Nov. 9th 1858 continued

The newspaper tells me that Un-
cannoonic was white with snow
for a short time on the morning of
the 7th. Thus steadily but unobserved
the winter steals down from the
north--till from our highest hills we
can discern its vanguard. Next week,
perchance, our own hills will be
white. Little did we think how near
the winter was. It is as if a scout had
brought in word that an enemy was
approaching in force only a day’s march
distant. Manchester was the spy this
time--which has a camp at the base
of that hill. We had not thought seri-
ously of winter--we dwelt in fancied se-
curity yet.

Pm to Grant Fields 

Walden

The scarlet O. by Ag. Ground (and no
doubt generally) is falling fast & has
& They have now generally grown dull--
been for some days--before the leaves have
lost their color-- Other oaks may be
said have assumed their true November
aspect--i.e. the large ones are about
Only the latest black oaks are leafy--& they just withered
bare. "The trees on the hill just N of Alcott"^2

land--which I saw (yesterday)^3 so distinctly

^1Period-like mark at end of line.
^2No “s” apparent; the MS is wrinkled or folded after the apparent apostrophe.
^3A wrinkle or fold in the MS obscures the middle of this word.
from Ponkawtasset--& thought were
either larches or aspens--prove to be
larches. On a hill like this it seems, they
are later to change & brighter now than those
in the Abel Heywood swamp--which are
brownish yellow. The first named larches
were quite as distinct amid the pines seen
a mile off--as near at hand.

Oak sprouts--white & black, at least,
are a deeper & darker red than the trees.
Here is a white oak sprout e.g--far
brighter red than any tree of the kind
I ever saw--I don't find the black oaks
yet to be quite scarlet or red at all--
yet the very young & sprouts often are--
& are hard to distinguish from the Scar. O.

Garfield shot a hen hawk just as I
came up on the on the hill side in front
of his house. He has killed 3 within
2 years--about his house & they have
killed 2 hens for him. They will fly off
with a hen. In this case the hen was already
knocked over--I was surprised to find that
this bird had not a red tail--& guessed
it must be a young one. I brought it
home & found that it was {so}--the same
which Wilson called "Falco Leverianus"
"American Buzzard or White-breasted Hawk".
it differed so much from the old. There little if any rufous brown about this
bird. It had a white breast--a prettily (with black)ish\%^ \%or dark brown\%^ the 11th% barred\%^ white tail coverts%\%^--was generally
dark brown with white spots above
He says that the others he has killed
the others also at this season & that they were marked like this. They were all young birds then\%^ & hence so bold as inexperienced perhaps. They take his hens from between the house & the barn. When the hawk comes all the hens & roosters run for the barn.

I see cat-nep turned at top to a crimson purple

As I stood upon Heywood's Peak--
I observed in the very middle of the Pond which was smooth--& reflects the sky {then}^--what at first I took to be a dark sheet of very thin \%^ice for (3) yards wide the first ice of the season which had formed by the shore in the morning--drifting there (\%^--(though I have seen any on the river or pond as yet)--but immediately I considered that it was too early & warm for this--{knew} be the"-- Then I wondered for a moment what dark film could be floating out there on {this}^ pure & unruffled lake. To be sure it was not a very conspicuous object & most would not have noticed it! But suspecting what it was, I looked through my

"ish" is written partly on top of the close parenthesis.
^Alterations of the letters appear on top of "then".
Possibly "there".
\%^A thin ink line on a descending angle goes through "through", the space between this line and the next, and the word "yet" on the next line.
Possibly "the".
glass & could plainly see the dimples
made by a school of little fishes continu-
ually coming to the surface there together.
It was exactly analogous to the dark
ripped patches on the sea made by the
river [shadow] \( \) &/ as seen from Cape Cod. Why have

I never observed the like in the river?
In this respect Walden is a small ocean--
We had a true November sunset.

after a dark cloudy \( \) The sun
reached a clear stratum just before
setting--beneath the dark cloud--though
\{scard\} to enter another on the horizons edge--
& a cold yellow sunlight suddenly
illumined the withered grass of the
fields around me & far eastward.
Such a phenomenon--as when it occurs
later I call the after-glow of the year.

It is of no use to plow deeper than
the soil is--unless you mean to follow\( ^9 \) up
that mode of cultivation persistently--manuring
highly & cafting on muck--at each plowing.
Making a soil in short. Yet many a
man likes to tackle mightily themes \(<^{10} \) like
immortality-- but in his discourse he
turns up nothing but yellow sand
under which what little fertile\( ^{11} \) &
available surface soil he may have
is quite buried & lost. He should
teach frugality rather--how to post-

---

\( ^9 \) The first "o" in "follow" appears to have been altered in pencil.
\( ^{10} \) Possibly a dash.
\( ^{11} \) The characters in this word are overwritten with ink or crossed out with a wavy line.
pone the fatal hour--should plant

a crop of beans. He might have raised enough

of them to make a deacon of him--though

never a preacher. Many a man runs

his plow so deep in heavy or stony soil--

that it sticks fast in the furrow. It is a

great art in the winter to improve from day to
day just that soil & fertility which he has to
harvest that crop which his life yields--
whatever it may be. Not be straining as if to
reach apples or oranges when he yields

only ground-nuts. He should be digging not
soaring. Just as earnest as your life is, so
deep is your soil. If strong & deep you will
sow wheat & raise bread of life in it.

Now the young henhawks--full-grown

but inexperienced--still white-breasted & brown-
(not red)
^tailed = swoop down after the farmer's hens

between the barn & the house--often carrying
one off in their clutches--and all the rest
of the pack half fly half run to the barn.

Unwarrantably bold, one ventures
to stoop before the farmer's eyes. He
clutches in haste his trusty gun--which
hangs ready loaded on its pegs--

he pursues warily to where the marauder
sits tetering on a lofty pine--& when

is sailing scornfully away he meets his fate
& comes fluttering head forward to earth.
The exulting farmer hastes to secure his
trophy—he treats the proud bird's body
with indignity—He carries it home to show
to his wife & children—for the hen's have his
wife's special care—he thinks it one of his
best shots—full 13 rods—His gun is "an
all-fired good piece"—nothing but robin-
shot. The body of the victim is delivered
up to the children & the dog & like the
body of Hector is dragged as many
times round Troy.

But alas for the youthful hawk. The
proud bird of prey—the tenant of the
skies—we shall no more see his (wake)\textsuperscript{16}-like
outline against a cloud—or hear
his scream from behind one—he saw but
a pheasant in the field—the food
which nature has provided for him—
& stooped to seize it—This was his offence—
He the native of these skies—must make
from another land
way for (these)\textsuperscript{17} bog-trotters—'which never soar.
The eye that was conversant with sublimity
—that looked down on earth from under
its sharp projecting brow—is closed—the
head that was never made dizzy by any
height is brought low—the feet
that were not made to walk on earth
now lie useless along it.

\textsuperscript{15}Possibly "wave".
\textsuperscript{16}Possibly "those".
With {those} trailing claws "it dragged the lower sky. Those wings which swept the sky—must now dust the chimney corner per-chance. So weaponed—with strong beak & talons—and wings like a war-steamer, to carry them about. In vain were the brown-spotted eggs laid—in vain were you cradled in the loftiest pine of the swamp. Where are your father & mother? Will they hear of your early death? before ye had acquired your full plumage. They who nursed & defended ye so faithfully?

Nov. 10th

A pleasant day—esp. the fore noon. Therm 46°+2° at M. some would call it Ind. summer— but it does not deserved to be called summer— grows cool in pm. when I go to Baker Farm Aspen—

via Cliffs. Some very handsome S. nemoralis in bloom on F. H. Hill (Look for these late flowers—Nov. flowers on hills—, where past)

I think I may say that about the 5th the white, swamp white, & perhaps black & perhaps red oaks (the last may be late) were in their November condition i.e for the most part fallen. The few large black oak
tops still covered with leaves above the forest

---

18Possibly "these".
19The "2" is in superscript in the MS.
20A strip approximately one inch wide has been cut from the bottom edge of the MS page.
just
(i.e. "withered") are brownish yellow--

The brilliancy of the scarlet O being generally
dulled--the season of brilliant leaves may
be considered over--say about the 10th & now
/a new season begins--the pure November
season of the russet earth--& withered
leaf & bare twigs--& hoary withered golden
rods &c

From F. H. Hill using my glass, I think
that I can see some of the snow of the
7th still left on the brow of Uncannonuc.
It is a light line lying close along under
which covers the summit
the edge of a wood which has protected it.
I can understand how much nearer they
must feel to winter who live in plain
sight of that, than we do. I think that
I could not have detected the edge of the
forest if it had not been for the snow.

In the path below the Cliff: I see some
blue stemmed G. rod turned yellow as well
as purple. The jersey tea is fallen all but
//the terminal leaves-- These however are the greenest
& ap. least changed of any indigenous plant--unless
it be sweet fern. Withered leaves generally,
though they remain on the trees, are generally droop-
ing. As I go through the hazel bushes
toward the sun--I notice the silvery light

21"C" written over "C"
22A strip approximately one inch wide has been cut from the bottom edge of the MS page.
The very armor that nature puts on reminds you of the foe she would\textsuperscript{23} reflected from the fine down on their tender resist
twigs--this year's growth. This ap. protects them against the winter-- This a November phenomenon-- The silvery light reflects from a myriad of downy surfaces--

A true November seat is amid the pretty white plumed Andropogon Scoparius--the withered culms of the purple wood grass which covers so many dry knolls. There is a large patch at the entrance to Pleasant Meadow. It springs from pink-brown {clumps}\textsuperscript{24} of radical leaves-- which \%\%\% good seats. Looking toward the sun-- as I sit in the midst of it--rising as high as my head--its countless silvery plumes are a very cheerful sight. At a distance they look like\textsuperscript{25} frost on the plant.

I look out westward across F. H. Pond.

The warmer colors are now rare-- a cool & silvery light is the prevailing one--
dark blue on slate colored clouds in the west--& the sun going down in there-- All-- the light of November--may be called an after-glow. \%v 5 \{hs\}\textsuperscript{26} forward% ostrya & just after elms?

There are still a few leaves on the large A tremuliformis--but they will be all gone in a day or 2-- They have turned quite yellow.

Hearing in the oak wood near by a sound as if some one had broken a twig--I looked up & saw a jay--pecking at an acorn-- There were

\textsuperscript{23}This line has been interlined in a smaller script.
\textsuperscript{24}An "I" dot appears above the middle of this word.
\textsuperscript{25}The "K" appears to be written over an "f".
\textsuperscript{26}Possibly "ps".
on a Scar. O

several jays busily gathering acorns*. I

could hear them break them off. They then
flew to a suitable limb & placing the acorn
under one foot, hammered away at it busily--
looking round from time to time to see if any foe
was approaching--& soon reached the meat--4

 nibbled at it, holding up their heads to
swallow--while they held it very firmly with their
claws. (Their hammering made a sound like

the woodpeckers--) nevertheless it sometimes
dropped to the ground before they had done with

Aphides on alder

//it. //

Sap still flows in Scar. O.

Returned by Spanish Brook path. Notice
glaucous

// The "white bloom on the thimble berry of late

as they are fewer things to notice.

So many objects are white or light--preparing as

for winter.

By the 10th of October we conclude with

// the scarlet O--dulled (& the colors of October
generally faded--) with a few golden spangles

in the white birches--& on a lingering A. tremulifor-
mis--and a few sallows--a few green leaves

on the jersey tea--& a few linger scarlet or yellow

%in a sheltered {flower}%
or crimson ones on the Flowering dogwood%^% -- %NB% %

"the gooseberry--the high blueberry--C. sericea %{W}%"%31
%English { }--% %

the late rose--the common smooth one%27, & ¦%th%e sweetbriar--%"%33

meadow sweet--sweetfern--& {vile} meadow
%and perhaps a few other shrubs% %
%"% But they are very rare or uninteresting.

%V Nov% 34To these may be added the introduced
%7 '55% & 11th% %

plants of Nov. 8th--which are more leafy.

%g%"%35
Of them the silvery whole—Eng. cherry—V broom are of the most interesting colors. %have been%

Nov. 11th 58

Goodwin brings me this Am--A this years loon which he just killed on32 the river-- //
great Northern diver—but a smaller specimen
than Wilson describes—& somewhat differently marked--
It is 27 inches long to end of feet—44---& bill
3 3/4 to angle of mouth—above blackish gray--
with small white spots (2 at end of each feather)
Beneath pure white throat & all except
a dusky bar across the vent. Bill chiefly
pale bluish & dusky. You are struck by its broad
flat sharp edged legs—made to cut through
the water—rather than to walk with—set far back--
& naturally stretched out backward—its long
& powerful bill—conspicuous white throat
& breast. Dislodged by winter in the north--
it is slowly travelling toward a warmer clime.
Diving in the cool river this morning--
which is now full of light, the trees & bushes11
on the brink having long since lost their leaves,
& the neighboring fields are white with
frost. Yet this hardy bird is comfortable
& contented there if the sportsman would let
it alone.

Pm to Island—& {JP}. Brown’s Cold Pond
A cold day—None seek sunny & sheltered places
as in early spring—the S. side the island e.g.

32 Possibly “in”.
33 “y” is struck out and appears somewhat written over “es”.
Certain localities are thus distinguished. And they retain this peculiarity permanently, (unless it depends on a wood which may be cut)--thousands of years hence this may still be the warmest & sunniest spot in the spring & fall.

I hear here a faint creaking of ^crickets

//or locustae--but it is a steady sound--not

the common crickets--long--continued-- & when one pauses generally another continues the strain so that it seems absolutely continuous. They are either in the grass or on the bushes--by the edge of the water under this sunny woodside. I afterward hear a few of the

//common cricket--on the side of Clam Shell.

Thus they are confined now to the sun on the north sides of hills & woods. They are quite silent long before sunset.

Snow fleas are skipping on the surface //of the water at the edge & spiders running about. These become prominent now--

The waters look^ empty of fish & ^other in-

habitants now. Here in the sun in the shelter of the wood--the smooth shallow water, with the stubble standing in it is waiting for ice--indeed ice that formed last night must have recently melted

in it. The sight of such water now reminds me of ice as much as of water No doubt
many fishes have gone into winter quarters

(V. ac. of eels in Tribune for Nov. 9th)

The flowering dogwood though still leafy is uninteresting & partly withered--

Gossamer reflecting the light--is another November phenomenon (as well as October) I see here

looking toward the sun a very distinct silvery sheen from the cranberry vines--(as from a thousand other November surfaces) though looking down on them they are dark purple.

twiggle

Speaking of "mazes--the very stubble & fine pasture grasses unshorn--are others reflecting the light too like twigs--but these are of a peculiar bleached brownish color--a principal ingredient in the russet of the earth's surface

%V. Nov. 8th% Going by the willow row--above RR--

(\%sc\%are\) up a small duck--perhaps teal--&

in the withered grass at Nut Meadow Brook

2 black ducks--which rise black bet me & the sun--but when they have circled round to the east show a light some silvery sheen on the underside of their wings. Am sur-

prised to see a little ice in this brook in the %as I push far up [in brush or] a dense field of withered blue-joint--%

over-- Saw a small pool in the woods also skimmed over--& many ice crystals heaved up in low ground.-- Scare up a bird which at first ran in the grass--then flew--a snipe

See only a very few small water bugs in the brook
but no large ones, nor skaters.

As a general rule the leaves hold
on longest on our indigenenous trees
& shrubs which were the first to leaf out
e.g. aspen--White birch--meadow sweet--
Gooseberry--Roses--sallows

In the shade of the wood on the hill side
just W. of the cold Pond--am surprised
to see the frost about the cistus not in
the least melted. This at least is an evi-
dence that cold weather is come. Looking
closely at it--it reminds me by its form
& position of the decodon bark half cracked
open. It consists of 4 or 5 thin curled
horizontally grained
shavings of frost--so to speak "placed
vertically & based on the stem--are within
another {drawing} {drawing} & curling toward the
same side forming a sort of fools
cap of dif. thicknesses--or cockles or sugar-
plums It seems it is so cool that the
//frost about the {cistus} does not melt all
day--in the shade. Coming home I
have cold fingers & must row to get warm
// In the meadows the pitcher plants are
bright red. This is the month of nuts
and nutty thoughts--this November whose
name sounds so bleak and cheerless--per-
//haps its harvest of thought is worth
more than all the other crops of the year--
Men are more serious now-- I find in
the wood path this side that pond
13 kernels of corn close together--4
5 of them have the germ uncovered--the
thin husk that was over it been torn off. This
might have been done accidentally by the
squirrel (?) in separating it from the ear--or
in transporting it. And this may be the origin
of some accounts of their eating out the germ
to prevent its sprouting. If they do eat it,
(as it is)
perhaps it is because it is the softest
perhaps the most savory part. These were at
least 1/3 of a mile from a cornfield.
The tail coverts of the young hen hawk
i-- e this years bird at present--are white
very handsomely barred or watered with
dark brown in an irregular manner
somewhat as above--the bars on opposite
sides of the midrib--alternating in an agree-
able manner-- Such natural objects
have suggested the "watered" figures or
colors in the arts-- Few mortals ever look
down on the tail coverts of a young hen-
hawk-- yet these are not only beautiful, but
of a peculiar beauty--being differently marked
& colored (to judge from Wilson's ac. of the
old) from those of the old bird. Thus she
finishes her works above men's sight.

\{drawing\}^{38}

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\textsuperscript{38}Drawing of a leaf occupies the bottom half of the page. At the end of the petiole faintly written (apparently in pencil) is "\textsuperscript{5}V Nov. 27\textsuperscript{5}".
The scarlet oak leaf! What a graceful & pleasing outline! a combination of graceful curves & angles--

These deep bays in the leaf are agreeable to us as the thought of deep & smooth & secure havens to the mariner-- But both your love of repose & your spirit of adventure is addressed--for both bays & headlands are represented. Sharp-pointed rocks, capes--& rounded bays with smooth strands. To the sailor's eye it is a much indented shore--& in his casual glance he thinks that if he doubles its sharp capes he will find a haven in its deep rounded bays. If I were a drawing master I would set my pupils to copying these leaves--that they might learn to draw firmly & gracefully-- It is a shore to the aerial ocean--on which the windy surf beats-- How different from the white oak leaf with its rounded headlands--on which no light house need be placed. Some white oak leaves retain a smothered inward crimson fire long after they have fallen very pure & complete%, more interesting to me than their fresher glow--because more indestructible--an evening glow--
Nov. 12th

I hear from Ricketson to-day that on
the 10th the following trees which I
had not seen lately were leafy & as
I infer, more or less unwithered. His words
are "Horse chestnut quite full of yellow
& green foliage-- English walnut do%¨%.
Beech, Linden, Hawthorn (nearly perfect
in green foliage, only a little decayed at the
top, but in a sheltered place) silver Linden,
Copper Beech, Elm, Weeping ash, {Euani-}
{mus}42 {Europacus}"  
Also "The Guelder rose" & "Bignonia radicans
& acuminata" & "numerous shrubs in full leaf"
Of those not European "Osage orange (mache-
{ra}43), Cornus (Florida) (handsome) Tulip
three-thorned Acacia, Mexican cypress."

He sent me specimens of those numbered
above which were fresh--esp. the 4th--
the 2d least so--but then what he sends for
the Am. linden is greener than the European!!
I find that E. Hoar observed the Eng. elms with leaves or leafy still Nov. 2d near Salisbury.
It is much the coldest day--yet--& the
ground is a little frozen & resounds under
my tread. All people move the brisker
for the cold--yet are braced & a little
elated by it. They love to say "Cold day Sir."

Possibly "mous" is penciled over "mas" or "maus" or letters are reformed in pencil.
Possibly "sa".
get more work out of a hired man than before--

for he must work to keep warm.

Pm to Hill--

The river side is skinned over & presents a //

wintry aspect--those grait plaits, or folds,
as it were {drawing} where the crystals have
shot--wool grass frozen in--& the thin
white ice where the water has gone down--

Now for a brisk and energetic walk--with

a will & a purpose--have done with

sauntering in the idle sense-- You must
rush to the assault of winter. Make
haste into the outskirts--climb the
ramparts of the town--be on the alert
& let nothing escape your observation.
The army is all {van}.

The cold alone has brought down a good
white
part of the remaining leaves of Abeles' willows--
I see the the handsome leaves of the last
thickly strewn over the ice & reminding
of grain even--half upside down--
P. pine leaves are about all fallen. //

The very common redness of the recent
(new)
as "maples huckleberries &c
shoots--"now that the twigs are bare
{run} & on many sides masses of them are
together in a maze--adds to the general
russet of nature. The Black willow shoots
are very pale brownish yellow.

We are now reduced to browsing on buds & twigs--
& methinks with this diet & this cold--
we shall look to the stall fed thinkers
like these unkempt cattle in meadows
now--grazing the withered grass.

Examining closely the base of some frost-
weed--I find in each case a little
frost firmly attached to the naked woody
stem just under the bark--having burst
the last for about an inch along the stem--
& elevated it-- Perhaps this weed dies down
slowly--since it blossoms a 2nd time--& there
is more sap {^{#}} in the stem near its base
than usual--which escapes in a vapor from
the stem--& being frozen forms this kind
of icicle.

I think that the change to some higher color
in a leaf is an evidence that it has arrived at
& final
a later & more perfect^ maturity--answering
to the maturity of fruits--& not to that of green
leaves--&c &c which merely serve a purpose.
The word ripe--is thought by some to be derived
from the verb to reap--ac to which that is
ripe which is ready to be reaped. The fall of
the leaf is preceded by a ripe old age.

Nov 13
8 1/2 Am to Hill
I notice of late the darker green--(livid(?))
of the arbor vitae & other evergreens--the
effect of cold. So they are never so purely bright
a green as immediately after their fall.
They are not perfectly ever-green.
I hear go over, not far from the house, Goldfinches, as I think, their mewing note--& ricochet flight. I think not red falls for I also hear a robin's note. hear no rattling water--

Last night was quite cold--& the ground is white with frost-- Thus gradually, but steadily, winter approaches--

first there is the bleached grass--then the frost--then snow--the fields growing more & more hoary. There is frost not only on all the withered grass & stubble but it is particularly thick & white & handsomely white earth's surface--the congealed breath of the earth as it were,--so that you would think at first it was the entry to some woodchuck's--or squirrels--or mouse's retreat-- But it is the great dormant earth gone into winter quarters here. The earth letting off steam after the summer's work is over.

As I stand on the hill at 9 Am-- It looks like snow--the sky is over-cast--& there to the frost in the chinks is a remarkable stillness, as if it were earlier--the effect of the colder weather merely--as it were stiffening things-- Leaves twigs, birds (except the chicadee, & its feeble note seems to enhance the stillness) & insects are hushed. The few tinkling sounds--the chopping--the like--is heard
far & distinctly-- It is like the calm
before an hurricane or an earthquake--
this still ness which precedes the
winter, setting in.

Larches now look dark or brownish yellow

"Now on the advent of much colder
weather--the last P. tremuliformis has
lost it leaves-- the sheltered dog wood is {w}ithered
--& even the scarlet oak--may be considered
& the larch looks brown & nearly bare
as extinguished" & the few leaves left here
& there on the indigenous shrubs named
on the 9th are being rapidly killed by the same
cause--& are falling--
\{birches dark and whithered\}
\{\}
\{Now for twinkling light--reflected
from unseen windows in the horizon in
the early twilight.

One hickory at least (on the hill) has
not lost its leaves yet--i.e. has a good many left--
so they are a month falling
I see some feathers of a blue jay scattered
along a wood path--& at length came
to the body of the bird. What a neat &
delicately ornamented creature--finer than
any work of art in a ladies' boudoir--
with--its soft light purplish-blue crest--
and its dark blue or purplish 2nd darie
(the narrow half) finely barred with dusky--
It is the more glorious to live in Concord
because they jay is so splendidly painted.
A large flock of geese go over just before night.

After expecting snow all day, though we did not know but it would prove rain—we looked out the window at 9 Pm & saw the ground for the most part white with the first sugaring—which at first we could hardly tell from a mild moonlight—only there was no moon. Thus it comes stealthily in the night & changes the whole aspect of the earth.

Of course—frozen ground, ice, & snow have now banished the few remaining skaters (if there were any—(?)) crickets—& water-bugs.

It is wonderful what gradations & harmony {there} is in nature—The light reflected from bare twigs at this season—(i.e. since they began to be bare, in the latter part of Oct) is like that from the gossamer but like that which will ere long be reflected from the ice that will encrust them.

So the bleached herbage of the fields is like frost—& part like snow—& one prepares for the other. NOV. 14

It is very cold & windy—Thermometer 26+ I walk to Walden & andromeda ponds— It is all at once perfect winter. I walk on frozen ground 2/3 covered with a sugaring of dry snow—& this strong & cutting NW wind makes the oak leaves rustle drily enough to set your heart on edge—

A great many have fallen ever since the

---

17The dash and the first parenthesis overlap.
17Possibly “then”.
17This date appears to have been added later as it appears on the same line as the last line of the previous paragraph.
snow last evening. Take a citizen into an oak sproutland out "when there is a sugaring of dry snow--& a cold cutting N. W. wind rustles the leaves. A sympathetic shiver will seize him. He will know of no fire to warm his wits by. He has no pleasing pursuit to follow thro' these difficulties--no trap to inspect-- no chopping to do-- Every resounding step on the frozen earth is a vain knocking at the door of what was lately genial Nature--his bountiful mother--now turned step mother-- He  
is left out side to starve-- The rustling leaves sound like the fierce breathing an endless pack half famished from the north-- of wolves--"impelled by hunger to seize him. Of birds only the chicadees seem really at Where they are--is a hearth & a bright fire constantly burning home--" The tree sparrows must be very lively to keep warm-- The rest but close today.
   You will see where a mouse (or mole?) has run under the thinnest snow--like this: Such humble paths they prefer--perhaps to escape nocturnal foes.
   // Now I begin to notice the silver downy twigs of the sweet fern in the sun (lately bare)--the red or crimson twigs & the buds of the high blueberry-- The different colors of the water and andromeda in different

55A large, thick comma-like mark after “He”.  
56Overwritten or reformed characters.  
57A colon follows “...like this” or perhaps a drawing.
lights. If he looks into the water, he gets
no comfort there--for that is cold
& empty--expecting ice.

Now while the frosty air begins to nip
your--fingers & your nose--the frozen
ground rapidly wears away the soles of
your shoes--as sand-paper might.
The old she wolf--is nibbling at your
very extremities. The frozen ground eating
away the soles of your shoes--is only typi-
cal of the vulture that gnaws your heart
this month.

Now all that moves migrates--or has
migrated--ducks are gone by-- The
citizen has sought the town.

Probably the witch hazel & many of the flowers
lingered till the 11th when it was colder--
The last leaves & flowers (?) may be said to
fall about the middle of November--
Snow & cold drive the doves to your door
& so your thoughts make new alliances.

NOV 15
%for ferns v. 17th%

Snow falling just enough to whiten the
bare spots a little-- I go to look for
evergreen ferns before they are covered
up-- The end of last month & the first
part of this is the time-- I do not know
that I find more than one kind now
in the swamp--& of that the fertile
fronds are mostly decayed. All lie flat
ready to be buried in snow--

Slight as the snow is--you are now re-
minded occasionally in your walks that
you have contemporaries--& perchance
predecessors-- I see the track of a
fox which was returning from his visit
to a farm yard last night--& in the
wood path of a man & a dog. The
dog must have been a large one--{These}58

I see their shadows before me
& lifted up on the withered grass that
no track is left-- I see by the cakes or
balls of snow that have dropt from his
shoes that a man has passed-- This
would be known for a man & a dogs track
in any part of the world-- 5 toes in a bundle
forming a sort of rosette
--somewhat diamond shape--^are the prints
of the dog--whether on the sands of Africa
or the snow of N England-- The track of
his master is somewhat more variable
yet reducible within certain limits.

The Lycopodium dendroideum var
//obscurum appears to be just in bloom
(the regular one (not var.) is ap. earlier)
in the swamp about the Hemlocks^--later
//than the L. complanatum which is
done there.

58 Possibly "Their" or "Thus".
Possibly plural: “habits”.  
Small curvilinear line precedes the word “florida”.

Gossamer methinks belongs to the latter part of Oct--& first part of November--also the frost-weed--& ev. ferns
Buds & twigs (like-gossamer) & the mazes made by twigs--& the silvery light on this down--& the silver-haired Andropogon grass-- to the first half of November--
The water andromeda leaves have fallen--& the persistent turned that red-brown--how long?

Nov. 16th
%for ferns v. 17th%
Pm to Hubbards Close--
A cold & blustering Pm sky for the most part over cast.

The Cornus Canadensis is called by Loudon a “deciduous herbaceous plant”--the pyrolas
“Ever-green herbaceous plants”. The bunch berry leaves are now, little if any withered
(I see, next day in exposed places they are)
^ but generally drooping--the 4 hanging together as is the habit of the sericea--& “florida--
the lambkill &c. The plant dies down with perennial root each year & a fresh one shoots up in the spring-- You can see its pink bud already strongly formed-- But this years plant is very slow to die--& I suspect many of the leaves re-
main green all winter under the snow. They are now generally purplish. Let me ob-
serve in what respect the pyrolas are more evergreen-- the old leaves lower on the stem or vine being mostly decayed--

3Possibly plural: “habits”.
4Small curvilinear line precedes the word “florida”.

27
There are many large limbs strewn about

the woods which were broken off by that

stormy S. E.-wind in peach time. These

are now thickly leaved—the dead wood

not being able to cast {off}\(^{61}\) the withered leaves—

—but the leaves having died thus prematurely are

of a different color from that their compan-
ions changed to—a peculiar yellow brown

(i.e. chestnuts & oaks.) with more or less green

in it.

I see a grey squirrel 8 or 10 rods off

in Hubbards large wood—scamper over

the leaves & run up an oak—From the

oak it crosses ascending into a tall

white pine top & there lies concealed—

& I can see no more of him.

The earth half covered with this slight

snow—merely grazed\(^{62}\) with—is the more

like—the bare grey limbs of oak woods

now—& such woods & the earth make

the more uniform impression.

Methinks the winter green—pipssewa

is our handsomest evergreen—so liquid

glossy green & dispersed almost all

over the woods.

The mt Laurel—the Lycopodium dendroideum

—Complanatum—& lucidulum—& the

terminal shield fern—are also very interesting

\(^{61}\)Overwritten, reformed, or possibly struck through?

"Possibly “grayed”, but one line below, T spells “grey”—with an “e”, not an “a”.\)
Preaching--? Lecturing? Who are ye that ask for these things--What do ye want to hear ye puking infants? a trumpet sound that would turn you up to mankind or a nurse’s lullaby?

The preachers & lecturers deal with men of straw--as they are men of straw themselves. Why a free spoken man--of sound lungs--cannot draw a long breath without causing your rotten institutions to come toppling down--by the vacuum he makes--

Your church is a holy-house made of & so of the state blocks-- It would be a relief to breathe oneself occasionally among men--

If there were any magnanimity in us--any grandeur of soul--anything but sects & parties undertaking to patronize Good--& keep the mind within bounds how often we might encourage & provoke one another by a free expression(?) I will not consent to walk with my mouth not till muzzled\(^\d\) I am rabid--until there is danger that I shall bite the unoffending--& that my bite will induce (hydrophobia).

Freedom of speech! It hath not entered into your hearts to conceive what those words mean. It is not leave given

---

\(^\d\)Note second letter "o" which has been struck. \(^\dd\)"I" poss. cancelled
me by your sect to say this or that--
--it's is when leave is given to your sect
to withdraw. The Church--the State--
the school the magazine think they
are liberal & free--! It is the freedom
of a prison yard-- I ask only that 1/4
part of my honest thoughts be spoken
aloud. What is it you tolerate--
your church today--not truth--but a
life-long hypocrisy. Let us have insti-
tutions framed not out of our rottenness
but out of our soundness. This facti-
tious piety is like stale ginger-bread--
I would like to suggest what a pack of fools
& cowards we mankind are. They want
me to agree not to breathe too hard in the
neighborhood of their paper-castles.

If I should draw a long breath in the
neighborhood of these institutions their
weak & flabby sides would pull out--for
my own inspiration would exhaust the
air about them--the church! it is eminently
the timid institution. & the heads & pillars of
it--one constitutionally & by principal the
greatest cowards in the community.

The voice that goes up from the monthly
concerts is not so brave & so cheering as that
which rises from the frog-ponds of the
land. The best "preachers" so called--are

*stray mark after "it"
an effeminate class--their honest thoughts wear petticoats. If they have any manhood they are sure to forsaKe the ministry--though they were to turn their attention to base ball. Look at your editor{s} of popular magazines. I have dealt with 2 or 3 the most liberal of them. Look at your print a whole sentence--a sound sentence a free-spoken sentence. They want to get 30,000 subscribers & they will do anything to get them. They consult the DDs, & all the letters of the alphabet before printing a sentence. I have been with many of these cowardly N.E towns--where this profess Christianity--invited to speak perchance--when they were trembling in their shoes at the thought of the thing %or if they knew their weak side not that they were weak% %on all sides--% you might say-- The devil they have covenanted with is a timid devil. If they would let their sores alone they might heal & they could go to the (war) again like men-- but instead of that they get together in meeting house cellars--rip off the bandages & poultice them with sermons--

One of our N.E. towns is sealed up hermetically like a molasses hogshead-- such is it sweet Christianity--only a little of the sweet trickling out of the cracks enough to daub you. The few more liberal minded

---

"ld" of "could" is altered with pencil.
"Possibly "wars"; "w" altered with pencil.
or indifferent inhabitants are the flies  
It is christianity bunged  
that (buzz) about it.  
I see awful eyes looking out through a bull’s eye at the ap.68 bung-hole  
The further you go up Country-- I--I think the  
It is doubtful if they can fellowship with me.  
worse it is--the more benighted they are.  

On the one side you will find a bar-room  
which holds the "Scoffers" so called, (on)69  
the other a vestry--where is a monthly con-

concert of prayer-- There is just as little to  
cheer you in one of these companies as the  
other. It may be often the truth--& righteousness of the bar-room that saves the town  

There is nothing to redeem the big city &  
moral cowardice of N Englanders in my  
eyes.-- You may find a cape which runs  
50 miles into the sea--that has not  
a man of moral courage upon it.  
What is called forth is an immense prejudice.  

Like the Hindoos & Russianes--&  
Sandwich Islanders (that were) they are  
the creatures of an institution. They  
do not think,--they adhere like oysters to  
what their fathers & grandfathers ad-

hered to. How often is it that the shoemake 

er by thinking over his last--(can)70  
think is valuable a thought as he  
makes a valuable shoe?  

I have been with the town & being invited  
to speak to the inhabitants--not valuing71  
not having red (even)72--the assembly’s, cate-
chism--& I try to stimulate them
by sparking the best of my experience. I see the
craven priest looking for a hole to escape
at--alarmed because it was he that invited
me thither--& an awful silence pervades
the audience-- They think they will never get
me there again-- But the seed has not all
fallen in stoney shallow ground. [see below]

The following are our shrubby ever-green plants--(not including Coniferae)

Mitchella repens
Linnaea
Andromeda polifolia
Cassandra calyculata
May-flower
Chequer berry
Mt. Laurel
Lambkill
Kalmia glauca
Labrador tea
Common cranberry

European
%Genista is not Evergreen V Mar 6 '58%
to which I will add the herbaceous

NB R hispidus leaves last through the winter -- Chimaphila umbellata
%Gold Thread% turning reddish %V 25th%

It is no compliment to be invited
to lecture before the rich Institutes & Lyceums
the settled lecturers are as tame as the
settled ministers. The audiences do
not want to hear any prophets-- they
do not wish to be stimulated & instructed
but entertained-- They their wives &
daughters go to the Lyceum to make a
sugar-plum. The little of medicine they get
is disguised with sugar-- It is never the
reformer they hear there but a faint
& timid echo of him only-- They seek a
pass-time merely-- Their greatest
guns & rolls of thunder--are only wooden
guns & great grandsons of thunder--
who give them smooth words well pronounced
--from MSS well punctuated-- They
who have stolen the little fire they have
from prophets whom the audience would
quake to hear. They ask for orators
that will entertain them--& leave them
where they found them. The most successful
lecturing on what on Washington, or what
not--is an awful (scartching) of backs
to the tune it may be of 50,000 dollars.
Sluggards that want to have a lullaby
sung to them! Such mannikins as
I have described--are they alas who have
made the greatest stir (and what a
shallow stir) in the church--&
Lyceum--& in Congress.

They want a medicine that will not in-
terfere with their daily meals.

\[Possibly “scratching”; however, the “a” and the “r” appear transposed in the MS.\]
There is the Lowell Institute—with its restriction, requiring a certain faith in the lecturers—How can any free thinking man accept its terms? It is as if you were to resolve that you would not eat oysters that were not of a particular faith—That; for instance, did not believe the 39 articles for the faith that is in an oyster—is just as valuable as the faith referred to in Mr. Lowell’s will. These popular lecturers and preachers & magazines—are for women & children in the bad sense—

The curators have on their lists—the "men who came before the Philomathean Institute in the next large town—and did no harm left things in status quo—so that all slept the better for it—only confirmed the audience in their previous hardness—spoke a good word for God—gave the clergy, that heavy set—a lift—told the little youngsters to be good boys A man, may have a good deal to say who has not any desk to thump on—who does not thunder in bad air—They want all of a man but his truth & independence—& manhood. One who spoke to their condition would of course make them wince—& they would retaliate—i.e kick him out—or stop their ears.

79The middle letters of this word appears to be reformed or overwritten.
80Possibly written over “badness” or the initial “h” may be formed over “b”.
The cold weather which began on the
12th with the snow of the 13th & since--suddenly
//killed the few remaining living leaves--(without
any exceptions to speak--of). Most foreign plants
at once drop their leaves--though pretty thick
before-- --but there are many still on the
privet. The sweet-fern in some places has
other
still many green leaves--more than any\^ indigenous
for
shrub or tree--though ^ the greater part
(the sweet ferns)
of them ^ are bare or withered.

Nov 17th
The ground has remained frozen since the morning
of the 12th--

Pm up Assabet--
The polypody on the rock is much shrivelled
by the late cold--the edges are curled up
& it is not nearly so fair as it was 10 days
//ago.-- I see a small botrychium in
the swampy wood W of River ap. Emerson’s
field--quite fresh ^ not at all injured.
The musquash are more active since
the cold weather-- I see more of them
about the river now--swimming back & forth
across the river & diving in the middle where
I lose them. The dives off the round backed
black mossy stones--which when wet &
slightly exposed look much like themselves-- In
swimming show commonly the body 3 parts
with water between. One sitting in the sun
as if for warmth—on the opposite shore to me
They avail them selves of the
edge of the ice now found along
looks quite reddish brown.
the shore of the river—to feed on—
Much Lycopodium Complanatum did not
shed pollen on the 3d—& the L. dendroideum
%NB (Nov. 2—53%
var obscurum sheds it only within a very few days%^%
(was up in its prime yesterday). So it would seem
that these Lycopodium at least which
have their habitat on the forest floor
& but lately attracted my attention there
(since the withered leaves fall around them
& revealed them by the contrast of their color—
& they emerged from obscurity.) It would
seem that they at the same time as trained
to their prime—the flowering season. It
%V 30th {proxim}%
was coincident with this prominence.

Leaving my boat I walk through the
low wood west of Dove Rock—toward the Scar—
Oak. The very sunlight on the pale brown
bleached fields is an interesting object these
cold days—I naturally look toward as to
a wood-pyre Not only different objects
are presented to our attention at different
seasons of the year, but we are in a
frame of body & of mind to appreciate
different objects at different seasons.
I see one thing when it is cold—& another
when it is warm.

Looking toward the sun now when an
hour high—there being many small alder
& birches between me & it for half a dozen
rods—the light reflects from their twigs
has the appearance of an {immense}⁴¹ cobweb
of white with closely concentric lines—of
which I see about 1/4 {drawing} or better
{drawing} on ac. of the up ward curve of
the twigs on each
side—& the light not being reflected
to me at all from one side of the trees
directly in front of me. The light is
thus very pleasingly diffused

We are interested at this season by the
manifold ways in which the light is re-
lected to us. Ascending white knoll
covered with sweet fern, shortly after, the
sun appearing but a point above the sweet
fern—its light was reflected from a
dense
mass of the bare downy twigs of this
plant is a surprising—was warmer
which could not be believed if described.
It was quite like the sun light reflects
from grass & weeds covered with hoar
frost. Yet in an ordinary light {there}⁴²
dark or dusky
is but looking twigs with scarcely
a noticeable downiness—Yet as I saw it
there was a perfect halo of light resting
on the knoll as I moved to right or left.

A myriad of surfaces are now prepared

⁴¹Possibly “inverse”.
⁴²Possibly “thus” or “ther” (missing final “e”).
to reflect the light. This is one of the
hundred silvery lights of November.

The setting sun too is reflected from windows
more brightly than at any other season.
"November Lights" would be a theme for me
I am surprised to see a stake-driver
fly up from the weeds within a stones throw
of my boat’s place. It drops its excrement
from 30 feet in the air—as this falling, one
part being heavier than another—takes the
form of a snake & suggests
that this may be the origin of some of
the stories of this bird swallowing a snake
or eel which passed through it.

Nature is moderate & loves
degrees. Winter is not all white—& sere—
some trees are evergreen to cheer us—and on
the forest floor our eyes do not fall on
sere brown leaves alone—but some ever-
green shrubs are placed there to relieve
the eye—nut laurel—lambkill—chequer
& a few ever green ferns scattered about
berry—winter green &c &c &c—keep up
the semblance of summer still.

As for the ever green ferns I
though shrivelled
see Common polypody —(by cold where exposed
Asplenium Trichomanes
Aspidium Spinulosum? large frond small fruited in Swamp SE
on 16th Brister’s Spring
Aspidium cristatum (?). Grackle swamp on the 15-
with oftenet what I take to be the
narrow and more open sterile pond
A. marginale (common)
“ Achrostichoides (Terminal shield
The first one & the last 2
are particularly handsome—-the last especially
it has so thick a frond.

Nov. 18 ’58

Pm to Conantum

Notice the short bright yellow willow twigs
on Hubbard’s Causeway. They are (bright)
or prominent now—-1st because they are
& the rarity of bright colors at present
bare—-2nd because high colored always—-^
3d because of the clear air & November
light— For the same reason I notice
now adays the red twigs of the silky
cornel by the river. The black willow
twigs are tawny—-in the main—-almost cin-
namon—

The fruitless enterprise of some persons who
rush helter skelter, carrying out
their crazy scheme—-merely “putting it
through” as they phrase it—-reminds
me of those thistle downs which not
being detained nor & steadied by any seed at the
base are blown away at the first
impulse—& go rolling over all obsta-
cles. They may indeed go fastest &
farthest—-but where they rest at last

Footnote: “nor” written over cancelled “&”
not even a thistle springs.

I meet these {aimless}^8 barren thistle downs driving over the fields. They remind me of busy merchants & brokers ^ or change--doing business on credit--gambling with fancy stocks--that have failed over & over again--assisted to get going again to no purpose--a great ado about nothing --all in my eye--with nothing to deposit not of the slightest use to the great thistle tribe--not ever tempting a jack ass-- When you right or extricate one of these fellows & set him before the wind again-- it is worth the {while}^9 to look & see if he has any seed of success under him. Such a one you know afar-- he floats merely slow & steady--& of his enterprise expect results.

Am surprised to see F. H. Pond completely frozen over--during the last 4 days-- // It will prob. open again-- Thus while all the channel elsewhere is open--& a mere edging of ice amid the weeds is seen-- This great expansion is completely bridged over-- thus early--

Some mockernuts--& I think some lichens on Conantum are not yet bare. Their \%{9 V}. later% \%NB% withered leaves hold on almost like the oaks \%another year\% now is the time to gather the mocker nuts-- // I go along under the E side of Lee's Cliff--looking at the ever-green ferns

^Possibly “useless” or “careless”.
^A “t” cross appears through the “l” in while.
The Xx marginal fern is the commonest.

How pretty the smallest asplenium some-
times in a recess under a shading rock--
as it were pinned on rosette-wise (drawing)
(drawing) as if it were the head of a breast pin.

I look S from the Cliff-- The
westering sun just out of sight behind
the hill. Its rays from those bare twigs
across the pond are bread & cheese to me.
So many oak leaves have fallen that the
white birch stems are more distinct amid
the young oaks-- I see to the bone. See (those)²⁵
bare birches prepared to stand the winter through
on the hill sides-- They never owing what is this
dull town to me? The maples skirting
the meadows--(in dense phalanxes) look
light light infantry advanced for a
swamp fight. Ah Dear November ye
must be sacred to the Nine surely.
The only willow catkins already peep out
//1/4 of an inch.
// Early crow foot is reddened at Lee’s
Nov 19th 58
Pm mockernutting--to Conantum.
//The lambkill & water andromeda--are
turned quite dark red where much exposed--
In shelter are green yet.
Those long mockernuts appear not to
have got well ripe this year. They do

²⁵ Possibly “these” or “there”.

