Sep. 22--1859

A mizzling day--with less rain than yesterday //
filling the streams.

As I went past the Hunt cellar--where
Hosmer pulled down the old house in the spring--
I thought I would see if any new or rare
plants had sprung up in that place which
had so long been covered from the light. I was
surprised to find there *Urtica urens* (?!) very //
fresh & in bloom 1 to 3 feet high with ovate deeply

cut leaves-- which I never saw
before--also *Nicotiana* prob. *tabacum* //
(not the wild one) in flower--& *Anethum* //
Graveolens (?) or dill, also in flower-- I had
not seen either of the last 2 growing spon-
taneously in Concord before. It is remarkable
that tobacco should have sprung up there. Could
I learn that it was formerly cultivated in Concord{--}?
a
the seed have been preserved from the time
but prob. Temple, who has raised a little for 2 years past 1 1/4 miles west of this
when it was cultivated there? ^ Also the so-- //

thinks he is the only one who has cultivated any in C. of late years.
lanum nigrum which is rare in Concord

with many flowers & green fruit.
The prevailing plants in & about this cellar
were malows--*Urtica urens*--rich-weed (very
Chenopodium botrys
rank)-- Catnip--*Solanum nigrum--
chickweed--Bidens frondosa &c

It is remarkable what a curse seems
to attach to any place which has long been
inhabited by man. Vermin of various kinds
abide with him. It is said that the
site of Babylon is a desert where the
lion & the jackal prowl-- If, as here,
an ancient cellar is uncovered, there springs
up at once a crop of rank & noxious weeds
evidence of a certain unwholesome fertility--by
which perchance the earth relieves herself
of the poisonous qualities which have been
imparted to her-- As if what was foul--bale-
ful--grovelling or obscene in the inhabitants
had sunk into the earth & infected it.

Certain qualities are there in excess on the soil,
& the proper equilibrium will not be attained
until after the sun & air have purified the
spot. The very shade breeds saltpetre.

Yet men value this kind of earth highly
& will pay a price for it--as if it were as
good a soil for virtue as for vice.

In other places you find Henbane & the James-
town-weed & the like in cellars-- Such herbs as
the witches are said to put into their cauldrons.

It would be fit that the tobacco plant
should spring up on the house site--aye on
the grave--of almost every householder of Con-
cord. These vile weeds are sown by vile
men-- when the house is gone they spring up
in the corners of cellars where the cider
casks stood always on tap--for murder
& all kindred vices will out-- And that
trans. as "mark" in 1906. Looks much more like "hub." See file "hub mystery" in "volumes\Transcription\Transcription mysteries".

rank crowd which lines the gutter—where the
wash of the dinner dishes flows—are but more
What obscene & poisonous weeds think you will mark the
distant parasites of the host—" site of a slave-state!
What kind of Jamestown weed?
There is mallows for food—for cheeses, at
least—rich weed for high living—the nettle for
domestic felicity—& happy disposition—black night
shade—tobacco—henbane & Jamestown weed—as
symbols of the moral atmosphere & influences of
of it
that house—the ideocy & insanity—Dill &
jerusalem-Oak—& catnep—for senility
grasping at a straw—& Beggar ticks for poverty.
I see the fall dandelions all closed
in the rain this pm. Do they then open only in fair
or cloudy forenoons—& cloudy afternoons?
There is mallows with its pretty little button
shaped fruit which children eat & call cheeses
{drawing}—eaten green—There are several such
fruits discoverable & edible by children—
The mt-ash trees are alive
with robins & cherry birds now-adays—
stripping them of their fruit (in drooping clusters)
It is exceedingly bitter & austere to my taste. Such
a tree fills the air with the watch-spring like note
of the cherry birds coming & going.

Sep. 23
Pretty copious rain in the night—
11—Am river risen about 14 inches above
lowest this year—(or 13 3/4 above my hub.¹ by boat)

¹trans. as "mark" in 1906. Looks much more like "hub." See file "hub mystery" in "volumes\Transcription\Transcription mysteries".
What an army of none-producers so-
ociety produces--Ladies generally--old
& young--& gentlemen of leisure so called
Many think themselves well employed as
charitable dispensers of wealth which some
body else earned. & These who produce
nothing--being of the most luxurious
habits are precisely they who want the most--
& complain loudest when they do not get
what they want--They who are literally
paupers maintained at the public ex-
pense--are the most importunate & in-
satiable beggars--They cling like the glutton
to a living man & suck his vitals up--
To every locomotive man there are 3 or 4 dead
heads clinging to him--As if they conferred a great
favor on society by living upon it. Mean-
while they fill the churches--& die & revive from
time to time. They have nothing to do but sin,
& repent of their sins. How can you expect
such bloodsuckers to be happy?

Not only foul & poisonous weeds grow
in our tracks--but our vileness & lux-
uriance make simple & wholesome
(weeds) plants rank & weed-like--
All that I ever got a premium for
was a monstrous squash--so coarse
that nobody could eat it. Some of these
bad qualities will be found to lurk in

'poss. "then"
the pears that are invented in & about
the purlieus of great towns-- "The evil
that men do lives after them." The corn & po-
tatoes produced by excessive manuring, may
be said to have, not only a coarse, but a
poisonous quality. 'They are made food
hogs & oxen {oo} '-- What creatures is
the grain raised on the cornfields of Water-
loo food for? unless it be for such as
prey upon men-- Who cuts the grass in the
grate yard? I can detect the site of
the shanties that have stood all along
the rail roads by the ranker vegetation'. I
do not go there for delicate wild flowers.
    It is important then that we should air
our live' from time to time by removals--& excursions
into the fields & woods. Starve our vices. Do
not sit so long over any cellar hole as to tempt
your neighbor to bid for the privilege' of digging
salt peter there.

So live that only the most beautiful wild flowers
Harebells-violets
will spring up where you have dwelt. & blue-eyed grass
%V Oct 13th%
Sep 24th--59
Pm to Melvins Preserve
    Was that a flock of grackles on
the meadow? I have not seen half a
dozzen black birds methinks for a month.
I have many affairs to attend to--
feel hurried these days. Great works of art

\[1\] stray mark, possibly caret or bleedthrough
\[2\] probably meant to be "too"
\[3\] poss. "Vegetation"
\[4\] poss. "lives"
\[5\] misspelled "privilege"?
have endless leisure for a back ground.
(as the universe has space). Time stands
still while they are created. The artist
cannot be in hurry. The earth moves round
the sun with inconceivable rapidity & yet the
surface of the lake is not ruffled by it. It
is not by a compromise--it is not by a timid
& feeble repentance--that a man will save
his soul & live, at last-- He has got to conquer
a clear field--letting repentance & co go. That’s

well meaning but weak firm that
has assumed the debts of an old & worth-
less one. You are to fight in a field where
no allowances will be made--no courteous
bowing to one--handed knights.
You are expected to do your duty--not in spite of
everything but one--but in spite of everything.

// See a green snake
Stedman Buttrick’s handsome maple &
pine swamp is full of cinnamon ferns--
I stand on the elevated road looking down into it. The
trees are very tall & slender, without branches for
a long distance-- All the ground, which is perfectly
& concealed as are the bases of the trees
level, is covered ^ with the tufts of cinnamon-ferns
now a pale brown-- It is a very pretty sight
--these northern trees springing out of a ground
%/%work of ferns-- It is like pictures of the tropics
--except that here the palms are the under-
growth. You could not have arranged a
nosegay more tastefully. It is a rich ground
work out of which the maples & pines spring.9
But outside the wood & by the road
side where they are exposed these ferns
are withered shrivelled & brown--for they are
tenderer than the Dicksonia. The fern--especially
if large--is so foreign & tropical, that these remind
me of artificial ground works set in sand--to set
off other plants. These ferns (like brakes) begin
to decay, i.e to turn brown or yellow & ripen, before
they are frostbitten, necessarily. Theirs is another
change & decay--like that of the brakes & sarsaparilla
in the woods & swamps, only later-- While these
exposed ones are killed before they have passed
through all their changes. The exposed ones attained
to a brighter yellow early & were then killed-- The
shaded ones--pass through various stages of
commonly as here, The brown ones are the most interesting
rich ^ pale brown ^ & last much longer--

Going along this old Carlisle road--
road for walkers--for berry-pickers--& no
more worldly travellers--road for Melvin &
Clark--not for the sheriff nor butcher--nor
the (ba)kers jingling cart--road where all
wild things & fruits abound. Where
there are countless rocks to jar those who
venture there in wagons--which no jockey--
no wheel-right in his right mind, drives over--
--no little spidery gigs & flying childers,
--road which leads to & through a great but
not famous Garden--Zoological--& botanical--

---as I was going along there I perceived

---A line runs from over "brown" to "under "or yellow", poss. indicating T meant to switch them.
---A line runs from the caret to "necessarily" to show it should be moved to before "frostbitten"
---Moved to before "frostbitten."
---Misspelled "sarsaparilla."
---"we" written over "a" to change "are" to "were"
---Marking in indentation before "Going"
---Perhaps "Carlisle."
---T did not cross the "t" in "botanical"
---poss "arrive--"
the grateful scent of the Dicksonia fern
now partly decayed--& it reminds me of
all up country with its springy mt sides
& unexhausted vigor. Is there any essence
of Dicksonia Fern? I wonder-- Surely
that Giant who my neighbor expects is to
bound up the Alleghanies will have his
handkerchief scented with that.

In the lowest part of the road the Dicksonia
brown crape!
by the wall sides--is more than 1/2 frostbitten
a sober quaker color-- or early
& withered--(though not so tender as the Cinnamon
fern) but soon I rise to where they are
more yellow & green--& so my route is
varied. On the higher places there are
very handsome tufts of it all yellowish out-
side & green within-- The sweet fragrance
When I wade through by narrow cow paths of decay! It is as if I had strayed in to an
Proper ancient and decayed herb garden. Proper for
old ladies to sent their handkerchiefs with--
Nature perfumes her garments with this essence
now especially-- She gives it to those who go
a-barberryng & on dank autumnal walks.

The essence of this as well as of new mown hay--
surely! The very scent of it will take you far up
country in a twinkling. You would think you
there
had gone after the cows, or were lost on
the mt. It will make you as cool
& well as a frog--a wood frog, rana-
sylvatica. It is the scent the earth yielded
in the Saurian period--before man"

19 The dash connects "a sober quaker color" with "brown crape."
20 T poss. misspells "scent"; spelled correctly on line 29.
21 possible dash after "man"
was created & fell--before milk & water
were invented--& the mints. Far wilder than
they. Rana sylvatica passed judgement on it.
or rather that peculiar scented Rana palustris.
It was in his reign it was introduced. That
is the scent of the Silurian Period precisely
& a modern beau may scent his handkerchief
with it. Before man had come & the plants
that serve him chiefly.22 There were no rosaceae
nor mints then. So the earth smelled--in the
Silurian (?) period before man was created--
& any soil had been debauched with manure.
The saurians had their handkerchief23 scented
with it. For all the ages are represented
still & you can smell them out.

A man must attend to nature closely
for many years to know, when, as well as where,
to look for his objects. Since he must always an-
ticipate her a little. Young men have not
ases24 learned the phases of nature-- They do not
know what constitutes a year, or that one
year is like another. I would know when in
the year to expect certain thoughts & moods,
as the sportsman knows when to look for
plover.

Though you may have sauntered near
to heaven's25 gate--when at length you re-
turn toward the village, you give up the
enterprise a little--& you begin to fall
into the old ruts of thought, like a

22A mark here indicates that "chiefly" should change the place with "that
serve him."
poss. "handkerchiefs"
20I rewrote "ases" over "phases" to clarify some written over text
poss. "heavens"
regular roadster--your thoughts--

"very properly fail to report themselves to head- quarters--Your thoughts turn toward P. O.

night & the evening mail--& become begrimed with dust--as if you were just going to put up at (with?) the tavern?

or even come to make an exchange with a brother clergyman here, on the morrow--

Some eyes cannot see, even through a spy glass. I showed my spy glass to a man whom %said that he% I met this afternoon--who %want to see if he could look through it--I tried it carefully on him but he failed--He said that he tried heendid never could see through them a lot lately on the muster field, but ^ some how or other every thing was all a-blurr. %I asked him if he considered his eyes good% %answered % they were% Yet he said that his eyes were good to see far. They looked like 2 old-fashioned china saucers. He kept steadily chewing his quid all $he talked & looked% the while. %This is the case with a great many, I suspect--Everything is in a blurr-- to them. He enjoys the distinction of being the in the town only man ^ who raises his own tobacco.

Seeing is not in them. No focus will suit them

You wonder how the world looks to them-- if those are eyes which they have got or bits of old china--familiar with soap-suds

As I stood looking over a wall this %at some splendid red sumac bushes-- now in their prime--I saw Melvin the other side of the wall & hailed him. What are
you after there, asked he. After the same
ting that you are perhaps, answered I
but I mistook this time, for he said
that he was looking amid the huckleberry
bushes for some spectacles which a woman
lost there in the summer-- It was his mother
%no doubt%
perhaps.

Road—that old Carlisle one—that leaves towns
behind—where you put off worldly thoughts—
where you do not carry a watch—nor remember
the proprietor—where the proprietor is the
only trespasser—looking after his apples! The
only one who mistakes his calling there—whose
title is not good. Where 50 may be
a barberrying & you do not see one. It is
an endless succession of glades where the barberries
grow thickest—successive yards amid the
barberry bushes where you do not see out—
There I see Melvin & the robins—& many a
nut-brown maid sashe-ing to the barberry—
& none of them see me
bushes in hoops & crinoline. "The world-surrounding
hoop—{} faery rings! Oh the jolly cooper’s trade
it is the best of any— Carried to the furthest
This the girdle they’ve {put} round the world!
isles where civilized man penetrates—^ Saturn
or Satan set the example. Large & small
hogsheads—barrels—kegs—worn by the
misses that go to that lone school house
in the Pinkham Notch. The lonely horse in
its pasture is glad to see company—comes forward
to be noticed & takes an apple from your hand—
Others are called great roads but this is

---

A line runs from this caret to the inserted text.
greater than they\textsuperscript{28} all. The road is only
laid out--offered to walkers--not \textit{accepted}
by the town & the travelling world. To be
represented by a dotted line on charts--or
drawn in lime juice--undiscoverable to the
to be held to a warm imagination
uninitiated--\textsuperscript{"No guide boards"\textsuperscript{29} indicate it.}
No odometer would indicate the miles a
wagon had run there. Rocks which
the Druids \textit{might} have raised--if they
could--

There I go searching for malic acid of the
right quality with my tests. The very earth
\textsuperscript{\%The process is simple\%}
contains it. The Easter brook's Country\textsuperscript{30}--contains malic acid
\textsuperscript{\%Place the fruit bet. your jaws & then endeavor to make your teeth meet\%}
To my senses--the dicksonia fern has the
most wild & primitive fragrance--quite unalloyed
\& untameable--such as no human institutions
give out. The early morning fragrance of the
world--antediluvian--strength & hope imparting.
They who scent it can never faint. It is ever
a new & untried field where it grows--& only
when we think original thoughts can we
perceive it. If we keep that on our boudoir
we shall be healthy & ever-green as hemlocks
Older than--but related to strawberries
Before strawberries were--it was--& it will
out-last them. Good for the trilobite &
--death to dandies.
saurian in us. \^It yields its scent most
morning & evening. Growing without manure--
--older than man--refreshing him\textsuperscript{32}--preserving
his original strength & innocence.

\textsuperscript{28}poss. "them" with "m" written over "y"
\textsuperscript{29}poss. "guideboards"
\textsuperscript{30}"C" written over "B."
\textsuperscript{31}A line drawn between this line and the next.
\textsuperscript{32}Written over text
When the New Hampshire farmer--far from travelled roads--has cleared a space for his home & conducted the springs of the mt to his yard--already it grows about the sources of that spring--before any mint is there his sheep & oxen & he too--scent it, & he realizes that the world is new to him planted in his garden--^ There the pastures are rich--the cattle do not die of disease--& the men are strong & free. The wild original of strawberries & the rest--

Nature--the earth herself is the only panacea. They bury poisoned sheep up to the neck in earth to take the poison out of them. After 4 days cloud & rain we have fair weather--A great many have improved this first fair day so come a barberrying to the Easter-brook fields--These bushy fields are all alive with them, though I scarcely see one--I meet Melvin loaded down with barberries, in bags & baskets so that he has to travel by stages & is glad to stop & talk with me. It is better to take thus what Nature offers, in her season, than to buy an extra dinner at Parker's.

