188. It is now ^ greenish & flatted down & run together--mostly hatched & a good deal has been killed up--by the cold-- The water thereabouts is swarming with the young polly wogs for a rod about--but where have all the frogs hidden themselves?

E. Hoar saw the myrtle-bird to-day //

The polly wogs must be a long time growing for I see those of last year not more than 2 inches long--also some much larger.

The hatched frog spawn is quite soft & ap. dissolving at last in the water-- Yet possibly that mass of jelly once brought are on a stake--was this jelly consolidated.

I think that my willow of yesterday (V.l.p.6.1.) is the “narrow serrate-glaucous” of any 25 57-- //

The sterile catkins are 1/2 inch or a little more in length--& broad in proportion--of a downy reddish with rounded scales black-brown gray aspect when bursting into bloom ^189--begins to bloom After a few days when (fallen) out the flowers are greenish yellow on one side. It is earlier than the R. rostrata, i.e. (^ stringed near the Joe Bennett Bridge)-- The twigs are either yellow with dusky green blotches--or they are also ^ dark purplish. The stipules (if they are not leaves) are quite conspicuous & 1/4 of

188 Possibly “Dad’s”
189 line drawn from caret to inserted text
an inch or more in length--more conspicuous

/\ than those of any other native indigenous willow that I have seen unless it be the

pistillate old S. sericea by bath rock (altered downy catkins to S. petiolaris of aug 25 ’57 not so forward. 

The S. rostrata in my pressed specimen has not such develope[r]

stipules when in bloom, or some days yet.

At the elm what is prob--the pistillate of the same S. growing by its side--has

yet larger stipules, on leaves,--but smaller

& more slender & ovate catkins--less downy with fewer, but more conspicuous

black tipped scales.

downy cat kins^{191}

X judging from its fertile catkins should be in bloom now.

I find that my fish ova was not all killed some weeks ago in the firkin as I supposed

--for many that were accidentally left in it have hatched--& they love the cold of last night better than those hatched earlier & kept in the larger vessel--(tub) which froze but thinly--while the firkin froze 1/4 of an inch thick last night.

Ap. 25th

Pm to Assabet. Approaching the Island I hear the phe phe, phe phe, phe phe, the sharp

---the sharp
whistling note of a fish-hawk--6 looking
round--see him just afterward launching away
from one of the swamp white oaks S. W. of the
Island-- There is about half a second between
each note--6 she utters them either while
perched or while flying-- He shows a great.
proportion of wing--6 some white on back.
The wings are much curved-- He sails along
some 80 feet above the water, edge--
looking for fish--6 alights again quite
near-- I see him an hour after ward about
the same spot.
See a barn swallow
Also see one myrtle-bird--6 Goodwin says
he heard a stake-driver several days ago.
Ap. 26th 58
A little snow in the night--which is seen
against the fences this morning-- [See] a chewink
(male) in the Kettell Place woods.

Em go to River to look for willows
indigenous The 2 early families Discolor? & Humilis being about done--
The " willows now in bloom or just coming
except {when} named
into bloom (I look em. at the staminate ones.) {are}
1st [th e] ap. W. of rock one of Ap 23d--which grows
by S. Browns oak stump--6 by elm at Hill shore N of Dodds (ap.
yet W of rock it is much later now!!)
both sexes--6 in a large clump 8 or 9 ft high op. the 2 {&} 3
balm of gileads--also commonly in Hubbards Great
The 1st 2 [of]
all males which I (will) {string}--
meadow near Rocked maple! "-- These
sterile flowers catkins are small & pretty downy with
black scales seen through the down--oval in bloom
with stipules at least 1/2 the length of the catkins{--}&c
&c V. l.p.b.l. The scales mostly of one-- Is not that the same
with catkins 1 inch long at river edge of the French rock?

192 "water." poss. "waters"
193 looks like there is a pencil line drawn from end of "swallow" to slashes
194 Possibly "there"
195 Possibly "1"
196 Possibly "1"
The fertile catkins—(if it be the {U} of rock one & off Wheeler gate one) are quite small at first—with stipules or leaves about their own length—or more developed than those of the sterile—They differ from the sericea & sericea like in being pointedly ovate—with few flowers & conspicuous scattered black scales little concealed by down—and they rapidly extend themselves & grow looser & looser—

The 2d apparently in order of time (if it is not the same with the last) is stringed about 8 rods N of stone bridge by shore 3 feet high—out a long day or 2. The ^ twigs are very densely covered with catkins about 5/8 of an inch long & opening nearer the apex than the last—They are ^ almost parallel with the twig—Stipules very slightly developed 1/8 of an inch or more in length only—large black scales generally adhering—The down about the same as in last, but more conspicuously in rows (as if combed) with the black scales seen between them—

The 3d perhaps in order of time (or with last) is stringed about 15 rods SE of the rocked maples //in Hubbards meadow—opened up yesterday. The catkins just before expanding about 5/8 inch long & peculiarly dense black-scaled narrow cylindrical with very little or short down ^ with conspicuous stipules about 1/2 their length. opens on the side—on long slender twigs—reddish or dark purplish—Is it not a decidedly dif in {hop} from what I suppose the W. of rock—5-6 rods nearer the maple & stringed?

4th The Sericea like of bath rock—also by hill of Wheeler cottage—& at RR S side—

197 "dense" "black" and "scaled" also have an additional underline. See MS 216
maybe be out but I do not know it. //

5th a peculiarly loose fuzzy woolly stringed-

one in a large clump by meadow edge

W. of grindstone rock-- may open tomorrow or

next day--begins to open on side near apex //

catkins 1/2 to 3/4 inch long--rather conspicuously

{&} catkin bud, not obviously double

stalked with brownish scales ^ & stipules moderately

developed {or} about 1/2 their length-- Twig brownish

yellow-- The wool or down peculiarly long & fuzzy as if

unkempt nearly concealing as yet the black or dark

In prime May 4th //

scales

6th An S. rostrata stringed near stone bridge

stump--not yet for ap. 2 or 3 days V Ap. 27th //

7-th by the W edge of the river opposite

& stringed

{no} 2d & 8 or 9 feet high-- Very densely woolly ovate

about 1/2 inch long or more

catkin ^ thickly placed along dark purple twigs

--generally showing neither scales nor anthers yet

with well developed stipules at least 1/2 their length--

%In prime may 4th% //

may open in 2 or 3 days--

Stringed bet. woods bridge & RR--an

ap. Discolor--now going to seed--& effete-- It is chiefly

sterile--but has also fertile catkins--& also catkins

both fertile & sterile--the ovaries being smooth bright

green.

Ap 27

Am looked at willows by RR-- The earliest

S. rostrata on the W. side not far from road will

open ap. tomorrow XXX This is earlier than the

others with larger & more cylindrical catkins.

---

198 Line 1 appears to be written over a false start
199 poss. "in"
All the S. rostrata sterile catkins I can find are at present—or before opening peculiarly tender pale greenish catkins—generally ovoid & about 1/2 inch or less in length—
with slightly developed & not yet spreading\footnote{Possibly “variable”} stipules (One var. as the above is more forward a little—longer\footnote{Ampersand before “longer”?} cylindrical & more reddish)
all. They ^ have minute reddish tipped greenish yellow scales—with large brownish red catkin-bud scales on red or reddish twigs—

\footnote{Underlined in pencil}

The S. torreyana sterile ap. yesterday x with viable\footnote{Against (Colber’s) fence—catkins an inch long—} against (Colber’s) fence—catkins an inch long—
The (fertile) on opposite side of RR. at present narrow lanceolate in form & {pointed} with 3/4 inch long—
dark colored with fuzzy wool & bearing the long pointed brown inner scale like a { p} on the top of the Catkin.

It has been so cold since the 23d that I have not been able to catch a single frog—have hardly seen where one jumped—as I walked through the meadows looking for them—though in some warmer places I heard a low stertorous R-halecina like note from afar—The tortoises are stirring much more. Frogs appear to love warm & moist weather—rainy or cloudy. The will sit thickly along the shore—ap. small bull frogs &c—R. palustris

My young fishes had the pectoral fins &
tail very early developing---I \( \text{\textbullet} \) but not yet can I detect any other fins with my glass. They had mouths which I saw them open as soon as hatched & more & more a perch-like head—
I think that with Hoar’s microscope I de tected 2 dorsals fins such as the perch have---
When I put them suddenly in the sun

---
they sink & rest on the bottom a moment.

The French work for schools of Edwards & {Comte} not till of
it is said that the perch spawns ^ ^ the age of 3 years--& in the spring. "The ova are joined together by some glutinous matter in long strings (cordons) intertwined with the weeds." p 36

I noticed yesterday that the again the newly laid spawn at the cold pool on Hubbard's land was all gone--& that in the Bangor pool S of it was much diminished-- What creature devoured it?

Snows hard in Pm & evening--quite wintry about an inch on ground the next morning.

Ap. 28th Blustery N W wind & wintry aspect--
Down river to look at willows The Common S. cordata ap not within 2 days at least-- This S. is not always conspicuous-- by double {escaele} scaled--now is the scale carried up on the catkin-- It is not always even on that of the S. Torreyana.

Is not that small willow now well out, & stringed by shore 3ds SW of Shattuck's elm the same with no 3d of 26th--only a little less black scaled. a foot or 2 N. E. of it toward oak is a very slight female stringed (2 tied together). ap same kind {of} v.

I see the fish-hawk again {above} {low} Island--as it flies ^ directly over my head-- I see that its body is white beneath--& the white on the forward side of the wings beneath--

\[203\] We think "Island" refers Egg rock based on other nearby mentions of it but cannot make out the word before it.
if extended across the breast could form a
regular crescent (drawing) Its wings do not
form a regular curve in front but an
abrupter angle. They are loose & broad
at tips (drawing) This bird goes fishing slowly
down one side of the river & up again,
on the other 40 to 60 ft high continually
poising itself almost or quite stationary
with its head to the NW wind & looking down
flapping its wings enough to keep its place
-- Sometimes stationary for about a minute-- It is
not shy. This boisterous weather is the time to
see it.

I see the myrtle bird in the same sunny place
S. of the Island woods--as formerly-- Thus are
the earliest seen each spring-- In some warm
& calm place by the water side--when it is cool
& blustering elsewhere-- The barn swallows & a
martin are already skimming low over that
small area of smooth water within a few feet
of one--never leaving that spot & I do not
observe them thus playing else where-- Incessantly
stooping back & forth there.

Pm to Ledum Swamp

At Clam Shell ditch one equisetum
//sylvaticum will ap open tomorrow XX
//Strawberries are abundantly out, there how long?

Some Salix tristis--bank near beomyces
//X. Did I not put it too early in last

year's bit\textsuperscript{204} of willows?--prob. earlier elsewhere?
The snow peas generally gone about

\textsuperscript{204} This page is MS 220 and also MS 222 (duplication)
\textsuperscript{205} Possibly "list"
Am, except in circular patches in
the shadow of the still leafless trees.

Ap. 29th

Storrow Higginson plucked the Uva ursi
fully out the 25th (ult)--perhaps 2 or 3 days
for it was nearly out, he says, the 18th!!! By his
account it was on Pine Hill

I heard yesterday at Ledum swamp the
lively sweet yet somewhat whimsical note
of the Ruby crowned wren--& had sight of him
a moment-- Did I not hear it there the
10th ult (?)

Noticed a man killing on the side walk by Mi-
nott's a little brown snake[--] with blackish
marks along each side of back-- &c pink belly--
Was it not the C. amoenus?

Ap 30th

Pm I carry the rest of my little
fishes 15 or 20 to the cold pool in Hubbards
ground-- They are about 1/4 inch long still &
have scarcely increased in length.

I learn that one farmer seeing me stand-
ing a long time still in the midst of a
pool (I was watching for hylodes) said
that it was his father who had been drinking
some of Pat Haggerty's rum, & had lost
his way home-- So setting out to lead
him home he discovered that it was I--

---

206 This page is MS 221 and also MS 223 (duplication)
207 according to 1906
208 Maybe a period
I find a Fringilla melodia nest with 1/5 eggs—part at least must have been laid before the snow of the 27th but it is perfectly sheltered under the shelving turf & grass on the brink of a ditch. The snow would not even have touched the bird sitting on them.

It is much warmer, & now for the first time since Ap. 23d I find frogs out (perhaps I could have found some yesterday.) -- The earliest S. rostrata by RR—W side of some on E side is hardly later--

I noticed one of the large scroll ferns //with its rusty wool up 8 inches on the 28th //See a white-throated sparrow by Cheney's wall--the stout chubby bird--

After sundown By river-side-- The frogs & toads are //now fairly awake-- Both are most musical //now at evening. I hear now on various sides along the river & its meadows--that low stertorous sound--(like that of the Rana halecina--) which I have heard occasionally for a few days--(I also hear it in Stows' field by RR—with toad's singing— --209 It is exceedingly like the note of the R. halecina, yet I fancy it is somewhat more softly purring-- quivering with frequently a low " chuckling or in-quisitive croak—which last takes the place of the bull-frog-like or er er er of the halecina.

This is the only dif—bet it & the halecina
that I am sure of--The short quivering croak
reminds me of the alarm (?) note of the hylodes
I suspect it is the R. Palustris, now breeding
v. May 1st I hear no snipe.
Frogs &c are perfect thermometers--Some
that I had in a firkin were chilled to stiffness
--which their fellows buried themselves again in
the mud of the meadows--i.e. in a cold
night at this season they are stiffened in
the small ones R. palustris
a tub of water -- not being able to bury themselves
They appear to loose their links or portions of them--which
in mud. slough off in consequence

May 1st

A warm & pleasant day--reminding me
of the 3d of April--when the R. halecina
waked up so suddenly & generally. & now ( )s
then, ap a new allied frog--is almost equally
wide awake--the one of last evening (& before)
this warm & still Pm
When I am behind Cheney's I hear a voice
calling to oxen 3/4 of a mile distant--& I know
it to be Elijah Woods--It is wonderful how
far the individual proclaims himself--
out of the thousand millions of human beings
on this globe I know that this sound was
made by the lungs & larynx & lips of E--
wood--and as sure of it as if he nudged
me with his elbow & shouted in my ear--He
can impress himself on the very atmosphere
then--can launch himself a mile through
on the wind--through tree(s) & rustling sedge
& over rippling water--associating with
a myriad sounds--& yet arrive distinct
at my ear--& yet this creature that
that was so noticeable
is felt so far-- ^ lives but a short
time--quietly dies & makes no more noise
that I know of-- I can tell him too
with my eyes by the very gait & motion
of him half a mile distant-- Far more
wonderful his purely spiritual influence
--that after the lapse of thousands of
years--you may still detect the indi-
vidual--in the turn of a sentence or the
tone of a thought!! E. Wood has a pe-
cular way of modulating the air--
{imparts} to it peculiar vibrations--which
several times when standing near him I
have noticed--& now a vibration spreading
far & wide over the fields & up & down
the river--reaches me & may be hundreds
of others--which we all know to have been
produced by Mr Wood's pipes.
However--E. Wood is not a match for
a little peeping hylodes in this respect.
& there is no peculiar divinity in this.
The inhabitants of the river are
peculiarly wide awake this warm day--
fishes frogs & toads-- From time
to time--& quite often I hear a tremen-
dous rush of a pickerel after his prey--
they are peculiarly active--may be after
the rana palustris now breeding-- It is a perfect frog & toad day-- I hear the stertorous notes
of last evening from all sides of the river
at intervals--but most from the grassiest & warmest or most sheltered & sunniest
shores-- I get sight of 10 or 12 rana-- one ap. male utters one fine sharp squeak when caught.
rana--& catch 3 of them -- Also see by the shore one ap a young bull-frog (?) with bright or vivid light green just along [a dark line bet. this & jaws] & a white throat its jaws -- head brown above-- This is the case with one I have in the firkin--which I think was at first a dull green-- These are the only kinds I find sitting along the river--
The rana palustris is the prevailing one--& I suppose it makes the halecina like sound described It does--V May 2d last night. They will be silent for a long time-- you will see perhaps one or 2 snouts & eyes above the surface--then at last may hear a coarsely [often rapid and as if it began with a p.] purring croak-- ^ at a distance sounding softer & like tut tut tut tut tut lasting a 2nd or 2 & then perchance others far & near will be excited to utter similar sounds & all the shore seems alive with them. However I do not as yet succeed to see one make this sound-- Then there may be another pause of 15-30 minutes
The rana palustris leaves a peculiar strong scent on the hand--which reminds me of day when I went a-fishing for pickerel & used a frog's leg for { 210

210 remainder of line cut off on transcriber's copy
try to think what it smells like-- I am
inclined to say that it might be
the bark of some plant-- It is disagreeable.
Some are in the water others on the shore.
I do not see a single R. halecina--

? What has become of the thousands
with which the meadow swarmed a
month ago? They have given place
to the R. palustris. Only their spawn
mostly hatched & dissolving remains--
detect
I expect to detect the spawn of the palustris
soon--

I find many ap. young bull frogs in
%prob. R. palustris%
the shaded pools on the Island neck. ^
There is one good sized bull frog among them
%NB The toads are so numerous--
This prob the first
bullfrog of the season%

some sitting on all sides, that their
ring is a continuous sound throughout
the day & night--if it is warm enough--
as it now is--except perhaps in the morn-
ing. It is as uninterrupted to the ear--
as the rippling breeze or the circulations
of the air itself--for when it dies away
on one side it swells again on another--
& if it should suddenly cease all men would
exclaim--at the pause--though they might
not have noticed the sound itself

It occurs to me that that early
purple grass on pools--corresponds to
the color of leaves acquired after the
frosts in the fall--as if the cold

---

211 Three lines of text (N.B. - season”) appear in the left margin.
had after all more to do with it than is supposed--

As I sit above the Island waiting for the rana palustris to croak--I see many //
minnows from 3/4 to 2 inches long--but mostly about 1 inch-- They have that distinct
black line along each side from eye to tail --on a somewhat transparent brownish body--
dace-like--& a very sharply forked tail--

When were they hatched?-- Certainly 2 or 3 months perhaps last year ago at least. ^ Is it not the brook minnow?