42
not shed their husks--& the meat is mostly
skinny & soft & flabby-- Perhaps the season
has been too cold. I shook the trees.
It is just the time to get them. How

**hard** they rattle down like stones. There
is a harmony between *(this)* [1] stony fruit &
these hard tough limbs which bear it--
I was surprised to see how much the hickory
tops had been bent & split ap. by ice--
tough as they are. They seem to have suffered
more than evergreens do-- The husks of one
tree scarcely gaped [2] open at all--& could not
be removed. I did not think at first why
these nuts had not been gathered--but
I suspect it may be because Puffer--
who prob. used to get them has committed
suicide.

Nov. 20th 58

Pm to Ministerial swamp--

I have seen more gray squirrels of late
(as well as musquash)--I think not merely
because the trees are bare--but because
they are stirring about more--nutting &c--

Martial Miles tells me of a snapping
turtle caught in the river at N Waltham
about Oct 1st he thinks--which *(weiged)*

55 lbs-- He saw it. There were 2 fighting.

He says that a marsh hawk had his
nest in his meadow several years--

---

[1] *this* is overwritten and nearly illegible.
[2] Overwritten or struck through.
and though--he shot the female
3 times--the male with but little delay
returned with a new mate-- He often
watched these birds--& saw that the
female could tell when the male was
{coming}\(^3\) along way off. He thought
that he fed her & the young altogether"(?)
She would utter a scream when she
perceived him--& rising into the air--
(before or after the scream?) she turned
over with her talons uppermost while he
passed some 3 rods above & caught
without fail the prey which he let
drop-- & then carried it to her young.
He had seen her do this many times &
always without failing.

The Common milkweed (A. cornuti) & some
//thistle still for counting

I go across the great Tony Wheeler pasture.
It is a cool but pleasant November after-
noon-- The glory of November is in its sil-
very sparkling lights--I think it is peculiar
among the months--for the amount sparkling
white light reflects from a myriad of sur-
faces. The air is so clear\(^5\) & there are
so many bare-polished, bleached or hoary
surfaces to reflect the light. Few things
are more exhilarating--if it is only

\(^{13}\)Possibly “coursing”.
\(^{16}\)The second “t” has not been crossed and appears as if it were an “l”.
\(^{15}\)Possibly “clean”.

44
Possibly “skimmed”.

"D" in “Day” and “G” in “God” might appear to be lower case and overwritten or vice versa.

bared pastures & see the abundant
sheeny light--like a universal halo
--reflected from the russet & bleached earth.
The earth shines perhaps more than in
spring--for the reflecting surfaces are less
{dimmed} now-- It is not a red but a white
%as Ministerial%
light. In the woods & about swamps%
also there are several kinds of twigs--
this year's shoots of shrubs--which have a
slight down--hairines--hardly perceptible
in ordinary light though held in the hand--
but which seen toward the sun reflect
a sheening slivery light--such are not
only the sweet-fern--but the hazel in a
alder twigs
less degree--& even the short huckleberry twigs
{plus} lespedeza stems.
" It is as if they were covered with a myriad fine
spiculae--which reflect a dazzling white light.
--exceedingly warming to the spirits & imagination.
This gives a character of snug warmth & cheerfulness
to the swamp--as if it were a place where
the sun consorted with rabbits & partridges.
such
Each individual hair on every "shoot above
the swamp is bathed in glowing sunlight
& is directly conversant with the Day God".

The cinnamon brown of withered fern weed,
colors
(how long?) marks whole fields. It may
be put with the now paler brown of hard-
now hack heads--& the "darker cinnamon brown
of the Dicksonia fern by walls
I notice this pm that the pasture white oaks have commonly a few leaves also left on the lower limbs & next the trunk.

Winter rye is another conspicuous green amid the withered grass fields--

The rubuses are particularly hardy--

to retain their leaves-- Not only low blackberry & high blackberry leaves linger still fresh, but < the R. hispidus leaves last all winter like an evergreen--.

The great round leaved pyrola--dwarf cornel--checker berry & lambkill--have lake or at present a "purplish tinge on the under side"--& the last 2 are red or purplish above. It is singular that a blush should suffuse the under side of the thick leaved pyrola while it is still quite green above.

When walnut husks have fairly opened showing the white shells within--(the trees being either quite bare--or with a few withered leaves at present) a slight jar with the foot on the limbs causes them to settle down in a perfect shower--& on bare grass ground --pasture ground--it is very easy picking them up.

As I returned over Conantum summit yesterday just before sunset--& was admiring the various rich browns of the shrub oak plain across the river,& which

---N" ap. written over "n"
seemed to me more wholesome & remarkable
as more permanent--than the--late
brilliant colors--I was surprised to see a
broad halo travelling with me--and always
opposite the sun to me--at least 1/4 of a mile
off & some 3 rods wide on the shrub oaks.
The rare wholesome & permanent beauty
of withered oak leaves of various hues
of brown mottling a hill side--especially,
seen when the sun is low--Quaker colors
--sober ornaments--beauty--that quite
satisfies the eye. The richness & variety are the
same as before, the colors different--%more
incompatible & lasting. "V 4 {as}" Girard%
Sprague of Cohasset states to the Nat. Hist.
Soci. Sep. 1st 58 that the light under the
tail of the common glow-worm "remained
for 15 minutes after death--" p 396
Who are bad neighbors--? They who
suffer their neighbors cattle to go at large
because they don’t want their ill will--
are afraid to anger them. They are abettors
of the ill doers.
Who are the religious? They who do not
differ much from mankind generally--except
that they are more conservative & timid--
and useless--but who in their conversation
& correspondence--talk about kindness
of heavenly Father. Instead of going bravely

"Possibly "hs" or "ds"."
about their business--trusting God {even}\textsuperscript{100}--

They do like him who says Good sir

to the one he fears--or whistles to the--

dog that is rushing at him. And be-

cause they take his name in vain so often

they presume that they are better than you

Oh their religion is a rotten squash.

Nov. 21th 58

Pm to {Hollowell} Place--

See small water bugs in nut meadow

//brook in one place-- Prob they were not to be

found in the late cold weather 12th 13th &c--

See from Clam Shell ap. 2 little dippers--

//

one up stream the other down--swimming & diving

in the perfectly smooth river--this still over

cast day.

Prob. the bulk of the Scar. Oak leaves are

//

fallen-- I find very handsome ones strewn over

the floor of Potter’s maple swamp-- They

are brown above but still purple beneath.

These are so deeply cut & the middle

& lobes of the leaf so narrow--that they

look like the remnant of leafy stuff out

of which leaves have been cut--or like

scrap tin. The lobes are remarkably sharp

pointed & armed with long bristles. Yes

they lie one above another like masses of

scrap tin.

\textsuperscript{100}Possibly “ever”. 
Nov. 22nd

In surveying Mr. Bigelow’s Woodlot today--
I found at the N. E asterly angle what in the deed
from the Thayers in ’38 was called “an old stump
by the wall”. It is still quite plain & may last
20 years longer-- It is oak

This is quite a pleasant day--but hardly
amounting to 2nd. summer-- I see swarms
of large mosquito-like insects dancing in
the garden. They may be a large kind of
slender
{liparidae}. Had^ ringed abdomens & no plumes.

The river is quite low--about as low as
it has been--for it has not been very low

About the 1st of November a wild
pig from the west--said to weigh %300 lbs%
hundred--jumped out of a car at the depot
& made for the woods-- The owner had
to give up the chase at once not to lose his
passage--while some RR. employees {hunted}^{102}
the pig--even in the woods 1 1/2 miles
off--but then the pig turned & pursued
them so resolutely that they ran for their
lives & one climbed a tree. The next day
being Sunday they turned out in force
with a gun & a large mastiff--but
still the pig had the best of it--fairly frightened
the men by his fierce charges--& the dog
%is injured by the pig%
was so wearied that %the men were obliged
to carry him in their arms-- The pig stood it

---

101 “several” is struck out in pencil
102 Possibly “tracked”. 
so between the gun man’s legs threw him over & hurt his shoulder (through pierced) &
many places by a pitchfork
better than the dog. At the last accounts--
he had been driven or baited into a barn & in
Lincoln--he but no one durst enter--& they
were preparing to shoot him. Such pork might
caught him at last in a snare--so conveyed%
be called venison
Nov. 23 a N Easterly storm--
with occasional sugarings of snow--

Nov 24th
Pm to Cliffs & Walden

There is a slight sugaring of snow on the
ground. On grass ground there is much
the less & that is barely perceptible--while
plowed ground is quite white & I can
thus distinguish such fields even to the
horizon. It is dark drizzling still
from time to time sprinkling or snowing a little.

I see more snow in the N & NW horizon.

I can not only distinguish plowed fields--
regular
white squares in the midst of russet--
but even cart paths--& foot or cow
paths a quarter of a mile long--
as I look across to Conantum.

It is pleasant to see this revealed as a
feature even in the distant landscape,
a cow path leading from far inland
down to the river.

The young oaks on the plain under the

//Cliffs are of a more uniform color

103"%in%" appears at the end of the interlined text above; positioned here due to
lack of space.
than a fortnight ago--a reddish brown.

F. H. Pond is closed still.

It is a lichen day--with a little moist snow falling. The great green lungwort lichen shows now on the oaks--strange that there should be none on the pines close by--& the fresh bright chestnut fruit of other kinds--glistening with moisture--brings life & immortality to light.

That side of the trunk on which the lichens are thickest is the side on which the snow lodges in long ridges.

When I looked out this morning the landscape presented a very pretty wintry sight--little snow as there was. Being very moist it had lodged on every twig--& every one had its counterpart in a light downy white one 2ce or 3ce its own depth resting on it.

I hear a screech owl--in Wheeler’s Wood by the RR--& I heard one a few evenings ago at home.

Saw a %scarlet% oak--some 16 inch in diameter at 3 feet from ground--blown down evidently in that storm SE wind some months ago. It stood on the Southerly edge of Wheelers wood & had fallen NNW--breaking off a white oak (9 inch in diam.) & a small white pine in its fall-- It was a perfectly sound oak. I was surprised to see how little
root it had-- Very few roots reached deeper
than 2 feet--the thickness of the crust
of earth turned up by its fall--& those
that did--were not bigger than ones finger.
& there was not a root bigger than your
finger at 4 feet from the center on any
of the more than semi circle exposed
side-- "No wonder it was uprooted.

Here is an author who

contrasts love for "The beauties of the person"
with that for "excellences of the mind"--as if
these were the alternatives--I must say that
it is for neither of these that I should
feel the strongest affection. I love that
one104 with whom I sympathise--be she
"beautiful" or other wise--of excellent
mind or not.

Nov. 25th

Pm to Ministerial Swamp--

I go through the Dennis Swamp by RR--

//See a few high blueberry buds--Which
have fairly started--expanded into { }105 small106
red leaves ap within a few weeks--
The Rubus hispidus--is now very common &
conspicuous ^" the withered grass & leaves
of the swamp--with its green or reddened leaves
also the gold-thread. The prinos
berries on their light brown twigs are
quite abundant & handsome.

While most keep close to their parlor

104 A tail below the "o" in "one" has been struck out along with some of the "o".
105 A struck-out letter might appear here.
106 A tail below the "s" in "small" has been struck out.
fires this cold & blustering Thanksgiving
afternoon--and think with compassion
of those who are abroad, I find the
sunny south side of the swamp as warm
as their parlors--& warmer to my spirit.
Aye, there is a serenity and warmth here,
which the parlor does not suggest--enhanced
by the sound of the wind roaring on the N. W.
or so
side of the swamp a dozen^ rods off.
What a wholesome & inspiring warmth is
this! I see aspen (tremuliformis) leaves
which have long since fallen turned black--
which also show, the relation of this tree
to the willow--& many species of which also turn
black.

Pass Tarbell’s--behind--The farmer now
on the down hill of life--at length gets
his new barn & barn-cellar built--far
away in some unfrequented vale. This
for 2 score years he has struggled for--
This is his poem done at last--to get
the means to dig that cavity & rear those
timbers aloft. How many millions have
done just like him--or failed to do it--!
There is so little originality. & just
so little--& just as much fate--so
to call it, in literature. With steady
struggle--with alternate failure & suc-
cess, he at length gets a barn cellar
completed & then a tomb.

You would say that there was a tariff on thinking & originality.

I pass through the ministerial swamp--
& ascend the steep hills on the S cut of last winter. In the barren poplar hollow just N of the old cranberry is another the largest patch of it (ie bear berry) that I remember in C. How often I see these aspens standing dead in barren--perhap- haps frosty valleys in the wood!

Most shrub-oaks there have lost their leaves (Q. ilicifolia) which very fair & perfect cover the ground.

You are surprised late these after- noons (ahalf) an hour perhaps before sunset--after walking in the shade-- or on looking round from a height--to see the singularly bright yellow light of the sun reflected from pines, esp. pitch pines, or the withered oak leaves-- through the clear cold air--the wind it may be blowing strong from the N. W. Sunlight in summer falling on green woods is not methinks such a noticeable phenome- non. I stand on that high hill south of C(?) the swamp cut off by Wheeler last winter & when I look round NE I am greatly surprised by the very brilliant sun light
of which I speak—surpassing the glare
of any noon it seems to me.
Nov. '26
The various evergreens large &
small may be said, generally to turn green
reddish
or to have turned green—about the middle
%going up%
%Got in boat on ac. of Reynold's new fence%
of November—%
(earlier than usual)%
A good many leaves of sweet fern though
withered now—still hold on—so that this
shrub may be put with the oaks in this
respect. So far as I remember it is pecu-
liar among shrubs in this.
Walden is very low—compared with
The bar bet. pond & Hubbards Pond hole is 4 feet wide
itself for some years—^There is a shore
but [the]¹⁰⁹ main bar is not bare—
at least 6 feet wide in side the alders
at my old shore—and what is remarkable.
I find that not only Goose Pond also
has fallen correspondingly within a
month—but even the smaller pond holes
—only 4 or 5 rods over¹¹⁰ such as Little Goose
Pond—shallow as they are. i.e. this lowness
I begin to suspect therefore that this rise
& fall extending thru a long series of years
—is not peculiar to the Walden system of
Ponds—but is true of ponds generally &
perhaps of rivers—though in their case, it
may be more difficult to detect. Even around
Little Goose Pond the shore is laid bare
for a space even wider than at Walden
it being less abrupt. The Pouts
Nest, also, has lost 10 feet on all

¹⁰⁹ Possibly "that".
¹¹⁰ A tail appears to be struck out below the “v” in “over”.

55
sides. Those pouts’ nests which I discovered
in the spring are high & dry 6 feet
from the water. I overhauled one, ripping
up the frozen (root)\textsuperscript{111} with my hands. The
(root)\textsuperscript{112} was only 3 inches thick--then a cavity\textsuperscript{113}
& a bottom\textsuperscript{114} of wet mud. In this mud
I found 2 small frogs 1 ap. an R. palus-
tris less than an inch long. The other ap. a
young R. pipiens 1 1/2 inches long. They were
quite sluggish & had evidently gone into
winter quarters there, but probably some
mink would have got them.

The Pout’s nest was frozen just enough
to bear--with 2 or 3 breathing places left.
The principal of these was a narrow opening
with some about a rod long X 18 inches
wide within 6 feet of the SW side of
the pond hole--& then immediately adjacent
ice was darker & thinner than the rest
having formed quite recently. I observed that
the water at this breathing chink was
//all alive with polly wogs mostly of large
size--though some were small--which
ap. had collected there chiefly as the
water surface was steadily contracted--
for the sake of the air(?) (There)\textsuperscript{115} more
than a hundred of them there--or 10 or
a dozen in a square foot--& many more under
the ice. I saw one firmly frozen in & dead.
\textcolor{red}{One had legs & his tail was half eaten off by some creature--yet he was alive}

\textsuperscript{111}Possibly “roof”.
\textsuperscript{112}Possibly “roof”.
\textsuperscript{113}“a” and “cavity” run together without a space.
\textsuperscript{114}“a” and “bottom” run together without a space.
\textsuperscript{115}Possibly “these”.
There were also one or 2 frogs stirring among them //
Here was evidently warmer water--probably

a spring & they had crowded to it. Looking
more attentively--I detected also a great many
minnows about 1 inch long either floating--dead

these—frozen into the ice--at least 50 of
them. They were shaped like bream, but had the
transverse bars of a perch. There were more polly-
wogs in other parts of the Pond--hole--& at
the N end. I saw 2 perch about 7 inches
long--dead close to the shore--& turned a
bright green--which are commonly yellow--
as if poisoned by the water or something they
had eaten. Perhaps the fishes had suffered
by the falling of this Pond hole--& consequent
isolation from the main pond--which
has left this part still more shallow
& stagnant than before. It is full of the
target weed-- If the pond continues to fall
undoubtedly all the fishes thus land locked
will die. I noticed. 

at the
above named chink track which
looked like those of an otter--where
some animal had entered & come out
of the water--(having) weeds & fragments
of ice at the edge of the hole- No
doubt several creatures like otter
& mink--& foxes know where to re-
sort for their food at this season

This is now a perfect otter’s or mink’s preserve.

---

116 A vertical mark or blot appears on and slightly beneath this dash.
117 Possibly “leaning” or “having”.
Perhaps such a mass of decaying weeds
is fatal to the fishes here.

It is evident that these frogs would have
been frozen stiff the first colder nights—
in such a shallow retreat. It is very likely
that that hole (i.e. pout's hole) was under
water when they took refuge there—&
the water going down they were chilled.
In such cases the polly wogs & fishes—
& even frogs most of the last part to
freeze—the warmest water, where it is open
longest.

Examining these survivors by day I find
that they are 1 1/6 inches long X 2/5 inch wide
(this my largest) in form like a bream—

with of a very pale golden like a perch—
or more bluish. Have but one dorsal fin

and near as I can count—rays D 18 (first
% stiff%
%There 10 larger & often tall%
$/6$-$/3$ shorter—% more distinctly pointed—%-
%average%  %{13}[^%]% how long%
3 times as long as% & high) C. 18— A. 13 or 14 V. 6
%10(?)% %about%
P. 4 or 8 (?)[^%]. They have% 7—% transverse dusky
bars like a perch! Yet from their form &
single dorsal fin I think they are breams—are
they not a new species? Have young breams
transverse bars? (drawing) A little narrower
than this. %v 2 ds forward%

Nov 27

Those barren hollows & plains in the neigh-
borhood of Walden— are singular places

[^118] Struck out in pencil.
[^119] Possibly “stouter”.
[^120] Possibly “19”.
[^121] Struck out in pencil.
[^122] Struck out in pencil.
[^123] Scribbled out in pencil.
I see many which were heavily wooded

15 or 30 years ago—now covered
only with fine sedge—sweet-fern—or a
small
few birches—willows—poplars **^** wild—
%(chick cornels)**^% cherries**^**^% &c They need not amount to hollows
at all—many of them are glades merely—
& all that region is elevated—but the
surrounding higher ground—though it
may be only 5 or 10 feet higher will
be covered with a good growth. One should
think twice before he cut off such places.
--Perhaps they had better never be laid bare
but merely thinned out. {We}**^** do not be-
gin to understand the treatment of woodland
yet. On such spots you will see various
young trees & **some** of them which I have
named—dead as if a fire had run through
them—killed apparently by frost.
**^**I find scarlet oak acorns
Like this— in form not
essentially different from
those of the black oak—,**^**
except that the scales of
the black—stand out more
loose & bristling about the
fruit. So all Scar. O. acorns do not
regularly taper to a point from a broad
base—& Emerson {represents} but one
form of the fruit. The leaf of this was not
very deeply cut—was broad for its length.

**^**"cherry" is overwritten by "cherries" or vice versa.
**^**"The" appears to be written over "The" or vice versa.
**^**A drawing of an acorn indents the text approximately 3 inches from the left margin from this line and before the six lines that follow. To the left of the drawing T. writes "Scarlet  O." (in ink), below which is %v {Jan} 19' 59% (possibly "Jun").
**^**The comma appears below the dash.
I get 17 more of {these\textsuperscript{128}} little breams of yesterday--As I now count the dorsal fins rays are 9-10 (Gerard says 11)

C. 17 with ap 4 short on each side  
A 3-11

P 11 \textsuperscript{11} \textsuperscript{11} \textsuperscript{11} V \{\textsuperscript{11}\} \textsuperscript{12} I-5 \textsuperscript{17} \%V. Dec 3d\% \textsuperscript{18}  
\%V. also Mar 26\% 

They have about 7 transverse dark bars--a vertical dark mark under eye--a dark spot on edge of operculum--

They appear to be the young of the \textit{Pomotis obesus} described by Charles Girard to the Nat Hist Soc. in April '54--obtained by Baird in Freshwater about Hingham & Charles River in Holliston.\textsuperscript{130}

I got more perfect specimens than the bream drawn above. They are exceedingly pretty seen floating dead on their sides in a bowl of water with all their fins spread out.

From their size & form & position--they cannot fail to remind you of coins in the basin. The conspicuous transverse bars distinguish them--at once. (drawing) This is the form of the dorsal fin which consists of 2 parts the foremost (of)\textsuperscript{131} shorter stiff spiny rays--the other {11} at least half as long again & quite flexible & waving--falling together like a {wet rag}\textsuperscript{132} out of water--

So with the anal fin the 3 foremost rays as I see are short & spiny^ are part{s} of the

\textsuperscript{128}Possibly "those".
\textsuperscript{129}Possibly "6" struck out or overwritten with "5" struck out or vice versa.
\textsuperscript{130}The remaining space on this line between the word "Holliston" and the right margin is obscured by a waxed in clipping. The clipping begins "Specimens of Pomotis . . ."; the reverse side of the clipping begins "Ship News". The front of the clipping includes handwritten dates--by HDT?--written vertically in its margin.
\textsuperscript{131}Possibly stuck through.
\textsuperscript{132}Possibly "net say"
vertical (ac. to Girard). These foremost rays in each case work like slender {raking} masts—& their points project beyond the thin web of the fin—whose edge looks like the ropes which stretch from masthead to masthead—loop-wise. The stiff & spiny {foremost}133 part of the fins evidently serves for a cut water which bears the brunt of any concussion—& perhaps may serve for weapons of offence while the more ample & gently waving flexible after part more especially guides the {actions}134 of the fish. The transverse bars are continued across these parts of the {f} D & A. fins—& the marking’s {of a turtle} bristle across its feet or flippers. Methinks the fins of the minnows are peculiarly beautiful.

How much more remote the newly discovered species seems to dwell than the old & fa-
miliar ones—though both inhabit the same pond. Where the {pomolias obesus} swims must be a new country—unexplored by sea science. The^ shore may be settled, but aborigines dwell unseen only {thus}135 far inland. This country is so new that species of {birds fishes--& birds--& quadrupeds} in habit it—{which} science has not yet detected. The water which such a fish swims in must still have a primi-
tive forest decaying in it.

133 Possibly “forward”.
134 Possibly “motions”.
135 Possibly “this”.
Nov 28

A gray over cast & still day—^136 There
& more small birds tree spars & chicadees than usual about the {house}^137
have been a very few fine snow flakes
falling for many hours—& now by
//2 Pm—a regular snow-storm has com-
mented—fine flakes falling steadily
& rapidly whitening all the landscape
In half an hour the russet earth is
painted white—even to the horizon. Do
we know of any other so silent & sudden
a change?

I cannot now walk without having a
track behind me—that is one peculiarity
of winter walking—any body may follow my
trail. I have walked perhaps a particular
wild path along some swamp side all
summer—& thought to my self, I am the only
villager that ever comes here. But I go
out shortly after the first snow has fallen—
& lo here is the track of a sports man
& his dog in my secluded path—& probably
he preceded me in the summer, as well.
Yet my hour is not his, & I may
never meet him!

I asked Coombs^138 the other night if he
had been a hunting lately—He said he
had not been out but {once}^139 this fall. He
went out the other day, —with
a companion & they came near getting
a fox. They broke his leg. He has

^136This caret joins a descending curved line to the interlined material below.
^137This word is unclear due to its position on a descending angle.
^138“C” written over “o”
^139Possibly “since”: what appears like a small i-dot mark is positioned above this word, but it could be ink that bled through from the recto side of this page.
evidently been looking forward to some such

success all summer-- Having done this

much-- he can afford to sit a while by

the stove at the P.O. He is plotting now

how to break his head.

Goodwin cannot be a very bad man-- he is so

cheery.

And all the years that I have known Walden

striped

t hese "breams have skulked in it without

my knowledge! How many new thoughts

SV 11 {[days]}140 forward%

then may I have?

Nov. 29th

Pm to Hill

About 3 inches of snow fell last evening

and a few cows on the hill side have wandered

about in vain to come at the grass. They

have at length found the place high on the

S side where the snow is thin nest.

methinks it is as good as half an hour added to

the day

How bright & light the day now"--white houses

no longer stand out & stare in the landscape

The Pine woods snowed up-- look more

like the bare oak woods with their gray

boughs-- The river meadows show {now}141

far off a dull straw color or pale brown

amid the general white

\^ where the coarse sedge rises where the

2 distinct oak woods are now more distinctly reddish.--

snow-- "It is a clear & pleasant winter

day. The snow has taken all the Novem-

ber out of the day-- Now blue shadows

--green rivers (both which I see) &

\^Possibly "hrs"

\^Possibly "how".
still winter life--.

I see (partridge) & mice tracks--& fox tracks--& crows sit silent on a bare oak top.

I see a living shrike caught to day in the barn of the Middlesex House--
Nov. 30 '58

The shrike was very violent for a long time beating itself against the bars of its cage--
at (Stacy's)-- to day it is quiet & has eaten raw meat. Its plain dark ash colored crown and beak are separated by a very distinct line from the black wings. It has a powerful (hawklike) beak but, slender legs & claws--
close to--it looks more like a (musicapa) than any thing--

with C.

Pm to Walden--& F. H Hill.

It is a pleasant day & the snow melting considerably-- We stand on the Pouts' Nest--now frozen--with snow ice added to the old--so that it will bear--a coarse frozen white batter--& the hills around are covered with snow. Though Walden is open-- It is a perfect winter scene. This withdrawn but ample recess in the woods--with all that is necessary for a human residence--
yet never referred to by the London Times & Galignani's messenger--as some of those arctic bays are-- some are hastening to Europe & some to the West Indies

but here is a bay never steered for.
These nameless bays where the Times & the Tribune have no correspondent--
are the true bays of All Saints--for me
Green pines on this side brown oaks on
that--the blue sky over head & this white
counterpane all around. It is an insignifi-
cant fraction of the globe which England
& Russia & the Filibusters have over run--
The open pond close by--though consid-
erably rippled to-day--affects me as a pe-
culiarly wild & genial object by contrast
with this frozen pool & the snow covered
shore--& I sit down on the shore in
the sun--on the bare rocks. There seems to
be a milder air above it, as the water
within it is milder.

Going westward thro’ Wheeler’s Owl Wood--to-
ward Weird Dell-- I behold a peculiar
winter scene--seen many times before--
but forgotten-- The sun rather low is seen
through the wood with a cold dazzling
white lustre like that of burnished tin
{reflected} from the silvery needles of the pines
No powerful light streams through--
but you stand in the quiet & somewhat
sombre aisles of a forest cathedral--
where cold green masses alternate with
(you are inclined to call them red) reddish tawney (?)
but warm pale brown leather colored ones--almost
trees are the internal decorations--
ruddy--while dark trunks streaked with snow
rise on all sides & a pure white floor

---

142 The final “d” may not be present at the end of this word.
143 The “l” in “alternate” appears to have been a modified letter “f”.
144 The words “but warm” are positioned slightly above “brown” and continue in the space between “brown” and “leather” on the line below.
145 A short word or small blot appears above the “r” in “internal”.
stretches around--and perhaps a single
patch of yellow sun light is seen on
the white shaded floor--

The short afternoons are come-- Yonder
dusky cloud mass in the N. W. will not be
{set} {after} {noons} the sky before yonder sun
we see purple clouds in the east horizon.
that lurks so low will be set--

But did ever clouds flit & change--
form & dissolve so fast as in this {clean}\footnote{Possibly “clear”}
cold air--for it is rapidly growing colder--
--and at such a time with {clean}\footnote{Possibly “clear”} air &
the wind--& shifting clouds--I never fail
to see mother 'o pearl tints--abundant
in the sky.

We see the tracks of a hunter & his hounds
who have gone along the path from the Dell
to the Cliffs. The dog makes a genuine
track with his five toes--an honest
dog's track--& if his master went bare-
foot we should count five toe-prints
in his track too--& they would be seen
to resemble each other remotely--but
now we see only the track of a boot
& I thought the dog must be disgusted
to tread in it. Walking thus where a
man & 2 dogs had recently passed along
making a trail only a few inches wide--
treading in one anothers tracks alternately
The impression was that they had constantly
crowded on one another—though in fact the
dogs may have been a quarter of a
mile ahead or behind their master—
The dog—rosette—identical which is
spotted all over Greece. They go {making}¹⁴⁸
these perfect im perfect impressions
faster than a {tubes}¹⁴⁹ cylinder—{power}¹⁵⁰
press.

Coming over the side of F. H. Hill at sun-
set—we saw a large long dusky cloud
in the NW. horizon ap—just this side
of Wachusett or at least 20 miles off
—which was snowing—when all
the rest was clear sky. It was a com-
plete snow cloud. It looked like rain
falling at an equal distance—except
that the snow fell less directly—& the
upper outline of a part of the cloud
more like that of a dusky mist. {It}¹⁵¹
was much of a snow storm—just enough
to partially obscure the sight of the mts
about which it was falling—While the cloud
was ap. high above (them or it may have
been a little this side. The cloud was of
a dun color—and at its south end
near where the sun had{tion} was just about
to set—it was all aglow on its under
side with a salmon {fulgor}—making it
look warmer than a furnace at the same
time that it was snowing.

¹⁴⁸The initial letters of this word are obscured by overwriting; also, this word could possibly be "marking" or "tracking".
¹⁴⁹This word either has been struck out or contains a very long t-cross.
¹⁵⁰The initial letters of what appears to be "power" are obscured by overwriting.
¹⁵¹"It" is possibly overwritten upon "The".
In short I saw a cloud--quite local
in the heavens--whose south end
rested over the portals of the day
20 & odd miles off & was lit by the splendor
of the departing sun--& from this lit
cloud--snow was falling-- It was
merely an extensive flurry though it
may have lasted half 20 minutes--

I have seen a dark cloud as wide as
the sky rolling up from the NW-- & {blasting}
all my hopes--at sight of which I
have dismissed the sun for 3 weeks {&}'
resigned myself to my fate-- But when
after being absorbed in other meditations--
I have looked round for that cloud half
an hour after-- I have distinguished only
an indistinct white film far in the
SE-- which only added to the glory of
{the} day--by reflecting its light.
The river may be said to have frozen generally last night
That was a remarkable {prospect}
from the side of F. H. Hill just before the
sun set--a strong cold NW wind blowing
& as good a winter prospect as the Arctic
regions present. The brilliant blessed isles
already gathered thus the portals of the day--
& mother o' pearl clouds forming &
dissolving in the crisped air between the
Zenith & The west horizon-- While at
least 20 miles off (at first 30) in the

152 Possibly "I"
153 Possibly "thy"; the tail of the end letter curves below the line and back to cross
the initial "t".

68
N W\textsuperscript{154} a vast dark dun colored cloud--where
southern end overlapped the setting sun
--a glowing canopy--was snowing in the
mts--seen \textsuperscript{155} thinly beneath it. It was a
rare & strange sight, that of a snow
storm 20 miles off--from the verge of a
perfectly clear sky-- Thus local is all
storm--surrounded by serenity & beauty--
The terrestrial mts were made ridiculous
beneath that stupendous range--I said
to my companion there comes a storm which\textsuperscript{156}
will cover the earth 4 feet deep--make
haste & do your necessary work before
the night comes. But before \{we\}\textsuperscript{157}
had got home--I saw it in the east
still further off--not having seen it
passed us--a pale ethereal film almost\textsuperscript{158}
dissolved in the sky, as indistinct as
a fabulous island. In these clear cold
days--fear no cloud-- They vanish &
dissolve before the cloud consuming
air-- This air snaps them up like a
dog his meat. Bare hickories now
seen over the shining surface--of the
snow--suggest a cold equal to that
of the Cold Friday-- As I go up
the hill eastward while the sun is setting
I see a tinge of green reflected from its
surface under my face-- & the scattered
clouds in the east are greener yet--

\textsuperscript{154}"W" appears to have been modified or overwritten by T.
\textsuperscript{155}Possibly "shining"; no t-cross appears in this word.
\textsuperscript{156}Written on a descending angle near the margin.
\textsuperscript{157}"we" appears to have been overwritten upon "the".
\textsuperscript{158}Written on a descending angle near the margin.
C. thought that if he lived in Weird Dell—he should come & sit on the NW side every night & see the shadows steal gradually across it.

Just before the sun disappeared we saw just on the edge of the horizon westward from Acton—maybe 8 miles off—a very brilliant fire or light—just like a star of the first magnitude—
or a house burning without smoke—and this though so far & so brilliant was undoubtedly only the sun reflected from some weather-cock there—So incredibly brilliant are all surfaces now. It was pure flame larger than a house—precisely as if the planet Venus rested on the horizon’s edge. Possibly the weather cock was nearer—but we both concluded that it was not.

The sun seen setting through the snow-carpeted woods—with shimmering pine needles or dark green {spruces} & warm brown oak leaves for {screens}.

With the advent of snow & ice—so much cold white—the browns are warmer to the eye—

All the red that is in oak leaves & huckleberry twigs comes out.

A cloud {then} which glows high above the portals of the day—7 or 8 minutes before the sun disappears may be some 20 miles off only—

\[1^{59}\] A tall extra letter, possibly another “l”, appears between “I” and “l” in “gilt”, if that is the correct word.

\[1^{60}\] Possibly “there”.

70
Neither England nor America--have any
to laugh at that sentence in the
rare book called "The Blazon of Gentry" written
written by a zealous student of heraldry--which
after due investigation that
says" "Christ was a gentleman, as to
the flesh, by the part of his mother,-- -- --
-- -- and might have borne coat-armor. The
apostles also were gentlemen of blood, and
{many}^161 of them descended from that worthy
conqueror Judas Machabeus; but, through
the tract of time, & persecution of wars,
poverty oppressed the kindred, and they
x
were {constrayned} to servile workes." Whatever
we may preach & profess-- texts we may
quote or commentaries we may write--
when we consider the laws & customs of
these 2 countries we cannot fail to
perceive that the above sentence is
perfectly
of a piece with our practical com-
mentary^162 on the New Testament--
The above is really a pertinent reason
offered why Christianity should (be)
embraced in England & America--
Indeed--it is accordingly only what
may be called "respectable christianity"--
at all generally
that is ^embraced in the 2 countries--
I read that a woman picked
a pint of ripe red raspberries at Bunker Hill Cliff
where they get the {"Quincy Granite)}^163 Oct. 1st this
year

^161Overwritten, letters are obscured.
^162"ary" (the last letters in "momentary") are written on a descending angle below
the line.
^163A set of open quotation marks appears without a closed set; a closed parenthesis
appears without an open one.
There is a late green ness--accompanied by open yellow flowers--a November greenness--methinks, corresponding to the early greenness of the spring--& its blossoms Early in November (& late in Oct) Lycopodium & evergreen ferns--(the small botrychium shed as well as several lycopodium{,} pollen then^) have their day--under {the}164 yellow flowers by the witch hazel & amid a few lingering golden rods--as in spring green radical leaves are associated with {alder} & willow blossoms. The gold greens have their day so late in the fall. I do not speak so much of a lingering verdure--but of one which there is most flourishing, & you may say greenest before the lichen days have come.

I cannot but see still in my mind's eye those little striped breams poised in Walden's glaucous water. They balance all the rest of the world in my estimation at present, for this is the Bream that I have just found. & for the time I ne-
glect all its brethren & am ready to kill the fatted calf on its account. For more than 2 centuries have men fished here & have not distinguished this permanent settler of the township-- It is not like a new bird--a transient visitor that may not be seen again for years--but there it dwells & has dwelt permanently-- Who can tell how long? When my eyes

[164 Possibly "their".}
first rested on Walden—the striped bream
was poised in it—though I did not see
it, & when Tahatawan paddled his canoe
there. How wild it makes the pond &
the township to find a new fish in it—America
renews her youth here. But in my ac-
count of this bream I cannot go a hair’s
broadth beyond the mere statement that it
eexists.—the miracle of its existence—my con-
temporary & neighbor—yet so different from
me! I can only poise my thoughts there
by its side— & try to think like a bream for a
moment. I can only think of precious jewels
—of sunrise—poetry—beauty—& the mystery
of life— I only see the bream in its orbit as
I see {a} star, but I came not to measure its
distance or weight. The bream appreciated
floats in the pond—as the center of the
system—another image of God. Its life
no man can explain more than he can
his own. I want you to perceive the mystery
of the bream—I have a contemporary in Wal-
den. It has fins where I have legs & arms—
I have a friend among the fishes—at least
a new acquaintance— Its character will in-
terest me, I trust, not its clothes & anatomy.
I do not want it to eat. Acquaintance with
it is to make my life more rich & eventful.
It is as if a poet or an anchorite had
moved into the town—whom I can see from

---

165 Written on a descending angle near the margin beginning on the line and ending below the line.
166 Possibly "the".
167 Written on a descending angle beginning above the line and ending below the line.
Possibly "seize".

time to time & think of yet oftener. Perhaps
there are a thousand of these striped
bream which no one has thought of
in that pond--not their mere impressions
in stone--but in the full tide of the breams
life.

Though science may sometimes talk about
compare herself to a child picking up pebbles
on the sea shore--that is a rare mood
with her. Ordinarily, her practical belief is
that it is only a few pebbles which are not
known--weighed & measured-- A new species
of fish--signifies hardly more than a new name.
See what is contributed in the scientific re-
ports-- One counts the fin-rays--another
measures--the intestines--a 3d Daguerreotypes
a scale--&c &c--otherwise there's nothing to be
said. As if all but this were done--&
these were very rich & generous contributions to sci-
ence. Here votaries may be seen wandering
along the shore of the Ocean of Truths--
with their backs to that ocean--need to (rein)\textsuperscript{168}
in the shells which are cast up. You would
say that the scientific bodies were terribly put
to it for objects & subjects.
of an animal
A dead specimen--"if it is only well preserved
in alcohol--is just as good for science as
a living one preserved in its active elements.

What is the amount of my discovery to me--?

It is not that I have got one in a bottle--

\textsuperscript{168}Possibly "seize".
Possibly a dash.
Possibly “ds”.

Possibly a dash.
Possibly “ds”.

& that it has got a name in a book--
but that I have a little fishy friend in
the pond. How was it when the youth
first discovered fishes? Was it the number
of their fin rays or the arrangement
of the place of the fish in some system--
that made the boy dream of them? Is
it these things that interest mankind in the
fish--the inhabitant of the water? No--but
living
a faint recognition of a "contemporary--a
provoking mystery. One boy thinks of
fishes & goes [a]109 fishing--from the same mo-
tive that his brother [seaches] the poets for
some lines. It is the poetry of fishes--which
is their chief use--their flesh is their lowest
use. The beauty of the fish--that is what
it is best worth the while to measure-- Its
place in our systems is of comparatively
little importance. Generally the boy
loses some of his perception & his interest in
the fish--he degenerates into a fisherman
or an ichthyologist.

Dec 2nd

When I first saw that snow-cloud--
it stretched low along the N. W. horizon--
perhaps 4/4 round--4 half a dozen times as
high as the mts--& was remarkably
horizontal on its upper edge--but that
edge was obviously for a part of the way
very thin--composed of a dusky mist
which first suggested snow—When soon
after it had risen & advanced & was plainly
snowing—It was as if some great dark
machine was sifting the snow upon
the mountains. There was at the
same time the most brilliant of sun-
sets—the clearest & crispies of winter
skies.—We have had every day
since similar slight flurries of snow—
we being in their midst.

Dec. 3d 58

Pm to Walden—
A deliciously mild pm—though the
ground is covered with snow—The cockes
crowed this morning as of yore—
I carry hatchet & rake in order to ex-
plore the pout's nest for frogs & fish—
(the pond not being frozen). A small
part of that chinck of the 26th is
not yet frozen—& is crowded with pollywogs
mostly of large sizes & very many have
legs more or less developed. With my
small iron rake about 1 foot long
X 4 inches wide I jerk onto the ice at
one jerk 45 pollywogs & more than
as many more fall into the water—Many
of the smallest pollywogs have bright
copper red bellies—prettily spotted—
while the large {one}171 curiously pale
yellow, either clear or spotted. Many172
are dying. They have crowded so
thickly along the open chink 3 or 4 inches
wide by the side of a boat in the ice
that when I accidentally rock it
about a hundred are washed out
onto the ice. One salamander
among them--{& 4} of the new
breams much larger darker & richer
colored than any I had found.

I have often seen pollywogs in small
numbers in the winter, in spring holes
&c--but never such crowding to air holes in
the ice-- All that is peculiar in this case
is that this small pond has recently been
cutoff from the main pond by the falling
of the water--& that it is crowded with
chiefly target weed
vegetable matter--so that apparently
the stagnant water has not only killed
the breams & perch (of which last I find
3 dead) but many pollywogs
& compels others to seek the surface.
by the shanty field %&%
As I return home by the%^%173 RR--
I cannot help contrasting this evening
(on F. H. hill side)
with--the 30th-- Now there is a genial
soft air--and in the west many clouds
of a purplish dove color. I walk with
unbuttoned coat--taking in the in--
fluence, of the hour. Coming thro' the
p. pines E of the Shanty field--I see
the sun thro the pines--very yellow
& warm looking--& every twig of the
pines & every {weed} is lit with yellow
light --(not silvery) The other
night the few cloudy {islets} about
setting sun (& where it had set) were
glitteringly bright afar thro' the
{deepening} to rose or damask when the
sun {has} set. The other night
there was no reddening of the clouds
after sun set--no after glow--
but the glittering clouds were al-
most immediately snapped up in
the crisped {air}.

I improve every opportunity to go into a grist-mill
--any excuse to see its cob web tapestry-- I put
questions to the miller as an excuse for staying--while
my eye rests delighted on the cobwebs above his head--
& perchance on his hat.

The salamander above named--found in
the water {of} the pouts' nest--is the Salamander
//prob Dorsalis v Ap. 18- 59%
symmetrica\% . It is some 3 inches long brown
(not very dark brown) above--& yellow with

\footnotesize
174 Possibly "inlets".
175 Possibly "white"
176 "deepening" appears to have been altered.
177 Possibly "was".
178 Possibly "at".
179 Struck out in pencil.
small dark spots beneath—a row of very minute
vermilion spots—not detected [ ] upon a close
examination—on each side of the back. The
tail is waved on the edge (upper edge at least)
has a pretty—bright eye. Its (tail) though narrower
reminds me of the polly wog. Why should not it
%See one with much larger% lose its tail as well as that?  
%Vermilion spots ap. 18 ’59—% not larger in {true spring}? % v Nov. 26th
The largest of the 4 breams 9 29/26 inches long
X 1 inch broad & 9/20 thick—The back
sides forward—tail & anal fin black or
dark
blackish—or very dark. The transverse^ bars
few & indistinct except in middle of fish—
sides toward tail yellowish olive rear of abdomen
(1 was) violet reflections (& about base of anal fin)
operculum turgid, streaked & spotted with
golden—coppery—greenish & violet reflections.
A vertical dash mark or line,—corresponding
to the stripes,—through the eye. Iris copper
color or darker. The others about 2 inches
long—are differently {coloere} not so dark—
{more} olive—& distinctly barred— —
The smallest are the lightest colored—
but the larger on the whole richer, as well
as darker. The fins esp. the D—C. & A—
are remarkably pretty—in color a fine
net-work of light & dark. The lower jaw
extends about 3/4 of an inch beyond the
upper—
The rich dark almost black back—with dark
barred sides alternating with yellowish olive—

---

180This carat positions "v Nov. 26"; in the MS the interlining is in a smaller script and ends before the carat.
181Last letter of "more" altered.
& the fine violet-purple reflections from
the sides of the abdomen--like the nacre
of a shell--as coin-like they lie flat in
a basin-- Such jewels they swam between
the stems --{(clothed)182 in transparent jelly} of
the target weed.

R. W. E saw quite a flock of ducks in the
// pm--(Walden) this pm
Dec. 5
// Some sugar maples, both large & small--
have still like the larger oaks a few leaves
about the larger limbs near the trunk.
Pm to Walden--

Snowed yesterday Pm & now it is 3 or
// 4 inches deep & a fine mizzle falling and
freezing to the twigs & stubble--so that there
//is quite a {glaze}. The stiffened ice-coated
weeds & grasses on the causeway--recall
past winters-- These humble withered
plants which have not of late attracted
your attention--now arrest it by their
very stiffness & exaggerated size. Some grass
culms 18 inches or 2 feet high--which no-
body noticed--are an inexhaustible supply
of {slend} ice wands set in the snow--
The grasses & weeds next to the crusty surface
--form arches by various forms. It is
surprising how the slenderest grasses can sup-
port such a weight--but the culm is

182 What could possibly be a "c" could possibly be an open parenthesis; thus, the word would not start with "c".
Possibly "there".

is buttressed by another icy culm or column--& the
load gradually taken on-- In the woods
the drooping pines compel you to stoop--
In all directions they are bowed down
--hanging their heads-- The large yellowish
leaves of the black oak (young trees) are
peculiarly conspicuous rich & warm in the
(midst) of this ice & snow--& in the
causeway--the yellowish bark of the willows
gleams warmly through the ice.
     The birches are still upright & the numerous
parallel white ice rods--remind me of
the recent gossamer-like gleams which
they reflected.