The sumac berries are prob. past their beauty--scarlet now // Fever bush berries are & also green--They have a more spicy taste than any of our berries--carrying us in thought to the spice islands--tastes like lemon peel The Pan. andromeda berries (?) begin to brown. // The bay berry berries are ap. ripe--though not so grey as they will be--more lead colored. They (?) bare sparingly here. (Leaves not fallen nor changed & I the more easily find the bushes amid the changed huckleberries--brakes &c--by its greenness--

33"H" written over "h"
14Two horizontal lines drawn across the page set this passage off. One was above the line starts with "Nature," one below the line starts with "to take." A vertical line across this passage. 34"H" written over "m"
16"poss. "baskets--"
32this phrase inserted at end of line 37T misspells "bear"
The poke on Eb. Hubbard's hill side has
been consid. frostbitten before the berries
drooping
// are 1/3 ripe. It is in flower still--Great ^ cylindri{-}
cal racemes of blackish purple berries 6 inches
or more in length--tapering a little toward the end--
Great flat blackish & ripe berries at base with
green ones & flowers at the other end.
All on brilliant purple or crimson-purple peduncle
& pedicels

Those thorns by shattuck's barn, now nearly
leafless, have hard green fruit as usual
The shrub o. is ap. the most fertile of our
oaks. I count 266 acorns on a branch just
freshly
// 2 feet long. Many of the cups are empty now
showing a pretty--circular pink scar at the
bottom where the acorn rested. (adhered)
They are of various forms & sizes on different
shrubs-- Are now turning dark brown &
showing their converging meridional light
brown lines. Never fear for striped squirrels
in our shrub oak land.

39 Large letters "poke" written here presumably in poke juice.
40 "leafless" may be underlined
Am surprised to find, by botrychium swamp\(^1\) a Rhus radicans which is quite a tree by itself. It is about 9 feet high X 9 in width--growing in the midst of a clump of barberry bushes which it over hangs. It is now at the height of its change ^ scarlet & yellow--& I did not at first know what it was. I found it to consist of 3 or 4 branches each nearly 2 inches thick & covered with those shaggy fibers--& these are twined round some long since rotted barberry stems, and around one another, & now make a sizeable looking trunk which rises to the height of 4 feet before it branches--& then spreads widely every way like an oak. It was no doubt indebted to the barberry for support at first, but now its very branches are much larger than that--& it far over tops & over spreads all the barberry stems.

Sep 25th Pm to Emerson\'s Cliff--
& turning it
Holding a white pine needle in my hand, in a favorable light, as I sit upon this Cliff\(^2\)
I perceive that each of its 3 edges is notched or serrated (with minute forward pointing bristles)
So much does Nature avoid an unbroken line--
that even this slender leaf is serrated, though, to my surprise, neither Gray nor Bigelow mention it. London, however, says "scabrous & inconspicuously serrated on the margin; spreading in summer, but in winter contracted, & lying close to the

---

\(^1\)poss. "swamp,"
\(^2\)T misspells "Cliff"
branches." Fine & smooth, as it looks--it is serrated after all. This is its concealed wildness--by which it connects itself with the wilder oaks--fairly

// Prinos berries are ^ ripe for a few days
// Moles work in meadows.

I see at Brister Spring swamp--the ap.

Aspid Noveboracense more than half of // it turned white-- Also some Dicksonia is about equally white-- These esp. are the white ones-- There is another largish & more generally decayed than either of these with large serrated segments, rather far apart--

// perhaps the Asplenium filix foemina (?) (The other 2--, or esp) the first--may be called now the white fern--with rather small entireish & flat segments close together. In shade is the laboratory of white-- Color is produced in the sun. The Cinnamon ferns are all a decaying brown there-- The sober brown colors of these ferns are in harmony with the twilight of the swamp.

The terminal shield F. & the Aspid. spinulosum (?) are still fresh & green. The first as much so as the polypody.

A 2 Pm the river is 16 3/4 inches above my hub by boat

Nabalus albus still common--though much past p. Though concealed amid trees I find 3 humble bees on one.

As when the mountaineer Antaeus touched the earth--so when the mountaineer
scents the fern—he bounds up like a chamois, or mā goat, with renewed strength.

There is no French perfumery about it—

It has not been tampered with by any perfumer to their majesties. It is the fragrance of those plants whose impressions we see on our coal. Beware of the cultivation that eradicates it!

The very crab. grass (drawing) in our garden is for the most part a light straw-color & withered—prob. by the frosts of the 15 & 16th--looking almost as white as the corn--& hundreds of sparrows (chippies?) find their food amid it. The same frosts that kill & whiten the corn--whiten many grasses thus--

Sep 26th

Pm to Clamshell by boat—

The Solanum dulcamara berries—are another kind which grows in drooping clusters. I do not know any clusters more graceful and beautiful than these drooping cymes--of scarlet or translucent" cherry colored elliptical berries with steel blue (or lead?) purple pedicels (not peduncles) like those" leaves on the tips of the branches-- These in the water at the bend of" the river are peculiarly handsome, they are so long an oval or ellipse\%\%— No berries methinks are so well spaced & agreeably arranged in

---

"t" written over "s."
"those" written over "the" poss. in pencil "poss. "up"
their drooping cymes--somewhat hexagonally
like a honey-comb. Then what a variety
of color!--47 The peduncle & its branches are
& sepals
green--the pedicels, only that rare steel-
translucent
blue purple--& the berries a clear ^ cherry red.
over the river's brim
They hang more gracefully ^ than any pendants
in a lady's ear\X.% %The% Cymes %are%\% of irregular yet
regular form, not too crowded--nobly
spaced--yet they are considered poisonous?
Not to look at surely. Is it not a reproach
that so much that is beautiful is poisonous
to us? "Not in a stiff flat cyme--but
in different stages above & around\%--finding
ample room in space-- But why should
they not be poisonous? Would it not be
in bad taste to eat these berries, which are
ready to feed another sense? 51 A drooping
berry should always be of an oval or pear
shape. Nature not only produces good
wares--but puts them up handsomely--
& variously shaped
witness these pretty colored ^ skins in which
her harvests--the seeds of her various plants
are now being packed away. I know in what
bags she puts her night shade seeds--her
cranberries--viburnums,\% cornels--by their
form & color. often by their fragrance--& thus
a legion of consumers find them.
The celtis berries are still green.
// The pontederia is fast shedding its seeds of
late-- I saw a parcel suddenly rise

47 There also appears to be a blotch here
48 inserted
49 This sentence is circled in pencil
50 "d" written over "g"
51 This sentence is circled in pencil
52 It looks as if T dotted the second "u" in "viburnums"
to the surface of their own accord--leaving the
the axis nearly bare. Many are long since bare.
They float, at present, but prob. {sing} at--
last. There are a great many floating
amid the pads & in the wreck washed up--
of these singular green spidery (?) looking seeds.
Prob. they are the food of returning water
fowl. They are ripe--like the seeds of different
lilies at the time the fowl return from the
north.

I hear a frog or 2--either *palustris* or *halecina*
faintly
croak & work ^ as in spring along the side of the //
river-- (--)) So it is with flowers--birds & frogs--a
renewal of Spring.

Hearing a sharp phe-phe & again--phe-phe-
phe I look round & see 2 (prob. larger) //
yellow legs like pigeons standing in the water
by the bare flat ammannia shore--their
whole forms reflected in the water-- They^ allow
me to paddle past them though on the alert.

Heavy Haynes says he has seen one or
2 fish hawks with in a day or 2-- //
Also that a boy caught a very large snapping turtle
on the meadow a day or 2 ago. He once dug
one up 2 or 3 feet deep in the meadow in
winter--when digging mud-- He was rather
dormant. Says he remembers a fish-house
that stood by the river at Clamshell.

Observed the spiders at work at the head
of willow bay. Their fine lines are extended

^"They" written over "they"
from one flag or burr-reed to another

even 6 or 8 feet perfectly parallel with the

surface of the water & only a few inches

above it. I see some, though it requires

a very favorable light to detect them, they

are so fine, blowing off perfectly straight

horizontally over the water only half a dozen

inches above it—as much as 7 feet—one

end fastened to a reed the other free—

They look as stiff as spears—yet the

free end waves back & forth horizontally

in the air several feet. They work

thus in calm & fine weather when the

water is smooth. Yet they can run over the

surface of the water readily.

The savage in man is never quite eradicated.

I have just read of a family in Vermont—

who, several of its members having died of

consumption, just burned the lungs &

heart & liver of the last deceased, in order

to prevent any more from having it.

How feeble women—or rather ladies are!

They cannot bear to be shined on—but generally

carry a parasol to keep off the sun.

Sep 28th

At cattle show today I noticed that the

Ladies apple (small one side green the

other red—glossy) & Maiden’s blush—

(good size—Yellowish white with a pink blush)

---

54“Written over text

55a” written over text
were among the handsomest--the pumpkin--
sweet one of the largest--exhibited-- The
uniformly
rams horn was" a handsome ^ very dark *** purple
or crimson.

The White pine seed is very abundant this year
& this must attract more pigeons. Coombs
tells me that he finds the seed in their crops.
Also that he found within" a day or 2 a full formed egg with shell in one--
In proportion as a man has a poor
ear for music--or loses his" ear for it--
he is obliged to go far for it--or fetch it
from far--(or) pay a great price for
such as he can hear. Operas--ballet
singer & the like only affect him. It is like
the difference between a young & healthy appetite
and the appetite of an epicure--between
a sweet crust & a mock"--turtle soup.

As the lion is said to lie in a
thicket--or in tall reeds & grass by day
--slumbering--& sallies at night-- Just so
with the cat. She will ensconce herself for
the day in the grass or weeds in some out of the
way nook--near the house, & arouse herself toward
night.

Sep 29th Down RR--
& to FH Hill. In Potter's Maple swamp I see
the ap. Aspid thelypteris (revolute segments) about
half decaying or whitish--but later than the
flowering fern & the Osmunda--which are almost--
entirely withered & brown there

15"written over
17"Added later.
18"his" written over "this"
19"the "k" seems to be added in pencil
Dog wood (poison) berries are ripe--& leaves began to fall.

Juniper repens berries are quite green yet

I see some of last years dark purple ones at
the base of the branchlets--

There is a very large specimen on the side
of F. H. Hill above Cardinal shore. This is
very handsome this bright afternoon--esp60
& sunny

if you stand on the lower ^ side--on account
of the various ways in which its surging

flakes & leaflets--green or silvery--reflect
the light-- It is as if we were giants &
looked down on an evergreen forest--from
whose flakey surface the light is variously
reflected. Though so low--it is so dense &
rigid that neither men nor cows think of wading
through it. We get a bird’s eye view of this
evergreen forest--as a hawk sailing over--
looking into its unapproachable clefts &
recesses(,) reflecting a green or else a cheerful
silvery light.

Horse chestnuts strew the roadside--very
colored
handsome but simply formed nuts--looking
like mahogany knobs--with the waved & curled

grain of knots.61

Having jut dug my potatoes in the garden
which did not turn out very well--I took
%forth%
a basket & trowel & went %"% to dig my
wild potatoes--or ground nuts by the
%some%
RR. fence-- I dug up the tubers of about62
half a dozen plants--& found an unexpected yield. One string weighed a little more than 3/4 of a pound. There were 13 which I should have just with the large potatoes, %^%(this year)% kind^%

had been the common potato-- The biggest was 2 3/4 inches long & 7 inches in circumference the smallest way. 5 would have been called
good-sized potatoes. It is but a slender vine now killed by frost, & not promising such a yield--but deep in the soil (here sand)
5 or 6 inches--or sometimes a foot--you come to the string of brown & commonly knobby nuts
The cuticle of the tuber is more or less cracked & furrowed longitudinally--forming meridional furrows or shoots & the roots (?) bear a large proportion to the tuber.
In case of a famine I should soon resort to these roots. If they increased in size on being cultivated, as much as the common potato has, they would become monstrous. %^%V Oct 15th% Saw a warbler in Potters swamp--light slate head & above--& no bars on wings--yellow ^ beneath--except throat which was lighter ash & perhaps upper part of breast--A distinct light ring about eye--iris like--light bill-- & ap. flesh col. legs &c Very inquisitive, hopping within 10 feet--with a chip. It is somewhat like the Nashville Warb. %Was it a Yel-rump warbler?% Sep 30 1859

Pm Up Assabet.

Ever since the unusually early & severe frost of the 16 the evergreen ferns have been growing

---

T misspells "weighed"
"potato" crossed out in pencil
more & more distinct amid the fading
& decaying--& withering ones--& the sight
of those suggests a cooler season.

They are greener than ever, by contrast-- The terminal
shield fern is one of the handsomest-- The
most decidedly evergreen are the last--
polypody--Aspid. marginale,--& as--
pid spinulosum of Woods Swamp & Bristers

Asplenium filix foemina (?) is decaying may be a little
later than the Dicksonia-- The largeish
fern with long narrow pinnules deeply cut & toothed
& reniform fruit dots^--

Of the 23 ferns which I seem to know here
7 may be called evergreens-- As far as
I know the earliest to wither & fall
are the brake (mostly fallen) the Osmunda
cinnamomea (began to be stripped of leaves) O.
& O. regalis
Claytoniana ^--(the above generally a long
time withered or say since the 20th--also 4th
as soon, the exposed Onoclea

Then 6th^ the Dicksonia-- 7th Aspid Noveboracense
8th Thelypteris-- 9 filix foemina--(the last
4 now fully 1/2 faded or decayed or withered--
Adiantum pedatum
Woodwardia virginica
Those not seen are Asplenium thelypteroides
Woodsia ilvensis
Aspidium cristatum
Lygodium palmatum
Botrychium virginianum

Some acorns (swamp^ white O.) are
//browned in the trees--& some bar-berrys
most(. ) shrub O. acorns browned--
The wild rice is almost entirely fallen or eaten ap. by some insect, but I see some of rice and also black grains left. For more of Sep V next p near bottom Oct 1st 59

Pm to the Beeches--

Looking down from Pine Hill I see a fish-hawk over Walden--

The shrub oaks on this hill are now at their height--both with respect to their tints--& their fruit. The plateaus & little hollows are crowded with them 3 to 5 feet high-- The pretty fruit being now generally turned brown, with light converging meridional lines--varying in size--pointedness & downiness-- Many leading shoots are perfectly bare of leaves--the effect of the frost--& on some bushes 1/2 the cups are empty--but these cups generally bear the marks of--squirrels' teeth--& prob but few acorns have fallen of themselves yet-- However they are just ready to fall--& if you bend back the peduncles on these bare & frost-touched shoots (or {trunks})--you find them just ready to come off --separating at the base of the peduncle & the peduncle remaining attached to the fruit. The squirrels--prob. striped, must be very busy here now a days. Though many twigs are bare these clusters of brown fruit in their greyish brown cups, are unnoticed and almost invisible unless you are looking for them--above the ground

---

T drew a line to divide pencil insertion from the date on the next line.
which is strewn with their similarly colored leaves. i.e. this leaf strewn earth was the same general grey & brown color with the twigs & fruit--& you may brush against great wreathes of fruit without noticing them. You press through dense groves full of this interesting fruit—each seeming prettier than the last—Now is the time

I see where the squirrels have left the shells on rocks & stumps--They take the acorn out of its cup on the bush—leaving the cup there with a piece bit out of its edge.

The little beech-nut burrs are mostly empty—& the ground is strewn with the nuts mostly empty & abortive—yet I pluck some ap. full grown with meat. This fruit is ap. now at at its height.

Oct. 2d

Rain in the night—& cloudy this Am.

We had all our dog days in September this NB year—It was too dry before—even for fungi Only the last 3 weeks have we had any fungi to speak of. Now a-days I see most of the election cake fungi with crickets & slugs eating them. I see a cricket feeding on an apple into which he has eaten so deep that only his posteriors project—but he does not desist a moment though I shake the apple & finally drop it on the ground. Pm to [Ly]godium

One of the large black birches on

---

pos. "leafstrewn"

underlined?
Tarbells land is turned completely brownish yellow & has lost half its leaves the other is green still--
I see in the cornfield above this birch--collected about the trunk of an oak--on the ground,
50 to a hundred ears of corn which have been stript to the cob--evidently by the squirrels.

