At Camp in Tuckerman’s Ravine

Friday July 9th 1858--

Walked to the Hermit Lake some
40 rods NE. *Listera cordata* abundant
& in prime in the woods--with a little
*Platanthera obtusata* also ap. in prime. (the
last also as far up as the head of the ravine sparingly.)

This was a cold clear lake with {scarsly} a plant
low
in it--of perhaps 1/2 an acre--& from a ridge
E of it was a fine view up the ravine-- Hoar
tried in vain for trout here. The *Vac. canadense*
was the prevailing one here & by our camp. Heard
huge
a bull frog in the lake & afterward saw a ^ toad
part way up the ravine. Our camp was
about on the limit of trees here--& may have
been from 2500 to 3000 ft below the summit.

I was here surprised to discover looking down, through
bright
the fir tops--a large ^ downy fair weather cloud
covering the lower world far beneath us--&
there it was the greater part of the time
like a lake
we were there ^ --while the snow & alpine summit
was to be seen above us on the other side at
about the same angle. The pure white crescent
of snow was our sky--& the dark mt side
above our permanent cloud.

We had the F. hiemalis with its usual
note about our camp--& Wentworth
said it was common & bred about his house--
I afterward saw it in the valleys about the
mts. I had seen the White-throated sparrow
near his house. This also he said commonly
bred there, on the ground.

The wood we were in was fir & spruce--
along the brook--grew the alnus viridis--S. Torrey-
ana (?)1 canoe birch--red cherry--mt ash--&c
& prominent among lesser plants--Heracleum
lanatum. Castilleja (septentrionalis)-- The
green
swamp-Goose berry in flower & in ^ fruit. and a
sort of R. floridum without resinous dotted leaves!
The Hedyotis caerulea was surprisingly large &
%chiogenes%2
fresh in bloom--looking a much whiter than usual
as late snows do-- I thought they must be a variety.
& on a sand-bar by the brook-- Oxyria digyna
seen in Kane’s expd. by Hans &c at the furthest N point or 80° + Ap. viola
the very pretty mt sorrel ap. in prime".
blanda--as well as wool grass in the meadow--& Ap. Aster prenanthes--& juncus filiformis
I ascended the stream in the afternoon &
got out of the ravine at its head--after
dining on chiogenes tea--which plant I
could gather without moving from my log seat--
We liked it so well that Blake gathered a
parcel to carry home. In most places it was
scarcely practicable to get out of the ravine
on either side on account of precipices. I judged
it to be 1000 or 1500 feet deep--but with care
you could ascend by some slides. I found that
we might have camped in the scrub-firs
above the edge of the ravine--though it
would have been cold & windy & compara-
tively unpleasant there--for we should
have been most of the time in a cloud.
also Rhodora--fetid currant--Amelanchier var oligocarpa--trientalis
--mt-maple--tree cranberry with green fruit Aster acuminatus
& aralia nudicaulis--a salix humilis-like--& Polystichum aculeatum (??)
& lycopod. annotinum var.3

1"S. Torreyana (?)" looks like it was added in later.
2"chiogenes" written diagonally from "fresh" through "sort" two lines above. Poss
connected to larger interlineation in left margin
3 "also Rhodora...annotinum var." this interlineation is written vertically in the
left margin and inserted with caret to line starting: "blanda--".
The dense patches of dwarf fir & spruce--scarcely rose above the rocks--which they concealed-- & you would often think the trees not more than a foot or 2 deep--as indeed they might not be generally--but searching within you would find hollow places 6 or 8 feet deep between the rocks--where they filled up all level--& by clearing a space here with your hatchet you could find a shelter for your tent--& also fuel--& water was close by above the head of the ravine. Never the less at a glance--looking over--or even walking over this dense shrubbery--you would have thought it no where more than a foot or 2 deep--& the trees at most only an inch or 2 in diameter-- But by searching you would find deep hollow places in it as I have said--where the firs were from 6 to 10 inches in diameter-- The strong wind & the snow are said to flatten these trees down thus. Such a shrubbery would begin with a thin & shallow but dense edge of spruce not more than a foot thick--like moss upon a rock--on which you could walk--but in many places in the middle of it, though its surface was of a uniform slope--it would be found to be 6 or 8 feet deep-- So that these very thickets of which the traveller complains afford at the same time an indispensable shelter--I noticed that this shrubbery just above the Ravine--as well as in it--was principally fir--while the yet more dwarfish & prostrate portion on the
edge was spruce.

Returning I sprained my ankle in jumping
down the brook—so that I could not sleep
that night nor walk the next day—. We
had commonly clouds above & below us—though
it was clear where we were— The clouds com-
monly reached about down to the edge of the
ravine.

The black flies which pestered us till into
evening were of various sizes—the largest
more than 1/8 of an inch long. There were
scarcely any mosquitoes here, it was so cool—

A small owl came in the evening &
sat within 12 feet of us—turning its head
this way & that & peering at us inquisitively.
It was ap. a screech owl. %{nestica} saw-whet%%% 1

Saturday July 10th

Wentworth says he once collected 100 lbs
of Spruce gum & sold it at Biddeford
for 40 cts per lb. Says there are "Sable
lines" about here. They trap them, but rarely
see them— His neighbor who lives on the
hill behind where we camped on the 6th has
4 hours more sun than he. He can accordingly
The days are about 40 minutes longer on top Mt. Washington than so at sea shore—ac
to G. Book
make hay better, but W. beats him in corn.

The sun set to us here at least an hour earlier than usual.

This ravine at the bottom of which we
were looking westward up it had a rim
somewhat like that of the crater of a
volcanoo— The head of it bore from

“nestica . . . saw-whet” very faint on the microfilm. I could only make out a few
words.
looking nearer than it was
camp about N 65 W^--the highest rock with
the outline of a face on it on the south rim--
S 32 W--A very steep cliff on the opposite side
N 20 W--so over the last we judged was the
summit of Mt. Washington--As I understand
Wentworth this was in Pingry's grant--The Glen--
House in Pinkham's Grant--To day & yesterday clouds
were continually drifting over the {sumit}--commonly ex-
tending about down to the edge of the ravine--When
we looked up that way the black patch made
by our fire looked like a shadow on the mt side.

But When I tasted the water under the
snow arch the day before I was disappointed at
its warmth--though it was in fact melted snow--
but half a mile lower it tasted colder--probably
the ice being cooled by the neighborhood of the snow
it seemed thus warmer by contrast.

The only animals we saw about our camp were
a few red-squirrels. W. said there were striped ones
about the mts. The F. hiemalis was most com-
mon in the upper part of the ravine & I
saw a large bird of prey', perhaps an eagle--sailing
over the head of the ravine. The wood thrush
& veery sang regularly esp. morning & evening.
But above all the peculiar & memorable songster
was that Monadnoc like one--keeping up
an exceedingly brisk & lively strain--It was remarkable
for its incessant twittering flow--Yet we never got
sight of the bird, at least while singing, so
that I could not identify it--& my lameness
prevented my pursuing it— I heard it afterward even in the Franconia Notch. It was surprising for its steady & uninterrupted flow—for when one stopped another appeared to take up the strain. It reminded me of a fine cork-screw, a slender^ a stream issuing with incessant lisping flowing rapidly tinkle from a cork ^ --& I said that he had pulled out the spile & left it That was the rhythm but with a sharper tinkle of course running-- ^ It had no more variety than that. --but it was more remarkable for its continuance & monotonousness than any bird’s note I ever heard. It evidently belongs only to cool mt.sides. high up amid the fir & spruce. I saw once flitting through the fir tops restlessly a small white & dark bird--(sylvia like) which may have been it. Sometimes they appeared to be attracted by our smoke. The note was so incessant that at length you only noticed when it ceased The black flies were of various sizes here much larger than I noticed in Maine— They compelled most of the time to sit in the smoke— which I preferred to wearing a veil— They lie a long your forehead in a line where your hat touches it—or behind your ears—or about your throats (if not protected by beard) or into the rim of the eyes or between the knuckles—and then suck till they are crushed— But fortunately they do not last far into the evening--& a wind or a fog disperses them. I did not mind I find many of them accidentally pressed in my botany & plant book. A botanists books, if he has’
ever visited the primitive northern woods will be pretty sure to contain these
specimens of the black fly--
them much--but I noticed that men working on
the high way made a fire to keep them off. Any--
Plenty of fly-blowing flies--but
thing but mosquitoes by night. I saw no ants in the dead wood-- --
some spiders
In the pm Hoar Blake & Brown ascended
the slide on the S to the highest rock-- They were
more than an hour getting up--but we heard
them shout distinctly from the top.
Hoar found near the edge of the ravine there--
or between the snow there & edge--
^ Rhododendron Lapponicum (some time out of
ac to Durand at 68° in Greenland
bloom) ^ growing in the midst of empetrum
& moss.-- Arctostaphylos alpina going to seed
Polygwnum viviparum in prime ^ --& salix
ac to Durand at 73° in Greenland
herbacea ^ a pretty trailing roundish leaved willow
S.
going to seed--but ap not so early as the Uva
ursi
visited by 3 men from Glen House who thought it
It rained hard all night--wetting us but
(Sunday)
was well named "Tucker's Ravine," because it tuckered a man out to get to it!
little however-- One of the slender spruce trees
by our camp which we cut down--though it
looked young & thrifty--being 28 feet high
& only 6 1/2 inches in diameter--had about 80
rings--& the firs were at least as old.
Wentworth said that he had 500 acres
& would sell the whole with buildings for
$2000-- He knew a dead log on the fire
to be spruce, & not fir, because the stubs
slanted
of the lower part grew downward--& also
by its "straight rift". He called a rotten
cane "dozy". After some observation I con-
clouded that it was true that the base of
the lower limbs of the spruce slanted downward more
generally than those of the fir.
Monday July 12th

It having cleared up—we shouldered our packs & commenced our descent—by a path about 2 1/2 or 3 miles to Carriage road not descending a great deal. The prevailing underplant at first as we descended were—oxalis acetosella abundantly in bloom—Cornus Canadensis—chiogenes clintonia borealis—^ vac. canadense—Gold-thread—listera cordata—Platanthera smilacina bifolia. Solidago thysoidaea (large & prevalent) from top of ravine to base of mt on more open & grassy parts. where it was in prime—3 ft high & spike 18 inch long. %Oakes says the white birch (here—meaning the canoe) {comes} {up} after% birches increased—4 after 2 miles yellow %burning—% birch began—Halfway down the mt on the road—saw—% a white-weed—& one alsine Groenlandica— It surprising how much of that white {path}—the {nidus} of an insect there was on the grass & weeds on and about the mts—They were white with it. Carex trisperma (?) 3/4 down—Hear the oven-bird near base—Dined by Peabody river 3/4 of a mile S of Glen House—(found in Essex woods) found Lonicera ciliata in fruit there ^ & saw a little white pine—4 alnus incana was common—& that large fragrant A. macrophyllus (?) was budded—

I had noticed that the trees at the ravine camp fir & spruce—did not stand firmly—2 or 3 of us could have pulled over one 32 feet high & 6 or 7 inches thick—They were easily rocked lifting the horizontal roots

*very faint on microfilm
each time—which reminded me of what
is said about the Ind. sometimes bending over
a young tree, burying a chief under its roots—and
letting it spring back for his monument & protection.
W. said they had found the fir the best material for bridge planking in his town
out—lasting other woods!!

In the pm we rode along—3 of us—
on our way northward & north-westward
on our way round the mts—going through Gor-
ham—We camped about 1/2 miles W of Gorham
by the roadside on the bank of Moore River—

Tuesday July 13th ’58

This morning it rained—keeping us in
camp till near noon—for we did not
wish to lose the view of the mts as we rode along.

We dined at Wood’s tavern in Randolph,
just over Randolph Hill—& here had a
pretty good view of Madison & Jefferson which
rose from just S the stream there—but a
cloud rested on the summits most of the time—

As we rode along in the afternoon
I noticed that when finally it began to
rain hard the clouds settling down—we
had our first distinct view of the mt
outline for a short time. Wood said they
had no spruce but white spruce there—
though I called it black—& that they
had no white pine nor oak—

It rained steadily & soakingly the rest
of the pm as we kept on through Randolph
& Kilkenny & Jefferson Hill—so that we
had a clear view of the mts.

We put up at a store just opposite the town hall on Jefferson Hill-- It here cleared up after 2 days rain at sunset ^ & we had a fine view of the mts-- repaying us for our journey & wetting S Easterly mt Washington being some 13 miles distant --

"^ South Westward we looked down over a very extensive uninterrupted & level-looking forest-- which our Host said was very valuable on ac. of its white pine"--there--most valuable land indeed-- Over this the fog clouds were rolling beneath us--& a splendid but cloudy sunset was preparing for us in the west.. By going still higher up the hill in the wet grass N of the town House-- we could see the whole while mt range from madison to Lafayette

The alpine, or rocky portion, of Mt. Washington & its neighbors, was a dark chocolate brown the extreme summits being dark topped or edged ^ --&

as the sun got lower--a very distinct brilliant & beautiful green, as of a thick mantle, was reflected on the ravines vegetation in the as from the fold of a mantle ravines ^ & on the lower parts of the mts-- They were chiefly Washington & the high northern peaks that we attended to The wisps of fog-like cloud skirting the sides of cherry mt & mt. Deception in the South--had the appearance of rocks--& gave to the mt sides a precipitous look. I saw a bright streak looking like snow--a narrow bright ribbon

'possibly false start
"pine" inserted
where the source of the ammonosuk swolen
by the rain leaped down the side of mt Washing-
ton from the Lake of the Clouds.

The shadows on Lafayette betrayed ridges run-
ing toward us. That brilliant green on the
northern mts was reflected but a moment or 2
--for the atmosphere at once became too misty.
It several times disappeared & was then brought
out again with wonderful brilliancy--as
it were an invisible writing--or a fluid which
required to be held to the sun to be brought out.

After the sun set to us the base summits--
were of a delicate rosaceous color--passing through
violet or to the deep dark blue or purple of
the night which already circled their lower parts--
For this night shadow was wonderfully blue
reminding me of the blue shadows on snow--
There was an after-glow in which these tints &
variations were repeated. It was the grandest
mt view I ever got-- In the mean while
white clouds were gathering again about the
about
summits--first of the highest--appearing to
form there--but sometimes to send off an emissary
to imitate a cloud upon a lower neighboring
peak-- You could tell little about the com-
parative distance of a cloud & a peak--till you

saw that the former actually impinged on the latter.
1st Washington--Adams, then Jefferson put on their caps, and you saw the latter as it were,
send off one small nucleus to gather round the head of Madison."

This was the best point from which to observe
these effects that we saw in our journey--
but it appeared to me that from a hill

a few miles further westward--perhaps in

"1st Washington . . . Madison" written vertically in the left margin with line
for insertion.
Whitefield, the view might be even finer.

I made the accompanying 2 sketches of the

mt outline--here--as far s. only as what

the landlord called mt Pleasant--the route

from the Notch house being visible no further--

This was said to be a fine farming town-- I

heard the song of toads--& saw a remarkable

abundance of butter cup (the tall) yellowing

the fields in this town & the next--somewhat

spring-like.

Wednesday July 14th

This forenoon we rode on through White-

field to Bethlehem--clouds for the most

part concealing the higher mts. Found the

Geum stricta in bloom in Whitefield. also

common flax by a house. Got a nother

fine view of the mts--the higher ones much more

distant than before--from a hill just s of the

public house in Bethlehem--but might have

higher

got a better view from a ^ hill a little more

east--which we said was the highest land

between the Green & the White mts--(of course

saw the Stratford peaks 30 or 40 miles north & many mts E of them

on that line) ^ Climbed the long hill from

Franconia to the Notch--passed the {Profile}

House & camped half a mile up the side

of Lafayette.

Loudon says of the vac. Uliginosum that it

is "Taller than the common bilberry" ie vac. myrtillus

& is a shrub about 2 feet high; a native of Sweden, Ger-

many, Siberia, Switzerland, Savoy, Scotland, & the

north of England; as well as in the more northern parts

12: "the" altered from "this"
13 "Whitefield . . . further" the accompanying two sketches Thoreau refers to can be found on a loose leaf of paper waxed into the journal and corresponding to our ms photocopy pp 12a-12b (p.12b is the blank side of the loose leaf). The sketches are of two outlines of the White Mountains, with the names of individual mountains labeled on the lower sketch as follows (with Thoreau's spelling): "Maddison," "Jefferson," "Adams," "W.,” "monroe (&?" and “Pleasant.” Above the sketches is written: "NB Oakes puts Jefferson next to Washington--but makes it lower than the 3d." Below the sketches is written: "View of Wht mts proper from Town-house & store in Jefferson--" to the right of this: "other mts this side below" and underneath: "other mts & Franconia mts further to the right."
of America, & on its west coast, & on the island
of Sitcha, & in the north of Asia, in marshy mts
heaths & alpine bogs.“ High on the mts in Scotland.
“It is said to cover extensive tracts of land on the west
coast of Greenland, along with Andromeda tetragona---"
-- -- "The berries are agreeable, but inferior in flavor to
those of V. myrtillus: eaten in large quantities, they
occasion giddiness, & a slight headache. Called "The
bog whortle-berry, or Large Bilberry"

Vac. Angustifolium Ait.-- "Berries large & known
by the name of buets.-- A shrub nearly 2 feet high;
a native of Canada, about Hudson’s Bay & Labrador;
and of the high Alpine woods of the Rocky mts, from
the Atlantic to the Pacific.-- -- -- -- The fruit is large,
globose, blackish purple,"--highly esteemed.

V. Vitis Idaea "The berries of this plant form an
important article of commerce in the sea-ports
bordering the Gulf of Bothnia, whence they are
sent to the south of Europe along with cran-
"mt Ida Whortleberry or Cowberry".

Vac. Oxycoccus--Bankers in Russia whiten silver
money by boiling it in their juice. “In Russia & in
some parts of Sweden, the long filiform shoots of the
oxycoccus are collected in spring, after most of the
leaves have dropped off, & are dried, and twisted into
ropes, which are used to tie on the thatch of houses, &
even for harnessing horses.”

Cassiope hypnoides-- “A native of Lapland, Denmark,
& Siberia, on the mountains, where it covers whole
tracts of land; & on the north-west coast of
North America.”
Phyllodoce taxifolia. "A native of Europe, North America, & Asia. In Europe; in Scotland on dry heathy moors, rare; &c &c cultivated in British gardens."--

Arctostaphylos uva-ursi—"in Sweden, Russia, & America, they ^ form a principal part of the food of bears."

Arctostaphylos Alpina—"native of Denmark, Switzerland, Dauphine, Savoy, Siberia &c &c"—berries scarcely edible. Ac to Linnaeus very common about the White Sea.

[Pursh says of the chiogenes hispidulum that it is growing always amidst sphagnum.]

Rhododendron Lapponicum "a native of the arctic regions of Europe, Asia, & North America, where it forms a procumbent shrub, flowering in July."

Salix uva ursi Pursh—"A native of Labrador" Loudon’s his ^ leaves are blunt obovate!

S. herbacea "A native of Britain on the Welsh & Highland mtz;—"In The Companion to the Botanical Magazine, it is stated that S. herba-cea exceeds in the elevation of its habitat every other shrub in Britain" "S. herbacea is the least of British willows, and ac. to Sir J. E. Smith, the least of all shrubs. Dr. Clarke, in his Scandina-via, calls it a perfect tree in miniature; so small that it may be taken up, & root, trunk, & branches, spread out in a small pocket-book." But it has a considerable prostrate stem & root. Leaves used for tanning in Iceland.

S. repens—(of Linnaeus—has in plate
pointed (!) lanceolate leaves & he says which Loudon says are from 1/4 to 3/4 inch long--while the plant rises only "a finger's length"!—can it be mine? Loiseleuria procumbens "plentiful on the tops of mts in Scotland."

**Alnus viridis** D.C. Belongs to the continent of Europe. **Empetrum nigrum**--the north of Europe & of Asia--abundant in Scotland. "The Scotch High landers & Russian peasants eat the berries,"—one of the plants that would prevail in England with ling &c if let alone—or ground not cultivated.\(^1\)

Willey says of Jackson "The great number of sheep scattered upon the mountains make it the principal place of resort for what bears & wolves are yet left among these hills." Wentworth said that he had trapped & killed a number of them. They killed many of his sheep & calves--& destroyed much of his corn when in the mill close to his house. A sheep could run faster than a bear but was not so long winded—esp. going up a mt side. The bear when pursued would take directly as to some distant & impenetrable thicket dark these Fir thickets on the mt side-- He once found some young bears on a nest--made of small dry sticks collected under a ledge--raising them 5 or 6 inches from the ground--He carried home the young & reared them. The voice of a bear was like that of a woman in distress. It was in Gilead the 1st town (in Maine) NE from Jackson that Bean killed his bear—thrusting his arm down her throat.

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\(^1\)followed by horizontal line toward right margin
Thursday July 15th

Continued the ascent of Lafayette % also called the Great { }% 16

is perhaps 3 1/2 miles from the road to the top

by path--along winding ridge.

At about 1 1/2 miles up by path the spruce

began to be small-- Saw there a silent

bird--dark slate & blackish above. esp. head--

with a white line over the brows--then a dark slate

next beneath--white throat & reddish belly--black

bill. A little like a nuthatch. Also saw

an F. hiemalis on top of a dead tree.

The wood was about all spruce here 20 feet

high--together with--vaccinium canadense--

--lamb-kill in bloom--mus. ash.--viburnum

nudum--rhodora--amelanchier oligocarpa--

nemopanthes-- As I looked down into some very

broad & deep ravines from this point--their

sides appeared to be covered chiefly with spruce--

with a few bodkin points of fir here & there--

(had seen 2 days before some very handsome

firs on low ground which were actually concave

on sides of course (drawing)) while the narrow bottom

in middle of the ravine--as far up

& down as trees reached--where of course there

was most water was almost exclusively hard wood17

of birch chiefly.

As we proceeded the number of firs began to in-

crease & the spruce to diminish--till at about

2 miles perhaps the wood was almost pure fir

about 14 ft high--but this suddenly ceased at

about half a mile further & gave place to

16 too faint to read on microfilm
17 "wood" blot through third letter
to a very dwarfish fir & to the latter of

--- spruce again---^ a very dwarfish procumbent
dense & flat 1 to 2 feet high-- than the fir
form ^ which crept yet higher up the mt ^ over

the rocks beyond the edge of the fir.---& with this

spruce was mixed--empetrum nigrum dense & matted
on the rocks--partly dead--with berries already blackening
also vac. uliginosum-- Though the edges all
around and the greater part of such a thicket
higher up the ( ) have rocks
might be spruce--yet the deeper hollows between

the rocks--in the midst, would invariably be filled
only
with fir rising ^ to the same level--but much larger
round-- These firs esp. made the stag-horns when

dead--

(drawing) The spruce was mostly
procumbent at that height, but the fir upright
though flattopped.

In short, spruce gave place to fir from 1 1/2 to 1 mile below top--(so you may
say firs were the highest trees) & then succeeded to it in a very dwarfish &
procumbent form yet higher up--

At a part 1 mile or 3/4 below the summit--just
above the limit of trees we came to a little pond
maybe of 1/4 of an acre--(with a yet smaller one near
by) the source of one (head) of the Pemigewasset--
in which grew a great many yellow lilies
(Nuphar adrena) & I think a potamogeton--

In the flat dryish bog by its shore I noticed
the empetrum nigrum--ledum--vac. oxycoccus,
smilacenia trifolia--Kalmia glauca (in bloom still)
Andromeda calyculata--(I think polifolia?) eri-
ophorum vaginatum--vac. uliginosum--juncus
(E.g. C. pauciflora?--C. irriuis with dangling spikes--& a c. lupulina like--& the
scirpus caespitosus (?) of mt Washington (q.v)
filiformis-- 4 kinds of sedge ^ --(q.v) brown lichens
in a
& cladonias all low & ^ moss like bed in the moss of
the bog.---also rhodora of good size-- 1--2--3--4--& 5
were quite dwarfish.

The outlet of the pond was considerable
but soon lost beneath the rocks-- A willow rostra-
ta like--but not downy--grew there.

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18"{drawing}" caption: spruce, firs (written vertically), spruce, firs (written vertically), spruce.
19"In short . . . higher up--" written vertically in left margin with line for insertion.
In the dwarf fir thickets above & below this pond—I saw the most beautiful Linaneas that I ever saw—They grew quite slenderly full of rose-purple flowers—(deeper reddish purple than ours which are pale) perhaps nodding over the brink of a spring—altogether the purist mt flowers I saw—by the lining the side of the narrow horse-track through the fir-scent. As you walk you overlook the top of this thicket—each side. There also grew near that pond—red-cherry—aster prenanthes (?) & common shue.

We saw a line of fog over the Connecticut valley. Found near summit the ap. vac. angustifolium of Ait. (var of V. Penn. Gray) Bluets—and a pond leaved vac. lower down—(q.v.) just below top reclined on a dense bed of salix uva ursi 5 feet in diameter by 4 or 5 inches deep—a good spot to sit on—mixed with a rush—amid rocks—This willow was generally showing its down.

We had fine weather on this mt & from the summit a good view of mt Washington & the rest—Though it was a little hazy in the horizon—It was a mild mt & forest scene from SSE round eastwardly to NNE. On the N. W. the country was half cleared as from Monadnoc—in the leopard spotted land— I saw about WNW a large Green mt—perhaps Mansfield mt though the compass was affected here.

The carex scirpoidea (?) grew at top—& it

---

2+ inches of spaces following "valley."
In an ac. of C. Piazzi Smyth’s scientific mission under the Eng. Gov. to the peak of Teneriffe in 1856--it is said "in the hollow of this crater [the top most] 12,200 feet above the sea level, though at a lesser altitude they had left all signs of animal life, they found a population of bees, flies, spiders, as well as swallows and linnets--The birds & insects flying about in numbers."

& of a lower altitude, speaking of the flowers, it is said--that during the early summer "the towns people [of Orotava]
find it worth their while to pack their hives of bees on mules & bring them to these upper regions to gather honey from the myriads of mountain flowers."
was surprising how many large bees, wasps, butterflies & other insects were hovering & fluttering about the very apex—though not particularly below—What attracts them to such a locality?

Heard one white-throated sparrow above these trees—and also saw a little bird by the pond. Think I heard a song sparrow about latter place—Saw a toad near limit of trees—& many polly wogs in the pond above trees.

Boiled tea for our dinner by the little pond—the bend of the Pemigewasset

Saw tracks in the muddy bog by the pond side—shaped somewhat like a small human foot—perhaps made by a bear.

We made our fire on the moss & lichens by a rock amid the shallow fir & spruce—burning the dead fir twigs—or “deer’s horns”. I cut off a flourishing fir 3 feet high & not flattened at top yet. This was 1 1/4 inches in diameter & had 34 rings—One also flourishing 15 inches high & dead one had 12 rings at ground. One was 29 inches in circumference & at 4 feet from ground branched as much as 5 feet each way horizontally—(making a flat top) curving up—and again into stag-horns—with branches very large & stout at base—Another fir close by & dead was 30 inches in circumference—at only 1/2 inch in diameter at ground & about the same for, 4 1/2 feet thus—(drawing)

another fir 3 feet high—fresh & vigorous without a flat top as yet—had its woody part 1 1/8 inch thick (or diameter) at base (the bark being 1/8 inch thick)

22“in” added
23line follows to “thus”
& 61 rings—There was no sign of decay, though
it was as usual, mossy, or covered with lichens--
I cut off at ground one of the little
procumbent spruce trees which spread
much like a juniper, but not curving
upward—This rose about 9 inches above
the ground—but I could not count the
rings they were so fine—(V. piece) ^24
The smallest diameter of the wood is 41/80 of an inch—The number of rings, as near
as I can count with a microscope taking much pains are about 70—and on one side,
these are included within a radius of 9/40 of an inch—of which a little more than
1/2 is heartwood—or each layer on this side is less than 1/300 of an inch thick.
The bark was 3/40 inch thick—

  It was quite round & easy to cut it was
so fresh—
  If the fir 30 inch in circ. grew no faster than that 1 1/8 inch in diameter
then it was about 549 years old.

When half way down the mt amid the spruce—
we saw 2 pine gross beaks—male & female
close by the path & looked for a nest but in
vain—They were remarkably tame—& the male
red
a brilliant ^ orange neck—head—breast beneath
& rump blackish wings & tail with 2 white
bars on wings—(Female yellowish) The male
flew nearer inquisitively uttering a low twitter—
& perched fearlessly within 4 feet of us—eyeing
us & pluming himself & plucking & eating
The leaves of The Amelanchier oligocarpa(s) on
for several minutes
which he sat—^ The female meanwhile was a
rod off. They were evidently breeding there. Yet neither
Wilson nor Nuttall speak of their Breeding in the
U.S.

At the base of the mt over the road—heard (& saw),
at the same place where I heard him the evening
before a splendid Rose-breasted gross beaks singing

^24Line extends from caret to "The smallest . . . thick" written vertically in left margin.
I had before mistaken him at first for a tanager--also for a red eye--but was not satisfied--but now with my glass I distinguished him--sitting quite still high above the road at the entrance of the mt path--
in the deep-woods--& singing steadily for 20 minutes-- It was remarkable for sitting so still & where yesterday & sweeter more powerful than the note of the tanager
or red-eye-- It had not the hoarse ness of the tanager-- & more sweetness & fulness than the red-eye-- Wilson does not give this breeding place-- Nuttal quotes Pennant as saying that some breed in N. York-- but most further north. They too appear to breed
Heard The Ev. Forest note in the about the white mt., sides of the mt. often-- Heard no robins on the white mt.
Rode on & stopped at Morrison’s (once Tilton’s) W. Heracleum lanatum in notch & very large
Inn in Thornton some 7ft high-- Observed as we rode S--through Lincoln that the face of cliffs on the hills & mt. E of the river & even the stump of the spruce reflected a pink light at sunset.

Friday July 16th ’58
Continue on thro Thornton & Campton. The butternut is first noticed in these towns Urtica Canadensis in Campton a common tree.

About the mt's were wilder & rarer birds--more or less arctic {like} the vegetation-- I did not even hear the robins on them--& when I had left them a few miles behind--it was a great change & surprise to hear the lark--the wood-pewee--the robin--& the bobolink (for the last had not done singing).

On the mt's--esp. at Tuckerman’s Ravine the notes even of familiar birds sounded strange

²Caret points to “& sweeter”
to me— I hardly knew the wood thrush &
veery & ovenbird at first. They sing dif-
ferently there. In 2 instances—(going down the
Mt Washington road & along the road in
the Franconia Notch) I started an F. Hiemalis
within 2 feet—close to the roadside— but looked
in vain for a nest— They alight & sit thus close.

I doubt if the chipping sparrow is found about
the mts.

We were not troubled at all by black-flies
after leaving the Franconia Notch— It is ap.
only in primitive woods that they {work}— We
had grand Views of the Franconia mts from
Campton. & were surprised by the perfectly
regular pyramidal form of most of
the peaks. including Lafayette which
we had ascended. I think that there must be
some occular illusion about this—for no
such regularity was observable in ascending
Lafayette. I remember that when I got more
than half a mile down it I met 2 men
perspiring very much
walking up—one of whom asked me if a
cliff within a stones throw before them was
the summit. Indeed the summit of a mt
though it may appear thus regular at a
distance, is not after all the easiest thing
to find even in clear weather— The surface
was so irregular that you would hav thought
you saw the summit a dozen times before
you did— & in one sense the nearer
you got to it, the further off it is-- I told the
man it was 7 or 8 times as far as that. I suspect
that such are the laws of light--that
our eyes as it were leaps from one prominence
to another--connecting them by a straight line
when at a distance--& making one side balance
the other-- So that when the summit viewed
is 50 or a hundred miles distant--there
is but a very general & very little truth in
the impression of its outline conveyed to the
mind. Seen from campton & lower the Franconia
blue mts show 3 or 4 sharp & regular " pyra-
mids--reminding you of pictures of the pyra-
mids of Egypt--though when near you
suspected no such resemblance. You know
from having climbed them--most of the time out
of sight of the summit--that they must be
at least of a scalloped out line-- {drawing}
& it is hardly to be supposed that a nearer
or more distant prominence always is seen
at a distance filling up the irregularities. It
& vision
would seem as if by some law of light " the
inclined to
eye " connect-- the base & apex of a peak in
the horizon by a straight line-- 25 miles off
in this case you might think that the
summit was a smooth inclined plane--
though you can reach it only over a suc-
cession of promontories & shelves.

Cannon mt on the W side of the F. Notch--
(or whose side is the purple) is the most
singly lumpish mass of any mt
I ever saw—esp. so high—It looks
like a behemoth or a load of hay—&
suggests no such pyramid—as I have described.
—so my theory does not quite hold together—
& I would say that thy eye needs only
a hint of the general form—& completes
from 26
the outline {——} the slightest suggestion—

The huge lumpish mass & curving outline
of Cannon mt is yet more remarkable
than the pyramidal summit of the others—
It would be less remarkable in a mere
hill—But it is in fact an elevated & bald
rocky mt—My last view of these Franconia
mts was from a hill in the road just this
side of Plymouth village. Campton ap.
affords the best views of them—& some artists
board there.

Gathered the carex straminea (?) some 3 feet high
—scoparia like—in Bridgewater—Nooned on 27
W bank of the Pemigenasset 1/2 mile above the
covered Saw 1st pitch pines in New Hampton—
New Hampton ^ Bridge.
&Saw chestnuts first ^ frequently in Franklin & Bos-
cawen—or about 43 1/2° N—or half a degree higher
It was quite common in Holli
than Emerson put it—^ Of oaks I saw & heard
only of the Red in the North of N. Hampshire—The
witch hazel was very abundant & large in the north part
of N. H. & about the mts—

Lodged at Tavern in Franklin W side of river—
Sat. July 17
Passed by Webster's Place 3 miles this side of the village-- some half dozen houses there--no storm nor public buildings-- A very quiet place--road lined with elms & maple--RR. between house & barn--

The farm ap. a level & rather sandy interval--plain nothing particularly attractive about it. A ^ public grave yard within its limits-- Saw the grave of Ebenezer Webster Esq. who died 1806 aged 67 & of Abigail his wife who died 1816 aged 76--prob Webster’s father & mother. Also of other Websters & haddocks-- Now belongs to one Tay of Boston.

W. was born 2 or more miles NW--but home now gone.

Spent the noon on the bank of the Contoocook in the N. W. corner of Concord-- There a stagnant river owing to dams-- began to find raspberries ripe.

Saw much elecampane by roadsides near farmers houses all the way through N.H.

Reached Weare & put up at a quiet & agreeable house, without any sign or bar-room--

Many Friends in this town--Kuerne Pillsbury & Rogers here-- The former lived in Hanniker, next town--

Sunday July 18--

Keep on through New Boston--the E side of mt Vernon-- Amherst to Hollis --& noon by mill a ^ pond in the woods, on Pennichook Brook in Hollis or 3 miles N of village-- At evening go on to Pepperell-- A marked difference when we enter massachusetts--in roads--farms
houses--trees, fences, &c--a great improvement

--showing an older settled country--

In New Hampshire there is greater want of shade
trees--but long bleak or sunny roads--from which
there is no escape-- What barbarians we are.
The convenience of the traveller is very little
consulted--he merely has the privilege of
crossing somebody’s farm by a particular
narrow & maybe unpleasant path--
The individual retains all the rights--
as to trees & fruit--worth of the road &c--
On the other hand these should belong to
mankind inalienably-- The road should
be of ample width--& adorned with
trees--expressly for the use of the traveller--
There should be broad recesses in it--esp.
at springs & watering places--where
he can turn out & rest or camp if he
will-- I feel commonly as if I were
condemned to drive through somebody’s cow yard
by a narrow lane
or huckle berry pasture-- & if I make a fire
by the roadside to boil my hasty pudding, the
farmer comes running over to see if I am not
burning up his stuff-- You are backed along
through the country from door to door.

July 19th get home at noon--

For such an excursion as the above carry & wear--

3 strong thick shirts--
2 pair socks

29"worth" possibly "work"
neck ribbon & handkerchief--
3 pocket handkerchiefs
1 thick waist coat--
1 \text{thin (or half thick)} coat
1 \text{thick do (for mt)}
A large broad India rubber knapsack--with a \text{broad flap--}
A flannel shirt
India rubber coat--
3 bosoms (to go & come in)
a napkin
pins needles thread--
A blanket
A cap to lie in at night
tent (or a large simple piece of India rubber cloth for the \text{mt tops?})
veil & gloves (or enough millinet to cover all at night)
map & compass
plantbook & paper--
paper & stamps
Botany--spylglass--microscope
Tape--Insect boxes--
Jacknife--& Clasp knife--
Fish line & hooks--
matches
soap & dish cloths--
waste paper & twine
Iron spoon--
Pint dipper with a pail handle added--(not to put out the fire)
Frying pan only if you ride
Hatchet (sharp) if you ride & perhaps in any case on \text{mt--with a sheath to it.}
Hard head--(sweet crackers good) a moist sweet plum cake very good & lasting-- \text{hard head pork}
corn beef or tongue--sugar tea or coffee--
& a little salt.

As I remember those firs on the mts those
dwarfs firs on the mts grew up
straight 3 or 4 feet without diminishing
much if any--& then sent forth every way very
stout branches like bulls horns or shorter
horizontally 4 or 5 feet each way--they were
stout because they grew so slowly-- Apparently
they were kept flat topped by the snow & wind--
But when the surrounding trees rose above them--
being sheltered a little apparently
they sent up shoots from the horizontally limbs
which also were again more or less bent &
this added to the horn like appearance--

We might easily have built us a shed
of spruce bark at the foot of Tuckerman's
Ravine-- I thought that I might
in a few moments strip off the bark of a
spruce a little bigger than myself &
7 feet long, letting it curve as it
naturally would--then crawl into it & be
protected against any rain. Wentworth
said that he had sometimes stripped off
birch bark 2 feet wide & put his head thro'
a slit in the middle letting the ends fall
down before & behind--as he walked

The slides in Tuckerman's ravine
appeared to be a series of deep gullies side by
side--where sometimes it appeared as if a
very large rock had slid down without turning
over--plowing this deep furrow all the way--only a few rods wide. Some of the slides were streams of rocks a rod or more in diameter each-- In some cases which I noticed the ravine side had evidently been undermined by water--on the lower side--

It is surprising how much more bewildering is a mt top than a level area of the same extent--Its ridges & shelves & ravines--add greatly to its--apparent extent & diversity-- You may be separated from your party by only stepping a rod or 2 out of the path-- We turned off 3 or 4 rods to the pond on our way up Lafayette--knowing that Hoar was behind--but w we lost him for 3/4 of an hour & did not see him again till we reached the summit. One walking a few rods more to the right or left is not seen over the ridge of the summit--& other things being equal, this is truer the nearer you are to the apex.

If you take one side of a rock & your companion another it is enough to separate you sometimes for the rest of the ascent.

On these mt summits--or near them--you find small--& almost uninhabited ponds--ap. without fish--sources of rivers--still & cold--strange--or weird-like--of which nevertheless you make tea!! condensed clouds-- surrounded by dryish bogs--in which perchance you may detect trees of the bear or Loup-cervier.30

We got the best views of the mts from Conway--Jefferson--Bethlehem & Campton-- Conway combines the Italian (?) level & softness with Alpine

---

30This is a hyphenated compound word.
peaks around-- Jefferson offers the completed view of the range a dozen or more miles distant--the place from which to behold the manifold varying lights of departing day on the summits--Bethlehem also afforded a complete but generally more distant view of the range--& with respect to the highest summits more diagonal--Campton afforded a Fine distant view of the pyramidal Franconia mts with the lumpish profile mt--The last view with its smaller intervals & partial view of the great ranges far in the north--was somewhat like the view from Conway.

Belknap in his Hist. of N.H. 3d vol p 33 says-- "On some mountains we find a shrubbery of hemlock (?) & spruce, whose branches are knit together so as to be impenetrable. The snow lodges on their tops, & a cavity is formed underneath. These are called by the Indians, Hakmantaks."

Willey quotes some one %^% as saying "-- "Above this hedge of dwarf trees, which is about 4000 feet above the level of the sea, the scattered fir & spruce bushes, shrinking from the cold mountain wind, and clinging to the ground in sheltered hollows by the sides of the rocks, with a few similar bushes of white & yellow [?] birch, reach about a thousand feet higher."

Willey says that "The tops of the mts are covered with snow from the last of October to the end of May."-- that the alpine plants spring up under the shelter of high rocks-- (Probably

"Scenery" according to 1906
there they are most abundant on the SE sides--?

To sum up--(omitting sedges--.)

plants prevailed thus on Mt Washington--

1st For 3/4 of a mile-- Black (?) spruce--

Yel. Birch--Hemlock, Beech--Canoe Birch--Rock Maple--

Fir--Mt Maple--Red-Cherry--Striped Maple--&c--

2d At 1 3/4 miles Spruce (prevails) with

Fir, Canoe & Yel Birch-- + Rock Maple, Beech,

& Hemlock disappear--(On Lafayette Lambkill--vil. nudum

--nemopanthes--mt ash)-- Hard woods in bottom of

ravines above & below.

3 At 3 miles or limit of trees--(colliers shanty &

Ravine Camp)

Fir prevails, with some spruce & Canoe Birch--

mt ash--alnust viridis (in most ravines) Rred32 Cherry

mt maple--S humilis like & Torreyana like &c

vac. canadense--Ribes lacustre--prostratum--&

floridum (?) Rhodora--Amelanchier oligocarpa--Tree

cranberry--chiogenes--cornus candensis--oxalis

acetosella--Clintonia--Goldthread, Listera Cor-
data--Smilacina bifolia--solidago Thyrsoidea

ranunculus abortivus--Platanthera obtusatata

& dilatata--oxyria digyna--viola biada

--A. prenanthes (?) A acuminatus--arabis

nudicaulis--Polystichum auleatum (?)

wool grass &c

4th Limit of trees to within 1 mile of top--or as far as dwarf firs

22"Rred": “R” added
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Content</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>This MS photocopy page [31a] is of a loose scrap of paper waxed into the Journal that includes a list of plants mentioned by Gray as being common to the White Mountains area. (Apparently Thoreau crossed off those species he found on his excursion.) MS photocopy pages 31b and 32a are of a newspaper article on the White Mountains that Thoreau placed in the journal at this point. MS pp. 32b-33 show the other side of the newspaper article (containing a part of the classified section of the paper). Thoreau does not make any reference to these items in the text of the Journal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>On Wht Mts by Gray</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Cardamine bellidifolia July</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>Viola palustris June</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Silene Acaulis July</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Alisma Crassulandica June Aug.</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>Paronychia argyrocoma July</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>Alchemilla alpina</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Sibbaldia procumbens</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>Dryas integrifolia (?)</td>
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<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Geum macropsylum (around base) June</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Radiatum var Peckii July Sep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Potentilla minima July</td>
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<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Rubus Chamaemorus (at limit of trees)</td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>N. B. Epilobium Alpinum (½ var minus)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>saxifraga rivularis (very rare)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>viburnum pauciflorum (in woods.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>A. acuminatus depauperate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>&quot; nemoralis (a small form)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>&quot; graminifolius (about these mts)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>solidago virga aurea var. Alpina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; humilis at base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Gnaphalium Supinum</td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>? Arctica mollis July (alpine rivulets)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Nabalus Nanus</td>
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<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>&amp; &quot; &quot; Botellis</td>
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<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>vac. vitis Idea June</td>
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<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; Caespitosum</td>
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<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; Ulignosum</td>
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<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Arctostaphylos alpina</td>
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<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Cassiope hypnoidal</td>
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<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Phylloides cassiifolia</td>
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<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Rhododendron lapponicum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Loiseleuria procumbens (on rocks) June</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Dwarf fir--spruce--& some canoe Birch--
vac. uliginosum--& vitis idaea--Salix--
**uva ursi**--Ledum--Empetrum nigrum--
oxalis acetosella--Linnæa borealis--cornus
canadensis--Alisine Groenlandica--Diapensia
Lapponica--Gold thread--Epigaea--Sorrel
Geum radiatum var Peckii--Solidago virga--
urea, var alpinia--S. Thrysoidea (not so high
as last--) Hellebore--Oldenlandia--Clintonia
viola palustris--Triculalis--a little vac--
% V June 14 59%
angustifolium (?) -- dwarf of vac. caespitosum %^% --Phyllophora--
taxifolia -- uvalaria grandoflora-- Loiseleuria
procumbens--cassiope hypnoides--rubus triflorus--
heracleum lanatum--Archangelica--Rhododendron
Lapponicum--Arctostaphylos alpina--Salix her--
bacea--Polygonum viviparum--veronica alpina--
Nabalus Boottii--Epilobium alpinum--Platanthera
dilatata--Common^{*} Rhue--castilleja septentrionalis
--arnica mollis--Spiraea salicofolia--Salix repens (?)
%(ap. Vä. Ph P.21)% Hoar
% solidago thyrsoides--Raspberry (R) Lycopodium
annotinum & selago--small fern--grass--sedges--
moss & lichens%^%^ (On Lafayette vac. oxycccus
smilacina trifolia--Kalmia glauca--andromeda calycu--
lata--red cherry--yellow (water, lily--Eriophorum vaginatum)
5-- Within 1 mile of top
Potentilla tridentata--A very little fir--
spruce & canoe birch--one mt ash--
alsine Groenlandica--Diapensia--vac vitis

^{*}"Common" written over "R"
idaea--Goldthread--Lycopod annotinum & selago--
sorrel--Silene acaulis--S. virga aurea var alpina--
Hellebore Oldenlandia--Lonicera caerulea--Clintonia
--viola palustris--trientalis--vac. angustifolium (?)
--a little fern--Geum Radiatum var Peckii--sedges
rush--moss & lichens--& prob more of the last
bit
   6 At apex--
sedge, moss, & lichens, & a little Alsine--Dia-
pensia--S. virga aurea var alpina (?)35 &c--
The 2d may be called the Spruce Zone
   3 " " " Fir Zone
   4 " " " Shrub--or berry Zone
   5 " " " Cinque-foil or Sedge Zone
   6 " " " Lichen or Cloud Zone--
   Durand in Kane p 444 2d vol thinks that plants
suffer more in Alpine region than in the Polar Zone. Among authorities
in N plant names E. Meyer's Plantac Labradoricae (1830) & Giesecke's list of
Greenland plants
in Brewsters Edinburg-Encyclopedia (1832)
It is remarkable that what you
may call trees in the white mist i.e. the
forest--ceases abruptly--with those about
a dozen feet high--& then succeeds a distinct
kind of growth quite dwarfish & flattened--
& confined almost entirely to fir & spruce--
As if it marked the limit of almost
perpetual snow--as if it indicated a
zone where the trees were peculiarly op-
pressed by the snow cold--wind &c
The transition from these flatten fir & spruce & fir to shrubless rock--is not
nearly so abrupt--as from upright or shade trees to these dwarfed thickets--

35"(?):" written over dash
Pm to Walden--with E Bartlett & E. Emerson.

The former wished to shew me what he thought an owl's nest--h had found--
Near it in Abel Brooks' woodlot--heard
a note & saw a small hawk fly over-- It was the nest of this bird-- Saw several of
the young flitting about & occasionally
an old bird-- The nest was in a middling
sized white pine some 20 feet from the ground
resting on 2 limbs close to the main stem--
on the S side of it-- It was quite solid com-
posed entirely of small twigs about as big
around as a pipe stem & less--has some
15 inches in diameter & 1 inch deep or
nearly flat & perhaps 5 inches thick. It was very much dirtied on the sides by the droppings
of the young.