    How singularly ornamented is that salamander.
    Its brightest side--its yellow belly--sprinkled
    fine
    with^ dark spots is turned downward. Its
back is indeed ornamented with 2 rows of
bright vermilion spots--but these can only
be detected on the very closest inspection--
& poor eyes fail to discern them even {then}^{183}
--as I have found.

Dec 6th 58
     Go out at 9 Am to see the glaze
It is already half fallen--melting off.
The dripping trees & wet falling ice
will wet you through like rain in the
woods. It is a lively sound--a busy
tinkling the incessant brattling & from
time to time rushing crashing sound of
this falling ice & trees suddenly erecting
themselves when relieved of their loads.
It is now perfect only on the N sides
of woods which the sun has not touched
or affected. Looking at a dripping tree between
you & the sun, you may see here or there
one or another rain-bow color--a small
brilliant point of light-- Yesterday it
froze as it fell on my umbrella--converting
the cotton cloth into a thick stiff glazed
sort of oil cloth--so that it was impossible
to shut it.

Dec 7th

To Boston--

At Nat. Hist. Rooms

The egg of Turdus solitarius is light bluish with
pale brown spots. This is ap.
mine--which I call hermit thrush--though mine
is redder & distincter--brown spots--
The egg of T. Brunneus (called Hermit Thrush)
is a clear blue
The rail’s eggs (of Concord, which I have seen) is not
the Virginia rail’s which is smaller & nearly pure
white--nor the clapper rails which is larger--
Is it the sora rail’s? (of which there is no egg in
this collection)
My egg found in R. W. E’s garden is not
the white-throated sparrow’s egg.

Dr. Bryant calls my {serrigo} (ie the faint-
He says Coopers hawk

noted bird) Savannah sparrow--

is just like the sharp-shinned only a little larger commonly---. He
could not tell them apart. Neither he nor Brewer can identify
eggs always-- Dec. 9th: the same basket full of a diff. species as well as out of the same basket--

At New Bedford. See a song sparrow

and a pigeon woodpecker-- & Bryant tells of

the latter picking holes in blinds & also in his

barn roof & sides in order to get into it--holes in the

window sashes or casings as if a nail had been
driven into them.

 Asked a sailor at the wharf how

he distinguished a whaler--he said by

the "davits" large upright timbers

with sheaves {curving} over the sides--thus

(a merchant man has only a few & small at the stern)

drawing to hold up the boats ^also by the place

for the man to stand at mast-head--(cross trees

I should say they were) & look out for (-) whales--

which you do not see on a merchant ship--
i.e the cross tress of the latter are very slight

--of the whaler {drawing} somewhat like this--

Dec. 11th

Pm to Walden-- An over cast pm--

& rather warm-- The snow on the ground

in pastures--brings out the warm red in

These are what Thompson calls "the tawny copse"

leafy oak woodlands by contrast"--so

that they suggest both shelter & warmth--

All browns indeed are warmer now

than a week ago-- These oak woodlands

half a mile off--commonly with pines

---The interlined passage that begins "He says Coopers hawk..." and ends at "the same basket" surrounds on all sides "Dec. 9th" the date of the next entry.
---Possibly "carving".
---Possibly a blot or a letter struck through.
inter mingled--look like warm coverts for birds & other wild animals. How much warmer our woodlands look and are for these withered leaves that still hang on--! Without them the woods would be dreary--bleak & {wintery}\textsuperscript{187} indeed. Here is a manifest provision for the necessities of man & the brutes. These leaves remain to keep us warm--& to keep the earth warm about their roots. While the oak leaves look redder & warmer--the pines look much darker since the snow has fallen. --(The hemlocks darker still) A mile or 2 distant they are dark brown or almost black--as still further, is all woodland--& in the most distant horizon have a blue tinge like mts from the atmosphere-- The boughs of old & bare oak woods are gray & in harmony with the white ground looking as if snowed on.

Already in hollows in the woods & on the sheltered sides of hills--the fallen leaves are collected in small heaps on the snow crust--simulating bare ground & helping to conceal the rabbit & partridge &c-- They are not equally different but collected together here & there as if for the sake of society--

\textsuperscript{187}The letters in this word are blotted or reformed or overwritten.
The letters of this word are reformed or overwritten.

I find a the pouts nest--now quite frozen over--air holes & all 22 pollywogs frozen in & dead within a space of 2 1/2 feet square--also a minnow--% with % (about 1 1/2 inches long) V 25th the bream.

The terminal shoots of the small scarlet oaks are still distinctly red though withered.

A “swirl” applied to leaves suddenly caught up by a sort of whirl wind--is a good (word) enough, methinks.

Walden is about 2 1/3 skimmed over //

It is frozen nearly half the way out from the Northerly shore--except in a very broad open space on the NW shore & a considerable at space at the pines at the NE end-- But the ice, thin as it is, extends quite across from the N side to the SW cape (w side of the R. R. bay) by an isthmous only 2 or 3 rods wide in its narrowest part. It is evident that whether a pond shall freeze this side or that first-- depends much on the wind. If it is small & lies like Walden between hills--I should expect that in perfectly calm weather it would freeze soonest above the S shore--but in this case there wind was probably wind from the N or NW & the more sheltered & smooth N side froze first. The warmth reflected from the pines at the NE corner may account for the

188The letters of this word are reformed or overwritten.
open water there--but I cannot account
for the open space at the NW end
the shore being flat--& gently sloping backward a long way--while the protection of
Heywood’s Peak190
It is [the] remarkable that the S edge of
may account for the ice isthmus--being met by the break-wind of the W. RR. (cape)191--
the ice projects Southward in a cape corresponding
triangular
to the deep’ bay in the S side--though it is in
the middle of the pond--& there is even a rude
correspondence [elsewhere] along the edge of
the ice, to the opposite shore-- This might seem
to indicate that the ice to some extent formed
first over [deeper]192 water.

When the ice was melting & the trees
dripping on the morning of the 6th, I noticed
that the snow was discolored--stained
yellow by this drip--as if the trees were
urinating
The large Scar oak--in the cemetery has
leaves on the lower limbs near the trunk--
just like the large white oaks now--
So has the largest black oak which I see
--others of both & all kinds are bare.

Some, being offended, think sharp (&)193
satirical things--which yet they are not
prepared consciously to utter-- But in some
unguarded194 moment those things escape
from them, when they are as if near un-
conscious. They betray their thoughts, as
it were, by talking in their {sleep}195--for the
truth will out, under whatever veil
of civility.

189Possibly “sake”.
190“Heywood’s Peak” appears on the same line as the phrase above “while the protection of”; limited space requires this text to wrap to the line below
Possibly “cove”or “cape”.
191Faint letters at the end of this word descend to the line below.
192Possibly a blot or a strike-out mark.
193Modification of the letters in this word--overwritten or reformed?
194A t-cross appear across the “l”.

86
Dec 12th 58

Pm up river on ice to FH Hill--

Crossing the fields west of our Texas house--I see an immense flock of Snow buntings-- I think the largest that I ever saw-- There must be a thousand or 2 at least-- there is but 3 inches at most of crusted and dry frozen snow & they are running amid the weeds which rise above it. The weeds are chiefly juncus tenuis (?), but its seeds are ap. gone. I find, however, the glumes of the piper grass scattered about where they have been. The flock is at first about equally divided into 2 parts about 20 rods apart--but birds are incessantly flitting across the interval to join the brethren flock--until all are united-- They are very restless running amid the weeds and continually changing their ground. They will suddenly rise again a few seconds after they have alighted as if alarmed but after a short wheel settle close by. Flying from you in some positions or chiefly you see only^ the black part of their bodies-- & then as they wheel, the white comes into view contrasted prettily with the former--& in all together at the same time.
Seen flying higher against a cloudy sky
they look like large snow-flakes.--
When they rise all together--their note
is like the rattling of nuts in a bag
as if a whole bin-ful were rolled from
side to side-- They also utter from time
to time--i.e individuals do--([MARK])
a clear rippling note--perhaps {of} alarm,
or a call-- It is remarkable that
their notes above described should resemble--
the lesser red-polls' Away goes the
great wheeling rambling flock rolling
through the air, & you cannot easily
tell where they will settle {suddenly} the
(or a part not foremost)
pioneers "will change their course
when at length they know it
when in full career--4 "the (long struggling)"
on the other side
rushing flock "will be fetched about
as it were with an undulating jerk
as in the boys' game of snap the whip
& those that occupy the place of the
gradually off
snapper are "after their leaders on the
new tack-- As far as I observe they confine
V mid of Sep.
themselves to up land"-- not alighting in
the meadows--6 like a snow storm
they come rushing down from the north

The extremities of the wings are black while
the parts next their bodies are black.

The are commonly abundant now
See a shrike on a dead pine at the Cliffs

196 The "S" is overwritten or reformed.
197 Possibly "at".
198 "(long struggling)" is either struck out or underlined in pencil.
The pines have not done falling--
considerable having fallen on the snow
The river meadows--where they were
not cut--are conspicuous brown-straw-
colored now--in the sun almost a
true straw color-- November lingers still there.
I should like to know where all those snow birds
will roost to-night--for they will probably roost
together & what havoc an owl might make
{Mellvin} tells me that he saw a thousand
among them! feeding a long time in the Great meadows--he
thinks on the seeds of the wool grass--!!about same time
Dec. 13th
Pm to Walden
There is a fine mizzling rain--which rests in
small drops on your coat--but on most surfaces
is turning to a glaze. Yet it is not cold enough
for gloves even--& I think that the freezing may
be owing to the fineness of the rain--& that
if it should rain much harder--even though
it were colder--it would not freeze to what
it fell on-- It freezes on the RR. rails when
it does not on the wooden sleepers. Already I
begin to see on the storm side of every twig &
culm a white-glaze (reflecting the snow or
sky) rhyming with the vegetable core--. And
on those fine grass heads which are bent
over in the path--the fine dewy-like drops
are frozen separately like a string of beads
--being not yet run together. There is little
if any wind--& the fine rain is visible only
against a dark ground.

There is not so much ice in Walden as

//on the 11th

A damp day brings out the color of oak leaves—somewhat as of lichens. They are of a brighter & deeper leather color—richer & more wholesome—hanging more straightly down than ever—They look peculiarly (clean) & wholesome—their tint brought out—as their lobes more flattened out—& they show to great advantage—(three)
trees hanging still with leather-colored leaves in this mizzling rain—seen against the misty sky. They are again as it were full-veined with some kind of brown sap.

Dec. 14th

I see at Derby’s shop a barred owl //Strix nebulosa taken in the woods west of the factory on the 11th—found (with its wing broke) by a wood chopper—It measures about 3 1/2 feet in { } extent—X 18 to 20 inches long—or nearly the same as the cat owl—but is small—as without horns. It is very mild & quiet—bears handling perfectly well—as only snaps its bill with a loud sound at the sight of a cat or dog. It is ap. a female

199 Possibly “clear”.
200 Possibly “these”.
Possibly "thin".
killed it so. The ice is about 1 inch
thick. I notice that it is firmly
frozen to the shore—so that there
is no rise and fall as when it was water
--or at least nothing equal to that--
but the ice has been cracked with
a great many parallel cracks
6 inches to a foot from the shore—Yet
ap. no water has oozed out {there}.202.

Minot tells how he used to love to walk
through swamps where great white
pines grew & hear the wind sough in
their tops. He recalls this now as he crouches
over his stove—but he adds that it was
dangerous, for even a small dead limb
broken off by the wind & falling from such
a height would kill a man at once

Dec 20th

Walden is frozen over—except 2 small
spots—less than 1/2 acre in all, in middle.

Dec 22

Pm to Walden— I see in the cut near
the shanty-site quite a flock of F. hiemalis & goldfinches together on the
snow & weeds & ground. Hear the well
known {mew} & watery twitter of the
last & the drier chilt chilt of the former.
These burning yellow birds--with

202 Possibly "these".
Possibly "peck"

Dec 23

PM to Eddy Bridge

Colder last night—Walden undoubtedly frozen at last—what was left to freeze.

See a shrike on the top of an oak—

It sits still pluming itself. At first when it was flying I thought it a hairy woodpecker.

How perfectly at home the musquash is on the river! And then there is an abundance of clams—a whole—some diet for him, to be had for the diving for them. I do not know that he has any competition in this chase unless it is an occasional otter.

The clams are a sizeable fish—and in time of scarcity would not be contemptible food for man.

---

203 Possibly "peck"
Those 2 places in middle of Walden

not frozen over yet! Though it was
quite cold last night

See another shrike this \cancel{pm}\textemdashthe
4th this winter! It looks much smaller
than a jay.

Pm up river on ice to FH. Pond
& across to Walden--

The ground is still for the most part
bare. Such a December is at least
as hard a month to get thro' as
November-- You come near eating your
heart now--.

{There is}\textsuperscript{204} a good deal of brown or
dark straw color in the landscape
now--esp. in the meadows--where
the ranker grasses--many of them
un cut--still stand. They are bleached
a shade or 2 lighter-- Looking from
the sun there is a good deal of warm
sun light in them. I see where one
farmer has been getting this withered
sedgy on the ice within a day or 2
for litter, in a meadow which had
not been cut-- Of course, he could not
cut very close.

The ice on the river is about half-

\textsuperscript{204}A modified or struck out letter appears between what could be "There" and "is".
Possibly "ever".

covered with light snow—it being drifted
thus as usual by the wind (On Walden
however, which is more sheltered the ice
is uniformly covered—& white) I go
running & sliding from one such snow-patch
to another. It is easiest walking on the
snow which gives a hold to my feet--
--but I walk feebly on the ice-- It is so
rough that it is poor sliding withal.

I see in the thin snow along by the
button bushes & willows just this side
of the Hubbard bridge, a new track
as if made by
me—looking {even} somewhat a row
of large rain drops—but it is the track
of some small animal. The separate
tracks are at most 5/8 inch in diameter
nearly round— & 1 3/4 to 2 inches apart
varying perhaps 1/2 inches from a straight
line—thus {drawing}: Sometimes
they are 3 or 4 inches apart. The size
is but little larger than that of
a mouse—but it is never {drawing} thus, or
like a mouse. Goodwin to whom I described
it—did not know what it could be.

— The sun getting low now—say at 3 1/2
I see the ice green SE—

Goodwin says that he once heard
a partridge strike a twig or limb in the
woods as she flew, so that she fell
& he secured her.

Going across to Walden—I see that
the fuzzy-purple wood grass—is now
bleached to a dark straw color—without any
purple.

I notice that a fox has taken pretty much
my own course—along the Andromeda ponds.
The sedge which grows in tufts 18 or
20 inches high there—is generally recurving
thus &drawing) &drawing)

I see that the *shiners* which Goodwin
is using for bait today—have no longitu-
dinal dark bar—or line on their sides—such
as those *minows* of the 11th & 18th ult
had. Yet I thought that by the position
of their fins & the latter could not be *minnow.*

// Walden at length skimmed over last
night.—i.e, the 2 holes that remained open.
One was very near the middle & deepest
part—the other bet. that & the RR.

Now that the sun is setting all its
light seems to glance over the snow
clad pond—& strike the rocky shore under
the pitch pines at the NE end—Though
the bare rocky shore there is only a foot
or a foot & 1/2 high as I look—it
reflects so much light that the rocks

---
206 The letters of this word have been reformed or overwritten—somewhat illegible.
207 Possibly "the" with a long t-cross.
are singularly distinct—as if the hound showed its teeth.

I staid later to hear the pond crack--but it did not much. How full of soft pure light the western sky now after sunset! I love to see the outlines of the pines against it. Unless you watch it you do not know when the sun goes down. It is like a candle extinguished without smoke. A{moment} ago you saw that glittering orb amid the dry oak leaves in the ho- rizon & now you can detect no trace of it. In a pensive mood I enjoy the complexion of the winter sky at this hour.

Those small {sphagneous} mts in the Andromeda ponds are grotesque things. Being frozen they bear—me up like moss-clad rocks—& make it easy getting thro' the water-brush.

But for all voice in that serene hour—--I hear an owl hoot— How glad I am to hear him—rather than [the] most eloquent man of the age!

I saw afar days ago—the ground under a swamp white oak in the river meadow quite strewn with brown dry galls about as big as a pea—& quite round—like a small fruit which had fallen from it.

208 Possibly "stand".
209 Reformed letters in this word.
Dec. 26th

Pm to Jenny Dugan's --

I walk over the meadow above RR bridge -- where the withered grass rises above the ice -- the river being low -- I notice that water has oozed out over the edge of this ice or next the meadows edge on the west -- not having come from the river but evidently from springs in the bank -- This thin water is turned to a slush of crystals -- as thick as mortar nearly -- & will soon be solid ice.

Call at a farmers this Sunday Pm where I surprise the well-to-do masters of the house -- lounging in very ragged clothes -- (for which they think it necessary to apologize) and one of them is busying laying the supper-table (at which he invites me to sit down at last) bringing up cold meat\textsuperscript{210} from the cellar -- & a lump of butter on the end of his knife -- & making of the tea -- by the time his [mother]\textsuperscript{211} gets home from church --

Thus sincere & homely, as I am glad to know, is the actual life of these New-England men -- wearing rags indoors there, which would disgrace a beggar -- (and are not beggars \& paupers they who could be disgraced so) \& doing the indispensable work however humble

\textsuperscript{210}Possibly "meats".
\textsuperscript{211}Possibly "brother".
How much better & more humane it was
than if they had imported & set up among
their penates a headless torso from the
ruins of Ireland! I am glad to find
that our New England life has a
genuine humane core to it--that in-
side after all there is so little pretense
& brag. Better than that methinks is
the hard drinking & quarreling which we
must allow is not uncommon there.
The middle aged son sits there in the
old unpainted house--in a ragged coat
& helps his old mother about her work--
when the field does not demand him.

Dec 27th

Talk of fate! How little one can know
what is fated to another! what he can
do & what he can not do. I doubt whether
one can give or receive any very pertinent
advise. In all important crises one can only
consult his Genius-- Though he {was}\textsuperscript{212} the
most shiftless & craziest of mortals, if
{he}\textsuperscript{213} still recognizes that he has any Genius
to consult, none may presume to go between
him & her. They, methinks, are poor stuff--&
creatures of a miserable fate who can
be advised & persuaded in very important
steps. Show me a man who consults
his genius, & you have shown me a
man who cannot be advised.

\textsuperscript{212}Possibly "were".
\textsuperscript{213}Marks above the letters in this word make it difficult to be sure of the letters.
You may know what a thing costs or
is worth to you, you can never know
what it costs—or is worth to me.

All the community may scream because
one man is born who will not do as
it does—who will not conform—
because conformity to him is death. He
is so constituted. They know nothing about
his case—They are fools when they presume
him to advise%^%. The man of genius knows what
he is driving at—nobody else knows—
—and he alone knows when something comes
between him & his object.

In the course of generations however men
will excuse you for not doing as they do—
if you will bring enough to pass in your
own way.

Dec 28th

Pm to Walden—

The earth is bare. I walk about
the pond looking at the shores—since
I have not paddled about it much of
late years—What a grand place for
a promenade! Methinks it has not
been so low for 10 years & many alders &c are (left)\textsuperscript{214} dead on its brink. The high-
blue berry appears to bear this position—
alternate wet & dry—as well as any
shrub or tree—I see winter berries still abundant
// in one blue\textsuperscript{215}

\textsuperscript{214}Possibly "half".
\textsuperscript{215}This line is squeezed in at bottom of page.
That rocky shore under the P. pines
which so reflect the light, is only 3 feet
wide X 1 foot high--yet there even to day
the ice is melted close to the edge--and just
off this shore the pickerel are most abundant.
& sunny
This is the warm^ side to which any one--many
bird or quadruped would soonest resort in
cool weather-- I notice a few chicadees
in the sun
there in the edge of the pines--"lisping
& twittering cheerfully to one another
with a reference to me I think--the
one a little further off utters the phebe note
cunning & innocent little birds."There
is a foot more or less of clean open water
at the edge here--& {seen of}^216 this one
of these birds hops down as if glad to
find any open water at this season--& after
drinking--it stands in the water on
a stone up to its belly--& dips its head &
flirts the water about vigorously giving
itself a good washing. I had not
suspected this at this season. No fear
that it will catch cold.
The ice cracks suddenly--with a shivering
jar--like crockery--or the brittlest material
--such as it is. And I notice as I sit here
at this open edge--that each time the
ice cracks--though it may be a good
distance off toward the middle, the water here
is very much agitated-- The ice is about
{6}^217 inches thick.

^216 Possibly "seeing"; however, a space appears in the middle of the word.
^217 Possibly "5".
Aunt Jane says that she was born on Christmas day--& they called her a Christmas gift--& remembers hearing that her aunt Hannah (Orrock) was so disconcerted by the event that she threw all the spoons out-doors, when she had washed them, or with the dish water.

Father says that he & his sisters (except Elizabeth) were born in Richmond Street Boston--between Salem & Hanover streets--on the spot where a bethel now stands--on
%They had milk of a neighbor who used to drive his cows to & from the% the left hand going from Hanover street.
%common every day.%

Dec 29th

Pm Skate to Israel Rice’s-- I think more of skates than of the horse or locomotive as annihilators of distance, for while I am getting along with the speed of the horse--I have at the same time the satisfactions of the horse & his rider--& far more adventure & variety than if I were riding. We never ceased to be surprised when we observe how swiftly the skater glides along. Just compare him with one walking or running. The walker is but a snail in comparison--and the runner gives up the contest after a few rods. The skater can afford to follow all the windings of a stream & yet soon leaves far behind & out of
sight, the walker who cuts across-- Distance
is hardly an obstacle to him.

I observe that my ordinary track
like this {drawing}

the strokes being 7 to 10 feet long
The new stroke is 18 or 20 inches one side of the old--
The briskest walkers appear to be sta--
%The skater has wings--\textbf{balance} to%
%his feet--%
Moreover, you have such perfect control of
your feet--that you can take advantage
of the narrowest & most winding & sloping
bridge of ice-in order to pass between the button
bushes & the open stream--or under a bridge on
a narrow shelf--where the walker cannot
go at all. You can glide securely within
an inch of destruction on this { }\textsuperscript{218} the most
slippery of surfaces--more securely than you
could walk there perhaps on any other material.
You can pursue swiftly the most intricate
& winding path--even leaping obstacles’
which suddenly present themselves.
I saw on the ice off Pole brook
a small caterpilar curled up as usual
(over the middle of the river)--but wholly
//
a light yellow brown.

Just above S entrance to Farrar
Cut--a large hornets’ next 30 feet
high in a maple over the river--
Heavy Haynes was fishing 1/4 of a
mile this side of Hubbards Bridge

\textsuperscript{218}A vertical stroke appears between “this” and “the”; possibly “&.”
He had caught a pickerel—which
the man who weighed it told me (he
was ap. also {the})\(^{219}\) of Wm Wheelers—& I saw
the fish at the house where it was weighed
4 lbs & 3 oz. It was 26 inches long.

It was a very handsome fish—Dark
yellow & brown on the sides
brown above “becoming at length almost
a clean golden yellow low down—with
a white abdomen—& reddish fins.
They are handsome fellows—both the
pikes in the water & tigers in the jungle.
The shiner & the red-finned {minow} (a dace)
are the favorite bait for them.

What tragedies are enacted under this
dumb icy platform—in the fields! What
an anxious & adventurous life the small
fishes must live—liable at any moment
to be swallowed by the larger—No fish
of moderate size can go sculling along
safely in any part of the stream—but
suddenly there may come rushing out this
jungle or that some greedy monster &
gulp it down—Parent fishes—if they
care for their offspring—how can they
trust them abroad out of their sight—
It takes so many young fishes a week
to fill the maw of this large one—

And the large ones! Heavy Haynes &
{company} are lying in wait for them.

\(^{219}\)Possibly “that”.

104
Jan 2d

Pm to Cliffs & Walden--

Going up the hill thro’ Stow’s young oak wood-

land--I listen to the sharp dry rustle of the

withered oak leaves-- This is the voice of the

wood now. It would be comparatively still

respects

& more dreary here in other accounts if

it were not for these leaves that hold on--

It sounds like the roar of the sea--& is

enlivening & inspiriting like that--suggesting

how all the land is sea coast to the

aerial ocean-- It is the sound of the

the surf of an unseen Ocean

surf--“billows of air breaking in the

forest--like water on itself or on sand

& rocks-- It rises & falls--swells &
dies away--with agreeable alternation

as the sea-surf does. Perhaps, the

{landsman} can foretell a storm by

it. It is remarkable how universal

these grand murmurs are--these back-
grounds of sound--the surf--the wind

in the forest--water falls--&c which

yet to the ear & in their origins are

essentially one voice--the Earth

The breathing or snoring of the creature

voice-- "The earth is our ship--& this is

the sound of the wind in her rigging as we

sail. Just as the inhabitant of Cape

Cod hears the surf ever breaking on its

shores-- So we countrymen hear this

---220The second “a” in what appears to be “landsman” is unclear.
kindred surf on the leaves of the forests

Regarded as a voice—though it is not articulate—as our articulate sounds
[but this is nearer a consonant sound]\[221\]
are divided into {vowels}—labials—dentals
palatals—sibilants—mutes—aspirates
&c so this may be called folial or frondal—produced by air driven against the leaves & comes nearest to our sibilants or aspirate.

The color of young oaks of different species is still distinct—but more faded & blended—becoming a more uniform brown.

Michaux said that white oaks would be distinguished by their retaining their leaves in the winter—but as far as my observation goes they cannot be so distinguished—All our large oaks may retain a few leaves at the base of the lower limbs & about their trunks—though only a few—& the white o. {scarcely} more than the others—while the same trees when young are all alike thickly clothed in the winter, but the leaves of the white oaks are the most withered & shrivelled of them all.

Why do young oaks retain their leaves while old ones—shed them—why do they die on the stem, having some life at the base

---

\[221\] Brackets by T.
in the one case--while they wither through
at the base in the other case--? Is it be-
cause in the former case they have more


There being some snow on the ground I
can easily distinguish the forest on the mts
(the Peterboro' Hills &c) and tell which are forested,
those parts & those mts being dark like
a shadow-- I cannot distinguish the forest
thus far in the summer--

The white pines &c as I look down on them
from this hill--are now darker, as be-
comes the sterner seasons--like a frost bitten
apple--a somber green--

When I hear the hypercritical quarrelling
about grammar & style--the position of
the particles &c &c--stretching or contracting
every speaker to certain rules of theirs
--Mr Webster perhaps not having spoken
according to Mr. Kirkham’s rule--I
see that they forget that the first re-
quise & rule is that expression shall
be vital--& natural--as much as the
voice of a brute--or an interjection--first
of all mother tongue--& last of all
artificial or father tongue. Essentially
your truest poetic sentence is as free
& lawless as a lamb’s bleat-- The gram-
marian is often one who can neither cry
nor laugh--yet thinks that he can

222Approximately sixteen lines of faint, indecipherable writing in T.'s hand appears
on a small separate piece of paper that has been inserted between this page and the
preceding page. This text has not been transcribed.
express human emotions.

So the posture masters tell you how you
shall walk--turning your toes out,
perhaps, excessively--but so the beautiful
walkers are not made.

Mediaeval or law Latin seems to have
invented the word forest--not being satis-
fied with silva--nemus &c Webster
makes it from the same root "L. foris,
Fr. hore, & the Saxon faran, to go, to depart."
-- --The allied words "all express distance from
cities & civilization, & are from roots expressing
departure or wandering"--as if this newer
term were needed to describe those strange wild
woods furthest from the centers of civilization.

The earth--where quite bare--is now
& for 5 or 6 weeks--russet without any
lively red--not golden russet.

I notice on the top of the Cliffs that the
extremities of the smooth sumac are generally
dead & withered--while those of the
which are so downy
staghorn "are alive. Is this a prevailing
difference? Which extends furthest north?

The outside bark scales of some large
p. pines in the midst of the woods having
dropt off give a peculiar flatness
to the ridges as if it had been shaved
or scraped.

Minot says that a fox will lead
a dog onto thin[-] ice in order that

---

223 Struck out, indecipherable letters appear at the end of "thin"; possibly formerly "think".
he may get in. Tells of Jake Lakin losing
a hound so—which went under the ice
& was drowned below the {holt}—was found
afterward by Sted. Buttrick—his collar taken
off & given to Lakin. They used to cross
the river there {on—} the ice—going to market
formerly.
Looking from the SW side of Walden toward
Heywoods Peak before sunset—the brown
light on the oak leaves is almost dazzling.
Jan 3d
Having had rain within a few days—on the 4 or
5 inches of snow there was—making slosh of it—
without melting the hard frozen ground—the slosh
& surface water have now frozen making
it pretty good skating in the roads generally—
I walked to Acton—but might have skated
well 1/2 or 2/3 the way.
Many of the clusters {of} the smooth sumac are
very
now a ^dark crimson
Jan 4th
A NE snow storm—or rather a N snow
storm—very hard to face—
Pm to Walden in it. It snow’s very
hard—driving along almost horizontally—
falling but a foot or 2 in a rod—Nobody is
in the street—or thinks going out
far except on important business = most
roads are trackless—The snow may be
now 15 to 18 inches deep—As I go along

224 The final letter of this word has been struck out.
225 Possibly “by”. 
the causeway--I find it is one thing to go
south or from the wind--another to face it
I can see through the storm--a house or
large tree only 1/4 of a mile--beyond all
Woods-- & single trees seen through this air are all dark or black
is white falling snow= "The surface of"
the snow is in great waves whose ridges
run from E to W about a rod apart or
generally less--say 10 feet--low & gentle
swells-- The {drawing} small white pines
stand thus --- {drawing} the lower branches
loaded & bent down to the ground
while the upper are commonly
free & erect
But the p. pines near thrush alley are
the most interesting objects--for they hold much
more snow-- The snow lodges on their plumes
& bending them down, it accumulates more
& more on the angle generally at the base
of the several plumes--in little conical
heaps shaped somewhat like this {drawing}
or {drawing} {drawing} differing ac. to the
number & position of the plumes-- They
look as if a child had stuck up its elbow
under a white sheet-- Some small
ones stand stiffly {upright} {drawing} like a
soldiers plume--
Several trees will be so fallen

---The surface of---
together & intermingled—that you do not see them distinctly.

At the same time—the lowermost—small horizontal black & dead limbs—near the ground where there is least wind & jar—(these almost exclusively—say for 6 or 8 feet up—are covered with upright walls of snow 5 or 6 times their own height—and zig zagging with them like the wall of china—or like great white caterpillars they lie along them—these snowy sloths—or rather it is a labyrinth of a sort of cob-web—of (broad) white—belts over the air—Only a dim twilight struggles through to this lower region—and the sight of these snowy walls or labyrinths suggests a rare stillness—freedom from wind & jar—If you try to stoop & wind your way (there) you get your neck & ears full of snow—

That is, for each dead pine branch you have a thin flat branch of snow resting on it—an exaggeration of the former—It is a still white labyrinth of snowy purity—and you can look far into its recesses under the green & snowy canopy—a labyrinth of which perchance a rabbit may have the clue.

I notice one p. pine about 3 feet high so snowed up & its branches all drooping it looked

\footnote{Possibly “their”.}
\footnote{This drawing appears partially in the left margin and extends down two lines below this line.}
like a draped statue or a white-ant hill--
{(drawing) In the woods the snow is often 2 feet
deep--& you must walk at a very
deliberate pace--if you would keep it up--
Still--the withered hoary golden rods
(Chief. S. nemoralis) & asters (perhaps oftenest
A dumosus) rise above the snow here & there
gray weeds sufficiently dry & everlasting-- The
oak leaves--esp. the black oak leaves
are very agreeable & wholesome colors--
--the deeper the snow--the more universal
the whiteness--the more agreeable is this
color.

Your breath causes the snow to turn to ice
in your beard--a shaggy mass of icicles it
it becomes--which makes you look--like
a man from the extreme north.

When it grew late--the air being thick
& unelastic in this storm--I mistook the
distant sound of the locomotive whistle for
the hoot of an owl-- It was quite like it.
I see nevertheless a few tree sparrows
about--looking chubbier than ever--their
feathers being puffed up--& flitting & [twittering]\233
merrily along the fence--

Turning north--the large rather moist
flakes actually put out your eyes
& you must manage to look through the
merest crack.

Even in the winds of the storm--I see {when}\234

\233 Possibly "twittering".
\234 Possibly "where".
great clouds of fine snow roll down the
woodside--the wind shaking the snow from
the trees-- It looks like the vapor from the
locomotive.

Jan 5th

As I go over the causeway near the RR
bridge--I hear a fine busy twitter & looking
up see a nuthatch--hoping along & about
a swamp white oak branch inspecting every
side of it--& as readily hanging head-
downwards, as standing upright--and then
it utters a distinct snah as if to attract
a companion-- Indeed that other
finer twitter seemed designed to keep
some companion in tow--or else it was
like a very busy man talking to him-
self. The companion was a single
chicadee--which lisped 6 or 8 feet
off-- There were perhaps no other
birds than these 2 within a quarter
of a mile-- And when the nuthatch
flitted to another tree 2 rods off the
chicadee unfailingly followed.

Jan 6th

Pm to M. Miles--

Near Nut Meadow Brook on the
Irving Miles Road--I see a flock of
snow buntings. They are feeding
exclusively on that ragged weed which
I take to be Roman worm wood--

Their tracks--where they sink in the snow
are very long--i.e. have a very long
heel-- thus {drawing}
or sometimes almost in a single
straight line. They made water
where they went-- sharp rippling like a
vibrating spring. They had run about
to every such such235-- leaving distinct tracks
raying from & to them while the snow
immediately about the seed was so tracked
& pecked where the seeds fell, that
no track was distinct.

{drawing}

Miles had hanging in his barn
a little ow--(strix Acadia237) which
he caught alive with his hands about
a week ago-- He had had freed it
to eat--but it died. It was a funny
little brown bird--spotted with white
7 1/2 inches long to the end of the tail--or

235possible “rush”
236possibly a caption for drawing
237“Acadia” altered from “acadia”
8 to the end of the claws--x 19 in alar extent

--but not so long by considerable as a robin though much stouter This one

Nuttall says 3% had 3 (not 2) white bars on its tail--but

no noticeable white at the tip. Its curving feet were feathered quite to the extremity

(or tawny white)
of the toes--looking like whitish mice--or

as when one pulls stockings over his boots.

As usual the white spots on the upper sides of the wings are smaller & a more distinct white--while

those beneath are much larger but a subdued satiny white-- Even a bird’s wing has an upper & under side--& the last admits only of more subdued & tender colors--

Jan 9th 59

At Sundown to Walden--

Standing in the middle of Walden I see with perfect distinctness the form &

outlines of the low hills which surround it though they are wooded

^ because they are quite white, being covered with snow-- While the woods are for the most part bare or very thin leaved.

I see thus the outline of the hills 8 or 10 rods back through the trees.--

{drawing} This I can never do in the summer when the leaves are thick & the ground is nearly the same color with them. These white hills are now seen as through a veil of stems

---

238:59: altered from "58"; downstroke added to lower part of "8" and top of "8" crossed out
239: followed by stray mark
Immediately after the wood was cut off
this outline of course was visible at all
seasons--but the wood springing up
again concealed it--& now the snow
has come to reveal this lost outline.

The sun has been set some minutes
& as I I stand on the pond looking westward
satiny
toward the twilight sky--a soft ^ light
is reflected from the ice in flakes here &
there like the light from the under side
of a birds wing.

It is worth the while to stand here
at this hour & look into the soft
western sky--over the pines whose outlines
are so rich & distinct against the clear
sky. I am inclined to measure
the angle at which pine bough meets
the stem. That soft--still--cream colored
sky--seems the scene--the stage or field
from some rare drama to be acted on--
C. says the winter is the Sabbath of the
year. The perfect winter days are cold
but clear & bright

Jan 10th

Pm up Assabet to Sam Barretsts Pond.
//Cold weather at least 8º this Am
This is much the coldest afternoon
to bear as yet--but cold as it is--
4 or 5º--at 3 pm-- I see as I go

240second "ts" poss. mark on the copy, not manuscript
round the Island--much (steam or) vapor
blowing (foam) & bare spaces in the river just below
20 rods off. I see in the Island Wood
where squirrels have dug up acorns in
the snow--& frequently where they have
eaten them on the trees & dropped the
shells about on the snow.

Hemlock is still falling on the snow, like
the p. pine-- The swamp white oaks
ap. have fewer leaves--are less likely to have
any leaves--even the small ones--than any
oaks except the chinquapin methinks--
Here is a whole wood of them above Pinxter
swamp--which you may call bare.

Even the tawney(?) recent shoots of the
black willow--where seen thickly & in
the sun along the river--are a warm
& interesting sight.

These gleaming birch & alder & other
twigs--are a phenomenon still perfect--
--that gossamer or cobweb like reflection--
The middle of the river where narrow
as S side willow Island--is lifted up
with a ridge considerably higher than
on the sides-- & cracked broadly--
The alder is one of the prettiest of trees &
shrubs in the winter--it is evidently so
full of life with its conspicuous pretty
red catkins dangling from it on all
sides-- It seems to dread the winter less
than other plants-- It has a certain heyday--& cheery look--& less stiff than most & with more of the flexible grace of summer. With those dangling clusters of red catkins which it switches in the face of winter-- it brags for all vegetation. It is not daunted by the cold--but hangs gracefully still over the frozen steam.

At Sam Barrett’s Pond--where Joe Brown is now getting his ice-- I think I see about 10 different freezings in ice some 15 or more inches thick--Perhaps the successive cold nights might be discovered recorded in each cake of ice.

See, returning, amid the Roman wormwood in front of the Monroe place--by the river half a dozen goldfinches feeding just like the sparrows-- How warm their yellow breasts look They utter the goldfinches watery twitter still.

I come across to the road S of the hill--to see the pink on the snow clad hill at sunset--

About half an hour before sunset this intensely clear cold eve--(thermometer at 5 6º) I observe all the sheets of ice (& they abound everywhere now in the fields) when I look from one side about at rt angle with the
This is the case even when they are in the shade
I walk back and forth in the road
waiting to see the pink-- The windows
on the skirts of the village reflect the
setting sun--with intense brilliancy--a
dazzling glitter--it is so cold-- stand
ing thus on one side of the hill -- I
begin to see a pink light reflected from the
snow there about 15 minutes before
the 241° sun sets-- This gradually deepens to
purple & violet in some places--
the pink is very distinct--esp. when after
looking at the simply white snow on
other sides you turn your eyes to the
hill. Even after all direct sun light
is with drawn from the hill top, as well
as from the valley in which you stand,
you see, if you are prepared to discern
it--a faint & delicate tinge of purple
or violet there. This was in a very
clear & cold evening when the thermometer
was 6°--.

This is one of the phenomena of the winter
set-- This distinct pink light reflected
from the brows of snow clad hills on one side
of you as you are facing the sun.

The cold rapidly increases & it is 14°--
in the evening.

I hear the ground crack with a very loud

241: possibly later revision
In December, 1856 (the ground cracking anecdote on the 19th)

sound and a great jar in the evening & in
the course of the night several times. It
once
is ^ as loud & heavy as the explosion of the
Acton\textsuperscript{242} powder mills-- This cracking is heard
all over N. England at least this {night}.

Jan 11th

at 6 Am 22\textdegree & how much more I know
not--ours having gone into the bulb--but
that is said to be the lowest.

Going to Boston to day--I find that the
cracking of the ground last night is the
subject of conversation in the cars--& that
it was quite general-- I see many cracks
in Cambridge & Concord: It would appear
then that the ground cracks on the ad-
vent of very severe cold weather-- I had
not heard it before this winter. It was so
when I went to Amherst a winter or 2 ago.\textsuperscript{243}

Jan 12th

Mr Farmer brings me a hawk--which
he thinks has caught 30 or 40 of his
chickens since summer--for he has lost
so many--& he has seen a hawk like this
catch some of them-- Thinks he has
a long time
seen this same one sitting ^ upright on a
tree high or low about his premises--&
when it length a hen or this years
chicken had strayed far from the rest
it skimmed along & picked her up without

\textsuperscript{242}Acton: altered from “acton”\textsuperscript{'} “A” written over “a”
\textsuperscript{243}In December, 1856 (the ground cracking anecdote on the 19th)
pausing & bore her off--the chicken not having
seen him approaching. He found this caught
by one leg & frozen to death in a trap which
he had set for mink by a spring--&
baited with fish.

This measures 19 x 42 inches & is ac. to Wilson
& Nuttall--a young F. lineatus or red-
shouldered hawk-- It might as well be
%Acc to (Bird) { }mine is the old bird%
called red or rusty breasted hawk--¾"%
Nuttall says it lives on frogs--crayfish--
¾--¾ does not go far N--not even to Mass.
he thought, Its note Kee-oo. He never
saw one soar--at least in winter.

Ac. to all accounts Wilson's F. Hiemalis is the
old of this bird. for there is a remarkable
diff. bet old & young.

Mine agrees with Wilsons F. lineatus
or the young. Except that the greater
wing coverts & 2ndaries are hardly what I
should call "pale olive brown thickly spotted &c"
--but rather dusky brown somewhat indistinctly
barred with whitish (which is pure white on each
edge of the feathers) & edged with rusty--
that the shafts of the breast feathers are only dark
brown--that the tail is not quite black
but very dark brown--¾ is not "broadly tipped" with
white, but only with ¼ inch of it--vent
not "pale ochre" but white--legs & feet
hardly fine yellow--but dull greenish yellow--Femorals
are bright rusty as the breast--
It differs from Wilson’s Winter falcon

--which is considered by Audubon & Brewer
the same as the lineatus as not having
what I should call a “tooth” in the upper
mandible”—head sides of neck &c hardly
“streaked with white”—above all prim-
aries & exterior tail feathers not “brownish
orange” & tail not “barred alternately
with dark & pale brown”, its inner vanes244 &
covers not “white”—what is very important,
the breast & beneath is not “white”.

Since Nuttall makes it a southern bird
& it is not likely to come N in the winter, it
would seem that it breeds here—

Farmer245 says that he saw what he calls
the common hen hawk— one soaring high
with ap. a chicken in its claws— while
a young hawk circled beneath— when
former suddenly let drop the chicken— but
the young failing to catch— he shot
down like lightning & caught & bore off
the falling chicken before it reached the
earth.

Jan 13th

The cold spell is over & here this morning
is a fog or mist—the wind if there
is any I think northerly— & there is built
out horizontally on the N side of every twig
//& other surface—a very remarkable sort
of hoar frost—the crystalized246 fog—

244 vanes: altered from “varies”; interlined dot over “I” is canceled
245 Farmer] altered from “F”
246 crystalized: “t” is not crossed in ms
which is still increasing-- Mr Edwin Morton was telling me last night of a similar phenomenon witness in Central N. York the fog of high lands or mts, crystalizing in this way & forming a white fringe or frost on the trees even to 1 1/2 inches. This is already full an inch deep on many trees & gets to be much more perhaps 1 1/2 even on some in the course of the day-- It is quite rare here, at least on this scale-- The mist lasts all this day--though it is far from warm (11º+ at 8 Am) & till noon on the 14th when it becomes rain--& all this time there is exceedingly little if any wind.

I go to the river this morning & walk up it to see the trees & bushes along it-- As the frost work--(which is not thin and transparent like ice--but white & snowlike--or between the distinctly leaf with veins--& a mere aggregation of snow--though you easily distinguish the distinct leaves) is built out N-ward from each surface--spreading at an angle of about 45º {drawing} ie some 20 odd each side {drawing} up the N.--you must stand on the N side & look south at the trees &c when they appear except the large limbs & trunk--wholly of snow or frost work--mere ghosts of trees--seen softly against the mist. for a back ground--
It is mist on mist.

The outline & character of each tree is more distinctly exhibited--being exaggerated--& you notice any peculiarity in the disposition of the twigs--Some elm twigs thus enlarged with snowy fingers are strikingly regular & handsome then--

In the case of most evergreens (drawing) it amounts to a very rich sugaring--being so firmly attached--the weeping willow--seems to weep with more remarkable & regular ease than ever--& stands still & white with thickened twigs--as if carved in white marble. as alabaster.

Those trees, like alders, which have not grown much the past year--which had short irregular twigs & the richest in effect. The end of each alder twig is recurved where the drooping catkin is concealed--on one side you see the dark brown fruit--but on the N--that too is concealed--can see about 1/4 of a mile through the mist & then later is is somewhat thinner the woods--The Pine woods at a distance are a dark blue color.

Jan 14th

The fog--frosts & the fog continue--Though considerable of the frostwork has fallen. This forenoon I walk up the Assabet to see it--The hemlocks are perhaps

247 as alabaster: possibly alabaster preceded by false start; possibly later revision
248 recurved: possibly “secured”
249 preceded by ink blot
a richer sight than any tree--such Christmas trees, thus sugared, as were never seen-- On side you see more or less greenness--but when you stand due -- they are unexpectedly white & rich.--so beautifully still--& when you look under them--you see some great rock, or rocks, all hoary with the same--dead and a finer frost on the very fine ^ hemlock twigs there & on hanging roots & twigs---quite like the cobwebs in a grist mill & it implies a stillness like that {covered} with meal^--or it is like the lightest down glued on.