Apparently a great part of the kernels remain on the ground but in every case the germ has been eaten out-- It is apparent that the squirrel prefers this part--for he has not carried off the rest.

I perceive in various places--in low ground--
this pm the sour scent of cinnamon ferns decaying. It is an agreeable phenomenon--re-
reminding me of the season & of past years--
So many maple--& pine & other leaves have now fallen--that in the woods at least you walk over a carpet of fallen leaves

As I sat on an old pigeon stand on the hill S of the swamp--at the foot of a tree ^ with perches nailed on it--a pigeon hawk, as I take it, came & perched on the tree. As if at had been {cast} to catch pigeons at such places.

That large lechea--now so freshly green--& sometimes scarlet--looks as if it would make a pretty edging like box--as has been suggested. The aster undulatus--& solidago caesia & aster puberula--are particularly prominent now--looking late & bright--attracting bees &c-- I see the S. caesia is covered with

\footnote{Angelo lists solidago caesia, extra letter in ms}
\footnote{Angelo lists solidago puberula, not aster}
the little fuzzy gnats as to be whitened by them.

How bright the S. puberula in sproutlands
its--yellow wand--perhaps in the midst of
a clump of little scarlet or dark purple
black oaks(.)! The A. undulatus looks

fairly fairer than ever--now that flowers
are more scarce--

The climbing fern is perfectly fresh--& ap.
therefore an evergreen--the more easily found
amid the withered cinnamon & flowering ferns.

Acorns generally as I notice--swamp-white
this would be the time to notice them.
shrub--black & white are turned brown--but
few are still green--yet few, except ap shrub oaks,
have fallen-- I hear them fall, however, as I stand
under the trees.

How much pleasanter to go along the edge
of the woods through the field in the
rear of the Farm house--whence you see only
its gray-roof & its hay stacks--than

to keep the road by its door-- This we think
as we return behind Martial Miles'.

I observed that many pignuts had fallen yesterday
though quite green.

Some of the umbelliferæ have gone to seed,
is very pretty to examine-- The cicuta maculata.
for instance, the concave umbel is so well
spaced--the different umbellets (?) like so
many constellations in separate systems in
the firmament.

Hear a hylodes in the swamp--
Pm to Bateman’s Pond--back by hog-
pasture & Old. C. Road.

Some faces that I {see} are so gross--
that they affect me like a part of the
person improperly exposed--& it seems to
me that they might be covered, & if necessary,
some other, & perhaps better looking, part
of the person--be exposed.

It is somewhat cooler & more autumnal.

A great many leaves have fallen & the trees
begin to look thin. You incline to sit in
a sunny & sheltered place-- This season
the Fall[77]--which we have now entered on,
commenced, I may say--as long ago as when
the first frost was seen & felt in low ground
even,
in August. From that time ^ this year has[78]
been gradually winding up its accounts.

Cold methinks has been the great agent
which has checked the growth of plants--
condensed their energies & caused their fruits
to ripen--in September esp. perchance man

never ripens within the tropics.  %& Oct 11%

I see on a wall a myrtle-bird in its //
October dress--looking very much like a small
sparrow. Also everywhere about the edge //
of the woods this [pm] sylvias rather large
& of a greenish yellow above & beneath--perhaps
white {vent}--& much dark brown above--getting
their food on the white birches-- The same
for populus grandidentata? 
Poss stray mark 
T did not cross first "t"

The woodsia ilvensis is partly withering on
the rocks—but not so much as the dick-
sonia—Yet it is evidently not evergreen.

I see the ground strewn with p. grandidenta
leaves in one place on the Old C. Road—
where 1/3 are fallen—These yellow leaves
are all thickly brown spotted & are very
handsome, somewhat leopard like. It would
seem that they begin to decay in spots at
intervals all over the leaf—producing a
very pretty effect. Think of the myriad
variously tinted & spotted & worm eaten leaves
which now combine to produce the general
impression of Autumn!—The ground is
here strewn with thousands any one of which
if you carry it home, it will refresh & delight
you to behold. If we have not the Leopard
& Jaguar & tiger in our woods, we have
all their spots & rosettes & stripes in our
autumn tinted leaves—

The oak trees are at their height now if no
earlier—many of their leaves have fallen.
The Dickensonia ferns by the Old C. roadside
are now almost all withered to dark
cinnamon—& the large cinnamon ferns
in Buttricks wood are no longer noticed

79for populus grandidentata? 
80Poss stray mark 
81T did not cross first "t"
82pd. or blotch after "Jaguar"
Looking from the hog-pasture over the valley of spencer Brook westward--we see the smoke rising from a house chimney above a grey roof amid the woods--at a distance--where some family is preparing its evening meal. {There} are few more agreeable sights than this to the pedestrian traveller. No cloud is fairer to him than that white bluish one which issues from the chimney. It suggests all of domestic felicity beneath. There beneath we suppose, that life is lived of which we have only dreamed. In our minds we clothe each unseen inhabitant with all the success with all the serenity, which we can conceive of. If old we imagine them serene--if young, hopeful. Nothing can exceed the perfect peach which reigns there. We have only to see a grey roof with its plume of smoke curling up amid the trees--to have this faith. There we suspect no coarse haste or bustle--but serene labors which proceed at the same pace with the declining day. There is no hireling in the barn nor in the kitchen. Why does any distant prospect ever charm us--because we instantly & inevitably imagine a life to be lived there such as is not lived elsewhere or where we are-- We presume that success is the rule. We forever carry a perfect sampler in our minds. Why are distant valleys--why lakes--why mts in the horizon ever fair to us? Because we re-
alize for a moment that they may be
the home of man--& that man's life may
be in harmony with them. Shall I say that
we thus forever delude ourselves?

We do not suspect that that farmer goes
to the (depot) with his milk-- There the milk
is not watered. We are constrained to imagine
a life in harmony with the scenery--& the hour.
The sky & clouds--& the earth itself--with their
beauty forever preach to us--saying, such as
abide we offer you--to such and such a life
we encourage you-- There is not haggard
poverty--& harassing debt-- There is not in-
terference--moroseness--meanness--or vulgarity.
Men go about sketching--painting landscapes
or writing verses--which celebrate man's opportunities.

To go into an actual farmer's family--at
ev--see the tired laborers come in from their days
work--thinking of their wages--the sluttish help
in the kitchen & sinkroom-- The indifferent
stolidity or patient misery which only
the spirits of the youngest children rise
above--that suggests one train of
thought-- To look down on that roof
from a distance in an October evening--when
its smoke is ascending peacefully to join
its kindred clouds above. That suggests
a different train of thoughts.

We think that we see these fair abodes
and are elated beyond all speech--when
we see only our own roofs, perchance
we are ever busy hiring house & lands & peopling
them in our imaginations-- There is no beauty
in the sky, but in the eye that sees it.

Health, High" spirits, Serenity--these are
the great Landscape Painters-- Turners,
Claude{s} Rembrandts are nothing to them.

We never see any beauty but as the
garment of some virtue.

Men love to walk in those picture galleries
still--because they have not quite forgotten
their early dreams. When I see only the
roof of a house above the woods & do not
know whose it is, I presume that one
of the worthies of the world dwells beneath
it--& for a season I am exhilarated at
the thought. I would fain sketch it
that others may share my pleasure-- But
commonly, if I see or know the occupant,
I am affected as by the sight of the alms house
or hospital.

Wild apples are perhaps at their height
or perhaps only the earlier" ones--

Those P. grandidentata leaves are wildly rich
So handsomely formed & fluidly scalloped, to begin
with a fine chrome yellow now richly spotted with
dark brown like a leopard's skin--they cover the
{still} green sward by the road side & the gray road
thick as a pavement--each one worthy to be
admired as a gem or work of oriental art.
Among round leaves I think of the fever bush--
Rhus radicans, bush & shrub oak.

It was mainly the frost of Sep 15 & 16 that
put an end to the summer--that put the
finishing stroke to the already withering grass
& left it to bleach in the fields--turning russet
with blackberry vines intermixed--earlier than
usual. The same frost suddenly cut off the
mikania & browned the button bushes--causing
the copper leaves at length to fall. It must
be the frost that ripens nuts--acorns e.g. browning
them. Frost & cold paint the acorn & the
chestnut

The hickory has spots with a central ring--evidently produced by an insect.

Consider the infinite promise of a man--so
that the sight of his roof at a distance suggests
an idyll or pastoral--or of his grave
an Elegy in a Country churchyard. How
all poets have idealized the farmer's life.
What graceful figures--& unworldly characters
they have assigned to them! Serene as the sky--
emulating nature with their calm & peaceful
lives.

As I came by a farmers today--the house
of one who died some 2 years ago--I see the
decrepit form of whom he had engaged
to carry [through], taking his property at a
[feebly] venture--^ lying up a bundle of faggots
with his knee on it, though time is fast

---

86 There might be a pd. after "Sep"
loosening the bundle that he is--

When I look down on that roof--I am not reminded of the mortgage which the village bank has on that property--that family long since sold itself to the devil & wrote the deed with their blood. I am not reminded that the old man I see in who has lived beyond his calculated time the yard is one whom the young own is merely "carrying through" in fulfilment of his contract. that the man at the pump is watering the milk.-- I am not reminded of the idiot that sits by the Kitchen fire.

Oct 4

When I have made a visit where my expectations are not met--(I) feel as if I owed my hosts an apology for troubling them so. If I am disappointed, I find that I have no right to visit them.

I have always found that what are called the best of manners are the worst--for they are simply the shell, without the meat. They cover no life at all. They are the universal slaveholders, who treat men as things -- They are marks by the help of which the wearers ignore you & remain concealed themselves.

Are They such great (hand) characters that feel obliged they wish" to make the journey of life incognito? Sailors swear,--gentlemen make their manners to you.

poss. "men"
"T draws vertical lines before and after "wish"
All men sympathize by their lower natures--the few only--by their higher--

The appetites of the mistress are commonly the same as those of her servant--but her society is commonly more select--The help may have some of the tenderloin, but she must eat it in the kitchen.

Pm to Conantum

How interesting now by wall sides & on open springy the hill sides the large straggling tufts of ^ Dicksonia green fern above the leaf-strewn ^ sward--(the cold fall--green sward.) They are unusually preserved about the Corner Spring, considering the earliness of this year. Long handsome lanceolata recurved & full of fruit green fronds pointing in every direction ^, intermixed with yellowish & sere brown & shrivelled ones. The whole clump perchance strewn with fallen & withered maple leaves--

over topped by now withered & unnoticed osmunda. Their lingering greenness so much the more noticeable now that the leaves (generally) have changed--They affect us as if they were evergreen--such persistent life & greenness in the midst of decay. I do not notice them so much in summer.--

No matter how much withered they are with withered leaves that have fallen on them----moist & green they spire above them, not fearing the frosts fragile as they are.
Their greenness so much the more interesting
because so many have already fallen
& we know that the first severe" frost
will cut off them too. In the summer green-
ness is cheap--now it is something comparatively
rare--& is the emblem of life to us.

It is only when we forget all our learning that
we begin to know. I do not get nearer by a
hair's" breadth to any actual object, so long
an
as I presume that I have ^ introduction to it
from some learned man.-- To conceive of it with
a total apprehension--I must for the thousandth
time approach it as something totally strange.
If you would make acquaintance with our ferns you
must forget your botany. You must get rid
of what is commonly called knowledge of them.
Not a single scientific term or distinction is the
least to the purpose. For you would fain per-
ceive something--& you must approach the
object totally unprejudiced. You must be aware
that no thing is what you have taken it to be.
In what book is this world & its beauty described?
Who has plotted the steps toward the discovery
of beauty? You have got to be in a different
state from common-- Your greatest success
will be simply to perceive that such things
are--& you will have no communication
to make to the royal society. If it were re-
quired to know the position of the fruit
dots or the character of the indusium nothing"

"poss. "severer"
"poss. "hairs!"
"poss "indusium--nothing"
could be easier than to ascertain it--
but if it is required that you be affected
by ferns--that they amount to any thing--signify anything--to you--that they be another sacred
scripture & revelation to you--helping to redeem
your life--this end is not so surely accomplished.

In the one case you take a sentence and
analyze it--you decide if it
is printed in large primer or small pica--if
it is long or short--simple or compound--
& how many clauses it is composed of--if
the is are all dotted--or some for variety without dots--what the color & com-
position of the ink--& the paper--& it is
considered a fair or mediocre sentence ac-
cordingly--& you assign it a place among
the sentences you have seen & kept specimens
of. But as for the meaning of the sentence--
that is as completely over-looked as if it
had none. This is the Chinese--the Aristotelian
Method. But if you should ever perceive
the meaning you would disregard all the rest.
So far Science goes, & it punctually leaves off
there.-- tells you finally where it is to be found &
its synonyms--& rests from its labors.

This is a fine & warm Pm Indian
summer like--but we have not had cold enough
before it.100

Birds are now seen more numerously than before

---
17"anything"
19T crossed the "d" and not the "t"
17meaning "i"s
100pd could be dash
as if called out by the fine weather--
prob. many migrating birds from the N.--

I see & hear prob. flocks of grackles //
with their split & shuffling note--(but no red-
wings for a long time) Chip-birds (but without
chestnut crowns, is that the case with the young?)

baywings on the walls & fences--& the yellow-
browed sparrows. Hear the pine warblers in

the pines about the needles & see them on the ground
with yellow ring round the eye! reddish legs--slight whitish bar on wings
& on rocks. ^ Going over the large hill-side

stubble field w101 of Holden wood-- I start up

a large flock of shore larks--hear their //
sreet sreet & sreet sreet sreet102--& see

their tails dark beneath. They are very wary--&
run in the stubble for the most part invisible

while one or 2 appear to act the sentinel or
such (give) feeling out behind it perhaps, &
give their note of alarm--when away goes the

whole flock. Such a flock circled back
& forth several times over my head, just like
ducks reconnoitering before they alight. If you
look with a glass you are surprised to see how
alert these spies are. When they alight in some

stubbly hollow they set a watch or 2 on the rocks--
to look out for foes. They have dusky bills & legs

The birds seem to delight in these first fine
in the warm hazy light
days of the fall^-- Robins--blue birds (in families
on the almost bare elms) phoebes--& prob. purple
finches. I hear half strains from many of them as the

song sparrow--blue bird &c & the sweet phe-be of
the chicadee--

poss "W"
1906 uses "sweet" instead of "sreet" in all 5 words
Now the year itself **begins** to be ripe—ripened
by the frost like a persimmon. %v bot 11th%

The maiden hair fern at Conantum is ap. un-
// hurt by frost as yet

Oct 6th

Am to Boston. Examine the Pig. & Spar.
hawks in the Nat. Hist. Collection. My wings & tail
are ap[.] the pigeon hawks. The sparrow hawks
are decidedly red-brown with bluish heads &
blue or slate sides—also are much more
thickly barred with dark on wing coverts—
back & tail than the pigeon hawk—

Oct 7th

The Pontederia seeds which I dropt into a pitcher
of water have now mostly sunk— As the outside
decays they become heavier than water.

Oct 9th

Pm Boston-- Read a lecture to
Theodore Parker's Society--

// Aster cordifolius abundant & commonly in bloom
in Roxbury. See the privet everywhere with
dense pyramidal clusters of berries. Salsola kali
// common in bloom with pretty crimson flowers104-- Cheno-
// podium maritima perhaps in bloom-- Senecio vul-
garis still in bloom--

103"Am" written over "Pm"
104poss. "flower"
Oct 10th--

White throated sparrows in yard & close up
to house--together with myrtle birds--(which
fly up against side of house & alight on window sills)
& I think tree-sparrows?

Colder weather--& the cat's fur grows--

Oct 11th

Pm to Cliffs.

Looking under large oaks--black & white

the acorns appear to have fallen or been

many distant

gathered by squirrels &c I see in

(black or scarlet O)

places--stout twigs ~ 3 or 4 inches long which

have been gnawed off by the squirrels, with 4 to 7

acorns in each--& left on the ground--

These twigs have been gnawed off on each side

of the nuts in order to make them more portable,

I suppose (drawing) The nuts all abstracted & sides of

the cups broken to get them out.

The note of the chickadee heard now in cooler

weather & above many fallen leaves--has a

ew significance.

There was a very severe frost this Am prob

ground stiffened

a chestnut-opening frost. A season ripener--

opener of the burrs that enclose the Indian

summer--Such is the cold of early or mid. October

The leaves and weeds had that stiff hoary

appearance. Oct 12

Pm to Hub's Close.