I also hear the myrtle birds on the Island

wood-- Their common note is somewhat like the chill-lill or jingle of the F. hiemalis--

Ephemerae quite common over the water. //

Suddenly a large hawk sailed over from the Assabet--which at first I took for a hen harrier-- It was so neat a bird & ap.
not very large. It was a fish hawk--with //
a very conspicuous white crown or head & a uniform brown above elsewhere beneath
white breast & belly Probably it was the male--which is the smaller & whiter beneath--

A wedge-shaped tail-- He alighted on a dead elm limb on Pritchards ground--
& at this distance with my glass I could see some dark of head above the white of throat or breast-- He was incessantly looking about as if on his guard-- After 15
minutes came a crow from the Assabet & alighted cawing about 20 rods from him--& 10 minutes later another-- How alert they are to detect these great birds of prey-- They do not thus pursue ordinary hawks--& their attendance alone might might suggest to unskilful observers the presence of a fish-hawk or eagle-- Some crows up the Assabet--evidently know that he was sitting on that elm far away. He sailed low almost directly over my boat,--fishing. His wings had not obviously that angular form which I thought those of another had the other day.

The old S. sericea is now all alive with the hum of honey bees. This would show that it is in bloom-- I see & hear one // bumble-bee among them--inaugurating summer with his deep base--may it be such a summer to me as it suggests--It sounds a little like mockery however to cheat me again with the promise of such tropical opportunities-- I have learned to suspect him, as I do all fortune-tellers. But no sound so brings round the summer again-- It is like the drum of May-training. This reminds me that men & boys & the most enlightened

212 "H" formed over false start "Th"
213 The word "however" has been altered from something else and HDT has crossed out the bottom tail of a "y" or "g."
214 There is a stray mark under the "a" in "May."
communities still love to march after the 
beating of a drum as do the most aboriginal 
of savages.

2 sternothaerusses which I catch emit no
scent yet-- Hear a thrasher // //
Hear that a shad-bush is out at Lee's //
Cliff--prob about X

Is that willow which I have stringed on
the Island neck215 3 rds S. of oak--the
sericea of above Hemlocks?-- The salix seri-
cea above Hemlocks say 2 days--if the stringed one //
is it, & dif from that 6 ft NE on bank--which
opened with what I have called the W of rock {ones}.

May 2d
Sit without fire today & yesterday //
I compare the 3 rana palustris caught
yesterday--with the male & female of Ap 23d
The males agree very well-- What I have re-
garded as the groundwork--varies from pale
brown to darkly brown--even in the same specimen
at dif. times-- The present female is larger
than that of Ap 23d more than 1/2 inch
longer than her male--& she has the round
dark spots on the orbits & one in front on head--
& also oblong square spots on back-- She is
also dusky brown like male-- None of all
have any green-- I at216 last hear the
note--for 2 are coupled in a firkin in my
under my face
chamber---^ It is made by the male alone--
& is as I supposed the sound of Ap 30th &

---

215 There is a dot after "neck" which might just be a blotch.
216 "at" poss written over "hear"
May 1st-- The **tut tut tut** more

or less rapidly repeated & a frequent
querulous or inquisitive cr-r-rack

1/2 second long. It makes these
sounds only when I excite it by putting
others of its kind near it-- Its pouches
are distended laterally ap. beneath & be-
hind the eye--& not very conspicuous.

Close by--it sounds like a dry belching
sound--the bursting of little bubbles--more
or less rapidly--& the querulous note
may be the same very rapidly repeated--

I doubt if I have heard any sound from
a bull frog in river yet.

Pm Down River--
The staminate Balm of Gilead evidently
yesterday--X (or same as any slip in tumbler
this year & therefore prob. same as in tumbler
last year) The S. Babylonica (fertile,
behind Dodds--is more forward than the
Alba by my boat-- Put it just before it.
See stake-driver-- At mouth of the
Mill brook I hear I should say the true
?R. halecina croak--i.e with the faint bull-
frog like er-er-er intermixed-- Are they still
breeding? Peetweet on a rock.
See & hear the redwings in flocks yet
making a great noise--

---

217 Something is crossed out after the "cr"
If I were to be a frog-hawk for a month I should soon know some things about the frogs. How patiently they skim the meadows—occasionally alighting & fluttering as if it were difficult ever to stand still on the ground— I have seen more of them than usual since I too have been looking for frogs—

Hear a tree-toad—

Pm

Ride to Flints pond—to look for uvularia perfoliata—S. purpurea in Monroe's garden effete—Ap. blooms with our early willows—say 10th of April?

At Hosmers medicinal (?) Spring Everett's Farm—Ra-

nunculus bulbosus abundantly out ap several days

Hear of a peach out in Lincoln X

Probably I heard the black & white creeper Ap 25

I hear it & see it well today.

Comptonia well out—how long?

---

218 Large space in MS.
219 "p" written over a "P"
220 Punctuation mark looks more like an exclamation point in MS.
Viola cucullata how long? Hear of
Robins nests with 4 eggs-- See no
signs of the uvularia perfoliata yet--
ap will not bloom within 10 days.
E. Hoar--brings me a twig of a willow
plucked in Newton which was killed
some weeks ago--when it had just begun
to bloom-- The catkins look peculiarly woolly
& the scales peculiarly rounded or blunt
Is it the eriocephala? Red Dutch
Currant ap XXX but our earliest
gooseberry not yet--perhaps because
there will be but few blossoms on it this
year-- Partridges have been heard drumming.
In the woods near the Uvularia per-
foliata--see & hear a new bird to
me-- At first it was silent--& I
took it for the common pewee--
But bringing my glass to bear on it found
it to be pure white throat & beneath--yellow
on sides of body or wings, greenish yellow
or whitish
back & shoulders--a white ^ ring about
eyes--& a light mark along side of head--
2 white bars on wings--ap. black bill
& dark or perhaps slate colored (?) wings--
& above tail. It surprised me by singing
in a novel & powerful & rich strain.
Yet it may be the white-eyed vireo ^
(which I do not know) if it comes so early.
Nuttall says it comes to Cambridge about the middle of April%
May 4th

The S. pedicillaris by RR. ap not for 2 or 3 days--. The Missouri currant prob today-- X

Pm by boat to Holden swamp--

Willow no 7 of Ap 26 is now in prime--

as is also no 223 5-- To go among the willows now & hear the {beesn} hum is equal to going some hundreds of miles southward--toward summer.

I see along the sides of the river--i.e ^ where the bottom is permanently covered--what I have heretofore called the oat-spawn--attached old V the 8th to ^ pontederia stems &c ^ now some foot or 18 inches under the surface. It is not black & white like that of the R. halecina sylvatica--& palustris--which I can- NB not distinguish from one another--but a pale brown or fawn color--some is pretty fresh or recently laid, others already flattened out--hence--from comparison with my earlier sylvatica & halecina spawn-- I judge Is it not that of the R. fontinalis? that it may have been laid 10 days-- V. June 8th224

At Clam Shell shore I see a clam lying up with open valves

Salix {petiolaris} pedicellaris at staminate Holden swamp ^ out ap. 2 days. XX

It is still warmer than May 1st yet I hear the stertorous tut tut tut of hardly so

223 stray mark after "no"
224 "V. June 8th" part of interlined text ("Is it not that of the R. fontinalis?")
many frogs--(R. palustris chiefly I suppose)
as then. As with the halecina--it
is the 1st sudden heats that excite them
most methinks.

I find hopping in the meadow--a Rana
halecina--much brighter than any I have
seen this year-- There is not only a vivid
green halo about each spot--, but the
light I think this was not the case with any

back is vivid ^ green between the spots-- ^ The
of the hundreds I saw a month ago!! why??
brassy lines along the sides of the back-- & more prominent
are narrower (only about 1/16 of an inch) ^ than
the more fawn-colored lines of the R. palustris--

In this one, which I carry home &
compare with the palustris--there is a
large spot on each orbit but none
on the top of the head in front-- It is
all white beneath--except a tinge of
greenish yellow on the abdomen.

Witherel speaks of the R. palustris as the
yellow legged frog very properly--
// See several bull-frogs along river--but silent
I go into Holden swamp to hear warblers

see a little blue butterfly (or moth)
// (saw one yesterday) fluttering about over the
dry brown leaves in a warm place by the
swamp (below) side making a pleasant
contrast. From time to time have seen
the large vanessa antiopa resting on the
black-willows--like a leaf still adhering--

(As) I sit there by the swamp
side this warm summery pm I

hear the crows cawing hoarsely--& from
time to time see one flying toward the top
of a tall white pine-- At length I dis
tinguish a hen-hawk perched on the top--
The crow repeatedly stoops toward {time}--
now from this side--now from that

drawing passing near his head each
time but he pays not the least
attention to it.

I hear the weese weese weese of the creeper
continuously from the swamp it is the pre-
vailing note there--& methought I heard
a red-start's note? but oftener than
the last I heard the tweezer note--
or acreeper acreek acreek note of the
particolored warbler--bluish above--yellow
& breast
or orange throat ^ white vent--& white
neck above yellowish
on wings-- """" going restlessly over the trees
maples &c by the swamp--in creeper fashion
& as you may hear at the same time the
true creeper's note without seeing it--
you might think--it uttered the creeper's
note also.

The red-wing's though {heare} & there in flocks--
are ap beginning to build--{&} I judge
by their shyness & alarm in the bushes along
the river--& their richer solitary warbling--

Coming back I talk with Witherell

\[225\] drawing goes down to line 9
\[226\] Underline runs through one word so that it seems possible HDT meant to strike it out rather than underline it.
\[227\] T draws horizontal line over caret
at Wm. Wheeler's landing-- He comes
pushing Wheeler's square ended boat
down stream with a fish spear-- says
\(//\) he caught a snapping turtle in
the river May 1st-- He sits on the side
of my boat by the shore a little while
talking with me-- There is a hole in the
knee of his pants as big as your hand-- &
he keeps passing his hand over this slowly
to hide his bare skin-- which is sun burnt
\(\text{(i.e.)} \) & the color of his face-- Though the
latter is reddened by rum of which his
breath smells-- But how intimate he
is with mud & its inhabitants. He says
he caught a large pickerel the other
night with spawn in it yet-- that
Henry Bigelow put many little trout
into that round pond (Green Pond he
calls it) on the Marlboro Road--
which Eldridge Haynes\(^{228}\) caught a few
years after weighing 2 or 3 lbs apiece--
A man told him that he saw a trout
weighing about 1 1/2 lbs darting at a pickerel
& every time he darted he took a bit off
a fin-- & at last the man walked in &
cought the pickerel & it weighed 5 lbs--
This was in Spectacle pond in little-
ton-- A\(^{229}\) fisherman told him once that
the common eel "gendered" into the
river clam & the young fed on the

\(^{228}\) Poss "H" written over "h"
\(^{229}\) horizontal line over "A"
clam till they were big enough to get other food--& hence you found so many dead clams in the river. I asked him if he knew what fish made the stone heaps in the river-- He said the lamprey eel-- He saw one making one last spring--about this time--as he was going across the fields by the river near Tarbells to get seed corn-- It was a single lamprey piling on the stones-- He used to see thousands of them where he lived a boy where the lead-pipe factory was.

Agassiz says in his {Introduction} p 175 "I have known it [the Chelonara serpentina] snapping in the same fierce manner [which some14 body else had described at a later period when it was very young] as it does when full grown, at a time it was still a pale almost colorless embryo, wrapped up in its foetal envelopes, with a yolk larger than itself hanging from its sternum, 3 months before hatching."

May 5

The 2 rana-palustris which I caught May 1st have been coupled ever since in a firkin in my chamber-- They were not coupled when I caught them-- Last31 night I heard them hopping about, for the first time, {or} as if trying to get out. Perhaps the female was trying to find a good place to deposit her spawn-- As soon as I get up I find that she has dropped her spawn--a globular mass wrong or white side up--about 2 inches

---

230 It is difficult to know whether the line here is an underscore, an overstrike, or an inadvertent mark.
231 "L" written over "l"
in diameter--which still adheres to her posterior
& the male still lies on her back--A few
moments later they are separate--The
dam moves about restlessly from time
to time the spawn still attached but soon
it is detached from her posterior--still adhering
to her right {leg} leg, as if merely sticking to
it--In the course of the forenoon--It
becomes quite detached--At night they
are coupled again. The spawn was
not dropt at 10 Pm the evening before
--but apparently in the night. The female
now looked long & dark. This is the first
spawn I have known to be dropped by the R.
by palustris. I should not know it by its
appearance from that of the Sylvatica &
halecina. The only frogs hereabouts whose
spawn I do not know are the bull-frogs
--R fontinalis--& hylodes--The 1st have
not begun to trump & I conclude are not
yet breeding--the last I think must be
nearly done breeding--& prob do not put their
spawn in the river proper--possibly therefore
the oat spawn of yesterday--may be that
? of the R. fontinalis. %V June 8th%23
Saw & heard the small peewee yesterday--
The aspen leaves at Island today appear
// as big as a ninepence--suddenly
May 6th I heard from time to
time--a new note from my rana palus-
tris in the firkin in my chamber. It

232 Appears to be in pencil.
was that strong vibrating purr or prr-rr-
  r-a-a-a -- as if it began with a
  p. lasting 2 or 3 seconds & sometimes longer
      In the firkin near my bed it sounded
  just like a vibrating sliver which struck
  hard and rapidly against the rail belonged
  to--dry like a fine & steady watchman's rattle
  sounding but little while-- I recognized it as a
  sound I hear along the river side-- It was
  like the tut tut tut more sharply & very rapidly
  or closely sounded--perchance-- Perhaps even like
  the tapping of a woodpecker--yes quite like it
thus' close by

      This morning--that spawn laid night before
      last has expanded to 3 1/2" inches in diameter--
      Pm to Trillium Wood.
It is a muggy & louring afternoon
  & I go looking for toad spawn & for
frogs-- In all cases in which I have noticed
frogs coupled this year\textsuperscript{235} the sylvatica--
halecina--& palustris--the female has been
considerably the longest-- The most com-
mon frog that I get sight of along the
brooks & ditches this Pm & indeed for
some weeks in similar localities & even
in some parts of the river shore is what
young
I have called the ^ R. piper.--with
commonly a dull green head & sides of
of head sometimes bright green & back--

\textsuperscript{233} Text appears to be all the way into the left-hand margin and could possibly be then, as well.
\textsuperscript{234} Looks like HDT wrote a 2 initially and changed it to a 3.
\textsuperscript{235} blotch or period after "year"
dusky spotted-- Can this be the bull frog? Is it not the _fontinalis_ with less bright green & a white throat? Some-times it is yellow throated. I saw lately in the river a full grow bull frog with _I think_ a white throat.

I see a _Rana sylvatica_ by a ditch in Stows Meadow 15 rds from the [Trillium] Wood. The _salix rostrata_ staminate flowers are of very peculiar yellow--a a bright--what you might call _yellow_ yellow--

A boy brings me today an _Attacus cecropia_ moth--which has come out of a cocoon in his trunk. It is _I think_ the male--a darke brown above--& considerably larger than mine-- It must be about 7 inches in alar extent.

Minott remembers the _Rana palustris_, or yellow legged one--as "the one that stinks so"--as if that scent were peculiar to it _I suppose_ it is. He says that the white legged one (the _halecina_) was prepared for invalids--ie their legs--as being sweeter-- He says that there used to be a great many more bull frogs
than there are now--& what has got

them he does not know--

About 9 pm I went to the edge

of the river to hear the frogs-- It was a

warm & moist rather foggy evening--&

the air full of the ring of the toad--the

peep of the hylodes--& the low growling
croak--or stertoration of the Rana palus-

tris-- Just there however I did not hear

much of the toad--but rather from the

road--but I heard the steady peeping

of innumerable hylodes for a background

to the palustris snoring--further over the

meadow-- There was a universial snor-

R. //

ing of the ^ palustris all up & down the river

on each side--the very sounds that

mine made in my chamber last night,

(v {l.pb1}) & prob it began in earnest

last evening on the river-- It is a hard

dry unmusical--fine watchman's rattle-like

sterortion--swelling to a speedy conclusion

--lasting say some 4 or 5 seconds usually--
The rhythm of it is like that of the toad's

ring--but not the sound-- This is considerably

like that of the tree toad when you think

of it critically after all--but is not so

musical or sonorous as that even

There is an occasional more articulate

querrulous or rather quivering alarm note

such as I have described [May 2nd]--
Each shore of the river now for its whole length is all alive with
It is such a sound as I make in my throat when I imitate the growling of
this stertorous purring ^ -- I have heard
wild animals in my throat
a little of it at intervals for a week--in the warmest days--but
now at night it universal all
along the river-- If the note of the R halecina April 3rd was the first
awakening of the river meadows this is the 2nd--(considering the hylodes
(?)
& toads less ^ peculiarly of the river meadows)-- Yet236 how few distinguish
this sound at all--& I know not one who can tell what frog makes it--
though it is almost as universal as the breeze itself-- The sounds
of those 3 reptiles now fill the air-- esp. at night-- The toads are most
regardless of the light--& regard less a cold day than the r. palus-
tris does-- In the mornings now I hear no R. palustris & no hylodes--but
a few toads still--but now at night all ring237 together--the toads
ringing238 through the day--the hylodes begin-
ing in earnest toward night--& the palus--
tris at evening-- I think that the
different epochs in the revolution of the
seasons may perhaps be best marked by the
notes of reptiles--they express as it were
the very feelings of the earth or nature--
They are perfect thermometers--hygrometers--
& barometers--

One of our cherries opens
I heard a myrtle% birds tull-lull yesterday
& that somebody else heard it 4 or 5 days ago--
Many are catching pouts this louring

Pm in the little meadow by Walden--

The thinker--he who is serene & self-
possessed is the brave--not the desperate soldier.
He who can deal with his thoughts as
a material building them into poems in which
future generations will delight--he is
the man of the greatest & rarest vigor--
not sturdy diggers & lusty polygamists
He is the man of energy in whom subtle
& poetic thoughts are bred-- Common men
can enjoy partially--they can go a fishing
rainy days--they can read poems perchance
but they have not the vigor to beget poems--
They can enjoy feebly but they cannot
create. Men talk of freedom--! How many
are free to think? Free from fear--from
perturbation--from prejudice? 999 in a
1000 are perfect slaves. How many can

239 "myrtle" cancelled in pencil
240 "the" inserted
exercise the highest human faculties?