The birch for its outline & its numerous twigs is one use of the prettiest trees in this dress--

The fog turns to a fine rain at noon--& in the evening & night it produces a glace which this //

Jan 15th

is quite handsome. Instead of that soft white faery-like mantle of down--with which the trees were thickly powdered-- They are now cased in a coat of mail--of icy mail--built out in many cases about as far from the twig--with icy prominences. {drawing} {drawing} Birches, tree tops, &
especially slender twigged willows or osiers are bent over by it—as they were not by the snow white & light frost of yesterday & the day before—So that the character or expression of many trees & shrubs is wholly altered.

I might not guess what the pollard willow seen at merricks shore, with twigs one or 2 years old—was—

{drawing} instead of {drawing}

//The fog still continues through, & to, the rain. The 3d day of fog. The thermometer at 7 1/2 or 8 Am is at 33º+

Jan 16th

Pm to Walden & thence via Cassandra ponds to F. H. & down river—

There is still a good deal of ice on

The N side of woods & in & about the sheltered swamp. As we go S—westward through the Cassandra hollows toward the declining sun—They look successively—both by their form & color—like burnished silver shields—in the midst of which we walked—looking toward the setting sun—The whole surface of the snow—the crusting over & of the ice—as yesterday—is rough
as if composed of hail stones half melted
together {drawing}
{drawing}

This being the case, I noticed yesterday
when walking on the river—that where there
was (little or) no snow & this rough surface
was accordingly dark—you might
have thought that the ice was covered
with cinders, from the innumerable black
points reflecting the dark water—My
companion thought that cinders
had fallen on that part of the ice

The snow which 3 quarters conceals
the cassandra—in these ponds—& every
twig & trunk & blade of withered sedge
is thus covered or cased with ice—
and accordingly, as I have said, when
you go facing the sun, the hollows look
like a glittering shield set round with
brilliants. That bent sedge in the
midst of the shield—each particular
blade of it being married to an icy
wire 20 times its size at least.
shines like polished silver rings or

semicircles-- It must have been

far more splendid here yesterday before

any of the ice fell off--

No wonder my English companion says that our scenery is more spirited than that of

England.

The snow crust is rough with the

wreck of brilliants, under the trees are

inch or 2 thick with them under many

trees (where they last several days)

When, this evening, I took

split very\(^253\) a \(^2\) hickory stick--which was \(^\sim\) slightly

charred or scorched--but quite hot,

out of my stove-- I perceived a strong

scent precisely like that of a burnt

or roasted walnut.--as was natu-

eral enough--

Jan 18

That wonderful frost work of

the 13th & 14 was too rare to be neglected--
succeeded as it was also by 2 days of

glaze--but having company I lost

half the advantage of it--

It was remarkable to have a fog for

4 days in midwinter--without wind--

We had just had sudden severe cold

weather & I suspect that the fog

was occasioned by a\(^254\) warmer air--

prob from the sea--coming into contact

\(^253\)very: followed by canceled false start

\(^254\)a: written over “an”
with our cold ice & snow clad earth--
The hoar frost formed of the fog--was
such a one as I do not remember on
such a scale. Ap. as the fog was coarser
& far\textsuperscript{255} more abundant, it was whiter
less delicate to examine & of far greater
depth than a frost work formed of dew--
We did not have an opportunity
to see how it would look in the sun
but seen against the mist or fog--
it was too fair to be remembered--
the trees were the ghosts of trees appearing
in their winding sheets--an intenser white
against the {comparitively} dusky ground
of the fog. I rode to acton in the
afternoon of the 13--\& I remember--
the wonderful avenue of these
faery trees which everywhere overarched my
road. The elms from their form &
size were particularly beautiful-- As far
as I observed the frost-work was \textit{deepest}
in the low grounds--\textit{esp.} on the S alba
\textsuperscript{256}-- I learn from the papers that
this phenomenon prevailed all over
this part of the country--\& attracted
the admiration of all. The trees
on Boston Common were clad in
the same snow white livery with our
musketaquid trees--

\textsuperscript{255} far: written over canceled more \{so\}
\textsuperscript{256} there: written over “trees”
Perhaps the most unusual thing about this phenomenon was its duration. The air seemed almost perfectly still the first day & I did not perceive that the frosting lost anything--nay it evidently grew during the first half of the day at least--for it was cold at the same time that it was foggy.

Every one, no doubt, has looked with delight, holding his face low, at that beautiful frost work which so frequently in winter mornings is seen bristling about the throats of every breathing hole in the earth’s surface--In this made visible case the fog--the earth’s breath, ^ was in such abundance that it misted all our vales & hills--so the frost work accordingly instead of being confined to the chinks & crannies of the earth covered the mightiest trees--so that one walking beneath them had the same wonderful prospect & environment--That an insect would have in the former case--

We, going along our roads, had such a prospect as an insect would have making its way through a chink in the earth which was bristling with hoar frost.
That glaze! I know what it was
by my own experience—it was the frozen breath
of the earth upon its beard.

But to remember still that frostwork—I do
not know why it should build out northward
alone—white the twig is perfectly bare on the S side.
Is not the phenomenon electrical? You
might have guided yourself night or
day by observing on which side the twigs
it was—Closely examined it is a coarse
aggregation of thin flakes or leafets.

Standing a little east or west of an
evergreen—you saw considerable of
its greenness—esp the 2nd day when much
had fallen—but in each case successively
you were agreeably disappointed when
you arrived exactly north of the tree & saw
it to best advantage.

Take the most rigid tree—the whole effect
is soft peculiarly soft & spirit-like for there
is no marked edge or outline—How
could you draw the outline of these snowy
fingers seen against the fog without ex-
aggeration. There is no more a boundary line
or circumference that can be drawn, than a
diameter. Hardly could the N.E. Farmer drive to market under these trees without feeling that his sense of beauty was addressed-- He would be aware that the phenomenon called beauty was become visible if one were at leisure or had had the right (culture) to appreciate it. A miller with whom I rode--actually remarked on the beauty of the trees. Had a farmer in all sincerity told me that having occasion to go into Walden woods in his sleigh--he thought he never saw anything so beautiful in all his life--& if there had been men there who knew how to write about it, it would have been a great occasion for them.

Many times I thought that if the particular tree--commonly an elm--under which I was walking or riding--were the only one like it in the country--it would be worth a journey across the continent to see it. Indeed I have no doubt that such journeys would be undertaken on hearing a true account of it.

But instead of being confined to this single tree this wonder was as cheap & common as the air itself-- Every man's

258A: altered from "In"; "A" written over "I"
woodlot was a miracle & surprise to
him--& for those who could not go
so far there were the trees in
the street & the weeds in the yard--

It was much like (in effect) that
snow that lodges on the fine dead twigs
on the lower part of a pine wood--resting
commonly
there in the twilight ^ only till it has done
snowing and the wind arises-- But in this

case it did not rest on the twig--but
grew out from it horizontally--and it was
not confined to the lowest twigs but covered
the whole forest & every surface--

Looking down the street you might say
that the scene differed from the ordinary one
plain
as frosted cake differs from ^ bread. In
some woods you might suspect that it
was the work of enchantment-- Some ma-
gician had put your village into a crucible &
it had crystalized thus. The weeping willow
with its thickened twigs--seemed more pre-
cise & regularly curved than ever--and as
still as if it were carved of alabaster.

The maples--with their few long shoots--
were rather set & still.

It was remarkable that when the fog was
a little thinner so that you could see the pine
woods a mile or more off--they were
a distinct dark blue--

259this: altered from "the"; "I" written over "e" and "s" added
If any tree is set & stiff— it was now more
still— if airy & graceful— it was now
more graceful— The birches esp. were a
great ornament—

As usual in the winter— where a rock\textsuperscript{260} rises above the ice— it was a mere
hillock covered with a white counter-
pane— & often where one end— perhaps
the higher— of the rock was bare on one side
it looked like a seal or walrus slowly lifting
itself above the surface or resting there.

One suggested a bonfire under the elms
in the street at night.

\textbf{PM} up Assabet to Bridge

2 or more inches of snow fell last night—
In the expanse this side Mantatuket Rock
I see the tracks of a crow or crows in and
about the button bushes & willows— They have
trampled & pecked much in some spots under
the button bushes where these seeds are still
left & dibbled into the snow by them. It
would seem then that they eat them. The
only other seeds there can be there are those
of the mikania— for I look for them
You will see a crows track beginning in
the middle of the river— where one alighted
I notice such a track as this where one
alighted \{drawing\} & ap. stuck its

\textsuperscript{260}rock: altered from rocks; “s” added and then crossed out
spread tail into the snow—at the same
time with its feet—I see afterward where
a wing’s quills have marked the snow
much like a partridge’s—The snow is
very light—so that the tracks are rarely
distinct—& as they often advance
by hops [drawing] some might
mistake it for a squirrels or mink’s
track. I suspect that they came
here yesterday after minnows—when the
fishermen were gone—& that has brought
them here today in spite of the snow—They evi-
dently look out sharp for a morsel of fish.

I see where by the red maple above
Pinxter swamp they have picked over
dark (from button bush & I see also a hypericum)
the fine ^ greenish moss ^& the leaves which
had formed a squirrels nest—knocking it
down on to the river—& there treading about
& pecking a small piece—ap. for some
worms or insects that were in it—as if
they were hard pushed.

I am pretty sure to find tracks under the
last named bank—in the edge of these low
swamp white oak wood—either of rabbits
or mice—crows or fox—The 2 former
generally keep close under the bank—as
the safest beat for them—but some
times I see where they hopped across the
river several times last night—& I can im-
agine how shyly they looked back from the
The mice--occasionally hop out a rod %& back%
making a semicircle--more rarely quite across
opposite side--

In my walk of the 16th I noticed that
almost all the way--after leaving the
RR--till I reached the highway near
Hubbard’s Bridge I was on the track
of a fox. My beat was nearly identical
with it (or there\footnote{there: altered from “they”; “y” crossed out} may have been several)
--lengthwise through the Cassandra ponds
& hollows--by the lowest & most open path
--along the narrow grown up hill side path
to Pleasant meadow--& just along the
edge of the button bushes--visiting every
musquash house & crossing the river from
time to time.

I notice in mid stream, opposite the
cooper’s shore, where an opening has been
made for ice some 18 \footnote{square--& feet}
has not frozen over again--but the
water is seen passing with a swift current
& disappearing quickly under the thin
edge of the newly formed ice--I notice
one of those fine unaccountable cobweb-like lines--nearly straight through undulating--stretched from side to side of this
opening--about 8 inches from the edge of
the ice on the lower side. It looked at
first as if the water, compared with the
ice was higher--in fact heaped up
at that point on ac. of the obstruction
which the lower side offered—& that it
then suddenly descended & passed under the thin
edge of the newly formed ice. The ridge of
the watery dam was a narrow light line—& there
were on the upper side parallel with it
8 or 10 other light lines or ripples alternating
with dark—within the breadth of 3 or 4 inches—
growing less & less distinct
& on the lower side there was a sudden slope (ap.
to the level of the water below)—about 1 inch wide
{drawing}262 It was remarkable that the
current & all that it carried
with it—passed incessantly along
through & over these lines with—
out in the least disturbing them—
or rather breaking them—only producing that
slight undulation.261

Of the ^ black oaks on the N bank near
Prescott Barrets—some are quite bare—
others have about as many leaves on their lower
parts as a white oak—The swamp white
oaks opposite are all bare.
I notice in 2 places where a musquash
has been out on the snow covered ice—&
has travelled about a rod or less leaving the
sharp mark of its tail.

To-day—an average winter day—
I notice no vapor over the open part of the
river below the Island. (as I did the very cold

262 | Caption within drawing reads "ice"
pm of the 10th). The air & water are
prob. now too nearly at the same tem-
perature. That then, in the winter is a
phenomenon of very cold weather.

Wednesday Jan 19th 59--

Pm to Great Meadows via Sleepy Hollow

It is a remarkably warm still &
pleasant Pm for winter--& the
wind, as I discover by my handkerchief--
S westerly. I noticed last night just
after sunset a sheet of mackerel
sky far in the west horizon--very finely
imbriated & reflecting a coppery glow--
& again I saw still more of it in the east
this morning at sunrise--& now at
3 1/2 Pm looking up I perceive that
almost the entire heavens are covered
with a very beautiful mackerel sky.

This indicates a peculiar state of the at-
mosphere-- The sky is most wonderfully
& beautifully mottled with evenly distributed
cloudlets--of indescribable variety--yet
regularity in their form--suggesting
fishes scales--with perhaps small fish bones
thrown in here & there-- It is white in the midst,
or most prominent part of the scales passing
into blue in the crannies. Something
like this blue & white mottling methinks
is seen on the mackerel & has suggested

%Is not the peculiar prospect of the time lost sight of by this meteorologist% V Feb.28

the name. ^ It is a luxury for the eye

to rest on it. What curtains--what tapestry
to our halls--! Directly overhead, of course,
appear
the scales or cloudlets ^ large & course--
a testudo
while far on one side toward the horizon
It is as if we were marching to battle with a shield ^ over our heads--
they appear very fine---^ I thus see a flock

of small clouds, like sheep, some 20 miles
in diameter--distributed with wonderful regulari-
ty. But they are being steadily driven to some
new pasture--for when I look up an
hour afterward not one was to be seen---&
sky was beautifully clear--

The form of these cloudlets--is by the way--like or
waves --of ripple marks on sand--op.
akin to that of ^ small drifts wavelike on the surface
of snow--& to the first small openings in the

ice of the the mid. stream

I look at a few scarlet & black oaks this Pm
some
Our largest scar. O. (by the Hollow) ^ 3 feet diam at
has more leaves
2 feet from ground--^ than the large white oak
close by--(which has more than white oaks generally)

As far as I observe today--the scar. O. has more
leaves now than the black oak--.

{drawing} gathered a scar. O acorn of this
form--with distinct fine dark stripes
or rays--such as a Q. ilicifolia has--

By the swamp between
the Hollow & Peters I see the tracks of a crow--
or crows-- Chiefly in the snow 2 or more inches deep

284 separated from text by a pencil line
on a broad frozen ditch where mud has
been taken out-- The perpendicular sides
of the ditch expose a foot or 2 of
sooty
dark ^ mud which had attracted the
crows-- & I see where they have walked
along beneath it & pecked it. Even here
also they have alighted on any bare spot
where a foot of stubble was visible or
even a rock. Where we walked yesterday
--I see notwithstanding the effect of the sun
on it--not only the foot tracks--but
the distinct impression of its tail where
it alighted--counting distinctly 11 (of
prob 12") feathers about 4 inches of each
the whole mark being some 10 inches wide
& 6 deep or more like a semicircle than
that of yesterday. The same
crow--or one of the same has come
again today--& the snow being sticky this
warm weather--has left a very distinct
track--some 2 in The width of the
whole track is about 2 3/4 inches--length
of pace about 7 inches--length of their
track some 2 inches (not including the nails)
but the mark made in setting down the
foot & withdrawing it is in each case some
15 or 18 inches long--for its hind toe makes
a sharp scratch 4 or 5 inches long--before
it settles--& when it lifts its foot again
it makes 2 other fine scratches with
its middle & outer toe on each side--
the 1st some 9 inches long the 2nd 6.
The inner toe is commonly close to the middle
one-- It makes a peculiar curving
track--(or succession of curves)--stepping round
the planted foot each time with a sweep
thus
{drawing}
you would say that it toed in decidedly & walked
feebly-- It must be that they require
but little & glean that very assiduously.

The sweet fern retains its serrate
terminal leaves--

Walking along the river eastward-- I notice
that the twigs of the Black willow--many
of which were broken off by the late glaze
only
only break at base--& ^ an inch higher up
bend without breaking.

I look down the whole length of the
meadow to Ball's Hill &c In a still
warm winter day like this--what warmth
in the withered oak leaves--! Thus far away
mingled with pines--they are the warmer redder
for the warmth & the sun. At this season
we do not want any more color.

A mile off I see the pickerel fisher
returning from the holt--taking his way across
the frozen meadows before sunset--
toward his hut on the distant bank--
I know him--(looking with my glass) by
the axe over his shoulder with his basket
of fish & fish lines hung on it--& the
tin pail of minnows in his hand-- The
pail shines brightly more than a
mile off in the reflecting the setting
sun. He starts early--knowing how
quickly the sun goes down.
To night I notice that there is much
green in the ice--when I go directly
from the sun. There is also considerable
when I go directly toward it--but more
than that a little one side--but when
I look at right angles with the sun I
see none at all. The water (when open)
is also green.
I see a rosy tinge like dust on
the snow when I look directly toward
the setting sun--but very little on the
hills. Methinks this pink on snow
(as well as blue shadows) requires a clear
cold eve. At least such were the 2
eves on which I saw it this winter--
Coming up the street in the twilight
it occurs to me that I know of no
more agreeable object to bound our
view looking outward through the
vista of our elm-lined streets--than
the pyramidal top of a white pine forest in the horizon. Let them stand so near at least.

Jan 20th

% A 2nd reasonably pleasant day like the last% Pm up river-- I see a large White oak perfectly bare //

Among 4 or 5 pickerel in a "well" on the river I see one with distinct transverse bars as I look down on its back--not quite across the back--but plain as they spring from the side of the back-- While all the others are uniformly dark above. Is not the former E. fasciatus? There is no marked difference when I look at them on their sides.

I see in various places on the ice & snow this very warm & pleasant afternoon a kind of mosquito--perhaps--a feeble flyer-- v. bottom commonly resting on the ice.
The green of the ice & water begins to be visible about 1/2 hour before sunset-- Is it produced by the reflected blue of the sky-- mingling with the yellow or pink of the setting sun?

What a singular element is this water? I go shaking the river from side to side at each step--as I see by its motion at the few holes. .

I learn from J. Farmer that he saw
today in his woodlot--on removing the bark
of a dead white pine an immense quantity
of mosquitoes moving but little in a cavity
bet. the bark & the wood--made prob by some
other insect-- These were prob. like mine--
There were also wasps & what he calls light-
ing-bugs there.

Jan 21st

with some fog--high wind in the night

//A January Thaw-- ^ occasioned as yet
wind still S--
wholly by warm weather, without rain.
The last 2 days have been remarkably
pleasant & warm with a southerly wind--
& last night was ap. warmer yet--(I think
it was 46°+ this morning) & this morning
I am surprised to see much bare ground &
ice--where was snow last evening--& though
last eve it was good sleighing & the
street was not wet at all--though the
snow was moist--now it is almost entirely
bare ice--except for the water-- The
sluices are more than full--washing
like mill-streams on each side the
way--& after stretching in broad lakes
across the street-- It is the worst or
wettest of walking requiring India rubber
boots--Great channels 8 inches deep
& a foot or more wide are worn
in the ice across the street--revealing
a pure clear ice on the sides contrasting
with the dirty surface-- I do not remember
so sudden a change the effect of warmth
without rain-- Yesterday PM it was safe
sledding around along the river side--
on the ice--Hubbard was doing so--
& I saw at the bridges that the river
was some 8 inches lower than it had
been when it froze--the ice adhering to the
piers so much & all hold up there so
much higher than the surrounding
surface-- & now it is rapidly rising
& the river is forbidden ground.

It is surprising how suddenly the slumbering
snow has been melted--& with what a rush
it now seeks the lowest ground on all
sides. Yesterday in the streets and fields it
was all snow & ice & rest--now it is
chiefly water & motion.

Yesterday afternoon I walked in the merely
moist snow-track of sleds & sleighs--while
all the sides of the road & the ditches rested
under a white mantle of snow. This morn-
ing I go picking my way in rubbers through
broad puddles on a slippery icy bottom stepping
over small torrents which have worn channels
6 or 8 inches deep--& on each side rushes
past with a loud murmer streams large
enough to turn a mill--occasionally spreading
out into a sizable mill pond.

It begins to rain by afternoon--& rains more
or less during the night. Before night

I heard of the river being over the road in

one place--though it was rather low before

Saw Melvin buying an extra quantity of shot in anticipation of the freshet &

musquash shooting tomorrow.

Jan 22d

Ap. the wind S 2 or 3 days--or thermometer

so long above 40º+ will make a freshet

if there is snow enough on the ground.

8 1/2 Am. Go to the river side. It

Hear Melvin’s gun

is over the meadows. The thick white ice

is seen lifted up & resting over the

channel several rods from the present

shore on the high bank side--

As I stand there looking out to that

white ice, about 4 rods distant, (at my

boats place) I notice countless narrow

light lines, 1/3 inch wide, in or on the very

thin dark half-cemented ice (hardly so thick

as pasteboard) which has formed since

midnight on the surface of the risen water

between the old ice & the shore. At first

I thought that these light lines were

cracks in that thin ice or crystallizations

(It is now 34º+) occasioned, perhaps, by the

mere rising of the water. But observing

that some of them were peculiarly meandering

returning on themselves loop-wise-- I looked

at them more attentively--& at length

I detected at the inner end of one such line

about a rod from me

a small black speck-- ^ Suspecting this
to be a caterpillar—I took steps to ascertain
if it were, at any rate, a living creature, by dis-
covering if it were in motion. It appeared to
me to move, but it was so slowly—that I
could not be certain until I set up a stick on the
shore—or referred it to a fixed point on the ice--
when I was convinced that it was a caterpillar slowly
crawling toward the shore, or rather to the willows--
Following its trail back with my eye I found
that it came pretty directly from the edge of the
old or thick white ice (i.e. from where
surface of the
the ^ flood touched its sloping surface) toward the
willows from NE to SW & had come about 3 rods
Looking more sharply still I detected 7 or 8
such caterpillars within a couple of square rods
on this crystallization each at the end of
its trail & headed toward the willows—in exactly
the same direction. And there were the distinct
trails of a great many more which had
reached the willows or disappeared elsewhere.
These trails were particularly distinct when I
squatted low & looked over the ice—reflecting
more light then. They were generally pretty direct
toward the shore—or toward any clump of
willows if within 4 or 5 rods—I saw one
which lead to the willows from the old
ice some 6 rods off—slowly as they crawled
this journey must have been made within
a few hours—for undoubtedly this ice was
formed since midnight. Many of the lines

265 "until" added
were very meandering--like this

ap. began & ended within the thin ice-- There was not enough ice to support even a caterpillar within 3 or four feet of the shore--for the water was still rapidly rising & not now freezing. & I noticed no caterpillars on the ice within several feet--but with a long stick I obtained quite a number. Among them were 3 kinds Prob the commonest were a small flat (beneath) black one with a dark shell head & body consisting of numerous rings--like dark velvet 4 or 5/8 inch long--

--2d a black catterpillar about same length--covered with hairy points or tufts remind me somewhat of that kind I see on the black willows which is larger & partly yellow--fuzzy

3dly are all brown & 6 or 7/8 inch long--
The last lay at the bottom, but was alive

All curled up when I rescued them.

There were also many small brown grass hoppers (not to mention spiders of various sizes & snow fleas) on the ice but none of these left any perceptible track.

These tracks thus distinct were quite innumerable-- many thousands? within half a dozen rods--leading commonly from the channel ice to or toward the shore or

---the: possibly erased
a tree--but sometimes wandering parallel to the
shore-- yet comparatively few of the caterpillars
were now to be seen-- You would hardly
believe that there had been caterpillars enough
then to leave all these trails within so short
a time.

It may be a question how did they come on the
channel ice-- I assume that they were evidently
drowned out of the meadow grass by the rise of
i.e. if there is sufficient thaw to lay the ground bare
the water ^ (as the musquash are--which I
now hear one shooting from a boat)--& that they
(either swam or) were washed onto that channel
ice by the rising water--(while probably others
were washed yet higher up the bank or meadow
& were not obliged to make this journey) & so
as soon as the water froze hard enough to
bear they commenced their slow journey
toward the shore, or any other dark terrestrial
looking object like a tree within half a dozen
rods. It first I thought they left a trail because
the ice was so very thin & watery--but perhaps the
very slight snow that whitened the ground a little, had
melted on it. Possibly some were washed
from adjacent fields & meadows into the
river--for there has been a great wash
a torrent of water has rushed downward over
these fields to the river.

There was perhaps a current setting for the
shore toward the middle which floated them
out. How is it when a river is rising?
At any rate within some 6 hours probably this freshet has invaded the Broadways or lower streets of the caterpillar towns-- & within some 6 hours probably--these innumerable journeys have been performed by wrecked caterpillars over newly formed ice bridge-- in our town alone more such adventurers than there are humans living in the U.S--& their trails are there to be seen every one of them. Undespairing caterpillars determined to reach the shore. What risks they run who go to sleep for the winter in our river meadows!

Perhaps the insects came up from their winter retreats in the roots of the grass in such warm & sunny days as we have had--& also became food for crows which as I noticed explore the smallest bare tufts in the fields.

I notice where a musquash has lately swum under this thin ice, breaking it hear & there--his course for many rods continuous is betrayed by a row of numerous white bubbles as big as a nine-pence under the ice. J. Farmer tells me that he once saw a musquash rest 3 or 4 minutes under the ice--with his nose against the ice--in a bubble of air about an inch in diameter, & he thinks that they can draw

247 in: possibly cancelled
air through the ice & that one could
swim across Nagog pond under the ice.

I think that the greater part of the
caterpillars reaching the few feet of the open
water next the shore--must sink to the bottom--
& perhaps they survive in the grass there-- A few
may crawl up the trees. One which I took off the
bottom was alive.

A freshet, then, even in mid winter, is a most momentous
event to the insect world

Perhaps the caterpillars, being in the water,
are not frozen in, but crawl out on the ice
& steer for the land from wherever they may be.

Ap. those which started from the edge
of the channel ice must have been drifted
there either by the current or wind--because
they could not have risen directly up to it from
the bottom--since it slopes toward the shore
for a rod under water. It is remarkable that
the caterpillars know enough to steer for the
shore though 4 or 5 rods off.

I notice that the river thus braking up in
this freshet--this body of ice over the channel
 cracks\textsuperscript{248} on each side near the line
of the willows, a little outside of them, 2 great
making many a jounce or thankee marm for the skater when all is frozen again
rents showing the edge & thickness of the ice, ^ while
between them the ice of the channel is lifted up
level--while outside these rents the ice slopes
downward for a rod the shore edge still

\textsuperscript{248}cracks: preceded by canceled false start
fastened to the bottom--i.e. the fuller tide
rushing downward--lifts up the main body
of the ice cracking it on each side of the
channel, the outside strips remaining
attached to the bottom by their shore edges
& sloping upward to the rents-- So that
the freshet runs through & nearly overflows
there 2 strips creeping far up the bank or
over the meadows on each side.

Pm I see many caterpillars on the ice still
& those glow-worm like ones. I see several
of the black fuzzy (with distinct tufts) cater-
the
pillars, described above, on open water next the
shore--but none of them is moving--

Also in the water common small black crickets
(are alive) & other bugs (commonly alive)
which have been washed out of their winter
quarters.

And in the fields generally--exposed on
bare hard ice--The snow being gone &
more than half the earth bare--are a
great many--caterpillars (still 2\textsuperscript{298} other
many naked & fish worm color 4 to 6 inches long
kinds than yet described ^) & those glow-worm
like ones (some more brown) or they
have evidently been washed out of their
retreats in the grass by the great flow
& left on the ice
of water--^ They must afford abundant
food birds. Crows which fared hard 10
days ago--must fare sumptuously now
This will account for their tracks which
I saw the other day leading to every little
bare shaft or exposed tuft of grass--those
warm days. Perhaps the caterpillars &c
crawl forth in sunny & warm days in mid-
winter--when the earth is bare--& so supply
the birds--& are ready to be washed away by
a flow of water!

I find thus a great variety of living insects
now washed out. 4 kinds of caterpillars,
& also the glow-worm like creature so common--
grasshoppers--crickets--& many bugs--not to mention
the mosquito-like insects (which the warm weather
has called forth--flying feebly just above the ice & snow
a foot or 2.) spiders & snow fleas.

A sudden thaw is then a great relief to
crows & other birds that may have been put
to it for food. Their larders are now over stocked.

Can that glow-worm like creature, so com-
mon on the ice by the river side in the fields now,-- be
the female of the lightning-bug? It is about 1/2 inch
x 1/11 inch wide
long-- ^ dusky reddish brown above, lighter beneath--
short
with a small black flattish head & about 4 small antennae
--6 legs made the forward part of the body--which last consists
of 12 ring-like segments There is one row of minute
light colored dots down the middle of the back. &
perhaps (?) others fainter on the side.

Many are out in boats steering outside
the ice of the river over the newly flooded meadows--
shooting musquash-- Cocks crow as in spring--
The energy & excitement of the musquash hunter even— not despairing of life, but keeping the same rank & savage hold on it that his predecessors have for so many generations—while so many are sick & despairing— even this is inspiring to me— Even these deeds of death are interesting as evidence of life— for life will still prevail in spite of all accidents. I have a certain faith that even musquash are immortal & not born to be killed by Melvin's double B (?) shot.

Methinks the breadth of waves—whether in water— or snow— or sand— or vapor— (in the mackerel sky) is determined generally by the force of the wind or other element striking the water &c— It depends on how much water &c the wind has power to displace.

The musquash hunter (last night) with his increased supply of powder & shot— and boat turned up somewhere on the bank— now that the river is rapidly rising— dreaming of his exploits today in shooting musquash— of the great pile of dead rats that will weigh down his boat before night— when he will return wet & weary & weather beaten to his hut with an appetite for his supper— & for much sluggish (punky) social intercourse with his fellows— even he dark— dull.
and battered flint as he is—is an inspired
man to his extent more—perhaps the most
inspired by this freshet—is any—and the
Musketaquid meadows cannot spare
him. There are poets of all kinds—and
degrees—little known to each other—The
lake school is not the only or the principal
one—they love various things—some love beauty
& some love rum—some go to Rome &
some go a-fishing & are sent to the house
of correction once a month—They keep up
their fires by means unknown to me. I know
not their coming & goings. How can tell
what violets they watch for? I know them
wild & ready to risk all when their muse in-
vites. The most sluggish will be up early
enough then—& face any amount of wet
& cold. I meet those gods of the river &
woods with sparkling faces (like Apollo’s)
late from the house of correction—it may be
carrying whatever mystic & forbidden bottles
or other vessels concealed—while the
dull regular priests are steering their
parish rafts in a prose wood.

What care I to see galleries full of representatives
of heathen gods—when I can see actual
living ones—by an infinitely superior artist—
without perspective tube.

If you read the Rig veda—oldest of
books as it were—describing a very primitive people & condition of things—you hear in their prayers of a still older more primitive & aboriginal race—in their midst and roundabout—warring on them—& seizing their flocks & herds—270--infesting their pastures—Thus is it in another sense in all communities—& hence the prisons & police.

I hear these guns going today—& I must confess they are to me a spring-like & exhilarating sound—like the cock-crowing—though each one may report the death of a musquash.

This methinks, or the like of this, with whatever mixture of dross—is the real morning or evening hymn that goes up from these vales today—& which the stars echo. This is the best sort of gloryfying of God & enjoying him—that at all prevails here today—without any clarified butter or sacred ladies.

As a mother loves to see her child imbibe nourishment & expand—So God loves to see his children thrive on the nutriment he has furnished them. In the musquash hunters I see the Almouchicois still pushing swiftly over the dark stream in their canoes—These aboriginal men cannot be repressed—but under some guise or other they survive & reappear continually—Just as simply as

270herds: possibly altered from “beasts”
the crow picks up worms which all
over the fields have been washed out by
the thaw--there men pick up the musquash
that have been washed out the banks.
And to serve such ends even plow & sail--
& powder & shot are made--& the grocer
exists to retail them--though he may think himself
much more the deacon of some church.

From year to year the snow has its regu-
lar retreats & lurking places--when a
thaw comes (laying bare the earth) under
the south & eastward banks. I see it now
resting there in broad white lines & deep
drifts (from my window) as I have seen
it for many years--as it lay when
the Ind. was the only man here to see it.

Jan 23d

The freshet is now frozen over--but not
thick enough to bear without cracking--and
that peculiar whitish ice--like bread or mortar
that has run over is seen 4 to 6 feet in width
and about trees--posts-sides &c
all along the shore -- It is produced by the
water prob still rising--after the freezing in the
night--& flowing back over the ice--in a
semi liquid state--or like soft solder--a
rough or wrinkled or rippled dirty-white surface--
often stained with the bank--yellowish or brown--

There is a cold NW wind--& I notice
that the snow fleas which were so abundant
on this water yesterday--have hopped
to some lee--i.e are collected like powder
under the SE side of posts or trees or
stickes or ridges in the ice-- You are surprised
to see that they manage to get out of the
wind. On the SE side of every such barrier
along the shore there is a dark line or heap
of them. I see one of those glow worm like
creatures frozen in--sticking up perpendicular
1/2 above the ice.

Going over the Hosmer Pasture this side
Clam Shell s. westward-- I thought I saw
much gossamer on the grass--but was sur-
prised to find that it was the light reflected
from the withered grass stems which had
been bent or broken by the snow (now
melted) It looked just like gossamer even
within 10 feet--most would have taken it
for that--also these fine gleaming lines
(like those of the alders & birch twigs &c)
were very distinctly part of an arc of a
large circle--the lower side of it--
as you looked toward the sun--the light being
necessarily so reflected. {drawing}
This is a remarkable instance of the
November or rather winter light reflected
from twigs & stubble

The grass stood thus {five drawings}
&c.
It was just like an abundant gossamer.

The earth being generally bare I notice
on the ice--where it slopes up eastward
a little a distinct rosy light (or pink) reflected
from it generally--1/2 hour before sunset.
This is colder\(^{271}\) evening than of late--&
there is so much the more of it.

Jan 24

An abundance of excellent skating--

the freshet that covered the meadows being

frozen. Many boys & girls are skating

on Mantatuket meadow--& on Merrick’s--

Looking from this shore, they appear decidedly
elevated--(not by their skates merely--) what
is the cause? Do we take the ice to be air?

I see an abundance of caterpillars of various
kinds on the ice of the meadows--many of
those large dark hairy with longitudinal
light stripes somewhat like the common apple one--

Many of them are frozen yet--some for 2/3
their length--yet all are alive. Yet it
has been so cold since the rise that you can

now cross the channel about anywhere

I also see a great many of those little
brown grasshoppers & one perfectly green one

some of them frozen in but generally on the sur-
face--showing no sign of life--yet when I brought
them to home to experiment on I found them all
alive & kicking in my pocket-- There were
also a small kind of reddish wasp quite lively

\(^{271}\)"colder" written over "a"
on the ice--& other insects--those naked
or smooth worms or caterpillars. This shows
what insects have their winter quarters in
the meadow grass. This ice is a good field
for an entomologist.

I experimented on the large bubbles under
the ice some the oldest & nearest the surface--
were white--others the newest & against
the present under surface--were of a bluish
or slate color--more transparent. I found
that the whiteness of the first was owing
to the great quantity of little bubbles above
& below the great one produced by the heat
of this “burning glass”-- While those of recent
formation have not had time to accomplish
this. When I cut through with my knife
an inch or 2 to one of the latter kind making
a very slight opening, the confined air pressed
by the water, burst up with a considerable
hissing sound sometimes spurt ing a little water
with it--& thus the bubble was contracted--al-
most annihilated--but frequently when I
cut into one of the old or white ones there
was no sound. the air did not rush out
because there was no pressure. There being
ice below as well as above it--but when
I also pierced the lower ice--it did rush
out with a sound like the others.

My object at first was to ascertain if
both kinds of bubbles contained air--But
that was plain enough--for when the water rushed
in the bluish or new ones wholly beneath the ice
wholly or nearly disappeared while the white
ones, giving place to water were no longer white--

It would seem then that a considerable pres-
sure--such as the water exerts on an air bubble
under the ice--does not force it through the
ice--certainly not for a considerable time.
How then can the musquash draw air through
the ice as is asserted? He might, however,

The larger spiders generally rest on the ice
with all their legs spread--but on being touched
they gather them up.

Jan 25th

The river has gone down about 8 inches--&
the ice still adhering to the shore all about
the meadows starts downward for some
4 or 5 feet till it meets the water, and
it is then cracked--often letting the water
up to overflow it so that it is hard to
get off & on in some places-- {drawing}

That channel ice of the 22d (q.v.) lifted
up looks thin--thus {drawing}

The edges of the outside portions are

---

272 the: altered from "they";
273 preceded by cancelled "at"
274 followed by cancelled false start
Jan 26

Pm Over Cyanean Meadow on ice.

These are remarkably warm & pleasant days. The water is going down--& the ice
is rotting. I see some insects (those glow-worm like ones--sunk 1/2 inch or more into
the ice by absorbed heat & yet quite alive in these little holes--in which they alternately freeze
& thaw. At willow bay I see for many rods black soil 1/4 of an inch deep covering
several & concealing the ice (for many rods)-- This I find was blown some time ago from a
plowed field 20 or more rods distant.

This shows how much the sediment of the river may be increased by dirt blown into it from the
neighboring fields. Any ice begins immediately after it is formed to look dusty in the
sun--any where-- This black soil is rapidly sinking to the bottom through the ice-- by absorbing
heat--& water overflowing & freezing--it is left deep within thick ice. Or else lying in
wavelets on the ice--the surface becomes at last full of their dark bottomed holes alternat-
ing with clear ice

The ice having fairly begun to decompose is very handsomely marked--more or less internally
as it appears--with a sort of graphic
or bird tracks
character--"very agreeable & varied. It appears
to be the skeleton of the ice revealed--the original
crystals--(such as we see about on very thin ice
just beginning, revealed by the rotting--thus
the peculiar knotty grain or gnarliness of the
ice is shewn--white marks on dark-- These
white waving lines within it look some
wolf
times just like some white shaggy^ skin

The meadow which makes up between
Hubbards mainland & his swamp wood is
very handsomely marked--or marbled--
with alternate white & dark ice. The upper
surface appears to be of some color & con-
sistency like a hard enamel--but very inter-
esting white figures are seen through it.

What various kinds of ices there
are. This which lately formed so suddenly
on the flooded meadow from beneath
which the water has in a great measure
run out letting it down--while a warm
sun has shone on it--is perhaps the most
interesting of any. It might be called
Graphic Ice.

It is a very pleasant & warm day--&
when I came down to the river & looked off
to Merrick’s pasture--the osiers there shone
as brightly as in spring-- Showing that their
brightness depends on the sun & air
rather than the season
Jan 27

I see some of those little cells perhaps
of a wasp or bee--made of clay or
clayey mud. It suggests that these in-
sects were the first potters. They look
somewhat like small stone jugs.

Jan 28

Melvin tells me that one with whom
he deals below says that the best mus
quash skins came from Concord River--
& it is because our musquash are so fat.
M. says that they eat apples--& he
has seen where they have eaten acorns--&
Isaiah Green told him & convinced him that
seed they ate his' corn in the hill. He weighed
a very large one the other day--& it weighed
5 lbs. Thinks they would not commonly weigh
more than 3.

When you have been deprived of your
usual quantity of sleep for several nights
you sleep much more soundly for it--& wake
up suddenly like a bullet that strikes a wall.

Jan 30

How peculiar the hooting of an owl! it is
not shrill & sharp like the scream of a hawk
but full round & sonorous waking the echoes
of the wood.

The surface of the snow esp. on hill-
sides has a peculiarly combed or worn

275 altered from {saw}
appearance where water has run in a thaw.
--i.e. the whole surface shows regular
furrows at a distance--as if it had been scraped
with an immense comb.

Jan 31st

Pm up river across Cyanean Meadow--
Now we have quite another kind of ice--
It has rained hard converting into a very
thin liquid the snow which had fallen
on the old ice--& this having frozen has
made a perfectly smooth but white snow
ice. It is white like polished marble (I
call it marble ice) & the trees & hill
are reflected in it--as not in the other.
It is far less varied than the other--but
still is very peculiar & interesting. You notice
the polished surface much more--as if it
were the marble floor of some stupen-
dous hall. Yet such is its composition
it is not quite so hard & metallic, I
think--the skater probably makes more
The other was hard & crystalline
of a scratch.

As I look S just before sunset over this
fresh & shining ice-- I notice that its
surface is divided as it were into a great-
many contiguous tables in different planes--
--somewhat like so many different facets
of a polyhedron--as large as the earth itself--
These tables or planes are bounded by
cracks, though without any appreciable opening & the different levels are betrayed of the light or sky by the reflection ^ being interrupted at the cracks. The ice formed last night-- is a day old ^& these cracks as I find run generally from NE to SW across the entire meadow some 25 or 30 rods nearly at right angles with the river--& are from 5 to 15 feet apart--while there are comparatively few cracks crossing them in the other direction-- You notice this phenomenon looking over the ice some rods before you--otherwise might not observe the cracks when upon them. It is as if the very globe itself were a crystal with a certain number of facets.

When I look westward now to the flat snow crusted shore-- It reflects a strong violet color--

Also the pink light reflected from the low flat snowy surfaces amid the ice on the meadows, just before sun- set is a constant phenomenon these clear winter days-- Whole fields--& sides of hills are often the same--but it is more distinct on these flat islands of snow scattered here and there over the meadow ice.-- I also see this pink in the dust made by the skaters
Perhaps the green seen at the same time
in ice & water—is produced by the general
or
yellow ^ amber lights of this hour --mingled
with the blue of the reflected sky.??

Surely the ice is a great & absorbing
phenomenon-- Consider how much of the
surface of the town it occupies-- How much
attention it monopolizes!

We do not commonly distinguish more than
one kind of water in the river--but what va-
rious kinds of ice there are!

Young Heywood told me that the trout
which he caught in Walden was 27 inches long
& weighed 5 lbs--but was thin--not in good
condition. (He saw another)-- It was in the little
cove between the deep one & the RR.

Feb. 1 1859

Pm up Assabet--

The river having suddenly gone down since the freshet
I see cakes of ice 8 or 10 feet across left 2 feet
high or more above the banks frozen to 4 or 5
maples or oaks. Indeed each shore is lined
with them--where wooded--a continuous row--
attached to alders maples swamp white oaks
&c-- which grow through them or against their
dge-- They are somewhat like tables of
a picnic party or a muster field dinner--
--Rustic tables & seats. Sometimes a little
inclined having settled on one side--
Also an ice belt adheres to the steep shores--

& the rain & melted snow running down

has drifted over the edge of it forming abundant

& frosty icicles--& you see where this hard &

thick ice has bent under its own weight.

As for large oak leaves seen-- I think there

is not much difference between the white & scar-

let o’s-- Then come black red & swamp white,

but the last one has scarcely any.

Feb 2nd

I see Peter Hutchinson cutting down a large red o

on A. Heywoods hillside W of the former’s house. He

points out to me what he calls the “grey oak” there

with “a thicker bark” than the red. It is the scarlet O.
Feb. 3d 5 minutes before 3 Pm Father died.
After a sickness of some 2 years

going down town in pleasant weather
doing a little business from time to time--
hoeing a little in the garden &c Father took
to his Chamber Jan 13th & did not come down
again. Most of the time previously
he had coughed & expectorated a great
deal. Latterly he did not cough--but
continued to raise.

He continued to sit up in his chamber
till within a week before he died. He
sat up for a little while on the Sunday 4
days before he died-- Generally he was very silent
for many months-- He was quite conscious
to the last--& his death was so easy
that we should not have been aware that
he was dying, though we were sitting around
his bed, if we had not watched very closely.
I have touched a body which was flexible & warm yet tenantless--warmed by what fire? When the spirit that animated some matter has left it--who else --what else--can animate it?

How enduring are our bodies after all! The forms of our brothers & sisters--our parents & children and wives--lie still in the hills & fields round about us--not to mention those of our remoter ancestors--and the matter which composed the body of our first human father still exists under another name.

When in sickness the body is emaciated & the expression of the face in various ways is changed--you perceive unexpected resemblances to other members of the same family. As if within the same family there was a greater general similarity in the framework of the face--than in its fitting up & clothing.

Father first came to this town to live with his father about the end of the last century--(His father died in 1801) when he was about 12 years old ^. Afterward he went to the Lexington Academy (Parkers?) as clerk--Then into Dea. Whites store as clerk--Then learned the dry goods business in Hathaway (Aunt J. shows me a letter from him directly after his going there dated 1807)--was with a store in Salem ^. When about 21 open a store for himself on the common where the town house stands
moved &
of later years a yellow building--now ^ altered
into John Keyes’ house. He did so well there
that Isaac Hurd went into partnership
with him to his injury-- They soon (dissolved),
but could not settle without going to law--
Bringing his books into court^&
when my father gamed the case ^ --Then
I think, he went to Bangor & set up with
Billings--selling (among others) to Indians^277)
with john on his knee. writes thence to aunt at Bangor in 1815^ &
Married--lived in Boston-- ^ moved to Concord
(when I was born)
then to Chemsford--to Boston--to Concord
again & here remained--
Mother first came to Concord about the
same age that father did--but a
little before him.
As far as I know father, when he died, was
not only one of the oldest men in the middle
of Concord--but the one perhaps best acquainted
with the inhabitants, & the local social
& street history, of the middle of the town
for the last 50 years. He belonged in
a peculiar sense to the village street--loved
or
to sit in the shops-- ^ at the PO--& read the
daily paper-- I think that he remembered
more about the worthies (& unworthies) of
Concord Village 40 years ago--both
dealing
from (intercourse) as a trader & from (more)
familiar intercourse with them--than
any one else-- Our other neighbors
now living, or very recently dead--have either

---

277 Insertion line indicates that “to Indians” should precede “among others”
come to the town more recently than he—or have
lived more aloof from the mass of the inhabi-
tants.