As we were standing about the tree we heard
again the note of a young one approaching--
We dropped upon the ground & it alighted
on the edge of the nest--another alighted near-
by--& a 3d a little further off--

The young were ap. as big as the old--but still
 lingered about the nest--& returned to it--
I could hear them coming some distance off--
Their note was a kind of peeping squeal
which you might at first suspect to be
made by a jay--not very loud--but
as if to attract the old--& reveal their whereabouts. The note of the old bird which occasionally darted past--was somewhat like that of the marsh-hawk--or pigeon woodpecker--a cackling--or clattering sound--chiding us-- The old bird was anxious about her inexperienced young & was trying to get them off. At length she dashed close past us & appeared to fairly strike one of the young knocking him off his perch & he soon followed her off-- I saw the remains of several birds lying about in that neighborhood--& saw & heard again the young & old thereabouts for several days thereafter-- A young man killed one of the Young hawks & I saw it. It was the Falco Fuscus // The American Brown or slate-colored Hawk-- Its length was 13 inches alar extent 23 The tail reached 2 or more inches beyond the closed wings Nuttall says the upper parts very are "a deep slate color"--these were dark ^ brown also that the nest is yet unknown-- But Wilson describes his F. velox--(which is the same as Nuttall's F. fuscus) as "whole upper parts very dark brown" but legs greenish yellow (these were yellow). The toes had the peculiar pendulous lobes which W refers to As I saw it in the woods--I was struck by its dark color above--its tawny throat & breast--brown spotted--its clean slender--long yellow legs--feathered but little below the
knee--its white vest--its wings distinctly & rather
finely dark barred beneath--short black--much
curved bill--& slender black sharp claws. Its
tail with a dark bar near edge beneath--

In hand I found it had the white spots
on scapulas of the F. fuscus & had not the white
bars on tail of the F. Pennsylvanicus-- It also
had the fine sharp shin. %V Aug 29%

But what then is my hawk killed by Farmer
with so stout a leg--? Had that any white
bars on tail? %V Aug 29%

July 22nd

// The nest of the marsh Hawk is empty--

It has prob. flown-- C & I took refuge
from a showe36 under our boat at Clamshell.
staid an hour at least. A thunder bolt
fell close by--a mole ran under the boat
Is not this owing to the circular manner of storms?
The wind curled round as usual ^--more E--
& compelled us to turn the boat over--
Left a little too soon--but enjoyed a

//splendid rain bow for half an hour

July 23d

// Neottia gracilis--how long?

July 26

// Button bush in prime-- Ed. Bartlett

shows me a nest in the agricultural ground

36

36"showe" possibly shower
which had 4 eggs—yet pretty fresh—but the
bird has now deserted it—(v. one) It is like Farmer’s
Seringo. It is a broad egg—white with large red-
disk & purplish brown spots chiefly about large end—
The nest is small & deep—& low in the grass of this
pasture (v. nest out of order) Could not see the
bird—only saw Bay-wings & Huckleberry birds—
I suspect it may be the F. passerina? He says
the bird had a clear yellowish white breast!

July 28

Pm to Conantum—From Wall corner saw a
pinkish patch on side hill W of Bake farm—
which turned out to be Epilobium a rod across—
Through the glass it was as fine as a moss. but
with the naked eye it might have been mistaken
for a dead pine bough. This pink flower was
distinguished perhaps 3/4 of a mile. V Aug 2d
Heard a king fisher which had been hovering over
the river—plunge 40 rods off.
The undersides of maples are very bright &
conspicuous now adays—upon walls—also
of the cubed panicled andromeda leaves—Some grape
leaves also are (grown) up—

July 29

Pm to Pine Hill—looking for the Vac Pennsy-
vanicus berries—I find plenty of bushes—but these
bear very sparingly—They ap. to bear but one or
2 years before they are over grown—also they {much}

(love) a cool atmosphere for they bear annually
Where the woods have been cut a year
on mts. as Monadnock—
or Z They have put forth fresh shoots
of a lichen green—
The v. vacillans berries are in dense clusters raceme-like—as huckleberries are not—
I see now adays—young martins perched
//
on the dead tops of high trees—also young
//swallows on the telegraph wire

In the Chinese novel “Iu-Kiao-Li
or The 2 Fair Cousins”—I find in a mottoe
to a chapter—(quoted)—“He who aims at one-
ness, should be continually on his guard against
a thousand accidents. How many preparations
are necessary before the sour plum begins to sweeten?
-- -- -- -- -- But if supreme happiness was to be
attained in the space of an hour, of what use
would be in life the noblest sentiments?” p227

Also these verses on p 230

“Nourished by the study of ten thousand different works,
The pen in hand, one is equal to the gods.
Let not humility take its rank amongst the virtues ➥:
Genius never yields the palm that belongs to it.”
Again p 92 vol 2d—
“If the spring did not announce its reign by the
return of the leaves,
The moss, with its greenish tints, would find favor in
men’s eyes.”

July 31st
Pm to Flint’s Pond.
I see much ericaulon” floating with its mass
//of white roots uppermost near the shore in
goosepond— I suspect it may have been loosened

1”Possibly Iu-kiao-li: or, The Two Fair Cousins. A Chinese Novel. From the French
2possibly “eriocaulon”
up by the musquash--which either feeds on it
or merely makes its way through its dense mats.

I also see small fishes ap. shiners 4 or 5
inches long in this pond yet I think this almost all dried up--

I have smelled Fungi in the thick woods for a week--
though they as not very comm I see tobacco pipes now in the path-- You are liable
to be overtaken by a thunder shower these
afternoons-- The anychia already shows green
seed vessels on its lower branches -- Petty morel
has begun to bloom in shady swamps--how long?

Got the wood thrushes’ nest of
June 19 (now empty)-- It was placed
between many small upright shoots--against the
main stem of the slender maple--& weaves 4 1/2 to 5
inches in diameter from outside to outside of the
rim & 1 3/4 deep within-- It is quite firm
(except the external leaves falling off) the
rim about 3/4 of an inch thick--& it
is composed externally of leaves, of chiefly chest-
nut--very much decayed--beneath which
in the place of the grass & stubble of which
most nests are composed--are ap. the
mid ribs of the same leaves--whose whole pulp
&c is gone--arranged as compactly & densely--
(in a curving manner) as grass or stubble would
a be--upon a core, not of weed, but of
pale brown composition quite firm & smooth (within

\[comm\] possibly "common" with blot over "on"
looking like made of a cocoa nut shell--
& ap. composed of decayed leaf pulp (?)40 which the
bird has perhaps mixed & cemented with its saliva--
This is about 1/4 of an inch thick--& about
as regular as 1/2 of a cocoanut shell--
Within this the lower part is lined with con-
siderable rather coarse black root fiber &
a very little fine41 stubble.

From some particles of fine white sand &c on the
pale brown composition of the nest--I thought it was
obtained from the pond shore. This composition viewed
through a microscope has almost a cellular structure.

Aug 1st 58

Pm up Assabet-- The radical
or immersed leaves of the Pontederia
are linear & grass-like & I see that
I have mistaken them for valisneria
just springing from the bottom. The new
leaves ^ are just reaching & leaving the
surface now--like spoons on the end of
long handles.

Ed. Bartlet & another brought me a
green bittern this years first ap-- full grown
but not full plumaged--which they caught
near the pool on A. Haywoods land behind
Sleepy Hollow-- They caught it in the
woods on the hill side-- It had not yet ac-
quired the long feathers of the neck.

The neck was bent back on itself
an inch or more--(that part being bare of
feathers & covered by the long feathers

40 (?)" written over dash
41 "fine" obscured by ink blot
far above--) so that it did not appear
very long--until stretched out-- This
was doubling ^ the usual condition & not apparent--
but could be felt by the hand.
so the green bitterns are leaving the nest now--

Aug 2d

Pm. Up Assabet--
Landed at the Bath Place & walked the
length of shad-bush meadow-- I noticed meandering
down that meadow which is now quite dry--
a very broad & distinct musquash trail--where
they went & came continually when it was wet
or under water in the winter or spring-- These
trails are often 9 or 10 inches wide & half a
dozen deep pausing under a root & the lowest
over hanging shrubs--when they glided along
on their bellies underneath everything

I tracked one such trail 40 rods till
it ended in a large cabin 3 feet high
with blueberry bushes spring still from the
top & other similar trails led off from it
on opposite sides-- Near the cabin they
had burrowed a room there out 9 or 10
inches deep--as if this now deserted
castle had been a place of great resort--
Their skins had to be worth 50 cts apiece%
I see there what I take to be
a marsh-hawk of this year hunting by itself--
It has not learned to be very shy yet--so
that one repeatedly get near it. What a
rich brown bird--almost methinks with purple re-
flections.
What I have called the Panicum\textsuperscript{1} latifolium--has now its broad leaves striped with red--abundant under turtle bank-- above bath place.

Aug. 3d--savory leaved aster X //

Thursday Aug 5 9 1/2 Am

Up river--to Pantry Brook

It clears up this morning after several cool--cloudy & rainy dog-days. The wind is westerly & will prob-- blow us part way back-- The river is unusually full for the season & now quite smooth-- The pontederia\textsuperscript{42} //is apparently in its prime-- The button bush perhaps a little past-- The upper half\textsuperscript{14} of its bolls in the sun looking brown generally-- The late rose is still conspicuous in clumps advanced into the meadow here & there-- See the mikania \textsuperscript{8} only in one or 2 places beginning \textsuperscript{8} The white lilies are less abundant than usual \textsuperscript{8} perhaps on ac. of the high water (?) The water milkweed flower is an interesting red here & there like roses along the shore-- The gratiola begins to yellow the shore in some places--& dense I notice the unobtrusive red of dense fields of stachys on the flat shores-- The sium has begun to lift its umbels of white flowers above most other plants-- The

\textsuperscript{1}“pontederia” “t” left uncrossed
\textsuperscript{42}“halves” altered from “half”
purple utricularia--tinges the pads in
many places--the most common of all
its tribe--
The best show of lilies is on the west side of the
bay in Cyrus Hosmers meadow above the willow
row--many of them are not open at 10'
o'clock Am-- I notice one with the sepals
perfectly spread flat on the water but the
petals still held together on a sharp cone
being held by the concave slightly hooked points
Touching this with our oar it opens quickly
with a spring-- The same with many others
whose sepals were less spread-- Under the
influence of the light & warmth-- The petals
or expand
& more convex--till at last being released
at their overlapping points they spring
open--& quickly spread themselves equally--
revealing their yellow stamens. How satis-
factory is the fragrance of this flower--
It is the emblem of purity-- It reminds
me of a young country maiden-- It is
just so simple & unproved-- Wholesome
as the odor of the cow. It is not a
highly refined odor--but merely a fresh
youthful morning sweetness--It is merely
the unalloyed sweetness of the earth & the waters
--a fair opportunity & field for life--
like its petals"" uncolored by any experience

"###petals" "t" left uncrossed
a simple maiden on her way to school--her face surrounded by a white ruff--
But how quickly it becomes the prey of insects!

As we paddle slowly along the edge of the pads--we can see the weeds & the bottom distinctly in the sun--in this still August air--even 5 or 6 feet deep--the countless utricularias--potamogetons &c & & hornwort standing erect with its reddish stems--countless schools of little minnows of various species--chubby little beams not an inch long & lighter colored banded minnows--are steadily passing--partly concealed by the pads-- & ever & anon we see the dimple when some larger pickerel has darted away--for they lie just on the outer edge of the pads--

The foliage is ap. now in the //height of its beauty--this wet year--now dense enough to hide the trunks & stems-- The black willows are perhaps in their best condition--airy rounded masses of light green rising one above another, with a few slender black stems, like umbrella handles--seen here & there in their midst--low spreading cumuli of slender foliace leaves--buttressed by smaller sallows & cornels--like long green clouds--button bushes & pontederias-- They or wreathes of vapor resting on the river side. scarcely bear the impression of leaves but rather of a low [stretching] rounded bank--even
as the heaviest particles or alluvium are deposited near the channel-- It is a peculiarity of this which I think is our most interesting willow, that you rarely see the trunk & yet the foliage is never dense-- They generally line one side of the river only--& that is the meadow--a concave passive female" side--^ They resound still with the sprightly twitter of the king-bird--that aerial & spirited bird hovering over there--swallow like-- which likes best methinks to fly where the sky is reflected beneath him. Also now from time to time do you hear the chattering of young black birds or the link of bobolinks--there--or see the great bittern flap slowly away-- The king-bird by his activity & lively note--& his white breast keeps the air sweet-- He sits now on a dead willow twig--akin to the flecks of mackerel sky--with reflections in the water-- or the white clam shell wrong side out opened by a musquash-- or the fine particles of white quartz that muddy may be found in the ^ river's sand. He is here dead twig's to give a voice to all these-- The willow's ^ aerial perch enough for him. Even the swallows deign to perch on it. These willows appear to grow best methinks on elevated sand bars or deep sandy banks which the stream has brought down leaving a little meadow behind them, at some bend--often mixed with saw dust from a mill. They root themselves firmly here & spread entirely over the sand--

"female" obscured by ink blot
The rose which grows along with the willows & button bushes--has a late & rare look now--

From off Rain-bow rush shore--I pluck a lilly--more than 5 inches in diameter--
Its sepals & petals are long & slender--narrow--(others are often short broad & rounded--) the thin white edge of the or often 4 sepals are as usual ^ tinged with red--
There are some 25 petals in about 4 rows 4 alternate ones of the outmost row--have a reddish or rosaceous line along the middle between the sepals & both the sepals & the outmost row of petals--have 7 or 8 parallel darkish lines from base to tip-- As you look down on the lily--it is a pure white star--centered with yellow--with its short central anthers orange yellow.

The scirpus lacustris & Rainbow Rush--are still in bloom & going to seed-- The first is the Tule of California.

Landed at Fair Haven Pond to smell the A. macrophyllus. It has a slight fragrance somewhat like that of the Maine & northern N.H. one. Why has it no more in this latitude? When I first plucked it on Western stream--I did not know but it was some fragrant garden herb. Here I can detect some faint relation--ship only by perseveringly smelling it.
The purple utricularia is the flower of the river today—ap in its prime. It is very abundant—far more than my other utricularia esp. from F. H. Pond upward—That peculiar little bay in the back just below the inlet of the river—I will call Purple Utricularia bay from its prevalence there. I count a dozen within a square foot—1 or 2 inches above the water—& they tinge the pads with purple for more than a dozen rods—I can distinguish their color thus far. The buds are the darkest or deepest purple—Methinks it is more abundant than normal this year—

I notice a commotion in the pads there, as if a musquash making his way along, close beneath the surface & at its usual rate—when suddenly a snapping turtle puts its snout out—only up to the eyes. It looks exactly like a sharp stake with 2 small knots on it—thus {drawing}

While passing there I heard what I should call my night warbler’s note—& looking up saw the bird dropping to a bush on the hill side—Looking through the glass I saw that it was the Maryland—yel-throat—!! & it afterward flew to the button bushes in the meadow—

I notice no polygonum out—or a little of the front rank only—Some of the polygonums—not only have leaves like a willow—esp. like the S. lucida—but I see that their submerged leaves turn, or give place, to
fibrous pink roots which might be mistaken for those of the willow.

Lily Bay—is on the left just above the narrow place in the river—which is just above Bound Rock. There are but few lilies this year—however—but if you wish to see how many there are you must be on the side toward the sun.

Just opposite this bay I heard a peculiar note which I thought at first might be that of a king bird—but soon saw for the first time a wren within 2 or 3 rods perched on the tall sedge or the wool grass & smelling it—Prob. the short billed marsh wren-- It was peculiarly brisk & rasping—not at all musical—the rhythm something like—Shar te dittle ittle ittle ittle ittle. but the last part was drier or less liquid than this implies— It was a small bird quite dark above—and ap. plain ashy white beneath—& held its head up when it sang—& also commonly its tail. It dropped into the deep sedge on our approach—but did not go off as we saw by the motion of the grass—Then stopped" & uttered its brisk notes quite near us—& flying off was last in the sedge again.

We ate our dinner on the hill
by Rice’s--This fore noon there were no
hayers in the meadows--but before we
returned we saw many at work--for
they had alread cut some grass next to
the upland--on the dried sides of the meadow--
& we noticed where they had struck up
green bushes near the river side to mow to.

While bathing at Price’s landing--I
noticed under my arm amid the potamogeton
a little pickerel bet--2 1/2 to 3 inches long--with
about 1 inch long
a little silvery minnow ^ in his mouth. He held it
as it was jerking to and fro
by the tail-- ^ & was slowly taking it in by jerks--
I watched to see if he turned it--but to my
surprise he at length {swallowed} it tail foremost--
The minnow struggling to the last & going alive into his maw--
Perhaps the pickerel learns by experience to turn
them head downward-- Thus early do these
minnows fall on fate--& the pickerel too
fulfill his destiny--

Several times on our return--we scared up
ap 2 summer ducks--first of this year--from //
the sid--of the river--first in each case seeing
them swimming about in the pads-- Also
once a great bittern--I suspect also as this
year’s bird--for they are probably weaned at the
same time with the green one.

Though the river was high we pushed through
many beds of potamogeton--long leafy
masses--slanting downward & waving
steadily in the stream--10 feet or more in
length by a foot wide--
In some places it looked as if the new sparganium could fairly choke up the stream—

Huckleberries are not quite yet in their prime

Aug. 6th

PM Walk to Boulder Field—

The Broom is quite out of bloom—prob a week or 10 days—it is about ripe

indeed— I should like to see how rapidly it spreads— The dense roundish masses side by side— are 3 or 4 feet over—& 15 inches high— They have grown from near the ground this year— The whole clump is now about 18 feet from N to S by 12 wide— Within a foot or 2 of its edge I detect many slender little plants springing up in the grass— only 3 or 4 inches high—but on digging am surprised to find that they are 2 years old. They have large roots reaching down straight as well as branching— much stricter than the part above ground— Thus it appears to spread slowly by the seed falling from its edge— for I detected no runners— It is associated there with indigo which is still abundantly in bloom—

I then looked for the little groves of barberries
which some 2 months ago I saw in the
cow dung--there abouts--but to my surprise I
found some only in one spot after a long search--
They appear to have generally died--perhaps dried up--
These few were some 2 inches high--the roots--yet
longer having penetrated to the soil beneath-- Thus
no doubt some of those barberry clumps are
formed--but I noticed many more small barberry
plants standing single--most commonly protected by a
rock--

Cut a couple of those low scrub apple bushes
& found that those a foot high & as wide
as high--being clipt by the cows as a hedge with
shears--were about 12 years old--but
quite sound & thrifty.

If our sluggish river--choked with
potamogeton--might seem to have the
slow-flying bittern for its peculiar genius
--it has also the sprightly & aerial
king bird to twitter over & lift our thoughts
up to clouds as white as its own
breast--

Emerson is gone to the Adirondack
country with a hunting party-- Eddy says
he has carried a double barreled gun one
side for shot the other for ball--for
Lowell killed a bear there last year--
But the story on the Mill Dam is that
he has taken a gun which throws shot
from one end & ball from the other!—

I think that I speak impartially
when I say that I have never met with
a stream so suitable for boating &
botanizing as the Concord--& fortunately
nobody knows it. I know of reaches
which a single county seat would spoil
beyond remedy--but there has not been
any important change here since I can
remember--

The willows slumber along its shore--sailed
in light but low masses even like the
\textit{cumuli} clouds above. We pass hay-
makers in every meadow--who may think
that we are idlers. But nature takes
care that every nook & crevice is explored
by some one--While they look after the
open meadows--we farm the tract between
the rivers brinks & behold the shores from
that side. We too are harvesting an annual
crop with our eyes--& think you nature is not
glad to display her beauty to us?

Early in the day we see the dew drops thickly
sprinkled over the broad leaves of the potamo-
geton-- These cover the stream so densely in
some places that a web-footed bird can
almost walk across on them.

Nowadays we hear the \textit{squealing} notes
of young hawks.
The king-fisher is seen hovering steadily over
one spot--or hurrying away with a small fish in
his mouth sounding his alarum never the-less--
The note of the wood-pewee is now more
prominent--while birds generally are silent.
This is fair summer--no signs of fall
in this--though I have seen some maples
as above the Assabet spring already prematurely
reddening--owing to the water--& for some
time the cornus sericea has looked brownish red.
Every board & chip cast into the river is soon
occupied by one or more turtles--of various sizes
The sternothaerus oftenest climbs up the black
willows even 3 or more feet--
I hear of pickers ordered out of the huckleberry
fields & I see stakes set up with written
notices forbidding any to pick there-- Some
let their fields or allow so much for
the picking--Sic transit gloria furia.
We are not grateful enough that we
have lived a part of our lives before these
evil days came. What becomes of the
ture value of country life--what %--if
you must go to market for it? Shali
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is now "calf's head & huckleberries". I sus-
pect that the inhabitants of England &
of the continent of Europe have thus lost
their natural rights with the increase
of populations & of monopolies. The wild
fruits of the earth disappear before civilization--
or are only to be found in large markets. The whole
country becomes as it were a town or beaten
common--& the fruits left are a few hips & haws.

Sat. Aug 7th

Pm up Assabet

The most luxuriant groves of
Black-willow as I recall them are on
the inside curves or on sandy capes bet--
the river & a bay--or sandy banks parallel
with the firmer shore--E.g. Bet Lees &
FH. on N side--point of F. H. Island--
Op. Clam shell & above--just below stone Bridge
--Lee Meadow or op. House--Below Nathan
Barretts at Bay--Sandy Bank below
Dove Rock

They also grow on both sides often when
the river runs straight through stagnant
%E.g. above Hollowell Bridge% meadows or swamps-- %^% or on one side though
straight along the edge of a swamp
(as above assabet spring.) But rarely
ever against a firm bank or hill side
the positive\textsuperscript{50} male shore--E.g. E shore

\textsuperscript{50} positive": "t" left uncrossed
of F. H. P.-- E. side above RR. Bridge--&c

Measured the 2 largest ^ below Dove Rock--The Southernmost--is 3 9/12 feet in circumference at ground--& it branches then--
The westernmost--is 4 2/12 in circumference at ground or 3 2/12 at 3 feet above ground--for the largest is 1 ft & 4 inches in diameter at ground. They all branch at the ground--dividing within 4 or 5 feet with 3 or 4 main stems-- The 3 here have the effect of one tree seen from the water--and one 25 feet high or more--& all together, broader than high--They are none of them up right--but in this case--close under a higher wood of maples & swamp white oak--slant over the stream--and taken separately or viewed from the land side are very imperfect trees-- If you or outward stand at the shore & look upward ^ you see a great proportion of naked trunk--but thinly invested with foliage even at the summit--& they are among the most unsightly trees-- The lower branches slant downward from the main divisions so as commonly to rest on the water-- But seen from the water side--no tree of its height methinks, so completely conceals its trunk-- They meet with many hard rubs from the ice & from drift wood in freshets in the course of their lives--& whole trees are bent aside
or half broken off by these causes—but
they soon conceal their injuries—
The sternotherus odoratus knows them well
for it climbs highest up their stems—3 or
sometimes 7 or 8 along the slanting branches
4 feet or more now adays—^ & ^ is frequently
caught & hung by the neck in its forks.
They do not so much jump as tumble off
when disturbed by a passer— The small black
mud-tortoise—with its muddy shell—eyes
you motionless from its resting place in a
fork of the black willow. They will climb
four feet up a stem not more than 2 inches
in diameter—& yet undo all their work in
an instant by tumbling off when your boat
goes by. The trunk is covered with coarse
long & thick upraised scales— It is this turtle’s
castle & path to heaven— He is on the upward
road along the stem of the willow & by its
dark stem it is partially concealed— Yes
the musquash & the mud tortoise—& the bittern
know it well. But not these sights alone
we have seen on the river—but the sprightly
king bird glances & twitters above the glossy
leaves of the swamp—white oak— Perchance
this tree—with its leaves glossy above—
whitish beneath—best expresses the life
of the king bird—& is its own tree.
How long will it be after we have passed before
the mud tortoise has climbed to its perch again?
The author of the Chinese novel Iu-Kiao Li--some 800 years ago--appears to have appreciated the beauty of willow--Pe--his principal character--moved out of the city late in life--to a stream bordered with willows about 20 miles distant--in order to spend the rest of his days drinking wine & writing verses there-- He describes the eye-brows of his heroine as like a willow leaf floating on the surface of the water--

In the upper part of J. Farmer's lane I find huckleberries which are distinctly pear-shaped--all of them--and ap. Huckleberries generally% These and also other roundish ones near by --are dotted or ap. dusted over with a yellow dust--or meal which looks as if it could be rubbed off-- Through a glass it looks like a resin which has exuded-- %& on the small green point is of a bright orange or lemon color-- Like small specks of yellow lichens.

Monarda fistulosa is now ap in prime //
4 & more 8 or 10 rds behind Red oak on Emerson's Assabet field.
Aug 8th
Pm to Ledum swamp--
I see at Clam Shell Hill--a yellow-browed sparrow sitting quite near on a hay cock-- plumbing itself--Observe it a long time in all positions with my glass within 2 rods-- It is prob. a this years bird. I think it must

57
be the F. passerina. for its breast &

beneath is the clear pale ochreous white

which Wilson speaks of--& its wing shoulder

is distinctly yellow when not concealed in the feathers

of the side-- Its legs & bill except the upper

color of the upper mandible are quite a

reddish flesh color-- The yellow on its temple

pale

is quite bright & the ^ brownish cheeks-- The

crown is blackish with a distinct white line

along the midst. I see what I call chest-

nut with the black & whitish on the back &

wings-- It stands very upright so that I

can see all beneath-- It utters no note

i.e song--only a faint short somewhat

cricket like or trilled chip.

I see that handsome fine purple

//grass now on Horsmer's hill side above

not yet in perfection

where he has mowed--

You see now in the meadows where the

mowers scythe has cut in two the great oval

//& already black fruit of the skunk cabbage

rough as a nut meg grater--exposing its

numerous nuts. I had quite forgotten the pro-

mise of this earliest spring flower--which

deep in the grass which has sprung up

around it--its own leaves for the most part

decayed-unremembered by us has been steadily

maturing its fruit-- How far we have wandered

in our thoughts at least--since we heard the

My friends can rarely guess what fruit it is, but think of pine apples & the like
After lying in the house a week & being wilted & softened—on breaking it open it has an agreeable
sweetish scent—perchance like a banana—and suggests that it may be edible—
but a long while after slightly tasting it—it bites my potato
bee humming in its spathe! I can hardly re-
call or believe now that for every
such black & rather unsightly (?) capsule
there was a pretty freckled horn which at-
tracted our attention in the spring—However
most of them lie so low that they escape
or are not touched by the scythe.

Saw yesterday a this years (?) marsh hawk—
female—flying low across the road near Hildreth's.
I took it to be a young bird it came so near & looked
so fresh—It is a fine rich brown full breasted
bird with a long tail—some hens on the grass
run &
beneath were greatly alarmed & began to fly with
a cackling to the shelter of a cornfield—They
which did not see the hawk & were the
last to stir—expressed the most alarm—
Meanwhile the hawk sails low & steadily over the
field away—not thinking of disturbing them.

I find at Ledum swamp near the
pool the white fringed orchis quite abundant
but past prime—only a few yet fresh—It seems
to be long to this sphagneous swamp—& is
some 15 to 20 inches high—quite conspicuous
its white spikes amid the prevailing green. The
leaves are narrow half folded & almost in-
significant—It loves then these cold bogs.
The rusty wool grass is in bloom there

with very short wool—Is it ever long?
The gay {lusaceia} dumosa—var hirtella
is the prevailing low shrub--perhaps--I

//see one ripe berry-- This is the only inedible

species of vaccinicae that I know in this
town.

The peculiar plants of this swamp are then, as I
these 9
remember-- ^ Spruce--Andromeda polifolia

--Kalmia glauca--Ledum latifolium--
vac. oxycoccus
gaylussacia dumosa, var hirtella ^ --platanthera

blephariglottis--Scheuchzeria palustris--

Eriophorum vaginatum (Woodsia virginica v sep. 6th)

I see there, esp. near the pool--tall

//& slender huckleberry bushes of a peculiar

kind--some are 7 ft high-- They are for

the most part 3 or 4 feet high very slender

drooping

^ & bent like grass to one side-- The berries

are round & glossy black--with resinous dots,

as usual--& in flattish topped racemes sometimes

but generally more scattered tall

10 or 12 in a raceme. ^ Call it perhaps the swamp

The nesaea is fairly begun x

Looking north from Hubbard’s Bridge about

4 pm--the wind being S. easterly I am struck

by the varied lights of the river-- The wind,

which is a considerable breeze, strikes

the water by a very irregular serrated edge

about mid-channel--& then abruptly

leaves it on a distinct & regular meandering

line--about 8 feet from the outer edge

of the pads on the W side. The rippled

portion of the river is blue--the
rest smooth silvery. Thus to my eye the
river is divided into 5 portions--first the weedy
& padded borders--then a smooth silvery stripe
8 or 10 feet wide--& next the blue rippled
portion--succeed by the broader silver & the pads
of the eastern side.

How many aspects the river wears--depending
on the wind height of the water--the season
of the year & state of vegetation--the wind--
the position of the sun--& condition of
the heavens &c &c!

{drawing} Ap. such is the
angle at which the wind
strikes the river from over
the bushes--that it
falls about mid channel--
& then it is either obliged
to leave it at a nearly similar angle
on account of the opposite shore & bushes--
or perchance the smoothing influence of the
pads is felt to some distance beyond their
edges-- The line which separates the smooth
from the rippled portion is as distinct & con-
tinuous as that which marks the edge of the
pads. I think that there is more oily water
floating on the stiller sides of the river--& this
too may have something to do with the above
phenomenon-- Then there is the watered
appearance of the surface in a shower.
Edward Bartlett shows me this morning a nest which he found yesterday—It is saddled on the lowest horizontal branch of an apple tree in Abel Heywoods orchard—against a small twig—& answers to Nuttall’s description of the Goldfinche’s nest—which it prob. is—The eggs were 5

pure white— or with a faint greenish or bluish green—just begun to be developed (%v n p b 1)%

It is but little you learn of a bird in this irregular way—having its nest & eggs shown you. How much more suggestive the sight of the goldfinch going off on a jaunt over twittering—

the hills ^ with its plainer consort by its side!

It is surprising to what extent the world is ruled by cliques—They who constitute or at least lead New England or N. York society in the eyes of the world are but a clique. A few “men of the age” & of the town—who work best in the harness provided for them. The institutions of which all kinds are thus of a sectarian or party character—Newspapers—magazines—colleges—& all forms of government & religion—express the rather superficial activity of a few—The mass either conforming—or not attending.

The newspapers have just got over this eating fullness or dropsy which takes place with the annual commencements & addresses before the Philomathian or Alpha
neither A. y. societies-- they who make these addresses nor they who attend to them are representa-
ive of the latest age-- The boys think that these annual recurrences are part & parcel of the annual revolution of the system.

There are also regattas & fire works, & "surprise parties"--& horse shows-- So that see or I am glad when I ^ hear of a man {anywhere) who does not know of these things nor re-- cognizes these particular fuglers-- I was pleased to hear the other day that there were 2 men in {Tamworth} N. H. who had been fishing for trout there ever since May--but it was a serious draw-
back to be told that they sent their fish %covered for% to Boston & so %& succumbed to %& the few--

The editors of newspapers--the popular clergy--politicians & orators & office holders of the day ^--though they may be thought to be of very different politics & religion are essentially one & homogeneous--in as much as they are only the various ingre-
dients of the froth which ever floats on the surface of society.

I see a pout this pm in the Assabet-- lying on the bottom near the shore evidently // diseased-- He permits the boat to come within 2 feet of him-- Nearly half the head from the snout backward diagonally is covered with an inky black kind of leprosy-- Like a
crustaceous lichen-- The long feeler on
that side appears to be wasting-- & there
stands up straight in it about an inch
or feeler
high a little black tree-like thorn ^ branched
at top-- It moves with difficulty.

Edith Emerson gives me an Asclepias tuberosa

// from Naushon-- which she thinks is now in

its prime there--

It is surprising what a tissue of trifles & crudities
make the daily news-- for one event of interest
there are 999 insignificant-- but about
as on the first
the same stress is laid on the last ^ The news-
papers have just told me that the transatlantic
%{That is important but}%
telegraph cable is laid-- ^ & they instantly
proceed to inform me how the news was received
in every larger town in the U.S. how many
guns they fired, or how high they jumped in
New York-- & Milwaukee-- & Sheboygan--
& the boys & girls old and young at the corners
of the streets are reading it all with glistening
eyes-- down to the very last scrap-- not
%{ }%
omitting New Rochelle & Evansville--
%{ }%
You say that you have traveled far &
wide-- How many men have you seen
that did not belong to any sect or party
or clique-- Did you go further than
letters of introduction would avail?

The Goldfinch nest of this Am is saddled
on a horizontal twig of an apple some 7
feet from ground & 1/3 inch in diameter--supported
on one side by a yet smaller branch--also slightly at-
tached to another small branch. It measures 3 1/2
inches from outside to outside--1 3/4 inside
2 1/2 from top to bottom or to a little below the twig--
& 1 1/2 inside. It is a very compact thick &
warmly-lined nest--slightly in-curving on the edge
within. It is composed of fine shreds of
and one piece of twine more externally
bark grapevine & other ^--with ^ an abundance
of pale brown slender catkins of oak (?) or hickory (?)
mixed with effete apple blossoms & their peduncles
showing little apples--& the petioles of apple leaves
sometimes with half decayed leaves of this year attached--last
years heads of lespedeza--& some other some other heads
of weeds--with a little grass stem or weed stem--all
more or less disguised by a web--of white spider or cater-
pillar silks spread over the outside-- It is thickly
& very warmly lined with ap. short thistle down mixed
with which you see some grape vine bark--& the rim
is composed of the same shreds of bark--catkins & some
& 2 or 3 hairs (of horse)
fine fibrous stems ^ mixed with wool-- (?) for only the bottom is
lined with the loosner or less tenacious thistle down--
This nest shows a good deal of art.

The mind tastes but few flavors in the
course of a year-- We are visited by but
few thoughts which are worth entertaining.
& we chew the cud of these unceasingly--
What ruminant spirits we are! I re-
member well the flavor of that rusk
which I bought in New York 2 or 3 months
ago-- & ate in the cars for my supper--
A fellow passenger too pretended to praise--
it--& yet, O man of little faith! he took a
regular supper at springfield-- They cannot
make such in Boston. The mere fragrance
rumor & reminiscence of life is all that
we get, for the most part-- If I am
visited by a thought I chew that cud each
successive morning, as long as there is any
flavor in it. Until my keepers shake
down some fresh fodder-- Our genius is like
a brush which only once in many months is freshly
dipped into the paint pot-- It becomes so dry
that though we apply it incessantly it fails to
inge our earth & sky. Applied to the same spot
incessantly it at length imparts no color to it.

Aug. 10th 58

Pm to Yew--&c
It is cloudy & misty dog day weather--with
a good deal--of wind--& thickening to oc-
casional rain this Pm. This rustling wind
is agreeable reminding me by its unusual sound
of other & ruder seasons. The most of a
storm you can get ever is rather exhilara-
ting-- The grass & bushes are quite wet--
& the pickers are driven from the berry field--
The rabbit’s foot clover is very wet to walk
through--holding so much water-- The
fine grass falls over from each side
into the middle of the woodland path & wets
me through knee-high-- I see many
tobacco-pipes—now perhaps in their
prime—if not a little late—& hear
of pine-sap. The In. Tobacco pipes—
though coming with the fungi—& sug-
gest no doubt a close relation to them—
(a sort of connecting link between flowers &
fungi.)—is a very interesting flower & will
bear a close inspection when fresh.
The whole plant has a sweetish earthy
odor—though Gray says it is inodorous.
I see them now on the leafy floor of this
oak-wood in families of 12 to 30 sisters of
various heights (from 2 to 8 or 9 inches) as
close together as they can stand— The youngest
standing close up to the others— All with faces
yet modestly turned downwards under their
long hoods. Here is a family of about 25
within a diameter of little more than 2 inches
lifting the dry leaves for half their height
in a cylinder about them. They generally ap-
pear bursting up through the dry leaves which
elevated around may serve to prop them.
Springing up in the shade with so little color—
they look the more fragile & delicate— They
have very delicate pinkish half naked stems
with a few semitransparent crystalline white
scales for leaves— and from the sinuses at
the base of the petals without (when their
dark heads are drooping) more or less ^ purple is re-
flected—like the purple of the arteries seen
on a nude body—They appear—not to flower
only when upright—Gray says they are upright
in fruit. They soon become black-speckled
even before flowering.

> (\[1\] How long?)—though there is a little still
small &
^ green—where I had just detected fertile flowers.

It fruits very sparingly the berries growing
singly here & there on last year’s wood
& hence 4 to 6 inches below the extremities
of the upturned twigs. It is the most
surprising berry that we have—1st since it
is borne by an evergreen hemlock-like bush—
a little which we do not associate a
deep
soft & bright colored berry—& hence its bright
scarlet
^ contrasts the more strangely with the pure
dark evergreen needles—& 2nd because
of its form so like art—which could
very
be easily imitated in wax a ^ thick dark
% purple seed% scarlet cup or mortar with a dark \%
set
at the bottom. My neighbors are not pre-
pared to believe that such a berry grows in
Concord.

I notice several of the hyloides hoping through
//the roads like wood frogs—far from
water this mizzling. They are probably com-
mon in the woods, but not noticed on ac-
of their size—or not distinguished from the
//wood frog. I also saw a young wood frog—
with the dark line through the eye no bigger than the others.
One hylode(s) which I bring home--has a
perfect cross on its back {drawing}--except
one arm of it.
The wood-thrush’s was a peculiarly woodland
nest--made solely of such materials as that
unfrequented grove afforded the refuse of the
wood or shore of the pond-- There was no horse hair
no twine nor paper or other relics of art in it--

Aug 11th Pm to Beck Stow’s--

I see of late a good many young sparrows
(& old) of different species flitting
about. That blackberry field of Gowings
in the Great Fields, this side of his swamp--
is a famous place for them-- I see a dozen or
more old & yung perched on the wall.
As I walk along they fly up from the grass
& alight on the wall--where they sit on
the alert with outstretched necks-- Nearest
& unalarmed sit the huckle berry birds--
next quite on the alert the bay-wings--
with which & further off the yel-browed
spars--of whom one at least has a clear--
yellowish breast--add to which that I heard
there abouts--the seringo note. If made
by this particular bird, I should infer it was
F. passerina. I still hear them at in-
tervals the Baywing--huckleberry-bird &
seringo.

Now is our rainy season-- It has rained half
the day for 10 days past--instead of dog-day
clouds & mists we have a rainy season-- You
must walk armed with an umbrella.
It is wettest in the woods, where the air has
had no chance to dry the bushes at all--

The myriophyllum ambiguum ap--var natans
//is now ap in its prime--some buds have gone to seed
others are not yet open. It is floating all over
the surface of the pool by the road at the swamp--
long utricularia like masses--without the
bladders--the emersed part of linear or pecti--
Nate leaves rises only about 1/2 inch-- The rest
+++ 18 inches more or less in length--consists ap
of an abundance of capillary pinnate
leaves covered with slime or conferva (?) as a
web. Evidently the same plants next
the shore & creeping over the mud only
2 or 3 inches long--is without the capillary
leaves--having roots instead--& ap. is the var
//limosum (?) I suspect erroneously so called--

Heard a fine sprightly richly warbled
strain--from a bird perched on the top of
a bean-pole. It was at the same time novel
yet familiar to me. I soon recognized it from
the strain of the purple finch, which I have
not heard lately. But though it ap-
peared as large, it seemed a dif. colored bird--
With my glass--4 rods off--I saw it to be
a Gold-finch-- It kept repeating this
warble of the purple finch for several
minutes-- A very surprising note to be heard
now when birds generally are so silent. Have
not heard the purple finch of late. I conclude
that the Goldfinch is a very fine & powerful
{singer}-- & the most successful & remarkable
mocking bird that we have. In the spring
I heard it imitate the thrasher exactly--
before that bird had arrived-- & now it im-
itates the purple finch as perfectly--after the
latter bird has ceased to sing! It is a surprising
vocalist. It did not cease singing till
I disturbed it by my nearer approach-- & then
it went off with its usual new succeeded
by its watery twitter in its ricochet flight--
Have they not been more common all sum-
mer than formerly?

I go along Plum path behind Adolphus
Clarks’. This is a peculiar locality for plants--
The Desmodium canadense is now ap in its
prime there & very common--with its rather
rich spikes of purple flowers-- The most conspicuous
(?)
of the desmodiiums. It might be called desmodium
path. Also the small rough sunflower--(now
abundant) & the common apocynum (also
in bloom as well as going & gone to seed) are very
common--

I smell the fragrant everlasting concealed
in the higher grass & weeds there some
distant off-- It reminds me of the lateness
of the season--

// Saw the Elodea--not long & a dangle-
//berry ripe (not long at Beck Stows--

See a small var. of Helianthus growing

with the divaricatus--on the N side of Peters

path 2 rods E of bars S E of his house--

It is an imperfect flower--but ap. answers
There is evidently a great var in respect to form--petiole--venation--roughness--

Thickness & color of the leaves of helianthuses

//best to the H. Tracheliifolius.

Saw

// in its prime yellowing those little pools

in Lincoln at the Town Bound by Walden. Their

stems & leaves seem to half fill them. Some

pools like that at bath place by pond in R--

W E's wood--will have for all vegetation

only the floating immersed stems & leaves--light

brown--of this plant without a flower--

perhaps on ac. of shade.

The great bull frogs of various colors

from dark brown to greenish yellow--lie

out on the surface of these slimy pools or

in the shallow water by the shore--motion--

less & philosophic. Toss a chip to one & he

will instantly leap & seize & drop it as quick.

Motionless & indifferent as they appear they

are ready to leap upon their prey at any in-

stant.

Aug 12th

When I came down stairs this morning

--it raining hard & steadily-- I found an

Irish sitting with his coat on his arm
in the kitchen waiting to see me. He wanted to inquire what I thought the weather
sometimes ask my Aunt% she consults the almanac. So%
would be to-day--!
\[Pm\] to the Miles’ blueberry swamp--
we shirk the responsibility.%
& White Pond.
Ap. the end of the very wet weather we have had about a fortnight%
It clears up before noon \& is now very%
& clear%
\& when I look at the sparrows
on the fences--yellow-browed & bay-wings
they all have their bills open \& are pant-
ing with heat.

At Clam Shell I see more of, I think,
the same clear breasted--yel-browed sparrows
which I saw there the other day \& thought
the F. passerina \& now I hear from some
//
Therebouts the seringo note.

As I stand on the bank there I find suddenly
that I hear low \& steady--under all other
sounds--the creak of the mole-cricket
by the river-side-- It was a peculiarly late
sound--suggestive of the progress of the year.
It is the voice which comes up steadily up
this season from that narrow sandy strip between
the meadow \& the water’s edge you might think
it issued from that small frog the
only living thing you see which sits so motionless
on the sand-- But the singer is wholly out
of sight in his gallery under the surface.--
\[creak creak, creak creak, creak\]
\[creak, creak creak, It is a sound\]
associated with the declining year--&
recalls the moods of that season-- It is so unobtrusive yet universal a sound-- so underlying the other sounds which fill the air--the song of birds--rustling of leaves--dry hopping sound of grasshoppers &c--that now in my chamber I can hardly be sure whether I hear it still, or remember it--it so rings in my ears.

It is surprising how young birds esp. sparrows of all kinds abound now-- & bobolinks--& wood pewees & king-birds--all weeds & fences & bare trees are alive with them-- The sparrows & bobolinks //are seen surging over or falling behind the weeds & fences--even as grass-hoppers now skip from the grass & leaves in your path--

That very handsome high colored fine purple & rather unproductive grass--grows particularly in dry ^ soil just above the edge of the meadows on at the base of the hill where the hayer does not deign to swing his scythe-- He carefully gets the meadow hay & the richer grass that borders it-- but leaves this fine purple mist for the walkers' harvest-- Higher up the hill perchance grow blackberries & Johnswort & neglected & withered & wiry Junegrass-- 20 or 30 rods off it appears as a high colored purple border above the
meadow--like a berry's stain--laid on
close & thick--but if you pluck one plant
you will be surprised to find how thin it is
& how little color it has-- What puny causes
combine to produce such decided effects--
There is ripeness in its color as in the poke stem.
It grows in waste places:--perhaps on the
edge of blackberry fields--a thin fine
It oftenest grows in scattered rounded tufts a foot in diameter esp. on gentle
spreading grass--left by the mower--
I see a hen-harrier (female) pursued by a
red-wing &c.--circling low & far off over the
meadow-- There is a peculiar & distinct reddish
brown on the body beneath.
All farmers are complaining of the
catching weather-- I see some of their
hay, which is spread, afloat in the meadow.
This year the fields have not yet worn
a parched & withered look.
I perceive that some high blueberries
have a peculiar and decided bitter taste which
makes them almost inedible. Some of
the blueberries growing sparingly on recent
sprouts are very large. I eat the
blueberry--but I am also interested
in the rich looking glossy black choke-
berries which nobody eats--but which
bend down the bushes on every side--Sweetish
berries with a dry & so choaking taste--
Some of the bushes are more than a
dozen feet high.

56 Lowercase “r” with a double strikethrough.
The note of the wood pewee is a prominent & common one now—You see old & young together—

As I sit on the high bank overlooking White Pond—I am surprised at the number of birds about me—Woodpewees singing so sweetly on a pine—Chickadees uttering their phebe notes ap. with their young too—
the pine warbler—singing—robins restless & peeping—& a maryland yel-throat

Some boys bathing shake the whole pond— I see the undulations 1/3 across it— & if it were smooth—might perhaps see them quite across—hopping within a bush close by. ^

(though they are out of sight)

Hear what I have called the alder—

locust (?) as I return over the causeway & prob before this.

It is pleasant enough for a change to walk in the woods without a path—
in a wet & mizzling day—^ as we did the 10th ult—winding amid the wet bushes which wet our legs through & seeing ever & anon a wood frog skip over the dead & wet leaves—& the various colored fungi rejoicing in fungi—(I saw some large ones green that p.m.)

We are glad to come to more open spaces where we can walk dry on a carpet of pine leaves.

// Saw a v. pedata blooming again—

Aug. 13th

This month thus far has been quite rainy—

It has rained more or less at least half the days—You have had to consider

^stray mark before "and"
each afternoon whether you must not take
an umbrella-- It has about half the
time either been dog-dayish--or mizzling
or decided rain-- it would rain 5 minutes
& be fair the next five & so on alternately
a whole afternoon-- The farmers have
not been able to get much of their hay.
On the whole it has been rather cool.

It has been still decidedly summer with
some reminiscences of autumn-- The last
week has been the heart of the huckle-
berry season--

Pm Up Assabet

The dullish blue or lead-colored vib. dentatum
berries are now seen--not long. over hanging
the side of the river--amid cornels & willows &
They make a dull impression--yet held close in some lights
they are glossy--The umbeld fruits--viburnums & cornels &c have began
button bushes--
aralias

As I am paddling up the N side above the
hemlocks--I am attracted by the singular shadows
of the white lily pads on the rich brown muddy
bottom-- It is remarkable how light tends
to prevail over shadow there-- It steals in under
the densest curtain of pads--& illustrates
the bottom-- The shadows of these pads
seen (now at 3 pm) a little one side
where the water is 18 inches or 2 feet deep--
are rarely orbicular or entire edged--
or resembling the leaf--but are more
or less perfect rosettes--generally of
an
or more regularly rounded
time oval form--with 5 to 15 ^ petals
open halfway to the center {drawing} or {drawing}
You cannot commonly refer the shadow to its substance—but by touching the leaf with your paddle. Light knows a thousand tricks by which it prevails—Light is the rule—shadow the exception. The leaf fails to cast a shadow equal in area to itself—While it is a regular & almost solid disk the shadow is a rosette or palmate—as if the sun in its haste illustrate every nook—shone round the shortest corner—Often if you connect the extremities of the petals you have the general outline & size of the leaf—if the shadow is less than the substance by the amount of the openings. These petals seem to depend for their existence on the somewhat scalloped—waved or undulating edge of the pad—if the manner in which the light is reflected from it. Generally the 2 sharp angles of the pad are almost entirely eroded in the shadow—The shadows too have a slight halo about them. Such endless & varied play of light & shadow is on the river bottom! It is Protean & somewhat weird even—The shadow of the leaf might be mistaken for that of the flower—

The sun playing with a lily leaf draws the outline of a lily on the bottom with its
The broad leaved helianthus on bank of Assabet spring is not nearly out—though the H. divaricatus was abundantly out on the 11th.