He is the man truly--courageous--wise

--ingenious--who can use his thoughts

& extacies as the material of fair &
durable creations. One man shall

derive from the fisherman's story more

than the fisher has got who tells it-- The

mass of men do not know how to culti-
vate the fields they traverse-- The

mass glean only a scanty pittance where

the thinker reaps an abundant har-

vest-- What is all your building if you
do not build with thoughts?

No exercise implies more real manhood & vigor--than joining thought to thought.

How few men can tell what they have thought!

I hardly know half a dozen who are not

too lazy for this. ^241 You conquer fate

%They cannot get over some difficulty--therefore they are

by thought. If you think the fatal

on the long^{242} way {round --}§243

thought of men & institutions--you need

never pull the trigger-- The consequences

of thinking inevitably follow. There is no

more Herculean task than to think a thought

about this life & then get it expressed.

Horticulturalists think that they make

flower gardens--though in their thoughts

they are barren & flowerless--but to

the poet the earth is a flower garden

---

241 caret is upside down in MS

242 something crossed out above "long"

243 Interlined text appears to be in pencil and round is the word used in the 1906 edition but without the dash, which appears to be correct if the word is, in fact, round.
wherever he goes—or thinks—Most men
can keep a horse—or keep up a certain
fashionable style of living—but few indeed
can keep up great expectations. They
justly think very meanly of themselves—

May 7th 58

Plant melons—Hear young blue— //
birds in the box—Did I not see a //
bank swallow fly by—? //

Cousin Charles says that he drove
grandmother over to Weston the 2d of
may14 on the 3d it snowed &
he rode about there in a sleigh on the
4th & the 5th when he returned in a
chaise to Concord it was considered dangerous
on account of the drifts.

Pm to Assabet by Tarbels—

I see the 2d Amelanchier—well out
by RR. how long elsewhere? The wild gooseberry
here & there along the edge of river in front
of Tarbell’s like our 2d one—{was} ap. as early
as in garden & will open in a few days.

I see a wood tortoise by the river there—half-
covered with the old withered leaves—Taking it
up I find that it must have lain perfectly
still there for some weeks, for though
all the grass is ^ green about it245 when I take
it up it leaves just such a bare cavity

2441 inch + space between “May” and “on”
245poss “it” written over “—”
in which are seen the compressed
white roots of the grass only--as when
you take up a stone. This shows
how sluggish these creatures are--
It is quite lively when I touch it--
but I see that it has some time
lost the end of its tail--possibly
it has been sick-- Yet there was
another crawling about within 4 or
5 feet. It seems then that it will
lie just like a stone for weeks im-
moveably in the grass. It lets the season
slide. The male yel. spotted & also
wood turtle have very distinctly depressed
sternums--but not so the male E. pictas
that I have noticed. The earliest ap-
ple trees begin to leave & to show green
veils against the ground & the sky.
See already a considerable patch of viola pedata on the dry bushy
bank NE of Tarbells--
May 8
Pm to stone heaps--
Mr Wright of the Factory village with
whom I talked yesterday--an old fisherman--
remembers the lamprey eels well--which
he used to see in the Assabet then but
thinks that there have been none in the
river for a dozen years & that the stone
heaps are not made by them

246. blotch
I saw one ap. just formed, yesterday\(^{247}\) could find none Ap. 15th. The caret here could be a V, but HDT does not refer to the stone heaps on the 7th.

This afternoon I overheard 2 new ones in the river opposite Prescott Barrett's & get up more than a peck of stones—The nests are quite large & very high rising to within a foot of the surface where the water is some 3 feet deep— I cannot detect any ova or young fishes or eels in the heap but a great many insects—pashas with 2 tails—& I think some little leeches only—The larger stones are a little longer than a hen's egg—but the greatest part of the heap is merely a coarse gravel.

I see a great deal of the *cat* spawn—generally just flat-ted out in that long\(^{248}\) poke-logan by the Assabet Bath place— It is over the coarse weedy—(Pontederia & yel lily stubble) and not the grassy bottom—commonly where there is more or less water all summer.

The Herb of St. Barbara X. Broke off a twig of Pritchard's Canada plum in the evening from which I judge that it may have opened today X (?) May 9th

\(^{247}\) *Yesterday* appears to replace this *Pm* and is separate from *could find none April 15th*. The caret here could be a V, but HDT does not refer to the stone heaps on the 7th.

\(^{248}\) Stray mark between "long" and "poke"
See in Ludwigia palustris ditch

on Hubbard’s land—evidently toad-
or
// spawn already hatched—± flatted out
I distinguish the long strings, now straighter
than usual & floating thin on the surface--
It is less obvious than frog spawn--& might
easily be overlooked on a slimy surface.
I can distinguish the little pollywogs
while yet in the ova by their being quite
small & very black. This makes the
5th kind of frog or toad spawn that I
have detected this year--

See in the Holden Swamp Wood the
bird of May 3d-- It has sly & inquisitive
ways holding down its head & looking at
me at some distance off-- It has a distinct
white line along the bill & about the eye--
& no yellow there, as is said of the white-
Eyed vireo—& I am now inclined to think
// it the solitary vireo—? whose song is
not described & which is considered rare.
I should say it had a blue-slate head--
& I note, a distinct yellowish vent—which
none of the vireos are allowed to have!!
The sides of the body are distinctly yellow--
but there is none at all on the throat or
breasts--
// Vac. pennsylvanicum—how long? by owl--

249 Large space in MS between small and 6.
nest tree. The particolored warbler

is very common & musical there--my tweezer

bird--making the screech screech screech

note-- It is an almost incessant singer

& a very handsomely marked bird-- It frequents

the spruce trees--at regular intervals pausing

as it flits hops & creeps about from limb to

limb or up the main stem--& holding up its head

--utters its humble notes--like ah twze

   twze twze, or ah twze twze twze twze.

I notice very large clams ap. the unio

v. [2] specimen in drawer

complanatus ^ or common in west meadow

bank near the road--one more than 4 1/2

inches long-- I have before seen them very large

A dandelion perfectly gone to seed -- a

in books. complete globe--a system in itself.252

My Rana palustris spawn layed in house May 5

in the sun this rm swells & rises to the surface in

the jar--so that the uppermost ova pro-

ject slightly above it.

May 10th

A rather warm & pleasant--day

going down town in the morning--I hear--

the warbling vireo--golden robin--cat-

bird--& summer yellow-bird-- For some

days the salix alba have shown their

yellow wreaths here & there--suggesting the

coming of the yellow bird--& now they are

alive with them--

About 8 1/2 Am I go down the river to Ball's Hill
As I paddle along--hear the Mary-
//land yellow throat--the bobolink--the
//oven-bird--& this yellow-throated vireo--

That early glaucous--sharp pointed erect
sedge--grass like by the river side is
now ap in prime-- Is it the C.aquatilis?
I hear in several places the low dumping
notes of awakened bull-frogs--what I
// call their pebbly notes--as if they were
cracking pebbles in their mouths--not
the plump dont dont or ker dont but
kerdle dont dont-- As if they sat round
mumbling pebbles. At length near Ball's
// Hill I hear the first regular bull-
frogs trump--some fainter ones far off
are very like the (loooing) of cows-- This sound
heard low & far over the meadows--
when the warmer hours have come grandly
inaugurates the summer-- I perspire with
rowing in my thick coat--& wish I had worn
a thin one-- This trumpeter marching or leap-
ing in the van ^ of summer--whom I now
hear coming on over the green meads
seems to say--take off your coat--
take off your coat--take off your
cloth! He says here comes a gale that I
can breath--this is something like--this is
what I call summer-- I see 3 or 4
of them sitting silent together in one
warm meadow bay-- Evidently their breeding sea-
son now begins. But they are soon silent as
yet--& it is only an occasional & transient
trump that you hear-- That season which
is bounded in the north--on the spring side
at least by the trump of the bull-frog. This
note is like the first colored petals within the
calyx of a flower-- It conducts us toward the
germ of the flower summer-- He knows no
winter-- I hear in his tone the rumours of sum-
mer heat-- By his note he summons the
season-- Not till the air is of that quality
that it can support this sound--does he emit
it-- it requires a certain sonorousness-- The van
is lead by the croaking wood frog & the little peeping
hylodes--& at last comes this pursy trumpeter--
The air growing more & more genial & even sultry
as well as sonorous. As soon as nature is ready
for him to play his part--she awakens him with
a warmer perchance a sultry breath--& excites
him to sound his trombone. It reminds me at
once of tepid waters--& of bathing. His trump
is to the ear what the yellow lily or spatterdock
is to the eye-- He swears by the powers of mud.

It is enough for the day to have heard
only the first half trump of an early awakened
one--from far in some warm meadow bay
It is a certain revelation & anticipation of
the livelong summer to come-- It gives leave
to the corn to grow & to the heavens to
thunder & lighten-- It gives leave to the
invalid to take the air-- Our climate
is now as tropical as any-- It says
Put out your fires & sit in the fire which
the Sun has kindled.

I hear from some far meadow(s) bay--(across
the Great Meadows) The half sounded
trump of a bull frog this warm morning--
It is like the tap of a drum when human legions
are mustering. It reminds me that summer
is now in earnest mustering her forces--
& that ere long I shall see their waving
plumes & glancing armor--& hear the full
bands & steady tread. The bull-frog is
earths trumpeter--at the head of the terrestrial
band--he replies to the sky with answering
// thunder.253 I see still 5 or 6 ducks
which I scare from the Great Meadows
Some may be going to breed here--

How much expression there is in the viola
pedata! I do not know on the whole but
it is the handsomest of them all, it is
so large--& grows in such large masses--
Yet I have thought there was a certain
shallowness in its expression-- Yet it spreads
so perfectly open with its face turned up-
ward--that you get its whole expression.

Pm to Walden--

253 long space after "thunder"
R. W. E is sure that he heard a cuckoo today //
A hair bird's nest in his yard with one egg-- //
The Northern wild red cherry by Everett's--ap tomorrow XXX //
Hear in various woods the yorrick254 note of //
the veery--so the bird seen long since prob was not the //
veery-- A boy found yesterday 1 or 2 of the fringed //
polygala out-- X //

It is remarkable how many new birds have come //
all at once today-- The hollow sounding note of //
the oven bird is heard from the depth of the //
wood-- The warbling vireo--cheers the elms with a //
strain for which they must have pined-- The trees //
in respect to these new arrivers--have been so many empty //
music halls-- The oriole is seen darting like //
a bright flash with clear whistle from one tree //
top to another over the street-- The very catbirds //
mew in the copse harmonizes with the bare //
them //
twigs--as it were shaming ^ into life & verdure--& soon //
he mounts upon a tree & is a new creature //
Toward night wood-thrush ennobles the //
wood & the world with his strain.255 //

May 11th 58 //

Pm Wishing to get one of the little Brook (?) //
pickerel, of Hubbards ditches--in the arethusa //
meadow-- I took a line in my pocket & baiting //
with a worm--& cutting a pole there I caught //
2 directly. The biggest was 9 inches //
long & thickly barred transversely with broken //
dark greenish brown lines--alternating with golden //

254 See "Natural History of Massachusetts" by HDT //
255 period or blotch //
ones. The back was the dark greenish brown
with a pale brown dorsal line. Both have
the vertical dark or black line beneath the
eyes & appearing with the pupille & a mark
noticed the same in the reticulatus the other day
above to pass through it. ^ The head[s] i.e. to
the rear of the gills just 1/4 the whole length.
from the front of the eye to the end of the
lower jaw about 1/9 the whole length. In the
largest specimen the lower jaw projects 1/11 of
an inch beyond the upper\n. I put the small
7/ one 6 or 7 inches long in spirits. Opening
the larger I found that it was a female
& that the ova were few & small as yet!!
I also found that ap. its last food was another
pickerel 2/3 as big as itself--the tail end
not yet digested. So it appears that
you may dig a ditch in the river meadow--
for the sake of peat--4 though it have no
other connection with brook or river ex-
cept that it is occasionally over flowed
though only 20 or 30 feet long by 3 or 4
wide & 1 to 3 deep-- You may have pickerel
in it 9 inches long at least--4 these live
in part by devouring one another-- Surely
it cannot be many pickerel that the
bigger ones find to devour there-- You might
think they would have more sympathy with
their fellow prisoners. This ditch--or these
ditches--for I caught one in 2 ditches--
have not been over-flowed or connected

---

256 "upper" written over "lower"
with the brook or river since the spring of 57--I think--certainly not any of them since last fall. Yet you may find a few sizeable pickerel in such narrow quarters-- I have seen them several together in much smaller & shallower ditches there --& they will bury themselves in the sand at your approach-- Yet opening one you may perchance discover that he has just swallowed his sole surviving companion! You can easily distinguish the transverse bars--a rod off--where the fish is in the water-- Melvin says they get to weigh about 2 lbs. It appears to be the Esox fasciatus V May 27

May 12th '58

Chimney swallows--

Pm up Assabet-- On the 8th I noticed a little pickerel recently dead in the river--with a slit in its upper lip 3/4 inch long--ap where a hook had pulled out out There was a white fuzzy swelling at the end of the snout accordingly & this ap. had killed it.

It rained last night & now I see the elm seed or samarae generally fallen or falling It not only strews the street but the surface of the river--floating off in green patches to plant at the shores. The rain evidently hastened its fall. This must be the earliest of trees & shrubs to go to seed or drop its seed-- The white maple keys have not fallen. The elm seed

257 The line beginning It appears and ending V May 27 looks like it was added later.
floats off down the stream & over the meadows--& thus these trees are found bordering the stream-- By the way I notice that birches--near meadows where there is an exceedingly gentle inclination grow in more or less parallel lines a foot or 2 apart--parallel with the shore--Apparently the seed having been dropt there either by a freshet or else lodged in the parallel waving hollows of the snow--

It clears off in the forenoon--& promises to be warm in the Pm (though it at last becomes cool) I see now as I go forth on the river-- the first summer shower coming up in the N. W.--a dark & well defined cloud with rain falling sheaflike from it--but fortunately moving off NE along the horizon--or down the river-- The peculiarity seems to be that the sky is not generally overcast--but elsewhere S & NE is a fair weather sky--with only innocent cummuli &c in it-- The thunder cloud is like the ovary of a perfect flower-- Other showers are merely staminiferous or barren-- There are 20 barren to one fertile-- It is not commonly till
thus late in the season that the fertile
are seen-- In the thunder cloud--so distinct
& condensed--there is a positive energy--
I notice the first as the bursting of the
pollen cells in the flower of the sky.

Waded through the W of rock or Wheeler
& the next day over the large meadow S.
meadow-- ^ but I find no frog spawn there!!
much I do not even notice tadpoles
There is ^ less water there than a month ago--?
beside that those places are now half full of grass. Some pools where was
Where then do the R. palustris lay their
spawn are about dried up(!) as that in Stows land by RR. Where are the tadpoles?--
spawn-- I think in the river because it is
there I hear them--but I cannot see any--
Perhaps they choose pretty deep water now it so warm--
Now & for a week I have noticed {a}
with wrinkled edges
few pads ^ blown up by the wind-- Already
coarse
the ^ grass along the meadow shore--or
where it is wettest is a luxuriant green--
--answering in {is} deep dark color to the thunder
cloud--both summer phenomena--as if it
too had some lightning in its bosom.

Some early brakes at the Island woods are
a foot high--& already opened 3
or 4 inches-- The polygonatum pubescens
is strongly huddled--
The S. lucida--above Assabet Spring will
not open for several days--

The early form of the cinque-foil is
now ap. in prime--& very pretty spotting
the banks with its clear bright yellow--
See ap young toad-tadpoles now judging
from their blackness--now quite free from the
eggs or spawn.
If I remember rightly the toad is colored & spotted more like a frog at this season when it is found in the water.