Some have spoken slightingly of the Indian--
as a race possessing so little skill & wit--
so low in the scale of humanity & so brutish
that they hardly deserved to be remembered--using
only the terms--miserable--wretched--pitiful
& the like--in writing their histories of this country
they have so hastily disposed of this refuse
of humanity (as they might of called it) which
littered & defiled the shore & the interior. But
even the indigenous animals are inexhaustibly in-
teresting to us. How much more than the indigenous
man of America! If wild man--so much
more like ourselves than they are unlike--have
inhabited these shores before us--we wish to know par-
ticularly what manner of men they were--how they
lived here--their relation to nature--their arts
& their customs--their fancies & reflections--
They paddled over these waters--they wandered in these
woods--& they had their fancies & beliefs
connected with the sea & the forest--which con-
cern as quite as much as the fables of
oriental nations do. It frequently happens that
the historian though he professes more hu-
manity than the trapper--mt. man or gold digger
exhibits &
who shoots one as a wild beast reality "practices
a similar inhumanity to him--wielding a
1 pen instead of a rifle.
2 One tells you with more contempt than
3 pity that the Indian had no religion—holding
4 up both hands—and this to all the shallow
5 trained & bigoted seems to mean something im-
6 portant but it is commonly a distinction
7 without a difference—Pray how much more
8 religion has the historian. If Henry Ward
9 Beecher knows so much more about God
10 than another—if he has made some
11 discovery of truth in this direction, I would
12 thank him to publish it in Sillimans
13 Journal—with as few flourishes as possible
14 It is the spirit of humanity
15 --that which animates both so called
16 savages & civilized nations—working
17 through a man—not the man expressing
18 himself—That interests us most.—The
19 thought of a so called savage tribe is generally
20 far more just than that of a single
21 civilized man.
22 I perceive that we partially die ourselves
23 through sympathy at the death of each of
24 our friends or near relatives—Each such ex-
25 perience is an assault on our vital force—
26 It becomes a source of wonder that they who
27 have lost many friends still live.
28 After long watching around the sick bed
29 of a friend—we too partially give up
the ghost within--& are the less to be identified
with this state of things.

The writer must to some extent inspire
himself-- Most of his sentences may at
first be dead in his essay--but when all
are arranged--some life & color will
be reflected on them from the mature
& successful lines--they will appear to pul-
sate with fresh life & he will be enabled
to eke out their slumbering sense, &
make them worthy of their neighborhood--

In his first essay on a given theme, he
produces scarcely more than a frame & ground
work for his sentiment & poetry. Each clear
thought that he attains to draws in
its train many divided thoughts or per-
ceptions.

The writer has much to do even to create
a theme for himself-- Most that is first
written on any subject is a mere groping after
it--mere rubble stone & foundation. It is
only when many observations of different periods
have been brought together--that he
begins to grasp his subject--& can
make one pertinent & just observation.

Feb 5th

When we have experienced many disappoint-
ments--such as the loss of Friends, the
notes of birds cease to affect us as they did.
I see another butcher bird on the top of a young tree by the Pond.

Feb 7th

Evidently the distant woods are more blue in a warm & moist or misty day in winter--& is not this connected with the blue in snow in similar days?

Going along the Nut Meadow on Jimmy Miles road--when I see the sulphur lichens, on the rails--brightening with the moisture--I feel like studying them again as a relisher or tonic--to make life go down & digest well--as we use pepper & vinegar & salads-- They are a sort of winter greens which we gather & assimilate with our eyes. Thats the true use of the study of lichens-- I expect that the lichenist will have the keenest relish for Nature in her every day mood & dress. He will have the appetite of the worm that never dies--of the grub. To study lichens is to get a taste of earth--& health--to go gnawing the rails & rocks. This product of the bark is the essence of all times.

The lichenist extracts nutriment from the very crust of the earth A taste for this study is an evidence of titanic health--a sane earthiness--it makes not so much blood as soil of life-- It fits
a man to deal with the barrenest & rockiest
experience-- A little moisture--a fog or rain
or melted snow makes his wilderness to blossom
like the rose. As some strong animal appetites--
not satisfied with starch & muscle & fat--
are faint to eat that which eats--& digests
--the contents of the crop--& the stomach & entrails
themselves--so the lichenist loves the tripe of
the rock--that which eats & digests the
rocks. He eats the eater--Eat-all may be
his name, A lichenist feats more than starve--
His provender never fails-- What is the barrenest
waste to him--the barest rocks? A rail is
the sleekest & fattest of coursers for him--
he picks ^ the bones which have been picked
a generation since--for when their marrow
is gone they are clothed with new flesh for
him. What diet drink can be compared with
a tea or soup made of the very crust of the
earth? There is no such collyrium or salve
for sore eyes as these brightening lichens
in a moist day. Go & bathe & screen278 your
eyes with them in the softened light of the
woods.

Feb 11th Pm to Ball’s Hill
over ice. Among the common phenomena
of the ice--are those triangular points of thick
ice-- when it heaved up a couple of feet
where the ice has recently settled about

278 possibly “season”
a rock (drawing) the rock looks
somewhat like a dark fruit within
a gaping shell or burr--

Also, now, as often our freshet in
cold weather--the ice which had formed
around & frozen on the trees & bushes along
the shore--settling draws them down
to the ground or water--often breaking them
extensively. It reminds you of an alligator
or other evil genius of the river pulling
the trees & bushes which had come to drink into
the water. If a maple or alder is unfortunate
enough to slip its lower limbs into the freshet
dallying with it--their fate is sealed--
for the water freezing that night takes
fast hold on them like a vice--& when
the water runs out from beneath an irre-
sistable weight brings them down to the ground
& holds them there--Only the spring
sun will soften the heart of this relentless
monster when commonly it is too late--

How the ice far in the meadows thus settling
spreads the the clumps of willows &c on
every side! (drawing)

Nature works by (contraries). That which
in summer was most fluid & unresting is now
most solid & motionless-- If in the summer
you cast a twig into the stream it instantly
moves along with the current--& nothing re-
mained as it was--Now I see yonder a
long row of black twigs standing erect
in mid channel where 2 months ago
a fisherman sat there & fastened his lines to them.279
They stand there motionless as280 guide posts while
snow & ice are piled up about them--

Such is the cold skill of the artist. He carves
a statue out of a material which is fluid
as water to the ordinary workman. His sentiments
are a quarry which he works.

I see only the chain of marker posts passing
round a tree above the ice.

The S. side of Ball’s Hill--which is warm &
half bare is tracked up with partridges--& I start
Sun
several there. SO is it next ^ day--with the
hill shore E of F. H. Pond. These birds are sure to
be found now on such slopes where only the
ground & dry leaves are exposed.

The water lately went down & the ice settled on the
meadows--& now rain has come & cold again--
but this surface is alternate ice & snow--Looking
from the hill toward the sun--they are seen to be
handsomely watered all over--with alternate
waves of shining ice & white snow crust--
Literally “wattered” on the grandest scale this
palace floor--

Saturday Feb 12.

You may account for that oak by the Rock
having such a ballanced & regular outline--
by the fact that in an open place their
branches are equally drawn toward toward the
light on all sides. & not because of a
understanding
mutual consent through the trunk. For
there is Cheneys abele\textsuperscript{281} which stands just S. of
a large elm-- It grows wholly southward and
in form is just half a tree (drawing)-- So with the
tupelos under the hill shore E of F. H. Pond
like a bull’s horn
They terminate abruptly ^ having no upward leading
shoot--& bend off over the water--are singularly
one sided (drawing) In short trees appear
to grow regularly because the sky & diffu-
sion of light is commonly regular--

There is a peculiarly drooping elm at Geo.
Prescott’s great gate just N of his house--very
\textit{different} from the common or upright
stiff branched ones near by it--

Feb. 13th 1859

\textit{Pm} on ice to F. H. Pond.

Yesterday there was no skating--unless you
swept the snow from the ice--but today--though
there has been no rain nor thaw, there is
pretty good skating-- Yesterday the water
which had flowed, & was flowing, back over
the ice on each side of the river & the meadows
--1 rod or 2 in width--was merely skimmed
over--but last night it froze so that
there is good skating there-- Also the wind
will generally lay bare some portion of the
ice--unless the snow is very deep--

\textsuperscript{281} A white Poplar – OED.
This yellowish ice which froze yesterday &
last night is thickly & evenly strewn with
fibrous frost crystals very much like bits
of asbestos an inch or more long--sometimes
arranged like a star or rosette--one for
every inch or 2--but where I broke in yesterday
& apparently wherever the water over flowed the
thin ice late in the day there are none. I think
that this is the vapor from the water which
found its way up through the ice--& froze in
the night. It is sprinkled like some kind of
grain--& is in certain places much more
thickly strewn--as where a little snow shows
itself above the ice.

The old ice is covered with a dry powdery
about 1 inch deep toward the sun
snow--^ from which as I walk ^ this perfectly
clear bright p.m.--at 3 1/2 o clock--
the colors of the rain-bow are reflected
from a myriad fine facets--it is as if the
dust of diamonds & other precious stones
were spread all around-- The blue & red
predominate. Though I distinguish these
colors everywhere toward the sun, they are
so much more abundantly reflected to
me from 2 particular directions--that I
see 2 distant rays, or arms, so to call
them, of this rain-bow like dust--one on each
side of the sun--stretching away from me
& about half a dozen feet wide. The 2
arms including an angle of about 60
degrees-- When I look from the sun I
see merely dazzling white points-- I
can easily see some of these dazzling
grains 15 or 20 rods distant on any side
though the facet which reflects the light
cannot be more that a 10th or 12th of an
inch at most-- Yet I might easily--&
commonly do over-look all this.

Winter comes to make walking possible
where there was no walking in summer--
Not till winter do we take possession of
the whole of our territory.

I have 3 great highways raying out
from one center--which is near my door--
I may walk down the main river--or
up either of its two branches. Could any
avenues be contrived more convenient?
With this river--I am not compelled to walk in the tracks of horses
Never is there so much light in
the air as in one of these bright winter
afternoons, when all the earth is covered
with new fallen snow--& there is not a
cloud in the sky-- The sky is much the
darkest side--like the bluish lining of an
There seems nothing left to make night out of.
egg shell.^ With this white earth be--
neath & that spot skimmed milk sky
above him--man is but a black speck
enclosed in a white egg shell.

Sometimes in our prosaic moods, life
appears to us but a certain no’ more of days
like those which we have lived—to be cheered
not by more friends & friendship—but probably
fewer & less—As perchance we anticipate
the end of this day before it is done—close
the shutters—and with a cheerless resignation
commence the barren evening whose fruitless
end we clearly see—was despondingly think
that all of life that is left is only
this experience reflected a certain number
of times. And so it would be, if it were
not for the faculty of imagination.

I see under this ice an inch thick,
a large bubble with 3 cracks across it
yet they are so fine—though quite distinct
that they let no air up—and I release it with
my knife. An air bubble very soon makes
the ice look whitish above it—It is whitest
of all when it is fairly enclosed—with ice
beneath it. When by treading above\[282\] it I dis-
lodge a bubble under this ice which formed
only last night—I see that it leaves
the outline of its form behind—the ice
being a little thinner above it.

Here is the track of one who walked
here yesterday—The age of the track is
betrayed by a certain smoothness or shin-
iness—produced by the sun shining on the
raw & disturbed edges & melting them

\[282\]inserted
The fresh track is evidently made in
a dry powdery substance—that of
yesterday as if it were made in a slightly
glutinous matter—or which possessed
considerable tenacity

Then there is the wonderful stillness
of a winter day. The sources of sound as
of water are frozen up—scarcely a tinkling
rill of it is to be heard. When we listen,
we hear only that sound of the surf
of our internal sea—rising & melting
in our ears as in 2 sea shells. It is
the sabbath of the year—stillness
audible—or at most we hear the
ice belching & crackling as if struggling
for utterance

A transient acquaintance with any phenomenon
is not sufficient to make it completely the
subject of your muse. You must be so con-
versant with it as to remembre it & be
reminded of it long afterward while it
lies remotely fair & elysian in the horizon
approachable only by the imagination.

Feb. 14th

Pm on ice up Assabet—to RR.

The ice belt which I still see along
the steep bank of the Assabet—is now
some 3 weeks old—& though it was then
6 or 8 inches thick it is now only 2 or 3
or much less—in many places nearly
wasted away—and those once horizontal tables
are often fallen aslant like shields pierced
with many holes—That belt—at first
consisting of more or less blunt triangles
{drawing} projecting 4 or 5 feet
from the bank—was at first of course
perfectly horizontal & level—(I see where
dogs & foxes & rabbit have run along
on it for half a mile together). but now
such is the flexibility of the ice it is now
bent downward by its own weight—Thus
{drawing}—or if you stand in front of it it is
a waving or undulating line instead of
a level one—{drawing}

ie. on its edge. I see one table where the
ice is a little more than 1 inch thick which
is curved downward on the sides—18 inches
within a horizontal distance of 2 1/2 feet—
thus {drawing} there is nothing like a crack
at this bend. Some of the belt itself—where
3 inches thick has bent downward 18 inches
at 4 or 5 feet from the bank— I also see
on Sunset Interval a large cake a
rod square—a foot thick with more
than a foot of soil attached beneath—
which by its own weight resting high &
dry there has bent very considerably.

In one great cake there just like this
I see a fence post with 3 holes in it
standing upright--& perhaps the whole
of it has been brought away in the soil
beneath. It does not appear where it
came from.

Looking at the edge of one of these cakes
I notice some bubbles--seen edgewise
in the form of some buttons--or of an
inverted moorish dome-- {drawing} There
are they which when you look down
on them appear thus-- {drawing}

As I walk over thin ice--settling it down
I see great bubbles under--3 or 4 feet
wide go waddling or wobbling\textsuperscript{284} away--
like a scared lady impeded by her train.
I have but little doubt that the musquash
gets air from these bubbles which are probably
very conspicuous under the ice. They are
its reservoirs

Feb 15th
Pm up river to F. H. Pond
I thought by the peculiar moaning sound
of the wind about the dining room at
noon--that we should have a rain storm.
I heard only one blast though some
-crack, but no doubt that betrayed
-a pluviose\textsuperscript{285} breath.

I am surprised to find how much

\textsuperscript{284}possibly "wobbling"
\textsuperscript{285}possibly underlined
it has thawed in the street—though
there has been no rain—only a S. wind.
There is already water standing over an icy
foundation & the dirt of the street is more
obvious—-the snow having partly melted away from it.

We walk through almost invisible puddles on the river & meadows—in which we
see the trees &c reflected

I see some remarkable overflowed ice—
Here is one oval shield—of an oval form
some 20 feet long—very regularly & inter-
(drawing) estingly mottled with yellowish
or dead leaf color—the stain of
the mead—which by some law
has been regularly distributed
through the white—yet so
delicately shaded off—that it almost makes
you dizzy to look at it. It reminds me
of the beginning of a higher organization
--or bony structure in a moluscous fish--
The over flow must here have been from
the center where it burst up & flowed each
way. In the proper light I am surprised
to detect\textsuperscript{286}—very fine & \textit{perfectly regular}
curving rays within the ice—just like
the veins of some leave—only finer & more
regular—bilateral—perhaps a trace
of the water as it flowed—say like
the lines of a cowry shell—It is but

\textsuperscript{286}medial “t” not crossed
imperfectly suggested in the drawing.

Against the thickening air trees
are more & more distinct The apple
trees--so moist are blacker than ever--
A distant white white birch erect
on a hill--against the white misty
sky looks with its fine twigs
so distinct & black- {drawing} like a millipede
crawling up to heaven. The
white oak leaves against the
darker green of pines, now moist, are
far more reddish--

Against Bittern Cliff I feel the first drop
strike the right slope of my nose & run down
such is the origin--of rivers
the ravine there ^ Not till half a mile further
my doubting companion feels another
on his nose also-- & I get some in my eye & soon
after I see the countless dimples in the puddles on the ice--so measured & deliberate is
Nature always

Then the gentle spring-like rain begin
& we turn about.

The sound of it--pattering on the dry
oak leaves--where young oaks thickly
cover a hill side--is just like that
of wind stirring them--when first heard--
but is steady & monotonous & so betrayed--
We rejoice to be wetted-- & the very smell of
wet woolen clothes exhilarates us.

I forgot to say (the 14th) that there are
2 of those ice belts, a narrower & thinner one
about 10 inches below the first often con-

287Typed note stapled to MS copy: "Edmond's copy of Sanborn's 1906/Volume 17
(journal, 1858-59): p. 449. note at foot reads, 'This walk Feb'y 15, / was taken
with Channing'"
nected with it by icicles at the edge--Thus each rise was recorded--

Feb 16th

Pm From the entrance of the mill road--I look back through the sun, this soft Pm to some white pine tops near Jenny Dugan’s Their flattish boughs rest stratum above green stratum like a cloud--a ^ mackerel sky--hardly reminding me of the concealed earth so far beneath--they are like a flakey crust to the earth--a more ethereal terebinthine evergreen earth--It occurs to me that my eyes rest on them with the same pleasure as do those of the hen hawk which has been nestled in them--

My eyes nibble the piney sierra which makes the horizon’s edge—as a hungry man nibbles a cracker.

The hen hawk & pine are friends. The same thing which keeps the hen hawk in the woods --away from the cities--keeps me here. That bird settles with confidence on a white pine top--& not upon your weather-cock-- That bird will not be poultry of yours--lays no eggs for you--forever hides its nest-- Though willed--or wild, it is not wilfull in its wilderness. The unsympathizing man regards\textsuperscript{288} the wildness of some animals--their strangeness to him as

\textsuperscript{288}“regards” altered from “regardness” [sic]
a sin-- As if all their virtue consisted
in their tameableness. He has always
a charge in his gun ready for their
extermination-- What we call wildness
is a civilization other than our own--
The hen hawk shuns the farmer but it seeks
the friendly shelter & support of the pine--
It will not consent to walk in the barnyard
but it loves to soar above the clouds--
It has its own way & is beautiful, when
we would fain subject it to our will. So
any surpassing work of art is strange &
wild to the mass of men--as is genius
itself-- No hawk that soars & steals our
poultry is wilder than genius--& none
is more persecuted or above persecution.
It can never be poet laureate--to
say pretty poll--& polly-want a cracker--

Feb 20th 59--

Have just read "Counterparts or
the Cross of Love" by the author of "Charles
Auchester"--

It is very interesting--its illustration of
Love & Friendship--as showing how
much we can know of each other
through sympathy merely--without
any of the ordinary information.

You know about a person who deeply

289possibly "piety"
290Elizabeth Sara Sheppard
(1830–62)
interests you more than you can be told-- A look, a gesture, an act--
which to every body else is insignificant tells you more about that one than words can. (How language is always found to serve best the highest moods--& expression of the highest truths!)
If he wanted to conceal something from you--it would be apparent.

It is as if a bird told you-- Something of moment occurs-- Your friend designs that it shall be a secret to you-- Vain wish!-- You will know it & his design. He says consciously nothing about it-- Yet as he is necessarily affected by it--its effect is visible to you-- From this effect you infer the cause-- Have you not already anticipated a thousand possible accidents?-- can you be surprised? You unconsciously through sympathy make the right supposition-- No other will account for precisely this behavior. You are disingenuous & yet your knowledge exceeds the woodcraft of the cunningest hunter-- It is as if you had a set a trap--knowing the haunts of your game--what lures attract it --its track--&c You have foreseen how it will behave when it is caught & now you only behold what you anticipated.
sometimes from the altered manner
of our friend—which no cloak can
possibly conceal—we know that
something has happened—and what it
was—all the essential particulars,
though it would be a long story to tell—
though it may involve the agency of 4
or 5 persons—who never breathed it
to you—yet you are sure as if you
had detected all their tracks in the wood.

You are the more sure because in the
case of love effects follow their causes
more inevitably than usual—this being a
controlling power—

Why a friend tells all with a look—a tone
--a gesture—a presence—a friendliness.
He is present when absent—

In the composition it is the
greatest art to find out as quickly
as possible which are the best passages
you have written—and tear the rest away
to carve at them. Even the poorest
parts will be most effective when
they serve these—as pediments to the
column.

How much the writer lives & endures
in coming before the public so often--

few years or books are with him equal
to a long life of experience--suffering &c
It is well if he does not become hardened.
He learns how to hear contempt--& to despise
himself-- He makes, as it were, post mortem
examinations of himself before he is dead.

Such is art.

Pm The rain ceases--& it clears up
at 5 Pm-- It is a warm W wind-- &
a remarkably soft sky--like plush--perhaps
a lingering moisture there-- What a reve-
tion the blue & the bright tints--in the
west again after the storm & darkness! It
is the opening of the windows of heaven after
the flood!

%Picking Geese%

Feb. 22nd Go to Worcester to Lecture in a parlor--

Feb 23rd--
Pm walk to Quinsigamond Pond--
where was good skating yesterday--but this
very pleasant & warm day it is suddenly quite
too soft. I was just saying to Blake that
I should look for hard ice in the shade
or N side
^ of some hill & wooded hill--close to the
shore--though skating was out of the
question elsewhere--when looking up
I saw a gentleman & lady very gracefully
Now the sun has got so high--& hot-- that we have to take off our thick coats when we walk--perhaps-- The ice is softened so that the skaters' sport is spoiled-- your heels sink into it slightly as you walk--& so you get along more easily. The fisherman must better himself, if he would catch any more fish through the ice. It begins to melt about the edges of some ponds-- The sunny sides--so that the woodman must be quick to team his wood across there.

What evidence is there of spring? This light & warm sun--which compels us to throw our outside coats open wide--or take them off --even to seek the shade for coolness-- -- This rapidly melting snow & these sparkling currents by the roadside-- this softened ice-- but above all the warble of a single blue-bird that came to us out of the softened air.

If I am going a journey I am ready in such good season--that often the last hour before I start, not having been devoted to any particular occupation, but simply vacated by my ordinary occupation, becomes a season of singular leisure, & I find that I then do various jobs which had been in-
(difinitely) postponed long before--
you can attend to things then which you
have no leisure for on ordinary days—wholly
out of your ordinary routine.
gyrating & as it were curtesying to each
other in a small bay under such
a hill on the opposite shore of the
pond-- Intervening bushes & shore concealed
the ice-- so that their swift & graceful
motions--their bodies inclined at various
angles as they gyrated forward &
backward about a small space--
looking as if they would hit each other--
{reminde} me of the circling of 2 winged
crickets in the air--or hawks receding &
approaching.

I first hear & then see 8 or 10 blue
//birds going over-- Perhaps they have not
boy.
One ^ tells me that he saw a blue-bird
reached Concord yet. in Concord on Sunday the 20th V Mar 9th.
Ac. to newspapers they were seen 23 Feb. also in Connecticut. & Mar 3d in West Roxbury.
I see, just caught in the pond--, a brook
pickerel--which though it has no
transverse bars, but a much finer &
slighter reticulation than the common--
is very distinct from it in the length &
form of the snout. This is much shorter
& broader as you look down on it-- Thus
{drawing}\292 In Bell\293 Pond--(once Bladder Pond)
on the same road near to Worcester-- They were
catching little shiners only at most 2 inches
long for perch bait--(The perch & pickerel
they commonly catch at Quinsigamond are
smaller) They cut a round hole about

\(292\) caption above drawing reads “brook.” “common--”
\(293\) “Bell” altered from “bell”
3 feet in diameter & let down a simple
net of this form [drawing] with only a stone
to sink it in the bottom--then cast
Indian meal or bits of cracker
into the water & the minnows swim[294]
forward after the bait & the fisherman without
seeing them pulls up the net at a venture--

Feb 25th

Heard Staples--Tuttle--E. wood--N. Barret
& others this morning at the P. O. talking
about the profit of milk farming. The
general conclusion seemed to be that
it was less profitable than it was 3 years
ago. Yet Staples thought he could name
half a dozen who had done well-- He
named one-- He thought he could name
8 or 10 who had paid off the mortgages
on their farms by this means within a few
years-- Tuttle said he would give him
a good supper if he would name 3.
Staples named only the one referred to
above-- David Buttrick-- but he added
There is
---looking at Tuttle--"you--" yourself--
You know you came to town with nothing
in your pocket but an old razor,
a few pennies & a damned dull jack-
knife-- & now you are richer than David
Buttrick"-- Well answered N Tuttle

[294]followed by cancelled "(−)"
I shouldn’t have been if I had not used
the razor so much."

When it snowed yesterday very large
flakes—an inch in diameter—aunt said—
"They are picking geese"—This, it seems is an
old saying—

Measure your health by your sympathy
with morning & spring. If there is no response
in you to the awakening of nature—If the
prospect of an early morning walk—does not
banish sleep—if the warble of the first
blue-bird does not thrill you—Know that
the morning & spring of your life are past.

Thus may you feel your pulse.

//I heard this morning a nuthatch on the
elm in the street—I think that they are
heard oftener & again at the approach of
spring—just as the phebe note of the chica-
dee is—& so their gnah gnah is a
herald of the spring.

// Joe Smith says that he saw black birds
//this morning— I hear that robins were
seen a week or more ago—So the birds
are quite early this year.

Pm up river on ice—

I see a handful of the scarlet R carolina
hips in the catch of a willow on some
mud—a foot or more above the ice—
they are partly eaten--& I think were placed
there by musquash-- The rose bud with a
few hips on it still stands in the ice within
a few feet-- Goodwin says he has
seen their tracks 8 or 10 rods long to an
apple tree near the water where they
have been for apples.

Along edge of Staples' Meadow sprout-
land-- the young maples some 3 years
old are strippped down i.e. the lower branches
for a foot or 2 by the ice falling-- This
barks & wounds the young trees severely.

The ice over the middle of the river
is now alternately dark & whitish--
I see the river beginning to show dark through
the thinnest parts in broad crescents
convex up stream--single or connected--

{drawing}

A good book is not made in
the cheap & off hand manner of many of
our Scientific Reports--ushered in by the message
of the Presi'ent communicating it to Congress--
& the order of Congress that so many thousand
copies be printed, with the letters of instruction
for the Secretary of the Interior (or rather
exterior)-- the bulk of the book being a
journal of a picnic or sporting expedition--
by a brevet Lieutenant Colonel--illustrated
by photographs of the travellers footsteps
across the plains & an admirable
engraving of his native village as it
appeared on leaving it-- & followed by
an appendix on the Palaeontology of
the route by a distinguished savant who
was not there--the last illustrated by
very finely executed engravings of some
broken
old shells picked up on the road.

There are several men of whose comings
& goings the town knows little-- I mean
the trappers. They may be seen coming from
the woods & river, perhaps with nothing
in their hands,--& you do not suspect
what they have been about. They go
about their business in a stealthy manner
for fear that any shall see where they
set their traps--for the fur-trade still
flourishes here. Every year they visit the
out-of-the-way swamps & meadows & brooks
to set or examine their traps for musquash
& mink--& the owners of the land com-
monly know nothing of it. But few
as the trappers are here--it seems
by Goodwin’s accounts that they steal
one another’s traps.
All the criticism which I got on my lecture on Autumnal Tints at Worcester on the 22nd was that I assumed that my audience had not seen so much of them as they had. But after reading it I am more than ever convinced that they have not seen much of them--that there are very few persons who do see much of nature.

Feb. 27th 59

Pm to Cliffs-- though it was a dry powdery snow storm yesterday--the snow is now so high that the snow is soft & sticky this pm. The sky too is soft to look at & the air to feel on my cheek.

Health makes the poet--or sympathy with nature--a good appetite for his food which is constantly renewing him--whetting his senses. Pay for your victuals then with poetry--give back life for life--

Mar 1st 1859

Feb 28th

To Cambridge & Boston--

Saw a mackerel in the market-- The upper half of its sides is mottled blue & white like the mackerel sky--

{drawing} as stated Jan 19th 58--
Wednesday Mar 2d ’59

Pm to Cassandra Fonds & down river--

It is a remarkably cold day for March-- And the river &c are frozen as solidly as in the winter & there is no water to be seen upon the ice as usually in a winter day--ap. because it has chiefly run out from beneath on the meadows & left the ice-- For often as you walk over the meadows it sounds hollow under your tread.

I see in the Deep Cut on the left hand or E side just beyond the clay--a ravine lately begun, in a slightly different manner from the clam shell one. The water running down the steep sand bank--(which is some 30 or 35 feet high)--it being collected from the field above--had worn a channel from 4 to 6 inches wide--gradually through the frozen crust of the sand which was 1 to 2 feet thick, & reaching the loose unfrozen sand beneath had washed it downward, & out through the narrow channel lower down--until quite a cavern was formed whose bottom was 8 or 10 feet below the surface while it was 5 or 6
feet wide--But within a few days
--the crust thawing had fallen in--
& so the cavern with its narrow "crack"
or sky light was turned into an open
ravine--& there is no telling where the
mischief will end.

The willow catkins by the RR. where
you first come in sight of the house
now all (on one or 2 bushes) crept out
about 1/8 of an inch--giving to the bushes
already a very pretty appearance when
you stand on the sunny side--the
silvery white specks contrasting with the
black scales-- Seen along the twigs
they are somewhite like small pearl buttons
on a waistcoat--

Go & measure to\textsuperscript{296} what length the
silvery willow catkins have crept out
beyond their scales--if you could know
what time o' the year it is by nature's
clock.

As I go through the Cassandra ponds I
look round as the young oak woods still
clad with rustling leaves as in winter
with a feeling as if they it were their last
rustle before the spring--but then I
reflect how far away still is the time when
the new buds swelling will cause these
leaves to fall.

\textsuperscript{296} "to" altered from "the"
we thus commonly antedate the spring
more than any other season—for we
look forward to it with more longing.

We talk about spring as at hand
before the end of February—and yet
1/6 part of the whole year
it will be 2 good months ^ before we
can go a may-ing—There may be
a whole month of solid & uninterrupted
winter yet—plenty of ice & good sleighing
--We may not ever see the bare ground—
& hardly the water—& yet we sit down &
warm our spirits unusually with this
distant prospect of spring—As if a
man were to warm his hands by stretching
them toward the rising sun & rubbing them.
We listen to the February Cock-crowing &
turkey gobbling as to a first course—(or
prelude) The blue bird, which some
wood chopper or inspired walker is said
to have seen in that sunny interval between
the snow-storms, is like a speck of clear
blue sky seen near the end of a storm
reminding us of an ethereal region & a heaven
which we had forgotten. Princes &
magistrates—are often styled serene—-but
what is their turbid serenity—to that
etherial serenity which the blue-bird embodies?
His most serene Birdship! His soft warble melts in the ear, as the snow is melting in the valleys--around--
The blue-bird comes & with his warble drills the ice--& sets free the rivers & ponds & frozen ground. As the sand flows down the slopes a little way assuming the forms of foliage when the frost comes out of the ground so this little rill of melody flows a short way down the concourse of the sky.

The sharp whistle of the black-bird too is heard like single sparks or a shower of them shot up from the swamp & seen against the dark winter in the rear.

Under the alders at Well Meadow-- I see a few skunk cabbage spathes-- fairly open on the side--& these may bloom after a day or 2 of pleasant weather. But for the most part here & generally elsewhere--the spathes are quite small slender & closed as yet--or frost bitten

The caltha leaves have grown decidedly they make nearly a handful in one place above the surface of the springy water-- the leaves not yet quite flattened out--but curled up into a narrow ellipse-- They barely peep above the water. Also what I take to be a kind of cress in quite fresh looking

---

297 "Birdship" altered from "birdship"
as if it had grown a little there.

The chrysosplenium may have looked as
it does even under the snow—or all winter (?)
It already (at any rate) makes pretty (dirty) green
beds—about level with the surface of the
water. These plants (i.e. first ones) are
earlier than any pads—for the brooks &
//ditches even—are generally frozen over still--
firmly.

Mar 3d

Going to Acton this morning, I saw
some sparrows on the wall, which I
//think must have been the F. hiemalis (?)

Pm up river to Nut. meadow Brook
It is nearly as cold as yesterday—The piers
of the bridge by the RR bridge—are adorned
with very handsome salver or waiter shaped
ice 3 or 4 feet in diameter (bottom up
crenate
ward) The ^ edges all around being adorned
with bell-shaped pendants (produced by the
melting? or perchance the water dashed against
them.) (drawing)
Going by the solidago oak at Clam shell
hill-bank—I heard a faint rippling note
//& looking up saw about 15 white snow
buntings sitting in the top of the oak all
& quite white seen against the white
cloudy sky-- They did not look like birds--but
the ghosts of birds--& their boldness, allowing
me to come quite near enhanced this im-
pression. There were almost as white
as snow-balls, & from time I heard a low
soft rippling note from them. I could see no
plump features--but only the general outline of ^
birds in white. It was a very spectral sight
--& after I had watched them for several
minutes-- I can hardly say that I was
prepared to see them fly away like ordinary buntings
when I advanced farther. At first they
//
I see in that ditch (call it Grassy Ditch)
//
// near John Hosmers 2d spring S. of Nut Meadow
Brook--much grass which has lately grown
an inch or more & lies flat on the water--
//
// It is somewhat frost bitten too.
//
Is it the Glyceria fluitans? It fills the ditch
like moss--as seen at a little distance. It must
be a very springy ditch to be thus open entirely.

Also pretty near the spring I see a tuft of
carex (?) whose stiff glaucous points have
risen several inches above the surface

//
See 2 small water bugs at the spring--
//
more elsewhere

298"G" written over "g"
We recross the river at Grindstone Meadow
but prob. cannot tomorrow or next day there--
(we tread on the white parts)
The ice is spotted with dark crescents & it is
puffed up along the middle being at
least 6 inches high in the middle where
we cross--

All the lower part of steep southern slopes of hills
is now commonly bare--(though the snow may
be pretty deep on the brow) especially the
springy bases where the skunk cabbage
&c grow

How imperceptibly the first springing takes
place--! In some still muddy springs whose
temperature is more equable than that of
the brooks--while brooks & ditches generally
are thickly frozen & concealed--and the
earth is covered with snow--& it is even
cold hard & nipping winter weather.
Some pine grass which fills the water
like a moss begins to lift its tiny spears or
blades above the surface which directly fall
flat for half an inch or an inch along the
surface--and on them (though many are
frost bitten) you may measure the length
to which the spring has advanced (has sprung)
very few indeed--even of botanists are
aware of this growth. Some of it appears
to go on even under ice & snow--

Or in such a place as I have described--
if it is also sheltered by alders, or the like,

...a little green

crescent of Caltha leaves (drawing) raised an

inch or so above the water, with leaves but

partially unrolled--& looking as if it

would withdraw beneath the surface again

at night. This I think must be the most

conspicuous & forward greenness (of the spring).

The small reddish radical leaves of the
dock too are observed flat on the moist

ground as soon as the snow has melted there--as

if they had grown beneath it.

The mossy bank along the S side of Hosmer's

2d spring ditch--is very interesting. There are

many coarse hair-like masses of that green

& brown moss on its edge hanging over the ditch

(drawing) alternating with withered looking

cream colored sphagnum tinged with some

color--in protuberances or mammae a foot

across on the perpendicular side of the
ditch. Cast water on their cheeks & they

become much more reddish--yet hardly

so interesting. This is while the top of the

bank & all the hill side above is covered

deep with snow-- The pretty fingers of

the lycopodium clavatum peeping out

here & there amid the snow & hanging down

the ditch side--contrasting with the snow--

are very interesting.
Channing tells me he has met with a sassafras tree in New Bedford woods, which according to a string which he put round it--is 11 3/4 feet in circumference at about 3 feet from the ground. They consider them very good for rails there-- they are so light & durable.

Talk about reading--a good reader--! It depends on how he is heard-- There may be elocution & pronunciation (recitation say) to satiety but there can be no good reading unless there is good hearing also. It takes two at least for this game as for love--& they must cooperate. The lecturer will read best those parts of his lecture which are best heard-- Some times it is true, the faith & spirits of the reader run a little ahead & draw after the good hearing--& at other times the good hearing runs ahead to draw on the good reading-- The reader & the hearer are a team not harnessed tandem the poor wheel horse supporting the burden of the shafts but side by side--while the leader runs pretty much at will--while the lecture lies passive in the painted curricle behind--I saw some men unloading molasses hogsheds from a truck ^ the other day rolling them up

302 "!" written over dash
303 "but side by side" circled with an arrow for insertion preceding "the poor"
an inclined plane—one stood The truckman
stood behind & shoved—after putting a couple
of ropes one around each end of the {hoghshead}, while
while 2 men standing in the depot steadily
pulled at the ropes—the first man was
the audience the last was the audience—

It is the duty of the lecturer to team his hoghshead
of sweets to the depot or Lyceum—place the
horse—arrange the ropes—& shove—& it is the
duty of the audience to take hold of the ropes &
pull with all their might—The

lecturer who tries to read his essay—without
being abetted by a good hearing—is in the
predicament of a trucker who is engaged
in the syzyphian labor of rolling a molasses
hogshhead up an inclined plane alone—while
the freight master & his men stand indifferent
with their hands in their pockets— I have seen
many such a hogshead which had rolled
off the horse & gone to mash with
all the sweets wasted on the ground between
the truckman & the freight-house—& then
freight-masters thought that the loss was
not theirs.

Read well!—\textsuperscript{304} did you ever know a full
well that did not yield of its refreshing
waters to those who put their hands to
the windless or the well sweep?— Did you

\textsuperscript{304}“!” written over dash
ever suck cider through a straw? Did
you ever know the cider to push out of the
straw when you were not sucking--unless
it chanced to be in a complete ferment?

A lecture is like a barrel half full
of some palateable liquor--you may tap
it at various levels--in the sweet liquor--
or in the froth--or in fixed air above--
An audience will draw out of a lecture
or enable a lecturer to read only such
parts of his lecture as they like--

If it is pronounced good, it is partly to the
credit of the hearers--if bad it is partly
their fault.

Some times a lazy audience refuses to cooperate
& pull on the ropes with a will--simply
because the hoghshead is full & therefore
heavy--when it were empty--or
had only a little sugar adhering to it--
they would whisk it up the slope in a
jiffy.

The lecturer therefore desires of his audience
a long pull a strong pull & all pull
together-- I have seen a sturdy (truckman)
or lecturer who had nearly broken his back
with shoving his lecture up such an inclined
while the audience was laughing at him
plane ^ at length, as with a last effort--
set it a-rolling in amid the audience
& upon their toes--scattering them like
sheep & making them cry out with pain--
while he drove proudly away.

Rarely it is a very heavy freight of such
hogsheads stored in a vessel's hold, that
is to be lifted out & deposited on the public
wharf--& this is accomplished only after many
a hearty pull all together & a good deal of
heave-yeoing.

Mar 4th

Began to snow last evening & it is now
(early in the morning) about a foot deep--
and raining--

Pm to E. Hosmer Spring

Down turnpike & back by E. Hub's Close--

We stood still a few moments on
the turnpike below Wright's (the turnpike
which had no wheel track beyond Tuttle's--
& no track at all beyond Wrights) & listened
to hear a spring bird-- we heard only the jay
screaming in the distance & the cawing of
a crow-- What a perfectly N.E. sound is
this voice of the crow! If you stand
perfectly still anywhere in the outskirts of
the town & listen--stilling the almost incessant
hum of your own personal factory-- This
is perhaps the sound which you will be
most sure to hear. --rising above all
sounds of human industry & leading your
thoughts to some far bay in the woods

305 Note stapled to MS copy: "Sanborn's 1906, vol. 18: p. 11 par. 2: walk taken on
March 4 is glossed as 'with Channing.'"
where the crow is venting his disgust.

This bird sees the white man come & the
Indian withdraw—but it withdraws not.
Its untamed voice is still heard above the
tinkling of the forge. It sees a race
pass a-way—but it passes not away—It
remains to remind us of aboriginal nature.

I find near Hosmer Spring—in the wettest
ground—which has melted the snow as it fell
flat
little ^ beds of light green moss--soft
as velvet—which have recently pushed up
& lie just above the surface of the water.
They are scattered about in the old decayed
//trough—(& there are still more & larger
up Brister’s Spring) They are like little
rugs or mats & are very obviously of fresh
growth—such a green as has not been
dulled by winter—a very fresh & living perhaps
slightly glaucous green. The myosotis &
bitter cress are hardly clean & fresh enough
but the last is at well meadow v 6 ps forward
for a new growth ^ -- The radical leaves
of the ranunculus repens are conspicuous
but the worse for the wear—but the
golden saxifrage has in one or 2 places
//decidedly & conspicuously grown, like the
cowslip of well meadow & still more--rising
in dense buds 1/2 to 3/4 of an inch above the
water-- The leaves , like those of the cowslip
only partly uncurled & flatted out-- This dis-
inguishes the fresh springing leaves of these 2.
Prob. there is more of the chrysosplenium thus advanced
in C. than of the caltha ^ -- I see more of the last
here--

The surface of the snow thus rapidly melting
& sinking (there are commonly some inches of
water under it--the rain having soaked through)
though still very fresh & pure white is all
cracked as it were like that of some old
toadstools. It has sunk so much that every
inequity in the surface of the road be-
neath is more distinctly shewn then when
bare--the ruts of old wood paths are repre-

sentd ^ a foot above--& the track of the man & of
the dog that ran by the side of the team
(in the old snow) the thread in short, of every valley.

The surface of the snow though so recent is
therefore--on account of the rain--very diversified
--on steep slopes it is very regularly furrowed
--ap by water that has flowed down it--
{drawing} In the brook in Hub's close
I see the grass pushing up
from the bottom 4 or 5 inches long & waving
in the current--which has not yet reached
the surface--

C. thinks this is called a sap snow--because
it comes after the sap begins to flow.306

306Note stapled to MS copy: "C. thinks...Sanborn's 1906, vol. 18: p. 13 par. 3;
glossed with the note, 'Channing's notebook says, "World alive. I note that Henry
said, "That perhaps the earth was God with his coat on."'"
The story goes that at the social club the other night Cyrus Stow hearing that the lecture before the Lyceum by Alger was to be on "The Sophistry of Ennui" & not knowing what that was, asked in good faith if it went by wind or water.

Mar 5th 1859

Going down town this Am I heard a white- bellied nut hatch on an elm ^ uttering peculiar notes & more like a song that I remember to have heard from it. There was a chickadee close by to which it may have been addressed. It was something like "to-what what what what" rapidly repeated, & not the normal "gnah gnah"-- And this instant it occurs to me that this may be that earliest spring note which I hear--& have referred This is before I have chanced to see a blue-bird black bird or robin in Concord this year to a wood-pecker! It is the spring note of the nut hatch. It paused in its progress about the trunk or branch--& uttered this lively but peculiarly inarticulate song--an awkward attempt to warble almost in the face of the chickadee--as if it were one of its kind-- It was thus giving vent to the spring with it. If I am not mistaken, it is what I have heard in former springs or winters ^ long ago--fabulously early in the season or

307 period altered from dash
when we have had but just begun to anticipate the spring—(for it would seem that we in our anticipations & sympathies include in succession the moods & expressions of all creatures) When only the snow had begun to melt & no rill of song had broken loose— a note so dry & fettered still—so inarticulate & half thawed out—that you might (and would commonly) mistake for the tapping of a wood pecker. As if the young nuthatch in its hole had listened only to the tapping of wood peckers & learned that music—& now when it would sing—& give vent to its spring (extacy) & I can modulate only some notes like that—that is its theme still, That is its ruling idea of song & music. only a little clangor & liquidity added to the tapping of the woodpecker. It was the handle by which my thoughts took firmly hold on spring. This herald of spring is commonly unseen, it sits so close to the bark.

Pm up river\textsuperscript{308} to Well meadow—
The snow melts & sinks very rapidly— This spring snow is peculiarly white & blinding. The inequalities of the surface are peculiar & interesting when it has sunk that rapidly. I see crows walking about on the ice half covered with snow in the middle of the meadows where there is no grass—ap. to pick up the

\textsuperscript{308} Note stapled to MS copy: “Sanborn’s 1906, vol. 18: p. 15 par. 2: “up the [sic] river” is glossed ‘with Channing.’ ”
worms & other insects left there since the mid winter freshet

// We see one or 2 little gnats or mosqui-toes in the air.

// See a large light colored hawk circling
I have no glass
a long time over F. H. Hill & another--
prob its mate starts away for Holden
wood & circles toward it. The last being
nearest. I distinguished that its wings
were black tipt. What can they be?

I think that I have seen the same in pre-
vious springs. They are too light colored for
henhawks--& for a pair of marsh hawks--
being apparently alike. Then the fish-hawk
is said by the books not to get here nearly
so early--& beside they would not circle
about so much over the hill. The gos-
hawk which I next think of--has no black
red shouldered h. or may it not be the
winter hawk of Wilson--for
? tip to wings that I can learn ^ he says its primaries
are black at the tips ? & that is lighter
than the red-shouldered--of same species

At the same time I see a crow going north
or NE high over F. H. Hill--& 2 or 3 minutes after 2 more

//& so many more at intervals of a few moments.

This is ap their spring movement-- Turkeys

//gobble in some distant farm yard at the
same time. At length the sun is seen
to have come out & to be shining on the
oak leaves on the S side of Bear Garden
hill--& its light appears to be exactly limited
to them
I saw on the ice quite alive some of
black
those ^ water beetles {drawing} which ap had been
left above by a rise of the river--were they
a gyrinus?

When I was last at well meadow I saw
where ap. a dozen hounds had all crossed
the brook at exactly one point leaving a great
trail in the slosh above the ice--though there
was but one track of a man. It reminded me
of a buffaloe trail. Every half mile as you
go up the river you come to the tracks of one
or 2 dogs which have recently crossed it without
any man.