I landed to get the wood pewee nest in the Lee wood—(Perhaps these woods might be called Mantatukwet’s, for he says he lived at the foot of Nawshawtuck about 50 years before 1684.)

Hypopytis abundantly out (how long?) in that long wood path on the left side under the oak wood—before you begin to rise going from the river end—very little indeed is yet erect—& that which is not is ap. as forward as the rest—Not generally quite as high as the M. uniflora which grows with it— I see still in their midst the dry upright brown spikes of last year’s seed vessels—(drawing)—The chimaphila is more of an umbel {drawing}

Where that dense young birch grove—4 to 8 feet high was burned over in the spring I am pretty sure it was early in May.

I see now a yet more dense green crop of of Solidago altissima 3 or 4 feet high & budded to bloom. Where did all the seed come from? I think the burning was too late for any seed to have blown on since—Did it then lie in the ground so low as to escape the fire? The seed may have come from plants which grow in the old path along the fence on the W side.
It is a singular fact at any rate—that
dense grove of young white birches covering half
a dozen acres may be burned over in May—so
as to kill nearly all—and now amid the dead brown
trees—you see dense green crop of Solidago
altissima covering the ground—like grass 4 feet high.
Nature practices a rotation of crops—and always
has some seed ready in the ground.

Young white maples below dove rock—are
1 1/2 inches high—and red maples elsewhere about 1 inch high
I came to get the now empty nests
of the Wood-pewees found June 27th—
In each case—on approaching the spot
I hear the sweet note of a pewee—lingering
about—and this alone would have guided
me within 4 or 5 rods. I do not know
why they should linger near the empty nests
but perhaps they have built again near
there—or intend to use the same nest again(?)—
their full strain is Pe—ah—e’eo
%(perhaps repeated)%
%^% rising on the last syllable & emphasizing
then
that—Pe’—ee emphasizing the first
& falling on the last—all very sweet &
rather plaintive suggesting innocence & confi—
dence in you. In this case the bird
uttered only its last strain—regularly
at ⌂ intervals.

These 2 Pewee nests are remarkably alike
in their position & composition & form—
though 1/2 mile apart—They are
both placed on a horizontal branch of a young
oak (one about 14—the other about 18 ft from ground)
& 3 to 5 feet from main trunk in a young
oak wood—Both rest directly on a hori—
zontal fork—& such is their form & composition
almost
that they have ^ precisely the same color & aspect
from below—& from above

The 1st is on a dead limb—(very much exposed) is
3 inch diameter outside to outside—& 2 inch diam.
within—the rim being about 1/4 of an inch thick
& it is now 1 inch deep within. Its frame work is
white pine needles (esp. in the rim) & a very little fine
grass stem—covered on the rim & all without
with closely with small bits of lichen (cetraria ?)
slate colored without & blackish beneath & some brownish
or cocoon? caterpillar ^ (?) silk with small seed vessels in it—

They are both now thin & partially open at the
bottom so that I am not sure they contain all
the original lining. This one has no distinct lining
unless it is a very little green usnea—amid
the loose pine needles—The lichens of the nest
would readily be confounded with the lichens of the
limb. Looking down on it, it is a remarkably—round
& neat nest—
& 1/2 inch wider without
The 2nd nest is rather more shallow now ^ --is lined
with much more usnea—(the willow down which
I saw in it June 27 is gone—perhaps they cast it out
in warm weather—!) & shows, a little of some slender
brown catkin (oak:) beneath without.

These nests remind me of what I suppose to be the yel-throat
The lining of a nest is not in good condition—
vireo’s—& humming birds’ perhaps is partly gone—when the birds have done with it—
The remarkable difference between the 2
branches of our river kept up down to the very
junction—indicates a different geological region
for their channels—
Aug 14th 58

Pm to the One Arched Bridge

//Hardhacks are prob. a little past prime.

Stopped by the culvert opposite the

centaurea--to look at the sagittaria leaves--

//Perhaps this plant is in its prime (?) Its
leaves vary remarkably in form-- I see
in a thick patch 6 or 8 feet in diameter--
leaves nearly a foot long of this form--
{drawing} & others as long or longer of this
form {drawing} with all the various inter-
The very narrow ones perhaps around the edge
mediate ones of the patch being also of a darker green, are not
distinguished at first, but mistaken for grass
suggesting to C. an
perhaps {hiddicornots}
Indian name ^ for one of our localities, he
thought it had too many syllables for
a place so near the middle of the
more distant &
tow--As if the ^ less frequented place might
have a longer name--less understood & less
alive in its syllables.

The Canada thistle down is now begun
//to fly--& I see the goldfinch upon it.

Carduelis Often when I watch one go off,
he flies at first one way--rising & falling--
as if skimming close over unseen billows--
but directly makes a great circuit as
if he had changed his mind & disappears
in the opposite direction--or is seen to
be joined there by his mate--

We walked a little way down
the bank this side the Assabet
bridge-- The broad leaved panic grass
with its hairy sheathes or collars attracts
the eye now there by its perfectly fresh broad
leaf. We see from time to time many
bubbles rising from the sandy bottom when
it is 2 or more feet deep--which I suspect
to come from clams there letting off air--
I think I see the clams--& it is often
noticed there--
I see a pickerel nearly a foot long--
in the deep pool under the wooden
bridge this side the stone one--where it has
been land locked how long?

There is brought me this a thalictrum
cornuti--of which the club shaped filaments
(& sepals ?) and seed vessels--are a bright purple
& quite showy--

To speak from recollection--
the birds's note which I have chanced to hear
of late--are (Running over the whole list.)
The squealing notes of young hawks
Occasionally a red-wing's schuck
The link of bobolinks.
The chicadee & Phebe note of the chicadees
5 or 6 together occasionally
The fine note of the cherry bird pretty often
The twitter of the king-bird " "
The Wood-Pewee--with its young peculiarly
common & prominent--
Only the peep of the robin
The Pine warbler occasionally
The Bay-wing pretty often
" Seringo " "
" Song-Sparrow occasionally often
The field sparrow often
The Goldfinch a prevailing note—with variations
with a fine song—
The Ground robin once of late
The flicker’s cackle once of late
The field sparrow often
The more characteristic notes would
wood appear to be the ^ Pewee’s & the goldfinche’s
with the squeal of young hawks. V 3 ps forward
These might be called The Pewee days—

Aug 15th
Pm Down River— to Abner Buttricks—

NB—I have not been out early nor late—
nor attended particularly to the birds—

The more characteristic notes would

wood appear to be the ^ Pewee’s & the goldfinche’s

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These might be called The Pewee days—

Aug 15th
Pm Down River— to Abner Buttricks—

// Rain in the night & dog-day weather again—

after 2 clear days— I do not like the

name dog-days— Can we not have a new

name for this season— It is the season of

moul & pr mildew—& foggy-muggy often

rainy weather—

// The front-rank polygonum is ap. in prime

or perhaps not quite. v 19th Wild oats up

in prime— This is quite interesting & handsome

so tall & loose— The lower spreading
dangling or blown one side like a flag--
& loosely drooping ^ staminate branches
of its ample panicle are of a lively yel-
lowish green--contrasting with the very
distant up-right pistillate branches--sug-
small
gesting a spear with a ^ flag at the base of
its head-- It is our wild grain unharvested--
{drawing}  The black willows are already being im-
// browned-- It must then be the effect of the water--
for we have had no drouth--
The smaller white maples are very generally
turned a dull red--& their long row seen against
the first green of Ball’s Hill--is very surprising
the leaves evidently come to maturity or die sooner
in water & wet weather--they are redder now
than in autumn--& set off the landscape wonder-
fully. The Great Meadows are not 1/4 shorn yet
The swamp white oaks--ash trees &c which
stand along the shore have horizontal
lines & furrows at different heights--on their
trunks where the ice of past winters has rubbed
against them--
Might not the Potamogeton be called
waving weed?
I notice the black-willows from my boat’s
place to Abner Buttricks--to see where they grow
--distinguishing 10 places-- In 7 instances they
are on the concave or female side distinctly--
Then there is one clump just below mouth of Mill-
Brook on male side-- 1 tree at Simmonds Boat House male
side--& 1 by oak on Heywood Shore-- The principal
are on the sand-bars or points formed along the concave side
Almost the only exceptions to their growing
on the concave side exclusively-- are a few mouths
of brooks & edges of swamps--where ap. there
is an eddy or slow current.

Similar was my observation on the Assabet
as far up as Woodis Park.

The localities I noticed today were--
(4 up it)
Mouth of Mill brook ^ --Sand-bar along shore
just below opposite--opposite Simmonds
Boast House--1 at Boat House-- Hornbeam
Cape--Flints meadow along opposite boys' bath place--
& by oak below bath place on S side--
at meadow fence S^ side-- Point of the
S side
Diving ash-- opposite Bath Place by Wall--
Up Assabet the places near %(The 13th)%
S side above Rock-- Willow Swamp--
Willow Bay (below Dove Rock)-- Willow Island--
Swift Place S side-- Mouth of Spencer^ Brook--

Wars are not yet over. I hear one
in the outskirts learning to drum every
night; & think you there will be no
field for him. He relies on his instincts.
He is instinctively meeting a demand.

Aug 16th
// Hear it raining again early when I awake
as it did yesterday--still & steady--as if
the season were troubled with a diabetes
Pm to Cardinal ditch
// I hear these birds on my way thither

^1"S" written over dash
^2"Spencer": "S" altered from "s"
between 2 & 3 o'clock--*goldfinches* twitter

over--the *song sparrow* sings several times

Hear a low warble from *blue birds* with ap. their

young--the link of many *bobolinks* (& see

large flocks on the fences & weeds-- They are

largish looking birds with yellow throats).

A large flock of *Redwings* goes *tchucking* over--

A *lark* twitters--crows *caw*--a *robin*

peeps--*Kingbirds* twitter as ever--

(At sunset I hear a low short warble from a

golden *robin*--& the notes of the *wood-pewee*

In my boating of late I have several
times scared up a couple of summer ducks--
of this year--bred in our meadows-- They al-

owed me to come quite near--& helped to people

I have not seen them for some days

the river-- ^ Would you know the end of our

intercourse? Goodwin shot them--& Mrs.

who never sailed on the river *ate* them.

Of course, she knows not what she did.

% % %Thus we share each others sins as

I shall *not* eat her canary.  well as burdens--%

The lady who watches admiringly the matador shares his deed

They belonged to me, as much as to anyone, when

they were alive--but it was considered of more

importance that Mrs. ____ should taste

the flavor of them dead-- than that I should

enjoy the beauty of them alive--

A 3 ribbed golden rod on RR causeway 2 to 3

feet high abundantly out before *S. nemoralis*.

I notice that when a frog (*Rana halecina*)

jumps it drops water at the same instant

--as a turtle often when touched as she is

preparing to lay-- I see many frogs jump

---

*7?*" altered from dash
from the side of the RR causeway--toward
the ditch at its base & each drops some
water-- They ap. have this supply of water
with them in warm & dry weather at least
when they leave the water--& returning to
it leaves it behind as of no further use.

Thalictrum cornuti is now generally
done--
The hardhack commonly grows in low--
meadow--pastures--which are uneven with
grassy clods--or hummocks--such as the
Alms House pasture by Cardinal ditch--
I am surprised to find that where of later
years there have been so many cardinal
flowers--there are now very few-- So much
does a plant fluctuate from season
to season-- Here I found nearly white ones
rare Channing tells me that he saw
//a white bobolink in a large flock of
them today-- Almost all flowers & animals
found
may be ^ white-- As in a larger number of
cardinal flowers you may find a white
one--so in a large flock--of bobolinks
also, it seems, you may find a white one--
Talked with Minott--who sits in
his wood shed--having as I notice several
seats there for visitors--one a block on
the saw horse-- another a cloth--
work mat on a wheel barrow--&c &c
His half grown chicken which roost over
head perch on his shoulder or knee--

Ac to him--The Holt--is at the “diving
ash” where is some of the deepest water
in the river-- He tells me some of his hunting
stories again. He always lays a good deal
of stress on the kind of gun he used--as
if he had bought a new one every year--when
probably he never had more than 2 or 3 in his
life-- In this case it was a “half-stocked”
one--a little “cocking piece”--& whenever
he finished his game he used the word
“gavel”-- I think in this way--“gave him
gavel”--i.e made him bite the dust or
settled him--

Speaking of foxes--he said, “As soon as the
nights get to be cool--if you
at 9 or 10 o'clock when all is still
step out doors ^ you'll hear them bark
out on the flat behind the houses.
half a mile off
^ or sometimes whistle thorough their noses--
I can tell 'em I know what that
I know all about that
means ^ They are out after something to
eat-- I suppose.” He used to love to
hear the goldfinches sing on the hemp
which grew near his gate.

At sunset paddle to Hill

Goodwin has come again to fish with 3 poles
hoping to catch some more of those large eels.

A blue-heron with its great undulating
wings - a prominent cut-water & leisurely
flight-- goes over S. W. Goodwin says he saw one
2 or 3 days ago--
//& also that he saw some black ducks

A muskrat is swimming up the stream
betrayed by 2 long diverging ripples or
ripple lines 2 or 3 rods long each--& inclining about 75º--methinks. (drawing)

Am surprised The rat generally
dives just before reaching the shore--& is
not seen again--probably entering some burrow
in the bank--

Am surprised to see that the snapping turtle
which I found floating dead June 16th & placed
to rot in the cleft of a rock-- Has been all
cleaned--so that there is no smell of carrion--
the scales have nearly all fallen off--&
the sternum fallen apart--& the bony frame of
the back is loose & dropping to pieces as if it
were many years old-- It is a wonderful piece
of dove tailing--the ends of the ribs (which are
narrow & rib-like) set in to sockets in the middle
of the marginal bones--whose joints are in each case
between the ribs-- There are many large
fish bones within the shell. Was it killed
by the fish it swallowed? The bones not
being dispersed I suppose it was cleaned by insects.

Aug 17--

// Still hear the chip-bird early in the morning-- Though
not so generally as earlier in the season--

Minott has only lately been reading Shattuck's
History of Concord--& he says that his account
is not right by a jug full--that he does

---

\*Written in the margin.
not come within half a mile of the truth
not as he has heard tell.

Some days ago I saw a kingbird
to stoop to the water from an over hanging
oak-- & pick an insect from the
C. saw pigeons today--

Aug 17th

Pm to Annursnack via Swimming Ford

The river is 12 to 18 inches deeper there
than usual at this season--even the
slough this side is 2 feet deep--
I notice in some meadows the great
brown panicles of the fresh water (?) docks
(I do not examine it) now ripe.

There has been so much rain of late
that there is no curling or drying of
the leaves & grass this year. The foliage
is a pure fresh green--the aftermath
on early mown fields is a very beautiful
green.

Being over taken by a shower--we took refuge
in the basement of Sam Barret’s Saw Mill--
where we spent an hour-- & at length
came home with a rainbow overarching the
road before us.

The dog day--the foggy & mouldy
days are not over yet. The clouds are
like a mildew which over spread the
sky-- It is sticky weather--or the air is
filled with the scent of decaying fungi--
Aug. 18th

PM to F. H. Hill

Miss Car. Pratt saw the white bobo-link yesterday when Channing saw it the day before.
I hear also of a swallow (prob barn swallow) perfectly white killed in the midst of a large flock-- I go by the place--this pm & see very large flocks

//of them--certainly several hundreds in all
& one has a little white on his back--but
I do not see the white one-- Almost every bush along this brook is now alive with these birds-- You wonder where they were all hatched--for you may have failed to find a single nest. I know 8 or 10 active boys who have been searching for these nests the past season quite busily--& they have found but 2 at most. Surely but a small fraction of these birds will ever return from the south-- Have they so many foes there? Hawks must fare well at present. They go off in a straggling flock--& it is a long time before the last loiterer has left the bushes near you--

I also see large flocks of blackbirds blackish birds with chattering notes-- It is a fine sight when you can walk down on them just as they are settling on the ground with outspread wings--a hovering flock.
Having left my note book at home
I strip off a piece of birch bark for
paper. It begins at once to curl up
yellow side out—but I hold that
side to the sun & as soon as it is dry
it gives me no more trouble--

I sit under the oaks at the E end
of Hubbards’ grove—& hear 2 wood
pewees singing close by—They are are perched
on dead oak twigs 4 or 5 rods apart—
& they’s their notes are so exactly alike
that at first I thought there was but one.
One appeared to answer the other—& some-
times they both sung together. It was
Even as if the old were teaching her young—
It was not the usual spring note
of this bird—but a simple, clean, pre-e-eet
(not heard for a long time Oct. 15 57)
rising steadily with one impulse to the
end— They were undistinguishable in tone
& rhythm—though one which I thought might
be the young—was feebler— In the mean while
as it was perched on the twig it was incessantly
turning its head about looking for insects—&
suddenly would dart aside or downward
a rod or 2 & I could hear its bill snap
as it caught one— Then it returned to the
same or another perch.

Heard a nuthatch (?) & a week later%
%not heard since spring%

"they": "the" written over "they"
Last evening one of our neighbors
who has just completed a costly house
the most showy in the village
& front yard & illuminated in honor
Atlantic
of the telegraph. I read in great letters
before the house the sentence
"Glory to God in the highest"-- But
it seemed to me that that was not
a sentiment to be illuminated--but to
be kept dark about. A simple &
genuine sentiment of reverence would
not emblazon these words as on a sign
board in the streets. They were exploding
countless crackers beneath it--& gay
company passing in & out made it a
kind of house-warming. I felt a kind
of shame for I was inclined to pass
quickly by--the ideas of indecent exposure
& cant being suggested.
What is religion? That which is never spoken.

Aug 19th

Pm Sail to Baker Farm shore--
// It is cool with a considerable N Westerly
wind--so that we can sail to F. Haven--
The dog-day weather is suddenly gone
and here is a cool clear & elastic air.
// You may say it is the first day of
Autumn. You notice the louder &
clearer ring of crickets--and the large
handsome red spikes of the polygonum
amphibium are now generally conspicuous along the shore—The P. hydroperoides fairly begins to show—The front-rank polygonum is now in prime—

We scare up a stake-driver several times--

The blue-heron has within a week reappeared in our meadows--& the stake-driver begins to be seen oftener--as early as the 5th I noticed the same of hawks, owls & c young summer ducks about ^ --This occurs young as soon as the ^ birds can take care of themselves--& some appear to be very early on the return southwards--with the very earliest prospect of fall--Such birds are not only more abundant--but methinks more at leisure now—having reared their family—& perhaps they are less shy, more frequently Yes bitterns are ^ seen now to lift themselves from sluggish flight to a new resting place—bitterns which either have got through the labors of breeding or are now first able to shift for themselves. & likewise blue-herons which have bred or been bred not far from us (plainly) are now at leisure or are impelled to revisit our slow stream. I have not seen the last since spring.

When I see the first heron—like a dusky blue wave undulating over our meadows
again--I think--since I saw their
going northward the other day--how many
of these forms have been added to the
landscape--complete from bill to toe--I see two herons
while perhaps I have idled!

A small bird is pursuing the Heron as it
does a hawk-- Perhaps it is a black bird
& the herons gobble up their young!

//I see thistle down--grayish white--floating
low quite across Fair Haven Pond. There is
wont to be just water enough above the
surface to drive it along.

// The heads of the wool grass are now
brown & in many meadows lodged--
 can hardly see a blossom

// The button bush is about done -- The

// Pontederia has already begun to wane
i.e. the fields of them are not so dense

// many seed vessels having turned down--&
// water cool to bather
// some leaves are already withered & black--
// but the remaining spikes are as fair as
// ever-- It chances that I see no yellow lilies

// they must be scarce now. The water is high for the season.
// We have our first green corn today
// The saw-grass (pas-pelum?) of mown fields
//but it is late. not long

I noticed the localities of black willows
as far up as the mouth of the mouth of the
river in F. H. P. but not so carefully as
V. n. p.
elsewhere--& from the last observations ^
// It’s so cool some apprehend a frost tonight.
Aug. 20

I infer that the willow grows especially & almost exclusively in places where the drift is most likely to lodge—as on capes & points & concave sides of the river—though I noticed a few exceptions to my rule—

Edward Hoar has found in his garden 2 or 3 specimens of what appears to be the veronica Buxbaumii which blossomed at least a month ago. Yet I should say the pods were turgid & though obcordate enough—I do not know in what sense they are “obcordate triangular”

He found a Vib. dentatum with leaves somewhat narrower than common & wedge shaped at base. He has also the Rudbeckia speciosa—cultivated in a Concord garden.

Flannery tells me that at about 4 o clock this morning he saw white frost on the grass in the low ground near Holbrooks—Up early enough to see a frost in August!

Pm

To Poplar Hill & the Great Fields—

It is still cool weather with a NW wind—There is more shadow in the landscape than a week ago methinks—& the creak of the crickets sounds cool & steady The grass & foliage—and landscape generally are of a more thought inspiring color—suggest what some perchance would call a pleasing melancholy—In some meadows This weather is a preface to Autumn
as I look southwesterly the aftermath
looks a bright-yellowish green—in patches—
Both willows & poplars have leaves of
a light-color at least beneath—contrasting
with most other trees—

Generally there has been no drought this year—
—nothing in the landscape suggests it77—Yet no
doubt these leaves—are compared with
themselves 6 or 8 weeks ago—as usual—
%horny (polix)%
“horny & dry” as one remarks by my side.

// You see them digging potatoes
with cart & barrels in the fields on all
hands—before they are fairly ripe—for fear
of rot or a fall in the price—& I see
the empty barrels coming back from market
already—

// Polygonum dumetorum how long?

Aug 21

Pm A-berrying to Conantum

// I notice hardhacks clothing their stems now
with their erected leaves—showing the whitish under sides
A pleasing evidence of the advancing season—
%C. perhaps [hylodes]%68
How yellow that kind of hedge hog(?) sedge

? in the Toad pool by Cyrus Hubbards’ corner—
I still see the patch of epilobium on Bee Tree hill as plainly as ever
though only the pink seed vessels & stems are left—

Aug. 22

Pm

I have spliced my old sail to a new one &
now go out to try it—in a sail to Baker Farm.
It is a “square sail”—some 5 feet by 6.
I like it much. It pulls like an ox

77"it" inserted
"very faint on microfilm
& makes me think there's more
wind abroad than there is-- The yard
goes about with a pleasant force
--almost enough I would fain imagine
--to knock me overboard How sturdily it
pulls--shooting us along--catching more
wind than I knew to be wandering in this river
valley-- It suggests a new power
in the sail like a Grecian God. I can
even worship it—after a heathen fashion.
& then how it becomes my boat & the
river--a simple homely square sail--all
for use not show--so low & broad

The boat is like a plow drawn by a
winged bull. If I had had this a dozen
years ago my voyages would
have been performed more quickly &
easily— But then probably I should have
lived less in them. I land on a re-
mote shore at an unexpectedly early hour—
and have time for a long walk there
Before my sail was so small that
I was wont to raise the mast with the
sail on it ready set—but now I have
had to rig some tackling with which
to haul up the sail.

As for the beauty of the rivers brim—now
that the mikania begins to prevail the
button bush has done—the pontederia is waning
& the willows are already somewhat crisped
& imbrowned (though the last may be none the
worse for it)—{Lilies too {ar} as good as gone—

\[^{13}\] stray mark above "after"
\[^{14}\] exclamation written over dash
\[^{15}\] "Ajacean": possible reference to Greek warrior Ajax
So perhaps I should say thus the brim

of the river was in its prime about

this year

//the 1st of August--\^when the Pontederia
white
& button bush--& ^ lilies were in their

The cyperus (phymatodes &c) now yellows edge of pools

//glory-- & half bare low grounds

// See 1 or 2 blue herons every day now

driving them far up or down the river

before me-- I see a mass of of

burr-reed &c which the wind & waves

are sweeping down stream-- The higher water

& wind thus clear the river for us--

At Baker Farm a large bird rose up near

us--which at first I took for a hen hawk--

but it appeared larger-- It screamed the

same & finally soared higher & higher till

it was almost lost amid the clouds--or

could scarcely be distinguished except when

it was seen against some white & glowing

cumulus. I think it was at least 1/2

a mile high--or 3/4 & yet I distinctly

heard it scream up there each time it

came round--& with my glass saw its

head steadily bent toward the ground-- looking

for its prey-- Its head seen in a proper light was

distinctly whitish-- & I suspect it may have

// been a white-headed eagle-- It did not once

flap its wings up there--as it circled &

sailed though I watched it for nearly

a mile. How fit that these soaring birds

should be haughty & fierce! not like doves

to our race--
Aug 23d

Cooler than ever--some must have fires. & I close my window--

Pm Britton’s Camp--via Hub. Close--
The rhexia in the field W of Clintonia swamp makes a great show now though
a little past prime. I go through the swamp
wading through the luxuriant cinnamon
fern which has complete possession of the
swamp floor--its great fronds curving this
way & that remind me a tropical vegetation--
They are as high as my head & about a foot
wide--may stand higher than my head with-
out being stretched out-- They grow in tufts
of a dozen--so close that their fronds inter-
lace & form one green waving mass--
These in the swamp cellar under the maples
A forest of maples rises from a forest of
ferns-- My clothes are covered with the
pale brown wool which I have rubbed off
their stems. %V June 24--59%
See an abundance of pine sap on the right
of Pine-sap path--It is almost all erect
some 8 to 9 inches high--& all effete there
some stems are reddish. It lifts the
leaves with it like the Indian pipe--but
is not as delicate as that. The Ind. pipe
is still pushing up.

Everywhere in woods & swamps I am already
reminded of the fall-- I see the spotted sarsa-
parilla leaves & brakes--& in swamps the
withering & blackened skunk cabbage--&
Hellebore--& by the river the already blackening
Pontederias & pipes. There is no plateau
on which Nature rests at mid-summer but
she instantly commences the descent to winter.

I see a Golden Crowned Thrush--but
it is silent except a chip. sitting low
on a twig near the main stem of a
tree in these deep woods--

High blackberries now in their prime--
Their great racemes of shining black
fruit mixed with red & green bent over amid
the sweet fern & sumac on sunny hill
sides--or growing more rankly with larger
fruit by rich road sides & in lower ground--

The chewink note of a chewink --(not
common) also a cuckoo’s note--

Smooth sumac berries all turned crimson x

This fruit is now erect spear heads--rising
from the ample dark green unspotted leaves--pointing
in various directions--

I see dense patches of the pearly everlasting
maintaining their ground in the midst of dense
green sweet fern--a striking contrast of snow
white & green--

Vib. nudum berries ap. but a day or 2
Epilobium augustifolium is abundantly shedding
its downy seed--wands of white & pink--
Emerson says that he & Agassiz &
company broke some dozens of ale bottles
one after another with their bullets—in
the Adirondack country—using them for
marks! It sounds rather Cockneyish.
He says that he shot a peetweet for Agassiz
& this, I think he said, was the first game
he ever bagged— He carried a double barrelled
gun—(rifle & shot gun) which he bought
for the purpose—which he says—received much
commendation—all parties thought it a
very pretty piece.
Think of Emerson shooting a peetweet (with shot)
for Agassiz—& cracking an ale bottle
(after emptying it)
^ with his rifle at six rods! They cut several
pounds of lead out of the tree— It is just
what Mike Saunders the merchant’s clerk
did—when he was there.
The writer needs the suggestion & correction
that a correspondent or companion
is. I sometimes remember something
which I have told another as worth telling
to myself—i.e. writing in my journal.
Channing, thinking of walks & life in
the country—says you don’t want
to discover anything new—but to be discover
something old—i.e. be reminded that
such things still are.
Aug 24th

Ed. Hoar brings Cassia Chamaecrista from Greenport L. I. which must have been out a good while.

**Pm sail to Balls’ (?) Hill**

It is a strong but fitful N W wind-- stronger than before-- Under my new sail the boat dashes off like a horse with the bits in his teeth-- Coming into the main stream below the island a sudden flow strikes me & in my efforts to keep the channel I run one side under-- & so am compel to beach my boat there-- & bail it.

They are haying still in the Great meadows-- indeed not half the grass in cut I think-- I am flattered because my stub sail frightens a haymakers horse tied under a maple while his masters are loading-- His nostrils dilate he snorts & tries to break loose-- He eyes with terror this white wind steed. No wonder he is alarmed at my introducing such a competitor into the river meadows. Yet large as my sail is-- it being low-- I can scud down for miles through the very meadows in which dozens of haymakers are at work-- & they may not detect me.

// The zizania is the greater part out of bloom-- i.e. the yellowish antheral stamens are gone-- the wind has blown them away--

// The Bidens Beckii has only begun a few days
it being rather high water--No hibiscus yet--

The white maples in a winding row along the river & the meadows edge are ^ hoary white masses, as if they showed only the under sides of their leaves-- Those which have been changed by water are less bright than a week ago-- They now from this point (Abner Buttrick’s shore) are a pale lake mingling very agreeably with the taller hoary white ones-- This little color in the hoary meadow edging is very exhilarating to behold--& the most memorable phenomenon of the day-- It is as when quarters of peach of this color--are boiled with white apple quarters-- Is this anything like murrey color? some In ^ other lights it is more red or scarlet.

Climbing the hill at the bend--I find gerardia pedicularia ap several days--or how long? this sunny breezy pm looking up & down the river ^ --I distinguish men busily haying --in gangs of 4 or 5-- revealed by their white shirts--some 2 miles below toward Carlisle bridge--& others still further up the stream-- They are up to their shoulders in the grassy sea almost lost in it-- I can just discern a few white specks where the most distant are at work. What an adventure to get there hay from year to year from these miles on miles of river-meadow!

You see some carrying out the hay on poles-- where it is too soft for cattle--& ^ carts
are leaving the meadows for distant
barns in the various towns that border
on them—

I look down a straight reach of water to
the hill by Carlisle Bridge—and this I can
do at any season—the longest reach
we have. It is worth the while to come
here for this prospect—to see a part of
earth so far away over the water—that
it appears islanded between 2 skies—
If that place is real then the places
of my imagination are real.

Desmodium marilandicum ap in

//prime along this Ball’s (?) Hill low shore--
& ap another kind Dillennii ? or rigidum(??)
the same-- These & lespedezas
now abound in dry places--

// Carrion flower fruit is blue how long?
// Squirrels have eaten hazel nuts & pitch

pine cones for some days.

Now & of late we remember hazel bushes
we become aware of such a fruit-bearing
bush—They have their turn & every clump
& hedge seems composed of them--
the burrs begin to look red on their
edges.

I notice in the river opposite the end by

//the meadow path great masses of
ranunculus stems &c. 2 or 3 feet through
by a rod or more long—which look as
if they had been washed or rolled aside by the
wind & waves—amid the potamogeton—
I have just read of a woodchuck that
came to a boat on Long Island sound to be
taken in!

Pipes (Eq. limosum) are brown & half withered
along the river—where they have been injured by water.

Aug 25th

It has been cool & **esep.** windy from the NW
since the 19th inclusive—& is stiller now—
The note of a warbling vireo sounds

**very rare**

Pm to Lupine Hill & beyond—

I see a mouse on the dry hill side this side
of Clam-Shell—It is evidently the short tailed
meadow mouse—or Arvicola hirsuta Generally
above it is a very dark brown almost blackish
being browner forward—It is also dark beneath—
tail but little more than 1 inch long.
Its legs must be very short for I can hardly
glimpse them. Its nose is not sharp. It endeavors
to escape down the hill to the meadow—&
at first glides along in a sort of path (?)
methinks. It glides close to the ground under
the stubble & tries to conceal itself.

I gather from Nut meadow Brook

not far below the road—A Potamogeton
Heterophyllus of Gray
(perhaps P. Claytoni —--which Russell said was
the one by road at Jenny Dugan’s) It is still out.

Has handsome broad grassy immersed leaves &
somewhat elliptic floating ones--

I distinguish these plants this pm

//Cyperus filiculmis (marisoides or Tuberous Cyperus of Big) in arid sandy pastures--with globular green commonly heads & slender ^ slanting culms--5 to 12 inch long.

It is perhaps getting stale.

The prevalent grass in John Hosmers’ meadow no

//I take to be cut grass ? long since done & the leaves now commonly purplish--reflecting that color in the sun from a distance.

The Paspalum setaceum (ciliatifolium of

// Big) my saw-grass--which I have seen for some time, commonly cut off by the mowers {%pectinacea}²

//Eragrostis capillaris²(Poa hirsuta) Hair spear grass--perhaps not quite so bright as heretofore. Money Diggers Hollow %Say a week in prime%

has the most of it.

// Fimbristylis capillaris (Scirpus capillaris) that that little scirpus turning yellowish in sandy soil--as our garden--4 Lupine hill sand %same time in prime%

{drawing}

// Cyperus strigosus under solidago clam shell hill--that yellowish fuzzy headed plant 5 to 12 inch high now ap in prime.

Also in Mrs Hoar’s garden-- Also very much like last //cyperus phymatodes ^ --Mrs Hoars garden-- which has little tubers at a distance from the base.²⁶ %ap in prime%

// Cyperus dentatus (?) with flat spikelets under solidago rigida bank ap in prime.

Also Pouts’ nest with round fascicles of leaves amid spikes

²ac. to 1906 edition
²Word cancelled in pencil
²²followed by canceled false start
Juncus scirpoides \^ (polycephalus--many headed of //
Big--) at Alder ditch & in Great Meadows &
perhaps sometime."

Andropogon furcatus Forked beard grass--solidago //
rigida bank-- a slender grass 3 to 7 feet high
ap. in its prime
on dry soil--with digitate purple spikes--
all over hill side behind Caesar's

Setaria glauca (glaucous panic grass--bottle //
going to seed--Mrs Hoars garden--

Setaria Viridis Green bottle grass--in garden //
some going to seed but later than the last--

These two I have called millet grass.

%Andropogon scoparius purple wood grass%
Aristida dichotoma poverty grass\^--slender //
curving--purplish--in tufts--(ap in prime)
on sterile soil--looking white fuzzy as
it goes to seed--

Aug 26th

Pm to Great Meadows

At Abel Heywoods pool by Cemetery-- //
I see ap. Rhynchospora Alba some time out of bloom
& also " Glomerata still linger " " //
They resemble somewhat not the many headed
rush. & also grow in the Great meadows

The Solidago arguta is ap in \textit{its prime} //

Hips of moss rose not long scarlet-- //

The juncus effusus a long withered (the upper part) //

The Liatris is about (or nearly) in prime. //

Aster laevis how long?

\footnotesize
\textsuperscript{7}preceded by cancelled caret
\textsuperscript{76}"Aristida...grass" cancelled in pencil
Two interesting tall purplish grasses appear to be the prevailing ones now in dry & sterile neglected fields & hill sides--Andropogon furcatus Forked beard grass--& ap. Andropogon scoparius with this (Andropogon) ie Sorghum nutans V Sep. 6th%--purple-wood grass--(though the last appears to have 3 awns like an Aristida)
The first is a very tall & slender culmed (drawing)79 grass--with 4 or 5 purple finger-like spikes raying upward from the top--It is very abundant on the hill side behind Peters--
The other is also quite slender--2 to 3 or 4 feet high--growing in tufts & some-
what curving (drawing)80 also commonly Broom Grass perhaps purple & with pretty purple stigmas like the last--& it has purple anthers--
When out of bloom its appressed spikes are recurving & have a whitish hairy or fuzzy look--
These are the prevailing conspicuous flowers where I walk this Pm in dry ground--
I have sympathy with them because they are despised by the farmer--& occupy sterile & neglected soil. They also by their rich purple reflections or tinges--seem to express the ripeness of the year--It is high colored like ripe grapes--& expresses a maturity--which the spring did not suggest--only the august sun could have thus burnished these culms & leaves.

79A drawing appears in the left margin before “grass” and extends down to “purple.”
80A drawing appears in the center of the page between the words “curving” and “also”. The drawing continues down to the next line and appears between the words “with” and “pretty.”
The farmer has long since done his
upland haying—& he will not deign
to bring his scythe to where these slender
wild grasses have at length flowered
thinly—You often see the bare sand
between them— I walk encouraged between
the tufts of purple-wood grass—over the
sandy fields by the shrub oaks—glad to
recognize these simple contemporaries—
These 2 are almost the first grasses that
I have learned to distinguish. I did not know
by how many friends I was surrounded—
The purple of their culms excites me like
that of the pokeweed stems.

Think what refuge there is for me before
August is over—from college commencements
& society that isolates me—! I can skulk
amid the tufts of purple wood grass—
on the borders of the Great Fields!

Wherever I walk this purple fingered
grass stands like a guide-board & points
more poetic my thoughts to (worthier) paths than they
have lately travelled—

A man shall perchance rush by & trample down
plants as high as his head—& cannot be
said to know that they exist—though
he may have cut & cured many tons of them
for his cattle— Yet perchance, if he ever favorably
attend to them he may be over come by their
beauty.

#stray mark, poss bleedthrough, over word
Each humblest plant or weed, as we call it, stands there to express some thought or mood of ours--
& yet how long it stands in vain!
I have walked these Great Fields so many augests & never yet distinctly recognized these purple companions that I have there. I have brushed against them & trampled them down forsooth--& now at last they have as it were, risen up & blessed me. Beauty & true wealth are always thus cheap & despised. Heaven or paradise might be defined as the place which men avoid. Who can doubt that these grasses which the farmer says are of no ac-
count to him--find some compensation in my appreciation of them? I may say that I never saw them before--& can only recall a dim vision of them--& now wherever I go I hardly see anything else-- It is the reign only & presidency ^ of the Andropogons.
I walk down the Great Meadows on the upland side-- They are still //mowing--but have not got more than half--& prob will not get nearly all I see where the tufts of Arum peltandrum have been cut off by the mower & the still green leaves are all gone but the ^ fruit which had curved down(-)ward close
to the ground amid the stubble on every side.

Thus this plant is perpetuated in such localities, though it may be cut before the seed is mature.

The wool grass of these meadows long long

since went out of bloom & is now not merely withered at top--but wasted half away-- is quite gray

While that which I examine in another green bracted meadow has but recently ceased to bloom--

Looking from this side the meadow appears to be filled almost exclusively with wool-grass yet very little has any culm or has blossomed this year-- I notice however one tract-- in the midst of the rest--an oblong square with perfectly straight sides reaching from the upland toward the river--where it has quite generally blossomed & the culms still stand as high as my head-- This plainly is because the land a particular proprietor has been subjected to a peculiar treatment.

Minott tells me that once one very dry summer--when but part of these meadows had been cut--Moore & Hosmer got the owners to agree in the expectation that it would improve the grass to have them burnt over --& they made quite an affair of it--had a chowder--cooked by Moores' boys &c--but the consequence was that this wool-grass came in next year more than ever--
Some come a good way for their meadow grass—even from Lincoln—Geo. Baker has some in this meadow—
& some in the Sudbury meadows. But Minott says they want to get rid of their river meadow now since they can get more & very much better grass off their redeemed swamps or meadows of their own making near home. Hardhack—meadow-sweet—alders maples & c & c—appear to be creeping into the meadow. M. says they used to mow clean up to the ditch by the hard land.

He remembers how he used to suffer from the heat working out in the sun on these broad meadows—& when they took their luncheon how glad he was to lie along close to the water on the wet ground under the white maples by the river side—

And then one would swim a horse over at the holt, go up to Jack Buttricks (Now Abner’s) where there was a well of cool water—& get one or 2 great with jugs full ^ which he recrossed on the horse. He tells of one fellow who trod water across {their} with a jug in each hand!

He has seen young wood cocks in the nest there (ie on the ground) where he had mowed, the middle of August—

%Goodwin puts Holt lower down—where I did%
& used to see the summer ducks perched
on the maples--on some large limbs
close up to the main stem--since they can-
not cling to a small twig.

A Helianthus well out (though ap not out so
<long> as the divaricatus) ap. a var. of H. strumosus
(also of the yet taller Corner spring one--yet
the petioles are not margined--nor more
than that the teeth appressed). It is <whitish>
& minutely downy beneath.

Is that very fine & dense growing spiked
rush--almost like an erect conferva--in
the meadow side (ditch) in Holbrooks meadow
the Eleocharis acicularis? (Scirpus
trichodes--Hair club rush of Bigelow) ap.
in prime-- Also Dodd's shore
Is that almost equally slender but taller
long
one, out of bloom, & out of water--in
the Fringed Gentian meadow--The same? It
also of Pouts nest the 31st
appears to be 4 sided. It appears to be Eleocharis tenuis?
By the same ditch with the E. acicularis
some time Growing somewhat like
rosemary.

August 27
PM to Walden-- Dog day weather again
of which we had had none since the 18th
today-- i.e. clouds without rain-- Wild carrot
on RR. ap in prime Hieracium canadense
ap in prime & perhaps H. scabrum. Lactuca
ap much past prime--or nearly done
The Nabalus albus has been out some 10 days

but N. (Fraseri) at Walden road will

//not open ap for some days yet.

I see Round-leaved cornel fruit on Hey-China

//wood Peak--now half-blue & half white

each berry. Rhus toxicodendron there

//is half of it turned scarlet & yellow, as

if we had had a severe drought--when

it has been remarkably wet-- It seems

then that in such situations some plants

will always assume this withered ↔ prematurely

Autumnal aspect-- Orchis lacera

// prob done some time. Robins fly in flocks

// Ap. Juncus tenuis some time

// i.e. bet S wood shed & good apple tree

out of bloom by depot wood piles-- some

15 inches high.---more at my boat's shore

Aug 28th

// Soaking rain last night--straight down--

When the wind stirs after the rain--leaves that

were prematurely ripe or withered begin to

strew the ground on the leeward side-- Esp--

//the scarlet leaves of the cultivated cherry are seen

to have fallen-- Their change then is not owing

to drought--but commonly a portion of them

ripen thus early--reminding us of october &

November. When as I go to the P. O. this

morning--I see there bright leaves streching

the moist-ground on one side of the tree--

& blown several rods from it into a neigh-

boring yard--I am reminded that

//Thoreau indicates that these words be transposed to read “prematurely withered”.
I have crossed the summit ridge of
the year--& have begun to descend the
other slope-- The prospect is now to-
ward winter--these are among the
first fruits of the leafy harvest--
\%^V. 29th \{the\} mind harvest%
The sharp whistling note of a downy woodpecker--
which sounds rare--perhaps not heard since spring.

Aug 29th

I hear this morning one eat it potter from
a Golden robin. They are now rarely seen--
\%^spectrums%
The ghost-horse \%^~% is seen nowadays--several of them
All these high colors in the stems & leaves & other
portions of plants--answer to some maturity
in us. I presume if I am the wiser for having
lived this season through--such plants
will emblazon the truth of my experience
over the face of nature--& I shall be aware
of a beauty & sweetness there--

Has not the mind too its harvest--do
not some \^ leaves of thought come scatteringly
down--though it may be prematurely--
somewhat, perchance, the summers drought
has ripened, & the rain loosened-- Are
there no purple reflections from the
culms of thought in my mind?

I remember when boiled green corn sold was
sold piping hot on a muster-field in this town--
& my father says that he remembers when it
used to be carried about the streets of Boston in
large baskets on the bare heads of negro women
& gentlemen would stop buy an ear & eat it in the street.

Ah! what a voice was that hawk's or eagle's of the 22d--think of hearing, as you walk the earth--as usual in leaden shoes--a fine shrill scream from time to time--which you would vainly endeavor to refer to its true source if you had not watched the bird in its upward flight-- It comes from yonder black spot on the bosom of a cloud-- I should not have suspected that sound to have issued from the bosom of a cloud if I had not seen the bird. What motive can an eagle have for scream-ing among the clouds--unobserved by terrestrial creatures? We walk invested by sound--the cricket in the grass--& the eagle in the clouds, & so it [is] circled over--& I strained my eyes to follow it--though my ears heard it without effort.

Almost the very sands confess the ripen-ing influence of the August sun--and methinks, with the slender grasses waving over them, reflect a purple tinge--The empurpled sands-- Such is the consequence of all this sun shine--absorbed into the pores of plants & of the earth--All sap or blood is wine-colored-- The very bare sands methinks yield a purple reflection-- At [last] we have not only the purple-sea but the purple
Pm

To J. Farmer's via Assabet

As standing, up in my boat, I am watching

some minnows at the Prichard bend

--steadily stemming the current in the sunny

waving

water between the ^ potamogeton--right

under my face--I see a musquash

gliding along above the sand directly

beneath them--a perfect denizen of

the water--as much as they-- This rat

was a pale brown as light as pale

white

brown paper or perfectly withered ^ oak

leaves. Its coat is never of this color

out of water--& I suppose it was be-

cause it was completely coated with air.

This makes it less visible on a sandy bottom.

Is not that Eleocharis tenuis? //

long since out of bloom growing in

the water along the Merrick shore near

|^\%

the oak--%^ 15 inch to 2 feet high-- A spiked

rush without a leaf & round--I can hardly

find a head left on it. Yet Flint says

this blooms in August! It grows in

dense fields like pipes. Did I find it

before this year?

The mikania is ap in prime or a little //

past. Perhaps the front rank Polyg is //

in prime new--for there is ap. more than before

I look along Mantatuket Field\(^{90}\) hedge

there are

to see if ^ hazel nuts there--but am
surprised to find that thereabouts.

// The bushes have been completely stripped by squirrels already--and the rich brown burrs are strewn on the ground beneath.
What a fine brown these dried burrs have already acquired--not chestnut nor hazel--!
I fear it is already too late for me--
though I find some yet quite green

in another place. They must have been very busy collecting these nuts &
(shell) husking them for a fortnight
past--climbing to the extremities of the slender twigs. Who witnesses the gathering of the hazel-nuts the hazel harvest?
Yet what a busy & important season to the striped squirrel! Now if ever he needs to get up a (tree). Every nut
that I could find left in that field By more frequented paths the squirrels have not worked yet was a poor one. ^

Take warning from the squirrel, which is already laying up his winter store.

// I see some Cornus sericea berries turning--
The Assabet Helianthus (ap var of //Decapetalus) well out some days at least. Are⁸¹ not the petals peculiarly reflexed?
//Small botrychium in the bobolink meadow //not yet--Gentiana Andrewsii--ap--
though this one⁸² not quite shedding pollen.
Before bathing at the Poke logan--I see & hear a school of large suckers which have come into this narrow bay--
& are swiftly dashing about & rising to the
surface with a bubbling sound as
if to snatch something from the
They agitate the whole bay
surface-- ^ They great ruddy looking
fellows limber with life-- How intelligent
of all watery knowledge-- They seem
to measure the length--breadth & depth
of that cove--which perhaps they
never entered before--with every wave
of their fins. They feel it all at
once-- With what superfluous vigor
they seem to move about restlessly
in their element-- Lift them but 6

inches & they would quirk their tails in
They are poor soft fish however large as they are
vain. & taste when cooked at present much like boiled brown paper
fistulosa
The wild Monarda ^ is ap. nearly done //
Cicuta maculata ap generally done //

J. Farmer shot a sharp-shinned hawk this morning--which was endeavoring
to catch one of his chickens. I bring it
home & find that it measures 17 inches
in length & 30 in alar extent & the
tail extends 4\textsuperscript{3/4} inches beyond the closed wings
It has a very large head & the wing is 6 1/2 inches wide at the 2ndaries
It is dark brown above skirted with
ferruginous--scapulars with white spots--
legs bright yellow--iris yellow-- Has
pendulous
those peculiar ^ warts
lobes to the feet which
Farmer thinks are to enable it to hold a small
bone of its prey--between the nail & the lobe
as it feeds while perching.
%I have the wing legs & tail of this specimen%
The breast & belly feathers are shafted
\%{vnp}\%
with dark brown pointed spots. Vent white %^%%
There are 3 obvious slate col. bars to tail alternating with the black
F. says that he has seen the nest

?of a smaller hawk--the pigeon hawk--
heretofore on an oak (in Owlnest) swamp
made of sticks\(^t\) some 15 feet from ground.