Observed an Emys insculpta as often before with the rear edge on one side of its shell broken off for a couple of inches as if nibbled by some animal--Do not foxes or musquash do this?

In this case the under jaw was quite (nervy)-- Found a large water adder--by the edge of Farmers large mud-hole

--which abounds with tadpoles & frogs on which prob it was feeding. It was sunning on the bank & would faced me & dart its head toward me when I tried to drive it from the water-- It is barred above--but indistinctly when out of water--so that it then appears almost undiformly dark brown

broad--but in the water--but in the water ^ reddish brown bars are seen very distinctly alternating with very dark brown ones-- The head was

very flat--& suddenly broader than the neck behind {drawing}-- Beneath it was whitish flesh color & reddish ^ . It was about 2 inches in diameter at the thickest part-- They are the biggest & most formidable looking snakes that we have. The inside of its mouth & throat are pink. It was awful to see it wind along the bottom of the ditch at--
last--raising wreathes of mud--amid the tadpoles--to which it must be a very sea-
serpent. I afterward saw another running under Sam Barrets grist-mill the same Pm. //
He said that he saw a water snake--which
he distinguished from a black snake--in an apple tree near by--last year with a young robin in its mouth--having taken it from the nest. There was a cleft or fork in the tree which enabled it to ascend.

Find the Viola Muhlenbergii abundantly //
out--(how long?) in the meadow SW of Farmer's Spring.

The cinnamon & interrupted ferns are both //
about 2 feet high in some places. The first is more uniformly wooly down the stem--the other other, though very woolly at top being the wool of the last is coarser partly bare on the stem ^ -- George the carpenter says that he used to see a great many stone heaps in the Saco in Bartlett near the White Mts--like {there} in the Assabet--& that there were no lampreys there & they called them "{Snakes} heaps."

Saw some unusually broad chestnut planks jut sawed at the mill-- Barrett said that they came from Lincoln--whereupon I said that I guessed I knew where they came from--judging by their size alone258--& it turned out that I was right. I had

258“alone” written over “along”
often gathered the nuts of those very trees
--& had observed within a year that they were
cut down-- So it appears that we have
come to this that if I see any peculiarly
large chestnuts at the saw mill I
can guess where they come from--even
know them in the log. These planks
were quite shaky & the heart had fallen out
of one. Barrett said that it was apt to be
the case with large chestnut. They use this
wood for coffins instead of black walnut.

May 13th

Pm to Island--
// Uvularia sessilifolia is well out in Island
woods--op. Bath rock--how long?

The small willows which have a
loose fertile catkin now--like that W
of rock--& which I think is in the
main sanctolariar, have not brittle twigs259
at base--like the 2 forms of sericea--

? I am bothered however by finding that
the leaves of the fertile plants--are, as far
as I observed this Pm--entire--while those
of the W. of rock pressed--& of some ^ sterile ones
which I take to be the same as west of rock--
though growing with the first as if the same
plant--one already sessile! Can there
be 2 species with loose catkins--or is my
narrow glaucous serrate one--the sterile of
a dif. species from the entire {leaves}?--?

now

? I {can} ^ {entire} leaves are the small sericea above? no260

The early willows now show great
green wands a foot or 2 long consisting //
[worm]-like
of curled ^ catkins 3 inches long--
now in their prime-- They present conspicuous
masses of green now before the leaves are
like the fruit of the elm at present
noticeable--" Some have begun to show their

down-- So this is ap. the next tree (or shrub?)
after the elm to shed its seeds--
A betula populifolia by elm edge of Hill Meadow ap. X //
not the earliest place--
I wade through the great Lee Farm Meadow--
Many E. picta which I see have261 perfectly
fresh & clear black scales now-- I can even
see the outlines of the bony plates beneath
impressed in the scales-- These turtles abound
now in the shallow pools in the meadows
with {dirty} grassy or weedy bottoms-- I notice
on one--part of whose rear marginal plate is broken
2 small claw like horny appendages on the
skin just over the tail--
{Viola} lanceolata how long? //

As I sat in my boat near the Bath rock
at Island--I saw a red squirrel--steal light
slyly up a red maple as if he were in search
of a bird's nest, (though it is early for most)
& I thought I would see what he was at--
He crept far out on the slender branches
& reaching out his neck--nibbled off the
fruit stems--sometimes bending them withing
reach with his paw & then squatting on

261 Have might be bear.
the twig he voraciously devoured the
half grown keys--using his paws
to (put them in) direct them to his mouth
as a nut-- Bunch after bunch he
plucked and ate, letting many fall,
& he made an abundant if not sumpt-
tuous feast--the whole tree hanging red
with fruit around him. It seemed like
a fairy fruit as I sat looking toward
the sun--& saw the red keys made all
glowing & transparent by the sun between
me & the body of the squirrel. It was
certainly a cheering sight--a cunning red
squirrel perched on a slender twig between
you & the sun--feasting on the handsome
red maple keys. He nibbled voraciously as
if they were a sweet & luscious fruit to him.
What an abundance & variety of food is
now ready for him! At length when
the wind suddenly began to blow hard &
shake the twig on which he sat, he quickly
ran down a dozen feet.

The large globular masses of oat-spawn
often on the very top of the old pontederia
stems--and also on the shooting Equisetum
limosum--of the same color with the
weeds & bottom--look like seedy fruit which is divested of its
rind.
May 14th

5 1/2 Am up RR--

Hear & see the Red-eye on an oak

The tail is slightly forked--& ap 3/4 inch

beyond wings--all whitish beneath. Hear & see

a red-start-- Methinks I did also on the 10th?

The rhythm a little way off is **ah-tche tohe tchear**

10 Am to Hill

A Kingbird-- saw a young robin dead

Sassafras X Saw the viola palmata

early form yesterday how long? Look at white avens

shore. See what I call vernal grass

in bloom in many places-- X

large & small or loose {catkined}

The S. sericea ^ & the petiolaris ^ (so far as I

know their staminate flowers) are now out

some of its catkins now 3 1/2" inches long of bloom. The rostrata not quite done ^

not quite done ?

The alba ^ (abundantly blooms generally done) -- s. pedicellaris by RR about done--& the Torreyana done

Picked up floating an E. picta hatched last

year-- It is 1 1/20 of an inch long in the upper shell--

& agrees with Agassiz's description at that age--

Agassiz says he could never obtain a specimen of with--& (young) Emydidae are so aquatic-- I have

seen them frequently--

Today for the first time, it appears to me summer-like--& a new season. There is a tender

green on the meadows & just leafing trees--the

blossoms of the cherry--peach--pear &c are

conspicuous--& the air is suddenly full of

\[262"3 1/2" written over "3 to 4"\]
fragrance-- Houses are seen to stand amid
blossoming fruit trees & the air about
them is full of fragrance & the music of
birds.

As I go down the RR at evening I hear
the incessant evening song of the bay-wing
from far over the fields-- It suggests pleasant
associations. Are they not heard chiefly at
? this season? The fruit of the early aspen
is almost as large--its catkins--as those
of the early willow-- It will soon be ripe--
The very common pu*ffed* up yellow ovaries make
quite a show like some normal fruit--
even quite pretty.

that
I discovered this morning ^ a large rock--3 ft.
in diameter--was partially hollow--& broke
into it at length with a stone--in order
to reach some large black crystals, which
I could partly see-- I found that it had
been the retreat of a squirrel & it had
left many nuts there-- It had entered a
small hole bristling with crystals--& there
found a chamber or grotto a foot long
at least--surrounded on all sides by crystals.
They thus explore & carry their nuts into every
crevise--even in the rocks--

// Celandine by cemetery XXX-- One tells me he saw today the arum flower-- I find it
well out the 16th-- --see dioecious specimens. 263

May 15th

7 1/2 Am Ride to the Shawsheen in the
// NE of Bedford-- An apple tree on hill side
// below Bull's--X-- Meadow saxifrage well out

263 Interlined text begins with Celandine and ends with specimens.
many of them at the tan-yard meadow--

The Equisetum limosum will \_\_\_\_ open there in 2 or 3 days-- Thalictrum dioicum abundant-- ap in prime how long? It is a very interesting esp. the sterile graceful & delicate plant--" with its pretty commonly purple petal-like sepals & its conspicuous long yellow anthers in little bare clusters (?) trembling over the meadow. Yet a frail & rather inobvious plant. It grows on moist commonly rocky slopes next to meadows at the base of hills-- or by rocks in rather swampy woods.
The meadows are now full of sedges in bloom which shed clouds of pollen & cover my shoes with it.

The cassia has not come up yet.

High blueberry well out--

Hear the evergreen forest note-- Also in rather low ground in Bedford a note much like the summer yel bird's or bet. that & the redstart-- & see the bird quite near but hopping quite low on the bushes-- It looked like the yel-bird with a bluish-ash top of head. What was it? Prob. Particolored warbler--v {n p b. l.}.

The shad bush in bloom is now conspicuous-- its white flags on all sides-- Is it not the most massy & conspicuous of any wild plant now in bloom. I see where the farmer mending his fence has just cut one to make part of the fence-- & it is stretched out horizontally a mass of white bloom--

Measured 2 apple trees-- by the road from the middle of Bedford to Fitch's mill-- One which divided at the ground-- was 13 1/2 feet in circumference there-- around the double trunk
But another in a field on the opposite side of the road—was the more remarkable tree for size. This tree was exceedingly low for the size of its trunk & the top rather small. At 3 ft from the ground it measured 10 1/4 ft in circumference—and immediately above this sent off a branch as big as a large apple tree—It was hollow & on one side part of the trunk had fallen out. These trees mark the residence of an old settler evidently.

May 16th 58

Am Up Assabet-- Aralia nudicaulis at // island XXX. The leaf-stalks are often eaten off—prob by some quadruped— The flower // buds of the C. florida are 5/8 inch in diameter // The upright cerastium on the rock ap X but without petals— // The Salix lucida will hardly bloom within 2 days

The s. Torreyana catkins are so reddish that at a little distance it looks somewhat like the common black cherry now leafing. // A Humming bird yesterday—came into the next house & was caught. Flew about our parlor to-day & tasted Sophias flowers. In some lights you saw none of the colors of its throat— In others in the shade the throat was a clear bright scarlet—but in the sun it glowed with splendid metallic fiery reflections about the neck—& throat—. It uttered from time to time as it flew a faint squeaking chirp or chirrup. The hum sounded more hollow when it approached a flower— Its wings fanned the
air so forcibly that you felt the cool wind
they raised a foot off--& nearer it was very {remarkable}
Does not this very motion of the wings keep a bird
cool in hot weather?
The only indigenous willow I noticed yesterday
on the Shawsheen a mile below Fitch's
mill was the small sericea--such as by
Assabet white maple-- What was that
loud but distant note of a bird--ap.
in the lowland--somewhat like the
Guinea hen note--also reminding me a little
of the plover about Truro light--{but} ap
a hawk--? Got quite a view down the
valley of the Shawsheen below the junction
of Vine Brook--N. E. from a hill in the extreme
NE of Bedford.

Pm to uvularia perfoliata at F. Pond.
See again the warbler of yesterday-- All bright
yellow beneath and ap. bluish slate above--but
I do not see it well. Its note with little vari-
ation is like twit twit, twit twit, twitter
twitter twee. It must be the particolored warbler
Sat down in the sun in the path
through Wright's wood lot above Goosepond--{but soon} hearing a slight rustling
I looked around and saw a very large
about 5 feet long
black snake ^ on the dry leaves about
a rod off-- When I moved it vibrated
its tail very ¥ rapidly & smartly which

^G" written over "g"
made quite a loud rustling or rattling sound reminding me of the rattle snake--as if many snakes obeyed the same instinct as the rattle-snake when they vibrate their tails. Once I thought I heard a low hiss.(?)-- It was on the edge of a young wood of oaks & white a few ^ pines from 10 to 18 feet high--the oaks as yet bare of leaves-- As I moved toward the snake I thought it would take refuge in some hole--but it appeared that it was out on a scout & did not know of any place of refuge near-- Suddenly as it moved along it erected itself half its length--& when I thought it was preparing to my surprise to strike at me^^ it glided up a slender oak sapling about an inch in diameter at the ground & 10 feet high-- It ascended this easily & quickly--at first I think, slanting its body over the lowest twig of the next tree-- There were 7 little branches for 9 feet averaging about the size of a pipe stem. It moved up in a somewhat zig zag manner availing itself of the branches--yet also (^) in part spirally about the main stem. It finds {finaly} a rest (or hold if necessary) for its neck or forward part of its body--moving
crosswise the small twigs--then draws up the rest of its body. (→) From the top of this little oak it passed into the top of a white pine of the same height 1 1/2 inches in diameter & 2 feet off at the ground "--from this into another oak 15 feet high & 3 feet from the pine--from this to another oak 3 feet from the last & about the same height--from this to a larger oak or 4 about 4 feet off & 3 ^ inches in diameter-- in which it was about 14 feet from the ground--thence through 2 more oaks -- a little lower--at intervals of 4 feet & white so into a ^ pine--& at last into a smaller white pine & thence to the ground-- The distance in a straight line from where it left the ground to where it descended was about 25 feet--& the greatest height it reached about 14 feet. It moved quite deliberately for the most part--choosing its course from tree to tree with great skill--& resting from time to time while it watched me-- Only my approach compelling it to move again. It surprised me very much to see it cross-- from tree to tree exactly like a squirrel--where there appeared little or no support for such a body-- It would glide down the proper twig--its body resting at intervals of a foot or 2 on the smaller
side twigs perchance--& then would

easily cross an interval of 2 feet--
sometimes in an ascending sometimes
a descending direction-- If the latter, its
weight at last bent the 1st twig
down nearer to the opposite one--
It would extend its neck very much
as I could see by the increased width
of the scales exposed--till its neck rested
across the opposite twig--hold on tight
tightly
all the while ^ to some part of the last
twig by the very tip of its tail which was
curled round it just like a monkeys--
I have hardly seen a squirrel rest
on such slight twigs--as it would rest
on in mid air--only 2 or 3 not
bigger than a pipe stem, while its
body stretched clear apart at least between
2 trees-- It was not at all like creeping
over a coarse basket work--but suggested
long practice & skill--like the rope dancers--
There were no limbs for it to use comparable
for size with its own body--& you hardly
noticed the few slight twigs it rested on as
it glided through the air-- When its
neck settled on the opposite twig, it was
as it were glued to it-- It helped itself
over or up them as surely as if it grasped
with a hand-- There were no doubt rigid
kinks in its body when they were needed for
support-- It is a sort of endless hook--
& by its ability to bend its body in every direction
it finds some support on every side-- Perhaps
the edges of its scales give it a hold also--

It is evident that it can take the
young birds out of a sapling of any height
and no twigs are so small & pliant as
to prevent it. Pendulous sprays would be
the most difficult for it--where the twigs
are more nearly parallel with the main one as
well as nearly vertical--but even then it might
hold on by its tail while it its head hung be-
low. I have not doubt that this snake could
have reached many of the oriole nests which
I have seen.

I noticed that in its anger its ^ neck was very
much flattened or compressed vertically. At
length it coiled itself upon itself as if to strike
& I presenting a stick it struck it smartly &
then darted away--running swiftly down the
hill toward the pond.

Yellow butterflies-- Nabalus leaves are
already up & coming up--in the wood paths--
Also the radical leaves of one var. of S arguta
& ap. of S. altissima are conspicuously up.

A golden crowned thrush hops quite near-- It
is quite small about the size of the creeper--
with the upper part of its breast thickly & dis-
tinctly pencilled with black—a tawny head

& utters now only a sharp cluck for a

// chirp-- Nemopanthus XXX

See & hear a redstart, the rhythm of

whose strain is tse tse, tse tse, tse

emphasizing the last syllable of all--

not ending with the common tsear. Hear

// the night warbler-- The uvularia perfoliata

which did not show itself at all on the 3d

is now conspicuous--& one is open but

// will not shed pollen before tomorrow XXX

It has thrust shot up about 10 inches in one case & bloomed within 13 days!!

// Ranunculus repens at Bristers spring--How long

Was that R. repens at the Everett spring on

// the 3d-- %yes-- % The whippoorwill heard.

E. Hoar detected the other day 2 ovaries

under one scale of a salix rostrata--

& under another a stamen & another stamen

converted into an ovary--

May 17th

Louring & more or less rainy--

Pm to Ledum Swamp--

Near Beomyces bank I see the Salix

// humilis showing its down or cotton--& also

As I see the last still in bloom on the 20th on a N. side hill—perhaps this was a very small humilis?

// the S. tristis ?— Prob. the last is wholly

out of bloom some time— These then have

// ripe seed before the white maple.

It rains gently from time to time as I walk

--but I see a farmer with his boys— John

Hosmer still working in the rain, bent on
finishing his planting—He is slowly getting
a soaking—quietly dropping manure in the
furrows—This rain is good for thought—
--it is especially agreeable to me as I
enter this wood & hear the soothing dripping
on the leaves-- It domiciliates me in
Nature—The woods are the more like
a house for the rain--the few slight noises
sound more hollow in them--the
birds hop nearer--the very trees seem still
& pensive-- The clouds are but a higher
roof-- The clouds & rain confine me to near
objects the surface of the earth & the
trees-- On the first holdings up in the
intervals of the rain the chewink\[266] is heard
again & the huckleberry bird--& the
evergreen forest-note. &c I am coming in
sight of the Charles Miles house—What
a pleasant sandy road soaking up the
rain—that from the woods to the Miles
house! The house becomes a controlling feature
in the landscape where there is but one or 2
in sight.