Those skunk cabbage buds which are most
advanced--have cast off their outmost & often
frost bitten sheathes--& the spathe is broader
& slightly opened--{(some 3/4 inch or more already)
& has acquired brighter & more variegated
colors. The outside of the spathe shows
some ripeness in its colors & markings like
a melon rind before the spadix begins
to bloom. I find that many of the most for-
ward spathes &c--have been destroyed since I was
here 3 days ago. Some animal has nibbled away
a part of the spathes (or sometimes only a hole in it)
& I see the fragments scattered about) &
then eaten out the whole of the spadix. Indeed but
few forward ones are left. Is this a mouse
--or musquash--or a bird? The spadix is evidently
a favorite tit-bit to some creature--

That more entire-leaved plant amid the
early skunk cabbage which I called a
cress on the 3d--has the bitter taste of cress.
The common cress has in one place grown
//considerably & is fresh & clean & very good
to eat. I wonder that I do not see where
some creatures have eaten it--

The sweet gale bush seen in a mass at
a little distance is dark considerably darker
than the alders above it-- This will do for
the sweet-gale maze in November.

The cowlip there is very prominently flower-
budded--lifting its yellow flower buds above water--
in one place. The leaves are quite inconspicuous
when they first come up bein rolled up tightly
{drawing}

Sunday Mar. 6th

Pm to Yellow Birch Swamp--

We go through the swamp near
Bee tree or Oak ridge listening for black
birds or robins & in the old orchards for
blue birds-- Found between 2 of the
little birches in the path (where they grow
densely) in Indigo-bird sproutland a small
nest suspended between 1 & 2 feet above
the ground between 2 of the little birches

Note stapled to MS copy: "Sanborn's 1906, vol. 18: p. 17 par. 4, note: 'Henry
says, "If we get low enough down for duty, we shall be in chains" Channing'
This is where I have seen the indigo bird in summer & the nest ap. answers to Wilson’s ac. of that birds--being fastened with saliva to the birch on east side--W says it is “built in a low bush xx suspended between 2 twigs, one passing up each side;”-- This is about the diameter of a hair birds nest within composed chiefly of fine bark shreds looking like grass & one or 2 strips of grape vine bark & very securely fastened to the birch on each side by a whitish silk or cobweb & saliva-- It is thin the lining being probably gone. This is about the diameter of a hair birds nest within composed chiefly of fine bark shreds looking like grass & one or 2 strips of grape vine bark & very securely fastened to the birch on each side by a whitish silk or cobweb & saliva-- It is thin the lining being probably gone. There is a very picturesque large black oak on the bee-tree ridge of this form {drawing}
The genista--is not evergreen having turned brown--though it is still quite leafy--I could not find a single green shoot. It is correctly represented in Loudon’s Arboretum in ’44 as “a deciduous un- der-shrub”-- Yet in his “Encyclopedia” in 55 it is represented as “an evergreen shrub.” Measured a thorn which at 6 inches from the ground--or the smallest place below the branches--for it branches soon--was 2 feet 3 inches
in circumference. Cut off a barberry
on which I counted some 26 rings—the
broadest diameter being about 3 1/2 inches—
Both these were on the west side the Yellow
birch Swamp.

The slender black birches with their
catkined twigs gracefully drooping on
all sides are very pretty—Like the alders
they with their reddish catkins they express
more life than most trees. Most trees
look completely at rest if not dead now—
but these look as if the sap must be
already flowing in them—(311’s in winter as well)

In woodland roads—you see where
the trees which were bent down by ice &
obstructed the way were cut down the past
winter—their tops lie on one side.

Mar 7th 6 1/2 Am to Hill
I come out to hear a spring bird—the ground
generally covered with snow yet & the channel
of the river only partly open—On the hill
I hear first the tapping of a small woodpecker.
I then see a bird alight on the dead
top of the highest white oak on the hill
top—on the topmost point. It is a
//shrike— While I am watching him
//8 or 10 rods off—I hear robins

311: open paren written over dash
down below W of the hill-- Then to my surprise
the shrike begins to sing. It is at first a
wholly ineffectual & inarticulate sound--
without any solid tone to it--a mere hoarse
breathing as if he were clearing his throat--
a shrill hissing
unlike any bird that I know ^ --Then he uttered
a very decided mewing
a kind of mew ^ clear & wiry between that
note of the
of a catbird & the ^ nut-hatch-- As
lure a nut-hatch within his reach-- Then rose
sharpest
or tremulous
with the ^ shrillest vibratory ^ whistling or chir-
ruping on the very highest key-- This high gurg-
ing jingle was much like some of the notes of
a robin ^ in summer-- But they were very short spurts
in all these directions--though there was all this
variety. Unless you saw the shrike--it
would be hard to tell what bird it was.

This variety of notes covered considerable time
but were sparingly uttered with intervals.
It was a decided chinking sound the clearest
strain--suggesting much ice in the stream.

I heard this bird sing once before--but that
was also in early spring--or about this time-- It is
said that they imitate the notes of other birds in
order to attract them within its reach-- Why then
have I never heard them sing in the winter? (I have
seen 7 or 8 of them the past winter quite near)
The birds which it imitated--if it imitated
any this morning--were the cat-bird & the
robin--neither of which probably would it

312"As" written over { }
catch--& the first is not here to be caught.

Hearing a peep I looked up & saw 3 or 4 birds passing rather--which suddenly descended & settled on this oak top-- They were robins--but the shrike instantly hid himself behind a bough--& in half a minute flew off to a walnut & alighted as usual on its very topmost twig--apparently afraid of its visitors. The robins kept their ground--one alighting on the ♠ very point which the shrike vacated. Is not this then probably the spring-note or pairing note or notes of the shrike--?

The first note which I heard from the robins far under the hill--was "sweet sweet--suggesting a certain haste & alarm. & then a rich hollow somewhat plaintive peep or peep-eeep-eeep as when in distress with young just flown. When you first see them alighted they have a haggard--an anxious & humid look.

I hear several jays this morning.

I think that many of the nuts which we find in the crevices of bark--firmly wedged in--may have been placed there by jays chica-dees &c to be held fast while they crack them with their bills.113

A lady tells me that she saw

113 Note stapled to MS copy: "Sanborn’s 1906, vol. 18: p. 20 at foot: ‘H says there is nothing but the seasons’ C.’
last cattle show day -- putting
up a specimen of hair-work in a
frame (by his niece) in the exhibition
hall-- I think it represented flowers--
& underneath was written "this
Hare was taken from 8 different heads."

She made some sort of exclamation
betraying that there was some mistake
in the writing--whereupon -- ---
took it down & carried it off--but
soon came back with a new description
or label-- "This hare was taken from
8 different heads"--& thus it stood thro'
the exhibition.

I hear of 2 who saw bluebirds this morning--
& one says he saw one yesterday--^ This seems to have
been the day of their general arrival here--
but I have not seen one in C. yet.

It is a good plan to go to some old orchard
on the S. side of a hill sit down & listen--esp.
in the morning when all is still. Yo can thus
warble
often hear the distant ^ note of some
blue-bird lately arrived--which if you
had been walking would not have been audi-
ble to you. As I walk those first wild
spring days--with my coat thrown open stepping
over tinkling rills of melting snow--excited by
the sight of the bare ground--especially
the reddish subsoil, where it is exposed
by a cutting--& by the few green radi-
cal leaves. I ^ shut my eyes & listen from
time to time in order to hear the note
of some bird of passage just arrived.

There are few if any so coarse and in-
sensible that they are not interested to hear
that the blue bird has come. The Irish
laborer has learned to distinguish him &
report his arrival. It is a part of the
news of the season to the lawyer in his office
& the mechanic in his shop--as well as to
the farmer. One will remember perchance
to tell you that he saw one a week ago
in the next town or county. Citizens just
come in to the country to live put up a blue
bird box--& register record in some kind
of journal the date of the first arrival
observed--though it may be rather a late one.
The farmer can tell you when he saw the
first one, if you ask him within a week.

I see a great many of those glow-
worm like caterpillars observed in the freshet
in mid winter--on the snowy ice in the meadows
small
& fields now--also ^ beetes of various kinds
& other caterpillars-- I think this unusual
no’ is owing to that freshet which washed
them out of their winter quarters so long ago
& they have never got back to them.
I also see, but their appearance is a regular early spring, or late winter, phe-nomenon--a great many of those slender black bodied insects from 1/4 to (with the feelers) one inch long--with 6 legs & long grey wings--2 feelers before & 2 forks or tails like feelers behind. The last are sometimes concealed by the wings-- This is (wat) I have called for convenience perla. [drawing] They are creeping crawling slowly about over the snow--

I have no doubt that crows eat some of the above named caterpillars--but do other birds?

The mystery of this life of plants is kindred with that of our own lives, and the physiolo-gist must not %%(be in too much haste)%% to explain their growth according to mechanical laws. %%(or { } { } { } { } mechanics of his own making%% we must not presume\textsuperscript{11} to probe with our fingers the sanctuary of %%^ life whether animal or vegetable. if we do we shall discover nothing but surface still. %%^ The ultimate expression or fruit of any created thing--is the fine effluence which only the most ingenuous worshipper perceives at a reverent distance from its surface even-- The cause & the effect are equally evanescent & intangible--and the former must be investigated with in the same spirit & with the same reverence with

\textsuperscript{11}underlined in pencil
which the latter is perceived-- Only that intellect makes any progress toward con-
ceiving of the essence which at the same
time perceives the effluence. The rude & ignorant finger is probing in the rind still--for in this case too the angles of incidence & excidence are equal--& the essence is as far on the other side of the surface (or matter) as reverence strains the worshipper on this--and only reverence can find out this angle-- Shall we pre-
sume to shorten (or lessen) the angle at which or alter God chooses to be worshipped.

Accordingly I reject Carpenter's explanation of the fact that a potato vine in a cellar grows toward the light-- When he says-- "The reason obviously is, that, in consequence of the loss of fluid from the tissue of the stem, on the side on which the light falls, it is contracted, whilst that of the other side remains turgid with fluid; The stem makes a bend, therefore, until its growing point becomes opposite to the light, & then increases in that direction." (in Vegetable Physiology p 174.

There is no ripeness which is not so to speak something ultimate in itself--& not merely a perfected means to a higher end-- In order to be ripe it must serve a Transcendent use.

The ripeness of a leaf--being perfected--leaves
the tree at that point & never returns to
it. It has nothing to do with any other
fruit which the tree may bear--& only
%genius%
the %(% eye %)% of the poet can--pluck it.
The fruit of a tree is neither in the seed or in
the full grown tree
(the timber)--but it is simply the highest use
to which it can be put.
%Mar.%
Jan 315 8th A rainy day.

Pm to Hill in rain--
To us snow & cold seem a mere delaying
of the spring. How far we are from under-
standing the value of these things in the economy
of Nature!
The earth is still mostly covered with ice &
snow-- As usual I notice large pools of
greenish water in the fields on an icy bottom
which cannot owe their greenness to
the reflected blue mingled with the yellowish
light at sundown--as I supposed in the case
of the green ice & water in clear winter
days--for I see the former now at mid
day-- & in a rain storm when no
sky is visible. I think that these green
pools over an icy bottom must be
produced by the yellow--or common
earth stain in the water mingling with
the blue which is reflected from the
ice. Many pools have so large a
proportion of this yellow tinge as not
the tea
to look green but yellow-- The stain ^ of
& of the soil
withered vegetation--grass & leaves ^ supplies
the yellow tint.

But perhaps those patches of emerald
sky (sky just tinged with green) which we
far in the horizon or near it
sometimes see ^ --are produced in the
same way as I thought the green ice
was--some yellow glow reflected from
a cloud mingled with the blue of the
atmosphere--

One might say that the yellow of
the earth mingled with the blue of
the sky--to make the green of vegetation.

I see under the p. pines on the S. W.
slope of the hill--the reddish bud scales
which fell on the 4th & also settled an inch into it
scattered on the snow ^ --& examining I find
many scales rest amid the needles
that in a great many cases the buds
have been eaten by some creature & the
scales scattered about, or being opened have
closed over a cavity--There is no track on
the snow--which is soft--but the scales must
have been dropt within a day or 2-- I see near
fresh one pine however the ^ track of a partridge
& where one has squatted all night. Tracks
might possibly have been obliterated by the
rapid melting of the snow the last day or
2. Yet I am inclined to think that
these were eaten by the red squirrel--or was
it the crossbill? for this is said to visit us

[316]"but" added
in the winter. Have I ever seen a squirrel eat
the pine buds?

There is a fine freezing rain with strong
wind from the N so I keep along under
shelter of hills & woods--along their S sides
in my India rubber coat & boots--Under
the S. edge of Woodis Park--in the low
ground I see many radical leaves of the
it is
S. altissima & another, I am pretty sure ^ the S--
stricta--& occasionally also of the A undulatus
and all are more or less lake beneath. The
at least
first ^ have when bruised a strong scent. //
Some of them have recently grown decidedly.
So at least several kinds of G. rods & asters
have radical leaves lake colored at this season
The common strawberry leaves too are quite fresh & a handsome lake color beneath--
in many cases--
There are also many little rosettes of the
radical leaves of the epilobium coloratum half
brown & withered--with bright green centers at least.
And even the under side of some mullein leaves
is lake or crimson also.

There is but a narrow strip of bare ground reaching
a few rods into the wood along the S edge--
but the less ground then is bare the more we
make of it. Such a day as this I resort
where the partridges &c do--to the bare
ground and the sheltered sides of woods &
hills--& then explore the moist ground
for the radical leaves of plants while the
storm hovers over head--& I forget how the

317 inserted
time is passing. If the weather is thick
and stormy enough--If there is a good
chance to be cold & wet & uncomfortable
in the woods to feel weather beaten--
you may consume the afternoon to
advantage thus browsing along the edge
of the near wood--which would
scarcely detain you at all in fair weather
& you will as far away there as at the
end of your longest fair weather walk--&
come home as if from an adventure.
There is no better fence to put between
you & the village than a storm into
which the villagers do not venture
out.

I go looking for green radical leaves-- What
a dim & shadowy existence have now to our
memories the fair flowers whose localities
they mark! How hard to find any trace of
their stem now after it has been flattened
under the snow, of the winter-- I go feeling
with wet & freezing fingers amid the withered
grass & the snow for these prostrate stems
that I may reconstruct the plant. But
greenness so absorbs our attention--that some
times I do not see the former rising from the
midst of those radical leaves when it almost
puts my eyes out-- The shepherds purse
radical leaves are particularly bright.

I see there a dead white pine some 25
feet high--which has been almost entirely
stript of its bark by the woodpeckers-- Where any bark is left the space between it & the wood is commonly closely packed with the gnawings of worms which appear to have consumed the inner bark. But where the bark is gone the wood also is eaten to some depth--& there are numerous holes penetrating deep into the wood-- Over all this portion which is almost all the tree-- the woodpeckers have knocked off the bark & enlarged the holes in pursuit of the worms.

The fine rain with a strong N wind is now forming a glaze on my coat-- When I get home the thermometer is at 29°+. So a glaze seems to be formed when a fine rain is falling with the thermometer very little below the freezing point. //

Men of science when they pause to contemplate "The power wisdom & goodness" of God or as they sometimes call him "The Almighty Designer"-- speak of him as a total stranger whom it is necessary to treat with the highest consideration. They seem suddenly to have lost their wits.

Mar. 9th

Pm to Lee’s Cliff--with C
C says that he heard & saw a blue bird on the 7th & RWE the same. This was the day on which they were generally observed. I am doubtful about one having been seen on the 20th of Feb. by a boy
as stated Feb 23d C also saw a

//skater insect on the 7th & a single blackbird
flying over Cassandra Pond which he thought a Grackle--
//A true spring day--not a cloud in the
sky--the earth shines its icy armor
reflecting the sun--& the rills of melting
snow in the ruts shine too--& water
where exposed in the right light on
the river is a\textsuperscript{318} remarkably shining blue--
just as the osiers appear brighter
//Yet it is cool & raw & very windy--
The ice over the chanel of the river where
not quite melted is now generally
//mackerelled--(the water representing the
blue portions--) with parallel openings
leaving
riddling it or \textsuperscript{a} forming a sort of network
of ice over it [drawing] answering
to the ridges
of the waves-- You can best observe them
from bridges
In some cases the snow upon the ice having
lain in successive drifts might also assist
or modify this phenomenon.
// The rain of yesterday has been filling
the meadows again--flowing up under
the dry ice of the winter freshet which
for the most part rested on the ground
& so this rise is at first the less observed.
until it shows itself beyond the edge of
the ice.

\textsuperscript{318}“a” added
At corner spring brook-- the water reaches up to the crossing-- & slants over the ice there-- the brook being open and some space on each side of it-- When I look from 40-50 rods off at the yellowish water covering the ice about a foot here it is decidedly purple (though when close by & looking down on it it is yellowish merely)-- while the water of the brook channel & a rod on each side of it where there is no ice beneath is a beautiful very dark blue. These colors are very distinct--the line of separation being the edge of the ice on juxtaposition the bottom. and this apparent mingling of different kinds of water is a very singular & pleasing sight. You see a light purple flood, about the color of a red grape-- & a broad channel of dark purple water, about as dark as a common blue-purple grape-- sharply distinct across its middle. I see at Lee's the long narrow radical leaves of the T. stricta-- just beginning to push their shoots-- the most forward looking plant there.

We cross F. H. P. on the ice though it is difficult getting on & off-- it being melted about the edges, as well as over-flowed there.

It is worthwhile to hear the wind roar in the woods today. It sounds further off than it is.

Came across a stout & handsome
woodchopper—with a full dark or black beard—but that on his upper lip was a distinct sandy color-- It was a very pleasing contrast--suggesting a sympathy with the center of light & intelligence nearer to which it grew.

Mar 10th

6 Am to Hill

I see at near the Stone bridge where the strong NW wind of last night broke the ice just formed--& set the irregular triangular pieces on their edges quite perpendicular & directed NW & SE pretty & ^ close together--about 9 inches high for half a dozen rods, like a dense fleet of schooners with their mainsails set.

when

And already ^ near the road

I hear the warble of my first Concord bluebird come to me from the hill through the still morning air--& looking up I see him plainly though so far away a dark speck in the top of a walnut.

When I reach the assabet above the Hemlocks-- I hear a loud crashing or battling sound--& looking through the trees--see that it is the thin ice of 1/2 hour after sunrise the night--^ now swiftly borne down
the stream in large fleets & going to wreck
against the thick old ice on each side--
This evidently is a phenomenon of the
morning. The river too has first waked
up--and no doubt a river in midsummer
as well as in winter--recognizes the advent
of the morning as much as a man or an
animal does-- They retire at night &
awake in the morning.

Looking NE over Hosmers meadow I see
still the rosy light reflected from the
low snow spits--alternating with green
ice there.

Ap. because the angle of incidence & excidence
are equal--Therefore we see the green
in ice at sundown when we look about
over the ice-- our visual ray making such
an angle with it as the yellow light
from the W horizon does in coming to it.

Pm to Witherell Vale.

There are some who never say or do nor
say anything--whose life merely excites ex-
pectation-- Their excellence reaches no further
than a gesture or mode of carrying them-
selves-- They are a sack dangling from
the waist, or a sculptured war-club
over the shoulder-- They are like fine
edged tools--gradually becoming rusty
in a shop window-- I like as well
if not better to see a piece of iron or steel, out of which many such tools will be made—or the bushwhack in a man’s hand.

When I meet gentlemen & ladies I am reminded of the extent of the inhabitable & uninhabitable globe-- I exclaim to myself. Surfaces!—Surfaces! If the outside of a man is so variegated & extensive what must the inside be?—You are high up the Platte river—traversing deserts—plains covered with rocks—with no deeper hollow than a prairie-dog hole tenanted also by owls & venomous snakes.

As I look toward the woods (from Wood’s Bridge) I perceive the spring in the softened air -- This is to me the most interested & affecting phenomenon of the season as yet. Apparently in consequence of the very warm sun this still & clear day filling in the earth 4/5 covered with snow & ice there is an almost invisible vapor held in suspension which is like a thin coat or enamel applied to every object—& especially it gives to the woods—of pine & oak intermingled more a softened & ^ living appearance— They evidently stand in a more genial atmosphere than before— Looking more low I

---

319 "t" not crossed
320 "P" altered from "p"
see that shimmering in the air over
the earth—which betrays the evapor-
ation going on-- Looking through this trans-
parent vapor—all surfaces—not osiers
and open waters alone—look more
vivid. The hardness of winter is relaxed—

There is a fine effluence surrounding the
wood—as if the sap had begun to stir—&
you could detect it a mile off. Such
is the difference between an object seen through
a warm, moist, & soft air & a cold dry
hard one— Such is the genialness of
nature that the trees appear to have
put out feelers—by which the senses
apprehend them more tenderly.

I do not know that the woods are ever more
beautiful or affect me more.

I feel it to be a greater success as a lecturer
to affect uncultivated natures— than
to affect the most refined— for all
cultivation is necessarily superficial & its
root may not even be directed toward the
centre of the being.

Rivers too, like the walker, unbutton
their icy coats & we see the dark
bosoms of their channels—in the midst
of the ice— Again, in pools of melted
snow, or where the river has risen, I look
into clear placid water & see the russet
grassy bottom in the sun.
Look up or down the open channel
now--so smooth--like a hibernating
animal that has ventured to come out
to the mouth of its burrough-- One
way, perhaps, it is like melted silver
alloyed with copper-- It goes
nibbling off the edge of the thick ice
on each side-- Here & there I see
a musquash sitting in the sun on the
edge of the ice--eating a clam. & the
clam shells it has left are those
along the edge-- Even & anon he drops
into the liquid mirror & soon reappears
with another clam.

This clear placid silvery water is evidently
a phenomenon of spring. Winter could
not show us this.

A broad channel of water separates
the dry land from the ice & the musquash
hunter finds it hard to reach the game
he has shot on the ice.

//Fine red-stemmed leaves have begun to push
growing in the Ind. ashes Carpenter says "The first green crust upon the cinders
where soot is taken off-- with which the sur-face of Ascension Island was
covered, consisted of minute mosses."
& bud on Clam shell bank--

We sit in the sun on the side of Money-
digger's Hill--amid the crimson low-
blueberry shoots--& the withered andropogon

//scoparius & the still erect solidago arguta
(var--the common) ^ There are some
greyish moths out &c--some gnats--
I see the bridge far away over the ice--resting on its thick piers above the ice which is lifted around it--it is short legged now--This level or\footnote{or} horizontal line resting on perpendicular black ones is always an interesting sight to me.

As we sit in the wonderful air--many sounds--that of wood-chopping for one--come to our ears agreeably blunted or muffled even like the drumming of a partridge--not sharp & rending as in winter as in winter & recently. If a partridge should drum in winter--probably it would not reverberate so softly through the wood and sound indefinitely far.

Our voices even sound differently & betray the spring. We speak as in a house--in a warm apartment still--with relaxed muscles--& softened voices--The voice--like a woodchuck in his burrow--is met & capped in & encouraged by all genial & sunny influences. These may be heard now perhaps under south hill sides--& the south sides of houses--a slight murmur of conversation, as of insects, out of doors.

These earliest spring days are peculiarly pleasant--we shall have no more of them for a year. I am apt to forget that we may have raw & blustering days.
a month hence. The combination
of this delicious air, which you
do not want to be warmer or
softer—with the presence of ice
& snow—your sitting on the
bare russet portions—the South hill-
sides—of the earth—This is the
charm of these days—It is the summer
beginning to show itself like an old friend
in the midst of winter—you ramble
from one drier russet patch to another—These
are your stages. You have the air
& sun of summer—over snow & ice—&
in some places ever the rustling of dry leaves
under your feet as in Indian Summer days.
The blue-bird on the apple tree—warbling
so innocently to inquire if any of its mates
are within call.—the angel of the spring!
Fair & innocent yet the offspring of the earth.
The color of the sky above & of the subsoil
beneath. Suggesting what sweet & inno-
cent melody—(terrestrial melody) may
have its birth-place between the sky &
the ground.
2 frogs, (may have been R. fontinalis—did not see
them) jumped into Hosmer’s grassy ditch.
See in one place a small swarm of
insects flying or gyrating—dancing
like large tipulidae—The dance always
“within the compass of a foot” above\(^{322}\)

\(^{322}\)”...of a foot above” is not this far from “within the compass” in the MS, but the spacing is here to allow room for the interlined text above to be where it is in the MS.
a piece of snow of the same size in the
midst of bare ground.

The most ornamental tree I have seen
this spring was the willow full of catkins
now showing most of their down—in front of
Puffer’s house.

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6 Am  By river side I hear the song of many
song-sparrows—The most of a song of
any yet—And on the swamp white oak
top by the stone bridge—I see & hear a red-
wing. It sings almost steadily on its
perch there—sitting all alone, as if
to attract companions. (& I see 2 more
also solitary on different tree tops within
a quarter of a mile) calling the river
to life & tempting ice to melt & trickle like
its own sprayey notes. Another flies
over on high—with a tchunk & at length
a clear whistle. The birds anticipate the
spring—they come to melt the ice with
their songs.

But methinks the sound of the wood-
pecker tapping is as much a spring note
as any these mornings—it echoes peculiarly
in the air of a spring morning.

Pm. to Hunt House

I go to get one more sight of the old house
which Hosmer is pulling down—but I am too
late to see much of it-- The chimney is gone
& only little more than the oblong square
frame stands-- E Hosmer & Nathan Hosmer
are employed taking it down-- The latter
draws all the nails, however crooked, &
puts them in his pockets, for being wrought
ones, N he says it is worth the while.
{drawing} It appears
plainly (the) now that
the frame is laid
bare, that the
Eastern 2/3 of the main
house, is older than
the western 3rd--for you
V. 12 ps forward--
can see where the W. part has been added
on--at the line AB. All the joists in the old part
are hewn--in the newer sawn-- But very extensive
repairs had been made in the old part--prob.
at the same time with the addition. (Also the
back part had been added on to the new part--
merely butted on at one side without tenant or
The peculiar cedar lathes were confined to the old part
mortise) The 2 Hosmers were confident
The whole has oak sills & pine timbers
that the chimney was built at the same
time with the new part--because though there
were flues in it from the new part--there was
no break in the courses of brick about them.
On the chimney was the date 1703 (?) I think
that was it & if this was the date of the
chimney--it would appear that the old

323Could be on line 14, separated from but even with “the western..."
The lathes long & slender of white cedar split
part belonged to the Winthrops & it may
go back to near the settlement of the town.

In the old part the ends of the timbers were
not merely mortised into the posts--but rested on a
shoulder thus {drawing} The fire place
measures 12 feet wide x 3 deep
x 4 1/2 high. The mantel tree is log 14 feet
long & some 15 - 16 inches square at the ends--
but one half cut away diagonally between
the ends & more charred. {drawing} It would
take 3 men to handle it easily.

The timbers of the old part had been cased &
the joists plastered over at some time--& now
that they were uncovered--you saw many old
memorandums & scores in chalk on them--
as "May ye 4th" "Ephraim Brown" 0-3s--
so they kept their score or tally
4d--"oxen //////724" such as the butcher
& baker sometimes make-- Perhaps the occupant
had let his neighbor have the use of his oxen
so many days. I asked if they had found
any old coins-- N. Hosmer answered yes--he
had & showed it me--took it out of his pocket
It was about as big as a quarter of a dollar--
with "Britain" &c legible "Geo II" & date "1742"
but it was of lead. But there was no mss--
not a copy of verses--only these chalk records
of butter & cheese oxen & bacon & a counterfeit
coin out of the smoky recesses.

724 Seven 'hash' or counting marks in 1906 represented with a drawing.
Very much such relics as you find in the
old rats nests in which these houses abound.

My mother says that she has been to the
charitable society there-- One old jester
of the town used to call it "the chattable
society."

Mrs A. takes on dolefully on ac. of
the solitude in which she lives--but she
gets little consolation. Mrs B. says
she envies her that retirement. Mrs A.
is aware that she does, & says it is as if
a thirsty man should envy another the
river in which he is drowning. So goes
the world--it is either this extreme or that.
too much
Of solitude--one gets & another
not enough.

E. Hosmer says that a man told him that
he had seen my uncle Charles--take a 12
foot ladder set it up straight & then run
up & down the other side, kicking it from
behind him as he went down.
E H. told of seeing him often at the tavern toss his hat to the ceiling twirling it
over & catch it on his head every time\footnote{E H. told of seeing him often at the tavern toss his hat to the ceiling twirling it over & catch it on his head every time.}
Large flocks of black-birds today in the
elm tops--& other trees-- These are the 1st con-
spicuous large flocks of birds--
\footnote{E H. told of seeing him often at the tavern toss his hat to the ceiling twirling it over & catch it on his head every time.}

/J. Farmer says he saw ducks this morning
//\& has seen larks some days
/ Channing saw geese today--
Find out as soon as possible\footnote{Find out as soon as possible} what
are the best things in your composition--

\footnote{Only the last two words, "every time," of the interlined text wrap to next line in MS, so from "E H." to "his head" is one line of interlined text.}
\footnote{poss "possibly"}
& then shape the rest to fit them. The
former will be the midrib & veins of the leaf.

There is always some accident
in the best things--whether--thoughts
or expressions or deeds-- The memorable
thoughts--the happy expression the admirable
deed-- are only partly ours-- The thought came
to us because we were in a fit mood--also
we were unconscious & did not know that
we had said or done a good thing\[327\]. We
must walk consciously only part way toward
our goal--& then leap in the dark to our
success. What we do best or most per-
fectly--is what we have most thoroughly
learned by the longest practice--& at length
it falls from us without our notice
as a leaf from a tree-- It is the last time
we shall do it--our unconscious
leavings.

Saturday Mar. 12th

Pm walk in rain to Ministerial swamp

Going up the R. R. in this rain with
a S wind. I see a pretty thick low fog
extending across the RR only against Dennis' swamp. There being much more ice & snow within
the swamp--the vapor is condensed & is blown
northward (over)\[328\] the RR. I see these local
fogs with always the same origins--ie
large masses of snow or ice--in swamps or woods

\[327\]"thing" poss. written over "think"
\[328\]"over" in 1906 but unlike T's normal "over." Not sure what else it could be though.
perhaps the N. side of hills—in several places afterward—The air is warm—
As often as we came to a particularly icy or snowy place—as Harrington road in woods—we found ourselves in a fog. It is a regular spring rain such as I remember walking in—windy but warm—it alternately rains hard & then holds up a little—A similar alternation we see in the waves of water & all undulating surfaces—in snow & sand & the clouds (the mackerel sky--) Now you walk in a comparative lull anticipating fair weather—with but a slight drizzling—& anon the wind blows & the rain drives down harder than ever—In one of these lulls as I passed the Joe Hosmer (rough-cast) house—
I thought I never saw any bank so handsome as the russet hill-side behind it—It is a very barren exhausted soil where the cladonia lichens abound—& the lower side is a flowing sand—but this russet grass with its weeds being saturated with moisture—was in this light the richest brown, [methought], that I ever saw—There was the pale brown of the grass—red-browns of some weeds sarothra[e] (johnswort[332], & pinweed probably) dark browns sweet of huckleberry—fern stems—& the very visible green of the cladonias—30 rods off—& the rich brown fringes[333] where the broken sod hung over the edge of the sand bank.

[329]Wraps after “Harrington road in woods—we...” in the MS, all interlined between lines 2 and 5.
[330]T seems to have crossed “all” out twice.
[331]Could be “red-brown,“.
[332]“johnswort” possibly cancelled. Cancelled in (absent from) 1906.
[333]Could be “fringe,”.
I did not see the browns of withered vegetation so rich last fall—and methinks these terrestrial lichens were never more fair & prominent. On some knolls these vivid & rampant lichens as it were dwarf the oaks. A peculiar & unaccountable light seemed to fall on that bank—or hill side—though it was thick storm all around—A sort of Newfoundland sun seemed to be shining on it. It was such a light that you looked around for the sun that might be shining on it.

Both the common largest & the very smallest hypericums (sarothora) & the pinweeds were very rich browns at a little distance coloring whole & fallen fields—and also withered^ ferns reeking wet --It was a prospect to excite a reindeer.

These tints of brown were as softly & richly fair & sufficing & the most brilliant autumnal tints. In fair & dry weather these spots may be common place—but now they are worthy to tempt the painter’s brush--

The picture should be the side of a barren lichen-clad hill—with a flowing sand bank beneath—a few blackish huckleberry bushes—here & there & bright white patches of snow here & there in the ravines—The hill running east & west & seen through the storm from a point 20 or 30 rods S.
This kind of light—the air being full of rain & all vegetation dripping with it—brings out the browns wonderfully.

I notice now particularly the sallows by the RR—full of dark cones as a fruit broad
The radical leaves of ap. water dock //
are very fresh & conspicuous—
//See 2 ducks flying over Ministerial swamp--

In one place in the meadow S E of Tarbels— I find on the ice about a couple of holes an inch across where a little stubble shows itself—a great many small say a thousand //ants dead— they are strewn about the holes for 6 or 8 inches—& are collected in a dense heap about the base of the stubble.

I take up a mass of them on my knife each one entire—but now of course all wet & adhering together. It looks as if they had been tempted out by the warmth of the sun & had been frozen or drowned—or is it possible that they were killed by the frost last fall & now washed up through the ice? I think from their position around the base of the stubble in that little hole in the ice that, that they came out of the earth & clustered there since the ice melted to that extent. There are many other insects & ( & esp. spiders dead) worms & caterpillars on the ice there as well as elsewhere.
I perceive that a freshet which washes the earth bare in the winter--& causes a great flow of water over it in that state-- (when it is not soaked up--) must destroy a great many insects & worms. I find a great-- many that appear to have been drowned rather than frozen. May not this have tempted the blue birds on early this year? //

Mar 13th

7Am F. Nyemalis in yard-- //

3rDGoing down RR--listening intentionally I hear far--through the notes of song sparrows (which are very numerous) the song of one or 2 larks //

Also hearing a coarse chuck I look up & see 4 black birds whose size & long tails betray them C. b. birds %??% //

Also I hear I am pretty sure--the cackle of a pigeon-woodpecker. The bright catkins of the willow are the spring-ing most generally observed.

Pm to Great Fields

Water rising still--Winter-freshet ice on meadows still more lifted up & partly broken in some places-- The broad light artery of the river (& some in meadows too) very fair in the distance from Peters. Garfield caught a skunk lately-- //

Talking with Garfield to-day about his trap-ping he said that mink brought 3 1/4 dollars a remarkably high price--& asked if I had seen any. I said that I commonly saw

3rDCould be indented.
2 or 3 in a year—He said that he had
not seen one alive for 8 or 10 years.
"But you trap them"—"O yes" said he. "I
catch 30 or 40 dollars worth every winter."

This suggests how little a trapper
may see of his game.

In some meadows I see a great many
dead spiders on the ice—where ap.
(there) it has been overflowed—or rather
it was the heavy rain methinks—when
they had no retreat.

Hear a ground squirrel’s sharp chirrup
which makes you start it is so sudden—
but he is prob. earthed again, for I do not
see him.

On the N. E part of the Great Fields I
find the broken shell of a (——) C. Blandingii
--on very dry soil—This is the 5th then
I have seen in the town All the rest were 3
in the Great meadows (one of them in a ditch) &
1 within a rod or 2 of Beck Stow’s Swamp.

It is remarkable that the spots where
I find most arrowheads &c being light
dry soil—(as the Great Fields—Clam-
shell Hill—&c) are among the first
to be bare of snow—& the frost gets out
there first. It is very curiously & particu-
larly true—for the only parts of the

---

Could be indented.
Ibid.
E. Blandingii is a type of turtle (Blanding’s Turtle), so the crossed out text might be “turt” or “tort.”
N. E section of the Great Fields which
are so dry that I do not slump there--
are those small in area--when perfectly
bare patches of sand occur--and then singularly
enough the arrowheads are particularly
common-- Indeed in some cases I find them
only on such bare spots a rod or 2 in extent
where a single wig wam might have stood--
& not half a dozen rods off in any direction
Yet the difference of level may not be
more than a foot--(if there is any).

It is as if the Indians had selected precise-
ly the driest spots on the whole plain with
a view to their advantage at this season--
If you were going to pitch a tent tonight
on the great fields you would inevitably
pitch on one of these spots--or else lie down
in water or mud--or on ice. It is as if they
had chosen the sight of their wig wams at
this very season of the year.

I see a small flock of black birds
flying over--some rising others falling
yet all advancing together--one flock
some silent others tchucking
but many birds^--incessant alternation.
This harmonious movement as in a dance--this
agreeing to differ--makes the charm of the
spectacle to me. One bird looks fractional--
naked--like a single thread unraveling from
the web to which it belongs-- Alternation!
alternation! Heaven & Hell!
Here again—in the flight of a bird—
its ricochet motion—is that undulation
observed in so many materials—as
in the mackerel sky.

If men were to be destroyed & the books they
//have written be transmitted to a new race
of creatures in a new world—what kind
of record would be found in them of so remarka—
//ble a phenomenon as the rain-bow?

I can not easily forget the beauty
of those terrestrial browns in the rain yesterday—
The withered grass was not of that very pale
//hoary brown that it is today—now that it is
dry—& lifeless—but being perfectly saturated
& dripping with the rain the whole hillside
seemed to reflect a certain yellowish light
so that you looked around for the sun in
the midst of the storm—All the yellow
& red—& leather color, in the fawn colored
weeds was more intense than at any
other season. The withered ferns, which
fell last fall, pinweeds—sarothra
&c were actually a glowing brown—for
the same reason—being all dripping wet—
The cladonias crowning the knolls had visibly
expanded & erected themselves—though seen 20 rods
off—& the knolls appeared swelling & bursting
as with yeast.
All these hues of brown were most beau-
tifully blended—so that the earth appeared
covered with the softest & most harmoniously
spotted & tinted tawny fur\footnote{Looks like T started to write a "g" and changed it to an "f" in "fur".} coat of any ani-
mal. The very bare sand slopes—with
only here & there a thin crusting of mosses—was
a richer color than ever it is.

In short in these early spring rains, the
withered herbage thus saturated, & reflecting
its brightest withered tint, seems in a certain
degree to have revived—& sympathizes with
or brownish
the fresh greenish or yellowish "lichens in
its midst, which also seemed to have withered.

It seemed to me, & I think it may be the
truth, that the abundant moisture, bringing
out the highest color in the brown surface
of the earth—(reflected or) generated a certain
degree of light, which when the rain held
up a little reminded you of the sun shining
through a thick mist.

Oak leaves which have sunk deep into the ice—now
are seen to be handsomely spotted with black—
(of fungi or (lichens? ?) which spots are rarely
perceived in dry weather.

All that vegetable life which loves a super-
fluity of moisture is now rampant—cold
thought it is, compared with summer—
Radical leaves are as bright as ever they
are—
The barrenest surfaces--perhaps are as yesterday when the most terrene colors are seen--
The wet earth & sand--& esp. subsoil are very invigorating sights--

The Hunt House, to draw from memory though I have given its measures within 2 years in my journal--looked like this
{drawing} This is only generally correct--

without a scale--
Prob grackles have been seen some days--I think I //saw them on the (21st)? Garfield says he saw //black ducks yesterday

Mar 14th

I thought from the above drawing--that the original door must have been in the middle of the old part & not at one end--and that I should detect it in the manner in which the studs were set in. I really did so &

found some other traces of the old door (where I have dotted it) when I got there.

Some of the chalk marks which have been preserved under the (smiling) casing of the timbers so long--have been completely
washed off in yesterdays rain as the frame stood bare. Also read in chalk on a chamber "floor joint (which had been plastered over beneath) "{enfine} Brown" so many s & d--& what most read for "Feb 1666" but being written over a rough knot it is doubtful. "Hides {enfine} 3" Saw E. Homer take up the cellar stairs white They are of^ oak {drawing}{drawing} in squared form like one half of a^white oak log sawed diagonally-- These lie flat on their broadest sides on the slanting earth-- resting near each end on a horse which in a white oak stick with the bark & sunk in the earth on, hewed on the upper side^ -- & they are fastened to this by 2 {pins} of wood placed as I have indicated. I judge by my eye that the house is 15 feet high to the eaves-- The posts are remarkably sawn & hewn away--on ac. of {the} projection of the upper story--so that they are more than 2ce as large above as below--thus {drawing} the corner posts being cut on 2 sides or more than {6 inches off them} half away "below the 2nd story. {drawing} The chimney was laid in clay. "T. B." were perhaps the initials of Thomas Brown also "I. H. D."
The cowslip in pitcher has fairly \(/b\) blossomed today.

I see a large flock of grackles
\(/\) on the searching for food along the water’s edge, just below Dr. Bartletts
-- some wade in the water-- They are within a dozen rods of me & the road. It must be something just washed up that they are searching for for the water has just risen & is still rising fast. Is it not insects & worms washed out of the grass? & perhaps the snails {drawing}?

When a grackle sings--it is as if his mouth were full of cotton--which he was trying to spit out.

The river is still rising-- It is {open} & generally over the meadows-- The meadow ice is rapidly breaking up. Great cakes half a dozen rods long are drifted down against the bridges.

There is a strong current on the meadow not only N along the causeway--but S along the N end of the causeway--the water tries rushing both ways toward the only outlet at the bridge. This is proved by great cakes of ice floating swiftly along parallel with the causeway-- but in opposite directions to meet at the bridge. They are then soon broken.
up by the current after they strike the
abutments-- I see a large cake 8 feet
wide & 10 inches thick just broken off carried
under the bridge in a \textit{vertical position} &
wholly underwater such is the pressure there.
This shows to what an extent the cause-
ways & bridges act as dams to the flood--

\textbf{Mar 15th}

Rainy day--& southerly wind

I come home in the evening through a
very heavy rain--after \textit{2 brilliant rainbows}
at sunset-- The first of the year.

\textbf{Mar 16}

\textbf{6 Am} The water is just over the slanting
iron truss 4 feet from its E end. & still rising.

\textbf{Pm}

\textbf{Launch} my boat & sail to Ball’s Hill

It is fine clear weather & a strong N W
wind-- What a change since yesterday!
Last night I came home through an in-
cessant heavy rain as I have been out in
for many years--through the muddiest
& wettest of streets--still partly
covered with ice--& the rain water stood
over shoes in many places on the
side-walks. I heard of several who
went astray in this water--& had ad-
ventures in the dark-- You require india

rubber boots then. But today I
see the children playing at hopscotch
on those very sidewalks--with a bed marked
in the dry sand-- So rapid are the
changes of weather with us--& so porous
our soil.

With a strong wind we sail over the
red-bridge road. The water is falling
over the lower side of the road as over a dam,
For the road really operates as a dam--
much
the water being "lower on the E side.

A new phase of the spring is presented--
A new season has come. By the soaking
& the wind\textsuperscript{315} rain\textsuperscript{316} of yesterday especially the remaining snow
& ice has been almost entirely \{washed\} away
swept\textsuperscript{317} & the ice has been broken \& floated off &
melted--& the much frost taken out
of the ground--& now as we glide \{of\}\textsuperscript{318} over
the Great Meadows before this strong
wind--we \{\ \} no longer see dripping satu-
rated russet & brown banks through rain--hearing
at intervals the alarm notes of the early robins--
--banks which reflect a yellowish light--
now
but we see--the bare & "pale brown & dry
russet hills--the earth has cast off her
white coat & come forth in her clean
early
washed sober russet "spring dress-- As we
look over the lively tossing blue waves for
a mile or more Eastward & N our eyes fall

\textsuperscript{315}T has line drawn from this interlined text to left caret.
\textsuperscript{316}Caret crossed out.
\textsuperscript{317}Written immediately under "{washed}".
\textsuperscript{318}Unknown word or partial word crossed out. Perhaps "of".
on these shining russet hills--& Balls hill
appears in this strong light at the verge of this
undulating blue plain--like some glorious
newly created island of the spring--just sprung
up from the bottom in the midst of the
blue waters-- The fawn colored oak leaves
with a few pines intermixed--thickly covering
the hill--look not like a withered vegetation
--but an {etherial} kind just expanded--& pec-
culiarly adapted to the season--& the sky.

Look toward the sun the water is yellow--
as water in which the earth has just washed it-
self clean of its winter impurities-- Look from
the sun & it is a beautiful dark blue--but
in each direction the crest of the waves are white--
& you cannot sail or row over this watery
wilderness without sharing the excitement of this
element-- Our sail draws so strongly that we
cut through the great waves without feeling
them-- And all around half a mile or a mile
distant looking over this blue foreground I see
the bare & peculiarly neat & clean washed & bright
russet hills {reflect} the bright light (after
the storm of yesterday) from an infinite number
of dry blades of withered grass-- The russet
surfaces have now as it were a combed look--
combed by the rain. And the leather color
of withered oak leaves covering Balls Hill
seen a mile or 2 off in the strong light
with a few pines intermixed--as if it were
an island rising out of this blue sea
in the horizon--this sight affects me
as if it were visible at this season only.
What with the clear air & the blue water--
& the sight of the pure dry withered leaves--that
distant hill affects me as something altogether

{etherial}.

After a day of soaking rain--concluded
with a double rainbow--the evening before
[not to mention the rain of the evening] go out into
the sparkling spring air embark on the
flood of melted snow and of rain gathered
from all hill sides--with a north west wind
in which you often find it hard to stand up straight.
& toss upon a sea--of which one half is
liquid clay--the other liquid indigo--
& look round on an earth dressed in a
pale
homespun of "sheeny brown & leather color--
Such are the blessed & fairy isles we sail
to!