The common g. rods on RR causeway have

begun to look hoary or gray the down showing itself

\[105\] missing punctuation here
\[106\] "that" poss. written over "of"
\[107\] T places date on same line as "appearance"
that November feature

I see scattered flocks of bay wings amid the
weeds & on the fences--

There are now ap. very few ferns left (except
the evergreen ones--) & those ^ in sheltered places.
This morning's frost will nearly finish them--
Now for lycopodiums--(the dendroideum not
yet ap. in bloom) the dendroideum & lucidulum
&c how vivid & green! lifting their heads
above the moist fallen leaves.

We have now fairly begun to be surrounded
with the brown of withered foliage--since
the young white oaks have withered-- This
phenomenon begins with the very earliest
frost (as this year Aug. 17th) which kills
some ferns & other the^ most sensitive plants--
& so gradually the plants or the leaves,
are killed, & withered, that we scarcely
notice it--till we are surrounded with
yet these same plants will wither & fall without frost%21 the
scenery of November.

// I see quinces commonly left out yet--
though apples are gathered--probably
defend
their downy coats preserve them

Going thro' Clintonia swamp I see many
of those buff-brown puff balls 1 to 2 inches
diameter on the ground--partly open & with
water in them--& partly entire or yet
with a cracked surface--

The willows on the turn-pike resound
Oct 13th

Pm up Assabet

Many of the small hypericums *mytilum* & *canadense* have survived the frosts as yet after all. The hemlock seed is now in the midst of its fall--some of it, with the leaves, floating on the river. The cones being thus expanded--are more conspicuous on the trees--

Many fever-wort berries are fresh yet though the leaves are quite withered. They are remarkable for their peculiar color.

The thorn fruit on the hill is consid. past p. though abundant--& reddening the bushes still

The common alder up the assabet is nerved like the horn-beam--

I see no acorns on the trees-- They appear to have all fallen before this.

The swamp *amelanchier* is leafing again--as usual-- What a pleasing phenomenon--perhaps an Ind. summer growth. an anticipation of the spring--like the notes of birds & frogs &c--an evidence of warmth & genialness. Its buds are annually awakened by the Oct. sun as if it were spring. The shad-bush is leafing again by the Sunny swamp side-- It is like a youthful or poetic thought in old age.

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*actually *hypericum mutilum*"
Several times I have been cheered by this sight when surveying in former years. The chicadee seems to hit a sweeter note at the sight of it. I would not fear the winter more than the shad-bush which puts forth fresh & tender leaves on its approach. In the fall I will take this for any coat of arms-- It seems to detain the sun that expands it. These twigs are so full of life that they can hardly contain themselves-- They ignore winter. They anticipate spring. What faith! Away in some warm & sheltered recess in the swamp you find where these leaves have expanded it is a fore-taste of spring. In my latter years, let me have some shad-bush thoughts.

%v Nov. 25 58% %v. mt ash Oct 30th 58%

I perceive the peculiar scent of the witch-hazel in bloom for several rods around-- which at first I refer to the decaying leaves. I see where dodder was killed with the bottom-bush--perhaps a week--

British Naturalists very generally apologize to their reader for having devoted their attention to natural history to the neglect of some important party.

Among plants which spring in cellars (v sep 22d) might be mentioned funguses-- I remember seeing in an Old work a plate of a fungus which grew in a wine cellar & got its name from that circumstance--

It is related in Chamber's Journal

---

112poss "readers"

113T seems to repeat "tion"
that Sir Joseph Banks having caused a
cask of wine to be placed in a cellar ^--
"at the end of three years he directed
his butler to ascertain the state of the wine
when, on attempting to open the cellar door,
his butler to ascertain the state of the wine
when, on attempting to open the cellar door,
he could not affect it, in consequence of
some powerful obstacle; the door was con-
sequently cut down, when the cellar was
found to be completely filled with a fungous
production, so firm that it was necessary
to use an axe for its removal. This appeared
to have grown from, or to have been nourished
by the decomposing particles of the wine,
the cask being empty, & carried up to the
ceiling, where it was supported by the fungus."
Perhaps it was well that the fungus, in-
stead of Sir Joseph Banks drank up the
wine-- The life of a wine-bibber is like
that of a fungus.

Oct 14th

9 Am to & around Flint's Pond with Blake
A fine Indian summer day.

The 6th & 10th were quite cool--and any particu-
larly warm days since--may be called Indian
summer (?,) I think.

We sit on the rock on Pine Hill over-
looking Walden. There is a thick haze al-
most entirely concealing the raise
There is wind enough to waves on the
pond & make it bluer. What strikes me

114"on" poss written over "in"
in the scenery--here now is the contrast
of the unusually blue water with the
brilliant tinted woods around it. The tints
generally may be about at their height
The earth appears like a great inverted
shield painted yellow & red--or with
imbricated scales of that color--& a
blue navel in the middle where the
pond lies--& a distant circumference of
whitish haze. The nearer woods where
chestnuts grow are a man of war\footnote{possibly "warr" or "war--"}
\// glowing--(though the larger chestnuts
have lost the greater part of their leaves+
generally you wade through rustling chest(-)
nut leaves in the woods--) but on
other sides the red & yellow are inter-
mixed-- The red--prob--of scarlet oaks
on the S of F. H. Hill is very fair--
The beech tree at Baker's fence is past prime--
\footnote{extra space between "on" and comma}
\& many leaves fallen--
The shrub O. acorns are now all fallen--
only one or 2 left on\footnote{inserted}, and their cups still
left on are ap. somewhat incurved at the edge
as they have dried--so that prob. they would not
hold the acorn now.
also
The ground is\footnote{inserted} strewn ^ with red O. acorns now--
& as far as I can discover--acorns of all
kinds have fallen.
\// At Baker's Wall--2 of the walnut trees are
bare--but full of green nuts (in their
green cases) which make a very pretty sight
as they move in the wind. So distinct you
could count every one against the sky, for
there is not a leaf on these trees--but other
walnuts near by are yet full of leaves-- You
have the green nut contrasted with the clean
gray trunks & limbs. These are pignut shaped--

    The chestnuts generally have not yet

fallen--though many have. I find under
one tree a great many burs ap. not cast
down by squirrels--for I see no marks of
their teeth--& not yet so opened that any
of the nuts fall out. They do not all wait
till frosts open the burs before they fall;{,} then

    I see a black snake and also a
striped snake out this warm day. //

    I see & hear of many hawks for some
weeks past-- On the 18th I saw one as
small as I ever saw-- I thought not larger
than a king bird, as I stood on the cliffs
hovering over the wood about on a level with me.
It sailed directly only a rod or 2--then
flapped its wings fast & sailed on a rod
or 2 further-- Was it not a sparrow hawk--? //

Dr Kneeland says he sees it hereabouts & dis-
tinguishes it partly by its smaller size.

    See great numbers of crickets in the
cross road--from Tuttles to Alcott's.
    %P grandidentata up Assabet--yellow--but not quite at height%

---

118"of" inserted
Of my list of fruits for 54 all those	named before Aug 15—were done this year
by Aug. 1st at least—except that the
sumach-berries still held on—& bunch-berries
undoubtedly where they grow—also jersey-tea fruit
Privet common in garden
waxwork119—possibly some poke berries still green may
turn though the vines are killed—The birds
may not have gathered quite all the mt ash
(ours was stript in about one day by them a
week or 2 ago) & uva ursi of course holds
on—Perhaps trientalis fruit holds on—
noticed
I have not aralia nudicaulis berries
for some weeks—nor high black berries for 2 or
3 weeks—Wild apples are perhaps now at height
%cat tail ripe before July 31%
Alternate cornel fell long ago—Elder berries
are gone how long? muskmelons & water{-}
melons with the early frosts of Sep 16th this year—
except those up to this time in cellar. pib-
deulatum prob. done before Oct 1st.
Those in that last after Oct 15th (in
clusive) stand thus—
Barberries are gathered—
%many%
Thorn-apples much past prime but still red with them
Prinos berries fair as ever—
Red choke berries done (though they may {dry} on--)121
Spikenard not seen
Fever bush (not seen) %Oct 14 cant find any%
Arum prob. done (?) %Oct 14—see none%
Vac. Oxycoccus (not seen)
Grapes all fallen prob. a week or more
generally before Oct.

119 extra space—perhaps a dash?
119 stray mark in left margin, poss. dash
121 end parenthesis missing
Acorns of all kinds fallen--(been falling for 3 or
4 weeks--) can find none on the trees-- %Yew black O.%
%& a great many shrub O.%
Rose hips (not noticed) %some sweetbriar hips frost bitten%
%before complete change%
Vib. lentago prob. done several weeks--
Poison dogwood--all ripe some time
C. sericea generally fallen by Sep 30--all prob. by the 12th
Waxwork (not seen)
Wood bine (not seen)
Fever-wort many still fresh their peculiar corn
yellow--along the withering stems-- %Oct 13th--all
leaves withered--
Zizania--some black left (& green) Sep 30--
Checker berries see none yet full grown & colored--
but there are very few this year--
Shrub O. acorns all fallen (can find but one or 2 left)
½% hardly 1/2 fallen in another place%
The Smilacina berries of both kinds more or less shriveled
for some weeks--
%Yew prob. done some time%
Maple viburnum (not seen) prob. done several weeks
Mitchella ripe a good while
Medeola prob fallen several weeks--
Common cranberry (not seen)
(Pontederia seeds are still falling--a few
Asclepias cornutus ap not yet generally discounts.
%oca one%
Pignuts generally still green on trees--
Wild bean (not seen)
Button bush balls (now too brown for beauty)
Green briar (condition not noticed)
Sweet briar (some hips ap. frost bitten!)
Bur berries mostly dry & brown sep 30
Tupelo (not seen of late)
%Bay berries (picked by birds?)%
Of the above named list--%122% those
still persistent and interesting then--are--

122stray mark
123&c written in pencil over dash
Sumack berries of different kinds

Branch berries where found

(Privet " " " )

Wax work (?)

possibly a little poke?

2 Int ash. ??

% Amphicarpaea some time%

Uva ursi

Wild apples

Barberries left:

Some Thorn apples

% Celtis how long?%

Prinos

Is there any spikenard?

" " " Feverbush? % Can see none the 15th%

" " " Arum? % " " "%%

Cranberries 2 kinds %%%%!* % The vac. oxyccoccus mostly quite ripened by frost

Rose hips all kinds

Poison dog wood

& R. Toxicodendron

Some Feverwort

Checker berries hardly ripe

% Ground nut%

Smilacina (2 kinds at least) withered shrivelled

Mitchella fair

% Mallow%

Asclepiases

Hickory nuts

Green briar--(?)

% Bay berries%

Of which those starred are the only noticeable ones--and only after following % mellow%

probably are in their %% prime--now

Uva ursi

Wild apples
Prinos
Cranberries
Rose hips
Mitchella

Hickory nuts (hardly yet) " "
%Bayberries% " "
%Mallows% " "

Some R. radicans was leaf less on the 13th //
some & " Tupelos bare may be a week or more--& //
button bushes nearly bare-- //

My little White pines by walden--are
now conspicuous in their rows--the grass &c
having withered to tawny & the blackberry turned
to scarlet-- They have been almost inobvious thro'
the summer-- The dark evergreen leaves of the checker-
berry also attract us now amid the shrub oaks--
as on the S. W. of Pine hill--

I hear a man laughed at because he
went to Europe twice in search of an im-
aginary wife who, he thought, was there--
though he had never seen nor heard of her--

But the majority have --- gone further
while they stayed in America--have actually
allied themselves to one whom they thought
their wife--& found out their mistake too late
to mend--it. It would be cruel to laugh
at these.

Wise the ballonist says that he lost a
balloon "in a Juniper bog in the state of Maine"
which he mistook for a "prarie." Does he mean
a larch swamp?

Balloonists speak of hearing dogs bark at
night--& wagons rumbling over bridges.

Oct 15th
%Arbor vitae falling (seeds) how long--%
// Pm to Botrychium swamp--
A cold N. W. wind.
// I see some black O. acorns on the trees still
// & in some places at least 1/2 the shrub O.
acorns. The last are handsomer now
that they have turned so much darker--
I go along the E edge of poplar Hill.
This very cold & windy day now that so
many leaves have fallen-- I begin to notice
the silveriness of willows blown up in the wind
--a November sight

The hickories at Poplar hill (and elsewhere
as far as I perceive) are all past p. now
& most half withered or bare--very different
from last year-- In warmer autumns if
I remember rightly they last several weeks
later than this in some localities--one succeeding
another with its splendid glow an evidence
of the genialness of the season. In cool
& moist places in a genial year some
are preserved green after others have changed
& by their later change & glow they prolong
the season of autumnal tints very agreeably.
This is a cold fall.
The larches in A. Heywood's swamp though
a yellower green than the white pines--are

128 pencilled lines in the left margin bracketing paragraph starting with "Arbor vitae"
129 "if" written over "If"
130 'poss "Heywoods"
The oaks generally are very fair now at a distance. Standing on this hill top this
cold & blustering day when dark & slate-colored clouds are flitting are flitting
over the sky--the beauty of the scenery is enhanced by the contrast in the short intervals
of sunshine. The whole surface of the country--both young woodlands & full grown
forests--whether they clothe sides of hills their lit tops are seen over a ridge
-- the birch phalanxes & huckleberry flocks even to the horizon is like a rug
of many brilliant colors--with the towns
in the more open & tawney spaces-- The beauty
or effect of the scene is enhanced if standing
here you see far in the horizon the red regiments of oaks alternately lit up by the
sun & dimmed by the passing shadow of a cloud. As the shadows of these cold clouds
flit across the landscape--the red banners
of distant forests are lit up or disappear
like the colors of a thousand regiments.

Pratt says that he planted a
ground nut in his garden in good soil
but they grew no bigger than a bean.
He did not know but it would take more than
one year--even if he planted the tuber.

The yellow birches are generally bare--
Juniper repens leaves have fallen--perhaps
with red cedar--The ash trees I see to-day
are quite bare--ap several or some days.
The little leaves of the mitchella with
a whitish mid-rib & veins, lying generally
flat on the acorn ground--perhaps about
the base of a tree--with their bright scar-
let twin berries sprinkled over them--may
properly be said to checker the ground--.
Now particularly, they are noticed amid the
fallen leaves.

The bay-berry leaves have fallen--all the
berries are gone--I suppose the birds have eaten
the bay-berry leaves are fallen

The yellow birches are bare revealing the
fruit (the short thick brown catkins) now
ripe & ready to scale off--How full the
trees are--About as thick as the leaves were.
The fever bush is for the most part bare
& I see no berries. Rhus radicans

The maiden hair is for the most part withered.
It is not (evergreen) then. %{}%
The mt sumach which I see--is bare & some
smooth do.
That appears to be aspidium cristatum
which I find evergreen in swamps--but no
fertile fronds now--It is broader & denser
than the plate of the English one. It can-
not be a described var. of spinulosum--for it
is only once pinnate

I think I see myrtle birds on white birches

& that they are the birds I saw on them

a week or 2 ago--ap. or prob. after the

birch lice. see a F. hiemalis

The chicadees sing as if at home-- They

are not travelling singers hired by any Barnum.

Their is an honest homely heart-felt melody.

Shall not the voice of man express as much content

as the note of a bird?

Botrychium lunaria has shed pollen how long?

The little larches in midst of gowings swamp--already changed before

others elsewhere--

Each town should have a park

or rather a primitive forest of 500 or

a thousand acres--where a stick should never

be cut for fuel--a common possession

forever--for instruction & recreation--

We hear of cow-common & ministerial

lots--but we want men commons & lay

lots--inalienable forever--

Let us keep the new world new--preserve

all the advantages of living in the country.