The red maple tops 10 days ago looked
like red paint scaling off—when seen against
houses—Now they have acquired a browner red
The T. grandidentata now shows large
silvery downy—but still folded leafets.
You are more than paid for a wet

\[266]\text{"k" written over "g"}
coat & feet not only by the exhilaration that the fertile moist air im-
parts but by the increased fragrance--& more gemlike character of expanding buds & leaflets in the rain. All vegetation is now fuller of life & expression somewhat like lichens in wet weather--and the grass. Buds are set in syrup or amber.

Measured the large apple tree in front of the Charles Miles house-- It is 9 ft 10/12 in circumference at 2 1/2 feet from the ground--the smallest place below the branches--which are now 4 once 5 (one being cut--starting at about 5 feet from the ground & each as big as a good sized modern tree-- The top is large-- The trunk looks healthy & is scarcely larger at the ground than where measured-- It is large for an oak--a sturdy looking tree--reminding one of the portly bodies of some of our grand-
fathers. It is not grafted. Once stood by the fence.

While I was measuring the tree Puffer came along & I had a long talk with him--standing under the tree in the cool sprinkling rain till we shivered. He said that he had seen pout spawn attached to the under side of the white lily pads!! He thought he knew it from having seen it in their bodies. He thought that the pickerel spawn was dropt in deep water & was devoured
by pouts & eels--wondered where eels bred--
& how--for he never detected any spawn in them.
Had been told (like Witherel) that they gendered
into (i.e. copulated with) the clam. Told
of a winter some 15 years ago when
there was a freshet in February--& the snapping
turtles thought it was spring & came up with
it on to the meadows--but it froze & the
ice settled on them & killed them when
the water went down--& they were found dead
in great numbers in the spring--one
that must have weighed 100 lbs. Had seen
pickerel that had been frozen 4 or 5 hours
brought to life in water-- Said that the
black snake layed 8 or 10 eggs in
a--field-- Once killed a very large
water adder--& counted over 60 little snakes
in it an inch or 2 long--& that was not
all. Once he was going along--saw a
water adder & heard a low sound which
it make with its mouth--& he saw as
many as 25 little snakes run into its mouth
Says the foxes eat the E. picta which
I believe he called grass turtles--he
had seen where they had opened them--but
they could not get at the box turtle.
Found some young stake-drivers as he was
mowing.

Kalmia glauca ap yesterday XX on //
the driest part of the swamp--
When the humming bird flew about
& tail
the room yesterday--his body ^ hung in
a singular manner between the wings.
Swinging back and forth with a sort of
oscillating motion--not hanging directly
down, but yet pulsating or tetering up &
down.

I see a chewink flit low across the
road with its peculiar fliting undulating
motion.

I thought yesterday that the view of
the mts from the bare hill on the
Lincoln side of Flint's pond was very
grand-- Surely they do not look so grand
any where within 20 miles of them. And
I reflected what kind of life it must
be that is lived always in sight of them
I looked round at some windows in the
middle of Lincoln--& considered that
such was the privilege of the inhabitants
of these chambers--but their blinds were
closed & I have but little doubt that
they are blind to the beauty & sublimity
of this prospect. I doubt if in the
landscape there can be anything finer
than a distant mt range. The are

// a constant elevating influence.
// Ranunculus acris ap in a day or 2
// Rhodora at Clam Shell well out-- --

yesterday at least X

Just after hearing my night warbler--I

? see 2 birds on a tree--the one which

I examined as well as I could without a
glass, had a white throat with a white
spot on his wings--was dark above & moved
from time to time like a creeper--& it was
The plate of of Sylvia Canadensis in NY reports has since reminded me of this,
about the creeper's size "-- The other bird
which I did not examine particularly was a
little larger & more tawny--perhaps G. C. thrush
It is remarkable how little way most
men get in their account of the mysteries of
nature. Puffer after describing the habits of
a snake or turtle--some peculiarly which struck
him in its behavior--would say with a {remarkable}
air as if he was communicating or suggesting
something--possibly explaining something-- Now
I take it that is nature. Nature did that."
May 18th 58
Set an Arbor vitae hedge 15 inches E of our line--
about 20 inches high--
May 19th
Am Surveying (by the eye--) for Warner
the meadow surveyed for John Hosmer in
June 56. The black currant near
Field R. Floridum
S. W. corner of his Saw Mill property out--
how long?
Is the willow--with a large catkin fertile
catkin there the small sericea--a less downy
than the large one--distinct from both?
Along the brook by paint factory.
Pm to Everett Spring--
There appears to be quite a variety in the colors of the V. cucullata—some dark blue if not lilac (?)—some with a very dark blue center & whitish circumference—others dark blue within & dark without—others all very pale blue—

Stellaria borealis—well out—ap several days—What I called the R bulbosus there May 3d proves to be the R. repens. It would appear then to be the earliest ranunculus. It is a dense bed of yellow now— I am struck by the light spot in the sinuses of the leaves—

R. W. E. says that Pratt found yesterday out the Trientalis, Trillium cernuum & Smilacina trifolia.

4 rods + S. of the cross fence over Everett’s hill on the W slope I find the Ranunculus abortivus // 2 plants open only but will not shed pollen till tomorrow // A rod or 2 further the Eg. hiemalis—ap a little past bloom—or effete—all the heads open

Looking with my glass into the Gourgas pond hole— & see 3 or 4 buck bean blossoms.

2 birds about the size & of the appearance of a pigeon or turtle dove start up with a loud alarm note from the shallow muddy flat there—with a harsh shrill cry—whil whil or the like. at first I
could not guess what they were, but since con-
clude that they were the large yellow legs. //
Could this bird have made the sound heard on the 15th
ult? There remained feeding on the mud along the
water's edge 2 peetweet like birds but ap. larger
& less tetering-- I thought they were T. solitarius.

Heard the night warbler--begin his strain
just like an oven bird! I have noticed that when
it drops down into the woods--it darts suddenly one side to a perch
when low.

May 20th '58

Pm up Assabet

A cloudy afternoon--with a cool east wind
producing a mist-- Hundreds of swallows
are now skimming close over the river at its
broadest part where it is shallow & runs
the swiftest--just below the Island--for a
distance of 20 rods-- There are bank- barn-
cliff & chimney swallows all mingled together
& continually scaling back & forth--a very
lively sight-- They keep descending or stooping
to within a few inches of the water on
without quite touching it
a curving wing-- & I suppose are attracted
by some small insects which hover close over it--

They also stoop low about me as I stand
on the flat island there--but I do not
perceive the insects. They rarely rise more
than 5 feet above the surface--& a general
twittering--adds to the impression of sociability.
The principal note is the low grating
sound of the bank swallow & then the
vit vit of the barn-swallow

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270 The final sentence, beginning with "I have noticed..." seems to have been written in the space at the end of the main line and in the space between the main line and the dateline.
The cliff swallow then is here—Are the insects in any measure confined to that part of the river?—Or are they congregated for the sake of society. I have also in other years noticed them over another swift place—at Hubbard’s bath—And also when they first come in smaller numbers over the still & smooth water under // the lea of the Island wood. They are thick as the gnats which perhaps they catch. Swallows are more confident & fly nearer to man than most birds—It may be because they are more protected by the sentiment & superstitions of men.

// The salix lucida XXX The season is more backward on ac. of the cloudy & rainy weather of the last 4 or 5 days—& some proceeding. The polygonatum // pubescens not quite—The red oak is not out— // Hear a quail whistle.

I notice that the sugar maple op. Barretts does not bloom this year—nor does the canoe birch by the hemlocks bear sterile catkins—Perhaps they more or less respect the alternate years.

3 1/2 Pm to Brister's Hill Going along the deep valley in the woods, just before entering the part called Laurel glen I heard a noise & saw a fox running off along shrubby the^ side hill. It looked like a rather small dirty brown fox & very clumsy running much like a wood chuck—^ A few steps further I came upon the remains of a wood chuck yet warm
which it had been eating--head & legs & tail
all remained united by the skin but the bowels
& a good part of the flesh was eaten--
This was evidently a young fox say 3/4 grown
or perhaps less
& appeared as full as a tick. There was
a fox hole within 3 rods with a very large
sand heap several cartloads before it, much
trodden. Hearing a bird of which I was in
search I turned to examine it-- When I
heard a bark behind me--& looking round saw
an old fox on the brow of the hill on the west side
of the valley amid the bushes about 10 rods
off looking down at me. At first it was a
short puppy-like bark--but afterward it began
to bark on a higher key--& more prolonged--very
unlike a dog--a very ragged half screaming
bur-ar-r-r. I proceeded along the
valley half a dozen rods after a little
delay (the fox being gone) & then looked
round to see if it returned to the wood chuck--
I then saw a full grown fox perhaps
the same as the last, cross the valley
through the thin low wood 15 or 20 rods
behind me--but from E to W--pausing
& looking at me anxiously from time to time
It was rather light tawny (not fox colored)
with dusky brown bars--& looked very large
wolf like-- The full grown fox stood
much higher on its legs--& was larger, but
the body was ap. not much heavier than
that of the young. Going a little further
I came to another hole--& 10 feet off was
of a space ^ a dozen ^ feet {+} amid some
little oaks worn quite bare & smooth ap.
by the playing of the foxes--and the ground
close around a large stump about a rod from
the hole was worn bare & hard--& then all
the bark & much of the rotten wood was pawed
They had pawed a deep channel about one--& in between the roots--perhaps for insects
or gnawed off--lately. ^ There lay the remains
of another woodchuck--now dry--the
head skin & legs being left--& also part
of the skin of a 3d & the bones of
another animal & some partridge
feathers-- The old foxes had kept their
larder well supplied--within a rod was
another hole ap. a back door having no
heap of sand--& 5 or 6 rods off another
in the side of the hill with a small sand
heap--& as far down the valley another
with a large sand heap--& a back door
with none-- There was a well beaten
path from the one on the side hill
5 or 6 rods long to one in the valley--&
there was much blackish dung about the
holes & stump & the path-- By the
hole furthest down the valley was another
stump which had been gnawed (?) very much
& trampled & pawed about like the other.
--I suppose the young foxes play there

There were half a dozen holes or more

and what with the skulls & feathers & skins &
bones about I was reminded of Golgotha. These
holes were some of them very large & conspicuous

1 foot wide vertically by 8 or 10 inches going into

the side hill with a curving stoop--& there

very

was commonly a ^ large heap of sand before

them trodden smooth-- It was a sproutland

valley--cut off but a year or 2 since--

As I stood by the last hole--I heard the old fox bark

& saw her (?) near the brow of the hill on the NW.

amid the bushes restless & anxious overlooking me

a dozen or 14 rods off-- I was no doubt by the hole

in which the young were. She uttered at very short

pro-

intervals a ^ longed shrill screeching kind of bark

beginning lower & rising a very broken & ragged sound

"to a very high key--lasting 2 ___ seconds--"

more like the scream of a large & angry bird than

the bark of a dog--trilled like a piece of vibrating

metal at the end. It moved restlessly back

& forth--or approached nearer--& stood or sat

on its haunches like a dog with its tail layed

out in a curve on one side--& when it barked

it layed its ears flat back & stretched its nose

forward. Sometimes it uttered a short puppy

like snappish bark. It was not fox-colored

or wolf-color

now--but a very light tawny ^--dark brown or

had3Elne from its throat; its legs the same perpendicular

dusky beneath ^-- with a broad dusky ^ band on its

haunches & similar ones on its tail--& a small

whitish spot on each side of its 4--- mouth--
There it sat like a chieftain on his hills
looking methought as big as a prairie wolf--
& shaggy like272 it--anxious & ever fierce--
as I peered through my glass. I noticed
when it withdrew--(I too withdrawing in the
opposite direction) that as it had descended
the hill a little way & wanted to go off over
the pinnacle without my seeing which way it
went, it ran one side about 10 feet till
it was behind a small white pine then
turned at a right angle--& ascended the
hill directly with the pine between us. The sight
of him suggested that 2 or 3 might attack
a man. The note was a shrill vibrating scream or
cry. Could easily be heard a quarter of a mile.
How many woodchucks--rabbits--partridges
&c &c they must kill! & yet how few
of them are seen. A very wolfish color--
It must have been a large fox--& if it
is true that the old are white on the sides
of the face.-- an old one-- They evidently used
more than half a dozen holes within 15 rods.
I withdrew the sooner for fear by his barking
he would be betrayed to some dog or
gunner-- It was a very wild sight--to see
the wolf like parent circling about me
in the thin wood--from time to time pausing
to look back at me. --This appeared to
and is considered a var of the red by him and most others
be nearest to the cross fox of Audubon ^--
not white beneath as the red-fox of Harlan
Emmonds says of the red fox "In the spring the
color appears to fade" & that some are "pale yellow"--
but does not describe minutely. This was prob. a

272 "1" extends down and the extraneous part is crossed out
female--for Bell says of the Eng. fox that the female "loses all her timidity & shyness when suck-
ing her young"-- also that they are a year & a half
I find afterward 3 or 4 more fox holes nearby--& see
where they have sat on a large upturned stump which had heaved up--
in attaining their full size. earth with it-- Many large pieces
of woodchuck skin about their holes-- they leave the head & feet.
a scent of carrion about the holes
Hear the peep-- See tanagers male & female--in
the top of a pine--one red--other yellow--from below--
We have got to these high colors among birds.
Saw in the street a young cat owl, 1 of 2
which Skinner killed in Walden woods yesterday-- It
was almost ready to fly--at least 2 1/2 feet in alar extent
tawny with many black bars & darker on wings-- Holmes
in Patent office report says they "pair early in February."
So I visited the nest. It was in a large white
pine close on the N side of the path some
10 rods W of the old Stratton cellar in the
woods-- This is the largest white pine there-
abouts & the nest is some 35 feet high on 2
limbs close to the mainstem & ac. to Skinner
was not much more than a foot across made
of small sticks nearly flat--"without fine stuff."!
There were but 2 young. This (in) a path which
somebody travels every half day at least--
& only a stone's (through) from the great road--
There were many white droppings about--&
large rejected pellets containing the vertebrae
& hair of a skunk-- As I stood there
I heard the crows making a great noise
some 30 or 40 rods off & immediately
suspected that they were pestering one

273 "Holmes" written over text
274 dash might be a t cross
of the old owls which Skinner had not seen

It proved so--for as I approached the
owl sailed away from amidst a white pine
top--with the crows in full pursuit--& he
looked very large stately & heavy like a
74 among schooners. I soon knew by the
loud cawing of the crows that he had alighted
again some 40 rods off--& there again I
found him perched high on a white pine--
the large tawny fellow with black dashes
& large erect horns. Away he goes again
& the crows after him.

NB I have compared the black currant which I
planted yesterday--with RWE--& I conclude
are both
that ac to Loudon--they are both
its
the R. floridum--& the 2d perhaps the var. "grandi-
florum" which "has the flowers & racemes
larger than those of the species--"unless the
1st is the other var-- parviloflorus (which)?

275He says that the R. {nigrum}
"bractea minute" much shorter than the pedicels--
-- -- -- a solitary one-flowered pedicel at the
This is the case with {species} 277of R. W. E."
base of each raceme. ^ In the plate are 4 to 6
flowers (ra) raceme--yet in his plate of R. floridum
are only 4 to 7!!

My first found yesterday--differs from the 2nd
(RWE's) in these respects--its raceme pedicels
& flowers are much more slender--few flowered
(10 to 11 RWEs 13 to 20) It has no pedicel & flow
in the axil of a leaf at the base of the racemes (at least
these 2 racemes have not) as most of RWEs have--

275This paragraph marked with parenthesis-like brackets preceding "He" and following "!!"
276 Sticken end quote
277 dot before "of"
The flowers are not only more slender but the
sepals less recurved--its leaves are much broader
at present, and much larger. The bractea of R. W. E.
are even larger than those of this but only in prop-
to the greater size of the flowers & racemes--

May 21st '58

Pm to Boulder field--

Horse chestnut X Actaea\(^{278}\) spicata //

var rubra will bloom ap in 4 or 5 days-- //

It is now 15 inches high-- Lilac X Pratt //

shows me what I take to be genista Tinctoria //

It has leafed when? //

(not budded) from the boulder field. Also a //

ranunculus from his land which has been out //

how long?--which is very near to R. repens but //

has small flowers--petals less than the calyx //

& leaves methinks more divided--but I did not see //

When I look May 29th the //

flower open is of usual //

it open-- It may be a var. of repens size & true R. repens. //

His daughter has found in bloom huckleberry on the 19th //

viola pubescens 16th //

Geranium maculatum 18th //

I noticed that the ^ Indigo bird path behind //

Pratts is for some distance distinctly defined by //

young birches 3 or 4 feet high which are now //

young //

clothed with tender leaves before the ^ oaks &c on //

each side-- They are esp. thick in the ruts-- //

while there are but few here & there in the //

sproutland generally. I suspect that the //

seed was blown and lodged there in the winter. //

E. Hoar saw Silene Pennsylvanica out in //
in a warm cleft of a rock--also Cerasus pumila //

Lincoln today-- bet here & Newton

\(^{278}\) Large space between "X" and "Actaea" in MS.
Sat May 22d '58

Ed. Emerson brings me the egg of a hawk--dirty bluish white %V May 30th%.

just found with 3 other eggs--not much developed
// in a nest on the ground-- Prob. a Hen-Harrier's

Pm by cars to Worcester on way to New York-- We have had much rainy weather for about a week & it has just cleared up. I notice as I glide along that the sun coming out shines brightly on smooth waters ponds & flooded meadows raised by the rain--& is reflected from the new lily pads which most now first generally notice spread out on the surface-- The foul weather having prevented our observing their growth. Something like this annually occurs. After this May storm the sun bursts brightly forth & is reflected in some placid hour from the new leaves of the lily spread out on the surface in the ponds & pools raised the rain--& we seem to have taken a long stride into summer-- So was it also in a former geological age--when water & water plants prevailed & before man was here then to behold them. The sun was reflected from the lily pad after the May storms as brightly
as now--

May 23d in Worcester--

5 Am Walk with Blake--Brown & Rogers
to Quinisigamond Pond--carrying our Breakfast
Paddled up the pond Northerly 3/4 of a
mile from the bridge--& lunched in Shrews-
bury on the E. side. See some quite fresh
frog-spawn of the dark kind--like the R. palus-
tris for instance-- Cross & ascend Wigwam
Hill-- Krigia & Comandra out there--
Brown thrashers nest on ground under a small
tree with 4 eggs

Found in the water 8 or 10 inches deep--just behind
the Lake house--a Nasturtium not quite open,
a var of
which I think must be ^the horse radish N. Armoracia.
Yet such a var is not described by Gray--for the
immersed stem leaves were all narrowly dissected &
pinnate (v. pressed specimen) & I saw similar ones
in the streets in Worcester in dry ground. The lowest
portion--for I had not the root--had the true
horseradish taste. It seemed to be the result of
its growing at some time in water. Has the N. lacustre
the common horseradish taste?