We meet one great gull beating up the

//
coarse of the river against the wind at Flints
//Bridge (one says they were seen about a week ago). It is
a very leisurely sort of limping flight--tacking its
way along like a sailing vessel-- Yet the slow security
with which it advances suggests a leisurely con-
templativeness in the bird as if it were working out
some problem quite at its leisure-- As often as
its very narrow long & curved wings are lifted
distinct
up against the light I see a very narrow light
edging to the wing where it is thin. Its black-tipped
wings. Afterwards from Balls hill looking N
I see 2 more circling about looking for food
over the ice & water

There is an unexpected quantity of ice in that
direction--not on the channel but the meadows
east of it all the way from Balls Hill to
Carlisle bridge--large masses which have drifted
from the channel & from above--for there
the wind has blown more directly across the river--
These great masses have been driven & wedged
one against another & ground up on the
This first sight of the bare tawny & russet earth--seen afar
perhaps over the meadow flood effects in the spring affects me as the
drains, first glimpse of land--his native land does the voyager who has not
seen it in long time -- But in a week or 2 we get used to it.

I look down over Tarbell's Bay just N of
Balls Hill-- Not only meadows but potato
& rye-fields are buried deep--& you see there
sheltered by the hills on the N W a placid blue
bay--having the russet hills for shores-- This
these deep & narrow “fiords”
kind of bay or lake made by the freshet--
can only be seen along such a stream as this
liable to an annual freshet-- The water rests
as gently as a dew drop on a leaf-- laving
its tender temporary shores. It has no strand
--leaves no permanent water {markers}--
but though you look at it 1/4 of a mile
off--you know that the rising flood is gently
overflowing a myriad withered green blades there
in succession. There is the magic of lakes

343 Interlined text begins with "This first sight" and ends with "used to it" but does not include "edges." on line 17.
that come & go--the lake or bay is not
an institution, but a phenomenon--
You plainly see that it is so much
water poured into the hollows of the earth.

Mar 17--59

6 1/2 Am
River risen still higher--it is 7 1/2 inches
// below the highest part of the truss--
& about 15 1/2 inches below the middle
stone
of the lower "step of the RR. It is not
quite over Woods road--

// I hear a robin fairly singing

A great many musquash have been
killed within a week-- One says a cart load
have been killed in Assabet-- Perhaps a
dozen gunners have been out in this town every
day-- They get a shilling apiece for their skins--
One man getting musquash & one mink earned
5 or 6 dollars the other day. I hear their guns
early & late long before sunrise & after sunset--
for those are the best times.

Pm to Flints Bridge by water--

The water is very high-- & smooth as ever
// it is-- It is very warm-- I wear but one coat
on the water-- the town & the land it is built
on seem to rise but little above the flood--
This bright smooth & level surface seems
here the prevailing element as if the

Might be indented.
distant town were an island. I realize
how water predominates on the surface
of the globe—I am surprised to see new &
unexpected water lines drawn by the
level edge of the flood about knolls
in the meadows & in the woods—waving
lines—rarely if ever recognized or thought
of by the walker or any—which mark the
boundary of a possible or probable freshet
any spring. Even if the highest water mark
were indicated at one point—the surveyor
short of infinite
could not with any labor^ draw these lines
for us—which wind about every elevation
of earth or rock—Yet, though this slight
difference of level which the water so simply
& effectively points out, is so unobservable
by us ordinarily—no doubt nature never for-
gets it for a moment—but plants grow
& insects &c breed in conformity to it—Many
a kingdom of nature has its boundaries par-
allel with this waving line. By these
freshets—the relation of some field, usually
a far from the stream, to^ future or past deluge
is suggested—I am surprised & amused at least
—to walk in such a field & observe the nice
distinctions which the great water level
makes there. So plants & animals &
thoughts have their commonly unseen
shores—and many portions of the

345 Looks like T first wrote "probably" then crossed out the bottom part of the y and made it an e.
346 T may have inverted this "a" and the caret below it, so that the caret’s on top and the "a" is below the line.
earth are with reference to them
islands or peninsulas or capes—shores

or mts—

We are stiff & set in our geography—because the level of water is comparatively, or within short periods, unchangeable—We look only in the sea for islands & continents & their varieties—But there are more subtle & in-visible & fluctuating floods—which island this or that part of the earth—whose geography has never been mapped.

For instance—here is Mantatuket Rock—commonly a rocky peninsula with a low or swampy neck—& all covered with wood. It is now a small rocky island—& not only the swampy neck—but a considerable portion of the upland is blotted out by the flood—covered & concealed under water.

& what surprises me is that the water should so instantly know & select its own shore—on the upland—though I could not have told with my eye whether it would 30 feet this way or as many that. 347 A distinction is made for me by the water in this case which I had never thought of—revealing the relation of this surface—to the flood ordinarily far from it—& which I now begin to perceive that

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347Ibid.
every tree & shrub & herbaceous plant growing there knew, if I did not.

How different today from yesterday!

Yesterday—was a cool bright day—the earth just washed bare by the rain—& a strong N. W. wind raised respectable billows on our vernal seas—& imparted remarkable life & spirit to the scene. To day its perfectly still & warm—not a ripple disturbs the surface of these lakes—but every insect every small black beetle struggling on it is betrayed—but seen through this air, though many might not notice the difference the russet surface of the earth (does) not shine—is not bright— I see no shining russet islands with dry but flushing oak leaves— The air is comparatively dead when I attend to it—& it is as if there were the veil of a fine mist over all objects—dulling their edges— Yet this would aerial be called a clear day. These^ differences in the days are not commonly apprecia-
ted though they affect our spirits.

When I am opposite the end of the willow row—seeing the osiers of perhaps 2 years old—all in a mass— They are seen to be very distinctly yellowish beneath & scarlet above {drawing}—They are 50 rods off—
Here is the same chemistry that colors
the leaf or fruit coloring the bark--
It is generally--probably always--the
upper part of the twig--the more recent
growth--that is the higher colored &
more flower or fruit-like--So leaves are
more ethereal the higher up--& further
from the root--In the bark of the twigs
indeed is the more permanent flower

or fruit--The flower falls in spring or summer
fall or wither
--the fruit & leaves" in autumn

wither--but the blushing twigs retain
their color throughout the winter &^ more brilliant than ever the succeeding
spring--They are winter fruit. It adds greatly
of winter or of
to the pleasure of late November &^ early spring
walks to look in to these mazes of twigs of
different colors.

As I float by the Rock, I hear rustling amid
the oak leaves above that new water line--&
there being no wind I know it to be a striped squir-
//rel & soon see its long unseen striped sides
flirting about the instep of an oak. The
Its lateral stripes--alternate black & yellowish
which I have not seen for a long time
are a type"--(drawing) or rather a punctuation
the character to indicate
mark--(where) a new paragraph {commences} in
the revolution of the seasons. Double lines.

I find by measurement that there
is from 2 to 3 inches fall in the middle between

348 The caret appears to be placed over the word "or" as if T meant it to be crossed out.
the piers of Flints bridge--on the 2 sides of the
bridge--supposing the planking to be level but
there is much more close to the abutments--
for the water is very conspicuously heaped up
in the middle in each case--or between
each 2 piers--thus (drawing)

If you look from above it is somewhat thus
(drawing)

If I land now on any knoll which is
left dry above the flood--an island in
the meadow--& its surface is broken I am
pretty sure to find Ind. relics. They pitcht
their wigwams on these highest places--near water.

I was speaking yesterday of the peculiar
peculiarity of our meadow bays in time of
flood--a shore where there are no shore
marks--for in time trees rocks &c arrange
themselves parallel with the waters edge &
the water by its marking makes for itself a strand
from the bank
washing out the soil & leaving the sand & stones--
& paths of animals & men conform to
the permanent shore but in this case
all is abrupt & surprising-- Rocky islands
covered with green lichens & with poly pody
half submerged rise directly from the water

\[349\]This line is indented substantially in MS.
& trees stand up to their middles in it.
Any eye would perceive that a rock covered
with green lichens quite down to the waters edge
was something unusual.

Mar 18th
8 Am--to Stone Bridge
The water has fallen 3 or 4 inches-- It
was at its height last night & was then
// This is quite high water
about 5 inches below the highest part
of the truss-- But it was now begun
to rain & the river will prob. rise again.
Along the shores you see now much
coarse wrack of green & black pontederia
// stems--which have been torn up by the ice--
The ice & the wrack are also dotted with
cranberries here & there.

What a variety of weather! What a
difference in the days. 3 days ago^ we
with a southerly wind
had steady rain--^ with a clear interval
& a brilliant double rain bow {at} sunset--
A day when all the russet banks were dripping
saturated with wet--& the peep of the robin
was heard through the drizzle & the rain--
In the evening it rained again much harder
than before--

The next day it
it was clear & cool with a strong N. W.
wind--& the flood still higher on the meadows
--the dry russet earth & leather colored

350Gap here mirrors MS.
oak reflected a flashing light from
far--the tossing blue waves with white
crests excited the beholder & the sailor--
--in short the tables were completely turned
Snow & ice were for the most part washed
& blown away--from both land & water--
-- Yesterday it was very warm without
perceptible wind--(not) a comparatively life-
less--yet such as (invalids) like--with no
flashing surfaces but as it were an invisible
mist sobering down every surface--& the
water still higher than before, was per-
fectly smooth all day-- This was a weather
breeder-- To day--comes a still
steady rain again--which with warm
weather & a southerly wind--which threatens
to raise the river still higher, though it had
begun to fall.

One would say that frost in the ground
though it may be melted for several inches
(as now) (bred) rain--if indeed its (evaper)-
atations do not create it. Expect rain
after rain till the frost is completely out.
The melted frost rising in the form of vapor
returns perhaps in rain to liberate its kind
still imprisoned in the earth.

Consider how I discovered where the
Winthrop family in this town placed their
front door some 200 years ago--without any

351 Space here mirrors MS
352 Poss. "perceptibly."
353 Gap here mirrors MS.
Flood who is saving rails &c at the Stone Bridge-- remarks that old settlers say this stream is highest the 3rd day after a rain-- But of course this depends on the amount of the rain--the direction & force of the wind &c &c-- A SW wind will take the water out sooner--& any strong wind will evaporate it fast.

Rice thinks that he has seen--2 gulls on the Sudbury meadows--the white & the gray gulls-- He has often seen a man shoot the large gull from Cambridge bridge-- by heading him off--for the gull flies slowly. He would first run this way & when the gull turned {asid}--run that, till the gull passed right over his head when he shot him.

Rice saw F. H. Pond still covered with ice though open along the shore yesterday-- I frequently see the gulls flying up the course of the stream or of the river valley at least.

R. thinks that the ducks will be seen more numerous--gathering on our waters--just before a storm--like yesterday’s
verbal--or written--or ocular evidence--
I first detected & then verified it-- I with
others, saw by the frame of the old Hunt
house--that an addition had been made
to its west end in 1703-- This brought the
front door which was in the middle of the
present-- near one end of the original or
Winthrop house-- I sitting at home, said to
myself--having an occult sympathy
with the Winthrops of that date-- The front
doors must originally have been in the middle
of the old house--for symmetry & convenience
required it--& if it was I shall find traces
of it I shall find there where studs
have been set into the frame in a different
manner from the rest-- I went to the house
& looked where the door should have been--
& I found precisely the evidence I sought--
& beside where the timber above had
been cut out just the width of the
doors-- Indeed if I had found no traces
of the old door--I should have known that
is the present door was placed where it was
after the house was built--for at this
corner of the house the end of the sill
chanced to be nearly round--the stick tapering--
& the post was fitted upon in a remarkable
manner--thus (drawing) oak wood had been thus
laboriously fitted to it--but within--3 feet
of the corner this sill had been wholly cut away
under the door--to make room for it--for
they certainly had not put in a piece of sill only
3 feet long & of that form there originally.

Mar 19--59
7 Am Fair weather---& a %very% S. W
wind--the water not quite so high as day before

725

yesterday--(just about as high as yesterday morning) not--
withstanding yesterday’s rain--which was pretty copious.

355 Pm to Tarbell’s via J P Brown’s--
The wind blows very strongly from the SW--& the
course of the river being NE--it must help
the water to run off very much. If it blew
with equal violence from the N--the river
would probably have risen on account of yesterday’s
rain. On the N. E. sides of the broadest
expanses the waves run very high--
quite sea-like--& their tumult is exciting
both see & hear-- All sorts of lumber
is afloat--rails--planks & timber &c
which the unthrifty neglected to secure--now
changes hands. Much RR. lumber
is floated off-- While one end rests on the
land-- It is the RR’s, but as soon as it
is afloat it is made the property of
him who saves it-- I see some poor
neighbors as earnest as the RR employees

354 Caret, “very”, and underline of “strong” are all in pencil.
355 Larger than usual indentation here in MS.
are negligent--to secure it. It blows
so hard that you walk aslant against
the wind-- Your very beard, if you wear a
full one, is a serious cause of detention.
Or if you are fortunate enough to go before
the wind your {→} carriage can hardly be
said to be natural to you.

A new ravine has begun at Clam Shell--this
spring. That other--which began with a
crack in the frozen ground--I stood at the
head of and looked down & out through
the other day-- It not only was itself a
new feature in the landscape--but it gave
to the landscape seen through a new &
remarkable character--as does the deep
cut on the RR. It faces the water--
& you {look} down on the shore & the
flooded meadows between its two sloping
sides as between the frame of a picture. It
affected me like the descriptions or representations
of much more stupendous scenery--& to my
eyes the dimensions of this ravine were
quite indefinite & in that mood I could
not have guessed if it were 20 or 50 feet
wide-- The landscape has a strange &
picturesque appearance seen through it & it
is itself no mean feature in it.

But a short time ago I detected here a crack
in the frozen ground-- Now I look with delight
as it were at a new landscape through a broad

gap in the hill.

Walking afterward on the side of the hill

behind Abel Hosmer’s overlooking the russet

interval—the ground being bare where corn

was cultivated last year—I see that

the sandy soil has been washed far down

length

the hill—for its whole—by the recent rains

combined with the melting snow—and it forms

on the nearly level ground at the base—very

distinct flat yellow sands with a convex

edge—contrasting with the darker soil there.

{drawing} Such slopes must

loose a great deal

of this soil in a

single spring—and I should think that

was a sound reason in many cases—for leaving

them woodland & never breaking & exposing356 the

surface—This plainly is one reason why

the brows of such hills are commonly so barren—

They lose much more than they gain annually.

It is a question whether the farmer will not

lose more by the wash in such cases—than he

will gain by manuring.

The meadows are all in commotion. The

ducks are now concealed by the waves if there

are any floating there—While the sun is behind

a cloud—the surface of the flood is almost

uniformly yellowish or blue—but then the
sun comes out from behind the cloud--
a myriad dazzling white crests to the waves

            The wind makes such a din about your
ears--that conversation is difficult--
Your words are blown away--& do not strike
the {air}357 they were aimed at-- If you walk
by the water the tumult of the waves--confuses
you-- If you go by a tree or enter the
woods--the din is yet greater

            Nevertheless this universal commotion
is very interesting & exciting-- The white pines
in the horizon--either single trees or whole
woods--a mile off in the S W or W--are
particularly interesting-- You not only see
the regular bilateral form of the tree--all
the branches distinct like the frond of a fern
or a feather--(For the pine even at this distance,
has not merely beauty of outline--& color--
it is not merely an amorphous & homogeneous
or continuous mass of green--but shows
a regular succession of flattish leafy boughs
or stages in flakes one above another--
like the veins of a leaf--or--the leaflets of
a frond-- It is this richness & symmetry of
detail, which more than its outline charms
us) but that fine silvery light reflected
from its needles, {now} (perhaps their under sides)

            incessantly in motion. As a tree bends

357Looks like a single letter, a space, then the word “air.” 1906 (and original transcription) has “ear,” and a closer look at the MS through the microfilm reader shows that T seems to have connected the single letter with the word, making it more like “ear.”
& waves like a feather in the gale I see it
alternately dark & light--as the sides
of the needles which reflect the cool sheen, are
alternately with {-} \(^{354}\) drawn from & restored to the proper
angle--& the light appears to flash up
ward from the base of the tree incessantly.

\(^{355}\) In the intervals of the flash it is often
as if the tree were withdrawn altogether from
sight. I see one large pine wood--over
whose whole top these cold electric flashes
are incessantly passing off--harmlessly into the air
above--I thought at first of some fine spray
broad
dashed upward--but it is rather like ^flashes
of pale cold light. Surely you can never
see a pine wood so expressive--so speaking.
This reflection of light from the waving
crests of the earth--is like the play &
flashing of electricity. No deciduous tree
exhibits these fine effects of light. Literally
incessant sheets--not of heat--but cold-
lightning you would say were flashing there--
Seeing some just over the roof of a house
which was far on this side, I thought
at first , that it was some thing--like
smoke even--though a rare kind of smoke--that
when went up from the house. In short
you see a play of light over the whole
pine, similar in its cause--but far grander

\(^{354}\)Unknown mark or cross out of hyphen perhaps.
\(^{355}\)Appears to be either "It" or "If" and another word.
in its effects than that seen in a waving field of grain. Is not this wind--an awaking to life & light the pines after their winter slumber? The wind is making passes over them--magnetizing & electrifying them. Seen at night midday even--it is still the light of dewy morning alone that is reflected from the needles of the pine. This is the brightening & awakening of the pines--a phenomenon perchance connected with the flow of sap in them. I feel some what like the young Astyanax at sight of his father's flashing crest. As if in this wind-storm of March a certain electricity was passing from heaven to earth through the pines--& calling them to life. That 1st exposure of the russet Earth March 16 after the soaking rain of the day before--which washed off most of the snow & ice--is a remarkable era in an ordinary spring. The earth casting off her white mantle & appearing in her homely russet garb. This russet--(including the leather color of oak leaves--) is peculiar & not like the russet of the fall & winter for it reflects the spring light or sun--as if there were a sort of sap in it-- When the strong N. W. winds first blow drying up the super abundant
moisture—the withered grass & leaves do
not present a merely weather-beaten ap-
pearance—but a washed & combed—spring-
like face— The knolls forming islands in our
meadowy flood are never more interesting
than then—this is when the earth is as it were
recreated—raised up to the sun which was
buried under snow & ice—

To continue the account of the weather 10 ps back

To-day it has cleared off to a very strong
which began last eve after the rain
S. W. wind “strong as ever blows all day stronger
than the N. W. wind of the 16—& hardly so warm
with flitting wind clouds only— It differs
from the 16th in being yet drier & barer the earth—
scarcely any snow or ice to be found—& such being the di-
rection of the wind you can hardly find a
place in the Pm which is both sunny & sheltered
from the wind—{&} there is a yet greater commo-
tion in the water.

We are interested the phenomena of Nature
mainly as children are—or as we are in
games of chance— They are more or less
exciting— Our appetite for novelty is in-
satiable. We do not attend to ordinary things,
though they are most important— but to extra-
ordinary ones— While it is only moderately
hot or cold or wet or dry—nobody attends
to it— but when Nature goes to an extreme
in any of these directions we are all on

361 This line indented more than the line above it in MS.
362 Looks more like a mark, maybe even stray, than a “th,” but it’s certainly in the
right spot for a “th.”
the alert with excitement—not that
we care about the philosophy or the effects
of this excitement phenomenon—E.g.

When I went to Boston in the early train
the coldest morning of last winter—Two
topics (mainly) occupied the attention of
the passengers—Morphy’s chess victories &
Natures victorious cold that morning.
The inhabitants of various towns were comparing
notes & that one whose door opened upon
a greater degree of cold than any of his neighbors
door—chuckled not a little—Almost
every one I met asked me almost before
{our} salutations were over—“how the glass
stood” at my house or in my town—
the Librarian of the college—the registrar
of deeds at Cambridge Post—a total
form of
stranger to me—whose inquiry made
me think of another sort of glass—& each
rubbed his hands with pretended horror—
but real delight If I named a higher
figure than he had yet heard. It was plain
that one object which the cold was given
us for was our amusement—a passing
excitement—It would be perfectly consistent
& American to bet on the coldness of our
respective towns, of the morning that is to
come. Thus a greater degree of cold
may be said to warm us more than a

less one. We hear with ill-concealed dis-
gust the figures reported from some lo-
calities—where they never enjoy the luxury
of severe cold. This is a perfectly legitimate
amusement—only we should know that
each day is peculiar & has its kindred excitements

In those wet days like the 12 & the 15th
when the browns culminated—the sun being
concealed—I was drawn toward & worshipped the
brownish light in the sod—the withered grass &c
on barren hills—I felt as if I could eat the
very crust of the earth—I never felt so terrene
—never sympathized so with the surface of the
earth. From whatever source the light &
heat come from thither we look with love.

The newspapers state that a man in
Connecticut lately shot 93 musquash in
one day—

Melvin—says that in skinning a mink you
must cut round the parts containing the musk—
else—the operation will be an offensive one—
that Wetherbee has already baited some
pigeons (he hears)—that he last year
found a hen-hawk’s eggs in March—and thinks
that woodcocks are now laying %??%
Mar 20th 59

7 Am. River no higher than 3 days ago—
notwithstanding the rain of 2 days ago-- The wind being
S. W. & very strong.

Pm I see under the E side of the house amid
the evergreens {or} where they were sheltered from
the cold NW wind—quite a parcel of sparrows
chiefly F. hiemalis—2 or 3 tree sparrows & one
song sparrow—quietly feeding together. I watch
them through a window within 6 or 8 feet— They
evidently love to be sheltered from the wind—&
at least are not averse to each others’ so—
One perches on a bush to sing—while others are feeding on the ground—but he is
very restless on his perch—hopping about & stooping as if dodging those that fly
over— He must

Pm //ciety-- The tree sparrows sing a little^ . They are
perch on some bit of stubble or twig to sing."

evidently picking up the seeds of weeds which lie
on the surface of the ground invisible to our eyes.
They suffer their wings to hang rather loose—
The F. hiemalis is the largest—of the 3 They have
remarkably distinct light colored bills—& when
they stretch show very distinct clear white tail
lateral
feathers— This stretching seems to be contagious
among them like yawning with us. They
 sparrows have considerable brown on the
quill feathers— The tree sparrows are much
brighter brown & white than the song sparrow—
The latter alone scratches once or twice
& is more inclined to hop or creep close to the
ground under the fallen weeds. Perhaps it
deserves most to be called the ground bird.

%//% %very strong NW wind%
Pm up Assabet """
When I get opposite the end of the
willow row— the sun comes out & they are

---

363In MS, interlined text is as follows: Line 13 should end with "he is very restless on"; Line 14 with "fly over— He must"; Line 17 is correct.
364"Written at an angle between "white" and "tail."
365This line is centered in MS.
very handsome like a rosette--pale

tawny or fawn colored at base & a rich

yellow or orange yellow--the upper

or 4

3^ feet [drawing] This is, methinks, the brightest

object in the landscape these days--Nothing

so betrays the spring sun--I am aware that

the sun has come out of a cloud first

by seeing it lighting up the osiers. [\*

willow row--cut off within a year or 2--

might be called a heliometer, or measure

of the sun's brightness.

The last year’s shoots of many trees, as maples

both white & red--retain a permanent bright

red or scarlet

color^ all winter & spring, till new ones grow--

The top of the forest is {thus} very agreeably tinged.

The river is so high--that I leave

it at pinxter swamp & come into it again

only at the swift narrow place above near

the road--

Mar 21st

6 Am The water has fairly begun to fall--It was

at its height the 17th fell a little 2 or 3 inches

the morning of the 18--On the 18th it rained

very considerably--all day--which would ordinarily

have raised the river a foot or perhaps 2--but

the wind being very strong from the SW--it {only} pre-

vented its falling anymore until this morning--

--It did not prob. raise it more than 2 inches--
Of course there could not have been much
melted snow & ice to be added to the last
rain about the sources of the river, since
they are considerably further south
where the ground must have been much
more bare than here.

A crow-black bird

Pm sail to F. H. Pond

A strong N. W wind--draw my boat over

A strong N. W wind--draw my boat over

the road on a roller-- Raising a stone

for ballast from the S side of the RR

causeway--where it is quite sunny & warm--

I find the under side very densely covered

little

// with small ants--all stirring & evidently

read to come out--if some have not already--

The feel the heat through the stone on the

ground. It blowed very smartly in

gusts--& my boat scud along this

way & that--not minding its helm such

as if it were lifted partly out of water--

I went from point to point as quickly

as you could say “here” & “there”.

I see a female marsh-hawk sailing & hunting

over Potter's swamp. I not only see the white

rump--but the the very peculiar crescent

shaped curve of its wings {drawing}

F. H. Pond is only 2/3 open--

//

The E end is frozen still. & the body of

the ice has drifted in to shore a rod or 2 before
the N W wind & its edge crumbled against
the trees--
I see on a yel-lilly root washed up--
leaf buds grown 5 or 6 inches or even 7 or 8
with the stems. //

Every where for several days the alder catkins
have dangled long & loose--the most alive
apparently of any tree-- They seem to welcome
the water which half covers them-- The willow
catkins are also very conspicuous in silvery
masses rising above the flood.
I see several white pine cones in the path by Wheildon’s
which appear to have fallen in the late strong winds--
but perhaps the ice in the (winter) took them off-- Others
still hold on.

From the evening of Mar 18 to this the evening of the
21st we have had uninterrupted strong wind--till
& since
the eve of the 19 very strong S. W. wind--then NW--
3 days of strong wind-- //

Mar 22
Pm-- The wind changes to Easterly-- //
and is more raw--ie cool & moist--and
the air thickens as if it would rain--

Returning from Poplar Hill through the
west end of Sleepy Hollow It is very still
the air thick--just ready to rain--& I
hear there on the apple trees & small
oaks--the tree sparrows & hiemalis
singing very pleasantly-- I hear the
lively jingle of the hiemalis & the sweet
notes of the tree sparrow—Canary-like
--svar svar, svit vit vit vit vit--
the last part with increasing rapidity.

Both species in considerable numbers
singing together as they flit along—make

// a very lively concert— They sing as loud and
full as ever now. There has been no sweeter
warble than this of the tree sparrow as yet—

It is a peculiarly still hour now—when
the first drops of rain begins to be heard on
the dry leaves around me—& looking up
I see very high in the air 2 large birds
--which at that height with their
narrow wings flying S E looked i.e--
were shaped like nighthawks— I think they
were gulls.

The great scar O. has now lost almost
every leaf—while the white o near it still
retains them.

// C. says he saw Fox colored sparrows %X% this pm
Mar 23rd

Pm Walk to Cardinal Shore & sail to
Well meadow & Lees Cliff--

It clears up at 2 pm--

// The lycoperdon stella are numerous & blossomed
out widely in Potters path by Bare Hill--

368Looks like T started to run "with" and "their" together, so "with" looks like "withei".
after the rain of the night.

As we sail upward toward the pond, we scare
up 2 or 3 Golden-eyes or Whistlers--
showing their large black heads & black backs
and afterward I watching (swimming) not far
before us-- I see the white spot, amid the black,
on the side of his head-- I have now no doubt
that I saw some on the 21st flying here & it
is very likely that Rice saw them here on the 17th as he
says The pond maybe said to be open today--
There is however quite a large mass of ice--
which has drifted since the E wind arose yesterday
noon from the E side over to the N of the Island--
This ice of which there may be 8 or 10 acres
is so very dark almost black--that
it is hard to discern till you are just upon
it--though some little pieces which are
broke off & left on its edge were very visible
for half a mile-- When at the edge of this
field of ice it was a very dark gray
in color--had none of the usual whiteness
of ice-- It was about 6 inches thick--but
was most completely honeycombed-- The upper
surface was not only thus dark, dusky, or blackish
but full of little hollows 3 to 6 inches across
and the whole mass undulated with the waves
very much--irregular cracks alternately
opening & closing in it--yet it was well knitted
together--with my paddle I could depress

369 There is an interlined line (between 8 and 9) which seems to be connecting the two dates, the 21st and the 17th.
370 There is a gap here between "says" and "The".
it 6 inches on the edge & cause it to
undulate like a blanket for a rod or
more--& yet it bore us securely when
we step out upon it & it was by no means
easy to break off or detach a piece a
foot wide. In short it was thoroughly honey-
combed & as it were saturated with water--
the masses broken off--reminded me of some
very decayed & worm eaten interiors of trees--
Yet the small cakes in to which it visibly
cracked when you bent it & made it undulate--
or dovetailed
were knitted together in some what like the plates
of a tortoise shell & immediately returned
to their places-- Though it would bear you
such
the creaking of one part on another was a
quite general & considerable noise--and
one detached mass rubbed in your hand
upon the edge of the field--yielded a
singular metallic or ringing sound--evidently
owing to its hollowness or innumerable perforations--
It had a metallic ring--
The moment you raised a mass from the water
it was very distinctly white & brilliant--the water
running out from it--
This was the relic of that great mass which
I saw on the 21st on the E side.

There was a great quantity of Bayonet
// This & the pontederia are the coarsest of the wrack
rush also drifted over here & strewn along the
shore-- Now is the time then that it is added
It reminds you of the collections of sea weed after a storm.
This river weed after the spring freshets have melted & dispersed the ice.
371 It seems to have started to write "this" but changed it to "that".

to the wrack prob. being ripped up by the ice.
The ice thus helps essentially to clear the shore
I am surprised to see one of those sluggish
ghost-horses alive on this ice. It was probably
drifted from the shore by the flood & here lodged.

That 371 dark uneven ice has a peculiarly coarse grained
appearance--it is so much decomposed--The pieces
are interlocked by the irregularities of the perpendicular
combing. The underside presents the most continuous
surface--It is held together chiefly on that side--

One piece rings when struck on another--like
a trowel on a brick--and as we rested against
the edge of this ice we heard a singular
wheezing & grating sound--which was the creaking
of the ice which was undulating under the waves
& wind.

As we entered Well meadow--we saw a henhawk
perch on the top most plume of one of the tall pines
at the head of the meadow--Soon another ap-
peared--prob its mate--but we looked in vain
for a nest there It was a fine sight their
soaring above our heads--presenting a perfect
outline [drawing] and as they came round
showing their rust colored tails
with a whitish rump--or as
the sailed away from us--that slight tetering or
quivering motion of their dark tipt wings seen
edgewise--now on this side now that by
which they balanced & directed themselves. These
are the most eagle-like of our com-
mon hawks. They very commonly perch upon
the very topmost plume of a pine--&
if motionless are rather hard to distinguish
there.

The cowslip & most of the skunk cabbage
there have been & are still drowned by flood--
else we should find more in bloom--as it
//is I see the skunk cabbage %X% in bloom--but
generally the growth of both has been
completely checked by the water.

While reconnoitering there we hear the
//peep of one hylodes %X%--some where in this
sheltered recess in the woods. And afterward
on the Lee side I hear a single croak from
//a wood frog. %X%

We cross to Lee’s shore & sit upon the
bare rocky ridge overlooking the flood SW &
NE. It is quite sunny & sufficiently warm(.)
I see one or 2 of the small fuzzy gnats in
//
the air.

The prospect thence is a fine one, especially
at this season when the water is high- The
water to landscape is very agreeably diversified
with hill & vale & meadow--& cliff-- As we
look SW how attractive the shores of russet
capes & peninsulas laved by the flood!
Indeed that large tract E of the bridge
is now an island-- How fair that low
undulating russet land! At this season
and under these circumstances--the
sun just come out & the flood high around
it--russet--so reflecting the light of the
sun appears to me the most agreeable of
colors--& I begin to dream of a russet fairy-
land & elysium. How dark & terrene must be green--
but this smooth russet surface reflects almost
all the light. That broad & low but firm
island--with but few trees to conceal the
contour of the ground & its outline--with
its fine russet sward--firm & soft as velvet--
reflecting so much light--all the undulations
of the earth its nerves & muscles revealed by the
light & shade--& even the sharper ridgy edge
of steep banks where the plow has heaped up
the earth from year to year--This is a sort
of fairy land & elysium to my eye--The tawny
island tawny couchant island! Dry land for the
Indian's wigwam in the spring--& still strewn
with his arrow-points--The sight of such
land reminds me of the pleasant spring days
in which I have walked over such tracts looking
for these relics. How well too this smooth
firm light reflecting tawny earth contrasts
with the darker water which surrounds it
-or perchance lighter sometimes. At this
season when the russet colors prevail--the
contrast of water & land is more agreeable
to behold--What an inexpressibly soft curving
line is the shore--! and if the water is per-
fectly smooth & yet rising-- you seem
to see it raised 1/8 of an inch with swelling
lip above the immediate shore it kisses as
in a cup--or the of a saucer--

Indian isles & promontories-- Thus we sit on
that rock--hear the first wood-frog’s croak
& dream of a russet elysium-- Enough
for the season is the beauty there of-- Spring
has a beauty of its own--which we would
not exchange for that of summer--and
at this moment--if I imagine the fairest
earth I can it is still russet--such
is the color of the blessed isles-- & they are
surrounded with the phenomena of spring.

The qualities of the land that are most
attractive to our eyes now--are dryness
& firmness-- It is not the rich black soil--
but warm & sandy hills & plains which tempt
we love to sit on & walk over sandy tracts in the spring like cicindelas
our steps--^372  There tongues of russet land
tapering & sloping into the flood--do almost
speak to one. They are alternately in
sun & shade-- When the cloud is passed
& they reflect their pale brown light to
me-- I am tempted to go to them.

I think I have already noticed within a
week--how very agreeably & strongly the
green of small pines contrasts with the
pasture
russet of a hill side^ now-- Perhaps there
is no color with which green contrasts

^372Caret positioned directly below em dash
more strongly.

I see the shadow of a cloud--& it chances
to be a hollow ring--with sun light in its midst--
passing over the hilly sproutland toward the
Baker House--a sproutland of oaks & birches
& owing to the color of the birch twigs perhaps--
from russet dark
this shadow turns all "to a decided" purple
color as it moves along. And then as
I look further along eastward in the
horizon, I am surprised to see strong purple
& violet tinges in the sun from a hill
densely
side a mile off "covered with full grown
birches-- It is the steep--old corn field hill side
of Jacob Parker's-- I would not have believed that
under the spring sun so many colors were brought
out. It is not the willows only that shine--
but under favorable circumstances many other
twigs--even a mile or 2 off--the dense birches
so far that their white stems are not distinct--
reflect deep strong purple & violet colors from
the distant hill sides opposite to the sun-- Can this have to do with the sap-flowing in them?
//

As we sit there we see coming swift &
straight N. E. along the river valley not
& therefore not changing his course--
seeing us--^ a male goosander %X%--so near that //
the green reflections of his head & neck are
plainly visible-- He looks like a paddle wheel
steamer--so oddly painted up black & white & green
& moves along swift & straight like one

373 Looks like T initially wrote "if" or "of," then changed it to an "it."
Ere long the same returns with his mate—
the red-throated—the male taking the lead.

The loud peep (?) of a Pig. wood pecker
is heard in our sea—& anon the prolonged
//loud & shrill cackle calling the thin-wooded
hill sides & pastures to life— It is like the
note of an alarm clock set last fall—so
as to wake nature up at exactly this date.

Up up up up up up {up} up up---!
What a rustling it seems to make among the
dry leaves—

You can now sit on {sunny} sheltered sprout
land hill sides & enjoy the sight & sound of
rustling dry leaves.

Then I see come slowly flying from the SW
a great gull—of voracious form {drawing}374
{drawing} which at length by a sudden & steep
descent alights in F. H. Pond—scaring up
a crow which was seeking its food on the edge
of the ice—this shows that the crows get along
the meadow’s edge also what has washed up.

It is suggested that the blue is darkest when
reflected from the most agitated water—because
of the shadow (occasioned by the inequalities)
mingled with it.

Some Indians of the north have but one
word for blue & black—& blue is with
us considered the darkest color—though
it is the color of the sky or air—

374 Seems to be the start of the drawing.
Light, I should say was white--the absence
of it black-- Hold up to the light a perfectly opaque
body & you get black--but hold up to it
the least opaque body--such as air--& you
get blue-- Hence you may say that blue is light
seen through a veil.

Mar 24th 97

Pm down RR--

S. E wind--begins to sprinkle--while

I am sitting in Laurel glen--listening to hear the

{earliest} I think they get under weigh a little earlier--ie you will

first wood-frogs croaking--Now when the leaves

hear many of them sooner than you will hear many hylodes--
get to be dry & rustle under your feet--dried by

the march winds--the peculiar dry note--wurrik

wurrik wur ruk wurk of the wood frog

is heard faintly--by ears on the alert, borne

up from some unseen pool in a woodland (____)
hollow--which is open to the influences of the

sun--. It is a singular sound for awakening

nature to make--associated with the first {warmer}
days when you sit in some sheltered place in

the woods amid the dried leaves.-- How moderate,
on her first awakening--how little demonstrative!

You may sit half an hour before you will hear

another. You doubt if the season will be long

enough for such oriental & luxurious slowness

But they get on nevertheless & by tomorrow--or

in a day or 2--they croak louder & more

frequently-- Can you ever be sur e that

wood

you have heard the very first ^frog in the
township croak? Ah! how weather-wise
must he be! There is no guessing at
the weather with him. He makes the
weather in his degree--he encourages it
to be mild. The weather, what is it but
the temperament of the earth--& he is wholly
of the earth--sensitive as its skin in which
he lives--& of which he is apart-- His life
relaxes with the thawing ground. He pitches
& tunes his voice & chord with the rustling
leaves which the march wind has dried--
Long before the frost is quite out--he feels
the influence of the spring rains & the warmer days
His is the very voice of the weather-- He rises
& falls like quicksilver in the thermometer--
You do not perceive the spring so surely in the
actions of men-- Their lives are so artificial--
They may make more fire or less in their parlors
& their feelings accordingly are not good ther-
mmeters-- The frog far away in the wood--that
burns no coal nor wood--perceives more surely
the general & universal changes.

In the ditch under the west edge of
\[\text{trillium wood}\]
I see 6 yellow spot turtles--
they surely have not crawled from far. Do
they go into the mud in this ditch?
A part of the otherwise perfectly sound & fresh
looking scales of one has been ap. eaten away--
--as if by a worm--
There sits also on the bank of the ditch a rana fontinalis--& it is altogether likely they were this species that leaped into a ditch on the 10nth--
This one is mainly a bronze brown--with a very dark greenish snout &c--with the raised line down the side of the back-- This methinks is about the only frog which the marsh hawk could have found hitherto.

Returning above the RR cause way I see a %X 1st of spring% flock of goldfinches --flitting along the cause way bank-- They have not yet the bright plumage they will have--but in some lights might be mistaken for sparrows-- There is considerable difference in color between one and another--but the flaps of their coats are black--& their heads & shoulders more or less yellow. They are eating the seeds of the mullein & the large primrose--cling to the plants side wise in various positions & pecking at the seed-vessels. Wilson says “In the month of April they begin to change their winter dress, and, before the middle of may appear in brilliant yellow:”--

C. sees gese go over again this pm How commonly they are seen in still rainy weather like this! He says that when they had got far off they looked like a black ribbon almost perpendicular waving in the air.

Mar 25

A rainy day--
Pm to Clam Shell--

I heard the what what what what\textsuperscript{375} of the Nuthatch this forenoon-- Do I ever hear it in the pm? It is much like the cackle of the Pig. woodpecker & suggests a relation to that bird.

Again I walk in the rain & see the rich yellowish browns of the moist banks.

These clam shell hills & neighboring promontories--though it is a dark & rainy day-- reflect a certain yellowish light from the wet withered grass--which is very grateful to my eye--as also the darker more reddish browns as the radical leaves of the andropogon low scoparius in \textsuperscript{376} tufts here & there (Its culms where they stand are quite light yellow)

Surely russet is not the name which describes the fields & hill sides now--(whether wet or dry) There is not red enough in it. I do not know a better name for this (when wet) yellowish brown than tawny--on the south side of these warm hills--it may perhaps be called one of the fawn colors--ie brown inclining to green--Much of this peculiar yellowish color on the surface of the Clam shell plain is due to a little curled sedge or grass--growing loosely covering the ground\textsuperscript{376} green at short intervals\textsuperscript{376}--(with mosses intermixed)--

\textsuperscript{375} A dash or a partial drawing here after last "what."
\textsuperscript{376} There's a line connecting the interlined text to the caret.
in little tufts like curled hair {drawing}

I saw yesterday in Laurel glen where the
early sedge had been grazed very close to the ground
& the same perhaps digested fine as green paint
dust lay around--Was it the work of a mouse?

Day before yesterday--in clear dry weather
we had pale brown or fawn colored earth
i.e. a dry withered grass blade--today a more
yellow brown or tawny--the same being wet-- The
wet brings out an agreeable yellow light
as if the sun were shining through a mist on it.

The earth is more truly russet in Novem-
ber--when there is more redness left in the withered
& withering vegetation.

Such is the change in the color of the bare
portions of the earth--(i.e. bare of trees & bushes)
produced by rain-- Also the oak leaves are much
redder In fair weather the light color of
these objects was simply a light reflected from
them (originating in the sun & sky--now it is a
more proper & inward light which attracts &
confines our attention to moist sward itself.

A snipe flies away from the moist
clam shell shore--uttering its c-r-r rack

//

I thought the other day-- How we enjoy a
warm & pleasant day at this season-- We
dance like gnats in the sun.
A score of my townsmen have been
shooting & trapping musquash & mink of
%{Some have got nothing else to do-- If they should}%
late-- They are gone all day--early & late
%{strike for higher wages now--instead of going to the clambanks}%
They scan the rising tide-- Stealthily they
%{as the Lynn shoemakers propose they could go to shooting musquash--}%
set their traps in remote swamps--avoiding
one another-- Am not I a trapper too--
early & late--scanning the rising flood--
ranging by distant wood sides--setting
my traps in solitude--& baiting them as well
as I know how-- That I may catch life &
light--that my intellectual part may
taste more venison & be invigorated--that
my naked-ness may be clad in some wild
furry warmth.

The color of spring--hitherto I should
say--that in dry weather it was fawn colored
in wet more yellowish or tawny-- When
wet--the green of the fawn is supplied by the lichens
& the mosses--

Mar 26th

Pm to Conantum via Cardinal Shore
& boat-- 377The river has gone down
considerably--but the rain of yesterday
& today--has checked its fall somewhat--

Much earth has been washed away from
the roots of grasses & weeds along the banks
of the river--& many of those pretty little
bodkin bulbs are exposed--& so transported

377Gap here between "boat—" and "The".
to new localities-- This seems to be the way
in which they are spread.

I see many smallish ants on the red carcass
of a musquash just skinned & lying on the
bank--cold and wet as the weather is--
They love this animal food. On the top
of the hill at Lee’s Cliff much winter green
as been eaten--at least a great many leaves
are lying loose strewn about.

I find washed up on the (Cardinal) shore a little
bream about 1 1/8 inches long--very much like those
found at {}378 walden last fall. It has about
seven transverse bars--a similar dorsal fin-- a reddish
copper iris with the black vertical dash through the
eye-- I think it must be one of the common breams
of the river--(though I see only the black spot on
the operculum & not any red one) & ap. all the
young are thus striped--?

What was that large rather greyish duck
on F. H. P. this Pm ? It was far off--was it
a last years male sheldrake or a female--or another
-- Mar 27

? Am Was that the Alauda-shore lark (?)
which which flew up from the cornfield
beyond Texas house--& dashed off so swiftly
with a peculiar note--a small flock of them?

Pm Sail from Cardinal Shore
up Otter Bay-- close to Dea. Farrar’s
I see a gull flying over F. H. P. which

378 Looks like three letters, but nothing makes sense. Original transcriber had "{isle}," and the 1906 skipped it altogether.
//appeared to have a much duskier body
beneath than the common near by--
though about the same size-- Can it
be another species--?
The wind is so nearly westerly today
that we sail up from Cardinal shore
the pond & from the road up
to^ what I will call Otter-bay behind
Farrars & then [still] [better] up that
& returning sail from the road at Creel
(or Pole) Brook--to Pond Island--
& from Hallowell willows to RR.
{er}
The water is quite high still
& we sail up Otter bay I think more
than 1/2 mile to within a very short distance
of Farrars-- This is an interesting & wild place
There is an abundance of low willows
whose catkins are now conspicuous rising
4 to 6 or 7 feet above the water--thickly
placed on long wand like osiers--
They look--when you look from the sun
(whose wood is exposed)
like dead gray twigs or branches of bushes
in the light--but nearer are recognised
for the pretty bright buttons of the
willow. We sail by masses of these silvery
buttons 2 or 3 rods long--rising above
the water By their color they have relation
to the white clouds--& the sky--& to
the snow & ice still lingering in a few localities

379 Seems to be a line drawn connecting interlined text to caret.
In order to see there silvery buttons in the greatest profusion--you must sail amid them on some flooded meadow or swamp like this. Our whole course, as we wind about in this bay, is lined also with the alder many of them whose pretty tassels now in full bloom are hanging straight down--suggesting in a peculiar manner the influence of gravity--or are regularly blown one side (drawing)

It is remarkable how modest & unobtru-
sive these early flowers are-- The musquash & duck hunter--or the farmer--might & do commonly pass by them with perceiving them--They steal in to the air & light of spring without being noticed for the most part-- The sportsman seems to see a mass of weather-stained dead partly lichens twigs showing their wood & "covered with grass {moss} & moss--& the flower of the alder--(now partly may be 1/2 little in bloom---) make the impression at a "distance of a collection of" brown twigs of winter--are also "of the same color with many withered leaves. 20 rods off masses of alder in bloom look like masses of bare brown twigs--last years twigs--& would be taken for such.