R. Rice says that he has found the nest
of the pigeon hawk hereabouts

We go to see a bittern nest by
Spencer Brook-- F. says they call the
slink
Cardinal flower Slink-weed & says that
the eating it will cause cows to miscarry.

He calls the vib. \textit{nudum} withe-wood
& makes a with by treading on one
end & twisting by the other till he cracks
it--& makes it flexible so that it will
bend without breaking.

The bittern’s nest was close to the
edge of the brook--18 inches above
the water & was made of the withered
sedge that had grown close by--(i.e
woolgrass &c.) and what I have called
3 ps back Eleocharis\(^t\) \textit{tenuis}. It was quite a deep
nest like and as big as a hens nest deep
in the grass--He \textit{or} his son, saw
the young about it a month ago--

He hears--heard a week ago--
the sound of a bird flying over--\textit{with}
like \texttt{cra-a-ack, cr-r-a-k} only in
the night & thinks it may be a blue heron.

We saw where many cranberries had been frost bitten--F. thinks in the night of the 23d They are much injured.

Spiranthes cernua how long? Near

the bittern nest grows what F. calls

Blue-joint grass--out of bloom

Returning rather late p.m. we saw

some 40 ^ sitting in a row & twittering on the ridge of his old house--ap. preparing to

migrate. He had never seen it before. Soon they all took to flight & filled the air in the neigh-

borhood.

The sharp-shinned hawk of to-day is much larger than that of July 21st-- Though the colors &c. appear to be essentially the same-- Yet its leg is not so stout as that which Farrar % gave me--but is at % which makes me think Farrar's is % at least 1/2 inch larger-- % The toes especially are another species.% longer & more slender--but I am not sure % He said it had not a white rump% whether Farrar's hawk has those pendulous lobes--the foot is so dry--nor if it had a sharp edged shin it being eaten away by worms. The inner vanes of the primaries of Farrar's bird are brighter white with much narrower bars of blackish-- The longest primary of Farrars bird is about 10 inches that of to-day about 8 inches-- I find the outside tail feathers of to-day's bird much harder to pull

%V July 21% %V May 17--60%
Our black willow is of so peculiar & light
a green--so ethereal--that as I look
back 40 rods at those by the Heron
rock their\textsuperscript{\textdagger} \{\ldots\} outlines are seen
with perfect distinctness against the
darker green of maples &c--3 or 4 rods
behind them--as if they were a green
blown by
cloud or smoke \^{}. They are seen as
distinctly against those other trees as
they would be against the sky.

Rice tells me a queer story--some
25 years ago he & his brother William
took a journey in their wagon into the
NW part of Maine--carrying their
guns & fishing tackle with them-- At
Fryeburg--they visited the scene of Love-
wells fight--& seeing some trout in
the stream there--they tried to dig some
fish worms for bait, but they could not
find any. So\textsuperscript{\textdegree} they asked a boy where they
\{get\} fish worms--but he did not know what
they meant--long slender worms--angle
worms said they--but he only answered that
\textsuperscript{\textdegree} he had seen worms in their manure heap
\{which were grubs.\} On inquiring further
they found that the inhabitants had
never seen nor heard of angle worms
And one old settler who had come from

\footnote{\textsuperscript{\textdagger}"their" written over "they"
\textsuperscript{\textdegree}"So" written over "\textdegree"}
Massachusetts & had lived there 30 years declared that there was no such worm in that neighborhood.

Mr Farmer gave me a turtle-shaped bug found by Melvin on a board by the river--some time ago.

I hear A{biel} Wheeler complained of for over-working his cattle & hired men--but there is this to be said in his favor--that he does not spare himself-- They say that he made his horse %Tom% draw 29 hundred %or night% of hay to Boston the other day %--but then he put his shoulder to the wheel at every hill-- I hear that since then the horse has died-- But Wheeler is alive & working.

How hard one must {work} in order to acquire his language--words by which to express himself. I have known a particular rush--for instance--for at least 20 years-- but have ever been prevented from describing some its peculiarities--because I did not know its name--nor any one in the neighborhood who could tell me it. With the knowledge of the name comes a distincter recognition & knowledge of the thing. That shore is now more describable & poetic even-- My knowledge was cramped & confined before & grew rusty because not used--for it could not be used--
My knowledge now becomes communicable
& grows by communication. I can now
learn what others know about the same thing.

Aug 30

PM To Bayonet rush by river--

Find at Dodd’s Shore (some time out of bloom
Eleocharis obtusa (Fresh still at Pratt’s pool
also (juncus acuminatus (?)) just done
also (also ap later & yet in bloom at Pout’s nest
what I called juncus scirpoidea (but which appears

? to be juncus scirpo paradoxus with seeds
tailed at both ends-- It is fresher than
not done
what I have seen before & smaller -- Some
of it with few flowers! A terete leaf rises
above the flower--(it) looks like a small
bayonet rush.

The juncus militaris--has been
long out of bloom the leaf is 3 feet
long the whole plant 4 or 5--
{drawing} It grows on edge of Grindstone meadow
& above. It would look more like
a bayonet if the leaf were shorter
than the flowering stem--which last
is the bayonet-part. This is my rain bow
rush.

All over Ammannia shore--& on bare
spots in meadows generally Fimbristylis autumnalis, ap in prime. Minute--2 to 5
inch high--with aspect of F. capillaris.

As I am returning over Lily Bay I
loud
hear behind me a singular ^ stertorous sound

---

99 A drawing appears in the left margin beginning at the line that starts
"Eleocharis..." and ending above the question mark that appears in the left margin.
100 The underlining of "Fresh" is connected to the open parenthesis from the line
above before the word "some".
101 A dry stroke or a dash appears immediately after the closed parenthesis.
102 A drawing appears vertically in the left margin beginning at "It grows" and
extending down to "rush".
103 "Fimbristylis" written over "Fimbrystylis"
On Grindstone meadow shore Spartina Cynosuroides (?) Fresh water cord grass. //
which I thought might have been made
by a cow--out of order--2ce sounded.
Looking round I saw a blue heron flying
low about 40 rods distant & have no
doubt the sound was made by him-- Prob this
is the sound which Farmer hears. %V 5 ps b back% //
Is that tall grass now in prime about edge of dangleberry Swamp--Panicum virgatum???
Aug 31th 58

Pm To Flints Pond--
A hot Pm we have had but few warmer //
I hear & see but few bobolinks or blackbirds //
for several days--past-- The former at least
must be withdrawing. I have not heard
a seringo of late--but I see to-day one golden robin //
The birches have lately lost a great many
of their lower leaves which now cover & yellow //
some chestnut leaves //
have fallen. Many brakes in the woods //
are perfectly withered.
At the Pout’s nest Walden--I find the
scirpus debilis ap in prime--generally aslant //
{drawing} Also the Cyperus dentatus with some
spikes changed into leafy tufts. Also here less
advanced what I have called juncus Acuminatus
What I called on the 26th juncus bufonius
grows here & with more flowers in a head-- I now
see that the leaves are {tufted}--& some has
rudimentary leaves in tufts so I think it
juncus Conradi (?) with 3 stamens still in bloom //
Ludwigia alternifolia still //
Seriocarpus about done //
High blackberries are abundant in Britton's field. At a little distance you would not suspect that there were any--even vines--for the racemes are bent down out of sight amid the dense sweet ferns & sumacs &c-- the berries still not more than half black or ripe--keeping fresh in the shade. Those in the sun are a little wilted & insipid. The smooth sumac's lower leaves are bright scarlet on dry hills. Lobelia dortmannia is not quite done--Some ground nuts are washed out-- The Flint's Pond rush appears to be twig rush--(or in Big Water-Bog-Rush-- Cladium mariscoides ',', a good while out of bloom--style 3 cleft--it is about 3 feet high. This with Eleocharis palustris dense which is nearest the shore--forms the rushy border of the pond-- It extends along the at least whole of this end--^ about 4 rods wide & almost every one of the now dry & brown flower heads--has a cobweb on it. I perceive that the slender semicircular branchlets so fit to the grooved or flattened culm--as still when pressed against it to make it cylindrical--! very neatly-- The monotropa is still pushing up. //Red choke berry--ap. not long. At Goose Pond--I scare up a small green bittern-- I plods along.
a few feet
low over the surface with limping flight
& alights on a (lender) (water killed)
stump & voids its excrement just as
it starts again--as if to lighten itself.

Ed Bartlett brings me a nest
found 3 feet from the ground in an arbor vitæ--
\footnote{\textsuperscript{107}or near cancelled in pencil}
\footnote{\textsuperscript{108}cancelled false start}
in or near\textsuperscript{107} the New Burying Ground) \footnote{\textsuperscript{108}cancelled false start} with one
long since addled egg in it-- It is a very thick
substantial nest 5 or 6 inches in diameter--&
rather deep--Outwardly of much coarse stubble
with its fine root fibres attached--loose & dropping
off--around a thin \textit{casing of withered leaves}
\footnote{\textsuperscript{108}--Then finer stubble within--& a lining of}
fine grass stems & horse hair-- The nest is
most like that found on Cardinal shore with
an addled pale bluish egg--which I thought
a wood thrush’s at first--except that that
has no casing of leaves-- It is somewhat like
a \textit{very large purple finches nest}--or
perchance some redwing’s with \textit{a hair lining}.

The egg is 3/4 inch long rather broad at
one end (opposite length) greenish white with brown
dashes or spots--becoming a large conspicuous
purple-brown blotch at the large end--Almost
exactly like--but a little greener (or bluer--)
a little
\footnote{\textsuperscript{108}--the egg found in the}
\textit{smaller than}--the egg found in the
ground in R. W. E’s garden.

Do the nest & egg belong together?--was not
the egg dropt by a bird of passage in another’s
nest? \textit{Can} it be an indigo bird’s nest?--
I take it to be too large.

Sep 1st

PM to Botrychium swamp

// Aster miser not long—but the leaves turned red. At the pool by the oaks behind ambiguum

//Pratt's—I see the myriophyllum ^ still & going to seed—greening the surface[s] of the

//water—The Leersia oryzoides—False Rice—or Rice Cut-grass—is abundant & in prime on the shore there—(also find it on the shore of Merrick's pasture)

//Am surprised to see frog (?) spawn just *laid*

neither in spherical masses nor in a string—but flatted out thin on the surface some 8 or 9 inches wide—A small black spawn—white one side as usual—I saw one or 2 *F. fontinalis* on the shore. Was it Toad spawn?

// Ranunculus repens in bloom—as if begun again? at the violet wood sorrel spring—Chelone

//glabra well out how long?—In the same //meadow Aster Longifolius well out not long. That meadow is white with ap. //the Eriophorum polystachyon var. Augusti—folium ? v. it pressed.

On dry land common—but ap getting stale //Panicum clandestinum

// Dangle berries now ready for picking— At Botrychium swamp Nabalus altissimus //of 20 plants (all in shade) only one out ap. 2 or 3 days.

---

109 The question mark within parentheses appears to have been added later between "frog" and "spawn" slightly above the line but clearly between those two words.
110 "Ranunculus" written over "R."
Else where in open land N. Fraseri--ap. several days say 5--but not a very rough one.

In the evening by the roadside near R. W. Es gate--find a glow worm--of the common kind. Of 2 men Dr. Bartlett & Ch. Bowen--neither had ever seen it!

Sep. 2d

Up Assabet-- The common light-sheathed Scirpus Eriophorum still.

At the Poke logan--Ap. Cinna Arundinacea (?) in prime (1 stamen) also Elymus virginicus (?) Lyme grass on hill Rye ap. lately done.

That rich close erect paniced grass of the meadows ap. for a month in bloom seems to be Glyceria obtusa. Very common in the meadow W. of Brook’s Clark’s

Sep 3d PM up Assabet--

I see a small striped snake some 15 or 18 inches long swallowing a toad--all but the head & one fore leg taken in-- It is a singular sight that of the little head of the snake directly above the great solemn granitic head of the toad--whose eyes are open--though I have reason to think that he is not alive. for when I return some hours after I find that the snake has disgorged the toad--& departed. The toad had been swallowed with the hind legs stretched out & close together--& its body is ^ elongated

---

111"elongated" written over "elongaged"
to twice its length--while the head which had not been
taken in, is of the original size & full of blood.
The toad is quite dead--ap killed by being
so far crushed--& its eyes are still open-- The
regularly
body of the snake was enlarged, from near
the middle, to its jaws. It appeared to have
given up this attempt at the eleventh hour--
probably the toad is very much more elongated
when perfectly swallowed by a small snake.
It would seem then that snakes undertake
to swallow toads which are too big for them.

I see where the bank by the Poke logan
is whitewashed--ie the grass, for a
thin
yard or 2 square--by the ^ droppings of
some bird which has roosted on a dead
limb above-- {It} was prob a blue heron
slate
for I find some ^ blue feathers dropt.
--ap. curving breast feathers--broadly\textsuperscript{112} shafted
with white.

I hear a faint warble--from time to time from
//some young or old birds--from my window
these days. It is the purple-finch again--young
birds practicing ?? \textit{SV sep. 6th}\%
// \textit{Zizania} still.--

The hazel nut bushes up this way are
chiefly confined to the \textit{dry} drier river bank--
At least they do not extend into the lower
somewhat meadowy land--further inland--
They\textsuperscript{113} appear to be mostly stripped-- The
most I get are left {hanging} over the

\textsuperscript{112}"broadly" written over "sha"
\textsuperscript{113}"They" poss written over stray mark
water at the swimming ford

How important the hazel-nut to the ground-squirrel! They grow along the walls where the squirrels have their homes—they are the oaks that grow before their doors—they have not far to go to their harvesting. These bushes are generally stript—but isolated ones in the middle of fields—away from the squirrel walks—are still full of burrs. The wall is highway & rampart to these little beasts—they are almost inaccessible in their holes beneath it—and on either side of it spring up—also defended by the wall—the hazel bushes on whose fruit the squirrels in a great measure depend. Notwithstanding the abundance of hazel nuts here—very little account is made of them—and I think it is because pains is not taken to collect them before the squirrels have done so—

Many of the burrs are perfectly green—yet though others are brightly red edged.

The squirrel lives in a hazel-grove—

There is not a hazel bush—but some squirrel has {his} eye on its fruit—and he will be pretty sure to anticipate you—

As we say the tools to those who can use them—so we may say—"The nuts to those who can get them."—

That floating grass by the river side— whose lower leaves—are flat & linear float on
the surface of the water—though they are
at least
not now ^ lake-colored—is (ap.) the
//Glyceria fluitans // Floating fescue grass
still blooming & for a good while.
I got it yesterday(--)at Merrick’s shore--
At the sand bar by the swimming
ford-- I collect 2 small juncuses
not knowing but I have pressed them
before-- One appears to be the Juncus scirpoideus?
small as it is-- The other " articulatus??
At Pritchards shore I see where
they have plowed up & cast into the
river a pile of elm roots—which
interfered with their laying down the
adjacent field-- One which I picked
up--I at first thought was a small
lead pipe--partly coiled up & muddy in
the water--it of being ap. of uniform
size. It was just 19 feet & 8 inches
long-- The biggest end was 21/40 of an
inch in diameter & the smallest 19/40
This difference was scarcely obvious to the
eye-- No doubt it might have been
taken up very much longer.
& flexible
It looked as if when green ^ it might
answer the purpose of a cord rope
--of a cable for instance when
you wish to anchor in deep water--
The wood is very porous.
%sheathes% The narrow brown scales114 from the base of white pine leaves--now strew the ground
//s are washed up on the edge of puddles after the rain.
Sep. 4th

Much--rain with thunder & lightening //

Our large fruited sparganium is evidently at least

S. ramosum--still a little ^ in flower //

My large grass of the river side with

a narrow or spike like appressed panicle long

(drawing)\textsuperscript{116} long since out--at the end of a ^ bare

(\textsuperscript{116}) culm--leafy below--is ap. Phalaris arundinacea //

Was that \textit{Calamagrostis coarctata}

which I found in a dry place--i.e on Holbrooks path about a week since then perhaps \textit{hardly} //

out--? V. pressed--

Is that purple culmed grass \textit{now in prime}

some 2 feet high which I found Sep. 1st In Clarke's orchard near \textit{my house}--(that was) //

apparently--

Sorghum nutans? ^ (a short one) or a (\texttt{Muh})

also common at Clam-Shell ditch Hill side & {larger}

(V Sep 6th)

Piper grass is ap. \textit{Triticum repens} now

done--

What I called \textit{Panicum capillare}--

(after Hoar without examining) is \textit{P. sanguinale} //

Crab grass--Finger\textsuperscript{117} Grass--or Purple Panic Grass.

\textit{Panicum capillare} (very different & like {-----})

fine

(-----) \textit{Eragrostis capillaris} The ^ purple grass is

now in prime in garden. //

Our \textit{Amaranthus hybridus} (?) leaves are \textit{not} "bright green" yet it cannot be \textit{A Retroflexus}

for the fruit is not "rugose"--nor \{chloros}--

\textsuperscript{116}A drawing in the left margin begins next to the word "long" and extends down to "arundinacea".
\textsuperscript{117}"F" written over "f"
{tachys} for the fruit is not nearly so long as the calyx.

Sep 5th

Pm to Walden

Prinos verticillata berries reddening. I // wooden

hear 2 or more "Pewees this Pm--but

had not before for a fortnight or

more-- The Pewee days are over for some

time.

Went down to the pond hole behind

where I used to live-- It is quite full

of water. The middle or greater part

is densely covered with target leaves--
crowding one another & curling upon

their edges--then there is a space or

canal of clear water 5 to 20 feet wide

quite around them--& the shore is thickly

covered with Rattlesnake grass now

ripe.

// I find many high-blueberries quite

fresh--over hanging the S. shore of Walden

I find all about Walden close to the

edge on the steep bank--& at Brister’s

spring--a fine grass now generally

past prime--between Agrostis perennans

v Sep. ?

// & scabra "Thin grass or Hair Grass"118--
on moist ground or near water. The branches

of the panicle are but slightly purplish.

---

118"Hair Grass" written over "hair grass"
Sep 6th

6 Am to Merrick’s Shore

Hear a warbling vireo sounding very rare--& rather imperfect-- I think this is what I have mistaken for the young purple finch-note (?) Also hear ap a yel. throat-vireo.

That fine spreading panicled dark purple grass now rising all along the river near the water side--is Panicum agrostoides in prime.

That finer & narrower panicled--now out of bloom--is Red top or else White Bent--with the former--

River risen still higher & weeds covered--

Pm to Ledum Swamp--

Going over Clam Shell Plain I see a very large flock of a hundred or more cow-birds about some cows-- They whirl away on some alarm & alight on a neighboring rail fence--close together on the rails one above another-- Then away they whirl & settle on a white oak top near me--half of them are evidently quite young birds having glossy black breasts with a drab line down middle The heads of all are light colored perhaps a slaty drab--& some ap wholly of this color--

On the hill side above Clam Shell ditch grows that handsome grass of
sep 1st (V Sep 4th) evidently Sorghum nutans (Andropogon of Big.) Chestnut Beard Grass--Indian Grass--Wood Grass

It is much larger than what I saw before--is still abundantly in flower 4 1/2 feet high--leaves perhaps arundinaceous--18 inch long--panicle 9 inches long. It is a very handsome wild looking grass--well enough called Indian Grass--& I should have named it with the other andropogons Aug. 26.

With its narrow one sided panicle (__) bright of ^ purple & yellow (I include the yellow anthers) often waving raised high above the leaves-- It looks like a narrow banner-- It is of more vivid colors than its congers--& might well have caught an Indian’s eye. These bright banners are now advanced on the distant hill sides--not in large armies--but scattered troops or single file like the red men themselves-- They stand thus fair & bright in our midst--as it were representative of the race which they are named after-- but for the most part unobserved.

It stands like an Indian chief taking a last look at his beloved hunting grounds-- The expression of this grass haunted me for a week

119ac. to 1906
after I first paused & noticed it--like
Aster patens past prime at money diggers hill  //
the glance of an eye-- Polygonum tenue how long?  //
Solidago nemoralis is ap in prime  //
on Lupine hill--some of it--past-- It
is swarming with butterflies--yellow small
red--& large--fluttering over it--

At Ledum pool edge--I find the
Wardia\textsuperscript{129} virginica fern--its fruit mostly //
turned deep reddish brown. It appears to grow
only close to the pool--part of the fruit forming
2 lines parallel with the mid rib.

A 3d part of the nesaea there is turned scarlet //
Kalmia glauca is again in bloom //
The hairy huckle berries are rather scarce //
& soft-- They are insipid & leave a hairy skin
in the mouth. That swamp is a
singularly wild place--without any
natural outlet-- I hear of a marsh--
hawk's nest there this summer--
I see great spiders there of an uncommon
kind whose webs--the main supporting
line--stretch 6 feet in the clear from
spruce to spruce as high as my head--
with a dense web of the usual form
some 15 inches in diameter beneath--
Stopped & talked with Wm Wheeler
& ate a watermelon with him in the
grass-- Once his senseless democracy appeared
He spoke with an ignorant pride of
Buchanan's telegraphic message--of

\textsuperscript{129}"sia" cancelled in pencil
which most of us were ashamed said
He supposed he had more learning than
Victoria.! But the less said about them
the better. Seeing a stake driver
flying up the river—he observed that
when you saw that bird flying about
it was a never failing sign of a storm
approaching. How many of these sayings
like this
"arise not from a close & frequent obser-
vation of the phenomena of nature
--but from a distant & casual one--!
I find very common in prime by
road sides—in dry ground & (c.) Vilfa
//vaginaeflora—Rush grass—Hidden
flowered vilfa. 121 Also by corner
//road side 122—beyond brooks—Panicum filiforme
with & like P. sanguinale—ap in prime
fills the old Mullein field in front of Bear garden Hill—
& with last.
Is that narrowly linear leaved potamogeton
all immersed & now forming dense beds
in the Assabet—a distinct species or
? only the immersed leaves of one ? %V. pressed%
A year ago last spring I gave
to Edith Emerson & to Sophia 123 some clasping
Hound’stongue seeds—It being very rare
hereabouts—wishing to spread it— Now &
for a long time it has been a pest
in the garden (It does not bloom till the 2d
year) by its seeds clinging to our clothes—

121 in. space between “vilfa.” and “Also”.
122"Side" inserted
123"S" written over "s"
Mrs E. has carried it to Boston thus—

& I have spent 20 minutes at once in clearing

myself of it— So it is in a fair way to

be dispersed.

Sep 7th

Pm to Assabet Bath—

I turn Anthony’s corner— It is an early

September afternoon—melting warm

& sunny— the thousands of grasshoppers

leaping before you reflect bright gleams

of light— A little distance off the field

is yellowed with a Xerxean army of Solidago
nemoralis between me & the sun— the

earth song of the cricket comes up through

all— & ever & anon the hot Z-ing of

the locust is heard— (Poultry is now fattening

on grasshoppers--) The dry deserted fields

are one mass of yellow— like a color

shoved to one side on Nature’s palette—

You literally wade in yellow flowers knee

deep— & now the moist banks & low

hollows are beginning to be abundantly sugared

J. Farmer calls those Rubus sempervirens

(berries now abundant) snake black berries

I find in Colt path by the S. lanceolata—

ap. Juncus marginatus ap about done

the stems are flattish— leaves grassy but

thickish— & concave— whole plant dark green
Looking for my Maryland Yel--
throats nest--I find that ap. a
snake has made it the portico to his
dwelling--there being a hole descending
into the earth through it!--

In shadbush meadow the prevailing
grasses (not sedges) now--are
the slender Panicum clandestinum
//whose seeds are generally dropt now--Pani-
cum virgatum in large tufts--& blue
joint. (The last of course long since done) These
are all the grasses that I notice there.

What a contrast to sink your head
so as to cover your ears with water--&
hear only the confused noise of the
rushing river--& then to raise 👂 your
ears above water & hear the steady creaking
of crickets in the aerial universe!

While dressing I see 2 small hawks
prob partridge hawks soaring and circling
about 100 feet above the river--
suddenly one drops down from that
height almost perfectly perpendicularly--
after some prey till it is lost behind the
bushes--

Near the little bridge at the foot of
//{Turtle} bank Eragrostis capillaris in small
ap. in prime
but dense patches (the Poa capillaris
of Bigelow) What I have thus called in
press is E pectinacea (P. hirsuta of Big)
On the flat hill S of Abel Hosmer--Agrostis
scabra--Hair grass--Fly Away\(^{124}\) Grass--
branches purplish
Tickle Grass--out of bloom ^-- That of
sep 5 was the A. perennans--in lower
ground.

On the RR. bet. tracks above Red House
(--half a dozen inches high)
Aristida dichotoma (^) {drawing}\(^{125}\) hardly yet out
Forked Aristida--or Poverty Grass\(^{126}\).

Storrow Higginson brings from
Deerfield this evening--some eggs to show
me--among others--ap. that of the
Virginian rail. It agrees in color size
&c. ac-- to Wilson--& is like (except perhaps
in form) to one which E. Bartlett (brought)
or 10 days
me a week ^ ago--which was dropt
from a load of hay--! carried to Stow's barn
yes
So perhaps it breeds here ^ --\(^{127}\) (V sep 9th
%V sep. 21st & Dec 7th% \(^{127}\)
Also a smaller egg of same form--but
%& June 1st 59%
dull white with very pale dusky spots--which
may be that of the Carolina rail-- He
had also--what I think the egg of the
Falco fuscutus (It agreeing with McGillivray's
Sparrow hawk's egg)--
Sep. 8th

6 Am. On River-- It flows with a full
tide-- When it is this deep--its current
is swift--& then its surface (commonly smooth
& dark) is freckled with ripples--or rather

\(^{124}\)"A" written over "a"
\(^{125}\)A drawing appears on the line after "dichotoma" and continues to the right of the
interlined phrase above.
\(^{126}\)pos "G" written over "g"
\(^{127}\)The open parenthesis overlaps the dash very slightly; the open parenthesis also
overlaps a vertical slash slightly above the dash.
I should say that swifter currents are here & there bursting up from below--
& spreading out on every side--as if this river were breaking over a thousand concealed rocks. The surface is broken & dimpled with up swelling currents--
Red oak acorns yet green--are
//abundantly cut off by the squirrels--
The yellow-legs is nodding its head
// along the edge of the meadow-- I hear
also its creaking te te te
// Gather half my grapes--which
for some time have perfumed the house

I perceive the dark crimson leaves--
quite crisp--of the White maple on the meadows--recently fallen-- This is their first fall--i.e. of those leaves which changed long ago-- They fall then with birches & chestnuts &c (lower leaves) before red maples generally begin to turn.

The Corallorhiza is ap half done or more Find a peculiarly long linear Ind. leaved aster in the swamp beyond the ^ rock (V press) which is ap. a var of A longifolius long (possibly pseudo--cyperus) ^ gone to {seed} but green.

Is that short grass of the Poke-logan meadow {^} just E. of the grove

---

128 A long space appears between "more" and "Find".
129 "Carex" written over "C."
Danthonia spicata?--or Avena striata?

mostly quite done--

It is good policy to be stirring about

your affairs--for the reward of

activity & energy is that if you do

not accomplish the object you had

professed to yourself--you do accomplish

something else. So in my botanizing

or natural history walks--it commonly

turns out that going for one thing--

I get another thing. "Though man

proposest--God disposeth all"

Sep 9th

Pm to Waban Cliff.

A very hot day--90°+ as I hear-- yesterday

was hot too-- Now it is about time

to gather elderberries. Many Viola

cucullatas have opened again.

What is that short squeaking note heard

from time to time from amid the weeds

on the W side the river at Hubbards Bath?--

May it not be a meadow hen?

There are broad patches sometimes of

several acres on the edge of the meadow

where it is wettest & weediest--which

the farmers do not mow-- There especially

stands the brown-headed wool-grass.

These are small tracts still as it

were in their primitive condition--
wild tracts where the bittern rises
& where no doubt the meadow hen
lurks. (was it the note of the last I heard?)

Heard a short plover-like note from
a bird flying high across the river--
//W. 30th%

Watched a little dipper %??% some 10 rods
off with my glass--but I could see no
white on the breast-- It was all black
& brownish--& head not enlarged.

Who knows how many little dippers are
sailing & sedulously diving now along
the edge of the pickerel weed & the
button bushes on our river! Unsuspected
by most. This hot September Pm all
may be quiet amid the weeds--but
the dipper & the bittern & the yellow-
legs--& the blue heron & the rail--
are silently feeding there. At length
the walker who sits meditating on a
distant bank--sees the little dipper sail
out from amid the weeds--& busily
dive for its food along their edge--
Yet ordinary eyes might {range} up
& down the river all day--& never detect
its small black head above the water--

It requires a different intention of the
eye in the same locality to see different
plants--as e.g. juncaceae & gramineae
even--i.e. I find that when I am
looking for the former, I do not see the latter

in their midst. How much more then it

requires & different intentions of the eye

& of the mind to attend to different de-

partments of knowledge! How differently

the poet & the naturalist look at objects!

A man see only what concerns him.

A botanist absorbed in the pursuit of grasses
do not distinguish the finest pastoral

oaks. He as it were tramples down oaks

unwittingly in his walks--

Bidens cernua how long

The river is about at its height to-day or

yesterday-- Much burr-reed & heart leaf(--) is floating & washed up--ap the first

important contribution to the river wrack--

The sportsman will paddle a boat

now 5 or 6 miles--& wade in water

up to his knees--being out all day

without his dinner--& think himself

amply compensated if he bags 2 or

3 yellow-legs. The most persistent

& sacrificing endeavors are necessary to

success in any direction.

Wood bine scarlet--like a brilliant

scarf on high wrapped around the stem
%By a blush betrays where it hangs upon an elm%
of a green tree.

I find an abundance of beaked hazel-nuts

1 to 3 burrs together

at Blackberry steep ^--but gathering them

130: The 1906 version interprets this word as “grandest.”
I get my fingers full of fine shining bristles
--while the common hazel burrs are either
smooth or covered with a softer glandular
down--i.e. its horns are **brazen tipt**;

Under the rocks near the Slip

elms--**Gymnostichum hystrix**--Bottle

//

Brush Grass--Hedge hog Grass--long done.

Also--there & further along 2

**Muhlenbergias** belonging to the {1st}
ap *M. Mexicana* (?) but *much branched*
//
in dry ground

& *M. sobolifera* (?) (but much branched)
ap the same & less now only under cave at Cliffs.
both in prime & called Dropseed Grass--

//Is that *Poa compressa*--(Blue Grass

Wine grass) with a small panicle--now

done--there?

Rice says he saw 2 meadow hens

when getting his hay in Sudbury some

2 months ago & that they breed there--
The kept up a peculiar note. My egg (named
sep 7th) was undoubtedly a meadow hen’s R.

virginica. R says that he has

caught pigeons which had ripe grapes

in their crops long before any were ripe

here--& that they came from the S. W.

We live in the same world with

the orientals--far off as they may seem--

Nature is the same here to a chemists
tests. The weeping willow (*Salix Baby
lonica*) will grow here-- The peach
too has been transplanted & is agreeable

---

131"further" poss underlined
132poss "W" written over "w"
to our palates--So are their poetry & phi-
losophy near & agreeable to us.

Sep 10th

Tower mustard in bloom again-- //
%A musquash house begun% %//%
Sunday sep. 12th

Pm to Cliffs--

The handsome crimson tipped hazel //
nut burrs now & for some time have

reminded us that it was time to gather
these nuts-- They are worth gathering
if only to see the rich color of the fruit
brought together in a quantity.

lycopodium complanatum how long? ? //
Have seen the pigeon's egg fungus in pastures //
some time. Yew berries still hold on. //

The cinnamon fern has begun to yellow & wither //
How rich in its decay--sic transit-gloria mundi.

Die like the leaves, which are most die beau-
tiful in their decay. Thus gradually & suc-
cessively each plant lends its richest color
to the general effect--& in the fittest place
& passes away-- Amid the October woods
we hear no funeral bell--but the
scream of the jay. Coming to some shady
meadow's edge you find that the cinnamon
fern has suddenly turned this rich yellow.
Thus each plant surely {acts} its part
& lends its effect to the general impression

See petty-morel berries ripe--
woodsia ilvensis under the cave at Cliffs in

//fruit--

// Is that the Panicum dichotomum var pubescens

now done--(but some green) from 1 to 3 (!) feet

high on top of cliffs? Can that very
delicate & slender grass--(somewhat flexuous
now in prime
branched panicle) ^ in the grape swamp under

// Cliffs be Agrostis perennans--instead of

the one I have so named?

// Very heavy rain all yesterday Pm

//& to-day it is somewhat cooler & clearer &

the wind more N. Westerly. & I see the unusual
sight of ripples or waves curving up stream

{off} Cardinal shore {drawing}\(^{133}\) so that

the river might seem to be flowing

that way. The mts are of a darker
blue.

The spring on the W side of F. H. Hill is

nearly dry--there is no stream flowing from

it. What a disappointment to a herd of
cows to find their accustomed spring dry!

Even in that little hollow on the hill side

commonly moistened by the spring--grow the
soft rush--rhynco(spora) &c.-- What

an effect a little moisture on a hill
side produces!--though only a rod square--
The juncaceae & cyperaceae soon find it

out & establish themselves there.
The Polyg. articulatum (is that in the

//peach tree one--) abundantly out how long?

\(^{133}\)This drawing appears vertically between "shore" and "so" and continues below between "seem" and "too".

The Panicum filiforme is very abundant
in that old mullein field of Potters by
the cor. road-- Its slender culms are
purple--& seen in the right light where
they stand thick--they give a purple gleam
//
to the field. More purple far than The P.
sanguinale. Some small red maples
by water begin to redden. //

In Hubbard's ditched meadow this side
his grove-- I see a great many large
spider webs stretched across the ditches--
about 2 feet from bank to bank--though the
thick woven part is 10 or 12 inches--

They are parallel a few inches or a foot
or more apart & more or less vertical
& attached to a main cable stretched
from bank to bank. They are the yellow backed
spider--commonly large & stout--but of
various sizes-- I count 64 such webs--
//
there & in each case the spider occupies
the center--head-downward. This is enough
methinks to establish the rule. They are
not afraid of turning their brains then.
Many insects {must} be winging their way
over this small river-- It reminds me of
the Indian catching ducks at Green Bay
with nets in 'old times'.

Sep. 13th Pm

To Anursnack-- solidago puberula--
//
ap in prime & handsome roadside Colburns Hill--
I noticed the black willows quite imbrowned on the 10th ult & the button bushes beginning to look yellowish.

A. Hosmer is pleased because from the cupola of his new barn he can see a new round topped mt in the N. W. Is curious to know what one it is. Says that if he lived as near Anursnack as Heywood does, he should go up it once a week—but he supposes that Heywood does not go up it more than once a year.

What is that grass still in bloom a foot or more in height in Heywoods potato field some 50 rods W of House-leek? It is some-what like what I have called Danthonia spicata—but with a longer & a round spike &c &c V. press—There is a man there mowing the Panicum crus galli—which is exceedingly rank & dense—completely concealing the potatoes which have never been hoed He saves this grass & says the cattle like it well.

I notice that the large ant hills though they prevent bushes & ferns from growing where they are built—creating keeping open a space 4 to 7 feet wide in their midst—do not keep out grass—but they are commonly little grassy mounds with bare tops.

Looking from the top of Anursnack—the aspect of the earth generally is still

---

135: "H" written over "h"
136: ac to 1906 version
137: line connects caret to interlineation
a fresh green--esp. the woods--but
many dry fields **where ap. the June grass has withered uncut are a very pale
It is fit that some animals should be nearly of this color. The cougar would hardly\textsuperscript{138}
be observed stealing across these plains
tawny or lighter still ^ In one place I still
detect the ruddiness of Sorrel.

Euphorbia hypericifolia still & gone to seed on
the top of Anursnack.

From many a barn these days I hear the sound of the flail-- For how many generations this
sound will continue to be heard here!--at least until they discover a new way of separating
the chaff from the wheat.

Saw one raking cranberries on the 10th rather
early.

A small dense flock of wild pigeons dashes by over the side of the hill from W to E--
perhaps from Wetherbee’s to Brook’s--for I see the latter’s pigeon place. They make
a dark-slate gray impression--

Fringed gentian out well--on Eastern most edge of the paint-cup meadows--by wall.
Car. Pratt tells me the 20th that her father found it out full a fortnight before that date!!\textsuperscript{139}
Saw a striped snake run into the wall--
& just before it disappeared heard a loud sound like a hiss! I think it could
hardly have been made by its tail among leaves.
The squirrels know better than to
open unsound hazel nuts-- At most they only peep into them-- I see some on the walls
with a little hole gnawed in them--enough to show that they are empty--

\textsuperscript{138}Due to limited space, this line appears here to begin in the margin; in the manuscript, this line is actually indented, and the script is very small.
\textsuperscript{139}Due to limited space “date!!” was forced to wrap to the next line; it should appear on the same line as “Car. Pratt tells me...” (the previous line).
& squashes are & musk melons & turning yellow in the gardens & ferns in the swamps

// Hear many warbling vireos these morn-
// Many yel. butterflies in road & field all
//ings--the country over--

Sep. 14th

// Half a dozen Bidens chrysanthemoides in
river not long--picked 11 of these great

//potato worms, caterpillars of the Sphinx
moth--off our privet. The Glyceria
obtusa--about 18 inches high--quite
common--in the meadow W of Brooks Clarks
has turned a dull purple--prob. on ac.
of frosts.

Sep 15th

I have not seen nor heard a bobolink

// for some days at least--numerous
as they were 3 weeks ago & even {a} 15 days--
They depart early. I hear a nuthatch

// occasionally--but it reminds me of winter--

Pm to Walden

I paddle about the Pond--for a
rarity--The eriocaulon still in bloom
there--standing thinly about the edge
where it is stillest & shallowest--in the
color of its stem & radical leaves is
quite in harmony with the glaucous
water. Its radical leaves & fine root
fibers form a peculiar loose but thick
& continuous carpet or rug on the
sandy bottom--which you can lift
up in great flakes exposing the fine

\(^{140}\)"ing" inserted
white beaded root fibers. This evidently
affords retreats for the fishes, musquash(es)
&c. &c.--& you can see where it has been
lifted up into galleries by them. I see 1 or 2
pickerel poised over it. They too are
singularly greenish & transparent--so
as not to be easily detected [_____] Only
a little more yellowish than the water
& the eriocaule--ethereal fishes--not
far from the general color of heart leaf
& target weed--unlike the same fish
out of water.

I notice as I push round the pond close to
the shore with a stick, that the weeds
are eriocaule--2 or 3 kinds of pota-
mogeton (one with a leaf an inch or 2 long--
+one with a very small floating leaf--a 3d
all ___ immersed 4 or 5 inches high &
this (v press) is ap. an immersed form of P. hybridus. //
yellowish green ^ --) target weed--heart
leaf--& a little callitriche. There
is but little of any of them however in
the pond itself. It is truly an ascetic
pond--& lives very sparingly on vegetables
at any rate--

I gather quite a lot of perfectly
fresh high blueberries overhanging the
S side--& there are many green ones among
them still. They are all shrivelled now
in swamps commonly--
The target weed still blooms a little in the pout’s nest—though half the leaves are sadly eaten & have turned a reddish-orange—and have lost nearly all their gelatinous coating. But perfect fresh green leaves have expanded & are still expanding in their midst—The whole pool is covered as it were with one vast shield of reddish & green scales—As these leaves change & decay—the firmer parts along the veins retain their life & color longest, as with the heart leaf, the leaves are eaten in winding lines about 1/10 of an inch wide—scoring them all over in a curious manner—and also in spots—These look dark or black because they rest on the dark water.

Looking closely I am surprised to find how many frogs—mostly small—are resting amid these target leaves with their green noses out. Their backs & noses are exactly the color of this weed. They retreat when disturbed—under this close shield. It is a frog’s paradise.

I see in the path pitch pine twigs gnawed off—where no cones are left on the ground. Are they gnawed off in order to come at the cones better?

I find just rising above the target weed
at Pout’s Nest *scirpus subterminalis*  
feet long—appearing to rise 1/2 inch above the long spikes. The ^ linear immersed leaves coming off & left below.

At entrance of the path (on Brister’s path) near staple & Jarvis bound—ap the true *Danthonia spicata* still green

It is generally long out of bloom & turned straw color. I will call the other (which of Hosmer’s meadow) I had so named)^--for the present meadow oat grass—as indeed I did at first

A Humming bird in the garden

There is a SE wind—with clouds & I suspect a storm brewing. It is very rare that the wind blows from this quarter.

Sep 16

When I awake I hear the sound of steady heavy rain—A S. E. storm. Our peach tree limbs are broken off by it—It lasts all day—rains a great deal—& scatters many elm boughs & leaves over the street. This wind does damage out of propor-

tion to its strength. The fact is, the trees are unprepared to resist a wind from this quarter—& being loaded with foliage & fruit suffer so much the more

There will be many wind falls—& fruit be cheap for a while—
It rained as hard as I remember
to have seen it for about 5 minutes
at 6 o clock Pit when I was out--
And then suddenly—as it were in an--
 instantaneous the wind whirled round to the
 westward—& clear sky appeared there
 & the storm ended—(which had lasted
 all day & part of the previous night)
 All this occurred while I was coming
 from the P. O. The street is strewn with
 a great many perfectly green leaves
 esp. of elms—and branches large & small
 also for the most part quite sound—
 It is remarkable that these tough &
 slender limbs can be thus twisted off—

Sep. 17th
Pm ride to Beaver Pond & beyond—
I see several apple trees that were blown
down yesterday—& some pretty large elm
limbs. The orchards are strewn with
wind falls—mostly quite green.

Paddle round Beaver Pond in a boat
which I caulked with newspaper—
It has a very boggy & generally inac-
cessible shore—now more inaccessible
than usual on ac. of the rain & high-
water—A singularly muddy hole—

There grows on its north edge a
sedge much like—if not same with—
the Owl swamp C. comosa?--but
the staminate spikes are very long.

Also find ap. recently out of bloom--
what appears to be Muhlenbergia glomerata (?) //
do I not see the same in Ministerial Swamp Nov. 25--58?
with now purplish spikes-- I tried at
first to make it an Alopecurus--but in
vain. It grows near the edge in the bog.

See Elicampane quite out of bloom //
Also the Solidago odora which I see has
just done-- //
River rising fast--from yesterday’s rain //
Cooler weather now for 2 or 3 days--so //
that I am glad to sit in the sun on
the E. side of the house--mornings--
Methinks too that there are more sparrows
in flocks now about in the garden &c--

Sep 18 ’58

Pm Sail to F. H. Pond.
It is a fine September day-- The river is
still rising on ac. of the rain of the
16th & is getting pretty well over the meadows
As we paddle westward toward College
meadow--I perceive that a new season
has come The air is incredibly clear--
the surface of both land & water is bright
as if washed by the recent rain &
then seen through a much finer clearer
& cooler air-- {The} surface of the
river sparkles. I am struck by the
soft yellow brown--or brown yellow
of the black willows--stretching in
cloud shaped wreathes far away along
the edge of the stream--of a so
much mellower & maturer tint than
the elms & oaks--& most other trees seen
above & beyond them-- It is remarkable
that the button-bushes beneath & mingling
with them are of exactly the same tint
& in perfect harmony with them-- They
are like 2 interrupted long brown yellow
masses of verdure resting on the
water--a peculiarly soft & warm yellow.
This is perhaps the most interesting autum-

Above the RR. bridge with our sail
set-- wind N. N. W. we see 2 small
%too large V 30th% ducks--dusky--perhaps dippers? or
summer ducks?---& sail within 4 rods
before they fly-- They are so tame that for
a while we take them for tame ducks
The pads are drowned by the flood
but I see one pontederia spike
//rising blue above the surface-- Else
where the dark withered pontederia
leaves show themselves & at a distance
look like ducks & so help conceal
them-- For the ducks are now
//back again in numbers--since
the storm & freshet--

We can just go over the Ammania

meadow

It is a wonderful day-- As I look westward this fine air "(gasey)" C calls it brings out the grain of the hills I look into the distant sod. This air & sun too bring out all the yellow that is in the herbage-- The very grass or sedge of the meadow is the same soft yellow with the willows & the button bush harmonizes with them. It is as if the earth were one ripe fruit--like a musk melon yellowed in the September sun--i.e. the sedges being brought between me & the sun are seen to be ripe like the muskmelon--& cucumbers in the garden-- The earth is yellowing in the September sun-- It occurs to me to put my knee on it--press it gently & hear if it does not crack within as if ripe. Has it not too a musty fragrance--as a melon?

At Clam Shell we take the wind again and away we glide-- I notice along the edge of the eastern meadow wood some very light colored & crisped looking leaves ap. on small maples--as if some vine

1906 version uses "gassy".

Thoreau indicates with a symbol that these words be transposed to read, "cucumbers & muskmelon".

Unreadable penciled interlining. 1906 version reads "or else swamp white oaks".
ran over the trees--for the leaves are
of a different color from the rest--
This must be the effect of frost I think

The sedge & wool grass all slant
strongly Southward or up the stream
now--which makes a strange impression
on the sailor--but of late the wind
has been north & stronger than the
sluggish current of the river--

The small white pines on the side of
Fair Haven Hill now look remarkably
//green by contrast with the surrounding shrubbery
which is recently imbrowned. You are
struck by their distinct liquid green
as if they had but just sprung up there.

All bright colors seem brighter now
for the same reason--i.e. from contrast
with the duller browns & russets--
The very cows on the hill side are
a brighter red--amid the pines--the
brown hazels. The perfectly fresh spike
of the polygonum amphibium attracts
//every eye now-- It is not past its prime
C. thinks it is exactly the color of some
candy-- Also the Polygala sanguinea
on the bank looks redder than usual.

Many red maples are now partly turned
//dark crimson along the meadow edge--
Near the pond we scare up 20 or
30 ducks--& at the pond 3 blue-
The 1906 version notes unreadable interlining as, “& such as strike the water are
lost, for they do not float”.

Finding grapes we proceeded to pluck them
tempted more by their fragrance & color--than
their flavor--though some were very palatable.
We gathered many without getting out of
the boat as we paddled back--& more
on shore close to the waters edge--piling
them up in the prow of the boat--till
they reached to the top of the boat
a long sloping heap of them & very hand-
some to behold--being of very various colors
& sizes--for we even added green ones
for variety--some however were mainly
green when ripe. You cannot touch
some vines without bringing down
more single grapes in a shower around
you than you pluck in bunches %”%. But
it is a pity to break the handsome clusters.
Thus laden--the evening air wafting
the fragrance of the cargo back to us--
The cooler air is so clear that we see Venus plainly some time before sundown
we paddled homeward-- ^ The wind had
all gone down & the water was perfectly
smooth--The sunset was uncommonly
fair. Some long amber clouds in
the horizon all a fire with gold
were more glittering than any"
jewelry-- An Orient city to adorn
the plates of an annual could
not be contrived or imagined more
gorgeous--and when you looked
with head inverted the effect was
increased 10 fold--till it seemed a
world of enchantment. We only re-
gretted that it had not a due moral
effect on us--scapegraces

Nevertheless, when turning my head I
looked at the willowy edge of Cyanean
meadow--& onward to the sober colored
but fine grained Clamshell Hills--
about which there was no glitter. I
was inclined to think that the truest beauty
was that which surrounded us--but which
we failed to discern--That the forms
& colors which adorn our daily life
not seen afar in the horizon--
are our fairest jewelry-- The beauty
of Clam Shell Hill near at hand with
its sandy ravines, in which the cricket
chirps. This is an occidental city--
not less glorious than that we dream of
in the sunset sky.