A little south of the Boston & Worcester turn-
pike & 6 rods from the W side of the pond
I saw a chestnut about 18 inches in diameter
in the night
which was struck by lightning ^ some 10 days ago
There was left standing only a splinter of the
stump some 7 feet high--with the main limbs
The word “an” appears directly above the stricken word “the”.

fallen upon & around it. The bank & thin slivers or strips of the wood had been cut to a dozen rods around in all directions-- the ground being strewn with them & some rested on the top of the adjacent wood. Also one or 2 large limbs were thrown to a distance. But what was most remarkable & peculiar there was a trench somewhat more than 2 rods long--5 feet wide at top & more than 2 feet deep leading perfectly straight from the foot of the tree toward the pond--large old roots being burst through--in the gravelly soil--& masses of the earth cut a rod each way--yet most of the dirt formed a bank to the trench-- It would have taken an Irishman at least 3 hours to have dug this-- Then after an interval of 3 or 4 rods where the ground was a little higher--the trenches reappeared though quite short there at the waters edge--exactly in the line of the 1st ditch continued--& there some 2 cartloads of gravelly soil were thrown out & the water stood in it. I counted in all 7 places within 8 or 10 rods along the waters edge--where it had made a short furrow in the ground--& in some cases there were slight furrows here & there from these & the tree--as if the lightning had diverged in rays from the base of the tree-- perhaps (?) at first along the roots to the pond.-- Did it pass through the

---

280 The word "an" appears directly above the stricken word “the”
ground where it did not break the surface?
The bark was not so much stripped off as I have seen--but the wood was finely splintered

Monday May 24th

To New York by RR.

All through Connecticut & N. York--the white involucres of the cornel (c. Florida) recently expanded, some of them reddish or rosaceous, are now conspicuous-- It is not quite expanded in Concord. It is the most showy indigenous tree now open-- (One plant at Staten Island on the 25th had but just begun to flower ie the true flowers to open--)

After entering the state of N.Y. I observed now fully in bloom what I call the vib. prunifolium--looking very like our v. lentago in flower at a little distance. It is thorny, as they told me at Staten I. & the same I dealt with at Perth Amboy--& is insufficiently described. It grows on higher & drier ground than our v. nudum--but its fruit which is called "nanny berries" resembles that rather than the v. lentago. It shows now rich dense rounded masses of white flowers--i.e. the surface of the bushes makes the impression of regular curves or convex masses of bloom bearing a large proportion to the green leves-- The pink azalea too not yet out at home is generally

281"is" written over "has"
out with the cornel--(I see it also next day at Staten I.)
I saw a musquash swimming across a pool,
I think after entering upon Manhattan Island!
In the evening looked at the aquarium at Barnum's. The glass boxes with nothing but water (labelled fresh or salt) & pebbles seemed sufficiently interesting. There were breams // only 2 inches long--prob hatched only last year.
The sea anemones were new & interesting to me.
The ferns &c under glass a fine parlor ornamen.

May 25th
Visited the Egyptian Museum
The chariot wheel might have been picked out of a ditch in Carlisle--& the infant's {shore} have been found with it.

May 26th 282 Pm to Staten island
See an abundance of R. arbortivus in the wood path behind Mr E's house going to seed & in bloom-- The branches are fine V pressed and spreading about 8 or 10 inches high plants
Also some R. recurvatus--& well out // what appears to be Thaspium trifoliatum? in flower in path to house--v pressed. Potatoes just hoed ours not fairly up--

May 26 283 3 Pm return to Boston

---

282 The date has been stricken with three parallel lines.
283 There is a large space between the "26" and "3" in MS
May 27th

At Boston--Cambridge & Concord--

De Kay describes the *Esox fasciatus* which is ap. mine of May 11th as I count the rays are the same in no--viz "p 13--V 9--D 14--A 13 C 20th he says it is from 6 to 10 inches long & abundant in N.Y--among other things is distinguished by "a muddy tinge of the roundish pectoral abdominal & 6 ventral fins; & by a broad concave or lunated tail--" I do not observe the peculiarity in the tail in mine now it is in spirits.

Ed. Emerson shows me **an** egg of a bittern

(Ardea Minor) from a nest in the midst of the great meadows which 4 boys found--scaring up the bird last Monday the 24th-- It was about a foot wide on the top of a tussock where the water around was almost 1 foot deep-- I will measure the egg-- (They were a little developed--) It is clay-colored 1 7/8 inch long x 1 9/16 about the same size at each end

Also an egg of a turtle dove--**one of 2**
in a nest in a pitch pine about 6 feet from the ground in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery by the side of a frequented walk on a fork on a nearly horizontal limb-- The egg is milk-white elliptical--1 3/16 inch long x 7/8 wide

May 28

Azalea in garden XX -- I get the

---

284 Extra spacing after this line in the manuscript
285 blotch at end of line
nest of the turtle dove above named. it
being perched & no egg left. It appears to
have been built on the foundation of an
old robin's nest & consists of a loose
the seedy ends projecting
wisp of straw & pin-weed ~ 10 inches long laid
across the mud foundation of the robins
nest with a very slight depression-- Very
loose & coarse material is artificially disposed
without any lining or architecture-- It was
close to a frequented path of the cemetery & within
reach of the hand.
// Hear the wood peewee--

Pm by boat to great Meadows to
look for the bittern nest.
// The Cornus florida--involucres are partly
expanded--but not yet very showy-- Salix
// nigra ap one day in one place XXX
The Salix pedicellaris which abounds in the
great meadows--is a peculiar & rather
interesting willow some 15 inches high &
scarcely rising above the grass even now--with
its expanded reddish veins it looks like the
choke-berry in bud at a little distance--
The Ranunculus Purshii is now abundant & conspicuous in river--
// I see common in these meadows what ap-
pears to be that coarse grass growing in circles
light or yellowish green--with dense--{wool}
grass like heads--and almost black in-
involucres--just begun to bloom X. Is it
? the Scirpus sylvaticus var atrovirens?
far
v. pressed-- As I look ^ over the meadow
which is very wet--often a foot of water
amid the grass-- I see this yellowish green
interspersed with irregular dark green patches
where it is wettest, just like the shadow of
a cloud--& mistook it for that at first--
& fine
That was a dark green ^ kind of sedge-- These
various shades of grass remind me of June
now close at hand. From time to time I
hear--the sound of the bittern concealed in
the grass indefinitely far or near--& can--
only guess at the direction not the distance.
I fail to find the nest.
I come in the midst of the meadow--on 2 of the
Emys meleagris--much larger than I have found
the one's sternum being decidedly depressed 1/8 of an inch the other not at all
before--perhaps they are male & female--^ They
are just out of the water partly concealed by
some withered grass & hiss loudly & run
out their long necks very far & struggle
a good deal when caught-- They con-
tinue to scratch my hand in their efforts
to escape as I carry them--more than other
turtles do. The dorsal shield of each is just
7 inches long-- The sternum of what appears to be
the female is about 1/8 inch shorter of the male
near 1/4 inch longer--yet in both the projection of the
sternum is chiefly forward-- Breadth of shell in
the male 4 7/8 of female 4 1/2 in middle--but the
female widens a little behind. Height of each about
2 3/4 inches-- The smoothish dark brown shells
high regularly rounded--are very thickly--but not
conspicuously spotted (unless in water) with
small oval or elongated yellow spots as many
as 50 or 60 to a scale & more or less raying from
the origin of the scale--becoming larger & horn colored
on the marginal scales esp. of one. The thickly &
evenly distributed yellow marks of the head & neck
correspond to those of the shell pretty well
They are high backed turtles. The sternum is
horn color--with a large dark or blackish
spot occupying a third or more of the rear outer
angle of each scale-- The throat is clear
light yellow & much & frequently exposed--tail
tapering & short--the claws are quite sharp
& perfect. One closes its forward valve to within
1/8 of an inch--but the posterior not so much
& evidently they are not inclined to shut up close
if indeed they can at this season--or at all.
The sternum of the male notwithstanding the depression
curves upward at each extremity much more than the
female's.

They run out their heads remarkably far &
yet from the visible length of neck the more snake-like
have quite a harmless & helpless expression. ^
About the size of the wood-tortoise. Very regularly
many fragments of common snail shells & some insect exuviae
& smoothly rounded shells--

Hear for a long time as I sit under a willow
a summer yellow bird sing--without
knowing what it is-- It is a rich & varied
singer with but few notes to remind me of its
common one--continuously hopping about.

? See already one or 2? white maple keys on
the water-- Saw the mouse-ear going to seed
// in Worcester the 23d. The red actaea
// is fully expand and prob has been open 2 or 3 days

---

286 The line under voided separates it from the line below (rather than emphasizing it.)
287 After the "//" in the margin T writes something in very compact script: "v. np."
288 Some tiny pen marks appear in extreme lower left corner of page.
but there will be no pollen till tomorrow XXX
What kind of cherry tree is that now rather past prime--wild red cherry like--if not it--between
the actaea & river near wall? some 10 inch in
diameter. Hear the night & see a // //
bat tonight.

The earliest cinnamon fern ap not long. //
E. Hoar finds the Eriphorum vaginatum at Ledum swamp--with lead colored scales how long? //

May 29th

Pm to Bateman's Pond via Pratt's.

Barberry near boulder field ap-- X //
blue {yel} grass ap XXX yellow oxalis (?) // //
violet oxalis not for several days. Button //
wood one tree not for 2 or 3 days. Rubus triflorus //
well out at Calla swamp how long? Calla-- or 3 or 4 //
ap in 2 or 3 ^ days the very earliest. Arethussa //
bulbosa well out-- Cornus Canadensis blooms //
ap. with C. Florida not quite yet. I mistook //
dense groves of little barberries in the droppings //
of cows in the boulder field for apple trees at first //
so the cows eat barberries--& help dispense or
exactly

See the genista--winter killed at top--some //
7 or 8 rods N of the southernmost large
boulder in the boulder field. Cannot find
any large corydalis plants where it has been
very plenty. A few of the C. Florida buds by the

209 "be" poss inserted
pond have escaped after all.

Farmer describes an animal which he saw lately near Bateman’s pond—which he thought would weigh 50 or 60 lbs—color of a she fox at this season—low but very long & ran somewhat like a woodchuck—I think it must have been an otter—though they are described as dark glossy brown

May 30th 58

// Hear of Ladie’s slipper seen the 23d how long?
I saw the Nuphar advena above water & yellow

// in Shrewsbury the 23d--

pm to Hen Harriers nest & to Ledum Swamp--

Ed. ward Emerson shows me the nest which he and another discovered. It is in the midst of the low wood—sometimes inundated

just SW of Hubbards bath—the island

of wood in the meadow-- The hawk rises when we approach—& circles about over the wood uttering a note singularly like the common one of the flicker. The nest is in a more bushy or open place in the low wood—

& consists of a large mass of sedge & stubble

^ with a few very few small twigs as it were accidentally intermingled— It is about 20 inches in diameter & remarkably flat

the slight depression in the middle not exceeding 3/4 of an inch-- The whole opening amid the low bushes is not more
than 2 feet in diameter. The thickness of
it raises the surface about 4 inches above
the ground. The inner & upper part is uniformly
rather % or rather dirtied%
& pale brown sedge-- There are 2 dirty % & white
^ & one of them%
^ eggs left (of 4 that were) % & 1 7/10 inch long

& not "spherical" as Brewer says--but broad
in prop. to length-- %Another is 1 7/8 inch long x 1 1/2 inches
V. the {one} (which was addled) in my collection--%^
Ledum one flower out XX but perhaps if Pratt

had not plucked some last Sunday it might have
bloomed here yesterday! It is decidedly leafing also
Andromeda polifolia by the ditch well out--how
long? I perceive the turpentine scent of the Ledum
in the air as I walk through it--
As I stand by the river side some time
after sundown I see a light white
mist rising here & there in wisps from
the meadow far & near, less visible
within a foot of me--to the height of
3 or 4 or 10 feet-- It does not rise
generally & evenly from every part of the
meadow, but, as yet, over certain spots
only-- Where there is some warm breath of
the meadow turned into cloud.

May 31st
Am to Island. Choke cherry a day or 2 XXX
C. Florida not yet for 2 or 3 days. I saw
some in Connecticut with involucres much more
rosaceous than ours. A yellow birds nest of
that greyish-milkweed fibre 1\textsuperscript{230} egg in alder
by wall W of Ind. burying (?) ground.

\textsuperscript{230} pd. or blotch after 1
291 dot over "o" might be a blotch

Pm to Laurel Glen

I see running along on the flat side
of a R. R. rail on the causeway—a
wild mouse—with an exceedingly long tail
//--perhaps it would be called the long-tailed
meadow mouse—It has no white
only the feet are light flesh-color—
but it is uniformly brown as far as I can
see for it rests a long time on the
rail within a rod—but when I look
at it from behind in the sun it
is a very tawny almost golden brown—
quite handsome. It finally runs with
a slight hop—(the tarsus of the hind legs
being very long while the fore legs are
short & its head ac. low--) down
the bank to the meadow—

I saw on the 29th white viola pedatas
& today a white v. cucullata.

There were severe frosts on the night of
//--the 28 & 29th & now I see the hickories
turned quite black—& in low ground the
white oak shoots—though they do not show
black in drying—also many ferns are
withered & black & some prinos laevigata
tips{--}&c

//-- I find a chewink nest with 4 eggs (fresh)
on the side hill at Jarvis’ woodlot 20 feet
below woodchuck’s hole at canoe birch—The
nest is first of withered leaves—then stubble, thickly
lined with withered grass & partly sheltered by dead
leaves shoved up a huckleberry bush.

the wind coming cool & easterly

There was a slight sea-turn ^ this Am //

which at first I mistook for the newly leafing
deciduous trees investing the evergreens--which
is a kind of sea-turn in harmony with the other.
I remember that the stage drivers riding back
& forth daily from C. to Boston--& becoming weather-
wise perforce--often meeting the the sea-breeze
on its way into the country--were wont to show
their weather wisdom by telling anxious travellers
that it was nothing but a sea-turn!

At 5 Pm go to see a gray squirrels //
nest in the oak at the Island point--

It is about 15 feet from the ground (the en-
trance) where a limb has been broken off--
& the tree is hollow above & below-- One young
one dashed past downward under my face with
the speed of a bird. There is much short brown
dung about & a smell of urine & the twigs
around have been gnawed.

Does not the voice of the toad along the river
sound differently now from what it did a month
ago? I think it is much less sonorous & ringing
--a more croaking & inquisitive or gui vive sound--
Is it not less prolonged also?

June 2d 8 1/2 Am

Start for Monadnock--

Between Shirley village & Lunenberg I notice

in a (meadow) the right hand close (to the) RR. the
Kalmia glauca in bloom as we are whirled past—The conductor says that he has it growing in his garden—Blake joins me at Fitchburg. Between Fitchburg292 & Troy—saw an abundance of // wild red cherry—now ap. in prime in full flower esp in burntlands & on hill sides—A small but cheerful lively white bloom.293

Arrived at Troy station at 11-5 & shouldered our knapsacks steering NE to the mt some 4 miles off—its top—It is a pleasant hilly road leading past a few farm houses where you already begin to snuff the mts or at least up-country air—By the roadside I plucked, now ap in prime, // the ribes cynosbati—rather downy leaved— // & nearby the same with smooth berries.

I noticed too the salix lucida by the road-side there on high land—The S. rostrata &c %Best view of mt about 2 1/2 miles this side of summit—% Almost without interruption we had the mt in sight before us—its sublime gray mass—that antique brownish-gray Ararat color—Probably these crests of the earth are for the most part of one color in all lands—that gray or color of antiquity which nature loves—color of unpainted wood—weather stain—time stain.