There is meadow--& pasture--& wood lot

for the town's poor-- Why not a forest &

huckleberry field for the town's rich--

All Walden wood might have been

preserved for our park forever--with walden

in its midst--& the Easterbrooks country

an unoccupied area of some 4 square

miles might have been our huckle-

berry field. If any owners of these tracts

\[139\] extra space

\[140\] Interlined text actually ends on same line as next paragraph, starting with "Each town"

\[141\] extra letter after "square"?
are about to leave the world without\textsuperscript{142}
\%or\% natural heirs who need \textsuperscript{143} deserve to be
specially remembered--they will do wisely
to abandon their possessions\textsuperscript{144} to all--& not
will them to some individual who perhaps
// The Kalmia glauca now falling--is quite a brilliant scarlet
in this case you have the fresh \textsuperscript{145} liquid green leaves of this year\textsuperscript{146}
has enough already--
above the brilliant scarlet ones of last year-- Most other--
As some give to harvard College--or another
evergreens exhibit only a constant \textsuperscript{147} green with yellow or yellowish--
institution-- Why might not another give
a forest or Huckleberry field to Concord.\textsuperscript{148}
A town\textsuperscript{149} is an institution which deserves to be remembered--
We boast of our system of Education--but
why stop at school masters & school houses.
We are all school masters & our school house
is the universe. to attend chiefly to the desk or
school house--while we neglect the scenery
in which it is placed is to save at the spile
If we don't look out we
& waste at the bung. shall find our fair school house
--standing in a cow yard at last--
// The Balm of gileads by Mrs Ripley's bare--
Those beyond Barretts bridge green & full of leaves.
// The spruce leaves have fallen--how long? &
its seeds are falling.-- Larch seeds falling.
// Celtis berries ripe how long?
// Solanum dulcamara berries linger over water
but mostly are shrivelled.
or more
// Canoe birch is now at least 1/2 fallen ^\textsuperscript{148} ap. with
the small white--looks in color like an aspen\textsuperscript{149}
Sunday--Oct 16th
\textit{Pm} Paddle to Puffers & thence walk to
Ledum Swamp & Conant's\textsuperscript{150} wood.
A cold--clear--Novemberish day-- The wind
goes down & we do not sail. The button

\textsuperscript{142}blotch
\textsuperscript{143}"\%" crossed out in vertical pencil lines
\textsuperscript{144}"possession" in 1906
\textsuperscript{145}two lines of text inserted here
\textsuperscript{146}poss. "Concord" and blotch
\textsuperscript{147}obscured by blotch
\textsuperscript{148}line connecting caret with "or more"
\textsuperscript{149}poss. "aspen"
\textsuperscript{150}poss. "Conants'"
bushes are just bare & the black willows
% the mikania all fairly gray now%
partly so--% I see the button bush balls reflected
on each side--& each wool-grass head & record
withered sedge or rush--is also doubled by the
reflection-- The Scirpus lacustris is generally\[151\] brown
--the j. militaris greener-- It is rather too cool,
to sit still in the frost unless in a sunny & sheltered
place. I have not been on the river for some
time & it is the more novel to me this cool day.

When I get to Willow\[152\] Bay I see the new mus-
quash houses erected--conspicuous on the now
nearly leafless shores-- To me this is an im-
portant & suggestive sight--as, perchance,
in some countries new hay- stacks in the yards.
%As to the Esquimaux the creation of winter houses%
I remember the phenomenon annually for 30
years. A more constant phenomenon here than
the new haystacks in the yard--for they were
erected here probably before man dwelt here
& may still be erected here when man has
departed. For 30 years I have annually observed
about this time, or earlier-- the freshly erected winter
lodges of the musquash along the river side
reminding us that if we have no gypsies
more
--- we have an indigenous race of furry
maintaining their ground
quadrupedal men ^ in our midst still-- This
may not be an annual phenomenon to you
-- It\[153\] may not be in the Greenwich almanack--
or ephemeris--but it has an important place
in my Kalendar\[154\]. So surely as the Sun appears
to be in Libra or Scorpio--I see the conical
winter
withered lodges of the musquash rising above
& flags
155the withered pontederia"-- There will be some
reference to it, by156 way of parable or otherwise
in my New157 Testament. Surely, it is a defect
in our Bible--that it is not truly ours158, but
a Hebrew Bible-- The most pertinent illus-
trations for us are to be drawn, not from
Egypt or Babylonia--but from New England.

Talk about learning our letters & being literate
--why the roots of letters are159 things. Natural
objects & phenomena are the original
symbols or types which express our thoughts160
& feelings--& yet American scholars--having
little or no root in the soil--commonly
strive with all their might to confine them-
selves to the imported symbols alone-- All
the time growth & experience--the living
speech, they would fain reject as "Americanism."
It is the old error--which the church
--the state--the school ever commit--choosing
darkness rather than light--holding fast
to the old--& to tradition. A more intimate
knowledge--a deeper experience will surely
originate a word. When I really know that
our river pursues a serpentine course
to the Merrimack--shall I continue to describe
it by referring to some other river no older
than itself which is like it--& call
it a meander? It is no more meandering

155possibly a dash before "the"
156word obscured by blotch
157"N" written over "n"
158"ours" written over text
159"are" written over "is"
160some markings in right margin
%{As well sing of the nightingale as the Meander}%

What if there were a tariff on words---on language--for the encouragement of home manufactures. Have we not the genius to coin our own? Let the schoolmaster distinguish the true from the counterfeit.

They go on publishing the "chronological cycles" & "Moveable festivals of the Church" & the like--from mere habit--but how insignificant are these compared with the annual phenomena of your life--which fall within your experiences. The signs of the zodiac are not nearly of that significance to me--that the sight of a dead sucker in the spring is.

That is the occasion for an immovable festival in my church. Another kind of Lent in my thoughts. I am satisfied then to live then begins ^ than you wot of-- on fish alone--for a season

Men attach a false importance to Celestial phenomena as compared with terrestrial--as if it were more respectable & elevating to watch your neighbors than to mind your own affairs. The nodes of the stars are not the knots we have to untie. The phenomena of our year are one thing--those of the almanac another! For October, for instance, instead of making the sun enter the sign of the scorpion I would much sooner make him enter a musquash-house

The snapping turtle too--must find a place among the constellations--though it may have to supplant some doubtful character already there.

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161 according to 1906 version. Also, poss. "meander"
162 marginalia from previous page carries over into left margin on this page
163 interlined quote according to 1906
If there is no place for him over head—he can serve us bravely under-
neath supporting the earth—

This clear cold Novemberish light—is in-
some
bare
spiriting—twigs which are & weeds begin

// to glitter with hoary light—The very edge
or outline of a tawny or russet hill has
this hoary light on it—your thoughts
sparkle like the water surface & the downy
twigs. From the shore you look back at
the silver-plated river.

Every rain exposes new arrow heads—We stop
at Clam Shell & dabble for a moment in the relics
of a departed race.

Where we landed in front of Puffers—
found a jug which the hay makers had left
in the bushes—hid our boat there in
a clump of willows & though the ends
stuck out—being a pale green & whitish
they were not visible or distinguishable at
a little distance—
sandy
Passed thro the ^ potato field at
Witherell's cellar hole—Potatoes not dug
looking late & neglected now—the very vines
almost vanished on some sandier hill—

When we emerged from the pleasant
foot path through the birches into Witherell
Glade—looking along it toward the westering
sun—the glittering white tufts of the
andropogon164 scoparius lit up by the sun
were affectingly fair & cheering to behold—

It was already a cheerful Novemberish

\^poss. "Andropogon"
scene-- A narrow glade stretching E & W
between a dense birch wood now half bare &
a ruddy oak wood on the upperside--
a ground covered with tawney stubble & fine
withered grass--& cistuses-- Looking westward
along it--your eye fell on these lit

%v Nov 8%
tufts of andropogon {drawing} their glowing
half raised a foot or more above the

ground--a lighter & more brilliant whiteness
than the downiest cloud presents--(though
%v (by chance) same state on Oct 16 '58%
seen on one side they are greyish)--even the
lespedezas stand like frost covered wands
& even" hoary golden rods--& some light
red black-berry vines amid the tawney grass
are in harmony with the rest--& if you sharpen
& rightly intend your eye you see the white
surface's gleaming lines of gossamer
(stretching frm stubble to stubble over the whole
surface) which you are breaking.

How cheerful these cold but bright white
waving tufts. They reflect all the suns light
without a particle of his heat--or yellow rays.
A thousand such tufts now catch up the
sun & send to us its light but not heat.

His heat is being steadily withdrawn from us.
Light without heat is getting to be the
prevailing phenomenon of the day now. We
economize all the warmth we get now.

The frost of the 11th which stiffened the

ground made new havoc with vegetation--"
// as I perceive many plants have ceased
Diplopappus to bloom no doubt-- Many **linarifo-**
lius are gone to seed--& yellowish globes--
the
Such are ^ the stages in the year's decline--
The flowers are at the mercy of the frosts.
Places where *erechites* grows--more or less
bare in sproutlands--look quite black & white
(black withered leaves & white down)--& wintry.

At Ledum swamp--feeling to find the
vac. oxyccocus berries-- I am struck with
wet the coldness of the ^ sphagnum--as if I
put my hands into a moss in Labrador--a
sort of winter lingering the summer thro their.
To my surprise--now at 3 1/2 pm some of
in the shade the sphagnum ^ is still stiff with frost--&
when I break it--I see the glistening spiculae.
This is the most startling evidence of winter as yet.
For only on the morning of the 11th was there any
stiffening of the ground elsewhere. Also in
the high sedgy sproutland S. of this swamp
--I see hoary or frost like patches at the sedge
amid the rest--where all is dry--as
if in such places (the lowest) the frost had
completely bleached the grass so that it
now looks like frost. I think that that is
the case.

It is remarkable--how when a wood has
been cut (perhaps where the soil was light)
& frosts for a long while prevent a
new wood from springing up there--

---

168poss illegible writing here
169T misspells "erechites"
that fine sedge (C. Pennsylvanica\textsuperscript{170}) will
densely cover the ground amid the stumps &
dead sprouts-- It is the most hardy & native
of grasses there. This is the grass of the sprout-lands & woods-- It wants only the sun & a
seasonably dry soil-- Then there are
the grasses & sedges of the meadows-- but
the cultivated fields & the pastures are commonly
clothed with introduced grasses.

The Nesaea\textsuperscript{171} is all withered--also the
woodwardia

The Ledum & andromeda polifolia leaves bare
fallen-- The Kalmia glauca is still falling--
The spruce also has fallen.

The ledum smells like a bee that peculiar scent they have-- C. too perceives it.

See a hairy woodpecker on a burnt pitch pine
He distinctly rests on his tail constantly-- with
what vigor he taps & bores the bark making it
fly far & wide.\textsuperscript{172} & then darts off with a sharp
whistle.

I remark how still it is today--really sabbath
like. This day, at least, we do not hear the
rattle of cars nor the whistle-- I cannot
believe realize that that the county was
often as still as this 20 years ago.

Returning the river is perfectly still & smooth--
The broad shallow water on each side bathing
the withered grass--looks as if it were ready
to put on its veil of ice at any moment--

It seems positively to invite the access of frost.

\textsuperscript{170} spelled "Carex pensylvanica" in Angelo
\textsuperscript{171} spelled "Nesaea" in Angelo
\textsuperscript{172} poss "wide,"

I seem to hear already the creaking shivering
sound of ice there broken by the undulations
my boat makes-- So near are we to winter--

Then nearer home I hear 2 or 3 song-
sparrows on the button bushes sing as in spring--
that memorable tinkle--as if it would be the last
as it was first.

The few blackish leaves of Pontederia rising above
the water now resemble ducks at a distance
& so help to conceal them now that they are return-
ing.

The weeds are dressed in their frost jackets--
naked down to their close fitting downy or flannel
shirts--like athletes they challenge the winter
these bare twigs. This cold refines & condenses us--
Our spirits are strong like that pint of cider
in the middle of a frozen barrel.

The cool placid silver-plated waters at even.
coolly await the frost-- The musquash
is steadily adding to his winter lodge-- There is
no need of supposing a peculiar instinct telling
him how high to build his cabin-- He has had
a longer experience in this river valley than we.

Evergreens, I should say, fall early--both the
coniferous & the broad-leaved.

That election cake fungus which is
still growing--(as for some months) appears
to be a Boletus.

I love to get out of cultivated fields where
I walk on an imported sod—an English grass—
and walk in the fine sedge of woodland
hollows—on an American sward—In the former
case my thoughts are heavy & lumpish as if I
fed on turnips—In the other I nibble ground
nuts. The little
Your hands begin to be cool rowing now—
At many a place in sproutlands—where the
sedge is peculiarly flat & white or hoary I put
down my hand to feel if there is frost on it.
It must be the traces of frost. Since the
frost of the 11th the grass & stubble has received
another coat of tawney.
That andropogon bright feathery top may be put
with the clematis seed & tail—Only this cold
clear sky can light them up thus.
The farmer begins to calculate how much
longer he can safely leave his potatoes out.
Each ball of the button bush reflects in
the silvery water by the river side—appears
to me as distinct & important—as a star
in the heavens viewed through "Optic glass"—
This too deserves its Kepler & Galileo
As nature generally—on the advent of frost puts
on a russet & tawney dress—so is not man
clad more in harmony with nature in the
fall in a tawney suit—or the different
hues of Vermont grey? I would fain see
him glitter like a sweet fern twig between
me & the sun.
A few green yel. lily pods lie on the surface waiting
All the Lycopod. complanatus I see to-day has shed its pollen.

Oct 17th

// A smart frost this morning--ground stiffened. %Hear of ice in a tub%

Pm to Gowing's Swamp.

The water standing over the road at Moore's swamp-- I see the sand spotte\textsuperscript{174} black with many thousands of little snails with a shell-- & 2 feelers out--slowly dragging themselves over the bottom. They reminded me by their color number & form of the young tadpoles.

I look for vac. oxycoccus in the swamp.

The uneven surface of the sphagnum in which this slender vine grows--comes up to my idea of a \textit{mt}-ous country better than many actual\textsuperscript{175} mts that I have seen-- Labrador mts these are at least The higher patches of sphagnum are changed to a dark purple--which shows a crude\textsuperscript{176} green where you crack it by your weight-- The lower parts are yet\textsuperscript{177} yellowish green merely-- These interesting little cranberries are quite scarce-- the vine leaning (this year at least) only amid the higher & drier sphagnoeous mts amid the lowest bushes about the edge of the open swamp-- There the dark red berries (quite ripe) now rest--on the

\textsuperscript{173}correct spelling is "complanatus"
\textsuperscript{174}T means "spotted"?
\textsuperscript{175}T misspells "actual"?
\textsuperscript{176}in 1906 version
\textsuperscript{177}mark after, stray mark or dash?
shells & in the recesses of the red sphagnum.

There is only enough of these berries--for sauce to a botanist's Thanksgiving dinner.

What I put into my pocket--whether berry or apple generally has to keep company with an arrowhead or 2. I hear the latter clinking against a key as I walk. These are the perennial crop of Concord fields. If they were sure it would pay--we should see farmers raking the fields for them.

The rain dries me from my berrying--& we take shelter under a tree. It is worth the while to sit under the lee of an apple tree trunk in the rain--if only to study the bark & its inhabitants. I do not disturb the father--long-legs {drawing} which to avoid the storm has merely got round to the lee side, or under the shelter of an excrescence--Thus easily insects find their roof ready for them. Man's very size compels him to build a house. Caves & recesses big enough--are too rare.

Why should we not stay at home? This is the land & we are the inhabitants so many travellers come to see. Why should we suffer ourselves to drift outside & lose all our advantages. They were bold navigators once who merely sighted these shores-- We were born & bred further in these
lands than Capt. John Smith got.

I hear that 10 geese went over New Bed-

dford some days ago

When La\textsuperscript{79} Mountain & Haddock dropt
down in the Canada wilderness the other
day--they came near starving--or dying of
cold & wet & fatigue--not knowing where to
look for food--nor how to shelter themselves.

Thus far we have wandered from a simple
& independent life. I think that a wise\textsuperscript{10} & inde-
pendent--self reliant man--will have a
complete list of %\textsuperscript{8} edibles to be found in a
primitive country or wilderness--in his
%to say nothing of matches & warm clothing\textsuperscript{11}%
wastcoat pocket at least--so that he
can commence a systematic search for them
%They might have had several frogs apiece if they had known how to find them%
without loss of time. %\textsuperscript{9} Talk about tariffs
& protection of home industry--to be prepared
for wars & hard times--!! Here we are deriving
our bread stuffs from the west--our butter
stuffs \textsuperscript{12} from Vermont--& our tea & coffee
% much more with which we stuff ourselves stuffs%
& sugar stuffs \textsuperscript{13} from the other side of the globe.

\textsuperscript{14}Why a truly prudent man will carry such
% at least%
a list as the above in his mind\textsuperscript{15}--even though
he walk through Broadway or Quincy

Market. He will know what are the per-
manent resources of the land--& be prepared
for the hardest of times-- He will go behind
cities & their police--he will see through
them. Is not the wilderness of mould

\textsuperscript{79}poss "Lee"
\textsuperscript{10}poss "live"
\textsuperscript{11}interlined pencilled material on this page from 1906 edition
\textsuperscript{12}horizontal carat appears in left margin above this line
& dry rot forever invading & threatening them.