It chanced that all the front
//rank polygonum with its rosaceous spikes
was drowned by the flood--but now, the
sun having some time set--with

\[14^7\]our backs to the west--we saw the
light reflected from the ^ clear white

spikes of the P. hydropiperoides (now in its
in large patches or masses
prime) which ^ rise about a foot above

*slender*

the surface of the water & the other polygonum--
Under these circumstances this polygonum
was very pretty & interesting--only its more pre-
SENTABLE part rising above the water--

Mr. Warren brings to me

3 kinds of birds which he has shot on the

Great meadows this Pm--viz 2--
Such as I saw the 8th

Totalus Flavipes ^ (there are 8 in the flock

& he shot 7) One Rallus Carolinus

I doubt if I have seen any but the T. Flavi-
or very likely I have V 25th%

pes here--since I have measured this %^%-- Wilson

says that *this* does not penetrate far inland--
though he sees them near Philadelphia after

a N. E. storm

The above rail--corresponds to the Land
or corncrake

Rail ^ of Europe--in form & habits-- In Virginia
it is called the Sora-- In S. Carolina the Coot.

It is the game rail of the South & the only

species of the genus Crex in America--note

kuk kuk kuk-- Go to Hudson’s Bay &

thereabouts to breed. This was a male--having

a black throat & black about base of bill

Peabody says that they are seen

here only in the Autumn only on their re-

turn from the north--though Brewer

thinks their nest may be found here--
In the Genus Crex the bill is stout
& shorter than the head—In Rallus
(As in R. virginicus) it is longer than
the head & slender—In the latter too
the crown and whole upper parts are
black streaked with brown—the throat
breast & belly orange brown—sides &
vent black tipped with white—legs &
feet dark red brown—none of which is
ture of the R. Carolinus.

I notice that the wing of the peet-
weet, which is about 2 inches wide—
has a conspicuous & straight-edged
white bar along its middle on the
under side—for 1/2 its length
it is 7/8 of an inch wide—& being
quite parallel with the darker
parts or sides
edges ^ of the wing—it produces that
singular effect in its flying which I
have noticed. This ^ by the way is not
mentioned by Wilson—yet it is perhaps
the most noticeable mark of the bird when
flying! The under side of the wings is
commonly slighted in the description—
though it is at least as often seen by us
as the upper—Wilson says that the tower
whole lower parts are beautifully marked
with roundish spots of black ”——but the
young are pure white below”—May I
not have made the young the T. solitarius?
& but the { } young are white spotted on wings&
I think that I saw a white-throated sparrow?

this Pm.

Sunday 19th--

Pm to Cassandra Ponds.

We go through Sedge Hollow. See a small hole, perhaps a skunk's, in that hollow & about the mouth fragments of a hornets' or wasp's nest. I knew that foxes were said to tear in pieces these nests for the sake of the sake of the grubs or old hornets left in them. Perhaps the skunk does--

These dry sedgy hollows are peculiar & interesting to me. The fine thick sedge makes a soft bed to recline on, & is recurved & lodging like a curly head. These dry hollows, side by side with the deeper & wet ones --are surrounded by hazel bushes & pani-cled andromeda instead of alders & willows, There is this sort of analogy to the wet ones or ponds. In the lowest part, even here, I perceive that a different & coarser kind of sedge grows. Along the middle & bottom of the hollows is the indistinct trail of wild animals, foxes & c., & sportsmen-- C. thinks this might be called Fox Path. As I stand on the shore of the most westerly Cassandra Pond but one--I see in the air between me & the sun--Those ap. male tipulidae or craneflies V. Lib-- Ent. Knowl.-- Transformations p 363 interesting swarms of minute light colored gnats--looking like motes in the sun--
These may be allied to the winter gnat of Kirby & Spence-- Do they not first appear with cooler & frosty weather. When we have had a slight foretaste of winter-- Then in the clear cool air they are seen to dance-- They are about 1/8 of a inch long with a greenish body & 2 light colored plumes in front. The wings not so long as the body-- So I think they are different from those over the river in the spring. I see a dozen of these choirs within 2 or 3 rods their centers about 6 feet above the surface of the water andromeda. These separate communities are narrow horizontally & long vertically about 18 inches wide--& densest in the middle, regularly turning to nothing at the edges. The individuals are constantly gyrating up & down--cutting figures of 8 {drawing} like the water bug--but keeping nearly about the same place-- It is to me a very agreeable reminder of cooler weather.

// Hear a chewink's--{chewink}. But how ineffectual is the note of a bird now! We hear it as if we heard it not--& forget it immediately. In spring it makes its due impression--& for a long time will not have done echoing, as it were, through our minds. It is even as if the atmosphere were in an unfavorable condition for this kind of music--

150"agreeable" written over "agreeably"
Every musician knows how much depends on this. Going through low woods
I see a white dusty or mealy looking mildew
on the leaves--oaks &c--the effects of
the dog days--or mould season.

Sep. 20th
river
The ^ probably reaches highest since June
//
to-day-- The maryland Yel-Throat is here
//
Hear warbling vireos still--in the elms
//
Miss Pratt shows me a small luminous bug
found on the earth floor of their shed (I think
a month ago)--had 2 bright points in
its tail--as bright or brighter than the glow
worm. v. it in paper-- It is now dried--3/8
of an inch long by somewhat more than 1/8 wide
ovate oblong with a broad & blunt head--dull
straw color--clear rose red on the sides--composed
of many segments--which give it a dentate ap-
pearance on the edges-- A broad flattish kind of
shield in front--also red & straw color.

Sep 21st
Go to Cape Ann
A very warm day
Am. Go with Russell to the rooms
of the Essex Institute--if that is the
name-- See some In. pottery from the
{Cayuga} Reservation--fragments--very
pale brick color 3/8 inch thick with a
rude ornament--(ap. made with the end of
a stick--) of this form & size {drawing}
The lines representing slight hollows in a row around it--
Saw a stone--ap. slate--shaped
like the small “sinkers” but 6 inch x
3 1/2 with a small handle--{drawing}. found near
here--was it a sinker or pestle?

On the 24th at the E. Ind. Marine Hall
about
saw a circular stone mortar ^ 6 inch in
diameter--& a stone exactly like the above
in it--described as a pestle & mortar found
in making Salem Turnpike. Were they together?
Also at the last place--what was called
the blade of an Ind. knife found on
Gov. Endicott’s Farm--broken 3 or 4 inches
long--of a light colored kind of slate--
quite thin with a back-- {drawing}

It might have been for: skinning.
At the Essex Institute (?) if that’s the name
the eggs of the Rallus Virginianus
labelled by Brewer--but much smaller
than those I have seen & nearly white
Can mine be the
? with dull brown spots.!! egg of the R. crepitans
though larger than mine?
Their eggs of the Sterna Hirundo look like
mine--which I have so called--also
do those of the Black-headed Gull--which
I do not perceive in Peabody.  

Looked over the Asters Golden rods--& willows
in their Herbarium collected & named by Oakes.
Lapham Russell--& Cassi--something)
Oak’s Salix sericea--also Marshall’s &.

What O. calls Grisea of Willd is
the same I so call by the White maple at
Assabet.
What O. calls S. phyllicifolia from White mts
having only sterile catkins—his sp—is ap.? The one I have from there together with
the repens.
The S. petiolaris of the collection is ap. (my)? W. of {Rock} {one}—

_Pm_ walked with Russel to Marble head
above RR.

Saw in Salem
Solidago Canadensis consid. past prime
" our 3 ribbed one done
Spartina cynosuroides
(was that the S. _juncea_ 7 feet high
with a broad leaf—which I mistook for the
above—? very common on edge of marshes.)
Ap. scirpus pungens 2 to 4 feet high
_Polygonum aviculare—ap— peculiar—
Swamp-thistle still abundant—
" Trifolium procumbens still—"
A. Nov Angliae—dark violet or

_lilac purple—in prime or a little past
3/4 mile down RR also by shore
in Manchester the 22d
Ruppia _maritima_ in a ditch

In Marblehead Aster _cordifolius_ abundant RR.

_Woodsia Ilvensis_
R. pointed out j. _bufonius??—(but did not know it)
it was _tenuis_ like—& prob. that—
_juncus Greenii_ (?) _tenuis like_ dense
high
flowered on ^ sea bank sea side

_of Marblehead
Herb. Robert near shore (done
_Datura Stramonium_ (var _Tatula done_)
got seeds there
but out at
_Rockport_
Also various lichens

Got P. _parietina—elegans, & rubina on the rocks
_saw, but did not get, P. _murorum_

---

155The indentations of this list have been regularized.
Cetraria Islandicus-- R said that that
      I saw at the Wht mts was bitter
Endocarpon miniatum (which we have--) on rocks above sea
Peltigera polydactyla--
Umbilicaria Muhlenbergii rocks by sea--

That common crustaceous lichen on
rocks black fruit prettily scattered on a white
        ground which reminds me of maps--is Lecidea
atro alba. R thought that my small
Umbilicaria on Monadnock--& Lafayette
          U.
? was ^ erosa or hyperborea--
He knew a Carex lupulina because the beaks were
        recurved.
        Called Marblehead coast greenstone generally
with dykes in Sienite--
// Saw Artichokes out in several places--at
        same time-- Have a sort of sprouting horn by shore
Returned by some very deep Hollows in
Salem (like the Truro ones) called the
        Dungeons!! as our Dunge Hole.
        R gave me from his garden corns
of the (true) squirrel corn corydalis--
which I plant--& what Tracy
//gave him for Ultricularia intermedia
from (here), not in flower--though he says
that T has examined the flowers-- It
looks like mine.
        What I have called the clustered blackberry
he got here
        ? he has raised from the seed ^--& this 2nd year (or 3d)
        it has run as long as the common-- But perhaps
        because in rich soil & the shade--no flower or
        fruit.
        Saw no A. tradescanti in this walk--but an
        abundance of A. multiflorus in its prime--in Salem & Marblehead

156 This word, interpreted as "some" in 1906 text, may also be "same".
157 This word is illegible. The 1906 edition reads "true", with question.
158 This illegible word that could be "here" or "home", but a dot appears above one of the letters.
Sep 22d 58

A clear cold day-- wind NW

Leave Salem for the Cape on foot--

Near Beverly Bridge crossed over that low
& flat part of Salem where the first settle-
ment was made--and Arabella Stewart is
supposed to have been buried.

Soon struck off to the shore in Beverly--
see the discolor thistle on a sandy beach--&
Phaseolus diversifolius (3 lobed Bean vine) with
pretty terete long pods--some ripe--but a few
flowers still-- Aster linifolius--perhaps still
in prime--though it has a flexuous stem-- in a marsh159
& Lyme grass ap. like ours along edge of marsh--
Dined on the edge of a { high rocky cliff--quite perpendicular on the west
side of entrance to Manchester Harbor--
One mile SE of the village of Manchester
struck the beach of “musical sand”--
just this side of a large high Rocky
Point called “Eagle Head.” This is a curving
sandy beach may be 1/3 of a mile long. (We also
found it on a similar but shorter beach
on the E side of Eagle Head) X some 12 rods
wide. We first perceived the sound when
we scratched with our umbrella or finger
swiftly & forcibly through the sand-- Also
still louder when we struck forcibly with
our heels “scuffing” along. The wet or damp
sand yielded no peculiar sound--nor did
that which lay loose & deep next the
bank--but only the more compact &
dry-- The sound was not at all musi--

159"in a marsh" added in margin
cal, nor was it loud. Fisher men might
walk over it all their lives, as indeed
they have done, without noticing it.

R--, who had not heard it, was about right
when he said it was like that made by
rubbing on wet glass with your fingers--
I thought it as much like the sound made
in waxing a table as anything. It was
a squeaking sound--as of one particle
rubbing on another. I should say it was
merely the result of the friction of peculiarly
formed & constituted particles. The surf
was high & made a great noise--yet
I could hear the sound made by my com-
panions heels 2 or 3 rods distant--&
if it had been still--probably could have
heard it 5 or 6 rods.

We kept thence along the rocky shore to Kettle
Cove--where however I did not find any
rocks like Lewis’s.

Somewhere thereabouts Scirpus maritimus
with its great spikes now withered-- In
the marsh at Kettle Cove--Gerardia mariti-
ma ap in prime 4 or 5 inch high--Euphor-
bia polygonifolia 6 inch in diameter--
Spartina glabra in the salt water of the cove--
The shore thus far from Beverly Bridge
had been a succession of bold rocky points
half a mile apart--with sometimes
curving sandy beaches between--or else rocky
We now kept the road to Gloucester leaving
the shore a mile or more to the right
wishing to see the magnolia swamp.

This was perhaps about 1 1/2 miles beyond Kettle 161
Cove After passing over a sort of height of
land in the woods we took a path to the left
which within a few rods became a corduroy road
in the swamp--within 3 or 4 rods on the W side
of this & perhaps 10 or 15 from the high road
--was the Magnolia. It was 2 to 7 or 8 feet
high--but distinguished by its large & still
part green leaves--which had not begun to fall
I saw last year’s shoots which had died down
several feet--& prob. this will be the fate
of most which has grown this year-- The swamp
was an ordinary one. Not so wet but we got
about very well-- The bushes of this swamp were
not generally more than 6 feet high--
There was another locality the other side of
the road.

Cooked our supper in a salt marsh some
2 miles this side of Gloucester--in view of the
town-- We had cooked our tea for dinner with
& bark
dead bayberry bushes-- now we used the chips ^ which
the tide had deposited in little parcels on the marsh 162
having carried water in our dippers from a brook 1/4 of a mile
There was a large patch of samphire
//
turned a bright crimson very conspicuous
near by in the flat marsh. The more
conspicuous because large & in the midst of
the liquid green of the marsh. We sat
on some stones which we obtained flat in
the marsh till starlight

161"K" written over "k"
162Word is blotted.
I had seen in this day’s walk—an abundance of Aster cordifolius (but no A undulatus) Also saw A corymbosus which is a handsome white wood aster. & very common what I called A longifolius—with shorter thick clasping leaves—

? & growing in drier ground than ours me-thinks—Also all along the road—the up-country hard small mulberry shaped high-blackberry—& many still holding on. This may be due to the cool air of the Cape. They were quite sweet & good. V. a specimen—

The foliage had but just fairly begun to change put up in Gloucester—

Sep 23d

Another fair day—& wind N. W. but rather warmer. We kept along the road to Rockport some 2 miles or more to a “thundering big ledge” by the road as a man called it—there turned off toward the S shore at a house with 2 very large & old pear trees before it. Part of the house was built by a Witham one of the first settlers—& the place or neighborhood used to be called “the //Farms” Saw the F. Hiemalis flitting along the walls—& it was cool enough for them on this cape. In a marsh curving sandy by the shore, where was a very broad ^ beach the shore of a cove—found the Ranunculus
Cymbalaria still in bloom—but mostly in fruit

Glaux maritima ? nearly prostrate with oblong leaves--

Triglochin palustris in fruit

An eleocharis ap. marine with lenticular fruit & a wrinkled mitre shaped beak

drawing

Spergularia rubra &c samphire &c

The narrow road (where we followed it) wound about big boulders--past [north of]

small often bevel roofed cottages--where small

some times was a ^ flag flying for a vane-- The number & variety of bevelled roofs on the cape is surprising. Some are so nearly flat—that they reminded me of the low brows of monkeys.

We had already seen a sort of bare rocky ridge—a bare boulder covered back

of the cape running N. E.asterly from Gloucester toward Rockport—& for some 3 miles quite The E. extremity of the cape being wooded— That would be a good place to walk.

In this marsh saw what I thought the solitary tatler quite tame.

Having reached the shore sat under the lea of the rocks on the beach—opposite Salt Island— A man was carting sea weed along the shore between us & the water—the leather apron kind—which trailed from his cart like the tails of oxen—& when it came between us & the sun was of a warm purple brown glow. Half a mile further beyond a rocky head, we came to another curving
sandy beach--with a marsh between it
& the Cape on the N. Saw there in
the soft sand with beach-grass ap. juncus
Balticus (?) very like but not so stout (!) as
juncus effusus

Met a gunner from Lynn on the beach
who had several pigeons which he had
killed in the woods by the shore-- Said
that they had been blown off the main-
{2d}
land. Also a king-fisher--what he
called the “ox-eye”—about size of peet-weet but
but with a short bill & a blackish brown crescent
on breast--& wing above like peet weets, but
no broad white mark below could it be Charadrius
semipalmatus? ---- 4th What he called
a sandpiper—very white with a long bill—was
this Tringa arenaria? ---- 5th What I took
to be a solitary tatler—but possibly it was this
pectoral sand piper which I have seen since—

On the edge of the beach you see
or fawn colored
small dunes with white sandy sides--
crowned with now yellowish smilax & with
bayberry bushes— Just before reaching Loblolly
cove—near Thatchers Island—sat on
a bench composed entirely of small paving
stones lying very loose & deep

We boiled our tea for dinner on the main
land opposite Straight Mouth I. just this
side the middle of Rockport— using as
usual dead bay berry bushes for fuel—
This was indeed all we could get— They make
a very quick fire—I noticed that their
smoke covered our dippers with a kind
of Japan which did not crack or come off nearly
so much as ordinary soot--
We could see the Salvages very plainly--ap
extending N & S--the Main Rock--some
15 or 20 rods long & E. N. E of Straight-
ap 1 1/2 or 2 mis dist.
Mouth I. - with half sunken ledges N &
S of it over which the sea was breaking in
white foam. The ledges all together 1/2 mile
long. We could see from our dining place
Agamenticus some 40 miles distant in the N.
Its two sides loomed thus (drawing) so that
about 1/3 the whole was lifted up--while a small
elevation close to it in the East, which
afterward was seen to be a part of it--was
wholly lifted up.
Rockport well deserves its name--several
little rocky harbors protected by a break water--
The houses at Rockport village backing directly
on the beach. At Folly Cove a wild rocky point
running N covered with beach grass-- See
now a mt on the E of Agamenticus. Isle(s)
of shoals too low to be seen--Prob. land at
Boars Head seen on the W. of Agamenticus
--& then the coast all the way from N.H.
to Cape Ann plainly-- Newburyport included.
& Plum Island-- Hog Island looks like
a high [hill] on the main land.
It is evident that a discoverer having got
as far W as Agamenticus off the coast of Maine

164 The 1906 edition reads this word as “crock”.
165 A dot appears after “Mouth” that is probably not a period or dash.
would in clear weather discern the coast
trending southerly beyond him as far round
as Cape Ann--& if he did not wish to
to be embayed would stand across to Cape Ann--
where the Salvages would be the outmost
point.

At Annis squam we found ourselves in the
midst of boulders scattered over bare
hills & fields--such as we had seen on
the ridge northerly in the morning--i.e
the abound chiefly in the central & NWesterly
part of the Cape-- This was the most pec-
(uliar) scenery of the Cape. We struck
inland Southerly just before sundown &
boiled our tea with bay berry bushes by a swamp

on the hills in the midst of these great bowlders
having carried our water 1/4 of a mile from a swamp--spilling a part in
treading swamps & getting over rough places
about half way to Gloucester ^--2 oxen
feeling in the swamp came up to reconnoitre
our fire. We could see no house--but
hills strewn with bowlders--as if they had rained
down--on every side--We sitting under
a shelving one-- When the moon rose
what had appeared like immense boulders
half a mile off in the horizon now looked
by contrast no larger than nutshells or
burin against the moon’s disk--&
she was the bigest boulder of all--

When we had put out our bay berry fire--
we heard a squawk & looking up saw
5 geese fly low in the twilight over our
heads-- We then set out to find our
way to Gloucester over the hills--& saw the
comet very bright in the N. W. After going astray
a little in the moonlight--we fell into a
road which at length conducted us to the town.

As we bought our lodging & breakfast
a pound of good ship bread which cost 7cts
and 6 herring which cost 3 "
with sugar & tea--supplied us amply the rest
of the ^ days.

The selection of suitable spots to get our dinner
or supper led us into interesting scenery--& it was
amusing to watch the boiling of our water for tea.

There is a scarcity of fresh water on the cape
so that you must carry your water (a) good
way in a dipper.  Sep 24

What that singular spiny plant
--otherwise like chenopodium which I found
on a wharf in salem?

Saw at the E. India[n] Marine Hall
a Bay Lynx killed in Danvers July 21st
(I think in 1827) another killed in Lynnfield
in March 1832-- These skins were now
at any rate quite light dirty whitish or
pale white woolfish color--with small ^ brown
spots--The animals much larger than
I expected. Saw a large fossil turtle
some 20 inches in diameter--with the
plates distinct in a slate colored stone
from western N.Y.

Also a sword in its scabbard found in
the river near Concord Ap. 19. 1775 &

168A long blank space appears between "cost" and "3"
169A horizontal line appears to have been drawn under the phrase "way in a dipper" and continues after "Sep 24" to designate the separation between entries.
supposed to have belonged to a British officer--
I got these plants on this excursion
{viz}-- Solidago Canadensis--
Aster Nov-angliae
Ap. Scirpus pungens
Trifolium procumbens
NB (Bradford says the potentilla {trifida} is found at
Eastern Point in Gloucester--& Russell says in
the college yard at Amherst)
A var of Door Grass
Woodsia Ilvensis
Ruppia Maritima
juncus tenuis--like
" Greenii (?)
Leaf of Herb. Robert
Utricularia intermedia
Squirrel Corn (the {true or bulb})
Parmelia elegans
" Panetina
" Rubina
Cetraria Islandicus
Endocarpon miniatum (some of ours prob. fluviatile)
Peltigera polydactyla
Umbilicaria Muhlenbergii
Phaseolus diversifolius
Aster Linifolius
Lyme Grass
Scirpus Maritimus
Gerardia Maritima
Euphorbia polygonifolia
Spartina glabra
Magnolia glauca leaves
{Mt} country high blackberry leaves &c
{An} Eleocharis
Triglochin palustre

170 The indentations in the list that follows on this page and the following have been normalized.
171 "or" poss written over "")
172 "b" written over "g"
Glaux maritima?

Ranunculus Cymbalaria

Beach Grass (long done)

juncus Balticus (?)

Datura Stramonium var. Tatula & seeds

Wheat (?) Rockport %?

The spring plant of Salem Wharf-- %Xanthium %

%Cape Ann {(?)} from Beverly round to Squam is bristling with little capes projecting from the maine one--& similar to it%

Sep 25th 58173

A smart white frost last night-- //

which has killed the sweet potatoe vines & melons

Pm go a-graping up Assabet

with some young ladies-- The zizania

fruit is green yet--but mostly dropt or plucked //

Does it fall--or do birds pluck it?

The G. Andrewsii are now in prime at Gentian //

shore-- some are turned dark or reddish purple

with age-- Is my great-jointed polygonum

Gray's P. nodorum? //

There is a very red osier-like cornel on the

shore by the stone heaps-- ?

Ed. Hoar says he found last year Datura

Stramonium in their garden--add it then //

our plants. %I have%

In the evening Mr Warren brings me a

snipe & a pectoral sand piper. This last /////

which is a little less than the snipe--but with

a longer wing--must be much like--T solitarius

& I may have confounded them. The shaft

\[^{173}stray mark after "58"\]
of the 1st primary is conspicuously white above.

The catbird still mews occasionally--
& the chewink is heard faintly.

Melvin says he has found the Pigeon
HB hawks nest here (distinct from Partridge hawk's)
also that he sometimes sees the larger yellow
//legs here-- Goodwin also says the last--

Sep. 26th '58

Another smart frost--making

dry walking amid the stiffened grass in the
morning. The purple grass (Eragrostis pectinacea) done--perhaps the first
smart frost finished its purple--

I observe that the seeds of the
Panicum sanguinale & filiforme

//are perhaps half fallen--evidently
affected by the late frosts as chestnuts
&c will be by later ones--& now is the
time too when flocks of sparrows begin
weedy
to scour over the ^ fields. esp in the morn-
ing. Methinks they are attracted to some
extent by this their harvest of panic
seed. The spikes of P. crus galli also
are partially bare. Evidently the small
granivorous birds abound more after
these seeds are ripe. The seeds of
pig weed are yet ap. quite green-- May
be they are somewhat peculiar for hanging on
all winter.

Is not that a distinct species of

//

Aster by the Hub. Bridge Causeway--N side
generally" poss cancelled in pencil

1/2 the way along--now in prime--& perhaps
with A. longifolius--heads middle sized
about clear white--scales generally appressed
& slender pointed--leaves & stem pale green
compared with A longifolius (which is dark
green) close by-- V. pressed one. Call it A.

Tenuifolius for want of another name.

Sep 29th

Pm By boat to F. H. Pond--

Wind N. E. Sail most of the way

The river has gone down from its height
on the 20''--& is now some 18 inches
lower--or within its banks-- The front rank
polygonum is uncovered & in bloom still--
but its leaves generally turned red.

The P. hydropiperoides is ap-- past prime.

The P. amphibium spikes still in prime.??

When close to the bushes you do not notice
any mark of the recent high water--
but at a little distance you see
a perfectly level line on the button
bushes & willows--about 18 inches above
the present surface--it being all dark
below & warm sunny yellow above--
The leaves that have been immersed
are generally fallen or withered--
Though the bushes may be loose & open
this water line is so perfectly level--that
it appears continuous.

174"generally" poss cancelled in pencil
The farmers digging potatoes on shore
pause a moment to watch my sail
& bending mast-- It is pleasant to see
your mast bend in these safe waters.
It is rare that the wind is so N. E. that
I can sail well from the RR bridge
to Clam Shell Hill as to-day.

Red maples now fairly glow along the shore
they vary from yellow to a peculiar crimson
--which is more red than common crimson--
But these particular trees soon fade-- It is
the first blush which is the purest. See
men raking cranberries now--or far away
squatting in the meadows where they are

picking them-- Grapes have begun to shrivel
on their stems-- They drop off on the
slightest touch--& if they fall into the
water are lost--going to the bottom--
You see the Grape leaves touched with
frost curled up & looking crisp on their
edges--

The fisherman Haynes\textsuperscript{175} thinks that the
large flock of peet-weet like birds which
I saw on the meadow one fall were
what he calls “black backs”.

What are those little birds in flocks
in the garden & on the peach trees these morn-
ings--about size of chirp-birds without
\%{prob are chirp-birds}\%
distinct chestnut crowns?  \%v Oct 5th\%

\textit{Tuesday Sep 28th}
\textit{Pm to Great Fields via Gentian Lane}
the Gentian (Andrewsii) were generally in prime--
loves moist shady banks--and its transcendent blue shows best in the shade & suggests cool-
ness--contrasts there with the fresh green-- -- {and} splendid blue--light in the shade--turning
to purple with age-- They are particularly abundant under the N side of the willow row in Merrick’s pasture. I count 15 in a single cluster there--& afterward 20 at Gentian Lane near Flint’s Bridge--& there were other clusters below. Bluer than the bluest sky, they lurk in the moist & shady recesses of the banks--
Acalypha is killed by frost--& rhexia // I compare Mrs Simmond’s red osier with our sericea-- 1st not changed-- 2d dark purplish brown-- 1st twigs light red-- 2d dark {dull} red or purplish. 1st leaves pale green above whitish beneath. 2d darker green & more glossy above--& perhaps thicker--not particularly whitish beneath. 1st larger & flatter 2d curled. Both smooth beneath, but 2d a little more hairy or downy beneath along the sides of the veins & also at the ends of the twigs-- The main distinctions of the former are the light red twigs--& whitish undersides of leaves. 
Liatris done ap. some time. //
When Gosnold & Fring--& Champlain coasted along our shores--even then the small shrub oak grew on the main-
land with its pretty acorns striped dark & light alternately. %The black acorns also slightly marked thus%
Sep 29th

// Fine weather--
// One or 2 myrtle birds in their fall
dress, with brown head & shoulders--2 whitish
bars on wings--& bright yellow rump--
Sit on Clam\textsuperscript{176} Shell looking up the
smooth stream. 2 blue herons or
"herns" as Goodwin calls them fly
sluggishly up the stream. Interesting
even is a stake with its reflection left
standing in the still river by \{some\}\textsuperscript{177} fisherman.

Again we have smooth waters--yellow
birds
foliage--& faint warbling \textit{sparrow} &c
as in spring. The year thus repeats itself.
Catch some of those little fuzzy gnats dancing
in the air there over the shelly bank--
& these are \textit{black}--with \textit{black} plumes
not like those last seen over the Cassandra
pond.

// Brushed a \textit{spectrum} ghost horse off
my face in a birch wood--by the J. P.
Brown Cold Heart\textsuperscript{178} Leaf Pond. Heads some--
what like a striped snake
That Pond is drier than I ever saw it--
No--have see it so before
\textit{perhaps}???-- ^ all but a couple of square
rods in the middle--& now covered
with \textit{cypsera} &c-- The mud is cracked
into large polygonal figures ap 4 to 6
sides & 6 to 12 inches across--with cracks
1/2 to 3/4 of an inch wide--

// See what must be a solitary tatler

\textsuperscript{176}"C" written over "C"
\textsuperscript{177}"some" in 1906, written over text
\textsuperscript{178}"H" written over "h"
feeding by waters edge--it has tracked
the mud all about--It cannot be
the Tringa pectoralis--for it has no conspic-
uous white chin nor black dashes on the
throat--nor(--brown on the back & wings--
--I think I see the round white spots
on its wings. It has not the white on wing
of the peet weet--yet utters the peet weet note!
short & faint not protracted--not the
"sharp whistle" that Wilson speaks of.
The lespedeza leaves are all withered &
ready to fall in the frosty Hollows near
Nut meadow--the swamps the
ground is already strewn with the first maple
leaves--concealing the springyness of the soil.
& many plants are prostrate there--November-
High up in Nut-Meadow--the very brook--push aside the
like. [half] withered grass which (the farmer disdaining to cut it) conceals
it as cool as a spring--being near its sources--
Take perhaps (our) last bath in White Pond//
for the year--Half a dozen F. hiemalis
about. Looking toward the sun some fields
reflect a light sheen from low webs of
gossamer which thickly cover the stubble & grass
On our way--near the Hosmer moraine--
let off some pasture thistle down--One
steadily rose from my hand freighted with its
seed till it was several hundred feet high--
& then passed out of sight eastward--
Its down (was) particularly spreading or open
Is not here a hint to balloonist's? Astronomers
can calculate the orbit of that thistle
down called the comet--now in the
N. W. sky--conveying its nucleus which
may not be so solid as a thistle's seed--
somewhither--but what astronomer can
calculate the orbit of my thistle down
& tell where it will deposit its precious
freight at last? It may still be travelling
Some lobelia inflata leaves peculiar hoary white
//when I am sleeping.

Sep 30 '58
A large flock of grackles amid the
//
willows by the river side--or chiefly concealed
low in the buttonbushes beneath them though
quite near--me-- There they keep up their
spluttering notes--though somewhat less loud
methinks than in spring-- These are the
first I have seen--& now for some
time. I think the red wings have been
gone-- These are the first arrivers from
the north where they breed.

I observe the peculiar steel-bluish purple
//
of the nightshade--i.e. the tips
of the twigs--while all beneath is
green dotted with bright berries over
the water. Perhaps this is the most
singular color of any autumnal tint.
It is almost black in some lights--
distinctly steel blue in the shade--& con-
trasting with the green beneath--but
seen against the sun--it is a rich
purple--its veins full of fire. The form of the leaf too is peculiar. The pearly everlasting is an interesting white at present--
Though the stem & leaves are still green it is dry & un-
withering like an artificial
Its white flexuous stems & branches too like wire wound
with cotton
flower-- ^ Its amaranthine quality
neither is there any scent to betray it--
is instead of high color. Its very brown center
now affects us as a fresh & original color--
It monopolizes a small circle in the
midst of sweet fern perchance on a dry
hill side--

I see undoubtedly the little dipper by the edge of
the pads this pm & I think I have not
seen it before this season-- It much smaller
than I have seen this season--& is hard to detect
even within 4 or 5 rods-- It warily dives
& comes up a rod or 2 further off amid
the pads--scarcely disturbing the surface--
The wind is northerly these afternoons
blowing pretty strong early in the pm so
that I can sail up the stream--but later
it goes down leaving the river glassy-smooth
& only a leaping fish or an insect dimples
it--or makes a sparkle on it--
Some young black cherry leaves
are completely changed some time--to their

---

181A drawing occupies the left third of the page beginning next to “of the leaf...” and extending down to the interlined text below “flower”.

191
deep cherry red-- (Above)\textsuperscript{182} they are rather dull
--but beneath quite lively like the juice
of a freshly crushed cherry.

In our late walk on the cape
we entered Gloucester each time in
the dark at mid-evening--travelling
partly across lots till we fell into a
road--& as we were simply seeking
a bed--inquiring the way of villagers
whom we could not see--the town
seemed far more homelike\textsuperscript{183} to us than
when we made our way out of it
in the morning. It was comparatively
still & the inhabitants were sensibly or
\{practically\} employed--too--& then we
\{we\} went straight to our chamber--
& saw the moonlight reflected from
the smooth harbor--& lighting up the
fishing vessels--as if it had been the
harbor of Venice. By day we went
remarking on the peculiar angles of the
bevelled roofs--of which there is a
remarkable variety there. There are
also many large square 3 story houses
with short windows in the upper story--as
if the 3d story were as good as a gig
for respectability.

When entering the town in the moonlight
we could not always tell whether

\textsuperscript{182}1906 interprets this word as 'also'.
\textsuperscript{183}stray mark above "homelike"?
the road skirted the back yards or
the front yards of the houses--& the houses
did not so impertinently stare after the
& watch his coming
traveller ^ as by day--
Walking early in the day & approaching the
rocky shore from the north--the shadows of the
cliffs were very distinct & grateful--as our spirits
were buoyant-- Though we walked all
day--it seemed the days were not long enough
to get tired in--^184 Some villages we
went through or by without communicating
with any inhabitant--but saw them as quietly
& distantly
^ as in a picture--
Oct 1st '58
Pm to Hub's Close-- Clintonia Maple
swamp is very fair now--esp. 1/4 of a
mile off--when you get the effect of the
bright colors without detecting the im-
perfections of the leaves-- Look now at
such a swamp--of maples mixed with
the ever green pines, at the base of a
pine-clad hill--& see their yellow & scarlet
& crimson fires of all tints--mingled
& contrasted with the green. Some maples
are yet green only (yelly) tipped on the
edges of their flakes--as the edges of a
hazel nut burr-- Some are wholly brilliant
scarlet--raying out regularly & finely every way

^184 A long space appears between "to get tired in." and "Some villagers we".
others of more irregular form--  

seem to rest heavily flake on flake  

like yellow or scarlet snow drifts--  

// The cinnamon ferns are crisp &  
sour in open grounds--  

// The fringed gentians are now in prime  
%no. V forward%  
These are closed in the am but I saw  

them open at 12 am a day or 2 ago--  

& they were exceedingly beautiful--esp. when  

there was a single one on a stem. They  
or  

who see them closed ^ in the am only--do  

not suspect their beauty.  

// Viola lanceolata again  

// See larks in small flocks  

Was over taken by a sudden gust & rain  

from the west. It broke off some limbs  
& brought down many leaves  
Took refuge in Minott’s house at last.  

He told me his last duck shooting exploit  

for 5th or 6th time-- Says that Jake  

Potter who died over 80 some dozen years  

since--told him that when he was  
a boy & used to drive his father Ephraim’s  
cows to pasture in the meadows near  

Fair Haven--after they were mown in  
the fall--returning with them at  
evening he used to hear the wild  
cats yell in the F. H. woods.  

Minott tells of a great rise of the  
river once in August--when a great  
many “marsh birds” as peeps--kill-
dees--yellow legs &c came inland--
he saw a flock of them reaching from
Flint's Bridge a mile down stream over
the meadows--& making a great noise.

Says the "Kill-dees" used to be common here
& the yellow legs-- called "humilities" used
commonly to breed here on the tussocks in
the meadows. He has often found their nests--

Let a full grown but young cock
stand near you. How full of life he
is from the tip of his bill through his trem-
bling com & wattles\textsuperscript{185} & his bright eye to the
extremity of his clean toes! How alert
& restless--listening to every sound--& watching
every motion. How various his notes from the
finest & shrillest alarum as a hawk sails
surpassing the most accomplished violinist on the short strings
over--to a hoarse & terrene voice or cluck
He has a word for every occasion--for the dog that rushes past
And then how flapping his wings & elevating
and the partlet cackling in the barn
himself\textsuperscript{186} he gathers impetus--& air & launches
forth that world-renowned ear-piercing
strain. (Not) a vulgar note of defiance
--but the mere effervescence of life ^ Is any
gem so bright as his eye?

The elms are now great brownish
yellow masses hanging over the street--
Their leaves are perfectly ripe. I wonder if
there is any answering ripeness in the lives
of those who live beneath them-- The harvest
of elm leaves is come--or at hand

\textsuperscript{185}Thoreau indicates with a symbol that this line be transposed to read "wattles &
com".
\textsuperscript{186}Thoreau indicates with a symbol that this line be transposed to read "elevating
himself & flapping his wings".
The cat sleeps on her head!—what does this portend? It is more alarming than a dozen comets. How long prejudice survives! The big-bodied fisherman asks me doubtingly about the comets—seen these nights in the N. W.—if there is any danger to be apprehended from that side!! I would fain suggest that only he is dangerous to himself.

Oct. 2d

A dark & windy night the last—It is a new value when darkness amounts to something positive.

Each morning now after rain & wind, is fresher & cooler—& leaves still green—reflect a brighter sheen.

Minott told me yesterday that he had never seen the sea shore but once & that was Noddles island in the war of 1812.

The garden is alive with migrating sparrows these mornings—The cat comes in from an early walk amid the weeds—She is full of sparrows & wants no more breakfast this morning—unless it be a saucer of milk—the (dear) creature. I saw her studying ornithology between the corn rows.

As I approached perch pool the other day half a dozen frogs leaped into it & buried themselves in the mass of Callitriche at the bottom—I stood looking for perch a minute or two—when one after another up came the frogs from out the callitriche just as a piece of cork would rise by mere boyancy to the surface—&

187"the" inserted
then by a distinct effort they & elevate
or let float up their heels & lie spread
out on the surface. They were prob. R. fontinalis

Sailed to Baker Farm with a strong
NW wind-- Got a peck of the small long-
bunched grapes now turned purple under Lee’s
cliff-- One or 2 vines bear* very plentifully-- The
bunches are about 6 inches long by 1 1/2 & quite
dense & cylindrical commonly. They are now
ap. just in prime (to judge from color)
consid. later than the V. Labrusca--but are
Mother a nice jelly of them afterward--
not good.
    A large chocolate colored puff ball "{} smokes"

One brings me this morning a Carolina
rail alive--this year’s bird evidently from
its marks-- He saved it from a cat in
the road near the Battle Ground. On being
taken up it pecked a little at first--
but was soon quiet. It staggers about
as if weak on my window sill & pecks at
the glass--or stands with its eyes shut half
& its back feathers hunched up.
asleep. ^ possibly it is wounded-- I suspect
it may have been hatched here!

Its feet are large & spreading--qualifying
it to run on mud or pads. Its crown is
black but chin white & its back feathers are
distinctly edged with white in streaks.
I compare my hazel nuts gathered
some time ago-- The beaked are

* "b" written over "v"
* An illegible symbol or letter appears to be struck out next to the "3" and before the "d" and the carats.
(two drawings) pointed nuts--while the
common are blunt--&
the former one a much paler brown
much
also have a yellower & ^ sweeter meat.

A fringed gentian plucked day before
yesterday--at length this forenoon untwists
& turns its petals partially in my chamber

// Have noticed a very brilliant scarlet black-
berry patch within a week--

The red maples which changed first

//along the river are now faded & partly
fallen-- They look more pink--but
others are lit & so there is more
color than before-- Some particular
maple among a hundred--will be of
a peculiarly bright & pure scarlet--& by
its difference of tint & intenser color
attract our eyes even at a distance
in the midst of the crowd. Looking all
around Fair Haven Pond yesterday--where
the maples were glowing amid the ever-
greens--my eyes invariably rested on a
particular small maple of the purest &
intensest scarlet.

Pm Paddle about Walden--
As I go through the Cut--I discover
a new locality--for the Crotalaria--being
//attracted by the pretty blue-black pods now
ripe & dangling in profusion from these low
plants--on the bare sandy & gravelly
The vines or plants are but half-a-dozen times longer (or higher) than the pods-- It was the contrast of these black pods with the yellowish sand which betrayed them.

How many men have a fatal excess of manner--! There was one came to our house the other evening & behaved very simply & well--till the moment he was passing out the door-- He then suddenly put on the airs of a well-bred man--& consciously described some arc of beauty or other with his head or hand-- It was but a slight flourish-- but it has put me on the alert.

It is interesting to consider how that cro-
talaria spreads itself--sure to find out the suitable soil-- One year I find it on the Great Fields & think it rare--the next I find it in a new & unexpected place. It flits about like a flock of sparrows--from field to field.

The maples about Walden are quite handsome now--

Standing on the R. R. I look across the pond to Pine Hill--where the outside trees--& the shrubs scattered generally through the wood--glow through the green--yellow & scarlet--like {=} fires just kindled at the base of the trees--a general conflagration just fairly underway, soon to envelop every tree.
The hill-side forest is all a-glow along its edge--& in all its cracks & fissures--& soon the flames will leap upward to the tops of the tallest trees.

About the pond I see maples of all their tints--& black birches (on the S W side)--clear pale yellow-- And on the peaks young chestnut clumps & walnuts are considerably yellowed.

I hear out toward the (middle), or a dozen rods from me, the plashing made ap. by the shiners (for they look & shine like them) leaping in schools on the surface-- many lift themselves quite out for a foot or 2--but most rise only part way out--20 black points at once-- There are several schools indulging in this sport from time to time as they swim slowly along.

This I ascertain by paddling out to them. Perhaps they leap & dance in the water--just as gnats dance in the air--at present I have seen it before in the fall. Is it peculiar to this season?

// Hear a hylodes peeping on shore.

A general reddening now of young & some chinquapin bright red--//scrub oaks--White pines fairly begin to change-- The large leaves of some black oak sprouts are dark purple--almost blackish above--but greenish beneath--// See locust leaves all crisped by frost in laurel-glen hollow--but only part way up the bank--as on the shore of a
lake

Oct 4th

Going by Dr Barrett’s just at the edge
of evening I see on the side-walk—something
bright like fire—as if molten lead were
scattered along (—) & then I wondered if
a drunkard’s spittle were luminous & proceeded
to poke it onto a leaf with a stick. It
was rotten wood— I found that it came
from the bottom of some old fence posts
which had just been dug up near by-- &
there glowed for a foot or 2—being quite
it suggested that a lamp-post might be more luminous
at bottom than at top.
rotten & soft-- ^ I cut out a handful &
carried it about. It was quite soft &
some almost white
spongy--^ a very pale brown ^ in the light
quite soft & flaky
^ & as I withdrew it gradually from the
light—it began to glow with a distinctly
blue fire in its recesses—becoming more uni-
versal and whiter as the darkness increased.
Carried toward a candle it is quite a
blue light. One man whom I met in
the street was able to tell the time by his
watch holding it over what was in my hand.
The posts were oak (prob. white). Mr--
Melvin, the mason, told me that he
heard his dog barking the other night
& going out found that it was at
the bottom of an old post he had dug
up during the day— which was all a-glow.
Paddled up the Assabet Strong

//Wind--bringing down leaves--
Many white & red maple--bass, elm,
& black willow leaves are strewn over the
surface of the water--light-crisp-colored
skiffs. The bass is in the prime of its
change--a mass of yellow--
See B--a-fishing--notwithstanding the
wind. A man runs down fails, loses
Though he were never seen on the river before
self-respect, & goes a-fishing ^ Yet
methinks his "misfortune" is good for him, &
he is the more mellow & humane. Perhaps
he begins to perceive more clearly that
the object of life is something else than
acquiring property--And he really stands
in a truer relation to his fellow men
than when he commanded a false
respect of them. There he stands--
at length--perchance better employed
than ever--holding communion with
nature & himself--& coming to understand
his real position & relation to men in this
world. It is better than a poor debtors
prison--better than most successful money-
getting.
I see some rich-weed in the shade of the
hemlocks--for some time a clear almost
//ivory white-- & the boehmeria--is also
whitish. R toxicodendron in the shade
//is a pure yellow--in the sun more scarlet or
reddish
Grape leaves ap. as yellow as ever--
Witch hazel ap. at height of change--yellow
below green above-- The yellow leaves by their
color concealing the flowers. The flowers too are
ap. in prime. The leaves are often richly
spotted reddish & greenish brown.

The White maples that changed first are about
bared The brownish yellow clethra leaves
thickly paint the bank. Salix lucida leaves
are 1/3 clear yellow. The osmunda regalis
is yellowed & partly crisp & withered, but a little
later than the cinnamon &c.

Scare up 2 ducks which go off with a
sharp creaking a r-r-week, a r-r-week,
a r-r-week. Is not this the note of the
wood duck?--

Hornets are still at work in their nests.

Ascend the hill. The cranberry meadows
are a dull red. See crickets eating the
election cake toadstools. The Great Meadows,
where not mown, have long been brown with
wool-grass.

The hickories on the N. W side of this hill
are in the prime of their color--of a rich
orange--some intimately mixed with green
handsomer than these that are wholly changed.
The outmost parts and edges of the foliage
are orange--the recesses green--as if the out-
most parts being turned toward the sunny
Oct 5th

I still see large flocks ap. of chip birds

//
on the weeds & ground in the yard-- without very distinct chestnut crowns-- & they are divided by a light line-- They are eating seeds of the Amaranthus

hybrius. &c--

8 Am I go to Hubbards Close to see when the Fringed Gentians open-- They begin to open in the sun about 8 1/2 Am-- or say 9

// Chewink note still-- grackles in flocks-- streete note of chicadee often these days.

Much green is indispensable for maples-- hickories birches &c to contrast with-- as of pines oaks-- alders &c.-- The former are fairest when seen against these--

%say yesterday%

// The (--) maples being in their prime %^% before

the pines are conspicuously particolored.

Pm to Easterbrook's Country--

White pines in low ground & swamps are the first to change-- some of these have

// lost many needles-- Some on dry ground have so far changed as to be quite handsome-- but most only so far as to make the misty glaucous (green) leaves more soft & indefinitely--

The fever bush is in the height of its change

// is a strong clear lemon yellow-- contrasting

// with its scarlet berries.

The yellow birch is ap at the height of

// its change-- clear yellow like the black--
I think I saw a white ash which was all turned clear yellowish—& no mulberry, in the botrychium swamp.

Looking on the Great meadows from beyond Nathan Barrett’s— The wool grass—where uncut is a very rich brown—contrasting with the clear green of the portions which are all mown— commonly rectangular.

The staghorn sumac—ap. in the prime of its change In the evening I am glad to find that my phosphorescent wood of last night still glows somewhat—but I improve it much by putting it in water. The little chip(s) which remain in the water or sink to the bottom are like so many stars in the sky.

The comet makes a great show these nights at least Its tail is ^ as long as the whole of the Great Dipper, to whose handle, till within a ^%{It finally reaches between 1/4 & 1/3 from the horizon to the zenith}% night or 2—^it reached—^in a great curve— and we plainly see stars through it—

Huckleberry bushes generally red—^but dull Ind. red not scarlet—%

^%{ cannot have}%

^%

The red maples are generally past their prime (of color) They are duller or faded— Their first fires, like those of genius, are brightest. In some places on the edge of swamps many of their tops are bare—^smoky. The dicksonia fern, is for the most part, quite crisp & brown along the walls—
Oct 6th

Pm to Saw Mill Brook-- & Flint’s Pond--

Now methinks the autumnal tints are brightest

//in our streets & in the woods generally--

//In the streets the young sugar maples (at {their}
The street is never more splendid
make the most show-- ^ As I look up the
street from the Mill Dam they look like painted
screens standing before the houses to celebrate

a gala day-- One half of each tree glows
with a delicate scarlet-- But only one of
the large maples on the common is yet on
fire. The butternuts on the street are with,

//
or a little later than the walnuts-- The
3-thorned acacias have turned (1/2) a peculiarly
// clear bright & delicate yellow--peculiar also
for the smallness of the leaf-- Asparagus
//beds are a soft mass of yellow & green

//Button woods have no bright colors--but are
a brownish & yellowish green some what curled
& crisp & looking the worse for the wear--

Stand where half a dozen large elms droop
over a house. It is as if you stood within a
ripe pumpkin rind-- & you feel as mellow as
if you were the pulp.