Not glaring nor gaudy—the color of all roofs—the color of things that

---

292 blotch after "burg"
293 T starts a letter after "bloom"—probably A—and then crosses it out.
endure--& the color that wears well--
color of Egyptian ruins--of mummies &
all antiquity--baked in the sun--done
brown-- Methought I saw the same color
with which ararat & Caucasus and all
earth's brows are stained--which was mixed
in antiquity & receives a new coat every century.
Not scarlet like the crest of the bragging
cock--but that hard enduring gray--
a terrene sky color Solidified air with a
The red alder was in full bloom by the road
 //
tinge of earth-- ap in prime--
We left the road at a school house & crossing
a meadow--began to ascend gently through
very rocky pastures--
Previously an old man a mile back--who
lived on a hill top on the road--pointed out the
upper corner of his pasture as a short way up.
Said he had not been up for 7 years--
looking at our packs asked "are you going
to carry them up"?--"Well" said he
with a tone half of pity & half regret--
adding I shall never go up again.
Here at the base by the course of a rocky
in moist ground
rill where we paused in the shade-- I saw
the Tiarella cordifolia abundant and ap
 //
in prime--with its white spike sometimes
a foot & more high--also the leaves
of the Geranium Robertianum emitting their
peculiar scent--with the radical a reddish tinge--
not yet budded-- The cress in the water
there was quite agreeable to our taste--
methinks would be good to eat fresh with bread.
The neighboring hills began to sink--
entering the wood we soon passed Fassett's
shanty--he so busily at work inside that
he did not see us--we took our dinner by
the rocky brook-side in the woods just above--
a dozen people passed us early in the Pm
While we sat there men & women on their
way down from the summit--this suddenly
We met a man (ap an Indian or Canadian halfbreed) & a boy with guns who had
been out after pigeons but only killed 5 crows
very pleasant day after a louring one having
attracted them--

There abouts first I noticed the *ribes prostratum*
// abundantly in bloom ap in prime--with its pretty
// *erect* racemes of small flowers sometimes purplish
// with large leaves-- There too the *trillium erythro-*
// *carpus*; now in prime, was conspicuous-- 3 white
// *lanceolata*--waved edged petals with a purple
// base-- This the handsomest flower of the mt--
// coextensive with the wooded sides. Also the
// *vib. Lantanoides* ap in prime--with its large
// reminding me by its *marginal* flowering of the tree cranberry
// & showy white *outer* florets ^ coextensive with last
// *uvularia grandiflora* not long begun
// %der% not
to bloom™ Red Ell"sherry scarcely open ap
there--and Amelanchier Canadensis var Botry-
// & *apium* not long in bloom?
dwarfish
Having risen above the ^ woods (in which *Mt*
ash was very common) which reached higher
up along this ravine than elsewhere--& nearly
all the visitors having descended--we proceeded
to find a place for & to prepare our camp at mid Pm. We wished it to be near water out of the way of the wind which was NW & of the path--& also near to spruce trees for There is a good place if you would be near the top within a stones throw of the summit on the N side under some spruce trees--! a bed. We chose a sunken yard in a rocky plateau on the S. E. side of the mt perhaps 1/2 mile from the path " a rod & 1/2 wide by many more in length-- & bushy with a mossy "floor about 5 or 6 feet beneath the general level where a dozen black spruce trees grew " There was a pretty good spring within a dozen rods--and the western wall shelved over a foot or 2. We slanted 2 scraggy spruce trees long since bleached--from the western wall--& cutting many spruce boughs with our knives made a thick bed & walls on the 2 sides to keep out the wind. Then putting several poles transversaly across our 2 rafters we covered with a thick roof of spruce twigs--like shingles-- The spruce though harsh for a bed was close at hand --we cutting away one tree to make room-- We crawled under the low eaves of this roof about 18 inches high & our extremities projected about a foot.

Having left our packs here & made all ready for the night we went up to the summit to see the sun set-- Our path lay through a couple of small swamps & then up the rocks-- Some 40'.

---

295 This caret and a line in the margin points to the interlined material inserted after line 4
296 Both of the last two marks might be blotches.
or 50 rods below the very apex ^--or
quite on the top of the mt I saw
a little bird flit out from beneath
on the left of it
a rock close by the path ^ where there
It was near by a conspicuous spruce 6 or 8 feet high--on the W edge of a sort of hollow
where a vista
opened south over the precipice--& the path ascended at once more steeply
were only very few scattered dwarf black
spruce about--& looking I found
// a nest with 3 eggs-- It was the Fringilla
hiemalis which soon disappeared around a
projecting rock-- The nest was sunk in
the ground by the side of a tuft of grass
& was pretty deep made of much fine
little of a^297
dry grass or (sedge?) & lined with a ^ delicate
bluish hair-like fibre (?) (q. v) 2 or 3 inches long--
The eggs were 3 of a regular oval form
sprinkled with
faint bluish white ^ with fine pale brown dots
in 2 of the 3 condensed into a ring about the
larger end. They had ap just begun to develop.
just begun to develop.
We saw quite
The nest & tuft were covered
by a projecting rock. Brewer says that only
one nest is known to naturalists-- We saw
many of these birds flitting about the
summit perched on the rocks & the dwarf
spruce & disappearing behind the rocks--
It is the prevailing bird now up there
(i.e on the summit). They are commonly
said to go to the fur-countries to breed
--though Wilson says that some breed
The N.Y. Report makes them breed on the mts of Oswego & the Catskills
in the Alleghanies. ^ This was a quite
interesting discovery-- They probably are never

297 this interlined material is written between two short parallel lines
seen in the surrounding low grounds

at this season-- The ancestors of this

bird had evidently perceived on their flight

northward that here--was a small

piece of arctic region--containing all

the conditions they acquire--coolness &
suitable food &c &c & so for how long

have builded here-- For ages they have made

their home here with the Arenaria Groenlandi-
ca & potentilla tridentata-- They discovered

arctic isles sprinkled in {our} southern sky-- I
did not see any of them below the rocky & generally

bared at the same

conditions as in the north of Maine & in the

Labrador Mosses &c--

fur countries. " Now that the season is

advanced--migrating birds have gone to the

e xtreme north or gone to the mt tops--

by its color it harmonized with the gray

and brownish gray rocks. We felt that we

were so much nearer to perennial spring

& winter.23

I observed rabbits dung commonly quite to the
top & all over the rocky portion & where they

had browsed the bushes-- For the last 15

or 20 rods the ground between the rocks is pretty

or carpeted

thickly clothed ^ with mt cranberry & potentilla

//

tridentata--only the former as yet slightly budded

//

but much lower than this the mt cranberry is not common

^ The former grows also in m[e]re seams in the

nearby side of rocks & occasionally I

found some of last years cranberries on the latter which

These were the prevailing plants of a high order on the very summit--

were an agreeable acid "-- There was also on
the same ground considerable fine grass ^299
&Was it not the solidago Thyrsoidea of Aug. { }300 60?%
& radical leaves of a sericocarpus like aster (?) %"% (I
saw some withered heads) opening up commonly &
a little (hardly yet conspicuously budded except
7 // in the warmest places) arenaria Groenlandica
in dense tufts succulent-- There were a few
very dwarfish black spruce there--& a very
of that small leather colored lichen &
little dry moss, and on the rocks many ^ umbulicaria
common?
pustulata & other allied lichens & the 2 { }301 kinds of
V specimens
Kladonia white & green between them of Aug 1 60
Scarcely if at all lower than the above named
7 // plants--grew the va(r) Pennsylvanicum ap X
(earlier below in warm places--& did I see the var.
angustifolium) is later than with us also
7 // Pyrus arbutifolia very minute & but just budded
4 minute mt ashes--a few inches high only--
From them we may judge what plants
among others--grow far north--
We heard the hylodes preparing for a rain water
pool a little below the summit toward
night. As it was quite hazy we could not
see the shadow of the mt well--& so
returned just before the sun set--to our camp--
We lost the path coming down--for nothing
is easier than to lose your way here, where
so little trail is left upon the rocks--& the
different rocks & ravines are so much alike.
Perhaps no other equal area is so bewildering
in this respect as a rocky mt summit--
though it has so conspicuous a central
point. Notwithstanding the newspaper &
egg shell left by visitors these parts of
nature are still peculiarly unhandaelled

299 There is a line from the carat (which is further to the right in MS to the interline above.
300 too faint to read but probably a date
301 something crossed out
& untracked-- The natural terraces of rock are the steps of this temple--
it is the same whether it rises above the desert or a New England village. Even the inscribed rocks are as solemn as most ancient grave stones--and nature reclaims them with bog & lichens-- They remind me of the graves & pass of Ben Waddi (?)?

These sculptors seemed to me to court such alliance with the grave as they who put their names over tomb-stones along the highway-- One who was probably a blacksmith--how sculptured the emblems of his craft--an anvil & hammer beneath his name-- Ap. a part of the regular outfit of mt climbers is a hammer & cold chisel--& perhaps they allow themselves a supply of garlic also-- Certainly you could not hire a stone cutter to do so much less than engraving for ^ several thousand dollars.

But no old mortality will ever be caught renewing these epitaphs. It reminds what kinds of steeps do climb the false pretenders to fame whose chief exploit is the carriage of the tools with which to inscribe their names-- For speaking epitaphs they are & the mere name is a sufficient revelation of the character They are all of one trade stone cutters-- defacers--of mt tops--"Charles & Lizzie"!

Charles carried the sledge hammer & Lizzie the
cold chisel-- Some have carried up a
paint pot & painted their names on the
rocks
   We returned to our camp & got our
tea in our sunken yard-- While one went
for water to the spring the other kindled
a fire-- The whole rocky part of the mt
except the extreme summit is strewn with
the relics of spruce trees \(\text{[\ldots]}\) a dozen
or 15 feet long & long since dead &
bleached--so that there is plenty of
dry fuel at hand. We sat out on the
brink of
the rocky plateau near our camp--taking
^our tea in the twilight--& found it quite
dry & warm there, though you would not have
thought of sitting out at evening in the sur-
rounding valleys-- It was evidently warmer & drier
there than below-- I have often perceived the
warm air high on the sides of hill late
into the night while the vallies were
filled with a cold damp night air as
with water--& here the air was warmer &
drier the greater part of the night--
We perceived no dew there this or the next
This was our parlor & supper room-- In another direction was our wash room--
night. ^ The chewink sang before night
& this as I have before observed is a very com-
& the wood-thrush indefinitely far or near--a little more
mon bird on mt tops-- ^ I seems to love a
distant & unseen as great poets are
cool atmosphere & sometimes lingers quite
late with us. Early in the evening the
night hawks were heard to spark & boom
over these bare gray rocks--& such was
our serenade at first as we lay on
our spruce bed-- We were left alone
with the nighthawks. These withdrawn bare
rocks must be a very suitable place for
them to lay their eggs-& their dry & unmusical--yet supra-mundane & spirit like
voices & sounds--gave fit expression
to this rocky solitude-- It struck the
barren
very key-note of the stern gray ^ solitude.
--It was a thrumming of the in rocky
chords-- Strains from the music of Chaos such
as were heard when the earth was rent
& these rocks heaved up-- Thus they went
sparking & booming while we were (c ting) the
first access of (sleep, & I could imagine
circling
their dainty limping flight ^--over the
kindred rock--with a spot of white quartz
in their wings. No sound could be more
Though common below it seemed peculiarly proper here--
in harmony with that scenery-- But
erelong the night hawks are stilled--
& we hear only the sound of our com-
panion's breathing or of a bug in our
spruce roof. I thought I heard once {th
the
faintly ^ barking of a dog far down under the

my companion thought he heard a bull frog
A little after 1 Am I woke & found that the
moon had risen--& heard some little bird
near by sing a short stain of welcome to it
%(But every sound is a little strange there as if you were in Labrador)%
somewhat song sparrow like--% % Before dawn
the night hawks commenced their sounds
again & their sounds were as good as
a clock to us--telling how the night got on

303 T probably meant "strain."
304 This is according to the 1906 edition. The pencil was too faint to make out on MS copy.
June 3d

At length by 3 o'clock the signs of

dawn appear & soon we hear the robin

& the F. hiemalis--its prolonged jingle sitting on

the top of a spruce--the che-wink & the

wood thrush. Whether you have slept soundly

or not it is not easy to lie abed under

these circumstances & we rose at 3 1/2

in order to see the sun rise from the

Concealing our blankets under a shelving rock near the camp we set out

top & get our breakfast there. ^

It was still hazy & we did not see the

shadow of the mt until it was compara-
tively short we did not get the most

distant views as of the Green & White

Mts--while we were there. We carried

up fuel for the last quarter of a

mile--A. F. hiemalis seemed to be attracted

by the smoke of our fire & flew quite near to

us. They are the prevailing bird of the

summit & perhaps are baited by the crumbs

It was flitting about there & it would sit & sing on the top of a "spruce. the

strain I have often heard. ^

I saw just beneath the summit

& commencing some 15 or 20 rods from it

dwarf rhodora Canadensis not yet

// anywhere quite out--much later than below in

the valley--very common lamb kill--&

checkerberry & in slightly boggy places

Eriophorum quite dwarfish specimens of

vaginatum quite common--in similar

localities all over the rocky part ^-- A

little water andromeda with it scarcely out--

& Labrador tea scarcely budded on the

---

305 The date seems to have been added above the first line of text.
306 In MS, "dwarf" appears directly above "crumbs."
suggesting flowers-- (This I observed only in 2 places) or 3
on the northerly side) A viburnum (prob. nudum
or a form of it) was quite common just begun to leaf
showing its transparent leaflets not yet expanded
a little behind the other
& with nemoptanes, also just beginning to expand was
quite sizable, esp. the latter-- These 2 with
the spruce--the largest shrubs at this height.
In the little thickets made by these bushes
grew the 2-leaved sol-seal not nearly out &
clintonia borealis, not budded, though out in the
valley. Within the folded leaves of the last was
considerable water as in the leaves of the sea side
golden rod on the sands of the cape-- Cornus Canadensis
along the base of the rocks not out-- Diervilla
& on the moist ground or in the small
bogs Lycoptodium annotinum--resembling
at first sight the L. lucidulum--but running--
Sometimes forming quite conspicuous green patches.
was very common in boggy places.

The above plants of the mt top--except
perhaps the mt cranberry--extended down-
ward over the whole top or rocky part of the
& a little there
mt--& were mingled with Poly pody vulgaris
a peculiar Amelanchier Canadensis--ap. var oligo
carpon just begun to bloom--with few flowers
short roundish petals & finely serrate leaves-- Red
cherry not out. Populus tremuliformis not common
& quite small-- Small willows ap. discolor &c also
& may be humilis for the most part scrubby as that of
rostrata --canoe birch & yel birch--largest in
swampy places-- Lycopodium clavatum--Amelanchier
Canadensis var oblqngifolium, not quite out.
a little of it—and also a little very dwarfish
hemlock & white pine (2 or 3 feet high)
(A) little may-flower & chiogenes hispidula—
We concluded to explore the whole rocky part of the mt in this wise—to saunter slowly about it about the height & distance from the [summit] of our camp or say 1/2 a mile more or less--1st going north from the summit & returning by the W. semicircle & then exploring the east side completing the circle & return over the summit at night.

To sum up—these were the Plants of the Summit

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Species and Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Potentilla tridentata &amp; lower</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vac. vitis Idaea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fine grass % (was it not Juncus trifidus of Aug. 60?)%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seriocarpus like {rad} leaves % (was it not S. Thrysoidea of Aug. 60)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arenaria Groenlandica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dwarf black spruce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little dry moss % U erosa? or hyperborea?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The 2 kinds of cladonia white &amp; green &amp; a sp. from Lafayette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; the small leather colored lichen of rocks” mingled with the larger umbilicaria pustulata—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Within 15 or 20 rode of it or scarcely if at all lower than the last</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vac. Pennsylvanicum— (&amp; perhaps the var. angustifolium?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pyrus arbutifolium</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mt ash”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

309 A line is drawn from this carat to four lines (written on an angle) in the right margin of manuscript
310 “All these but the V. vitis Idaea—generally dispersed over the rocky part” added vertically in the left margin from line 27 to 14.
“—% The V. V. I also in {patches} lower down V. Aug. 60%” added vertically in left margin from lines 13-3
311 “generally distributed” added vertically in the left margin from line 32-28
Commencing 15 or 20 rods below it

Rhodora
Lambkill
Checkerberry
Eriophorum vaginatum
Water andromeda
Labrador tea
Viburnum (nudum?)

Generally Lower than the above, on the
rest of the bare rocky part with all of the above
Ribes prostratum
Polypodium vulgaris
Amelanchier Canadensis var oligocarpon (?)
Red cherry
Salix ap Discolor--perhaps also humilis--certainly rostrata
Meadow sweet
Canoe birch
Yellow birch
Lycopodium clavatum
Amelanchier oblongifolia
A little red-elder
Hemlock
white pine
May flower
Chiogenes

% Saw the raspberry in '52 & 60%

Did not examine particularly the larger
growth of the swamp--but think it was chiefly
spruce--white & yel birch--mt ash &c--
The vac. Pennsylvanicum & the Abies nigra--are
among the most prevailing conspicuous plants

There are indecipherable words between "except" and "berry."
We first descended somewhat toward the north this forenoon—then turned next over a ridge by which some ascend from the north. There are several large ponds not far from the mt on the north—, & I thought there was less forest to be seen on this side than on the S. We crossed one or 2 now dry water courses—where, however, judging from the collections of rubbish or drift, much water must have flown at some other season—

Jackson in his map in the Report on the Geology of Mass. calls this mt "mica slate & porphyritic granite" & that the rocks on the summit are "a hard variety of gneiss filled with small crystals of garnets."