Of our 7 indigenous flowers which begin to bloom in march--4--i.e the 2 alders--the hazel & the aspen--white maple & the skunk cabbage--are not generally noticed at all-- so early, if at all--4 most do not observe the flower of a 5th the white maple.

380Hazel and aspen marked for transposition.
The first 4 are reddish or yellowish brown at a little distance—like the banks & sward moistened by the spring rain—
The browns are the prevailing shades as yet—as in the withered grass & sedge—& the surface of the earth—the withered leaves—& these brown flowers—

I see from a hill top a few very bright green spots a rod in diameter—in the upper part of Farrars meadow—which the water has left within a day or 2—Going there I find that a very powerful spring is welling up there—which with water warm from the bowels of the earth has caused the grass & several weeds as Cardamine rhomboidea &c to grow thus early & luxuriantly—and perhaps it has been helped by the flood standing over it for some days—There are bright liquid // green in the midst of brown & withered grass & leaves—such are the spots where the grass is greenest now—

// C. says that he saw a turtle dove on the 25th.%

It is remarkable how long many things may be preserved by excluding the air & light & dust moisture &c—Those chalk marks on the chambre floor joists & timbers of the Hunt house—one of which was read
by many “Feb. 1666” & all of which were
& expression
in an ancient style of writing—ye for the
&c— “enfine” Brown” were as fresh when explored
(having been plastered & cased over--) as if made
the day--before-- Yet a single day’s rain
completely obliterated some of them-- Cousin
Charles says that on the timbers of
a very old house recently taken down in
Haverhill--the chalk-marks made by the
framers--numbering the sticks--as fresh as if
just made--
I saw a large timber over the middle of the
best room of the Hunt house which had
been cased--according to all accounts at
least a hundred years ago-- The casing having
just been taken off-- I saw that the
timber appeared to have been freshly hewn on
the underside--& I asked the carpenter
who was taking down the house what
he had been hewing that timber for
--for it had evidently been done since it was
put up--& in a very inconvenient position--
& I had no doubt that he had just done
it--for the surface was as fresh & distinct
from the other parts as a fresh whittling--
--but he answered to my surprise that he
had not touched it-- It was so when he
took the casing off. When the casing was
put on it had been roughly hewn by one

383"f" poss. "s"
384Possibly crossed out.
standing beneath it, in order to reduce its thickness--or perhaps to make it 
So distinct & peculiar is the weather-stain--& so indefinitely it may 
more level than it was-- be kept off if you do not allow this painter to come to your wood 
Cousin Charles says that he took out h 
of the old Haverill house a very broad 
panel from over the fire place 
which had a picture of Haverhill at 
some old period on it-- The panel had 
been there perfectly sheltered in an inhabited 
house for more than a hundred years. 
It was placed in his shop & no moisture 
allowed to come near it--& yet it 
shrank, 1/4 of a inch in width--when 
the air came to both sides of it-- 
He says that his men who were 
digging a cellar last week--found 
on a S W slope found 51 snakes 
of various kinds & sizes--green--black 
brown &c about a foot under ground 
within 2 feet square (or cube?)--The frost 
was out just there but not in many 
//parts of the cellar-- They could not run 
they were so stiff--but they ran their tongues 
out-- The did take notice of any hole or 
cavity.

385"Haverhill" written over "the"
It is now high time to look for arrowheads &c-- I spend many hours every spring gathering the crop with the melting snow & rain have washed bare-- When at length some island in the meadow or some sandy field elsewhere has been plowed perhaps for rye in the fall I take note of it, & do not fail to repair thither as soon as the earth begins to be dry in the spring. If the spot chances never to have been cultivated before--I am the first to gather a crop from it-- The farmer little thinks that another reaps a harvest which is the fruit of his toil-- As much ground is turned up in a day by the plow as Indian implements could not have turned over in a month-- & my eyes rest on the evidences of an aboriginal life which passed here a thousand years ago perchance-- Especially if the knolls in the meadows are washed by a freshet where they have been plowed the previous fall--the soil will be taken away lower down & the stones left--the arrowheads &c--& soapstone pottery amid them.--some what as gold is washed in a dish--or tom--
I landed on 2 spots this Pm &
picked up a dozen arrowheads--
It is one of the regular pursuits of the
spring. As much as sportsmen go in
pursuit of ducks--& gunners of musquash
and scholars of rare books--and travellers
of adventures & poets of ideas-- & all
men of money--I go in search of
arrowheads when the proper season comes
round again-- So I help myself to live
worthily--& loving my life as I should--
It is a good collyrium to look on the
bare earth--to pore over it so much--
getting strength to all your senses like An-
taeus-- If I did not find arrowheads I
might perchance begin to pick up crockery
fragments of
& (—) pipes--the relics of a more recent
man-- Indeed you can hardly name
an more innocent or wholesome enter-
tainment. As I am thus engaged--I hear
the rumble of the bowling alley thunder
which has begun again in the village.
It comes before the earliest natural
thunder-- But what its lightning is
& what atmospheres it purifies I do
not know. Or I might collect the
various bones which I come across
They would make a museum
that would delight some one—finally
& what a text they might furnish me
for a course of lectures on human
life or the like—I might spend my
days collecting the fragments of pipes
until I found enough after all my search
to compose one perfect pipe when laid
together.

I have not decided whether I had better
publish my experience in searching for
with plates & an index
arrowheads in 3 volumes—^ or try to compress
it into one. These durable implements
seem to have been suggested to the In-
dian mechanic—with a view to my
entertainment in a succeeding period.
After all the labor expended on the
bolt may have been shot but once
perchance—the shaft which was
devoted to it decayed—and there lay the
h
arrowhead sinking into the ground—awaiting
me—They lie all over the hills with
like expectation—and in due time the
husbandman is sent—and tempted by
the promise of corn or rye—he plows
the land & turns them up to my view.
Many as I have found—methinks the
last one gives me about the same delight
that the first did. Some time or

386 Looks like T may have written the end of "view" twice, making it more difficult to read.
387 1906 has the word "it" here, but the mark doesn’t look like much more than a dash—albeit, not T’s normal dash.
often, you would say, it had rained
arrowheads for they lie all over
the surface of America. You may have
your peculiar tastes--certain localities
in your town may seem from association
unattractive & uninhabitable to you--
You may wonder that the land {bears}
any money value there & pity {some}†
poor fellow who is said to survive
in that neighborhood-- But plow
up a new field there--and you
will find the omnipresent arrowpoints
strewn over it--& it will appear
that the red man with other tastes
& associations lived there too.
No matter how far from the modern
road or meeting house, no matter how
near-- They lie in the meeting house
cellar--& they lie in the distant
cow pasture-- And some collections
which were made a century ago by the
curious like myself have been dispersed
again--& they are still as good as new--
You can not tell the 3rd hand ones (for
they are all 2nd hand) from the others.
Such is their persistent out of door
durability-- For they were chiefly

†Looks like T may have crossed out "some" with "the" or vice versa.
made to be lost-- They are sown like
a grain that is slow to germinate broad
cast over the earth-- Like the dragons
teeth which bore a crop of soldiers--these
bear crops of philosophers & facts--& the
same seed is just as good to plant again.
It is a stone fruit. Each one yields
{ } a thought. I come nearer to the maker
of it than if I found his bones-- His bones
would not prove any wit that wielded
them--such as this work of his bones does--
It is humanity inscribed on the face of the
earth--patent to my eyes--as soon as the
snow goes off--not hidden away in some
cript--or grave--or under a pyramid--
No disgusting mummy--but a clean
stone--the best symbol or letter that
could have been transmitted to me-- The
Red\textsuperscript{389} Man--his mark (drawing)!! at
every step I see it--& I can easily supply
the Tahitatwan or Mantatukets\textsuperscript{390} that
might have been written if he had had
a clerk-- It is no single inscription
on a particular rock--but a footprint
--rather a mind print--left every where
& altogether illegible-- No vandals
however vandalic in their disposition can
be so industrious as to destroy them
Time will soon destroy the works of

\textsuperscript{389}The capital "R" of "Red" written over a lowercase "r."
\textsuperscript{390}Robert Sayre spells it "Tahattawan" in his Thoreau and the American Indians (1977), and Mantatuket in this context probably should not have an "s". Also, I could not find Mantatuket listed as an American Indian language or tribe, though I know T. mentions the name later in on this journal (May 2) in reference to Mantatuket Rock. Checked Sayre and Hodge's Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico, Parts I & II (1975).
famous painters & sculptors--but
the Indian arrow head will balk his
efforts & Eternity will have to come to his
aid. They are not fossil bones--but
as it were fossil thoughts--forever re-
minding me of the mind that shaped them.
I would fain know that I am treading
in the tracks of human game--that I
am on the trail of mind--& those
little reminders never fail to set me
right-- When I see these signs I know
that the subtle spirits that made
them are not far off into whatever
form transmuted-- What if you do
plow & hoe amid them--& swear that
not one stone shall left upon another--
They are only the less like to break in that
case-- When you turn up one layer
you bury another so much the more
securely-- They are at peace with rust--
This arrowheaded character promises
to out last all others-- the larger pestles
& axes may perchance grow scarce &
be broken--but the arrowhead shall
perhaps never cease to wing its way through
the ages to eternity. It was originally
winged for but a short flight--but
it still to my minds eye wings its way thro
the ages bearing a message from the
hand that shot it— Myriads of arrow
points lie sleeping in the skin of the re-
volving earth— while meteors revolve
in space— The footprint— the mind-
print of the oldest men— When some vandal
chieftain has razed to the earth the
British Museum & perchance the winged
bulls from Nineveh shall have lost
most if not all of their features—
the arrowheads which the museum
contains will perhaps find themselves
at home again in familiar dust—
& resume their shining in new
springs upon the bared surface of
the earth then— & be picked up for
the thousandth time by the shepherd
or savage that may be wandering there—
& once more suggest their story to him.

Indifferent they to British museums— &
no doubt Nineveh bulls are old acquain-
tances of theirs— for they have camped
on the plains of Mesopotamia too—
& were buried with the winged bulls.

They cannot be said to be lost nor
found. Surely their use was not so
much to bear its fate to some bird
or quadruped— or man— as it was to
lie here near the surface of the earth
for a perpetual reminder to the generations
that come after-- As for museums
I think it is better to let Nature take
care of our antiquities-- These are our--
antiquities & they are cleaner-- to think
of than the rubbish of the Tower of London.
& they are a more ancient armor than
is there. It is a recommendation that
they are so in obvious--that they occur
only to the eye & thought that chances to
be directed toward them. When you
pick up an arrowhead & put it in your
ocket--it may say (едотс) Eh--you
think you have got me, do you? but I
shall wear a hole in your pocket at last.
or if you put me in your cabinet
--your heir--or great grandson--will
forget me--or throw me out
the window directly--or when the house
falls I shall drop into the cellar-- &
there I shall lie quite at home again.
Ready to be found again eh? Perhaps
some (нов) red man that is to come will fit
me to a shaft & make me do his
bidding for a bow shot--What reck I?

As we were paddling over the great
meadows I saw at a distance high
in the air above the middle of the
meadow--a very compact flock
of black birds advancing against

391 There's a mark to the immediate left of "or" that looks like T considered marking something for transposition.
the sun—though there were more than
a hundred—they did not appear to occupy
more than 6 feet in breadth—but the
whole flock was dashing first to the
right & then to the left—When advancing
straight toward me & the sun they made
but little impression on the eye—so many
fine dark points merely seen against
the sky—but as often as they wheeled to
the right or left—displaying their wings
flat wise & the whole length of their bodies
they were a very conspicuous black mass—
This fluctuation in the amount of dark
surface was a very pleasing phenomenon—
It reminded me those blinds whose sashes
are made to move all together by a stick—
now—admitting nearly all the light &
now entirely excluding it—so the flock
of black birds opened & shut—But
spread out &
at length they suddenly^ dispersed some
flying off this way & others that—as when
a wave strikes against a cliff— it is
dashed upward & lost in fine spray.
So they lost their compactness & impetus
& broke up suddenly in mid air—
   We see 8 geese floating afar //
in the middle of the meadow—at least
half a mile off—plainly (with glass) much
larger than the ducks in this neighborhood
& the white on their heads very distinct.
When at length they arise & fly off
northward--their peculiar heavy undulating
wings--blue heron like--& unlike any duck--
is very noticeable. The black Shell-drake
&c--move their wings rapidly & remind
you of paddle-wheel steamers-- Methinks
the wings of the black duck appear to
be set very far back when it is flying.

The meadows--which are still covered
//far & wide--are quite alive with black
ducks--

When walking about on the low
E shore at the Bedford bound--
I heard a faint honk--and looked
around near the water with my glass
or perhaps from a farm yard in that direction
thinking it came from that side" -- I
soon heard it again--& at last we
detected a great flock passing over
quite on the other side of us--2 pretty
high up-- From time to time one of the
company uttered a short note--that
peculiarly metallic--clangorous sound--
These were in a single undulating line,
& as usual one or 2 were from time
to time crowded out of the line, ap
by the crowding of those in the rear--
& were flying on one side & trying
to recover their places--but at last
2d
a short line was formed--meeting

392 Seems to be a line 'connecting' the interlined text to the caret.
393 Looks like T added "2d", and that it's interlined, but it's a close call.
the long one at the usual angle--

making a figure somewhat like a hay hook. I suspect it will be found that there is really some advantage in longer lines of passage flying in the wedge form & clearing their way through the air--That they really do overcome its resistance best in this way and perchance the direction & strength of the wind determine the comparative length of the 2 sides.

The great gulls fly generally up or down the river valley--cutting of the bends of the river--& so do these geese. These fly sympathizing with the river--a stream in the air--soon lost in the distant sky.

We see these geese swimming & flying at midday--& when it is perfectly fair.

If you saw the horizon at this season of the year you are very likely to detect a small flock of dark ducks moving with rapid wing athwart the sky--or see the undulating line of migrating geese {drawing} %against the sky--%

perhaps it is this Easterly wind which brings geese, as it did on the 24th
Balls hill, with its withered oak leaves & its pines--looks very fair today--a mile & a half off across the water-- through a very thin varnish or haze-- It reminds me of the isle which was called up from the bottom of the sea--which was given to Apollo.

How charming the contrast of land & water. Especially a temporary island in the flood-- with its new & tender shores of waving outline so withdrawn yet habitable--above all if it rises into a hill high above the water & contrasting with it the more-- & if that hill is wooded suggesting wilderness. Our vernal lakes have a beauty to my mind which they would not possess if they were more permanent-- Every thing is in rapid flux here--suggesting that nature is {alive} to her extremities & superficies. To-day we sail swiftly, on dark rolling waves--or paddle over a sea as smooth as a mirror unable to touch the bottom where mowers work & hide their jugs in August--coasting the edge of maple swamp--where alder tassels & white maple flowers are kissing the tide that has risen & to meet them-- But this particular phase of beauty is fleeting.

394 There's a letter crossed out -- looks like a g or q -- immediately below the "e" of "hide".

320
Nature has so many shows for us she
can not afford to give (much) time to this
in a few days perchance--these lakes will
have all run away to the sea-- Such are
the pictures which she paints-- When
we look at our master pieces--we see
only dead paint & its vehicle--which
suggests no liquid life rapidly flowing
off from beneath. In the former case--
(or) in nature it is constant surprise-- & novelty.
In many arrangements there is a wearisome
monotony-- We know too well what shall
have for our Saturday’s dinner--but each
days feast in Nature’s year is a surprise
to us & adapted to our appetite & spirits-- She
has arranged such an order of feasts as
never tires-- Her motive is not economy but
satisfaction.

As we sweep past the N end of Poplar Hill
with a sand hole in its, its now dryish--
pale brown {withered} sward clothing its rounded
slope--which was lately saturated with moisture
presents very agreeable hues-- In this light
now
--in fair weather--the patches of dull green-
ish mosses contrast just regularly enough
with the pale-brown grass. It is like some
rich but modest colored Kidderminster car-
pet--or rather the skin of a monster
python tacked to the hill side--& stuffed with
earth.

---

395 Could be “or”, but it is not much more than a blob of ink
3961906 uses the word “mottled”
397Thoreau likely intended “Kidderminster”

321
These earth colors methinks are never so fair as in the spring-- Now the green mosses & lichens contrast with the brown grass--but ere long--the surface will be surprisingly green-- I suspect that we are more amused by the effects of color in the skin of the earth now than in summer--

Like the skin of a python greenish & brown a fit coat for it to creep over the earth & be concealed in. (Or) like the skin of a pard--the great leopard mother that nature is --where she lies at length exposing her flanks to the sun-- I feel as if I could land to stroke & kiss the very sward--it is so fair. It is homely & domestic to my eyes like the rug that lies before my hearth-side. & divans Such ottomans ^are spread for us to re-
cline on. Nor are these colors mere thin superficial figures vehicles for paint--but wonderful living growths-- These lichens--
to the study of which learned men have devoted their lives--& libraries have been written about them-- The earth lies out now like a leopard drying her lichen & moss spotted skin in the sun--her sleek & variegated hide . I know that the few raw spots will heal over-- Brown is the color for me--the color of our coats & our daily lives--the color of the poor mans loaf-- The bright tints are pies & cakes--good only for October feasts which
would make us sick if eaten everyday—

One side of each wave & ripple is dark

& the other light blue reflecting the sky—
(as I look down on them from my boat) &

these colors (?) combined produce a dark blue

at a distance. These blue spaces—ever remind

me of the blue in the iridescence produced by

oily matter on the surface—for you are slow

to regard it as a reflection of the sky— The

rippling undulating surface on which you

glide is like a changeable blue silk garment.

Here where in August the bittern booms in

the grass & mowers march in echelon (drawing)

& whet their scythes & crunch the ripe wool-
grass—raised now a few feet—you scud

before the wind in your tight bark—& listen

(or sough ?) to the surge^ of the great waves sporting around

you—while you hold the steering-oar—& your

mast bends to the gale—& you stow all your

ballast to windward— The {crisped} sound of surging

waves—that rock you—that ceaseless roll

& gambol—& ever & anon break into your boat.

Deep lie the seeds of the rhexia now—absorbing

wet from the flood—but in a few months

this mile wide lake will have gone to the other

side of the globe—& the tender rhexia will

lift its head on the drifted hummocks in

dense patches bright & scarlet as a flame—

—such succession have we here— Where
the wild goose & countless wild ducks
have floated & dived above them.
So nature condenses her matter. She is
a thousand thick. So many crops the same
surface bears.

Undoubtedly the geese fly more numerously
over rivers which like ours flow north easterly--
are more at home with the water under them.
Each flock runs the gauntlet of a thousand
gunners--& when you see them (steer) off
(from) you--& your boat--you may remember--
how great their experience in such matters
may be--how many such--boats & gunners
they have seen & avoided between here &
Mexico--& even now--perchance (though
you little plodding little dream it,)
they see one or 2 more lying in wait ahead.
They have an experienced ranger of the air
for their guide-- The echo of one gun
hardly dies away before they see another pointed
at them-- How many bullets or smaller
shot have sped in vain toward their {honks}\footnote{1906 uses the word 'ranks'.}

Ducks fly more irregularly & shorter distances
at a time. The geese rest in fair weather
by day--only in the midst of our broadest meadow
or pond. So they go--anxious &
earnest to hide their nests under the
pole.

The gulls seem used to boats & sails & will
often fly quite near without manifesting alarm.
Mar 29th 59

Driving rain & S E wind—c //
Walden is 1st clear of ice to-day //

Garfield says he saw a woodcock about

a **fortnight** ago—Minot thinks the

middle of march is as early as they come—

& that they do not then begin to lay.

Mar 30

6 Am—to Hill (across water)

Hear a red-squirrel chirrup at me by

the hemlocks—(running up a hemlock—)

all for my benefit—not that he is ex-
cited by fear, I think, but so full is he

of animal spirits that he makes a great

ado about the least event. At first

he scratches on the bark very rapidly with

his hind feet without moving the fore feet—

He makes so many queer sounds—& so different

from one another that you would think

they came from half a dozen creatures—

I hear now 2 sounds from him of a

very distinct character— a low or base

inward worming screwing or {brewing}

kind of sound—(very like that, by the way, which

an anxious partridge mother makes) & at

the same time a very sharp & shrill bark

& clear on a very high key—totally distinct

from the last—while its tail is flashing

incessantly— You might say that he

successfully accomplished the difficult
feat of singing & whistling at the same
time--

Pm to Walden via Hub's Close--
bodied
The Green ^ flies out in sheds & prob. nearly
as long as the others--the same size as the
house fly.

I see numerous large skaters%X% on a399
// ditch-- This may be the gerris lacustris--
but its belly is not white--only whitish in
certain lights-- It has 6 legs 2 feelers
(the 2 foremost legs being directed forward) a stoutish
body & brown above. The belly looks whitish
when you look at it edge wise--but turned
quite over (on its back--) it is brown

// A very small brown grasshopper hops (into the
water--

I notice again (in the spring holes in
Hub's close) that water purslaine400 being
covered with water--is an evergreen--

though it is reddish--

// Little pollywogs 2 inches long are lively there.
See on Walden 2 sheldrakes--

male & female--(as is common) so they
have for some time paired-- They are a
hundred rods off--The male the larger
with his black head & white breast--
the female with a red head-- With my
glass I see the long red bills of
both-- They swim at first one way

399 Looks like T wrote the "a" over the beginnings of a "the"
400 Also spelled "purslane"
near together--then tack & swim the
other--looking around incessantly never
quite at their ease--wary & watchful
for foes-- A man can not walk down to the
shore or stand out on a hill over looking
the pond without disturbing them. They
will have an eye upon him. The locomo-
start
tive whistle makes every wild duck^ that
is floating within the limits of the town
I see that these ducks are not here for pro-
tection alone--for at last they both dive
& remain beneath about 40 pulsebeats.
--& again--& again--I think they are looking
for fishes. Perhaps, therefore, these divers
or are more likely to alight in Walden than
the black ducks are--
Hear the hovering note of a snipe--%X%401
Mar 31st

The frost is out of our garden--& I see
one or 2 plowing early land-- You walk dry
now over this sandy land where the frost is melted
even after heavy rain & there is no slumping in
it--for there is no hard pan or ice to hold the
water & make a batter of the surface soil--
This is a new condition of things when the
surface of the earth generally begins to be dry.
But there is still much frost in cold
ground & I often feel the crust%62 which
was {weaned} by it sink under me--& for some
time have noticed the chinks where the

401 Seems to be in pencil, but it is heavier than earlier marks.
402 Looks like T started to write a word beginning with "I" but changed his mind.
frozen ground has gaped & erected itself from
& over stones & sleepers--

Pm to Holbrooks improvements--

Many painted turtles out along a

//
ditch in Moores Swamp-- These the first
I have seen--the water is so high in the
meadows-- One drops into the water from
some dead brush which lie in it & leaves
on the brush 2 of its scales. Perhaps the
sun causes the loosened scales to curl up
& so helps the turtle to get rid of them.

Humphrey Buttrick says that he has shot
little
2 kinds of "dippers the one black--the other
with some white.

I see on a large ant hill--largish ants
//at work %X% front half reddish--back half black--
but on another very large ant hill near
by (a rod to left of Holbrook road--perhaps
50 rod this side of his clearing on the N side--)
--5 feet through there none out.

It will show how our prejudices interfere
with our perception of color to state --that
yesterday morning after making {a} fire in the
kitchen cooking stove--as I sat over it
I thought I saw a little bit (of) red or
scarlet flannel on a a chink near a
bolt head on the stove & I tried to pick

---

403"X" is immediately above the "s" of "turtles"
it out--while I was a little surprised that
I did not smell it burning-- It was merely
the reflection of the flame of the fire through
a chink--on the dark stove-- This showed
me what the true color of the flame was
but when I knew what this was it was not
very easy to perceive it again-- It appeared
now more yellowish. I think that my senses
made the truest report the first time.

The wood frogs lie spread out on the surface
of the sheltered pools in the woods --cool & windy
as it is--dimpling the water by their motions--& as
you approach you hear their lively wark wurk

wu r r k--but seeing you they suddenly hist &
perhaps dive to the bottom.

It is a very windy pm wind N-W--
at length a dark cloud arises on that
side--evidently of a windy structure--
a dusky mass with lighter intervals like
a parcel of brushes lying side by side--a
parcel of "mares tails" perhaps--it winds
up with a flurry of rain--

 Ap. 1st 59 some have planted peas
   Melvin, the sexton, says that when Loring's
     Pond was drained once--perhaps the dam
     broke--he saw there about all the birds
     he has seen on a salt marsh
     Also that he once shot a mackerel gull
     I think he said it was in May--
     in Concord-- --that he sees the 2 kinds of
//yellow legs here-- That he has shot
at least 2 kinds of large grey ducks--
as big (one at least) as black ducks--
He says that one winter (it may have
been the last) there were caught by him
& others at one place in the river below
Balls hill in sight of Carlisle bridge
about 200 lbs of pickerel within a week--some
thing quite unprecedented--at least of
late years This was about the last
of February or 1st of March-- No males
were caught! & he thinks that they
had collected there in order to spawn--
Perhaps perch & pickerel collect in large
numbers for this purpose--

Pm to Assabet over meadows in
//boat--a very strong & cold NW wind--
I land again at the (now island) rock,
on Simon Brown’s land--& look for arrowheads
& picked up 2 pieces of soap stone pottery--
one was probably part of the same which
C. found with me there the other day. C’s piece
was one side of a shallow dish say 1 1/2 inches
deep 4/8 to 6/8 inch thick with a sort of
ear for handle on one side--almost a leg
{drawing} {drawing} His piece, like mine, looks
as if it had been scratched all over on the
outside by a nail & it is evident that
this is the way it was fashioned-- It was scratched with some hard sharp pointed stone & so crumbled & worn away.

This little knoll was half plowed (through its summit) last fall in order to be culti-
standing over all but the apex vated this spring--& the high water^ has for a fortnight been faithfully washing away the soil & leaving the stones--Ind relics & others--exposed-- The very roots of the grass-- yellowish brown fibres--are thus washed clean & exposed in considerable quantity there-- You could hardly have contrived a better way to separate the arrow heads that lay buried in that sod between the rocks--from the sod & soil--

At the poke-logan up the Assabet-- I see my first phoebe %X%--the mild bird--it flirts its tail & sings pre vit pre vit pre-vit previt incessantly & flirting its tail as it sits over the water--& then at last rising on the last syllable--says pre-vee as if insisting on that with pec- cular emphasis.

The villagers remark how dark & angry the water looks today-- I think it is because it is a clear & very windy day & the high waves cast much shadow--

%Crow b. birds common%
Pm to Lee's Cliff -- (walking)

% Incana% Alders generally appear to be past prime
% on causeways--i.e. the earliest ones--see More same species% 
% not open the 10th% 
I see a little snow ice in the woods

in one place today-- It is still windy
& cool--but not so much or as yesterday--
I can always sail either up or down the
river with the rudest craft--for the
wind always blows more or less with the
blunt
river valley-- But when a" wooded cape
or hill projects nearly in the direction to
which the wind is blowing--I find that
it blows in opposite directions off that shore
while there may be quite a lull off the
centre. This makes a baffling reach--
Generally a high wood close upon the
west side of our river--the prevailing winds
being N. W. makes such a reach--

// There are many fuzzy gnats now in
the air--windy as it is-- Especially I see
them under the Lee604 of the *** middle
conantum Cliff--in dense swarms all
headed one way--but rising and falling suddenly
all together as if tossed by the wind--
They appear to love best a position just
below the edge of the cliff--& to rise constantly

---

604 Could be "Lew", another spelling of "lee" in OED.
- high enough to feel the wind from over
- the edge & then sink suddenly down again--
  They are not perhaps so thick as they
  will be but they are suddenly much thicker
- than they were--& perhaps their presence affects
  the arrival of the phoebe--which I suspect
  feeds on them.
- From near this cliff I watch a' shell-drake
- in the river with my glass-- It is very busily plum-
  ing itself while it sails about--& from time
  to time it raises itself upright almost en-
  tirely out of water--showing its rosaceous breast--
  It is some 60 rods off--yet I can see the
  red bill distinctly when it is turned against
  its white body-- Soon after I see 2 more
    I think
  & one which is' not a female--is more
  gray--& far less distinctly black & white than the
  other-- I think it is a young male--& that
  it might be called by some a gray duck.
    However if you show yourself within 60
  rods they will fly or swim off--so shy are
  they. Yet in the fall I sometimes get
  close upon a young bird--which dashes
    or along
  swiftly across^ the river & dives--
    In the wood on top of Lees Cliff--
  where the other day I noticed that the chimaphi-
  la leaves had been extensively eaten & nibbled
  off & left on the ground--I find under one

---

405 T has drawn a semi-circular line to the left of "is" connecting a caret underneath and between "is" and "not" to the "I" of "I think".
406 "& far" inserted
small pitch pine tree a heap of the
cones which have been stript of their
scales evidently by the red squirrels this
last winter & fall-- they having sat upon
some dead limbs above-- They were all
stript regularly from the base upward
excepting the 5 to 7 uppermost & barren
scales--making a pretty figure like this
{drawing} I counted 239 cones
under this tree alone
& most of them lay within
2 square feet square upon a mass of the
scales 1 to 2 inches deep & 3 or 4 feet
in diameter-- There were also many cones
under the surrounding pines. Those I counted
would have made some 3 quarts or more
These had all been cut off by the squirrels
& conveyed to this tree & there stript & eaten.
They appeared to have devoured all the fruit
of that p. pine grove--& probably it was
they that nibbled the winter green--
No fruit grows in rain--the red squirrel
harvests the fruit of the p. pine. His
body is about the color of the cone. I should
like to get his recipe for taking out pitch
for he must often get his chaps defiled
methinks. These were all fresh cones
the fruit of last year--perhaps there
was a hole in the ground where they lodged
by that tree.

I see fly across the pond a rather large
hawk--& when at length it turns up {I} am sur-
prised to see a {larg} blackish spot on the
under side of each wing--reminding me
of the night-hawk-- Its wings appeared
long & narrow--but it did not show the
upper or under side till far off--{sailing}^407 so
level-- What was it?

The bass recently cut down at Miles swamp
which averages nearly 2 1/2 feet in diameter at
the ground has 47 rings--& has therefore
grown fast-- The black ash is about 18
inches in diameter & has 48 rings-- The white
ash is about 15 inches in diameter & has 78
rings--

I see the small botrychium still quite fresh
in the open pasture only a reddish or leathery
%some too yellow% quite & more
brown-- %"%It is therefore evergreen than the
spleenworts.

As I go down the street just after
sunset I hear many snipe tonight--

This sound is annually heard by the villagers
but always at this hour, ie in the twilight--
a hovering sound high in the air & they do
not know what to refer it to-- It is very easily
imitated by the breath.-- A sort of shuddering
with the breath. It reminds me of
calmer nights-- Hardly one in a hundred

^407^1906 has "sailing", but can only make out clearly the "-ling".
hears it & perhaps not nearly so
many know what creature makes it.
Perhaps no one dreamed of snipe
an hour ago--but the air seemed
empty of such as they--but as soon as
the dusk begins--so that a bird's flight
is concealed--you hear this peculiar
spirit suggesting sound--now far now near--
heard through & above the evening din
of the village. I did not hear one
when I returned up the street half an
hour later.

Ap 3rd--

// An easterly wind & rain

Pm to White Pond--

C. says he saw a striped snake on the 30th %X%408

We go by Clam Shell--The water on the
meadow is now visibly lowered considerably
& the tops of bushes begin to appear--
The high water has stood over & washed down
the base of that avalanche of sand from
my new ravine--leaving an upright edge
a foot high--& as it subsided gradually
it has left various parallel shore lines
with stones arranged more or less in rows
along them--thus forming a regular
beach of 4 5 rods length--

or409

408 The "X" is immediately below the "th" of "30th".
409 Looks like T added this after writing "4 5," so it's just barely interlined.
The beomyces is in its perfection this rainy day. I have for some weeks been writing on the beauty & richness of the moist & saturated crust of the earth-- It has seemed to me more attractive & living than ever--a very sensitive cuticle--teeming with life--esp--in the rainy days. I have looked on it as the skin of a pard. And on a more close examination I am borne out--by discovering in this now so bright beomyces--& in other earthy lichens & in cladonias--and also in the very interesting & pretty red & yellow stemmed mosses--a manifest sympathy with--and an expression--of the general life of the crust. This early & hardy cryptogamous vegetation is as it were a flowering of the crust of the earth--Lichens & these mosses which depend on moisture are now most rampant--If you examine it, this brown earth crust is not dead--"We need a popular name for the beomyces--C. suggests pink mould--Perhaps pink shot or eggs would do. A great many oak leaves have been blown off in the late windy weather--When I disturb a leaf in the woods I find it quite dry within this rainy day. I saw the other day a long a foot high winrow of oak leaves^ washed up on the meadow edge 1/4 of a mile off opposite Ball's hill--whence they partly came--

^Gap here between "dead--" and "We".
It does not rain hard today--but mizzles--with considerable wind--
your clothes are finely bedewed with it-- even under an umbrella-- The rain drops
hanging regularly under each twig of the birches--so full of light--are a very pretty
sight as you look forth through the mizzle from under your umbrella-- In a hard rain
they do not lodge & collect thus.

I hear that Peter Hutchinson hooked a monstrous pickerel at the Holt last winter-- It was so large that he could not get his head through the hole--
so they cut another hole close by & then a narrow channel from that to the first
to pass the line through--but then when they came to pull on the line the pickerel gave a violent jerk & escaped-- Peter thinks that he must have weighed 10 lbs.

Mens minds run so much on work & money that the mass instantly associate all literary labor with a pecuniary reward. They are mainly curious to know how much money the lecturer or author gets for his work-- They think that the naturalist takes so much pains to collect plants or animals because he is paid for it-- An Irishman who saw in the fields me^ making a minute in my note book-- took it for granted that I was casting up my wages--& actually inquired what they came to--as if he had never dreamed
of any other use for writing-- I might have 411 quoted to him that the wages of
sin are death, as the most pertinent answer--

What do you get for lecturing now-- I am
occasionally asked-- It is the more amusing
since I only lecture about once a year out
of my native town-- often not at all--
So that I might as well, if my objects
were merely pecuniary--give up the business.

Once when I was walking on Staten Island
looking about me as usual--a man who
saw me--would not believe me when I told
him that I was indeed from N. E. but was
not looking at that region with a
pecuniary view--a view to speculation--
he offered me a handsome bonus if I
would sell his farm for him.

I see by the White Pond path many fox colored
sparrows ap lurking close under the lee side of411 a wall out of the way of the storm-- Their
tails near the base are the brightest things
of that color--a rich cinnamon brown, that I
know-- their note today is the chip much like
a tree sparrows. We get quite near them.

Near to the pond I see a small hawk
larger than a pigeon hawk fly past--a deep
brown with a light spot on the side-- I think it probable
it was a sharp shinned hawk--

The pond in quite high (like Walden--which

411 It seems to have corrected his "of", so it looks like an "f" is under the "o" of "of".
as I noticed the 30th ult.--had {p} risen

about 2 feet since January & perhaps

within a shorter period.) & the white

sand beach is covered. The water being quite

shallow on it--it is very handsomely & freshly

ripple marked for a rod or more in width

the ripples only 2 or 3 inches apart & very

regular & parallel--but occasionally

a foot long

there is a sort of cell^ (a split closed at each

end) in one-- In some parts indeed it

reminded me of a cellular tissue--but the last

foot next the shore had no ripple marks--ap--

they were constantly levelled there. These were

most conspicuous where a dark sediment

the dead wood or crumbled leaves perchance from

the forest lay in the furrows & contrasted with

the white sand--

drawing

The cells were much more numerous & smaller

in proportion than I represent them.

I find in drawing these ripple marks that

precisely

I have drawn ^such lines as are used to represent

a shore on maps--& perchance the sight

of these parallel ripple marks may have suggested

that method of drawing a shore line-- I do

not believe it--but if we were to draw

such a lake shore accurately it would be

very similar.
Ap 4th

Clear cold & very windy wind N. W. //

For a fortnight past—or since the frost began to come out I have noticed the funnel shaped holes of the skunk in a great many places—& their little mincing tracks in the sand—Many a grub & beetle meets its fate in their stomachs—

Methinks the peculiar & interesting Brown Season of the spring lasts from the time the snow generally begins to go off (as this year the fore part of Mar.) till the frost is generally (or entirely (?) out—Perhaps it will be through the 1st week of April this year. Ordinary years it must be somewhat later— The surface of the earth is never so completely saturated with wet as during this period—for the frost a few inches beneath holds all the & snow ice ‘that are melted & the rain—& an unusual amount of rain falls— All plants therefore that love moisture & coolness—like mosses & lichens—are in their glory—but above I think that the very withered grasses & weeds—being wet are blooming at this season— The conspicuous reddish brown of the fallen brakes is very rich—contrasting with the paler brown of oak leaves—
Such an appetite have we for new
life that we begin by nibbling the
very crust of the earth-- We betray
our vegetable & animal nature &
sympathies by our delight in water
—we rejoice in the full rills
the melting snow--the copious spring rains
& the freshets--as if we were frozen
to be thawed--or lichens &
mosses--expanding & reviving under this
influence--

The osier bark now as usual looks very
yellow when wet--& the wild poplar
very green-- to Cliffs

Those striped snakes of the 30th c. { } found (several in all) on west side
the RR. causeway--on the sand--which is
very warm. It would seem then that
they come out in such places soon after
the frost is out. The RR men who
were cutting willows there to set on the
sides of the deep cut--to prevent the gullying
there--came across them.

The epigaea looks as if it would open
in 2 or 3 days at least^-- showing much color
& this form {drawing} The flower buds

412The 1906 has "were", but it looks more like "c." (for T's "Cousin Charles" he
refers to earlier re: the snakes and refers to as "c.") plus another word. The
period of "c." seems to be made from blotting out another letter. Maybe T forgot to
cross out the rest of the word, and it is supposed to be simply "c."?
are protected by the withered leaves, oak leaves, which partly cover them—so that you must look pretty sharp to de-
tect the first flower—These plants blossom by main strength as it were—or the virtue that is in them—not being growing by water, as most early flowers—in dry copses—

I see several earth-worms today under the shoe of the pump on the platform. They may have come up through the cracks from the well where the warm air has kept them stirring.

On the barren RR causeway—of pure sand—grow chiefly—sallows—a few poplars—& sweet fern & blackberry vines—

When I look with my glass I see the cold & sheeny snow still glazing the mts. This it is which makes the wind so piercing cold. There are dark & windy clouds {on} over that side—of that peculiar brushy or wispy character—or rather like sheafs

which denotes wind—They only spit a little snow at last—thin & scarcely perceived—like falling gossamer—

Ap 5—59

In running a line through a wood lot in the SW part of Lincoln to-day— I started from an old pine stump—now mostly crumbled away—though a part of the wood was still hard above ground—which was described in his deed

\[^{113}\text{Looks like T wrote "sheafs" over another word (that may have gone with the "of" crossed out afterward).}\]
of 1813 (46 years ago) as a pine stalk. It was on the side of a hill above Dea Farrars meadow—

As I stood on a hill just cut off I saw half a dozen rods below the bright yellow catkins of a tall willow just opened on the edge of the swamp against the dark brown twigs "the withered leaves-- This early blossom looks bright & rare amid the withered leaves & the generally brown & dry surface like--the early butterflies-- This is the most conspicuous of the March flowers--(i.e if it chances to be so early as march)

It suggests unthought of warmth & sunniness-- It takes but little color & tender growth--to make miles of dry brown woodland & swamp look habitable & homelike-- as if a man could dwell there-- Mr. Haines who travelled over the lots with us this very cold & blustering day-- was over 80.

What raw blustering weather said I to my employer today-- Yes, answered he,--"did you see those 2 sun dogs on Saturday?" & windy. They are a pretty sure sign of cold weather.

Ap 6th

Another remarkably windy day--cold NW wind & a little snow spitting from time to time--yet so little that even the traveller

---

414 There could be an "&" here, between "twigs" and "the". I would have made it by crossing the "T-cross" from "twigs" and the beginning of the "t" in "the".

344
might not perceive it.

For 19 days from the 19th of March to
the 6th of Ap. both inclusive we have had
remarkably windy weather-- For 10 days
of the 19 the wind has been remarkably
strong & violent--so that each of those
days the wind was the subject of general
remark-- The first of these 10 days was
the warmest--the wind being SW--but the
others especially of late were very cold the
wind being NW-- for the most part icy cold.

There have also been 5 days that
would be called windy-- & only 4 which
were moderate-- The last 7 including today
have all been windy--5 of them remarkably
so wind from NW-- V 10th--forward

The sparrows have to flit along any thick
hedge--like that of Mrs. Gourgas's Tree
sparrows-- F. hiemalis--& fox colored spars in com-
pany--

A fish hawk %X% sails down the river--from time

to time --almost stationary 100 feet above
the water--not withstanding the very strong wind

I see where moles have rooted in a meadow

& cast up those little piles of the black earth.

Ap 7th

The Cheney elm looks as if it would shed pollen tomorrow%^% //

%V 13th%

---& the Salix purpurea will perhaps within a week%^% //

415 The "4" replaces the crossed out "5" above it.
Pm up Assabet with Pratt--

Standing under the N side of the hill

I hear the rather innocent phe phe,
phe phe, phe phe, phé of a Fish hawk
(for it is not a scream, but a rather soft & innocent note)
& looking up see one come sailing from

over the hill. The body looks quite short
in proportion to the spread of the wings
which are quite dark or blackish above.
He evidently has something in his talons.
We soon after disturb him again
& at length after circling around over
the hill & adjacent fields he alights
in plain sight one one of the half
dead white oaks on the top of the {hill}
--where probably he sat before. As I look
through my glass he is perched on a large
dead limb & is evidently standing on a
fish (I had noticed something in his talons
as he flew) for he stands high and uneasily
finding it hard to keep his balance in the
wind. He is disturbed by our neighborhood
& does not proceed at once to eat his
meal. I see the tail of the fish hanging
over the end of the limb. Now & then he
pecks at it. I see the white on the
crown of the hawk-- It is a very large
black bird as seen against the sky. Soon
he sails away again--carrying his fish
as before horizontally beneath his body
drawing) & he circles above over
the adjacent pasture--like
a hawk hunting--though he can only
be looking for a suitable place to eat
his fish or waiting for us to be gone--
Looking under the limb on which he was
we
perched we find a piece of the skin of a
sucker (?) or some other scaly fish which a
hawk had dropt there long since. No
doubt many a fish hawk has taken his
meal on that sightly perch.

It seems then that the fish hawk which
you see soaring & sailing so leisurely about
over the land--(for this one soared quite
high into the sky at one time) may have a fish
in his talons all the while & only be waiting
till you are gone for an opportunity
to eat it on his accustomed perch.

I told Pratt my theory of the
formation of a swamp on a hill-side--
but he thought that the growth of the alders
&c there would not make the ground any more
moist there but less so---& stated that the
soil (as he had noticed) was drier under
rank grass in a mowing field--than at the
same depth under a surface of bare &
hot sand--because the grass took up
the moisture from the soil.

    I saw a hole (probably of a woodchuck)

//partly dug on the E side of the hill
& 3 or 4 large stones lay on the fresh sand
heap thrown out--which the woodchuck
had pushed up from below-- One was about
6 inches long x 4 or more wide & might
weigh 4 lbs--& looking into the hole whose
nearly as large
bottom I could not see, I saw another^
about 3 feet down on its way up-- I have
seen their holes dug in much worse
places than this--This hole sloped downward
at a considerable angle--so that the
stones had to be pushed up a steep slope.

    A small hawk flies swiftly past on
the side of the hill--swift & low--
//ap. like same as that of Ap 3rd--a deep
rusty brown-

    The wood chuck probably digs in a stoney place
that he may be the more secure.

    I hear then the hovering note of a snipe at ¼ 1/2
½ in the day½ also the next day at 9 A.m. as much
//pm--unusually early½--
//as ever! Through
// the wind--

Find a sternothaorus odoratus--so far from water

//

on Simon Browns knoll--where water has not been since about
Mar. 20-- That I think he was then washed & left
there & has since lain in the ground-- There a 2 or 3
small leeches on him--which may have adhered to him

The white mans relics in the field are like the Indians
all winter.
pipes--pottery--& (instead of arrow heads) bullets.416

416Lines 33 and 35 seem interlined. T appears to have squeezed them onto this last
page of this journal, and the subject matter is completely different from the
previous material.
%To buy Flagg’s Studies & c
Oswald’s Etymological Dict.
Smith’s Lit Dictionary
Worcesters Dict.
Carpenters Vegetable Physiology
Bartlett Dic of Americanisms 59 edition

417 Entire page written faintly, seems to be in pencil.
%v. of dwarf {   } is gree all

is at well meadow ((N) Mar 2d)

See grass & sedge of Mar. 3rd in Hosmer ditch

v of P. pine buds (eaton) start

mark sedge

v. gulls & willows at Boston

---

418 Ink splotch here after and before "all."

419 Entire page of text seems to be in pencil, written faintly.