In Saw Mill Brook path--& in most wood
paths--the A. undulatus is now very fair

// & interesting. Generally a tall & slender plant

with a very long panicle of mid-sized lilac
or paler purple flowers--bent over to one
side the path--

The R. toxicodendron leaves are completely
pale yellow & deep scarlet
//changed--& of very various colors ^ & delicate
The leaf stalks are commonly drooping—being bent short downward near the base in a peculiar manner.

Several {drawing}\(^{190}\) species of ferns are faded quite white in the swamp—Dicksonia & another & some brakes—for in moist woods—& swamps they are preserved longer than in dry places.

Solidago latifolia in bloom still—but always sparingly. //

Cinnamon ferns are generally crisped—but in the swamp I saw some handsomely spotted green & yellowish—& one clump—the handsomest I ever saw—perfect[ly] in outline following over each way from the center—of a very neat drab color—quaker like—fit to adorn an oriental drawing-room.

The evergreens seem positively greener, owing to the browning of other leaves. I should not suspect that the white birches had changed so much & lost so many leaves—if I did not see them against the unchanged pitch pines on the hill side.

I notice Hieracium\(^{191}\) *paniculatum* & *scabrum* in dark low wood paths—turned {a} hoary white //

The medeola leaves are a pale straw-color with a crimson center—perhaps getting stale now—

The tupelo at wharf rock—is completely scarlet—& blue berries amid its leaves

Leaves now have fairly begun to rustle under foot in wood paths—esp. in chest-nut woods—scaring the ducks as you

\(^{190}\)This majority of this drawing appears between "several" and "species"; it also occupies some space after "manner" in the preceding line above.

\(^{191}\)"H" written over "H"
approach the pond(s)--& what is that
//common scent there so much like fragrant
everlasting?

The smooth sumacs--which are in their prime
// or perhaps a little past--are methinks the
most uniform & intense scarlet of any

shrub--or tree. They stand perfectly distinct
with slender spreading arms
amid the pines--^ their leafets drooping &
though fresh
somewhat curled--^ Yet high colored as they
are--from their attitude & drooping--like
scarfs on rather **** bare & dark stems--

They have a funereal effect--as if you
were walking in the cemetery of people who
mourned in scarlet

Most S. nemoralis & ^ other golden-rods now
// look hoary killed by frost--

// The corn stands bleached192 & faded--(quite
white in the twilight) in the fields--no
greenness there has the frost & sun left
Seen against the dark earth--

My phosphorescent wood still glows a little,
though it has lain on my stove all day--
& being wet, it is much improved still.

Oct 8th

Fine pasture grass seen in the sun begins
//to like193 faded & bleached like the corn--

// Strong NW wind. The button bushes
//& black willows are rapidly losing leaves--&
the shore begins to look Novemberish
%of ash%
// Mulberry leaves %^% are ap. dulled.

Oct. 9th

// Cold & N. W. wind still--The maple
//swamps begin to look smoky They

192"bleached" might also be read as "blanched".
193This word appears to be "like", but would make more sense as "look". The 1906 edition reads "look".
are already so bare-- Their fires so faded
are pale scarlet or pinkish--
Some Cornus sericea--looks quite greenish yet--
Huckleberry leaves falling fast //
//
I go to the cliffs. The air is clear with
a cold NW wind--& the trees beginning to
be bare-- The mts are darker & distincter--
& Walden (seen from this hill) darker blue.

It is quite Novemberish-- People are
%some time after)%
%making haste to gather the remaining apples %^%
this cool eve. Bay wings flit along road--
%Crows fly over & caw at you now-- -- -- --% 
Methinks hawks are more commonly seen now

the slender marsh hawk for one-- I see 4 or
5 in dif-- places. I watch 2 marsh hawks
which rise from the woods before me--as I sit
on the Cliff-- {gra} at first plunging at
each other--gradually lifting themselfes as
they come round in their gyrations higher &
higher & floating toward the S. E. Slender
dark motes they are at last--almost lost to sight--
but every time they come round eastward I see
the light of the westering sun reflected from
the undersides of their {wings}.

Those little bits of phosphorescent wood
which I picked up on the 4th--have glowed
each evening since--but required wetting
to get the most light out of them-- This eve-
ening only one--about 2 inches long, shows
any light-- This was wet last evening--but
is now ap. quite dry-- If I should wet it again
it would no doubt glow again consider-
ably.

Sunday Oct 10th

Pm to Annursnack--

November has already come to the river

//with the fall of the black willow & the
buttonbush-- & the fall & blackening
of the pontederia-- The leaves of the
two former are the greater part fallen
letting in the Autumn light to
the water-- & the ducks have less
shelter & concealment--

As I go along the Groton road--
the middle of
I see afar in ^ E. Wood’s field what
looks like a stone jug or post--but
my glass reveals it a wood chuck.
--a great plump gray fellow--& when
I am nearly half a mile off--I can
still see him nibbling the grass there--
& from time to time when he hears
perchance a wagon on the road--
sitting erect & looking warily around
for approaching foes-- I am [glad]
to see the woodchuck so fat in the or-
chard-- It prove{--}that is the same nature
that was of yore.

The autumnal brightness\textsuperscript{194} of the foliage
//
generally--is less \textsuperscript{195} faded--since the fading
of the maples & hickories--which {began} about
the 5th \{but the oaks became brighter v 15 \%

\textsuperscript{194}“brightness” poss double underlined in pencil
\textsuperscript{195}“or” could be struck out or it could merely contain an unintentional blot.
Oak leaves generally (perhaps except scarlet) begin to wither soon after they begin to turn—
And large trees (except the scarlet) do not generally attain to brilliancy.

Ap. Fringilla (pusilla), yet

The Salix humilis leaves are falling fast in wood turtle path (A Hosmer’s) a dry wood path—looking curled & slaty colored about the half bare stems. Thus each humbler shrub is contributing its mite to the fertility of the globe— I find the undersides of the Election cake fungi—there covered with pink colored fleas—ap poduras—skipping about when it is turned up to the light.

The simplest & most lumpish fungus has a peculiar interest to us—compared with a mere mass of earth—because it is so obviously organic—& related to ourselves—however mute. It is the expression of an idea—growth according to a law—Matter not dormant—not raw—but inspired appropriated by spirit— If I take up a handful of earth—however separately interesting the particles may be—their relation to one another appears to be that of mere juxtaposition generally— I might have thrown them together thus. But the humblest fungus betrays a life akin to my own. It is a successful
poem in its kind. There is suggested some-
thing superior to any particle of matter--
in the idea or mind which uses
& arranges the particles.

Genius is inspired by its own works--it is
hermaphroditic--

I find the Fringed gentian abundantly
open--at 3 & at 4 \textit{Pm} (in fact it
must be all the afternoon--) Open
to catch the cool October sun & air in
its low position-- Such a dark blue!
surpassing that of the male blue bird’s back
color who must be encouraged by its presence
or in
Enclosing it in a mass of the sphagnum near ^ which it often grows--
I carry them home--& they open for several days in succession.
\textit{197}The Indigo weed now|--partly turned
//
black--& broken off--blows about the
pastures like the fly-away grass--

I find some of those little rooty tubers (?)
now woody--in the Turtle field of A. Hosmer’s
by Eddy Bridge--

Pulling up some Dip. linariifolius\textit{198} now done--
I find many bright purple
shoots 1/2 to 3/4
of an inch long freshly\textit{200} put forth under-
ground--& ready to turn up ward & form
new plants in the spring.

Oct 11 '58

\textit{Pm} to Conantum--

The Aut. tints have not been so bright
this year \%\%If perhaps they were later (?)\%\%
as usual--\textit{201} \%\% but why--it is hard to sa(y)---
The summer has been peculiarly cool as
well as wet--& it may be that the

\textsuperscript{197}"f" written over "f"
\textsuperscript{198}False start before "The"
\textsuperscript{199}Looks like "linanolius"
\textsuperscript{200}This word might also be read as "partly".
\textsuperscript{201}In Thoreau’s manuscript, this carat appears on the line but directly below the
dash (shown as preceding the carat here).
leaves have been more inclined to decay before coming to maturity. Also apparently mere
many leaves are killed by the \^ frosts before ripening--the locust for instance--& the frost
came early this year--just as melons & squashes--before they have turned yellow--
--ie the leaves fade while they are still green.

I observe the small cornel or bunch-berry--conspicuously green now--like
winter green & evergreen in the woods amid the changed or withered foliage of the forest
floor-- Yet I have seen it purple (?) in the winter methinks.

See a small flock of cow-birds (?) with at any rate conspicuously drab head & shoulders--the rest black-- What were these slender sparrow-like birds--which went off singly from the sides of Conantum hills--with \%[nuthatch ?]\%
a sharp--chit-chit--\%\% a peculiar note--

flying somewhat like a goldfinch but not quite so ricochet? They are quite shy.

Witch-hazel--grape--smooth sumac--& common hazel are partly fallen--some of the first named wholly--yet full of bloom.

It is a cool seat under the witch hazel The leaves are greenish & brownish yellow in full bloom--which has lost its leaves!

White pines are ap. ready to fall--some are much paler brown than others.

The small botrychium has shed pollen ap. within 10 days.

The vib. lentago is generally a dull red--
on a green ground—but its leaves are yet
quite fresh—See a white-throat

//sparrow-- %Ap yes% Oct 12 ’58

Pm up Assabet--
Most exposed Button bushes\textsuperscript{202} & black

//willows are 2/3 bare-- & the leaves which
remain on the former are for the most
part brown & shrivelled. The balls stand
out bare ruddy or brown-- The coarse
//grass of the river side \textit{Phalaris} is bleached\textsuperscript{203}
as white as corn--

// The cornus \textit{sericea} begins to fall--though
some of it is green-- & the C. Florida at Island
shows some scarlet tints--but it is not much
exposed. I believe that this was quite showy
at Perth Amboy.

There are many maple--birch &c leaves
on the Assabet--in stiller places along
the shore--but not yet a Leaf Harvest

// Many swamp white oaks look crisp & brown
I land at Pinxter Swamp-- The leaves
//of the azaleas\textsuperscript{204} are falling--mostly fallen--
& revealing the large blossom buds--
So prepared are they for another year--
with man all is uncertainty. He does not
confidently look forward to another spring.
But examine the root of the savory leaved
aster & you will find the new shoots--
fair purple shoots--which are to curve
upward & bear the next years’ flowers
already grown 1/2 inch or more in
the earth.. Nature is confident.

\textsuperscript{202}poss "B" written over "b"
\textsuperscript{203}"bleached" might also be read as “blanched”.
\textsuperscript{204}poss "azalias"
The river is lower than before last year
or at least since spring
Yet not remarkably low--& meadows
and ponds generally are drier.

The oak-leaves generally are duller than usual
this year--%V 15th% I think it must be that they are
killed by frost before they are ripe.

Some small sugar maples are still as
fair as ever-- You will often one
large or small--a brilliant & almost uniform
scarlet-- while another close to it will be
perfectly green--

The Osmunda regalis-- & some of the small (📧) or
mid sized ferns not evergreens--in & about
the swamps are generally brown & withered--
though with green ones inter mixed-- They are
still however interesting with their pale brown or
cinnamon color & decaying scent. Hickories
are for the most part being rapidly browned &
crisp.-- Of the oaks the white or, ap. the most
generally red at present. I see a scarlet
oak still quite green-- Brakes are
fallen in the pastures--they lie flat still
attached to the ground by the stems--
they blow about these & describe distinct or perfect circles there ^
young sweet fern--(where it had been burned
in the spring) is quite green. Exposed
clethra is crisp & brown. Some bass trees
are quite bare--others but partly. The
(hop)-hornbeam--is in color & falling like
the elm.

Acorns red & white (esp. the first) ap--

The now fallen dark brown brake lies on or across the old brake which fell last
year & is quite gray--but remarkably conspicuous still. They have fallen in their ranks
as they stood--& lie as it were with a winding sheet about them--

205"last" might be interpreted to read "this".
206These three lines are positioned with a line to connect to the caret above and
appear in the left margin of the manuscript as three vertical lines of text written
upward.
pear to be fallen or falling. They are
so fair & plump & glossy—that I love
to handle them & am loth to throw
away what I have in my hand.

I see a squirrel nest of leaves—made
now before the leaves are fallen
I have heard of judges accidentally
met at an evening party—discussing the
efficacy of the laws & courts,—& deciding
& deciding that with the aid of the
jury system “substantial justice was
done.” But taking those cases in which
honest men refrain from going to law
together with those in which even honest
& dishonest do go to law— I think that
the law is really a “humbug”—& a benefit
principally to the lawyers. This town has
made a law recently against cattle—
going at large—& assigned a penalty of
5 dollars. I am troubled by an Irish neigh-
bors cow & horse & have threatened to have
them put in the pound. But a lawyer
tells me that these town laws are
hard to put through—there are so many
quibbles— He never knew the complainant
to get his case—if the defendant were
a-mind to contend. However the
cattle were kept out several
days—till a Sunday came &—
then they were all in my ground again--
as I heard-- but all my neighbors tell
me that I cannot have them impounded
on that day. Indeed I observe that
very many of my neighbors do for this
reason regularly turn their cattle loose
on Sundays.

The judges may discuss the question of
the courts & law over their nuts & raisins
& mumble forth the decision that “sub-
stantial justice is done”--but I must
believe they mean that they do really get
paid a “substantial” salary.

Oct 13th
Rain--all day more or less--which
the cloudy & rather still yesterday threatened--
Elm leaves thickly strew the street now &
rustle under foot--the dark brown pavement
The elms are at least half bare. //

Oct 14th--
Pm Sail to Balls Hill\textsuperscript{207}
The White maples are now ap. on their autum-
nal dress-- The leaves are much curled--& of a
pale hoary or silvery yellow--with often a rosaceous
cheek--though not so high colored as 2 months
ago. They are beginning to lose their leaves
Though they still hold on they have lost much of
their vitality. On the top of Ball’s Hill
--nearly half way its length-- The red Pine\textsuperscript{208} sap--

\textsuperscript{207}“H” written over “h”
\textsuperscript{208}“P” written over “p”
quite past—ap not long in bloom—the flower recurved—As last year I suspect that this variety is later than the yellowish one—The last—in E. Hubs wood is all brown & withered. of which I have seen none for a long time. deep This is a clear & distinct red from the ground upward all but the edges & tips of the petals—& is very handsome amid the withered lower leaves—as it were the latest flower of the year—The roots have not only a sweet earthy—but decidedly checkerberry scent—At length this fungus like plant—bursts red-ripe stem & all— from the ground—The deep deep redness re-minds me of the deeper colors of the western—sky—after the sun has set—a sort of after glow in the flowery year—I suspect that it is eminently an autumnal flower—The tufts of Andropogon scoparius—which is common on the sandy shore under Balls Hill—and yet more on the Hill just behind Reuben Brown’s place—are now in their Autumnal state—(It) curved. % (?)% culms adorned with—white fuzzy spikes. The culms still are of a dull red color— quite agreeable in the sun. Paddling slowly back—we enjoy at length very perfect reflections in the still water—The blue of the sky—and in deed all tints—are deepened in the reflection
Oct. 15 ’58

The Balm of Gileads are half bare-- //
I see a few red maples still (\163\163) bright--
but they are commonly yellow ones (\163\163)-- //
White pines are in the midst of their fall. //

The Lombardy poplars are still quite green--
& cool-- Large rock maples are now per-
haps in their prime \ later than I supposed-- //
though some small ones have begun to fall. Some //
that were green a week ago are now changed--
The large white oak by path N. of Sleepy hollow is now all red--& at height
Perhaps half the White ash trees are yellow
& if the mulberry ones were dulled (?)\112 a week ago--
the yellow ones methinks are fresher or brighter than
ever--but fast falling. White birches though
they have lost many leaves--are still perhaps
as soft yellow as ever--a fine yellow im-
brication seen aganst the greener forest--
They change gradually & last long.

Pm to Walden

White oaks are rapidly withering the outer
leaves-- The small black oaks too
are beginning to wither & turn brown-- Small
red oaks at least--& small scarlet ones
are ap in their prime--in sproutlands
& young woods-- The large leaves of
the red oaks are still fresh--of mingled
reddish or scarlet, yellow, & green--
striking for the size of the leaf--but
not so uniformly dark & brilliant as the

\112"(?)" inserted
// scarlet-- The Black O--is yellowish
-- a half decayed or brownish yellow &
already becoming brown & crisp--though
not so much so as the white--

The scarlet is the most brilliant of the
oaks--finely fingered--especially noticeable
in sproutlands--& young woods-- The larger
ones are still altogether green, or
show a deep cool green in their recesses--

If you stand fronting a hill side covered
with a variety of young oaks--the brightest
uniformly
scarlet ones--"deep-dark scarlet will be
the--scarlet oaks-- The next most uni-
formly reddish--a peculiar dull crimson
(or salmon?) red--are the White oaks--

Then the large leaved & variously tinted red--
oaks--scarlet--yellow--& green--& finally
the yellowish & half decayed brown leaves of the
black oak--

The colors of the oaks are far more dis-

// tinct now than they were before-- See that
white & that black oak side by side--
young trees-- The 1st that peculiar dull
crimson (or salmon) red--with crisped edges
the 2d a brownish & greenish yellow--much
sun still in its leaves--

Looking at a young white oak--you see
2 distinct colors-- --the brighter or glossier
red of the upper surfaces of
the inner leaves as yet not much
affected by frost & wind-- --contrasting
with the paler but still crimson-tinged
under sides of the outmost leaves blown
up by the wind--& perhaps partly crisped--

I notice thorn bushes in sproutlands

quite bare-- The lower leaves of huckleberry

*black*

bushes & young wild *%"% cherries fall first--

but for the most part the upper leaves of apple trees

The high blueberries are still a bright or

red scarlet--

%for shrub oak color V. Oct 2 '57*211*

Golden rods now pretty generally show their

dirty white pappus together with the still

yellow scales--the last preserving some semblance

of the flowers-- Small hickories are

the clearest & most delicate yellow

in the shade of the woods

Cinnamon ferns in Clintonia swamp are

fast losing their leafets-- Some large

dicksonias on the moist hill side there

are quite green yet, though nearly prostrate

in a large close patch slanting down

the hill--& with some faded nearly white--

The yellow-lily in the brook--by the

turnpike is still expanding fresh leaves

with wrinkled edges as in the spring

The Salix humilis falls expanding its

great cones like a fruit

On the sandy slope of the cut close by the

pond-- I notice the chips which some Indian

fletcher has made-- Yet our poets & philosophers

regret that we have no antiquities in America--

---

*211* "'57" poss "2d 57"
no ruins to remind us of the past--

Hardly can the wind blow away the
surface anywhere exposing the spot-
less sand--even though the thickest
woods have recently stood there--but

these little stone chips, made by some aboriginal fletcher are revealed--

With them too--this time (as often) I
find the white man’s arm--a conical bullet--still marked by the
groove of the rifle--which has been
roughened or rucked up like a thimble
on the side by which it struck the sand--

As if by some explained sympathy &
attraction the Indians & the white man’s
arrow-head sought the same grave at
last.

Oct 16th ’58

Pm Sail up river-- There is less
//wind these days than a week or fortnight
ago--calmer & more Ind. summer like days--

I now fairly begin to see (the) ^ balls of the
button bush (which is about bare) reflected
in smooth water--looking black against
also the now withered straw colored coarse grass (Phalaris)
the sky ^--& the musquash houses rapidly
rising of late are revealed by the fall
of the button bush--willows--pontederia
&c-- In the reflection the button bushes
& their balls appear against the sky--
though in the substance is seen
against the meadow--or distant

woods & hills--i.e they appear
in the reflection as they would if viewed from 
that point on the surface from which they 
are reflected to my eye--so that it is as if 
I had another eye placed there to see for 
me. Hence too we are struck by the prevalence 
of sky or light in the reflection--& at twilight 
dream that the light has gone down into 
the bosom of the waters-- --for in the re-
fection the sky comes up to the very shore or edge-- 
& appears to extend under it--while the substance 
being seen from a more elevated point--the actual 
horizon is perhaps many miles distant over 
the fields & hills. In the reflection you have 
an infinite number of eyes to see for you & report 

%(The statue in the meadow which actually is seen obscurely against the meadow%) 
%(in the reflection appears dark & distinct against the sky--%)

}(drawing)

The mikania--golden rods--& Andropogon 
scoparius--have now their November aspect //
the former showing their dirty white pappus 
the last its white plumose hairs. The year 
is thus acquiring a grizzly look--before 
the snows of winter-- I see some P. amphibium-- 
--front rank--& hydropiperiodes--still-- //

At Clam Shell--the large black oaks 
are brownish & greenish yellow-- The swamp-- 
white at a distance a yellowish green-- Though 
many of the last (which are small) are already

212"their" cancelled in pencil
213This horizontal drawing spans the middle of the page from below "appears" to below "sky" and is slightly less than an inch in height.
withered pale brown with light undersides--
even to the little sage willow the smallest of all our species
but a foot or 2 high

Wills generally turn yellow ^ --(though

the S. alba--hardly attains to more than
v 18th
a sheeny polish ^)-- But one willow at
varies from yellow to
//least the S. cordata ^ --(is now) a
in wet places.
light scarlet-- ^ (or reddish orange)

***the which would be deeper yet--
were it not for its lighter under sides--

This is seen afar in considerable low patches
in the meadow. It is remarkable among
& I can distinguish this species now by this
our willows for turning scarlet ^--i.e part
the rest is yellow
of it in perhaps the wettest places ^ -- It
though
is as distinctly scarlet as the gooseberry--
it may be lighter--
The oak sproutland on the hill side
N of Puffers is now quite brilliant--red.

There is a pretty dense row of White birches
along the base of the hill near the meadow
& their light yellow spires are seen against
the red & set it off remarkably. The red being
also seen a little below them between their bare
stems. The Green white pines seen here
and there amid the red are equally im-
portant.

The tupelo by staple’s meadow is completely
// bare-- Some high blue berry is a deep
dark crimson-- In sproutlands you
see now & then great mellow yellowish
leaves of aspen sprouts here & there--
See a large flock of gracles
// steering for\(^{214}\) a bare elm top near the
meadow[s]-- As they fly athwart my
view-- They appear successively rising 1/2 a foot
or a foot above one another--though the flock
is 'moving' straight forward. I have not seen
red wings a long while--but these birds which
went so much further north to breed--are still
arriving from those distant regions--fetching
the year about.

Oct 17th 58

Pm up Assabet--
There are many crisped but colored leaves
resting on the smooth surface of the
Assabet--which for the most part is not
stirred by a breath, but^15 where the middle
is rippled by a slight breeze no leaves are
seen--while the broad & perfectly smooth
portions next the shore--will be covered with
them, as if by current they were prevented
from falling on the other parts--
These leaves are chiefly of the--red maple
--with some white maple &c-- To be sure
they hardly begin to conceal the river unless
in some quiet coves--yet they remind me
of ditches in swamps--where surfaces are
often quite concealed by leaves now-- The waves made
by my boat causes them to rustle-- & both
by sounds & sights I am reminded that
I am in the very midst of the fall
Methinks the reflections are never purer &
more distinct--than now at the season

215"but" written over "&"
of the fall of the leaf--just before
the cool twilight has come--when the
air has a finer grain-- Just as our
mental reflections are more distinct--at
this season of the year when the evenings
grow cool & lengthen--& our winter
with their brighter fires
evenings ^ may be said to begin. And
painted ducks too, often come & sail
or float amid the painted leaves--

Cattle are seen these days turned into
the river meadows--& straying far and
wide--they have at length reached these
"pastures new" they dreamed of--

// I see one or 2 large white maples quite
bare-- Some late red-maples

//are unexpectedly as fair & bright as
ever [—] both scarlet & yellow--
& still distance all competitors-- There
is no brighter & purer scarlet--(often run-
ning with crimson) & no {sic} softer & clearer
now yellow than theirs ^-- Though the greater
part have quite lost their leaves--
The fires I thought dulled if not put out
a week ago--seem to have burst forth again--
This accounts for these red maples which
were seen to be green while all around
them were scarlet-- They but bided their
time-- They were not so easily affected.
I distinguish one large red oak--(the
most advanced one) from black ones, by its
red-brown--though some others are yellow
brown & greenish-- The large red oaks
are about in their prime--some
are a handsome light scarlet (with yellow
& green-- %V 28th%)
The C. sericea is a very dark crimson
though it has lost some leaves-- The S. lucida
lower leaves are all fallen--(the rest are yellow)
so too it is the lower leaves of the willow generally
which have [***] fallen first--

Saw a small hawk come flying over the
Assabet--which at first I mistook for
a dove--though it was smaller-- It was
blunt or round shouldered like a dove--
It alighted on a small elm--& did not mind
a wagon passing near by--seen through my
glass 20 rods off-- It had a very distinct
black head--with ap. a yellowish brown
breast & beneath--& a brown back--(both
however quite light) and a yellowish tail with
a distinct broad black band at the tip-- This
I saw when in pruning itself it was tilted or
flirted up-- Could it have been a sparrow
hawk--?

One reason why I associate perfect reflections
from still water with this & a later season--
may be that now by the fall of the leaves
so much more light is let in to the water--
The river reflects more light--therefore
in this twilight of the year, as it were an
after glow--

Oct 18th--'58

Pm to Smith’s Chestnut Grove & Saw

Mill Brook--

The large sugar maples on the the com--

// mon are now at the height of their
// one--the earliest to change is partly bare-- This turned so
early & so deep a scarlet that some thought that it was surely going to die
of the turnpike reveals its character

now as far as you can see it. Yet

about 10 days ago all but one of these

was quite green--& I thought they would

not acquire any bright tints-- A delicate

but warmer than golden yellow is the
\%{v The farmer}%216
prevailing color--with scarlet cheeks ^--

217They are great regular oval masses

of scarlet & yellow. All the sunny

warmth of the season seems to be

There is an auction on the common but its old flag is hard to be

absorbed in their leaves-- The\%{v lowest

discerned amid this blaze of color--

& inmost leaves next the bole are

of the most delicate yellow & green--

as usual--like the complexion of

young men brought up in the house.

Little did the fathers of the
town anticipate this brilliant success

when they caused to be imported from

farther in the county--some straight

poles with the tops cut off which

they called sugar maple trees--

\[216\]1906 reads “Vide [pp.226, 227]”
\[217\]“They are great” and “& yellow” on the following line are circled, poss with
transposition lines
\[218\]“T” poss written over “r”
and a neighboring merchant’s clerk, as I remember--by way of jest planted beans about them. Yet these which, were then jestingly called bean poles, are; these days, far the most beautiful objects noticeable in our streets-- They are worth all & more than they have cost--though one of the selectmen did take the cold which occasioned his death in setting them out--if only because they have filled the open eyes of children with their rich color so unstintedly so We will not ask them to yield us sugar in the spring--while many autumns-- Wealth may be the in- they yield us so fair a prospect in the autumn heritance of few in the houses but it is equally distributed on the Common--

All children alike can revel in this golden harvest-- These trees, through-

out the street--are at least equal to an annual festival & holiday or a week of such--(not requiring any special to keep the peace police ") & poor indeed must be that N. E. “village’s” October which has not the maple in its streets-- This October festi--val--costs no powder no ringing of bells--but every tree is a liberty pool on which a thousand bright flags are run up. Hundreds of children’s eyes are steadily drinking in this color--& by these teachers even the truants are caught

---

219 An inkblot partially obscures “they”
220 "C" written over "c"
221 Possibly “post”; 1906 has “pole”
222 Illegible vertical pencil text in left margin, connected to caret
the moment they step abroad--
and educated by these teachers. It is as
if some cheap & innocent gala day
were celebrated in our town every autumn--
--a week or 2 of such days--

What meant the fathers by establishing
this living institution before the Church--
--this institution which needs no repairing
re-
223nor painting--which is continually "en-
11larged & repaired" by nature its growth--?
Surely trees should be set in our streets
with a view to their October224 splendor-- Do
you not think it will make some odds to
these children that they were brought up under
the maples--?225 Indeed neither the truant
nor the studious are at present taught
colors in the schools-- These are instead
of the bright colors in Apothecary shops
& city windows-- It is a pity we have
not more red maples & more hickories
in the streets as well-- Our paint box is
very imperfectly filled-- Instead of--
or beside--supplying paint boxes--I would
supply these natural colors to the young.

I know of one man at least--called
& peculiarly successful
an excellent "farmer-- --Who has thoroughly
repaired his house--& built a new
barn with a barn cellar--such as every224
farmer seems fated to have-- Who has
not set out a single tree or shrub
of any kind set out about his house--
or within a considerable distance of it.

223"(2 ps forward)" written vertically in margin from this point poss. in pencil
224"O" written over "a"
225"Surely . . . maples--?" marked for transposition in pencil
226Partially obscured
No annual training—or muster—
of soldiery—no celebration with its
scarfs & banners—could impart into the
town a hundredth part of the annual
splendor of our October. We have only
to set the trees—or let them stand—and
nature will find the colored drapery
some of
—flags of all her nations—‘whose pri-
vate signals hardly the botanist can
read—Let us have a good many maple
& hickories & scarlet oaks—then—I say—
Blaze away! Shall that dirty roll of
bunting in the gun-house be all the colors
a village can display?

A village is not complete—unless it has these
trees to mark the season in it—They are as
a
important as the town-clock—Such a
village will not be found to work well—It
has a screw loose—an essential part is wanting

Let us have willows for spring—
elms for summer—maples & walnuts
& tupelos
\(^{221}\)
^for Autumn—evergreens for winter—
& oaks for all seasons—What is a
gallery in a house to a gallery in the streets!
I think that there is not a picture gallery
in the country which {would} be worth as
much to us as is the western view under
the elms of our Main Street. They are
the frame to a picture—and we are

\(^{221}\)"tupelos" connected to caret by transposition lines
not in the dilemma of the Irish man

costly gilt

who having bought a ^ picture frame

at an auction---found himself obliged

to buy a picture at private sail to put

into it--for our picture is already

painted with each sunset behind it--

An avenue of elms as large as our

largest---&--3 miles long---would seem to

lead to some admirable place though

only Concord were at the end of it--

Such a street as I have described---would

be to the traveller---esp. in October, an ever-

changing panorama--

A village needs these innocent stimulants

--of bright & cheering prospect--to keep off

melancholy & superstition. Show me two

villages--one {embowered} in trees---& blazing

with all the glories of October--the

other--a merely trivial & treeless waste--

& I shall be sure that in the latter will

be found the most desperate & hardest drinkers.

What if we were to take half as much pains

in protecting them, as we do in setting them

out--not stupidly tie our horses to our

dahlia stems %<(What meant the fathers--)%

They are cheap preachers permanently settled

which preach their half century & century--

aye & century & a half sermons--with

& unction

continually increasing influence^--ministering

to many generations of men---& the least

we can do is to supply them with suitable

colleagues as they grow infirm--
Children are now everywhere playing with
the brown withered leaves of elms & buttonwoods
which strew the [strees] and are collected into heaps
in the sluice-ways

In the woods even the little pea-vine turns
a delicate yellow & is more conspicuous than ever--
& in the now neglected gardens the asparagus
beds greenish without glow yellow within--as if a
fire were bursting out there.--

As I go down the turnpike past Clintonia
Swamp--I am struck by the magical
change which has taken place in the red-
maple swamps--which just a fortnight
ago--were splendid masses of scarlet &
yellow & crimson rising amid the yet green
pines & oaks &c
trees--^like immense flower-beds on one
side of the town--visible for miles--attract[ing]
though a few late ones as bright as ever in some places
the eyes of all travellers-- Now ^ all their
splendor gone, wafted away, as it were, by
a puff of wind--& they are the mere
%or if noticed at all%
ghosts of trees, unnoticed by any%^%--like the
smoke that is seen where a blaze is ex-
%or as the red clouds at evening change suddenly to gray & black)%
tinguished%^%--so suddenly their glory de-
parts--desolate gray twigs

The S. alba is a light & silvery green
since the red-maples generally fell--the
{chestnus} have been yellowing & the oaks
reddening & yellowing-- The chestnuts are
now in their prime though many leaves are

---

228The rest of this word is cut off in the copy; 1906 has “attracting”
229stray mark before “The”
fallen-- The forest which showed but little ripeness 10 days ago--except about its edges--and here & there as you looked down on it from a height--is now seen // to be generally of a mellow brownish yellow-- like perfectly ripe fruit--which we know to be more perfectly ripe for being a little specked-- // By the brook--witch hazel, as an underwood, is in the height of its change--but elsewhere exposed large bushes are bare--R. toxico-- // dendron is fallen. The Horn beam is a greenish // yellow--or yellow, as it were, dusted with green The maple leaved viburnum, now at its height, // varies with more or less of shade--from dark crimson--through a delicate pale crimson to whitish. // The sage willow--a light yellow--in prime though hardly noticed amid the more con- spicuous oaks-- // Larches have begun to change in water As I come through Hub's woods I see the // winter green conspicuous now above the freshly fallen white pine needles-- Their shining green is suddenly revealed above the pale ground brown ground--I hail its cool un- withering green--one of the humbler allies by whose aid we are to face the winter Saw Oct. 14 a snake at Balls’ Hill ? like a striped snake--but ap. yellow spotted above & with a flatter head? Noticed a little snake--8 or 9 inches long --in the rut in the road in the Lincoln
woods-- It was brown above with a paler brown dorsal stripe--which was bounded on each side by a row of dark brown or blackish dots 1/8 or 1/10 of an inch apart--the opposite rows alternating thus {drawing} beneath light cream color or yellowish white. Evidently Storer's C. ordinatus. It ran along in the deep sandy rut--& would probably be run over there and see larks with their white tail feathers fluttering low over the meadows these days // Minott was sitting outside as usual and inquired if I saw any game in my walks these days--since now that he cannot go abroad himself he likes to hear from the woods-- He tried to detain me to listen to some of his hunting stories--esp-- about a slut that belonged to a neighbor ^ which was excellent for squirrels--rabbits--& partridges--& would always follow him when he went out--though Billings was "plagey mad about it"--however he had only to go by Billings230 to have the dog accompany him. B. afterward carried her up country & gave her away--the news of which almost broke Minotts heart. He said he "could have cried when he heard of it"--for he had dreamed of her several nights. She was a plaguey good dog for squirrels &c but "her pups were none of them equal to herself. --It was not time for squirrels now because the leaves were not off enough--

230"B" written over "b"
He used sometimes to take his old king’s arms on these excursions. It was heavy but it was sure.

His present gun has a flint lock--& has often been repaired--& he said he did n’t suppose it would fetch more than a dollar if put up at auction now. But he would n’t take 20 dollars for it. He did n’t want to part with it. He likes to look at it.

As leaves fall along the river & in the woods--the squirrels & musquash make shelter & haste to ^ conceal themselves--by constructing nests & cabins.

Oct 19th

A remarkably warm day--I have not been more troubled by the heat this year--being a little more thickly clad than in summer I walk in the middle of the street for air--

// The thermometer says 74"+ at 1 Pm. This must be Ind. summer--

Pm Ride to Sam Barrett’s Mill--

Am pleased again to see the cobweb drapery of the mill Each fine line hanging in festoons from the timbers over & on the discarded machinery lying about head & on the sides--"" is covered & greatly enlarged by a coating of meal--by which its curve is revealed--like the twigs under their ridges of snow in winter--It is like the tassels & tapestry of counter-pane & dimity in a ladie’s bedchamber-- & I pray that the cobwebs may not

231Caret positioned directly below hyphen
have been brushed away from the mills which I visit-- It is as if I were aboard a man of war & this were the fine "rigging All things in the mill wear the same livery or drapery down to the miller’s {hat} & coat of the mill--the sails being taken in^ I knew Barrett 40 rods off in the cranberry meadow by the meal on his hat Barrett’s apprentice, it seems) makes trays of black-birch & of red maple--in a dark room under the mill. I was pleased to see this work done here--a wooden tray is so hand some-- You could count the circles of growth on the end of the tray & the dark heart of the tree was seen at each producing a semicircular ornament-- end above." It was a satisfaction to be reminded that we may so easily make as well as fill them our own trenchers^ To see the tree reappear on the table--instead of going to the fire or some equally coarse use--is some pensation for having it cut down.
The wooden tray is still in demand to chop-- meat in at least-- If taken from the bench to the kitchen they are pretty sure to crack. being made green-- They should should be placed to season for 3 months on the v 2ps for{ward} beams in a barn--said the miller Hosmer says that the rill between him & Simon Brown--generally runs all night & in the fore part of the day-- then but ^ dries up or stops & runs again--at night--or it will run all day in cloudy weather-- This is perhaps because there is

232cut off on xerox
less evaporation then-- It would be interesting

to study the phenomena of this rill--so

slight that it does not commonly run all
day at this season--nor quite run across

the road-- In the scale of rivers it is at the
% which overflows so widely and makes "crevasses"%

opposite extreme to the Mississippi%--& yet

it interests out of proportion to its size--&

I have no doubt that I might learn some

of the laws of the Mississippi more easily

by attending to it.

Standing on Hunt’s Bridge at 5 o’clock--

the sun just ready to set--I (notice) that

its light on my note book--is quite rosy

or purple--though the sun itself & its halo

are merely yellow--& there is no purple

in the western sky. Perhaps I might have

already

detected a purple tinge ^ in the eastern

%had I looked% %sky--%& I was exactly at that distance this

side the sunset where the "rosy fingered"

foremost of the rosy waves of light

roll in the wake of the sun--& the

white page was the most suitable surface

%V Sep. 24 {51}%

to reflect it--

The lit river--purling & eddying onward

was spotted with recently fallen leaves--

some of which were being carried round by

eddies-- Leaves are now falling all the

country over--some in the swamps concealing

the water--some in woods & in hill-sides

where perhaps Vulcan may find them in

the spring--some by the way side gathered

into heaps where children are playing with

them--& some are being conveyed silently
sea-ward on rivers-- --concealing the
water in swamps--where at length they
flat out & sink to the bottom--{(where)
& we never hear of them again--unless we
shall see their impressions on the coal
of a future geological period.

Some add them to their manure heaps--others
consume them with fire. The trees repay the
earth with interest for what they have taken
from it. The tree are discounting.

Standing on the E. of the maples on the
common--I see that their yellow--compared
pale lemon yellow
with the\(^233\) ^ of the elms close by--amounts to
a scarlet--without noticing the bright
scarlet cheeks--

Some chenopodium albums are purple //
stemmed now--like poke long ago--some
handsomely striped purple & green.

There is no handsomer shingling & paint
than the woodbine at present--covering a whole
side of some houses--viz--the house near
the alms house--& the brick house--\(^234\){I do not believe}\(^9\)
%{that the Ivy never sear is comparable to it}%
I was the more pleased with the sight of
the trays--because the tools used were so simple
& they were made by hand not by machinery--
may
They\(^9\) make equally good pails & cheaper as
well as faster at the pail-factory with the
home-made ones--but that interests me less be-
cause the\(^234\) man is turned partly into a machine

\(^233\)"the" written over "that"
\(^234\)inserted
there himself-- In this case the workman’s
relation to his work is more poetic--
he also shows more dexterity & is more of a
man-- You come away from the great factory
saddened--as if the chief end of man were
to make pails--but in the case of the
country man who makes a few by hand--rainy
days--this relative importance of human life
and of pails is preserved & you come away
thinking of the simple & helpful life of the
you do not turn pale at the thought,
man-- & would fain go to making pails
your-self-- We admire more the man who
can use an axe or adze differently than he
who can merely tend a machine-- When labor
is reduced to turning a crank it is no longer
amusing nor truly profitable. But
let this business become very profitable in
a pecuniary sense-- & so be “driven” as the
phrase is & carried on on a large scale--
& the man is sunk in it while only the pail
or tray floats--we are interested in it
only in the same way as the (—) proprietor
or company is--
Walked along the dam & the broad bank of
the canal with Hosmer-- He thought this
bank proved that there were strong men here
a hundred years ago or more-- & that probably
They used wooden shovels edged with iron
& perchance home made
^to make that bank with-- 235for he remembered
them & had used them. Thus rapidly we skip
back to the implements of the savage--
Some call them “shod shovels.”
Indian Summer this & the 19th

Oct 20th
%I hear of apple trees in bloom again in Waltham or%
%Cambridge%
Pm to White Pond.

Another remarkably warm & pleasant day--

if not too hot for walking--74°+ at 2 Pm

Thought I would like to see the glassy gleam

of surface of White Pond. I think that
%
%or say the 21st%
this is the acme of the fall generally%^%(Not
quite of sug. maples perhaps)--& it is this remarkable
heat which this time--more than anything,
%there has been no frost for some days%
methinks--has caused the leaves to fall%^%. It has

suddenly--perfectly ripened & wilted them--& now

with a puff of wind they come showering down

on land & water--making a sound like rain
They are thickly strewn under their respective trees in the Corner road--& wagons roll

over them as a shadow
Rain & frost & unusual heat--(succeeded (by)

wind) all have to do with the fall of the leaf--

No doubt the leaves suddenly ripen to their fall

in intense heat, such as this just as peaches

&c over softened & ripened--& fall. As I go

through Hubbard’s fields I see that the
cows have got into the shade of trees as in

July-- The black birch in his grove is

in the midst of its fall--perfectly yellow--%
But these delicately tinted leaves will wilt%
& fade even in your hat on your way home-- Their%^% colors are very fugacious. They must be seen

on the trees or under it. You cannot easily

carry this splendor home.

The tupelos appear to fall early. I have not seen

one with leaves since the 16th-- It is so warm

[236]"Their" added in margin
that even the tipulidae appear to prefer
the shade-- There they continue their dance
--balancing to partners as it seems--& by
a fine hum--remind me of summer still.
When now the air generally is rather
empty of insect sounds-- Also I see
// yellow butterflies chasing one another--
taking no thought for the morrow but
confiding in the sunny day as if it were
to be perpetual. There is a haze between
me & the nearest woods--as thick
as the thickest in summer-- My black
clothes are white with the gossamer they
have caught in coming through the fields
--for it streams from every stubble--though
it is not remarkably abundant-- Flocks²³⁷
of this gossamer-like tangled skeins--float
quiet
gently through the ^ air--as high as my head--
Like white parachutes to unseen balloons

From the higher ground W. of the Stump-
fence field. The still stagnant river
gleams like liquid gossamer in the sun--
& I can hardly distinguish the sparkle oc-
casioned by an insect from the white breast
of a duck. Methinks this jay, panting
with heat, is silenced for a time

Green leaves are {doutless} handsome in
their season--but now that we behold
these ripe ones, we are inclined to think
that the former are handsome somewhat

²³⁷“F” written over “f”
as green apples & melons
as green fruits--are"-- It would give our eyes
the dysentery to look only on green leaves always

At this season each leaf becomes a laboratory\textsuperscript{238}
in which the fairest & brightest colors are
compounded.

There is one advantage in walking eastward
these after noons, at least, that in return
ing you may have the western sky before you

Hickories, & some oaks even, are now over
done-- They remind me of a loaf of brown bread
perfectly baked in the oven--in whose cracks
I see the yellowish inside contrasting with
the brown crust.

Some small red maples still stand yellow within
the woods.

As I look over the smooth gleaming surface of
White Pond--I am attracted by the sun sparkles on
it--as if fiery serpents were crossing to & fro--yet\textsuperscript{239}
if you were there you would find only insignificant
insects. As I come up from the pond
I am grateful for the fresh easterly breeze at
last thickening the haze on that side & driving
for nature must preserve her equilibrium
it in on us--" However it is not much cooler--

As I approached the pond I saw a hind
in a potato field (digging potatoes) who
stood stock still for 10 minutes to gaze at
me--in mute astonishment--till I had
sunk into the woods amid the hills about
the pond--& when I emerged again--there
he was motionless still on the same spot
with his eye on me resting on his idle hoe

\textsuperscript{238}1906 has "laboratory," but the end of this word is cut off in the photocopy
\textsuperscript{239}1906 has "yet," but it is cut off in the photocopy
as one might watch at the mouth of
a fox's hole to see him come out-- Perchance
he may have thought--nihil humanum & c or else
"he was transfixed with thought--(which is
whatever his employer may say
worth a bushel or 2 of potatoes"-- or)-- contrasting
his condition with my own-- & though he stood
so still-- civilization made some progress--
But I must hasten away or he'll lose
his day. I was as indifferent to his eye
shot as a tree walking--for I am used to
such things. Perchance he will relate his
adventure when he gets home at night,
& what he has seen-- though he did not
this time
have to light a candle-- I am in a fair way to become a valuable citizen
to him, as he is to me. He raises potatoes
for me-- & I raise curiosity in him. He stirs
the earth, I stir him.

What a power am I! I cause the potatoes
to rot in the ground-- I affect distant markets
surely-- But he shall not spoil my day--
I will get in my harvest nevertheless--
This will be nuts to him when the winter evenings
come-- he will toll his dream then
Talk of reaping machines!!
I did not go into that field at all-- I did not
meddle with the potatoes-- He was the only crop
I gathered at a glance-- Perchance he thought--
I harvest potatoes-- he harvests me!

W. W. introduced me to his brother
in the road-- the latter was not only a better
dressed but a higher cultured man than
the other-- yet looking remarkably like him
-- his brother! In all cases we esteem rather
the suggested ideal than the actual
man-- & it is remarkable that so many

240 line connects to the interlineation above
241 cancelled apostrophe follows word
242 poss stray mark follows word
243 "in" inserted
244 "the field" added in margin
men have an actual brother as an im-
proved edition of themselves to whom ^ we
are introduced at last. Is he his brother, or
his other self? I expect to be introduced to the
ideal Mr W-- one of these days--& then cut the
acquaintance of the actual one.

It is remarkable that yellow & bright scarlet
shade turns scarlet to yellow--so you would say that
in the autumnal tints--are generally interchange(able)
scarlet was intense yellow--more cooked--nearer the Sun like Mars
I see it now even in the case of the scarlet oak--
Rose bushes--& hazel bushes
for here is a yellow one. Red maple is either
R. Toxicodendron &c &c ½v 15-57%
scarlet or yellow-- So with black scrub
as meadow sweet--tupelo even--big blueberry in shade the 31st--red oak--and the russet
leaves
as barberry apple &c
oaks ^ &c &c--Many plants which in the summer
Dip. {linifolius} in shade yellow--in sun purple--last of Oct.
show a few red or scarlet leaves at length are
as horseshow now
all yellow only^ Others begin with yellow &
v. 24th
end with a brilliant scarlet
Some blue stemmed g. rod yellow, some purple Nov 10th
The large crickets now swarm in dry paths each
at the mouth of its burrow, as I notice
when crossing to Martial Miles’--
The broad hairy leaves or blades of the Panicum
clandestinum are turned to a very dark purple
potato
in cultivated {gossa}^ fields
A white throated sparrow--
On money-diggers hills side--the
A. scoparius now stands in tufts 2 feet high
x 1 wide--with little whitish plumes along
the upper half of its reddish fawn colored (?) culms
Now in low grounds the different
species of bidens or beggars ticks adhere
to your clothes-- These bidents--tridents--quadridents are shot into you by myriads
of unnoticed foes

245 inserted
Oct 21st
Cooler today--yet pleasant
6 Am--up Assabet--
%They%247
--Most leaves now\textsuperscript{248} on the water which\textsuperscript{247}
// fell yesterday--white & red maple--swamp
white oak--white birch--black & red
// oak--hemlock--(which has begun to fall)
hop hornbeam &c &c-- They cover the
water thickly concealing all along the
S side for 1/2 to 1 rod in width &
at the rocks where they are met & stopped
by the easterly haze from a broad & dense
crescent quite across the river--
On the hill top-- The sun having just
risen--I see on my note book--that
same rosy or purple light--when con-
trasted with the shade of another leaf--which
I saw on the eve--of the 19th--though per-
haps I can detect a \textit{little}\textsuperscript{248} purple in the
eastern horizon.
\textsuperscript{v 16 57}
// The \textit{p. grandidentata} is quite yellow ^
leafy yet--the most showy tree there abouts--
also the next day--the one at the Cliffs--ie. Large ones are thus later
willow like & in color like--
Pm up Assabet--for a new
mast--the old being broken in passing under
a bridge
Talked with the lame Haynes--the fisherman--
He feels more that they were not "suckers"
which I saw rise to the shad flies--but
chivin--& that suckers do not rise to
a fly nor leap out.
He has seen a great many little lamprey
about as long as his finger
eels come down the rivers ^attached to
shad. But never knew the old to come
down-- Thinks they die attached to roots--

\textsuperscript{\footnotesize 246}This word is underlined three times
\textsuperscript{\footnotesize 247}"which" cancelled in pencil
\textsuperscript{\footnotesize 248}"little" poss written over "light"
says the spawn is quite at the bottom of the heap
has seen them half dead thus^--^--^ Like Witherel
-- he wonders how the eels increase, since he
could never find any spawn in them.
The large sugar maples on the common
and in the midst of their fall today.