They are but a camp abundantly supplied & gnawing their old shoes tomorrow.

to-day.

I see all the farmers old coats spread & pumpkins over the few squashes ^ still left out in a pile

The arbor vitae sheds seeds, how long?

Oct 18th

Rains till 3 Pm but is warmer--

Pm to Assabet front of Tarbel's

Going by Dennis swamp on RR the sour scent of decaying ferns is now very strong there.

Rhus venenata is bare & maples & o

some other shrubs--& more are very thin leaved

as alder & birches--so that the swamp with so many fallen leaves & migrating very sparrows &c flitting there, it has a ^ late look--

For falling--put the Canoe birch with

the small white-- The beach plum

is almost quite bare

The leaves of a chinquapin O have not fallen

The long curved yellowish buds of the S. discolor begin to show--the leaves falling %even the down has peeped out from under some%

In the ditch along the W. side of Dennis swamp I see half a dozen yel spot turtles--moving about. Prob. they are pre-

paring to go into winter-quarters. I see one of the smaller thrushes to-day--

187

187 Why a philosopher who drops down into what is just such a wilderness to him as that was to La mt & Haddock--where he finds hardly one little frog gone into winter quarters to sustain him & runs screaming toward the climes of the sun%

[footnotes]

[183] read against the 1906 edition
[184] poss "today"
[185] some markings in right margin
[186] poss "chinquapin. O", T misplaced dot?
[187] There seems to be several lines in pencil running the vertical length of the left margin. Read against a footnote in the 1906 edition.
Saw a tree-toad on the ground in a sandy wood path-- I did not offer to hop away-- may have been chilled by the rain(?)
It is marked on the back with black--some-- what in the form of the hylodes.

Why can we not oftener refresh one another with original thoughts. If the fragrance of the Dicksonia fern is so grateful & suggestive to us, how much more refreshing & encouraging--, re-creating, would be fresh & fragrant thoughts communicated to us--fresh from a man's experience & life.
I want none of his pity, nor sympathy, in the common sense, but that he should emit & communicate to me his essential fragrance--that he should not be forever repenting & going to church-- (when not otherwise sinning) but as it were going a-huckleberrying in the field, of thought:--& enrich all the world with his visions & his joys

Why do you flee so soon sir to the theatres lecture rooms & museums of the city?-- If you will stay here awhile I will promise you strange sights. You shall walk on water--all these brooks & rivers & ponds shall be your high-way.-- You shall see the whole earth covered a foot or more deep with purest white crystals in which you slump or over which you glide--

188poss thoughts--
189poss "thoughts--"
& the trees & stubble glittering in icy armor.

Oct 19th

When a government puts forth its strength on the side of injustice--as ours (esp. to-day) to maintain slavery--& kill the liberators of the slave, (what) a merely brute--or worse than brute force it is seen to be! O demoniacal force. It is more manifest than ever that tyranny rules--I see this government to be effectually allied with France & Austria in oppressing mankind.

One comment I heard of by the P. M. of this village on the news of Brown's death--

"He died as the fool dieth"--I should have answered this man--"He did not live as the fool liveth--& he died as he lived."

Treason! Where does such treason %& against (an unjust)\% rise? I cannot help thinking of you as you deserve--Ye Governments--Can you dry up the fountains of thought? High Treason--which is resistance to tyranny here below--has its origin in, & is first committed by the power that makes & forever recreates man-- When you have caught & hung all of these human rebels--you have accomplished nothing but your own guilt--for you have not struck at the fountain-head.--You presume

---

102: line in pencil either crossing out or underlining "than brute force it se seen to be!"
103: poss dash above to make the word "re-creates"
to contend with a foe--against whom

West point cadets & rifled cannon--

point not. Can all the arts of the
cannon founder tempt matter to turn %the founder% in the form in which %in%%% against its Maker? casts it--more essential than the constitution of it--& of himself?

I see that the same journal that contains this pregnant news from Harper's Ferry-- in parallel columns is chiefly filled ^ with the reports of the political conventions that are now being held-- But the descent is too steep to others-- they should have been spared this contrast-- %printed in an Extra at least%

To turn from the voices & deeds of earnest men to the cackling of political conventions!

Office seekers & speech makers--like %honest% do not ^ so much as lay an ^=egg=--but %forever%

wear their breasts bear upon an egg of %Their business is counting chickens or ^ votes before they are hatched upon vmp%

chalk%. Some of them generals forsooth.

It galls me to listen to the remarks of craven-hearted neighbors--who% speak disparagingly of %resorted to understviolence Brown because he ^ resisted the government --threw his life away! (what way have %they thrown their lives, pray--?) neighbors %who would praise a man for attacking singly an ordinary band of thieves or murderers. %Such minds are not equal to the oc-

casion. They preserve the so called peace %of the community by deeds of petty violence every day-- Look at the police %billy

man's bottom & handcuffs--look at %billy

192"he" crossed out in pencil
193 T wrote 2 lines in left margin, connected to "chalk" by caret: "Their great game is the game of straws--or rather that universal & aboriginal/ game of the platter at which the Indians cried Hub-bub"
194inserted
the jail--look at the gallows-- Look at
the chaplain of the regiment! We are
hoping only to live safely on the outskirts of this
provincial our
army. So they defend themselves & their hen-roosts--

There sits a tyrant holding fettered 4 millions of
slaves--here comes their heroic liberator--
if he falls--will he not still live?
C. says that he saw a loon at Walden
the 15th

Pm to Lee's Cliff.
The tupelo berries have all fallen--how long?
Alternate cornel about bare. Hardhack
1/2 bare. Many witch-hazel nuts are
not yet open-- The bushes just bare.
The slip-elm is nearly bare-- like the common near it
cedar berries how long? 14th at least--prob.
by the time they lost their leaves-- There is one
sizeable tree W by N of Lee's Cliff near the wall.
Lycopodium dendroideum (not var) is
just shedding pollen near this cedar--
I see asparagus in the woods there near the
cedar--4 or 5 feet high!

Find the seedling archangelica grown
about 2 feet high--& still quite green &
growing--though the full grown plants are
long since dead root & stalk. This suggests that
no doubt much of the radical spring greenness
is of this character--seedlings of biennials--perhaps

195"1" poss written over "&"
196poss "Cornel"
197poss T misspells "growing"
more of them a persistent or late growth
from a **perennial** root as crowfoot--white-
weed--5-finger etc-- The scent of the
archangelica root is not agreeable to me.
The scent of my fingers after having handled
it--reminds me strongly of the musquash
& woodchuck--, though the root itself does not,
so its odor must be allied to theirs

I find at Lees Cliff on the shelves & sides of
// the rocks--a new fern--ap. *Cystopteris fragilis*
more than half decayed or withered--though
some fresher & shorter fronds at the base of the
others are still quite green. It curls up so
in my hat that I have difficulty in examining
it. It is abundant there abouts.

Paddling up the river the other day--the
on the edge of the hill
(prob. canoe) birches on Mt. misery ^ a mile
in front looked like little dark clouds--for
could not distinguish their white trunks against
the sky.

Though the dark blue or ripe, creeping juniper
berries are chiefly on the lower part of the branches
// I see fresh green ones on old wood as big as
a pipe stem & often directly opposite to purple
ones(!) They are strangely mixed up-- I am not sure
but some of this year's berries are already ripe.
// See a **black--& rusty** hedgehog(?) caterpillar
in the path.

The remarks of my neighbors--upon

---

**written over text**
Brown's death & supposed fate, with very few exceptions are—"He is undoubtedly insane"—"Died as the fool dieth"—"served him right"—& so they proceed to live their sane, & wise, & altogether admirable lives, reading their Plutarch a little—but chiefly pausing at that feat of putnam who was let down into a wolf's den—(That is quite the strongest feat that Young America is fed on--) & so they nourish themselves for brave & patriotic deeds. &v bot of p. 84 (d) some time or other % The Tract% brave & patriotic deeds. %v p 84 (d) society% What is the character of that calm which follows the success when the law & the slave-holder prevail? A government that pretends to be christian & crucifies a million christs every day. Our foes are in our midst & all about us. Hardly a house but is divided against itself. For our foe is the all but universal wooden-ness (both of head & heart)—the want of vitality—of man—the effect of vice—whence are begotten—fear & superstition & bigotry & persecution & slavery of all kinds. Mere figure-heads upon a hulk—with livers in the place of hearts— A church that can never have done with %{Table of} d &c% excommunicating Christ while it exists. %v 85% Our plains were over run the other day with a flock of adjutant generals the
other day as if a brood of cockerels
had been let loose there—waiting to use
their spears in what sort of glorious cause
%probable in the future, what more certain heretofore%
I ask—what more %\(^{199}\) than %\(^{200}\) grinding\(^{201}\) in the
dust 400,000, of feeble & timid—men
women & children—The United States
\(\%\{G\)\ had \} here he had already lived up there%
exclaims Here are 4 millions of human
creatures which we have stolen. We
have abolished among them the relations,
of Father\(^{202}\), Mother, children, wife—& we mean
to keep them in this condition—Will\(^{203}\) you
O Massachusetts{,} help us to do so? &
Massachusetts promptly answers, aye!
The curse is the worship of idols—which
at length changes the worshipper into a
stone image himself.

Everyman worships his ideal of power and goodness,
or God, & the New Englander is just as much
%This man was an exception, for he did not even a graven%
an idolater as the HIndoo.%\(^{204}\) %image between him & (his image of) God%
momentary
The ^ charge at Balaclava in obedience to a
blundering command—(proving what a perfect
machine the soldier is) has been celebrated by
a poet laureate—but the steady & for
the most part successful charge against
kept up for some years in Kansas by John Brown
the legions of slavery—^in obedience to an in-
finitely higher command, is unsung.
--As much more memorable than that--
as one intelligent & conscientious man is
superior to a machine.
The brutish thick-skinned herd—who do not know a man by sympathy—make haste home from the ballot boxes & churches to their Castles of Indolence—perchance to cherish their valor there with some nursery tale of knights & dragons.

A whole nation will for ages cling to the memory of its arthur or other imaginary hero—who perhaps never assailed its peculiar institution or sin—& being imaginary, never failed—when they are themselves the very freebooters & craven knights whom he routed. While they forget their real heroes &

The publishers & the various hoards of wooden heads can afford to reprint that story of Putnam’s—You might open the district schools with the reading of it—because there is nothing about slavery or the church in it—unless it occurs to the reader that the pastors are wolves in sheeps clothing.

I have seen no hearty approbation for this man—in my abolition journal—as if it was not consistent with their policy to express it—or maybe they did not feel it—& as for the herd of newspapers I do not chance country to know one in the world that will deliberately print anything that will ultimately & permanently reduce the number of its subscribers—They do not believe it would be expedient. How then can they print truth?
If we do not say pleasant things, they argue—no body will attend to us—and so they are—who like some auctioneers—sing an obscene song—in order to draw a crowd around them.

Another neighbor asks yankee-like what will he gain by it—as if he expected to fill his pockets—by this enterprise. They have no idea of gain but in this worldly sense—if it does not lead to a surprise party—if he does not get a new pair of boots & a vote of thanks—it must be a failure.

Such do not know that like the seed is the fruit—and in the moral world when good seed is planted good fruit is inevitable & does not depend on our watering & cultivating, in his field that when you plant or bury a hero—a crop of heroes is sure to spring up. This is a seed of such force & vitality that it does not ask our leave to germinate.

Some 1000 years ago Christ was crucified—This morning (perhaps) John Brown was hung—I rejoice to know those are the two ends of a chain which—is not without its links. %v 9th% Republican The editors obliged to get their sentences ready for the morning edition—and their dinner ready before afternoon—speak of these men—not in a tone of admiration for their disinterestedness & heroism—not of sorrow even for their fate—but
calling them "mistaken men"--"insane"--or
Did it ever occur to you
"crazed"-- "what a sane set of editors
we are blessed with!--not "mistaken men"--
who know very well on which side their bread
is buttered!

The noble Republican party is in haste to exculpate
itself from all sympathy with these "misguided
men." Even the very man who would rejoice if he
had succeeded, though in spite of all odds,--
are estranged from--& deny him because he failed.

A "dangerous man"! We wish that these editors
& ministers--were a little more Dangerous--
such

It is mentioned against him & as (an) evidence of
"It was always conceded to him that he was a conscientious man, very modest
in his demeanor
his insanity--that he was ^ apparently inoffensive
until the subject of slavery was introduced, when he
would exhibit a feeling of indignation un-
paralleled." Boston Journal Oct 21--59

If Christ should appear on earth--he could
on all hands be denounced as a mistaken
misguided man--insane & crazed.

The Liberator calls it "a misguided, wild,
& apparently insane"--"effort"

"The American board of Commissioners for Foreign
Missions" which have just met in Philadelphia
did not dare as a body to protest even
against the foreign slave trade--which
domestic traders
even many slave traders are ready to do.
& I hear of northern men, women &
by families
children ^ buying a "life-membership

204 inserted
205 a line here connects "&" to "!" after "A 'dangerous man'"
206 a bracket around "All"
in this society—a life-membership in the
You can get buried cheaper than that. (his)

grave! %[

He was a superior man. He did not value
his bodily life in comparison with ideal
things—he did not recognize unjust human
lows—but resisted them as he was bid—and here
%is%
%could not%
he called insane by all who called insane by all who
appreciate such magnanimity. He needed
no babbling lawyer—making false cases
to defend him—he was more than a match for
all judges that American voters or office—
create
holders of whatever grade can appoint.
He could not have been tried by a jury of
%do%
his peers—because his peers did not exist.

When a man stands up serenely against the
condemnation & vengeance of mankind—
rising above them literally by a whole body—
though he were a slave—though he were a freeman who has
\& though he was of late their vilest murderer, \\
settled that matter with himself—the spectacle
is a sublime one—Didn’t ye know it—
%Liberators (!!) ye Tribunes (!!) Re{publicans}%
%ye Garrisoniteye Buchanans!—ye politicians
& we became criminal in comparison
Do yourselves the honor to recognize him. He needs none of your respect.
he did not belong to your clique—!

What though I do not believe in creating statues

I would rather see the statue
of John Brown in the Massachusetts’
state house yard than that of any

\[207\]"the" is canceled in pencil or perhaps ink has bled through from the previous recto
\[208\]An indecipherable word or perhaps ink that has bled through from the previous recto
\[209\]Canceled in pencil
\[211\]Canceled in pencil
\[212\]Equal sign may be an exclamation point
\[213\]The text beginning with the phrase “What though” continues above the line with “he did not belong...”
other man whom I know(--)²¹⁴

What a contrast, when we turn to that
political party which is so anxiously shaking
its skirts clean of him & his friends--& looking
round for some available slaveholder to be
its %at least for some one who will execute% & all those other
"their" candidate! %the fugitive slave law% %the fugitive slave law% laws which he took up
arms to annul %& 8 Ruffians

The²¹⁶ evil is, not merely a stagnation of blood,
but a stagnation of Spirit. Of course,
the mass of men--even the well disposed but
sluggish souls, who are ready to abet when
their conscience or sympathies are reached,
cannot conceive of a man who is actuated
by higher motives than they are.
Accordingly they pronounce him insane, for they know that they would²¹⁸
never act as he does as long as they are them-selves--
This most hypocritical & diabolical government
looks up from its seat upon 4 millions
of gasping slaves & inquires with
an assumption of innocence-- What do you
assault me for--am I not an honest
man.? Ah, sir, but your seat--
your footstool--my father & mother--
get off--get off-- But there sits the
Incubus²¹⁹ with all his weight--& stretching ever
more & more & for all reply answers--
why wont you cease agitation upon this
subject.