We observed that the rocks were remarkably almost polished smoothed & rounded—& also scratched—

the scratches seem from about NNW to SSE

The sides of the rocks often straight up right N & S walls several rods long ^ & 5 to 10 feet high with a very smooth rounded edge—

There were many of these long straight rounded walls of rock esp. on the NW & W—some smaller or lower ones were so rounded & smooth fallen as to resemble at a little distance long trunks of trees— The rocks were indeed singulary worn on a great scale—often a vertical cross section would show some such profile as this [drawing] as if they had been grooved
with a tool of a corresponding edge. There
were occasionally conspicuous masses & also
veins of white quartz--& very common were
bright purple or wine colored garnets imbedded
in the rock looking like berries in a pudding.
In many parts--as on the S. E. plateau
esp. the rocks were regularly stratified--
& split into regular horizontal slabs about
about a foot in thickness--projecting one beyond
another--like steps

The little bogs or mosses sometimes only a rod
in diameter are a singular feature--ordinarily
the cladonia & other lichens are crackling under
your feet--when suddenly you step into a miniature
filling the space X
bog ^ between two rocks--& you are at a loss
to tell where the moisture comes from--
The amount of it seems to be that some
spongy moss is enabled to grow there &
retain some of the the cloud which rest on it.
Moisture & aridity are singularly near neighbors
to each other up there-- The surface is made up
of masses of rock more or less smoothed & rounded
little  between
--or else jagged & the ^ soil ^ is a coarse
gravelly kind the ruins of the rocks--& the decayed
vegetation that has grown there-- You step
unexpectedly from Arabia petraea where
the dry lichens crackle under your feet--
say dismal swamp
into a miniature bog ^--where you suddenly
sink a foot in wet moss--& the next
step carries you into Arabia petraea again--
In more extensive swamps I slumped through moss
to water sometimes--though the bottom was of rock.
while a fire would rapidly spread in the arid lichens around.
Perhaps the mosses grow in the wettest season
chiefly & so are enabled to retain some moisture
through the driest-- Plants of the bogs &
of the rocks grow close to each other. You
are surprised to see a great many plants of bogs
growing close to the most barren & driest spots
where only cladonias cover the rocks. Often
your first notice of a bog in the midst of
the arid waste--where the lichens crackle under
your feet is your (slumbring) a foot into wet moss
Methinks there cannot be so much
evaporation going on up there--(witness
the water in the clintonia leaves as in
sandy
the solidago by the ^ sea-shore--) & this rather
(which is owing to the coolness)--rather than
the prevalence of mist--may account for
the presence of this moisture forming bogs.
In a shallow rain water pool or
rock cistern about 3 rods long x 1 or 1 1/2 wide
on the west side
several hundred feet below the summit-- I
but still on the bare rocky top and on the steepest side of the summit--
saw toad spawn (black with white bellies) also
some very large spawn, new to me. There were
4 or 5 masses of it each 3 or 4 inches in diameter--
peculiar light
& of a ^ misty bluish white as it lay in the water near
the surface--attached to some weed or stick as usual.
Each mass consisted of but few large ova
more than a quarter of an inch in diameter
in which were pale brown tad poles just
flattened out-- The outside of the mass when
taken up was found to consist of large spheri-
cal or rounded gelatinous projections
3/4 of an inch wide & blue in the light &
air while the ova within were greenish--
This rain water pool was generally less
than a foot deep--with scarcely a weed
in it--but considerable mud concealing
its rocky bottom-- The spawn was unusually
clean & clear-- I suspect it to be that of
%prob. R. fontinalis v Aug. 60%
bull frogs--though not a frog was to be seen
-- They were probably lurking beneath the rocks
in the water at that hour-- This pool
was bounded on one or 2 sides by those
rounded walls of rock 5 or 6 feet high.
My companion had said that he heard a bull
frog the evening before. Is it likely that these
toads & frogs ever hopped up there? The hylodes
peeped regularly toward night each day in a
similar pool much nearer the summit. Agassiz
might say that they originated on the top--
perhaps they fell from the clouds in the
form of spawn or tadpoles--or young frogs.
I think it more likely that they fell down than
that they hopped up. Yet how can they escape
the frosts of winter? The mud is hardly deep enough
to protect them.

Having reached the neighborhood of our camp
again--& explored the wooded portion lower down
along the path up the mtn-- We set out NE
along the east side of the mt-- The SE part of the mt top is an expanded broad rocky almost plateau--consisting of large flat rocks with small bogs & rain water pools & easy ascents to different levels. The black spruce tree which is scattered here & there over it-- the prevailing tree or shrub of the mt top-- evidently has many difficulties to contend with. It is generally of a yellowish green--its foliage. The most exposed trees are very stout & spreading close to the rock--often much wider close to the rock than they are high--& these lower almost their only limbs completely filling & covering openings between the rocks. I saw one which grew out of a narrow crack in the rock--which was 3 feet high 5 inches in diameter at the ground & 6 feet wide on the rock-- It was shaped like a bodkin (the main stem.) The spruce commonly grows in clefts of the rocks--has many large limbs & longer than the tree is high perhaps & flat spreading close ^ over the rock in every direction-- sometimes 8 or 10 within a foot of the rock-- or midway for 3 or 6 feet Then higher up the stem ^ though perfectly perpendicular is quite bare on the N side & commonly smooth showing no trace of a limb--no stubs--but the limbs at this height all ray out southward--& the top is crowned with a tuft of tender twigs--
This proves the violence of the storms which they have
to contend with-- Its branches love to run along
flat on the rocks, filling the openings between
the rocks. It forms dense coverts & forms ap. for
the rabbits &c. A single spruce tree of this habit
would sometimes make a pretty good shelter while the rocks
on each side were your walls

As I walked over this plateau I first observed
looking toward the summit, that the steep
angular projections of the summit & elsewhere
& the brows of the rocks
were the parts chiefly covered with dark brown
lichens umbilicaria &c. {drawing} as if they were to
grow on the ridge & slope of a man's nose
only-- It was the steepest & most exposed
parts of the high rocks {alone} on which
they grew--where you would think it most
difficult for them to cling. They also covered
the more rounded brows on the sides of the mt
very esp. the east side--where they were " dense--fine
crisp & firm like a sort of {shagreen} giving a
or hold to the feet
firm footing^ where it was needed. It was these
that gave that Ararat brown color of
antiquity to these portions of the mt which
a few miles distant could not be accounted for
compared with the more prevalent gray--
From the sky blue--you pass through the
misty gray of the rocks, to this darker &
more terrene color-- The temples of the mt
are covered with lichens which color the mt
for miles.

^above?

It looks like "ing" was written over "ed."
The W. side descends steeply from the summit but there is a broad—almost plateau on the SE & E not much beneath the summit—w ith a precipitous termination on the east—& the rounded brows of the last are covered with the above 315 named lichens—

A span of moderate length runs off northerly but another lower & longer—s westerly—another much longer a little higher than the last southerly—& one (much) longer & higher than these 1 or 2 miles long—north easterly.

As you creep down over those eastern brows to look off the precipice these {rough} & rigid forming a rigid crust as it were baked—done brown—in the sun of centuries lichens ^ afford a desirable hand & foot—hold. They seemed to me wild robins that placed their nests in the spruce up there—

Wm Emerson says they do not breed on Staten I. I noticed one nest. They do breed at least at Hudson's Bay— They are certainly a hardy bird & one at home on this cool mt top. We boiled some rice for our dinner close by the edge of a rain water pool & bog on the plateau SE from the summit. Though there was so little vegetation, our fire spread rapidly through the dry cladonia lichens on the rocks—& the wind being pretty high threatened to give us trouble—but we put such a moss for the sake of water it out with a spruce bough dipped in {about} & wet the ground with it. You cook beside the pool. ^ I thought that if it had spread further it must soon have come to a bog—Though you could hardly tell what was moist & what dry till the fire came to it. Nothing could be drier than the cladonia— & nothing more saturated (except) which was often adjacent to a mass of moss saturated with moisture.

These rain water pools or cisterns are a remarkable feature— There is a scarcity of bubbling springs
but this water was commonly cool enough in
that atmosphere & warm as the day was-- I do
not know why they were not warmer for they were
shallow & the nights were not cold. Can
there be some concealed snow or ice about? Hardly.
They are quite shallow, but sometimes
4 or 5 rods over--& with considerable mud at
the bottom--at first decayed lichens & disintegrated rock. Ap. these were the origin of
Eriophorum vaginatum
the bogs--(formed) ^ moss & a few other boggy plants
springing up in them & gradually filling them
--yet though sometimes filled with sedge (?) {or}
fine--dwarfish in the moss
grass & generally the ^ eriophorum vaginatum--^ they were singularly barren--& unless they were
fairly converted into swamps--contained very
little variety.
You never have to go far to find water of some
kind-- On the top perhaps of a square half
acre of almost bare rock--(as in what we
called our wash-room by our camp) you find a
disintegrated bog--(now) wet across alternating with
dry cladonia--(sign & emblem of dryness
in our neighborhood)--& water stands in little
holes--or if you look under the edge of
a boulder there you find standing water yet
cool to drink.

After dinner we kept on NE over a high
{far} ridge E of the summit whence was a
good view of that part of Dublin & Jaffrey
immediately under the mt. There

is a fine large lake extending N & S

ap in Dublin which it would be worth

the while to sail on When on the summit

of this I heard the ring of toads from a

rain pool a little lower & N Easterly--

It carried me back nearly a month into

spring--(though they are still ringing & copu-

lating in Concord.)--it sounded so spring-like in

that clear fresh air-- Descend in to that

pool we found toads copulating at the

bottom of the water. In one or 2 places

on this side of the mt, which as I have

said terminated in an abrupt precipice--I

saw bogs or meadows 4 or 6 rods wide

or more but with only grass & moss &

Eriophorum without bushes in them--close

to the edge of the mt or precipice--

where if you stand between the meadow

& the summit looking E\footnote{dot after "E" might just be a stray mark} there would appear

to be a notch in the rim of the cup or

almost running over

saucer on the E--& the meadow ready to

spill over & run down the mt on that side.

\footnote{drawing} but when when you stood on

this notched edge the descent

was seen to be much less precipi-

\footnote{spongey} tous than you had expected-- Such "mt

bogs however--are evidently the sources of rivers.

\footnote{"n" could be "t"}

--Lakes of the clouds--when they are clea\(n\)\footnote{water--}
Between this & the NE spur or ridge was the largest swamp or bog that I saw—consisting perhaps of between 1 & 2 acres—as I remember it was a grassy & large mossy bog without bushes—in which you sank a foot—with a great many fallen trees in it—showing their bleached upper side here & there—but almost completely buried in the moss. This must once have been a dense swamp full of pretty large trees—The outlet of this if it had any must have been N. westerly.

This was a wild place enough.

Having ascended the highest part of the N Eastern ridge—N of this bog—we returned to the summit (1st to the ridge of the plateau & west on it to the summit crossing a ravine between) I noticed in many places upon the mt sandy or gravelly spaces from a few feet to a rod in diameter where the thin sward & loam appeared to have been recently removed or swept away. I was inclined to call them scars & thought of very violent winds & tempests of rain as the cause perhaps—but do not know how to account for them.

We had thus made a pretty complete survey of the top of the mt. It is a very unique walk—as would be almost equally interesting to take though it were not elevated above the surrounding valleys—
It often reminded me of my walks on the beach—& suggested how much both depend for their sublimity on solitude & dreariness. In both cases we feel the presence of some vast Titanic power—The rocks & rain pools & valleys & bogs & of the mt are so wild & unfamiliar still—that you do not recognize the one you left minutes before—This rocky region forming what you may call the top of the mt must be more than 2 miles long by 1 wide in the middle—& you would need to ramble about it it many times before it would begin to be familiar. There may be 20 little swamps so much alike in the main that would not know whether you had seen a are trackless & particular one before—& the rocks do not present the same point. So that it has the effect of the most intricate labyrinth & artificially extended walk.

This mt is said in the gazetteer to extend NE SW 5 miles x 3 wide & the streams on the east to empty into Merrimack the Contoocook & Connecticut—on the west into the Ashuelot & Connecticut. is 3718 ft high—judging from its account the top was wooded 50 years ago.

We proceeded to get our tea on the summit—in the very place where I had made my bed for a night some 15 years before.

There were a great many insects of various

---

319 blotch
320 false start crossed out before "&"
kinds on the top most rocks at this hour---
among them I noticed a yellow butterfly & several
large brownish ones fluttering over the apex.

It was interesting to watch from that height
the shadows of fair weather clouds passing over
the landscape--- you could hardly distinguish them
from forests. It reminded me of the similar shadows seen on the sea from the high bank
of Cape Cod Beach. There the perfect equality of
the sea atoned for the comparatively slight elevation of the bank--- We do not commonly
realize how constant & amusing a phenomenon
this is in a summer day to one standing on
a sufficiently elevated point. In the valley
or on the plain you do not commonly notice
the shadow of a cloud unless you are in it
but on a top---or on a lower elevation
in a plane country or by the sea side---the
shadows of clouds flitting over the landscape
are a never failing source of amusement---

It is commonly easy to refer a shadow to its cloud---
since in one direction its form is preserved with
sufficient accuracy--- Yet I was surprised to observe
that a long straggling downy cumulus extending
N & S a few miles east of us---where the sun was
perhaps an hour high cast its shadow along
the base of the Peterboro hills--- did not
fall on the other side as I should have expected.
It proved the clouds not so high as I sup-
posed. It suggested how with tolerable
accuracy you might easily calculate
the height of a cloud—with a quadrant
& a good map of the country—E. G. Observe
at what distance the shadow of a cloud
directly over head strikes the earth—& then
take the altitude of the sun—& you
may presume that you have the base & angles
of a right angled triangle—from which the
rest may be calculated—or you may allow
for the angle of elevation of the mt as
seen from the place where the shadow falls.

Also you might determine the breadth
of a cloud by observing the breadth of the
shadow at a given distance. &c &c—Many
such calculations would be easy in such
a locality. It was pleasant enough to see
one mans farm in the shadow of a cloud which
perhaps he thought covered all the northern states—
which his neighbor’s farm was in sunshine. It
was still too hazy to allow of our seeing the
shadow of the mt—So we descended a little
before the sun set—but already the hyloides
had been peeping for some time.

Again the wood-thrush chewink &c sang
at eve. I had also heard the song sparrow.

As the sky was more cloudy this evening
we looked out a shelving rock near our
camp where we might take shelter from the
rain in the night if necessary—i.e. if our roof
did not prove tight enough. There were
plenty of clefts & small caverns where you
The mosquitoes troubled us a little
might lie warm & dry-- this night.121
Lying up there at this season when the
night hawk is most musical--reminded
me of what I had noticed before that this
bird is crepuscular in it habits. It was heard
only by night only up to 9 or 10 o'clock--&
again just before dawn--& marked those
periods or seasons like a clock-- Its note very
conveniently indicated the time of night. It was suffi-
cient to hear the night hawk booming when you
awoke in the to know how the night got on, though
you had no other evidence of the hour--
I did not hear the sound of any beast--
There are no longer any wolves to howl or pan-
thers to scream. One man told me that many
foxes took refuge from dogs & sportsmen on this
mt.
The plants of cold northern bogs grow on this
mt top--& even they have a boreal habit here
more dwarfish than such of them as grow in our
swamps--
The more memorable & peculiar plants of the
mt top--(perhaps) were the mt cranberry
& the Potentilla tridentata--the dwarfish spruce--
arenaria groenlandica (not now conspicuous)
The ribes prostratum or foetid currant was very
abundant from quite near the summit to near the base
& its currant acid fragrance was quite agreeable
to me--partly perhaps from its relation to the currant of the gardens

121 "this night" actually begins above the dash in MS
You also notice many small weed-like mt ashes—6 or 8 inches high—which on trying to pull up you find to be very firmly rooted—having an old & large root out of proportion to their top— I might also name in this not only the blueberry but but the very common dwarfish Eriophorum vaginatum & the Lycopodium annotinum also the Amelanchier var. oligocarpas.

I was not prepared to find vegetation so much later there than below as with us, since I once found blueberries ripe on Wachusett unexpectedly early— However it was a pleasing lateness— and gives one a chance to review some of his lessons in natural history. were the salix now generally done—Ribes prostratum in prime Eriophorum vaginatum var. pennsylvanicum just begun— Amelanchier oligocarpan a little not long—water andromeda do, do, (& prob (?) the populus, birches (?) may-flower & spruce ?)

Friday June 4th

at {8} 6 Am we began to descend— Near the upper edge of the wood, I heard as I had done in ascending a very peculiar lively & interesting strain from some bird—(which note was new to me) at the same time I caught sight of a bird with a very conspicuous deep orange throat—& otherwise dark with some streaks along the head— This may have been the Black-burn-nian warbler, if it was not too large for that—& or continued may have been the singer. We descended ^ along the base of the mt southward taking the road to the state line station & Winchendon through the west part of Ridge.

It is remarkable how as you are leaving a mt & looking back at it from time to time it gradually gathers up its slopes & spurs to itself—into a regular whole & makes a new & total impression.

V. also ac. of ascent in Sep. 52

Note appears written horizontally in the left margin from lines 40-26.
This list, written on the paste-down end paper, likely cross-references the May 1 and May 2 entries of 1858; however, NB the reference to 1859 in line 12.