Oct 22d

Pm to Cliffs & Walden

A thickly overcast yet Thick & hazy day.
or 2
I see a Lombardy poplar ^ yellowing at
& handsome
last--many leaves clear ^ yellow-- They thus
(like the balm of gilead--& aspens) show
their relation to the willows-- Horsechestnuts
are yellow & ap in prime-- I see [name]
are generally
locusts ^ yellow--but thinly leaved & those at
extremities^--^--^--
Going by Farrar's field bought of John Rey-
hold's-- I examined those singular barren spots
produced by putting on too much meadow mud of
a certain quality. In some places the sod
was entirely gone--there was no grass & only
a small sandy desert--with the yellowish
fimbristylis capillaris & sorrel on it--
In most places this sand was quite thickly
covered with sarothra (now withered)
& sorrel--(which had not risen from the surface)
These are both sour juiced plants.
It was surprising how completely the grass
had been killed.
I see the small narrow leaves of the
Aster dumosus & also the yet finer ones
often Dip. linifolius in wood paths--
turned a clear light yellow--
The sagitate leaves of the v. ovata too
now flat in the path--& the prettily
or fingers with purple petioles
divided leaves ^ of this v. pedata ^ (also
fallen flatter than usual ?)--are {both}

// turned a clear--handsome light yellow--
Also the v. cucullata is turned yellow
^These are far more conspicuous now than
contrasted with the green grass
ever before--"so that you do" not recog-
nise them at first on account of their
very conspicuousness or brightness of color--

Many other small plants ^ changed now--
whose color we do not notice in the
midst of the general changing-- Even

// the Lycopodium complanatum (evergreen)
a light (a part of it)
is turned ^ yellow ^ in its season like the pines
(or evergreen trees).

I go up the hill from the spring. Oaks
esp the small oaks
// (except the scarlet,) ^ are generally
withered or withering--yet most would
not suspect it at a little distance
yet this year at least they must have been withered more by heat than frost for we have
had very hot
weather & little if any frost since the oaks generally changed
they have so much color yet."-- Many of

The small scarlet ones are withered too--but the
scarlet %[v 4 ps forward]% %[v 2 next ps]%
// larger ^ appear to be in their prime now
Some large white--black--& red--are still pretty fresh--
It is very agreeable to observe now

from an eminence the different
oak
hints of red & brown is an ^ sproutland
The chocolate is one--
or young wood land--^ the brownish
predominated-- Some will tell
you that they prefer these more
sober colors which the landscape
%{briar}%
wears at present to the bright
%(as some prefer the sweet ^ crust to the yellow inside)%
ones it exhibited a few days ago--
It is interesting to observe--how gradually

251 stray mark following "do"
252 A short vertical line appears directly above this caret.
253 line connects caret to interlineation
254 "small" inserted
255 "too" inserted
256 line connects caret to interlineation
but steadily the woods advance through
deeper & deeper shades of brown to their fall.
You can tell the young white oaks in
the midst of the sproutland--by its light
brown color--almost like that of the
russet fields see beyond--also the scar
let by its brighter red%^%--but the pines
are now the brightest of them all.

Apple orchards--throughout the village
or on lower & rich ground are quite
green--but on this drier F. H. Hill all
the apple trees are yellow--with a sprinkling
of green--& occasionally a tinge of scarlet. %v. 25th% are russet%
I can see the red of young oaks as far as
the horizon on some sides.
I think that the yellow--as birches--&c
are the most distinct this very thick &
cloudy day--in which there is no sun--
but when the sun shines the reds are
lit up more--& glow

The oaks stand browed & crisped (amid
the pines) this bright color for the most
part burnt out--like a loaf that
is baked--& suggest an equal wholsom
ness. The whole tree is now not only
ripe but, as it were, a fruit--perfectly cook(ed)
by the sun. That same sun which called for(th)
its leaves in the spring--has now aided by
the frost--sealed up their fountains for
the year--& withered them. The order has
gone forth for them to rest-- As each tree
casts its leaves it stands careless &
free--like a horse freed from his harness--
or like one who has done his years work--
& now stands unnoticed but with concentrated
strength & contentment--ready to brave
new blasts of winter without a murmer--
You get very near wood ducks with
a boat now adays--
I see, from the Cliffs, that color has
run thro’ the shrub-oak plain like a
or a wave
fire ^ (not omitting a single tree--) Though
Large oaks do not turn so completely
I had not expected it ^ & now is for the
most part burnt out for want of fuel--
%(the brown & chocolate colors prevail there,)%
i.e. excepting the scarlet ones. That birch
swamp under the Cliff is very interesting--
The birches are now but thinly clad & that
more like flames than ever--now
at top--its flame-shaped top-- At this
distance their bare slender stems are very
distinct dense & parallel--apparently on
a somewhat smoky ground (caused by the bare
twigs) & this pretty thicket of dense parallel
stems is crowned or surmounted by little
cones or crescents of golden spangles.
Hear a cuckoo & grackles--
The birches have been steadily changing & falling
for a long long time. The lower most leaves
turn golden &
fall first--so their autumn change is
like a fire which was steadily burned up
higher & higher--consuming the fuel below--
till now it has nearly scorched their tops--
These are quite distinct from the reddish
v sketch
misty maze below--(if they are young trees)
or the fine & close parallel white stems

257"wood" written over "woods"
258"that" written over "they"
259stray mark over "birch"
260Possibly "base"?
261Hyphen may be a blot or stray mark.
if they are larger--{drawing} Nevertheless
the topmost leaves at the extremities of these
leaves are still green.

Nov. 3

I am surprised to find on the top of the Cliff--near
the dead white pine--nine small staghorn sumacs--
(Mother says she found them on the hill behind Charles
Davis’!) These are now at the height (?) of their
\( \frac{3}{4} \) \text{th} ult--& the 15 '57% changes--as is ours in the yard--turned an orange
scarlet--not so dark as the smooth which is
It is generally--but I see some (one or 2\( \frac{1}{2} \) the 24th)
now 30--fallen". But ours being in a shady & cool
place is prob later the average--for I

see that one at Floods cottage has fallen. I
guess that they may have been at height generally some
10 days ago--

Near by the Aralia hispida turned a very clear

dark red.

I see Heavy Haynes fishing in his old gray
boat--sinking the stern deep. It is remarkable
that of the four fishermen who most frequent
this river--Melvin--Goodwin & the 2 Hayneses
--the last 3 have all been fisherman of the
sea--{ane} have visited the grand banks--&
are well acquainted with Cape Cod. These fisher
men who sit thus alone from morning till
night--must be greater philosophers than the

You can still pluck a variegated & handsome
nosegay on the top of the cliff--I see a mullein
freshly out--very handsome A. undulatus--& an abundance

\(^262"(?)" \text{ inserted}\)
\(^263\text{Caret positioned directly below hyphen in MS}\)
\(^264\text{“cottage” written with “t”s uncrossed}\)
of the little blue snapdragon--& some
P. persicaria &c &c--
The black shrub oak on the hill side below
// the Bear berry--fast falling & some quite
// bare-- Some chinquapin there not fallen
// Notice a chestnut quite bare--
The leaves of the hickory are a very rich yellow
& fallen
though they may be quite withered''--but they
become brown
// Looking to Conantum, the huckleberries are
ap. fallen--
// The fields are now perhaps truly & most generally
russet--esp. where the blackberry & other
small reddish plants--are seen through the
fine bleached grass & stubble--Like the
a golden russet apple. (This occurs to
me, going along the side of the Well
Meadow Field^is^.)
%not shrubby%
// Ap. the scarlet oak. Large & small %is in prime %%
now after other oaks are generally withered
%v 20th% or withering.
The clumps of Salix tristes--half yellow-
spotted with dark brown or blackish--& half
withered & turned dark ash colored--are rather
// interesting. The S. humilis has similar dark
spots.
%(1 1/2 inch wide on huckleberry & sweet fern)%
// Hornets’ nests are now being exposed--deserted
%(a little wasp nests)%
by the hornets White pines have for
%v 20th% And the underwood is hung with their brown
the most part fallen-- fallen needles {drawing} giving the woods
// an untidy appearance
C. tells of hearing after dark the other
night frequent raucous notes which were
// new to him on the Ammannia meadow in the
grass-- Were they not meadow hens? Rice says
he saw one within a week-- Have they not lingered
to feed in our meadows the late warm & pleasant
nights?

^is^
The haze is still very thick—though it is comparatively cool weather—& if there were no moon tonight—I think it would be very dark—Do not the darkest nights occur about this time when there is a haze produced by the Ind--summer days—succeeded by a moonless night??

These bright leaves are not the exception but the rule—for I believe that all leave{s}_266[“s” in “leaves” not apparent in copy] Pan. Clandestinum—& mosses as sphagnum even grasses &c &c—under favorable circum-stances require brighter colors just before their fall—When you come to observe faithfully the changes of each humblest plant—you find, it may be unexpectedly—that each has sooner or later its peculiar autumnal tint or tints—though it maybe rare & unobserved—as many a plant is at all seasons—And if you undertake to make a complete list of the brights tints—your list will be as long as a catalogue of the plants in your vicinity

Think how much the eyes of painters—both artisans & artists—& of the manufacturers of cloth & paper—& the paper stainers—&c are to be educated by these autumnal colors The stationer’s envelopes may be of very various tints—yet not so various as those of The leaves of a simple tree sometimes—If you want a different shade or tint of a par-ticular color you have only to look
further within or without the tree—or
the wood. The eye might thus be taught
to distinguish color & appreciate a difference
of shade or tint.267

Oct 23d

Pm to Ledum Swamp—

One tells one that he saw geese go over
// Wayland—the 17th ult
// Large wild cherries268 are half fallen or more—
the few remaining leaves yellowish—Choke—
// cherries are bare—how long? Amelanchier
///bare—Vib nudum half fallen or more—when
wet & in shade a light crimson—
// Hardhack in low ground—where it has not withered
inclines to
too soon, ^ a very light scarlet—Sweet gale
// is not fallen—not a very dull yellowish & scarlet.
You see in woods many black (?)269 oak
// sprouts—forming low bushes or clumps of
green & dark crimson (C. says they are handsome
like a Mahonia) The meadow sweet is
// yellowish & yellow scarlet.
In Ledum Swamp the white azalea
// is a dirty brown scarlet 1/2 fallen, or more.
// Panicled andromeda reddish brown & half fallen
Some young high blue berry—or sprouts
// never are a deeper or lighter crimson
// scarlet than now—Wild holly fallen.
// Even the sphagnum has turned brownish
red on the exposed surfaces (in the swamp—
--looking like the at length blushing pellicle

267T writes transposition line to make phrase read: “of tint or shade.”
268Modified from “cherry”
269“(?)” inserted
of the ripe globe there. The ledum is in

---yellow & light scarlet & falling---

I detect but few Andromeda polifolia &

Kalmia glauca leaves turned a bright red or

scarlet-- The spruce is changed & falling

but is brown & inconspicuous.

A man at work on the Ledum Pool--draining

it--says that when they had ditched about

6 feet deep or to the bottom near the edge

of this swamp--they came to flags--& he

thought that the whole swamp was

once a pond--& the flags grew by the edge

of it. Thought the mud was 20 feet deep

near the pool--& that he had found 3 growths

of spruce one above another there--

He had dug up a hard-pan with iron in

it (as he thought) under part of this swamp

& in what he cast out sorrel came up

& grew very rankly indeed.

I notice some late rhue turned a very clear

light yellow-- I see some rose leaves (the

early smooth) turned a handsome clear

yellow--& some (the R. carolina) equally

this is the rule with it

clear & handsome scarlet--or dark red^28

Elder is a dirty greenish yellow & ap. mostly fallen

Beach plum is still green with some dull

red leaves--but ap. hardly any fallen.

Butternuts are bare-- Mt ash of both

kinds either withered or bare


\^1906 has "light"
Oct 24th '58

A NE storm--though not much rain
fallen to-day--but a fine driving mizzle
or "drisk". This as usual brings

the geese and at 2 1/2 pm I
I hear that some were seen 2 or 3 weeks ago??
see two flocks go over^--faintly honking.
A great many must go over today--
& also alight in this neighborhood.
This weather warns them of the approach
of winter--& this wind speeds them on
their way. Surely, then, while geese
fly over head--we can live here as contentedly
as they do at York factory on Hudson's Bay--
We shall perchance be as well provisioned
& have as good society as they. Let us be
of good cheer, then, & expect an annual
vessel which brings the spring to us, without
fail.

Pm to Woodis Park over Hill--
The Celtis has just fallen--its leaves were
ap a yellow-green. The sassafras trees
are bare--how long?(...) & the White ash ap--
just bared..

The locusts are bare except the tops--
& in this respect & those on the hill at least,
are as peculiar as birches--Some trees
loose their lower leaves first as birches
& locusts--some the upper as apples
(though a few green leaves may remain on the very
tips of [these] twigs) & generally maples--
though the last fall fast.  

Hickories are 2/3 fallen at least.

This rain & wind too bring down the leaves very fast--the yard is strewn with the yellow leaves of the peach & the orange & scarlet ones of the cherry-- You could not spread a cloth--but it would soon be strewn with them.

brilliant

The Autumnal colors are red & yellow & the various tints--hues & shades reserved to be of these-- Blue is "the color of the sky--but yellow & red are the colors of the earth flower-- Every fruit on ripening, & just before its fall, acquires a bright tint-- So do the leaves--so the sky before the end of the day--& the year near its setting--

October is the red evening sky-- November the later twilight. Color stands for all ripeness & success. We have dreamed that the hero should carry his color aloft as a symbol of the ripeness of his virtue. The noblest feature, the eye--is the fairest colored--the jewel of the body. The warrior’s flag is the flower which precedes his fruit--He unfurls his flag to the breeze with such confidence & brag as the flower its petals. Now we shall see what kind of fruit will succeed.

The very forest & herbage--the pellicle of the earth as it were must acquire a bright color--an evidence of its ripeness.
as if the globe itself were a fruit on its stem—with ever one cheek toward the sun—

Our appetites—have commonly confined our views of ripeness & its phenomena—color & mellowness—& perfectness—to the fruits which we eat & we are wont to forget that an immense harvest which we do not eat—hardly use—at all—is annually ripened by nature—At our annual cattle shows—& Horticultural exhibitions we make as we think—a great fair show of ^ fruits—destined however to a rather ignoble fate—fruits not worshipped for this chiefly—but round about & within our towns there is annually another show of fruits, on an infinitely grander scale—fruits which address our taste for beauty alone

The scarlet oak which was quite green the 12th ult is now completely scarlet—and ap—has been so a few days—This alone of our indigenous deciduous trees (the p. pine is with it) is now in its glory—(I have not seen the beech—%it is v 25(th)% but suppose it past—%v 16-57 & P tremuloides v Nov. 2d% denta %v comes nearest to it—but they have lost the greater part of their leaves.) Look at one—dark completely changed, from green to bright ^ scarlet--every leaf—as if it had been dipt into a scarlet dye—between you & the sun—Was not this worth waiting for—Little did you think 10 days ago that that cold green tree could assume each color as this. Its leaves still firmly attached while those of other trees are falling around it. I am the last to blush, but I blush deeper than any of ye—
I bring up the rear in my red coat--

The scarlet o. alone of oaks--have not given up
the fight perchance their leaves so finely cut
are longer preserved partly because they present less
surface--to the elements. & for a long time
if I remember rightly--some scarlet oak leaves
will "hold out to burn."

Now in huckleberry pastures--you see only here
& there a few bright scarlet or crimson (for they vary)
bare
leaves amid or above the ^ reddish stems--burning
as if with condensed brightness--as if the
few that remained--burned with the condensed bright-
ness of all that have fallen.

In sheltered woods you (some) dicksonia still
straw color or pale yellow--some thoroughwort
the same color-- In the shade--generally--
you find paler & more delicate tints--fading to
The deep reds & scarlets & purples show exposure to the
sun. I see an intensely scarlet high blue berry--but where one
straw color & white-- leaf has overlapped another it is yellow with a regular
That large hornet’s nest which I saw on
the 4th is now deserted & I bring it home.
But in the evening warmed by my fire 2 or 3
come forth & crawl over it--& I make haste
to throw it out the window--

Oct 25th 58

Pm to the Beeches--

I look at the willows by the causeway E side
as I go--S. discolor--Torreyana--rostrata
& lucida are all almost quite bare--
the remaining leaves are yellow or yellowish--
Those of the last the clearest & most conspicuous
yellow--
S pedicellaris is merely yellowish—being rather green & not fallen—The S. alba at a distance looks very silvery in the light.

Now that the leaves are fallen (for a few days)—the long yellow buds (often red pointed) which sleep along the twigs of the S. discolor—are very conspicuous & quite interesting—already even carrying our thoughts forward to spring. I noticed them first on the 22nd—They may be put with the azalea buds already noticed. Even bleak & barren November wears these gems on her breast in sign of the coming year—How many thoughts lie undeveloped & as it were dominant like these buds in the minds of men—!

This is the coolest day thus far—reminding me that I have only a half-thick easterly coat on—The wind comes cold into my ear—as yet unused to it. Yet this first decided "coolness (not to say wintriness) is not only bracing but exhilarating & concentrating our forces—So much the more I have a hearth & heart within me. We step more briskly—& brace ourselves against the winter—tremuliformis I see some alders about bare Aspens ^ generally bare Near the end of the causeway—milkweed is copiously discounting. This is much fairer than the thistle down—It ap bursts its pods after rain esp. (as yesterday’s)—opening on the under side (drawing) away from succeeding rains

271 "Now" written over "The"
272 Cancelled letters or a false start precede "for"
273 "N" written over "n"
274 A line indicates that this word is poss. to be placed after "Aspens"
Half a dozen seeds or more, attached 
to the core of the pod 
by the tips of their silks ^ will be blown about 
there a long time before a strong puff 
launches them away--& in the meanwhile 
they are expanding & drying their silk.  
In the cut the F. hiemalis--which has 
been here for a month--flits away with 
its sharp twitter amid the falling leaves.  
This is a fall sound.  

black 
At the Pond the yellow birches are bare, how long? //275 

Now as you walk in woods the leaves rustle 
under your feet--as much as ever-- In some 
places you walk--pushing a mass before you-- 
In others, they half cover pools that are 3 
rods long-- They make it slippery climbing hills. 

Now too for the dif shades of brown--esp. // 
in sproutlands-- I see kinds of oaks now 
the whitish brown of the white O. the yellowish 
brown of the black-- O-- & the red or purplish 
brown (if it can be called brown at all--for it is not 
faded to brown yet--& looks full of life though 
really withered (i.e. the shrubs) for the most // 
part--excepting here & there leading shoots or 
spring twigs--which glow as bright a scarlet 
as ever-- There is no red here, but perhaps 
that may be called a lighter yellowish 
^ Oct 31st 2d p of it 
brown^--& so distinguished from the black in color 
It has more life in it now than the white & 
black--not withered so much-- These browns

275: These hash marks are only partially legible in the copy
are very pure and wholesome colors--far
from spot & decay--& their rustling leaves
call the roll for a winter campaign
How different now the rustling of these sere
leaves--from the soft fluttering murmer of
the same when alive! This sharp rustle--
warns all to go home now, who are not
prepared for a winter campaign.

%{The fields are russet now when the oaks are brown--esp where}%
The scarlet oak shrubs--are as distinct
%{the red blackberry vine hinges--& continue to be for a week or two as Nov. 3d}%
amid the other species as before they had withered--
& it is remarkable how evenly they are
distributed over the hills ⬅️ by some
law not quite understood. Nature ever plots
against Baker & Stow--Moore & Hosmer

The black--scrub oak--seen side by side with
the white is yet lighter than that.
How should we do without this variety
of oak leaves--the forms & colors--? On
many sides, the eye requires such variety (seemingly
infinite) to rest on.

// Chestnut trees are generally bare--showing only
a thin crescent of burrs--for they are very small
this year-- I climb one on pine Hill--looking
over Flints Pond--which indeed I see from
the ground. These young chestnuts--growing
in clumps from a stump are hard to climb--
having few limbs below ⬃️ they are far apart
& they dead & rotten.

The brightest tints of the black oaks that I re-
member--was some yellow gleams from half green
& brownish leaves--i.e the tops of the large trees
have this yellowish & green look-- It is a
mellow yellow enough--without any red.
The brightest of the red oaks--were
a pretty delicate scarlet--inclining
to a brownish yellow—the effect enhanced by
the great size of the leaf—

When on the 22nd ult—I was looking from
the Cliffs in the shrub oak plain &c calling
some of the brightest tints flame-like—I
for we see their smokes of late
saw the flames of a burning ^ 2 or 3 miles dist{ant}
in Lincoln rise above the red shrubbery—
& saw how in intensity & brilliancy the red
flame distanced all colors—even by day.

Now especially we notice—not only the
silvery leaves of the S. alba—but the
silvery sheen of pine needles, i.e. when its old
leaves have fallen & trees generally are mostly
bare—in the cool Novemberish air & light
we observe & enjoy the trembling shimmer &
gleam of the pine needles—I do not know
why we perceive this more at this season—
unless because the air is {so} clear & all sur-
faces reflect more light—& beside all the
needles now left—are fresh ones or the growth
of this year—Also I notice when the
sun is low—the light reflects from the
recently bare—
parallel twigs of birches ^ &c—like the gleam
from gossamer lines. This is another Novemberish
phenomenon—Call these November Lights276—Hers
cool
is a ^ silvery light.

In November consider the sharp—dry rustle of withered
leaves—the cool silvery & shimmering gleams of light
as above—the fresh bright buds formed & exposed
along the twigs—walnuts—

276"L" written over "I"
The leaves of the P. grandidentata--
though half fallen--& turned a pure
& handsome yellow--are still wagging
as fast as ever-- These do not lose their
color & wither on the tree--like oaks &
& hickories too--& buttonwood
beeches--& some of their allies"--neither
quite
do maples--nor birches ^--nor willows (except
the S. tristis & perhaps some of the next allied) but
as S. rostrata v.27th inst.
they are fresh & unwilted--full of sap & fair
as ever when they are first strewn on the
ground--I do not think of any tree whose
leaves are so fresh & fair when they fall.

The beech has just fairly turned brown
//
of different shades--but not yet crisped--
or quite withered. Only the young in the
shade of the woods are yet green & yellow--
Half the leaves of the last are a light
yellow with a green midrib--& are quite
light & bright seen thro' the woods-- The lower
parts too of the large tree are yellow yet--
//
I should put this tree then either with the main
body of the oaks, or bet. them & this Scarlet O.
I have not seen enough to judge of their beauty.

Returning in an old wood path from top
of Pine Hill to Goose Pond--I see many golden
// rods turned purple (all the leaves) some of
them are S. caesia & some (I think) S. puberula--
Many G. rods--as S. odorata turn yellow
// or paler--The aster undulatus is now
a dark purple (its leaves) with brighter purple
or crimson under sides.
//
The vib dentatum leaves--which are
rather thin now are drooping like C. sericea
(though fresh) & are a mixed purplish & light
green.

Oct. 26th '58

The Sugar Maples are almost bare—except a few small ones—

Minot remembers how he used to chop beech wood—He says that when frozen it is hard & brittle first like glass, & you must look out for the chips, for, if they strike you on the face they will cut like a knife.

He says that some call the stake driver "Belcher-squelecher"—& some "Wollerkertoot" I used to call them Pump-er-go’r— Some say "slug-loot"

The largest Scarlet oak that I remember %Nov 2d% is not in prime till now or %even later% its prime—I found the sap was flowing fast in it%279 //

%The scar O generally is not in prime till now or

1 2 3 4 5

Birches—elms—chestnuts—salix alba%^%—& White—maple are a long time falling.

I wear a thicker coat—my single thick fall coat—at last—& begin to feel my fingers cool early & late One shop keepers hang begin to hang out woolen%280% gloves & even thick buck-skin his mittens by their doors—foreseeing what customers will want as soon as it is finger cold—& determined to get the start of his fellows

---

277Caret positions "Nov 2d"
278Text cancelled in pencil and replaced above
279A short vertical line links to the interlined text above
280"woolen" written over "gl"
Pm sail to F. H. Pond

A moderate northerly wind--& pleasant clear day-- There is a slight rustle from the withered pontederia-- The\textsuperscript{281} scirpus conspicuously lacustris which was all ^ green on the

16--has changed to a dull or brownish yellow. The bayonet rush also has partly changed--& now--the river being perhaps lower than before this season-- shows its rain-bow colors though dull--

It depends then on the river being low at least at an earlier period say a month ago--when though then of course you would not get the yellow!! this juncus is as its full vigor--{that} the colors may be bright-- I distinguish 4 colors now--perfectly horizontal & parallel bars, as it were, 6 or 8 inches wide as you look at the side of a dense patch along this shallow shore--

The lowest is a dull red--the next clear green--then dull yellowish--& then dark brown--These colors though never {brilliant--are yet noticeable} & when you look at a long and dense patch have a rain-bow like effect-- The red (or pinkish) is that part which has been recently submerged--the green that which

\textsuperscript{281}"The" written over "I"

266
has changed--\& the brown the withered
extremity--since it dies downward gradually
from the tip to the bottom--
    The amount (of it) is that it decays gradually
beginning at the top--\& throughout a large
patch one keeps pace with another--\& differ\(ent\)
parts of the plant being in different stages
or states at the same time--\& moreover
the whole being of a uniform height--the
particular color in one plant corresponds
exactly to the same in another--\& so though
a single stalk would not attract attention
when seen in the mass they have this
singular effect-- I call it therefore
the rain-bow rush-- When moreover you
see it reflected in the water--the effect
is very much increased.

The leaves of the S. cordata are now generally
withered--\& many more fallen-- They are light brown
\& many remain on the twigs--so many that this
\& the tristis
willow ^ I think must be peculiar in this respect
as well as its turning scarlet-- Some others
as the sericea--are still yellow \& greenish &
have not been touched by frost-- They must be tougher

At the east shore of F. H. Pond--
I see that clams have been moving close to--
the water’s edge. They have just moved a few
feet toward the deeper water--but they came
round a little--like a single wheel on its edge--

large alders are generally fallen--
The leaves of young oaks are now generally withered—but many leaves of large oaks are greenish or alive yet. Many of these fall before withering; I see some now 3/4 bare with many living leaves left. Is it not because on larger trees they are raised above the effect of frost?

We have a cool white sunset—Novemberish—

Not only the leaves of trees & shrubs & flowers have been changing & withering—but almost countless sedges & grasses—they become pale brown & bleached after the frost has killed them; & give that peculiar light almost silvery sheen to the fields in November—

The colors of the fields make haste to harmonize with the snowy mantle which is soon to invest them; & with the cool white twilight of that season which is itself the twilight of the year—They become more & more the color of the frost which rests on them. Think of the interminable forest of grasses which dig down to the ground every autumn—What a more than Xerxean army of wool grasses & sedges without fame lie down to an ignominious death, as the mowers esteem it, in our river meadows each year—and become "old fog"
to trouble the mowers! lodging as they fall
--that might have been the straw beds
of horses & cattle--tucked under them every
night.

The fine culmed purple grass, which lately
& long since
we admired so much, is now bleached as
light as any of them. Culms & leaves rob{ed}
of their color & withered by cold-- This is what
makes November--& the light reflected from
the bleached culms of grasses & the bare twigs
of trees--! When many hard frosts have for{med}
& melted in the fields & stiffened grass--they leave
them almost as silvery as themselves-- There is
hardly a surface to absorb the light.

It is remarkable that the autumnal
change of our woods has left no deeper
impression on our literature yet-- There is no
record of it in English poetry, apparently be-
cause, ac. to all accounts, the trees acquire
but few bright colors there-- Neither do
I know any adequate notice of it in our
own youthful literature--nor in the tra-
ditions of the Indians. One would say
it was the very phenomenon to have caught
a savage eye--so devoted to bright colors

In our poetry & science there are many references
to this phenomenon--but it has received no
such particular attention as it deserves.

High colored as are most political
speeches—I do not detect any reflection
they are as colorless & {life} as the herbage in November--
even from the autumnal tints in them—

The year with these dazzling colors
on its margin—lies spread open like
an illustrated volume—The preacher
does not utter the essence of its teaching

A great many indeed have never
seen this—the flower—or rather ripe
fruit of the year—Many who have
spent their lives in towns & never chanced
to come into the country at this season—
I remember riding with one such citizen
who though a fortnight too late for
the most brilliant tints—would not
be taken by surprise & would not believe
that the tints had been any brighter.

He had never heard of this phenomenon
before.

October has not colored our poetry
yet.

Not only many have never witnessed this
phenomenon—but it is scarcely {remember}
by the majority from year to year—

It is impossible to describe the in-
finite variety of hues tints & shades— for
the language affords no names for them
we & we must {appy} the same term monoto-
nously to 20 different things. If I
could exhibit so many different
%(the effect)%
trees, or only leaves, it would be
a different thing. When the tints

284 Written over "The"
285 "it" cancelled in pencil and replaced above
286 "a" cancelled in pencil, as is "thing" on the same line.
are the same they differ so much in purity &
delicacy that language to describe them
truly would have not only to be greatly en-
riched, but as it were dyed of the same
colors herself--& speak to the eye as well
as to the ear. And it is these subtle differences
& charms
which especially attracts^ our eyes.

Where else will you study color under such
advantages--? What other school of design
can vie with this? To describe these colored
leaves you must use colored words.

How tame & ineffectual must be the words
with which we attempt to describe that subtle
of tint
difference^--which so charms the eye? Who
will undertake to describe in words the difference
in tint between two neighboring leaves on the same
tree--? or of 2000--for by so many the eye
is addressed in a glance--

   In describing the richly spotted leaves for instance
--how often we find ourselves using ineffectually
words which merely indicate faintly our good
intentions--giving them in our despair a ter-
minal twist toward our mark--such as
reddish--yellowish--purplish & the

We cannot make a hue of words--for they
are not to be compounded like colors--&
ever are we obliged to use such ineffectual
expressions as reddish brown &c-- They need to
be ground together.

Question mark written over hyphen
Pm. up Assabet to Cedar Swamp—
Here is an Indian summer day—Not so warm, indeed, as the 19th & 20th—but warm enough for pleasure—
The majority of the white maples are bare --but others are still thickly leaved—the leaves being a greenish yellow—It appears then that they hold their leaves longer than our other maples, or most trees—The majority of them do not acquire a bright tint at all—and though interesting for this early summer blush—then autumnal colors are not remarkable.

The dog-wood on the island is perhaps in its prime—a distinct scarlet—with half of the leaves green in this case. Ap. none have fallen—I see yet also some c. sericea bushes with leaves turned a clear dark but dull red—rather handsome—large
Some of red oaks are still as bright as ever and that is here a brownish yellow—with leaves partly withered—& some are already quite bare.
Swamp white oak withers ap. with the white some of both are still partly greenish—while other of both are bare
How handsome the great red oak acorns now—I stand under the tree on Emerson’s lot. They are still falling—
I heard one fall into the water as I approached & thought that a musquash had plunged. They strew the ground & the bottom of the river thickly—& while I stand here I hear one strike the boughs.

---

288This line according to 1906; not legible in copy
with force as it comes down & drops into the
water-- The part that was covered by the
cup is whitish woolly-- How munificent
is Nature\textsuperscript{289} to create this profusion of wild
fruit, as it were merely to gratify our eyes--
Though inedible to my spiritual part--& are
\%(immortal)\%
more wholesome \%^% & stand by me longer than
the fruits which I eat-- If they had been plums
\%or chestnuts\%
\%^%I should have eaten them on the spot
\& probably forgotten them. They would have
afforded me only a momentary gratification--
but being acorns-- I remember, & as it were
\textit{feed} on, them still. They are untasted fruits
forever in store for me-- I know not of
their flavor as yet-- That\textsuperscript{290} is postponed to
\%^% unimagined winter evening. These which
we admire but do not eat, are nuts
of the gods-- When time is no more we
shall crack them I cannot help likeing
them better than horse chestnuts\{,\} which are
of a similar color, not only because they are
of a much handsomer form--but because they are
indigenous. What hale-plump fellows
they are! They can afford not to be \textit{use-}
ful to me--not to know me or be known
by me-- They go their way--I go mine--&
it turns out that sometimes I go
\textit{after} them.
The hemlock is in the midst of its fall.

\textsuperscript{289}"N" written over "n"
\textsuperscript{290}"T" written over "t"
the leaves strew the ground like grain--
They are inconspicuous on the tree--
The p. grandidentata leaves are not
// all fallen yet-- This then is late to lose
its leaves--later rather than the Sugar Maple.
Its leave are large & conspicuous on the
ground--& from their freshness make a great
show there. It is later to fall than the
%no V 3ps {forward}%
tremuliformis%^%^--as it was later to bloom--
I now begin to notice the evergreen
//
ferns, when the others are all withered
or fallen-- The black willows have
// been bare some time. Panicled andromeda
// & winter berry are about bare--
Pitch pines are falling & white cedars
are ap in the mids of their fall turning
a pale brown--& strewing the^ ground.
There are now but few bright leaves
%v the 9th & (onward)%-- most
to be seen--viz 3) pitch-pine (though
is faded in the trees) 2) Larch
1) Scarlet oak
%some on the 5th%
4) P. grandidentata. (thin leaved)
4' P. tremuloides--thicker leaved but rather duller than last
%coniferous ones--&
6) A few yellow leaves on young willows ^--S. sericea esp.--still
holding on--to the extremity of the twigs
8) Some crimson Vib. nudum {thin leaved
%meadow sweet%
9) Probably some " Lentago--very little & that dull
10) Some Vib. dentatum greenish purple {thin leaved
5. some small white birch tops not conspicuous
6) High-blue-berry (more common than last
7) Some silky cornel
14) Flowering dogwood %not yet at height. v. Nov 5)%
11) Gooseberry
12' common wild rose yellow inclining to scarlet
12) R. carolina (clear dark red) %sweet briar%
13) Staghorn sumac--in cool places & shaded
Numbered in the order of their importance--most

291"the" written over "they"
292"still" poss cancelled in pencil
being either very thin leaved now or rare.

Oct 2\{9\}

6 1/2 Am--

Very hard frosts these mornings--the grasses
to their finest branches clothed with it

The cat comes stealthily creeping towards some

prey amid the withered flowers in the garden--

which being disturbed by my approach she runs

low toward it with an unusual glare

or superficial light in her eye--ignoring

her oldest acquaintance--as wild as her

remotest ancestor--& presently I see the

first tree sparrow hoping there. I

hear them also amid the alders by the

river singing sweetly--but a few notes.

Notwithstanding the few handsome

scarlet oaks that may yet be found &

the larches & pines--& the few thin-leaved p.

grandidentatas--the brightness of the fo-
lage--generally speaking, is past.

Pm to Baker Farm

on foot-- on the Rr-- few

The S. torreyana ^ has but leaves near the extremities--
to fall

(like the S. sericea of the river) & is later ^ than

the S. rostrata nearby. Its leaves turns merely

a brownish yellow & rust scarlet like the

cordata, so that it is not allied to that in

this respect.--(In s tristis path about well

---

\(^{293}\)“few” cancelled in pencil

\(^{294}\)“may yet be” poss cancelled in pencil

\(^{295}\)“the” cancelled in pencil
meadow field the S. tristis is mostly
fallen or withered on the twigs—and
the curled leaves lie thickly like ashes
about the bases of the shrubs)

// Notice the fuzzy black & reddish caterpillar
on ground.

N.
I look ^ from the causeway at Heywoods

meadow-- How rich some scarlet oaks

imbosomed in pines their branches (still
light) intimately intermingled with the
pine. They have their full effect there—
The pine boughs are the green calyx to its petals.
Without these pines for contrast the
aut. tints would lose a considerable part
of their effect.

wht generally
The--birches being now ^ bare (____)---they stand
along the E side of (Heywoods) meadow--
slender parallel white stems revealed in
pretty
a ^ reddish maze produced by their fine
branches--it is a lesser & denser smoke (?)

The branches must be thick like those of maples & birches to give
than the maple one. the effect of smoke.. Most trees have
fewer & coarser branches or do not grow in such dense masses.

Nature now, like an athlete, begins to
strip herself in earnest for her contest
with her great antagonist Winter.

In the bare tress & twigs what a display
of muscle!

Looking toward Spanish Brook--I see
the white pines a clear green rising amid
& above the pitch pines which are
particlored, glowing internally with
the warm yellow of the old leaves
Of our Concord evergreen only the
white--& pitch pines are interesting
in their change--for only their leaves are
bright & conspicuous enough--

I notice a barberry bush in the woods still
% elsewhere the same%
thickly clothed--%^%but merely yellowish green--not
showy. Is not this commonly the case with the
Europ
introduced ^ plants? Have they not European
habits? & are they not also late to fall--
killed before they are ripe? E.g. the Quince
silvery achele privet plum(?) white-willow--weeping willow--lilac--hawthorne
apple-pear(?)--barberry "--(The horse-chestnut
& the Scotch larch is at least as bright as ours
at {same} time.
& En. Mt ash are distincter yellow) The Lombardy poplar
some branches early
is a handsome yellow"--& the cult. cherry is quite handsome
often yellowish
orange,) which with exceptions in parenthesis--are
inglorious in their decay. v n. p.
As the perfect winged & usually bright colored
insect is but short lived--so the leaves ripen
but to fall.

I go along the wooded hill
side S. W of Spanish Brook--both the fall
of the white pine &c--the pyrola umbellata
& the lycopodiums, and even evergreen ferns
suddenly emerge as from obscurity-- If
these plants are to be evergreen, how much
they require this brown & withered carpet to
be spread under them for effect. Now too
the light is let in to show them. Cold(?) blooded
(? or earlier?
wood frogs hop about amid the cool ferns
& Lycopodiums--

Am surprised to see {by} the path to Baker Farm
a tall & slender populus tremuliformis still
thickly clothed with leaves which are merely yellowish
green--later than any p. grandidentata I know--
{%
%{
%
}
Afterwards when on the Cliff—I
perceive that birches being bare (or
as good as bare) one or 2 poplars—%
{tremuloides, bright at distance}%
(I am not sure which species296) take their
%v Nov 2d%
places—on the Shrub oak plain &
are bright than they were—for they
hold out to burn longer than the birch.
The birch has now generally dropped its
golden spangles—& those Shrub oak sprout—
an almost
lands where they glowed are now ^ uniform
brown red.

297 I find the white pine cones, which have
long since opened, hard to come off—
The thickly fallen leaves make it
slippery in the woods—esp. climbing hills
{The oak wood tortoise and squirrel betrayed}§298
on the cliff.

Or strictly speaking they are pale brown
{small}%
mottled with dull red (where the % scarlet oak
%Shrub oaks withered—v Nov. 2d% stands)

// Apples trees—though many are thick leaved—
are in the midst of their fall—
// Our English cherry has fallen
// The silvery abele is still densely leaved—&
green or at most a yellowish green.
// The {lilack} still thickly leaved a yellowish green
or greenish yellow as the case may be—
// Privet—thickly leaved yellowish green—
If these plants acquire brighter tints
in Europe—then one would say that they
did not fully ripen their leaves here
before they were killed

The orchard trees are not for beauty

---

296 paren. phrase poss cancelled in pencil
297 V. line in l. margin from here to line beginning “Or strictly...”
298 Pencil not legible in copy; this line according to 1906
English plants have English habits here.

---they are not yet acclimated---they

are early or late---as if ours were an

English spring or autumn---& no doubt

in course of time a change will be produced

in their constitution similar to start which

is observed in the English man here.

Oct 30th

Rain---& wind---bringing down the

leaves---& destroying the little remaining brilliancy

The button-woods are in the midst

of their fall---Some are bare. They are late

among the trees of the street.

I see that Prichard's Mt Ash (European) has

lately put forth new leaves When all the old have

fallen---they are 4 or 5 inches long! But the Am--
erican has not started. It knows better

Beware how you meddle with a button-wood stump. I remember when one undertook to

dig a large one up---that he might set a

front yard post on the spot but I forget

how much it cost---or how many weeks

one man was about it---before it was all

cut up & removed---It would have been

to set the post in it. One man

who has just cut down a buttonwood---

had disposed of all but 8 feet of

the but---when a neighbor offered him

5 cents for it. & though it contained a

---V. dotted line in l. margin from here through line beginning "I see..."
cord of wood—he as he says, "took him up
mighty quick."--for if a man's time
were of value he could not afford to be split-
ing it.

In Rees Cyclopedia under the head of the
Fall of the leaf—mention is made of the
leaves at this season—"changing their healthy
green color to more or less of a yellow, some-
times a reddish hue." And after speaking
of the remarkable brilliancy of the American
forests—he says that some European
plants allied to the brilliant American ones
assume bright hues in the fall.

What is commonly described as the
autumnal tints of the oaks generally, is
for the most part—those tints or hues
which they have when partially withered—
those of
Corresponding to those which " more truly
deciduous trees have when freshly fallen—
—& not merely the tints of their—
\%
\%
maturity as in the maple &c—\%
The
scarlet O. especially withers very slowly
& gradually—& retains some brightness
far into November—Large red &
black & swamp-white oaks esp. the 2
(or excepting some of the first)
last,—are not commonly as interesting in the
maturity of their leaves as before or after

Oct 31st '58

Pm to Conantum

// Our currants bare—how long!
The Italian poplars are now a dull greenish

// yellow—(out nearly so far as the fern leaves that
some silvery abeles are the same color
had turned some time ago)--^ I go over the
Hub-- Bridge cause way-- The young S.
alba osiers are just bare or nearly so--
& the yellow twigs ac. begin to show
//
It is a fine day--Ind. summerlike--& there
is considerable gossamer on the causeway
& blowing from all trees-- That warm
weather of the 19th & 20th was methinks
the same sort of weather with the most
pleasant in November (which last alone
some allow to be Ind. summer) only more
to be expected.

I see many red oaks thickly leaved--fresh & at
the height of their tint--these are pretty clear
//
It is much clearer yellow than my black oak
yellow-- ^ but some others are about bare v. n. p.
These & scarlet oaks, which are yet more
numerous, are the only oaks not withered that
I notice today--except one mid-sized white
oak prob. protected from frost under Lee’s cliff.
Between the absolutely deciduous plants
& the evergreens are all degrees--not only
those which retain their withered leaves all
commonly called evergreen
winter--but those ^ which though slow to change
yet acquire at last a ruddy color while
they keep their leaves--as the lambkill--& water-
andromeda(?)

Get a good sight on Conantum of
a sparrow (such as I have seen in flocks
some time) which utters a sharp te-te-te
quickly repeated--as it flies--sitting on a wall
3 or 4 rods off I see that it is rather
long & slender--is perhaps dusky ash above
with some black backward--has a pretty
long black bill--a white ring about eye--
white chin--& line under cheek--a black
(or dark) spotted breast--& dirty cream color
beneath--legs long & slender & perhaps reddish
brown--2 faint light bars on wings--but
what more distinguishes it more--it keeps
gently jerking or tossing its tail as it sits--&
when a flock flies over--you see the tails
distinctly black beneath-- Though I detected
no yellow yet I think from the note that
// it must be the shore lark (such as I saw
Mar 24th) in their fall plumage. They
are a common bird at this season, I think.
I see a mid sized red oak side by side
with a black one under Lee's300 Cliff. The first
is still pretty fresh--the latter completely withered.
--the withered leaves of the first, are flat--ap.
thin--& a yellowish brown-- Those of the black
are much curled & a very different & dark
brown--& look thicker
// Barberry generally is thickly leaved & only
somewhat yellowish or scarlet--say russet
I tasted some of the very small grapes on
Blackberry steep--such I had a jelly made of--
// Though shrivelled & therefore ripe--they are very
acid & inedible
The slippery elm has a few scattered leaves
on it while the common close by is bare--so
// I think the former is later to fall-- You may
call it bare.
// The cedar at Lee's Cliff has ap just fallen--almost--

300“L” written over “l”
As I sit on the cliff there the sun is now getting low & the woods in Lincoln S & E of me are lit up by its more brilliant rays--& there is brought out a more brilliancy, brilliant redness in the scarlet oaks scattered so equally over the forest--than you would have believed was in them-- Every tree of this species which is visible in these directions--even to the horizon--now stands out distinctly red.

Some great ones lift (there) red backs high above the woods near the Codman place-- like huge roses with a myriad fine petals-- & some large slender ones in a small grove of white pines on pine hill in the east--in the very horizon alternating with the pines on the edge of the grove & shouldering them with their an intense burning red--which would lose some of its strength methinks with every step you might take toward them red coats--"look like soldiers in red amid hunters in green--this time it is Lincoln green too-- Until the sun thus lit them up you would not have believed that there were so many red-coats in the forest army-- Looking eastward their colors are lost in a blaze of light--but in other directions the whole forest is a flower garden--in which these late roses burn--alternating with green-- while the so called "gardeners" working here & there perchance beneath with spade & water-pot--see only a few little asters amid withered leaves (for the shade that lurks amid their foliage does not report itself at this distance--

301 A vertical line links this line with the parenthetical beginning on line 33
302 poss corrected to "westward" in pencil
303 "e" written over "y"
They are unanimously red—-the focus of
their reflected is in the atmosphere far
on this side. Every such tree--esp. in the
horizon--becomes a nucleus of red as it were
where with the declining sun the redness grows
comparatively
& glows like a cloud.-- It only has some dull
red leaves for a nucleus & to start it--& it
becomes an intense scarlet or red mist--or
fire--which finds fuel for itself in the
very atmosphere. I have no doubt that
you would be disappointed in the brilliancy
of those trees if you were to walk to them.
You see a redder tree than exists-- It is a
strong red--which gathers strength from
the air on its way to your eye-- It is partly
The scarlet oak asks the clear sky & the brightness of the Ind. Summer.
borrowed fire--borrowed of the sun
These bring out its color-- If the sun goes into a cloud they become
indistinct-- %{ }%
garden flowers. It costs me nothing for
a gardener-- The falling leaves all over
the forest are protecting the roots of my
plants. Only look at what is to be seen
\& you will have garden enough--without
We have only to
depthening the soil of your yard--elevate our view a little
to see the whole forest as a garden-- %(v. 10 p. forward)%
To my surprise--the only yellow that
%amid% %{universal}%
I see this %"% red & green & chocolate--
is one large tree-top in the forest
a mile off in the east across the
pond, which by its form & color--I know
%(of my late acquaintance)%
to be %"% the tall aspen (tremuliformis) of
the 29th It too is far more yellow
at this distance, than it was close at
hand--(and so are the Lombardy poplars
The s. alba too looks yellower at a distance now
in our streets) Their dull brown & green colors
do not report themselves so far--
& we see the sun reflected in it
while the yellow—crescit eundo—% {^}% After
walking for a couple of hours the other day
through the woods I came to the base of a tall
aspen which I do not remember to have seen
before—standing in the midst of the woods

in the next town—still thickly leaved & turned

It is perhaps the largest of its species that I know— It was by merest accident th[at]
to greenish yellow—% All summer & its chances
I stumbled on it, & if I had been sent to find it, I should have thought it be, as we
say, like looking
for a needle in a haymow
for so many years, it has been concealed to
me—but now walking in a different direc[tion]
% to the same hilltop from which I saw the scarlet oaks—& looking off just before
sunset%22—% when all other
visible %{ %}
trees ^ for miles around are reddish or green—
yellow
I distinguish my new acquaintance—by its ^ color.