The only government that I recognize is that
power that establishes justice in the land--
%would he be one at is coming]%
never that which establishes injustice %&%%--
Suppose that there is a private company in

²¹³Hyphen may be a stray mark or canceled letter
²¹⁴A canceled slash appears between "their" and "candidate"
²¹⁵A large mark resembling a caret on its side appears at beginning of paragraph.
²¹⁶This additional interlined text in pencil is extremely faint; starts on line 8, crosses through "merely" and ends on line 10 beneath "blood"
²¹⁷Possibly "could"
²¹⁸The "I" modified from lower case
Massachusetts—that out of its own purse & magnanimity—saves all the fugitive slaves that runs to us—and protects our colored fellow citizens—and leaves the other work to the government so called—Is not that government fast losing its occupation & becoming contemptible to mankind. If private men are obliged to perform the offices of government to protect the weak—and dispense justice—then the government becomes only a hired man or clerk—to menial or indifferent services. Of course that is but the shadow of a government whose existence necessitates a Vigilance Committee. But such is the character of our northern states generally, each has its Vigilance Committee. And to a certain crazy extent these ^ governments recognize & accept this relation—They say, virtually, we’ll be glad to work for you on these terms, only don’t make a noise about it.

Such a government is losing its power & respectability as surely as water runs out of a leaky vessel—& is held by one that can contain it.

Oct 20th Pm to Ripple Lake—
Dug some artichokes behind Alcott’s the largest about 1 inch in diameter—Now ap. is the time //to begin to dig them—the plant being considerably frosthitten. Tried 2 or 3 roots—the main root ran down straight about

220 “whose” is written over “that”
221 Written at an ascending angle
6 inches & then terminated abruptly--thus
{drawing} They have quite a nutty taste eaten
raw.

What is that flat spreading festuca like
grass--just killed--behind A’s house?

As I go to Clintonia swamp along the
old cross road--I see a large & very straggling
flock of crows fly SW from over the hill
behind Bulls--& contending with the strong &
cold N. W. wind. This is the annual phenom-
enon--They are on their migrations.

The beach plum is nearly bare & so is the
woodbine on the brick house.

The wild red-cherry by A Brook’s Hollow is completely
fallen--how long? The sand cherry in my field
path is almost entirely bare.

Some chinquapin is 1/2 fallen

Scare up a yellow legs--ap the larger, on the
shore of walden--It goes off with a sharp--

phe phe, phe phe

This is the coldest aff day as yet--wind
from the NW. It is finger cold as I come home
& my hands find their way to my pocket--
I learn the next day that snow fell today
in Northern New York & NH. & that accounts
for it We feel the cold of it here as
soon as the telegraph can inform us.
La Mountain’s adventure has taught us
how swiftly the wind may travel to us from
that quarter.
Oct 21

Pm to Mason’s Pasture

The brook between John Flint’s house & the river is 1/2 frozen over--

The clump of mt laurel in Mason’s pasture is of a triangular form about 6 rods long X a base of 2 1/3 rds or 7 or 8 square rods --beside some separate clumps.

It is very cold & blustering today-- It is the breath of winter which is encamped not far off to the north.

A great many shrub o. acorns hold on--

Insane! A father & 7 sons & several as many at least as 12 disciples more men besides ^ all struck with insanity at once--while the same tyrant holds with a firmer gripe than ever his 4 millions of slaves, and a thousand sane editors, his abettors are saving their country & their bacon & butter.

Just as insane as were their efforts in Kansas. Ask the tyrant who is his most dangerous foe--the same man or the insane? If some Capt. Ingraham threatens to fire into an Austrian vessel--we clap our hands all along the shore-- It wont hit us-- it won’t disturb our tyranny-- But let a far braver than he attack the we actually fire Austria within us--we turn ^ those same

---

222 "M" is written over "m"
223 "their" is written over "his"
224 A penciled-in line divides line 25 from line 26
225 "A" is written over "a"
guns upon him, & say insane.

The government ^ withdraws into the back shop

taking the constitution with it. -- its salary being
as farmers in the winter contrive to turn a penny
insured. by following the cooperating business.

When The reporter to the Herald contributor reports
the conversation verbatim-- He does
not know of what undying words he is made
vehicle
the reporter.

Read his admirable answers to Mason & others--
How they are dwarfed & defeated by the contrast!
On the one side half brutal, half timid,
questioning-- on the other truth clear as
lightning, crashing into their obscene temples.

They are made to stand with Pilate--& Gesler
& the Inquisition
How ineffectual their
speech & action--! & what a void their silence!
I speak to the (stupid) & timid chattels of
the north--pretending to read history & their
bibles--desecrating every house & every day
they breathe in!

True like the clods of the valley they are incapable
of perceiving the light--but I would fain
arouse them by any stimulus to an intelligent
life.

Through out the land--they not of equal magna-
nimity talk of vengeance & insanity.

Away with your broad & flat churches, & your
Take a step forward
narrow & tall churches,--^ bestir yourselves
& invent a new style of out-houses. Invent
a salt that will save you & defend our

\[226\] There seems to be a penciled-in line separating line 2 from line 3
\[227\] "its salary being insured" circled and connected with a line to caret in line 3
\[228\] It appears as if Thoreau began this paragraph with "The Herald" and later inserted "When" and the words between "The" and "Herald"
\[229\] "reporter to the" is crammed between "The" and "Herald" with "reporter" on top of "to the"
\[230\] "G" is written over "g"; possibly "Gosler"
\[231\] Underlined in pencil
\[232\] "n" is written over "&"
And in the same breath they tell us that all is quiet
now at Harper’s Ferry

233Inserted material was placed at the top margin and circled, its placement
indicated by caret

4 The slave ship is on her way--crowded with its
dying hundreds--& yet the politician asserts
the only proper way by which is
that deliverance is to be obtained by “the quiet
diffusion of Sentiments of humanity”--without

%v p. 112%234! What is that that I hear cast overboard!
any “outbreak”&. What is that that I hear cast overboard!

12 The bodies of the dead--who have found
deriverance. That is the way we are diffu--

--sing humanity & all its sentiments with it

16 Prominent & influential editors--say in their ign-

orance,--that he acted “on the principle of

236 They do not know the man-- They must
enlarge themselves to conceive of him. accustomed
to deal--with politicians, men of an infinitely lower
grade I have no doubt--that, if this is
of any importance, the time will come when
begin to
they will ^ see him as he was.

They have got to conceive of a man of ideas
hard as it may be for them %Mohawk%
& of principle ^ & not a politician or an %Indian
of a man who did not wait till he was personally
interfered with or thwarted in some harmless
business, before he gave his life to the cause
of the oppressed.

I know that there have been a few heroes in the
land--but no man has ever stood up in
America--for the dignity of human nature
--so devotedly--persistently & so effectively--
as this man
^ Ye need not trouble yourselves Republican

or any other Party--to wash your skirts of
him. No intelligent person will ever be--
He went and came as he informs us, “under the auspices
convinced that he was any creature of yours.

of John Brown & nobody else”

^ Ethan Allen & Stark--though worthy

233Inserted material was placed at the top margin and circled, its placement
indicated by caret

234“all” is interlined in the interlined text above and between the words "&" and "its", which are on either side of it here.

235This passage beginning with "What is that" and ending with "sentiments with it" is connected to the interlined material connected to the caret on line 12

236T. intended to transpose the following two sections of text as indicated by the numbers "1" and "2" in the margin. Two curved lines position "[ig]norance,...to conceive of him." to appear after "accustomed to deal...lower grade"

237"Ye need not trouble...creature of yours." canceled or underlined in pencil
soldiers in their day--were rangers in a
far lower field--& in a less important cause.
who know him best

Insane! Do the thousands ^ who have re-
joiced at his deeds in Kansas--and have
afforded him material aid, think him
insane? %v. below?%

It costs us nothing to be just. It enriches
us infinitely to recognize greater qualities
than we possess in another. We can at
least express our sympathy with, & admiration
for, John Brown & his Companions, &
this is what I now propose to do.

north

What has Massachusetts & the ^ sent a
few sane Senators to Congress for of late years?
to declare with effect what kind of sentiments?

All their speeches put together & boiled down
20 and prob. they themselves will allow it) direct simple & manly directness238
^ do not match for ^ force & effectiveness--the

few casual remarks of "John Brown on the

floor of the Harper's Ferry Engine house%^--

be sure, he was not our representative. He

is too fair a specimen of a man to represent
%Who then were his constituents? If you read his words%
the like of us--%^ In his case there is no idle
30%understandingly you will find out%^ nor maiden%^ "No compliments found to the
eloquence, no made %speech-- "Truth is his

inspirer & earnestness his critic-- & the polisher

of his sentences-- He could afford to lose his
Sharps' rifles--while he retained his faculty of
speech--a Sharpes rifle of infinitely surer &
longer range.

"But he wont gain anything%^-- Well246

__________________________
238This interlined text ("direct simple & manly directness") goes with the
second caret between "for" and "force"
239"H" is written over "h"
240This interlined text ("nor maiden") goes with caret between "made" and
"speech"
241"oppressor" should be on the preceding line
242This caret goes with "No compliments found the oppressor"
243Written immediately beneath the dash between "speech" and "Truth"
244"S" is modified from "s"
245"S" is modified from "s"
246Might be a line in pencil separating this last sentence from the text above it
No! I don't suppose he could get 4 &
6 pence a day for being hung take the
year round. But then he stands a chance
to save a considerable part of his soul--
& such a soul! When you do not.
No doubt you can get more in market
for a quart of milk than for a quart
of blood--but that is not the market
that heroes carry their blood to--

So ye write in your easy chairs
& thus he wounded responds from the floor
floor of the Armory &
of the Harper's Ferry engine House.249
"No man sent me here; it was my own promp-
ting and that of my Maker,----249. I ac-
knowledge no man in human form."
kindly
& in what a-sweet & noble strain he
20addressing those who had him pursued
proceeds-- "I think, my friend, you are guilty
of a great wrong against God & humanity,
-- -- --& it would be perfectly right for any
one to interfere with you so far as to free250
those you wilfully & wickedly hold in bondage2511.
& referring to his movement-- "It is, in my
opinion the greatest service a man can render
to God!"
& "I pity the poor in bondage that have none
to help them; that is why I am here; not
to gratify any personal animosity, revenge
or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy
with the oppressed & the wronged, that

247Underlined in pencil
248The "h" in "house" has been written over, probably from small to upper case
249This dash looks almost like a long line for "filling-in-the-blank" with the
name of one's Maker
250"free" is written over another word, possibly "face"
251The "b" has been modified
are as good as you and as precious in the
sight of God." -- -- -- --
% when you see it%
"I want you to understand that I respect the
rights of the poorest & weakest of colored people,
oppressed by the slave trade system, just as
much as I do those of the most wealthy
and powerful."

Thus the insane man preaches—while the
representatives of so called Christians (I refer
to the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions)
who pretend to be interested in the heathen or adhere
^ have not so much as protest against the
foreign slave trade!252

"I wish to say, furthermore, that you had
better—all you people at the South—prepare
yourselves for a settlement of that question,
that must come up for settlement sooner
than you are prepared for it. The sooner you
are prepared the better. You may dispose of
me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now; but
this question is still to be settled—this negro
question, I mean; the end of that is not yet."

You will perceive that not a single forcible
or noticeable word is uttered by his questioners—
they stand there the helpless tools in this great
work—It was no human power that gathered
them about this preacher.

What should we think of the Oriental
C’adi behind whom worked in secret a
vigilance committee—? What shall we

252 Underlined in pencil
253 A large slash in pencil or a stray pencil mark occupies the indentation of this paragraph
254 "his" is written over a false start beginning with the letter "s"
think of a government to which all the truly
brave & just men in the land are enemies,
standing between it & those whom it oppresses?
Do not we Protestants²⁵ know the likeness
of Luther--Fox--Bunyan when we see it.
Shall we still be put to bed with our
story books--not knowing day from night?

We talk about a representative government
--but what a monster of a government is
that where the noblest faculties of the
mind & the whole heart are not represented.
A semi-human tiger or ox stalking over the
earth--with its heart taken out & the top
of its brain shot away.

In California & Oregon, if not nearer home,
it is common to treat men exactly like deer which
are hunted, & I read from time to time
in Christian newspapers--how many "bucks"
that is Indian men--their sportsmen have
killed.

"Who is here so base, that would be a bond"§–%
man?-- -- -- Who is here so vile, that will
not love his country? If any, speak; for
him have I offended. I pause for a reply.§%°

We dream of other foreign countries
of other times & races of men--placing them
at a distance in history or in space--but
let some significant event like the present
occur in our midst--& we discover

²⁵"P" may be written over "p"
often this distance & this strangeness between
us & our nearest neighbors-- They are our
Austrias & Chinas--& South Sea Islands.
Our crowded society becomes well spaced
clean & handsome to the eye--a city of magnificent distances--
all at once %-- We% discover why it was that
we never got beyond compliments & surfaces with
them before. We become aware of as
there are
many versts between us & them as ^ between a
wandering Tartar or %(%Pawnee%)% & a Chinese
%(%or American%)% Town-- The thoughtful man
becomes a hermit in the thoroughfares of the mar-
et place. Impassable seas suddenly
find their level between us, or dumb
%v below%
steppes stretch themselves out there.

I do not complain of any tactics that
of good
are effective "--whether one wields the quill
or the sword.--but I shall not think
him mistaken who quickest succeeds to liberate
the slave-- I will judge of the tactics by the
%v bottom%
fruits--%v

It is the difference of constitution--of intelligence
& Faith--& not streams & mountains--
that make the true & impassable boundaries
between individuals & states. None but
come plenipotentiary
the like minded can ^ have full power
to our court
to treat with ^ us.

They who are continually shocked by slavery
have some right to be shocked by the violent
death (as well as by the life) of the

---

%v

254 "We" appears crossed out
255 There are two lines (one between lines 26 and 27 and one between lines 34 and 35) sectioning this paragraph off from the rest of the text
258 This caret, if it is a caret, is a straight vertical line between "can" and "have"
259 This caret, if it is a caret, looks like a cross/crucifix
slaveholder—but no others. Such will
be more shocked by his life than by his
death.

Oct 22d 59

Pm to Cliffs & Fair Haven

I am surprised to find in the field behind
little
the top of the Cliffs—a ^ vetch still perfectly
pink & blooming—where Wheeler had grain

//

a year or 2 since—with numerous little

plump pods 4 or 5/8 inch long & commonly
roundish
4 seeds to each—It must be. I think

Grays Vicia tetrasperma—though he makes
that have white flowers (ap same as
Bigelows V. pusilla—also made to have white
flowers (†) But Dewey calls them “bluish white”)
while these are purple. Otherwise it compares.

A marsh hawk sails over F. H. Hill

//

In the wood path below the Cliffs I
see perfectly fresh & fair V. pedata flowers
as in the spring—though but few together—
no flower by its 2d blooming more perfectly brings
back the spring to us.

In my blustering walks are the mason & Hunt
pastures yesterday— I saw much of the withered
indigo-weed which was broken off & blowing
about—& the seeds in its numerous black pods
rattling like the rattle pod though not
nearly so loud.

The very surface of the earth itself has

---

260 This mark is either a parenthesis canceled horizontally several times or a drawing
261 First letter of word is written over another
262 This line indented twice as deeply as the following line
been rapidly air browned of late--like the acorns
in their cups--in consequence of cold & frost
& the evergreens--& few deciduous plants--
which are slow to wither--like jersey tea--are
more & more distinct.

F. hiemalis quite common for a week past

One would say that the modern Christian
was a man who had consented to say
all the prayers in their liturgy provided
you would let him go straight to bed
& sleep quietly afterward--. All his
prayers begin with Now I lay me down
to sleep-- He has consented to perform
certain old established charities too
after a fashion--but he doesn't wish
to hear of any new fangled ones--he doesn't
want to
^ to have any codicils added to
the contract to fit it to the present
time in unexpected demands made
on him after he has said his prayers--
He shows the whites of his eyes on the sabbath
& the blacks all the rest of the week.

It was evidently far from being a wild &
desperate & insane attempt-- It was
a well matured plan.

The very fact that he had no rabble or
him
troop of hirelings about ^-- would alone
distinguish him from ordinary heroes--
His company was small indeed--because
few could be found worthy to pass

---

263This hyphen may in fact be a canceled letter
264Possibly written over another word or false start
265Letters modified in the middle of this word
266Possibly written over another word or false start
muster. He would have no rowdy
or swaggerer—no profane swearer
--for, as he said, he always found
these men to fail at last—He would
have only men of principle—they
are few—When it was observed that
if he had had a chaplain—his
would have been a perfect Cromwellian
company—he said that he would have
had a chaplain if he could find one who could perform that service
suitably.

Each one who there laid down his life
for the poor & oppressed—was this a
picked man—culled out of many
thousands if not millions—a man of principle—of rare courage & of
devoted humanity—ready to lay down their
lives any moment for the weak
& enslaved.