Such is its fame at last—& reward for living
in that solitude & obscurity. It is the most distinct
tree in all the landscape & would be the cynosure
of all eyes here. Thus it plays its part in the
choir. I made a minute of its locality, glad to know
where so large in aspen grew. Then it seemed pecu-
liar in its solitude & obscurity—now it was seen
to be equally peculiar for its distinctness & promi-
nence— Each tree (in October) runs up its flag
& we know colors it sails under—

The sailor sails & the soldier marches
under a color—which will report his virtue
farthest & the ships “private signals” must
be such as {can} be distinguished at the greatest
distance— The eye which distinguishes & ap-
preciates color—is itself the seat of color
in the human body.

304 Pencil not legible in copy; these lines according to 1906
305 “at...hour” poss cancelled in pencil
It is as if it recognized me too &
gladly--coming halfway to meet me--
& now the acquaintance thus propitiously
formed will I trust be permanent--

Of the 3 (?) mocker--nuts on Conantum top--only
// the Southernmost is bare--the rest are thickly
// leaved yet-- The v. lentago is about bare

That hour-glass apple shrub--near
the old Conantum house is full of small
yellow fruit-- Thus it is with them-- By
the end of some Oct. when their leaves have
fallen you see them glowing with an abundance
of wild fruit, which the cows cannot get
at over the bushy & thorny hedge which sur-
rounds them. Such is their pursuit of
knowledge through difficulties-- Though
they may have taken the hour glass form
think not that their sands are run out.
So is it another with the rude neglected genius
from amid the country hills--he suffers
many a check at first--browsed on by fate
--springing in but a rocky pasture--the
nursery of other creatures there--& he grows
broad & strong--& scraggy & thorny--(stunted)
hopelessly stunted you would say--& not like
a sleek orchard tree--all whose forces are
husbanded--& the precious early years not lost--
--but at & when at first within this rind
& hedge the man shoots up--he is set you
see the thorny scrub of his youth about
him & he walks like an hourglass--
--aspiring above it is true--but held

---"it" written over "with"
down & impeded by the rubbish of old difficulties

overcome--& you seem to see his sands running
out-- But at length, thanks to his rude
culture--he attains to his full stature

and every vestige of the thorny hedge which clung
to his youth disappears--& he bears golden
crops^ whose fame will spread through all orch(ards)

for generations to come--while that thrifty

orchard tree which was his competitor will

perchance have long since ceased to bear its engrafted

fruit & decayed-- v Nov (?7th).

The Beach Plum is withering green--say with the

apple trees--which are half of them bare.

^304^ Larches fairly began to fall-- so they

are at height.

Nov. 1st '58 %^% %v near end of {25 Oct} %
Fm to Poplar Hill %for {acs} of November %

Many black oaks are bare in Sleepy Hollow--

Now you easily detect where larches grow
viz--in the swamp N of sleepy hollow-- They
are far more distinct than at any other
season. They were very regular soft yellow
pyramids--as I see them from the Poplar^303^ Hill.

Unlike the pines--there is no greenness left
to alternate with this yellow--but they are
a uniform yellow--& they differ from other
yellow trees in the generally regular pyramidal
outline--i.e. these middling sized trees--

These trees now cannot easily be mistaken for any
other--because they are the only conspicuously
yellow trees now left^310^ in the woods except

a very few aspens of both kinds--not out in a square
mile--& these are of a very different hue as

307"Porters or Baldwins" written over "porters or baldwins"
308vertical dotted line drawn in margin from here through line beginning "Now you..."
309"p" written over "p"
310"left" written over "except"
as well as form--(the birches &c having
fallen-- The larch, apparently, will soon be
the only yellow tree left in the woods--
It is almost quite alone now--

But in the summer it is not easy to distinguish
them either by their color or form at a distance.

If you wish to count the scarlet oaks
do it now-- Stand on the hill top in the woods
when the sun is an hour high & the sky is clear--
& every one within range your vision will be revealed.

You might live to the age of the Methusaleh
and never find a tithe of them otherwise.

We are not wont to see our door yard as
a part of the earth's surface-- The gardener
does not perceive that some ridge or
mound in his garden or lawn
is related to yonder hill or the still more
distant mt in the horizon--Is perchance
a humble spur of the last-- We are wont
to look over the earth still as a sort of
chaos formless & lumpish. I notice
from this height that the curving moraine
forming the W. side of Sleepy Hollow is one
several
of arms or fingers which stretch
away from the hill range that (runds) down
the N side of the Boston road--turning
northward at the Court House--that this
finger like moraine is continued northward
by itself almost to the river--& points plainly
enough to Ponkawtasset Hill on the
other side--even if the Poplar Hill range
itself did not indicate this connexion--
& so the sloping cemetery lots on the (west) of Sleepy
the distant
Hollow--are related to \^ Ponkawtasset.
The smooth-shaven knoll in the lawn, on
which the children swing--is perchance
only a spur of some mts of the moon--which
no traveller has ever reached--heaved up
by the same impulse.

The Hawthorn is but 3/4 fallen & is a greenish
yellow--or yellowish green--
I hear in the fields just before sundown
a shriller chirping of a few crickets--reminding
me that their song is getting thin & will soon
be quenched.

As I stood in the S bank of the river 100 rods
SW of John Flints--the\textsuperscript{112} sun being just about to
enter a long and broad dark blue or slate colored
cloud in the horizon--a cold dark bank--
White
I saw that the reflection of Flints ^ House
in the river--prolonged by a slight ripple so as
to reach the reflected cloud--was a very distinct
& luminous light blue.

As the afternoons grow shorter & the
early evening drives us home to complete our
chores--we are reminded of the shortness
of life--& become more pensive at least
in this twilight of the year-- We are prompted
to make haste & finish our work before the
night comes-- I leaned over a rail in
the twilight on the Walden Pond--waiting
for the evening mail--to be distributed--when
such thoughts visited me-- I seemed to re-
recognize this November evening as a familiar

\textsuperscript{112}"the" written over "I"
thing come round again--& yet I
could hardly tell whether I had ever
known it or only divined it. The No-
ember twilights just begun--! it appeared
like a part of a panorama at which
I sat spectator--a part with which
I was perfectly familiar just coming into
view--& I foresaw how it would look
& roll along & prepared to be pleased--
just such a piece of art merely
infinitely
though exquisitely sweet & grand did
it appear to one & just as little were
any active duties required of me--
We are independent on all that we
see-- The hangman whom I have seen
cannot hang me. The earth which
I have seen cannot bury me-- Such
doubleness & distance does sight prove.
Only the rich and such as are troubled
with ennui are implicated in the
maze of phenomena. You cannot
see any thing until you are clear of
it. The long RR causeway--through
the meadows west of me--the still
only in the Pm%
twilight in which hardly a cricket
was heard (?)--the dark bank of clouds
%{long after sunset}%
above the in the horizon--the villagers
crowding to the P. O.--& the hastening home
to supper by candle light--had I
not seen all this before--! What new
sweet am I to extract from it?

Truly--they mean that we shall learn

\[7\] cancelled in pencil
our lesson well-- Nature gets thumbed
like an old spelling book. The almshouse
& Frederick\[14] were still--as last November--
I was no nearer methinks nor further
off from my friends-- Yet I sat the
bench with perfect contentment unwilling
familiar
to exchange the "vision that was to be unroll\{ed\}
for any treasure or heaven that could
be imagined-- Sure to keep just so far
apart in our orbits still--in obedience
to the laws of attraction & repulsion--affording
each other only steady but indispensable
star-light-- It was as if I was promised
the greatest novelty the world has ever seen
or shall see--though the utmost possible
novelty would be the difference between me
& myself a year ago-- This above encouraged
me & was my fuel for the approaching
winter-- That we may behold the panora-
ma with this slight improvement or change--
this is what we sustain life for with
so much effort from year to year--

And yet there is no more tempting novelty--
than this new November-- No going to Europe
or another world--is to be named with it
P. O. & all
Give me the old familiar walk''--with
this ever new self--with this infinite ex-
petation & faith--which does not know
when it is beaten. We'll go nutting once
more-- We'll pluck the nut of the world

\[14]"F" written over "r"
& crack it in the winter evenings--
Theaters--& all other sight seeing--are
puppet-shows in comparison. I will
take another walk to the Cliff--another
row on the river--another skate on the
meadow--be out in the first snow--
associate with the winter birds. Here
I am at home-- In the bare & bleached crust
of the earth I recognize my friend--

One actual Frederick that you {have} know--
is worth a million only read of-- Pray am
I altogether a batchelor or am I a widower
--that I should go away & leave my bride?--
This Morrow that is ever knocking with irresistible
force at our door--there is no such guest as that.
I will stay at home & receive company.

I want nothing new--if I can have but
a tithe of the old secured to me--I will spurn
all wealth beside-- Think of the consummate
folly of attempting to go away from here!
When the constant endeavor should be to get
nearer & nearer here. Here are all the
friends I ever had or shall have ^ as friendly
as ever--

Why, I never had any quarrel with a friend
but it was just as sweet as unanimity could be.
I do not think we budge an inch forward
or backward in relation to our friends.
How many things can you go away from?--
They see the comet from the N. W. coast
just as plainly as we do--& the same stars
through its tail. Take the shortest
way round & stay at home.

{315}Dash appears midway through the quotation mark
A man dwells in his native valley unlike
a corella in its calyx--like an acorn in
its cup--Here of course, is all that you
love--all that you expect--all that you
are--Here is your bride elect--as close to you
as she can be got. Here is all the best &
all the worst you can imagine--What more
do you want? Bear here away then!
Foolish people imagine that what they imagine
is somewhere else. That stuff is not made in any
factory but their own--

Nov. 2d '58

Pm to Cliff--

A cool gray November pm sky overcast.

Looking back from the causeway--the larger
willow by Mrs Bigelows--& a silvery abele are
the only leafy trees to be seen in & over the village
--the first a yellowish mass--also some Lombardy
paplars on the outskirts--(It) is remarkable
that these (& the weeping willow vet green) & a
few of our {populus} tremuloides (lately the grandid.
also) all closely allied are the only trees
now (except the larch & perhaps a very few small
white birches) which are conspicuously leafy &
deciduous
yellow--almost the only ^ ones whose leaves
are not withered--(i.e. escape scarlet oak--red-- o--&
some of the others &c

I see here and there yet some midsized
coniferous willows--bet humilis & discolor--whose
upper leaves left on are quite bright lemon yellow

---

316"here" poss. "her"
317"L" written over "p"
318"lately" cancelled in pencil, also poss. underlined in pencil
in dry places. The p. pine is a little
past the midst of its fall-- in sprout-
lands. Some young birches are still rather

leafy & bright colored. Going over the
newly cleared pasture on the NE of F. H. Hill
I see that the scarlet oaks are more
generally bright than an the 22d ult--
Even the little sprouts in the russet pasture
& the high tree tops in the yew wood

burn now--when the mid-sized bushes in
the sproutlands have mostly gone out--
scar. O. perhaps--Esp. on hills
The large trees & tree tops in woods ap.
are late because raised above the influences
of the early frosts-- Methinks they are
as bright ever this dark day as I ever saw
them. The blossoming of the Scar. O! The
forest flower--surpassing all in splendor,
(at least since the maple). I do not know
but they interest me more than the maples

They are so widely & equally dispersed through
out the forest--they are so hardy--a
nobler tree on the whole--lasting into No-
vember--our Chief November flower--abiding
the approach of winter with us--impacting
warmth to November prospects-- It is remarkable
that the latest bright color that is
general--should be this deep dark scarlet
& red--the intensest of colors--the ripest
fruit of the year--like the cheek of a
cold
glossy red ripe apple from the ^ isle
of Orleans--which will not be mellow

319"S" written over "s"
320"the maples" written over "that---"
321"N" written over "n"
322"N" written over "n"
for eating till next Spring! When I rise
to a hill top a thousand of these great oak
roses--distributed on every side as far as the horizon
This my unfailing prospect for a fortnight
past as surely as I rose to a hill top-- This
late forest flower--surpasses all that
spring or summer could do-- Their colors were
but rare & dainty specks--which made no
impression on a distant eye. Now it is an
extended forest or a" extended" side that bursts
journey from day to day-- I admire these roses
3 or 4 miles off in the horizon. Comparatively,
our gardening is on a petty scale--the gardener
still nursing a few asters amid dead weeds--ignorant
of the gigantic asters & roses which as it were over-
shadow him & ask for none of his care-- Comparatively
it is like a little red paint ground on a tea cup
& held up against the sunset sky. Why not
take more elevated & broader views--walk in the
"debauched"
greater garden--not sculk in a little ^ nook of it--
Consider the beauty of the earth--& not merely
of a few impounded herbs. However you will
not see these splendors, whether you stand on the
hill--top or in the hollow, unless you are prepared
to see them. The gardener can see only the gardener’s
garden wherever he goes. The beauty of the earth
answers exactly to your demand & appreciation--

Apples--in the village & lower ground

\[^{221}"a" inserted\]
are now generally killed brown & crisp
without having turned yellow--esp the
upper parts--while those on hills
& warm places--turned yellowish or russet
& so ripened to their fall. Of quinces
bushes--the same only they are a little later
are
// The sap is now frequently flowing fast in
the scar. let oaks (as I have not observed it
in the others) and has a pleasant acorn like taste
Their bright tints, now that most other oaks
are withered, are connected with this phenomenon--
They are full of sap & life. The flavor like
a sugar maple in the spring-- It has a pleasantly
astringent taste, this strong oak wine.

tremuloides
That small poplar ^ seen from Cliffs on
// the 29th is a p. tremuloides--it makes the
impression of a bright & clear yellow at a
distance--though it is rather dingy & spotted.
It is later then--(this & the Baker Farm\(^224\) one)
than my P. grandidentata, that I know--
Looking down on the oak wood SE of
Yew Wood--I see some large black oak
// it shows life a little longer then the white
& swamp white apparently-- One just
beyond the small pox burying ground--
is generally greenish \(^{225}\) to scarlet
--looking very much like a Scarlet O
not yet completely changed--for the
leaf would not the distinguished-- However
the nuts--with yellow meat--& the strong

\(^{224}\)“f” written over “f”
\(^{225}\)“inclines” written over “inclineing”
bitter yellow bark--betrayed it. Yet it did not amount to scarlet.

I see a few shrub oak leaves still where sheltered.

The little chinquapin has fallen

I go past the Well Meadow Field. There is a sympathy between this cold gray overcast November afternoon & the grayish brown oak leaves--& russet fields.

The scotch larch is changed--at least as bright as ours.

Nov. 3

Colder weather, true November weather comes again & tonight--& I must rekindle my fire--which I had done without of late.

I must walk briskly in order to keep warm in my thin coat.

Pm to Anursnack

I am inclined to think that pignuts fall earlier than Mocker-nuts--i.e the leaves--& that the first are now about fallen (?) Those on Nawshawtuct are bare--But I see nearly a great many hickories of some kind not ^ bare

Monroes arbor-vitae hedge has fallen.

Put it with the white pine. The jay is the bird of October--I have seen it repeatedly flitting amid the bright leaves of a different color from them all--& equally bright & taking its flight from grove to grove.

It too, with its bright color, stands for some ripeness in the bird harvest. And its scream it is as if it blowed on the edge of an
October leaf-- It is never more in its element
& at home
"than when fitting amid these brilliant colors.
No doubt it delights in bright color--& so has
begged for itself a brilliant coat-- It is not
gathering seeds from the sod--too busy
to look around--while fleeing the country--
It is wide awake to what is going one--on
the qui vive-- It flies to some bright tree
& bruits it splendors abroad.

By fall--I mean literally the falling of the
leaves-- Though some mean by it the changing
or the acquisition of a brighter color-- This I call
the Autumnal tint--the ripening to the fall.
white
The only " birch leaves now seen are those
// lingering green terminal leaves of the 23d now
½% at least 7 days later% at last turned yellow%"%--for they are now
burnt upward to the last spark & glimmering
Methinks the birch ripens its leaves very perfectly
though gradually.
I should say that that tree which ripened its
leaves well like this--was better suited
to the climate than one like the locust &
most apples--which was mostly killed by
frost first annually-- Perhaps this tells
at last on the constitution of the tree;
And that variety would be safest to cultivate
which natured its leaves best.
The p-- pine fallen & falling leaves now &
// for some times have not then bright or yellow
but brown--
At base of Anursnack I find 1 or 2
open
// fringed gentians yet"--but even the stems
are generally killed.-- I notice the{re}
the cows lately admitted {to} the meadows & orchards
have browsed the grass &c closely in that
strip bet the dry hill side & the wet meadow
--where it is undoubtedly sweetest & freshest yet--
& where it chances that this late flower
the gentian grows-- There too grows the
herbage which is now the most grateful
to the cattle. Also aster undulatus is still
freshly in bloom--yarrow--&c &c--
%Much Lycopodium complanatum not open yet.%
Returning I see at the very N. W. end of the white
Cedar swamp a little elder still quite leafy
& green--near the paths on the edge of the swamp
Its leaflets are commonly 9 & the lower 2 or more are
commonly divided-- This seemed peculiarly downy
%{It is ap. only a more downy common one & this may have pre-}%
beneath--even "sub-pubescent" as Big. describes
%{served it from frost}% %{ }
the S. pubens to be-- Compare it with the common%
%{
}%
Also by it is vib. nudum still quite fresh &
green--the slender shoots from slanting plants
very erect & straight. {drawing}
The lower leaves of the water and mud
%{So at Potter’s Swamp--pretty commonly a dark scarlet--Nov 8, 1855}%
are now red% & the lamb kill leaves
are drooping (is it more than before ?) & purplish from
the effect of frost in low swamps like this?
Though I listen for them, I do not hear a cricket
this Pm. I think that I heard a few in the Pm of
Nov. 1st They then sounded peculiarly distinct, being
but few here & there on a dry & warm hill--bird like
Yet there seemed to be singing a little louder--& in
a little loftier strain--now that the chirp of
the cricket generally was quenched.
How long we will follow an illusion--
On meeting that one whom I call my friend
I find that I had imagined something that was not there— I am sure to depart sadder than I came— Nothing makes me so dejected as to have met my friends.

--for they make me doubt if it is possible to have any friends— I feel what a fool I am— I cannot conceive of persons more strange to me than they actually are— Not thinking not believing— not doing as I do— interrupted by me— My only distinction must be that I am the greatest bore they ever had— Not in a single thought agreed— regularly baulking one another— But when I get far away— That is the way I can visit them my thoughts return to them. Perhaps it is unaccountable to me why I care for them—

Thus I am taught that my friend is not an actual person— When I have withdrawn & am alone— I forget the actual person & remember only my ideal. Then I have a friend again. I am not so ready to perceive the illusion that is in nature— I certainly come nearer, to say the least, to an actual & joyful intercourse with her— every day I have more or less communion with men, as I think— At least I do not feel as if I {must} withdraw out of nature— I feel like a welcome guest— Yet strictly speaking the same must be true of nature & of man— our ideal is the only real. It is not the

^Line 1 is cut off on the MS copy; this line is taken from 1906
^"Not" written over "Noth"
finite & temporal that {satisfies} or concerns us in either case.

I associate the idea of friendship methinks {with} the person the most foreign to me-- This illusion is perpetuated--like superstition in a country long after civilization has been attained to.

We are attracted toward a particular person but no one has discovered the laws of this attraction. When I come nearest to that other actually I am wont to be surprised at my selection-- It may be enough that we have met some time--& now can never forget it.

Sometimes or other we paid each other this wonderful compliment--looked largely--humanly --divinely on one another--and now are fated to be acquaintances for ever--

In the case of nature I am not so conscious of this unsatisfied yearning.

Some oak woods begin to look bare &

even smoky after their fashion

Nov. 4th

A rainy day. Called to C. from the outside of his house the other Pm in the rain. At length he put his head out the attic window & I inquired if he didn’t want to take a walk--but he excused himself saying that he had a cold but added he, you can take so much the longer walk--double it.

On the 1st when I stood on Poplar
Hill—I saw yonder a man far
off by the edge of the river splitting billets
off a stump—suspecting who it was I
took out my glass—& beheld Goodwin
—the one eyed Ajax—in his short blue
frock—short & square bodied—As broad
as for his height he can afford to be—
getting his winter’s wood—for this is one
of the phenomena of the season—
As surely as the ants which he disturbs go
into winter quarters in the stump when the
weather becomes cool—so does G.
revisit the stumpy shores with his axe—
As usual his powder flask peeped out
// from a pocket on his breast—& his gun
was slanted over a stump near by—& His boat lay a little further along.
He had been at work laying wall
now still further off—& near the end of the
day betook himself to these pursuits which
he loved better still. It would be an amuse-
ment to me to see a gentleman buy
his winter wood—It is to see G. get his
I helped him tip over a stump or 2—He said that the owner of the land {had} given
him leave to get them out—but it seemed
to me a condescension for him to ask any
man’s leave to grub up these stumps—
The stumps to those who can use them, I say
to those who will split them. He might
as well ask leave of the farmer to shoot
the musquash and the meadow hen— I
might as well ask leave to look at

330“4” written over “h”
331“buy” written over “by”
the landscape-- Near by were large hollows
in the ground, now grassed over, where
he had got out white oak stumps in pre-
vious years. But strange to say the town
does not like to have him get his fuel in this
way-- they would rather the stumps would rot
in the ground--or be floated down stream
to the sea-- They have almost without {dissent}
agreed on a different mode of living--with
their division of labor-- They would have him
stick to the laying wall & buy corded wood for
his fuel--as they do. He has drawn up an old bridge
sleeper & {put his} cut his name in it for security--
& now he gets in to his boat & pushes off--in the {twilight}
saying he will go & see what Mr. Musquash is
about.

When the Haverhill fisherman told me that
they could distinguish the Concord river stuff (i.e
drift wood) I see they were right--for much
chestnut
of it is ^ rails--& of these they have but few &
of those in the S part of N.H.
%{Let your walking now    be a little more adventurous on   the hills}%
If about the last of Oct. you ascend any
hill in the outskirts of the town & look over
the forest you will see amid the brown of the
which are
oaks ^ now withered & the green of the pines--the
bright red tops or crescents of the scarlet oaks
very equally & thickly distributed on all sides
even to the horizon-- Complete trees standing
exposed--the edges of the pond--where you ha[ve]
ever suspected them--or their tops only in the re-

332According to 1906
333"C" poss written over "c"
cesses of the forest surface--or perhaps
towering above the surrounding trees--or
reflecting a warm rose red from the very edge
of the horizon in favorable lights. All this
you will see & much more--if you are
prepared to see it--if you look for it.
Otherwise--regular & universal as this phe--
\%\{ ¾\}\% you will think for 3 score
years & 10 that all the wood is at this
season--sere & brown--Objects are concealed
from our view--not so much because they are
out of the course of our visual ray\^\^ (continued)
as because there is no intention of the
mind & eye toward them. We do not realize
how far & widely--or how near & narrowly
we are to look. The greater part of the
phenomena of nature are for this reason
\%\{ ¾\}\% concealed to us all our lives.\^\^ Here too, as
in political economy, the supply answers to
the demand--Nature does not cast pearls
before swine. There is just as much beauty
visible to us in the landscape as we are
prepared to appreciate--not a grain more.
The actual objects which one person will see from
a particular hill top--are just as different from
those which another will see--as the persons
are different. The scarlet O. must in a sense
be in your eye when you go forth. We
cannot see anything--unless we are possessed
with the idea of it--& then we can hardly
see anything else. In my botanical
rambles--I find that first the idea or
image of a plant occupies my thoughts
though it may at first seem very foreign
to this locality---& for some weeks or
months I go thinking of it---& expecting it
unconsciously---& at length I surely see it---
& it is henceforth an actual neighbor of mine
This is the history of my finding a score or more
of some plants which I could name---

Take one of our select men & put on him on
& tell him to look!
the highest hill in the town ship! & consider
what would he select to look at?
what probably he would see---! sharpening his
sight to the utmost & putting on the glasses that
aye using a spyglass if he liked

s suited him best---(straining his optic nerve to its utmost)

making a full report--- Of course
he would see a Brocken spectre---
to himself Now take Julius Caesar--or
Immanuel Swedenborg--or a Figue Islander
& set him up there! Let them compare
notes afterward; would it appear that they had en-
joyed the same prospect? For aught we know
as strange a man as any of these is always at
our elbows. It does not appear that anybody saw
Shakespeare when he was about in England looking
off---but only some of his raiment

Why it takes a sharp shooter to bring down even such
trivial game as snipes & wood cocks--he must
take very particular aim & know what he is
aiming at. He would stand a very small chance
if he fired at random into the sky, being told that
snipes were flying there & so is it with him that
Not till the sky falls will he catch larks unless he is a trained sportsman.
shoots at beauty---" He will not bag any if he

334 "consider" cancelled in pencil, and poss replaced above
335 T marked "he would" to be transposed to "would he"
does not already know its haunts & the color of its wing—if he has not dreamed of it so that he can anticipate it—then indeed he flushes it out every step—shoots double & on the wing—with both barrels—even in corn-fields. The sportsman trains himself unweariedly—dresses—& watches—& loads & primes for see prays for it his particular game—so he gets it.

After due & long preparation—schooling his eye & hand—dreaming awake & asleep—with gun & paddle & boat—he goes out after meadow-hens—which most of his towns-men never saw nor dreamed of—paddles for miles against a head wind—& therefore he gets them—He had them half way & has only to shove them down into his bag when he started—The fisherman too dreams of fish—till he can almost catch them in his sink-spout. The hen scratches & finds her food right under where she stands but such is not the way with the hawk—

The true sportsman can shoot you almost any of his game from his windows—it comes & perches, at last, on the barrel of his gun— but the rest of the world never see it—

-- -- -- with the feathers on. He will keep himself supplied by firing up his chimney.—

The geese fly exactly under his zenith & honk extol when they get there. 20 musquash have the refusal of each one of his traps—before it is empty.

& that they breed here though he never saw their nests—

\{seasons &\}

Humphrey Buttrick—says that he finds old & young of both kind of small rails & that they breed here though he never saw their nests—

---

336"seasons" is cut off in the MS copy; this is taken from 1906
337the section from "he" to "scratches" is grouped with a large parenthesis in the left margin and labeled "5"
338The section from "finds" to "hawk--" is grouped with a large parenthesis in the left margin and labeled "6"
339The section from "The true" to "see it--" is grouped with a large parenthesis in the left margin and labeled "1"
340The section from "-- -- --" to "zenith & is grouped with a large parenthesis in the left margin and labeled "3"
341The section from "have" to "empty" is grouped with a large parenthesis in the left margin and labeled "4"
The river has risen somewhat on account of rain yesterday & the 30th so it was lowest the 30th
That great fleet of leaves of the 21st Oct is now & are flatted out there sunk to the bottom near the shore & paving it thickly & but few recently fallen are to be seen on the water & in the woods the leaves do not lie up so crisp since the rain
Saw Stewart shoot a Carolina rail which was standing on the side of a musquash cabin off Richard’s within 2 rods of him This has no black throat & is prob the female or young
The large shallow cups of the red oak acorns look like some buttons I have seen which had lost their core The C Florida on the Island is still full-leafed & is now completely scarlet though it was partly green on the 28th It is ap in the height of its color there now or if more exposed perhaps it would have been on the 1st of Nov This makes it the latest tree to change The leaves are drooping (like the C sericea) while those of some sprouts at its base are horizontal Some incline to crimson
A few white maples are not yet bare but thinly clothed with dull yellow leaves which still have life in them Judging from the 2 aspens this tree & the willows one would say that the earliest trees to leaf were perhaps the last to lose their leaves
Little dippers were seen yesterday few
The remaining topmost leaves of the salix sericea which were the last to change are now yellow like those of the birch

343 "young" cancelled in pencil
water milkweed has been discounting some small days—with its ^ upright pods.

I hear 1 cricket this louring day— Since but one is heard, it is the more distinct— & therefore seems louder & more musical— It is a clearer note—less creaking than before.

A few P. grandidentata leaves are still left on The common smooth rose leaves are pretty conspicuously yellow yet along the river—& some dull reddish high blackberry is seen by the roads—also meadow sweet is observed yet with the rose It is quite still—no wind—no insect hum & no note of birds—but one (nuthatch) hairy wood pecker— That lake grass gly-

// ceria fluitans is methinks more noticeable now than in summer—on the surface of the %green & purple% fuller stream.%% %Meadow sweet is a prominent yellow yet%

Nov. 6th

Yesterday was a still & cloudy day— This is another rainy day— On the whole we have had a good deal of fair weather the last 3 months. Mr. Buttrick the Marketman—says he has been to Boston 27 times since the first of August— & has not got wet till today— Though he rides in an open wagon—

I guessed at Goodwin’s age on the 1st He is hale & stout and looks younger than he is & I took care to set him high enough I guessed that he was 55—& he said that
if he lived 2 or 3 months longer he would be
56-- He then guessed at my age--
--thought I was 40-- He thought that
(I) Emerson was a very young looking man--
for his age--but said he, "He has not
been out o' nights as much as you have"--

Some horse chestnuts are thickly leaved
& yellow--not withered

Nov. 7th

To Bateman’s Pond--

It cleared up this forenoon-- I leave my boat
I see the cold sunlight from some glade between the clouds falling on distant oak woods
now nearly bare
opposite the hemlocks--"& as I glance up the hill

between them, seeing the bare but bright hill side
beyond--& I think--Now we are left to
the hemlocks & pines with their silvery light
to the bare trees & withered green-- The very rocks--
(that beyond Farmer’s)
and stones in the rocky roads " look white in the

clean November light--(esp). after the rain--
We are left to the chicadee’s familiar
notes--& the jay for trumpeter.

What struck me was a certain emptiness
beyond--between the hemlocks & the hill--
in the cool washed air--as if I appreciated

even here the absence of insects from it ++--

It suggested, agreeably to me, a mere space
in which to walk briskly-- The fields are bleak--
& they are as it were, vacated-- The very earth is

like a house shut up for the winter, & I go

knocking about it in vain. But just
then I heard a chicadee in a hemlock--&
and was inexpressibly cheered to find that an
old acquaintance was yet stirring about
the premises & was then assured to be
there all winter. All that is evergreen
\%{}\% (v. 8 p. forward)\%
in me revived at once--\%\% (nuthatch)\%
The very moss--(the little pine tree moss) in
Hosmers meadow is revealed by its greenness
amid the withered grass & stubble
// Hard frosts have turned the cranberry
vines to a dark purple--
// I hear one faint cricket’s chirp this pm
Going up the lane beyond Farmers\textsuperscript{345}--I was
surprised to see fly up from the white stony
road, 2 snow buntings--which alighted again
close by--one on a large rock--the other
on the stoney ground-- They\textsuperscript{346} had pale brown
or tawny trunks on the white breast--
& on each side of the head--on the top of
the head--in the last place with some darker color--
\%\% (nuthatch)
"They sat quite motionless within 2 rods--& all--
owed me to approach within a rod--as
if conscious that the white rocks &c
concealed them-- It seemed as if they
were attracted to surfaces of the same color
with themselves--white & black (or quite dark)
& tawny-- One squatted flat--if not both.
Their soft rippling notes as they went off
reminded me that N. E snowstorms
to which ere long they are to be an accom-
paniment
// I find in a swamp Witch hazel buds

\textsuperscript{345}"F" written over "f"
\textsuperscript{346}"T" written over "t"
still opening—for here they are sheltered—but
I can find no fringed gentian blue near Bate—
mans P. But A undulatus & several g. rods
at least may be found yet. I see L. dendroides
%{var. obscurum}%
%^%which has not yet shed pollen
In and about Fox Castle swamp—lambkill is
reddened—about as much as ever—Roundleaved
cornel is bare. The nuthatch is another bird
of the fall which I hear these days & for a long
time. Ap. ever since the young birds grew up—
The C. Florida by the Pond is quite bare, how long?
(That at Island still thickly leaved) so that I can only say much
that the sheltered C. Florida change ^ later than the scar O. generally
and perhaps the former is to be considered later on the whole
Methinks those Scar. Oaks—those burning
bushes—begin to be rare in the landscape—They
are about Bateman’s P. at any rate.
My apple harvest! it is to glean after the husband-
man—& the cows—or to gather the crop of those
wild trees far away on the edges of swamps which
have escaped their notice. Now when it is generally
all fallen, if indeed any is left—though you
would not suppose there were any on the first
survey—nevertheless with experienced eyes I explore
—amid the clumps of alder (now bare) & in the
crevices of the rocks full of (leaves) & prying
under the fallen & decaying ferns which with
apple & alderleaves thickly strew the ground—
From amid the leaves any where within
the circumference of the tree I draw forth
the fruit all wet & glossy-- nibbled by
rabbits-- & hollowed out by crickets-- but
still with the bloom on it and at least
as ripe, and well kept, if not better
than those in barrels-- (while those which
lay exposed are quite brown & rotten.) Showing
only a blooming cheek here & there between
the wet leaves-- or fallen into hollows long
since & covered up with the leaves of the tree--
a proper kind of packing. I fill my pockets
on each side-- & as I retrace my steps--
I eat one, first from this side & then from
that, in order to preserve my balance.
And here & there is one lodged as it fell bet-
ween the bases of the suckers which spring thickly
from a horizontal limb. In the midst of an
alder clump covered by leaves-- There it lies safe
from cows which might smell it out-- & unob
served by the husbandman-- reserved for me.
% Generally %
It is too late % % to look for the handsome ones

// now. The %'t exposed are decayed or decaying.

Looking S. W. toward the pond just before
sunset-- I saw against the light-- what
I took to be a shadbush in full bloom-- but
without a leafet-- I was prepared for this sight
after this very warm autumn-- because
this tree frequently puts for the new leaves
or it might be a young wild apple
in October-- ^ Hastening to it I found it
has only the feathery seeds of the virgins
bower-- whose vine so close to the
branches was not noticeable-- they looked
just like dense umbels of white flowers--&

in this light 3 or 4 rods off--were fully as white

as white apple blossoms. It is singular how

one thing thus puts on the semblance of another

I thought at first I had made a discovery more

interesting than the blossoming of apple trees in the

fall. This I thought which I never saw, nor heard

of, before, must be the result of that wonder

fully warm weather about the 19th & 20th of

Oct. It carried me round to spring again when

the shad bush, almost leafless, is seen waving its

white blossoms amid the yet bare trees. The feathery

masses--at intervals along the twigs just

like umbels of apple bloom--so caught & reflected

the western light

The small beeches are still covered with withered

leaves--but the larger are 3/4 bare--

The dip. linifolius which was yellow in the shade

in open & sunny places is purple--

I see the small botrychium leaf in Hosmer’s meadow

still firm but a reddish brown or leather color--

Rounding the island, just after sunset--

I see not only the houses nearest the river--but

our own reflected in the river by the island--

From what various points of view & in what

unsuspected light & relations--we sooner or

later see the most familiar objects. I see

houses reflected in the river which stand a

mile from it--& whose inhabitants do

not consider them{elves} near the shore
I pass a musquash house--ap. began last night-- The first mouthfuls of weeds were placed between some small button-bush stems which stood amid the pads & pontederia--for a support & to prevent their being washed Opposite I see some half concealed amid the bleached phalarias away. grass (a tall coarse grass--or, in some places the blue joint

Nov. 8th 58

Pm to Boulder Field.348

Goodwin laying wall at Miss Ripley's observed to me going by--"Well, it seems that Puffer thought that he had lived long enough"

He committed suicide within a week-- at his sisters house in Sudbury-- A boy slept in the chamber with him--& hearing a noise on the floor got & found P. ^ with both his jugular veins cut--but his wind-pipe whole-- He said to The (boy) "take the razor & cut deeper"-- but the boy ran--& P. died--& Garfield said he had heard it was about time--for P. in revenge for being sent to the house of correction had set fire to a pile of wood of his--that long pile by the roadside beyond Wm Wheelers that I stood under in a rain once-- P. probably burned Witherel's house too--& perhaps Boynton's stable--

The red osier at Mr. Simmond's is quite bare--how long? Her Hawthorne is still a Thorn at Halls fence is dark scarlet & pretty.

// quite leafy--& pretty yellow brown--dotted,

// There are many leaves on the Buckthorn still

Common thorn bushes, long since bare, where many grow together in clumps--make

348"F" written over "f"
another such a smoke—though smaller as the
maples—the same color— I can after distin-
guish the bush by this. Alders are a very dark
gray—sort of iron gray— & if near enough you see
dark lines (the stems) & specks (the fruit) like cin-
dark uliginous
ders—like a very dense ^ & unconscerned ^ smoke—
in which many cinders rise—

Those trees & bushes which grow in dense masses
agreeable & have many fine twigs—being bare make an ^ misty im-
pression—where there are a myriad retreating points
to receive the eye—not a hard abrupt wall—
(just) as, in the sky, the visual ray is cushioned
on clouds, unless it is launched into the illim-
itable ether— The eye\textsuperscript{140} is less worn & wearied
not to say wounded—by looking at these mazes
where the seer is not often conscious of seeing
\textsuperscript{\textcopyright} anything— It is well that the is so rarely caught
& detained by any object in one whole hemisphere
of its range—i.e. the sky— It enjoys everlasting
holiday on this side—only the formless
clouds & the objectless ether are presented
to it— For they are nervous who see many
faces in the clouds— Corresponding to the
clouds in the sky—are those mazes now
on the earth. Nature disposes of her
naked stems so softly as not to put our eyes
out— She makes them a smoke—or stationary
cloud on this side or that—of whose objective
existence we rarely take cognizance. She
does not expect us to notice them.

\textsuperscript{140}“eye” written over “eyes”
She calls our attention to the maple swamp more especially in October
There is also this coarse maze
nearly
produced by an oak wood when ^ all
the leaves are fallen) in which however the
large boughs reflecting the light have
considerable distinctness--& that
of the forest general. I thought
brushy
from a small specimen that the ^ yel. birch
tops--were of the same hue with the alders--
Nature has many scenes--to exhibit--
and constantly draws a curtain over this
part or that-- She is constantly repainting
the landscape--& all surfaces--dressing up
some scene for our entertainment-- Lately
we had a leafy wilderness--now bare twigs
begin to prevail--& soon she will sur-
prize us with a mantle of snow--
I read that snow fell 2 or 3 inches deep in Bangor yesterday morn.)
// Some green she thinks so good for our eyes
like blue
^that she never banishes it entirely--but
has created evergreens-- It is remarkable
how little any but a lichenist will observe
on the bark of trees-- The mass of men
have but the vaguest & most indefinite notion
of mosses--as a sort of shreds & fringes--
And the world in which the lichenist dwells is
much further from theirs than one side of this
earth from the other-- They see bark as if they
saw it not--these objects which though constantly
visible are rarely looked at--are a sort of
eye-brush. Each phase of nature--while
not invisible, is yet not too distinct & ob-
trusive. It is there to be found when we look
for it--but not demanding our attention
It is like a silent but sympathizing companion in whose company we retain most of the advantages of solitude--with whom we can walk & talk, or be silent, naturally--without the necessity of talking in a strain foreign to the place. I know of but one or 2 persons with whom I can afford to walk--{with} most the walk degenerates into a mere vigorous use of your legs (ludicrously purposeless) while you are discussing some mighty argument--each one having his say--spoiling ^ ^ day--worrying one another with conversation--hustling one another with our conversation--I know of no use in the walking part%^%, except that one may seem to be getting on together toward some goal. %But of course we keep our original distance all the way--% Jumping every wall & ditch with vigor in the vain hope of shaking your companion off-- Trying to kill two birds with one stone--though they sit at opposite points of compass--to see nature one who does not & do the honors to (your companion.) Animals generally see things in the vacant way I have described-- They rarely see any thing but their food or some real or imaginary foe. I never saw but one cow looking into the sky. Lichens Mosses as they affect the scenery--as picturesque objects described by Gilpin or others are one thing--as they concern the lichenist quite another. These are the various grays & browns which give November its character-- There
are also some red [—] mazes--like the
twigs of the white maple--and our
C. sericea--&c (the red osier too further
north--) & some distinct yellow ones
as willow twigs--which are most interesting in
spring. The silvery abeles are steady falling
now adays-- The chalky white under side
of these leaves is remarkable-- None of our
leaves is so white.

I think I first admire again about this
time the still bright red or crimson fruit of
the sumac, now when not only its own--
and there are few bright tints
but most other leaves have fallen--it is
now so distinct on its twigs--your attention
is not distracted by its brilliant leaves now--^350

I go across N. Barretts land--& over
the road beyond his house-- The aspect of the
great meadows is now nearly uniform--the
new & exposed grass being nearly as brown and sere as
that which was not cut-- Thus nature has
been blending & harmonizing the colors here
where man had interfered.

%{ }% I wandered over bare fields where
the cattle lately turned out roamed rest-
less & unsatisfied with the feed--I dived
young
into a rustling " oak wood where not a
green leaf was to be seen, I climbed to
the geological axis of elevation--& clambered
over curly-pated rocks whose strata is
on its edges--amid the rising woods--
& again I thought--they are all gone
surely--& left me alone--not even a man
Friday remains--starvation stares me^351

^350"now--" ap. written over "---"
^351transposition lines continuing onto the next page indicate: "What nutriment can I extract from these bare twigs? starvation stares me in the face--"
in the face—What nutriment can I extract
from these bare twigs?—”Nay nay!” said
a nuthatch, making its way head-downward about
a bare hickory close by—”The nearer the bone
the sweeter the meat” Only the superfluous
has been swept away—Now we behold the
naked truth—If at any time the weather is
too bleak & cold for you—keep the sunny side
of the trunk—for there is a wholesome & inspiring
warmth such as the summer never afforded.

There are the winter mornings—with the sun on the

oak-wood tops—While buds sleep thoughts

(”Hear! hear!” screamed the jay from a neighboring
where I had heard a tittering for some time
copse) winter has a concentrated & nutty kernel
if you know where to look for it”—then the
speaker shifted to another tree—further off—
& reiterated his assertions—& his mate at a dis-
tance confirmed them—& I heard a suppressed
chuckle from a red-squirrel that was invisible.
but had kept silent & invisible all the while—Is that you
had heard the last remark ^ (The birds being {gone}
”yes sire said he. Then
the squirrel came) running down a slanting bough—
(stopped twirling a nut) he called out—rather impudently—
”Look here! just get a snug fitting fur coat—
& a pair of fur gloves—(like mine) & you may
laugh at a N. E storm”—then he wound up
of his slang phrase
with a flourish in his own lingo—accompanied
by a flourish of his tail—just as a news-boy
twirls his fingers with his thumb on his nose—&
inquires, does your mother know you are
out?

^transposition lines conclude here
A cancelled caret appears below the hyphen
“a” in “accompanied” appears to be written over “&”
The wild pear tree on Ponkawtasset

has some yellow leaves still

The now more noticeable green radical
of the buttercup
leaves in the russet pastures remind me
of the early spring to come, of which they
will offer the first evidence—Now
too I can see (for the same reason) where
grows our only patch of broom—1/4 of a
somewhat
mile off—(it) such a distinct—yellowish
green—Already the creeping juniper
is a ripe glaucous green with a distinct
ruddy tinge to the upper surface—The
whole bush a ripe tint like a fruit—.

I stand in Ebby Hubbard’s yellow
birch swamp—admiring some guarded & shaggy
picturesque old birches there—which send out
large knee like limbs near the ground—while
the brook raised by the late rain fuller
rocky
than usual through the swamp— I thought
with regret how soon these trees, like the
black birches that grew on the hill near
by—would be all cut off—& there would
be almost nothing of the Old Concord left
and we should he reduced to read old deeds—in order
to be reminded of such things—deeds at least
in which some old & revered bound trees are
mentioned—these will be the only proof
at last that they even existed. Pray
farmers keep some old woods to match
the olds deeds. Keep them for history’s sake
as specimens is what the township was
mere
Let us not be reduced to a paper evidence only
to deeds kept in a chest—or secretary
when not so much as the bark of the paper

The sides of the old Carlisle Road where it is
(& have for a long time been)
low & moist are for many rods together & a rod
in width brown or cinnamon colored with the
withered dicksonia fern—not like the brown
of trees (the withered leaves) but a peculiar cinna-
mon brown. The huckle berry bushes & sweet ferns
are draped with them as a kind of mourning.

Solidago puberula—still out—For you see
a few bright yellow solidago flowers long after
Pratt says he saw a few florets in a polygala

sanguinea within a week—He shows me samphire
plucked 3 weeks ago in Brighthon when it was
very brilliant crimson still.

Looking for Pratt’s window at sunset—I saw
that purple or rosy light reflected from some old
chestnut rails on the hill top before his house—
Methinks it is pinkish—even like the old cow drop-
ings in the pasture—So universally does Nature
blush at last. The very herbage which has gone
through the stomach & intestines of the cow—acquires
at last a faint pinkish tinge.

The button bush balls—are now
blackish (really dark brown) & withered—looking
much blacker against the light than a
month ago.

It is remarkable that the only deciduous

---

256 “old” appears to be squeezed in between “the” and “Carlisle”
257 The “F” in “For” appears to be written over “&”
trees in the town which now make any
show with their living leaves—are
only one
1) scarlet oaks—perhaps a few 2) pop. Tremuliformis
3) 1 dogwood (the small white birch spangles hardly
(ie young trees)
deserved to be named—)
weeping willows some apples
S. alba (the ) Horse chestnuts—
Silvery abele
Poplars (Ital) rarely wild pear trees
The first 3 alone being indigenous
to 8 foreign
And of shrubs— There are Jersey758 tea
Gooseberry
2) kinds of Rose—
Perhaps
sweet fern &
meadow sweet
359 also the lilac
High blackberry
Quince
The very few leaves
Buckthorn well leaved 359 on Sallows
Broom vib. nudum
Privet high blueberry & perhaps
C. sericea
do not deserve
Barberry
to be named

// Sweet briar pretty well leaved (is it foreign?) & hardly the 5 above
I have not seen the Bayberry
& Hawthorn C. sericea
do not deserve
Broom vib. nudum
Barberry
to be named

Of shrubs 7 foreign to 6 native—& the last
much the least noticeable—& much the thinnest
leaved.
living
There are a very few ^ yellow leaves on young wild
cherries yet—but there are not nearly so much to be

NB {allowed} as the birch spangles %Also leaves on Green briar
ac. Nov. 11—55%
& add perhaps a few other shrubs

358 "J" written over "j"
359 Wavy line connects "also the lilac" down to "Barberry". "Well leaved" seems to be a label for the group; it sits just to the right of the line.
360 A large parenthesis connects "on Sallows" down to "C. sericea".
361 "c. sericea" cancelled in pencil
362 "6" poss written over "5"
(small) S. sericea even has {loose fertile catkins } {ripen--& if } leaves--
{v potamogeton of Sep. }
{v Eriophorums in spring of 59}
mark yellow {blossomed} red maples--see if their leaves} {yellow}
Early aspen’s change & fall
Look for spawn at bottom of stone heaps

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Two blank leaves before these notes which appear to be in lighter ink or pencil. Not sure if they are T’s hand.