It may be doubted if there were any more
their equals in all the land—for their
leader—scoured the land far & wide seeking
%Who were men good & true came in circumstances of%
to swell his troop,%(himself and take their leave)%
%came over to him?% %
These alone stood forward—prepared to
step between the oppressor & the oppressed.
Surely they were the very best men you
could select to be hung. That was the
greatest compliment this country could

---

247 Modified letters; possibly "were"
248 Possibly modified from "found"
249 Letters modified
250 An "e" is written over the "a" in "man" and then struck out; it appears that
T. vacillated between "a man" and "men" and decide to settle on "a man"
251 Letters modified
252 Canceled in pencil
253 Short line before the insertion of the penciled material
pay them. They were ripe for the gallows bottom

I regard this event as a touchstone designed to bring out with glaring distinctness the character of this government. np we needed

A man of Spartan habits—who at 60 has scruples about his diet at your table

must eat sparingly & fare hard as he—

comes a soldier, he says, & one who is ever

% in Kansas% of a life of exposure & hardship%

fitting himself for difficult enterprises—

A man of rare common sense & directness of speech—or, of action—a transcendentalist above all—a man of ideals & principals—

that was what distinguished him. Of un-

waverning purposes—not to be dissuaded but by an experience & wisdom greater than his own—Not yielding to a whim or transient impulse—but carrying out the purpose of a life.

He did not go to the college called Harvard, Good old (institution) as she is

% alma mater% he was not fed on the pap that is there furnished—as he phrased it—"I know no more of grammar than one of your calves"—but he went to the great university of the West where he sedulously pursued the study of Liberty (for which he had early betrayed a fondness) & having taken many public degrees he finally commenced the practice % in Kansas% of humanity, as you all know. Such were his humanities not any study of grammar—% I see now that it was necessary that I don’t believe he % would stop % to fix a Greek accent if he saw a mark slanting% the bravest & humanest man in all the % he would have left a Greek accent aslant & righted up a falling man. % the wrong way—%
country should be hung—perhaps he

saw it himself%. If any leniency were shown

him—any compromise made with him—any

treating with him at all, by the government,

he might be suspected. %v n. p.%

We needed to be thus assisted to see our govern-

ment by the light of history—It needed to see

itself.

Compare the platform of any or all of the

political parties—which deem themselves

sane—with the platform on which he lay

& uttered these things!!

I foresee the time when the painter

will paint that scene—the poet will

sing it—the historian record it.

& with the Landing of the Pilgrims—& the

Declaration of Independence—it will

be the ornament of some future National

%at least% 

gallery—when the present form of slavery

shall be at liberty to

no more. We shall then be (excused

%Capt.%

if we) weep for John Brown.

%have%

Then & not till then we will %% take% our revenge.

I rejoice that I live in this age—that I was

his contemporary.

When I consider the spectacle of himself & his

%(not to enumerate the others)%

6 sons & his son in law% enlisted for this fight

proceeding coolly—reverently—humanely— %+277 while

almost all America stood ranked on the

other side—I say again that it affects

277The caret is positioned immediately below the "*"; poss to connect caret to interlined material in margin
me as a sublime spectacle.

for months if not years, sleeping & waking upon it, summing & wintering the thought,--with--
not expecting any reward but a good conscience & the gratitude of those made free--

If he had had any journal advocating "his cause"--it278 would have been fatal to his efficiency--any "organ" as the phrase is, monotonously & wearisomely playing that same old tune & then passing round the to gain the respect and toleration279 the govern-

ment--he might have been suspected--

It was the fact that ^ tyrant must give place to him, or he to it-- that distinguished 28%of the day% %The Tyrant%v. 105 near bottom% him from all other reformers% that I know--%of the day% v. 105 near bottom% For once the Sharpe's rifle & the revolver were employed in a righteous cause-- The tools were in the hands of one who could use them.

I know that the mass of my neighbors think that the only righteous use that can be made of them is to fight duels with them when we are insulted by other nations--or hunt Indians, or shoot fugitive slaves with them.

Talk of political parties & their platforms--he could not have any platform but that of the Harper's Ferry Engine house.

I am aware that I anticipate a little--

278Written over "I"
279"ent" written in pencil over end of word
280Canceled in pencil
281"The Tyrant" is written over the dash between "to it" and "that distinguished" in the line above
that he was still, at the last accounts, alive in the hands of his foes. But that being the case I naturally think & speak of him as physically dead.

The same indignation that cleared the temple once will clear it again. The question is not about the weapon, but the spirit in which you use it. No man has appeared in America as yet who loved his fellow man so well & treated him so tenderly. He lived for him--he took up his life & he lay it down for him.

Though you may not approve of his methods or his principles—cease to call names—to cry mad dog. The method is nothing—the spirit is all in all—It is the deed, the devotion, the soul of the man. For you this is at present a question of magnanimity.

If the schoolboy—forgetting himself—rushed to the rescue of his drowning—what though he knock down some body on his way—What though he does not go to the same church with you or his father belong to the same political party!

Heroes have fought well on their stumps when their legs were shot off, but I never heard of any good done by a government that had not had no heart or at least brains of a high order.

---

282 T. has numbered this page out of sequence; page 100 appears to the left (before) page 99. At page 101, sequential page numbers continue
283 Written over another word
284 Written on a descending angle between "drowning" and the dash in the line above
This is not the time to hear what Tom Dick or Harry is doing—or in such a case would have done—we shall have time enough to find that out in (if we do not know it already.) We ask you to the extent of your ability to appreciate this man & his deed. In spite of the difference between you & him. Who cares whether he belonged to your clique or party or sect or not? %v 6 p%

A man does a brave & humane deed, & at once, on all sides, we hear people & parties declaring “I did not do it—nor countenance him to do it in any conceivable way. It can’t fairly be inferred from my past career. Now I am not interested to hear you define your position. I don’t know that I ever was, or ever shall be. I am not now at any rate—I think is mere egotism & impertinent

On the whole my respect for my fellow men—except as one may outweigh a million—is not being increased these days. I have noticed the cold blooded way in which newspaper writers & men generally speak of this event as if an ordinary malefactor—though one of unusual pluck—as the Governor of Virginia using the language of the cock pit says “The gamest %man% he ever saw,”—had been caught & were about to be hung. He was not dreaming of his foes when the Governor thought he looked so brave

Think of him—of his rare qualities—such a man as it takes ages to make—and ages
to understand—no mock hero not the representative of any party. A man such as the sun may never rise upon again in making this benighted land—to whose composition went the costliest material—the finest adamant the purest gold. said to be the redeemer of those in captivity & the only use to which you can put him—after mature deliberation—is to hang him at the end of a rope.

I need not describe him—he has stood where I now stand—you have all seen him.

You who pretend to care for Christ Crucified consider what you are about to do to him who offered himself to be the savior of 4 millions of men!

Think to correct the tone & some of the statements of the newspapers respecting the life & character & last action of John Brown--the newspapers seem to ignore, or perhaps they are really ignorant, of the fact, that there are at least as many as one or 2 individuals to a town throughout the North—who think much as I do about him & his enterprise--I do not hesitate to assert that they are an important and growing party.

I speak for the slave when I say that I prefer the philanthropy of John

289"C" has been modified to be "c"
290"as" is written over "I" or another word
Brown to that philanthropy which neither
His peculiar doctrine that a man has a perfect right &
shoots me nor liberates me. 

Talk of failure & throwing his life away
--he is not dead yet in any sense, & if
he were dead he would still live.--

Were the battles of Black Jack & Ossawathomie
many
& a hundred encounters of less note-- useless
& a failure-- I think that it was more
free as
than any other who made Kansas as she is--
who taught the slaveholder that it was
not safe for him to carry his slaves thither
None of the political parties have ever ac-
&
complished anything of the sort-- Was
it a failure to he who taught {Missouri}
that it was not profitable to hold slaves
in that neighborhood. Was it a failure
%13%
to walk off deliver from bondage a dozen
human beings--& walk off with them by broad
day-light--& at a leisurely pace--through
one state after another for half the length
%through sickness%
of the north--conspicuous to all parties
going into a court room on his way & telling what he had done
with a price set upon his head-- To
face singly in his work of righteousness
the whole power of this unrighteous govern-
%Who has gained the most ground within 5 years Brown or the Slave Power?%
ment--& successfully too-- 

And this--not because the government
was lenient--but because none of its menials
dared to touch him-- They counted the cost
& concluded that a thousand dollars was

291: The letters at the end of this word have been modified
not enough.

There are a few—there are more than you
suppose—who cannot help thinking of
that man now in the clutches of the enraged
slaveholder.

He is one of that class of whom we hear
for the most part
a great deal—but *seem* nothing at
all—the Puritans*292*—It is in vain to kill
him—he died lately in the time of Cromwell
but he reappeared here. Why should he
not—*?*293 Some of the puritan stock are said
to have come over & settled in New England.
They are a class that did something else than celebrate their forefathers day
eat parched corn in remembrance of their forefathers*294*—*%time%

They were neither Democrats nor Republicans.
They were men of simple habits—straightforward
—prayerful.—Not thinking much of rulers
who did not fear God—not making many
compromises, or seeking after available
candidates. %v113%

He is {of} the same age with the century—
He is what is called a thin & wiry looking
man—being composed of nerves instead of
with a sharp eye
flesh—some 5 ft 9 or 10 inches high *---4 the
last time he was hereabouts—wore a long
white beard—with a very soldier like bearing.
his grandfather was an officer in the revolution,
himself
I understand *295* that he * was born in Connecti
cut—but early went to Ohio with his father.
His father was a contractor who furnished
beef to the army there in the last war—
and {young} Brown accompanying his father

---Letters modified
293*?* written on top of “—”
294Canceled in ink or ink has been smeared over most of this word
295This caret positions “his grandfather...revolution,”
to the camp & assisting him in his employment--

saw considerable of military\textsuperscript{296} life--more

perhaps than he would if he had been a soldier

for he was sometimes present at the councils

of the officers. He saw enough at any rate

to disgust him with war & excite in him a

great abhorrence of it--so much so that

though he was offered some petty office in

the army-- & he not only refused it--but

warned

also refused to train when he was fined & was

fined for it. He was then about 18--

He said that most people few persons had

any conception of the cost even the pecuniary

cost--of firing a single bullet in war--

Above all he learned by experience--how armies

supplied

were collected & maintained in the field for

a length of time--a work which required

at least as much experience & skill as to lead

them in battle.

And he then resolved that he would never

have anything to do with war--unless it

were a war for liberty-- & then he should

feel it his duty to give I should say that he

was an old fashioned man in his respect

of Independence

for the constitution & the declaration ~--\& his

faith in the permanence of this union--

Slavery he saw to be wholly opposed to all

of these--\& he was its determined foe

When the troubles first broke out

in Kansas he sent several of his sons

\textsuperscript{296}Letters in the middle of this word are modified and obscured
thither to strengthen the party of the free state
fitting them out with such weapons as he had--
men--^ telling them297 if the troubles should
increase--& there should be need of him,
he should follow to assist them with his hand
& counsel298 {-----} It was not long before
he felt it to be his duty to give the free
state men
people of Kansas, who had no leader
of experience--the benefit of what ex-
perience he had had--

At a299 time when scarcely a man from the
free state was able to reach Kansas by any
direct route, at least without having his
carrying what imperfect firelocks & other weapons
he could collect
arms taken from him-- ^ he ^ openly drove an
ox-cart through Missouri-- with his surveyors
compass exposed in it--& passing for
simple
a ^ surveyor--who by his very profession must
be neutral--he met with no resistance--
& in the course of his leisurely journey became
thoroughly acquainted with the plans of the
border ruffians.

For some time after his arrival he pursued
before he was none300
^ {a} similar tactics-- When for instance
he saw a knot of the Ruffians on the prairie
--discussing of course the single topic
that then occupied their minds--he would
take is his compass & one of his sons
& perhaps proceed301 to run an imaginary
%(he surveyed it)§302
line--which passed303 through the very spot
on which that conclave had as--

297"that" has been overwritten to be "them."
298"counsel" has been modified to be "counsel."
299"At a" is written over another word or words
300Thoreau writes "none" but likely intended "known."
301Letters modified or ink that has bled through from the previous recto
302The original transcriber has recorded this interlined text, but it is not
  apparent in the manuscript facsimile nor in the microfilm from the Morgan
  Library
303Canceled in pencil
%when he came up to them%  
&% then of course%  
have some talk with them--learn their  
perfectly%  
news & their plans %&--& when he had learned  
all they had to impart he would resume  
his surveying--& run on his line till he was  
This is enough to show that his plans  
out of sight. were not crazily laid.  

For a good part of his life he was a  
surveyor--part of the time I think in Illinois--  
--at one time he was engaged in wool--  
growing--& went to Europe once as the  
some  
agent of ^ wool growers--& (there) too he  
carried his common sense with him--  
I have hear told for instance that he made  
such a remark as this--that he saw why  
the soil of England was so rich & that of Germany  
(or part of it at least) so exhausted--&  
some of  
he thought of writing to ^ the crowned heads about  
about it It was because in England the  
peasantry lived on the soil which they  
cultivated, while in Germany they were gathered  
into villages at night. It would be worth  
the while to have collected all the remarks  
of such a traveller.  

Of course, he is not so foolish as to ask or  
expect any favors from the government, nor  
probably will his friends for him.  
No wonder it (struck) the politicians & preachers  
generally %&% very forcibly that either he was  
insane or they--& they being the painters

304 Canceled in pencil  
305 "&" written above the dash  
306 "p" possibly written over "P" or another letter in a false start  
307 "l" possibly written over "d"  
308 "in" written over a false start  
309 Beginning of word is written over other letters  
310 A blot interrupts this word; difficult to decipher
lor judges this time, decided--naturally enough
that it must be he. Such, however, as far\textsuperscript{111}
as I learn, has not been, nor is likely to be, the decision of those who have recently stood
face to face to him & who are now about
\textsuperscript{112}\textsuperscript{113}They have not condescended to such insult\textsuperscript{113} to hang him. \textsuperscript{114}\textsuperscript{115}\textsuperscript{116}The slave-holders \& (their) slaves (the parties) who have really dealt with him sincerely
\textsuperscript{117}are not likely \textsuperscript{118}to question his sanity--but rather political or religious parties who stand
further off from a living man.

I almost fear to hear of his deliverance, doubting
if a prolonged life--if any life--can do as\textsuperscript{116} much good as his death.

No doubt many have you seen the little manu-
script book--which he carried about him,
during the Kansas troubles--his orderly
book so I think he called it--containing
\textsuperscript{119}a score at most & half of them his own family
\textsuperscript{120}the names of his small company \& the rules
which bound them together-- \textsuperscript{121}There was one a contract which many of them have sealed with
their blood-- There was one rule, as I remember
which prohibited prophane swearing in his camp.

I believe that he never was able to find
more than a score or so of recruits whom he would accept--and only 10 or a dozen in whom he had perfect faith.

Perhaps anxious politicians may prove that only 17 white men \& 5 negroes were concerned in this enterprise--but their anxiety to prove this \textsuperscript{122}might suggest to themselves that

\textsuperscript{111}"far" is written over "I"
\textsuperscript{112}Caret positions "(the parties) who"
\textsuperscript{113}Caret positions "have really dealt with him sincerely"
\textsuperscript{114}"as" possibly written over "is"
they

Why do they still dodge the truth? not
all is not told--^ Do they ^ realise why they
a dim consciousness of
are so anxious? It is because of ^ the fact,
which they do not distinctly face, that at
least five millions of the Inhabitants of
the United States who were not
pining to attempt, would have rejoiced if it
had succeeded. They, at most, only criticise
the tactics.

He said that if any man offered himself
to be a soldier under him--who was forward
to tell what he could or would do if
he could only get sight of the enemy--he had
but little confidence in him--

One writer says, I know not with what motive
that it is a fact "illustrative of Brown's in-
sanity, that he has charts of nearly all
the great battle-fields of Europe,"-- I fear
that his 'collection is' not to be compared for
completeness with that which this government
however has sanity (might compare with its)
possesses--^[ though it did not make them
itself--but there are 2 or 3 fields in Kansas
of which he did not need to make any chart
At any rate
(For my own part) I do not think it is
sane to spend ones whole life talking--
writing about this matter, & I have not
A man
done so--^[ may have other affairs to attend to

The murderer always knows that he is justly
punished--but when a government takes
the life of a man without the consent

\footnote{315T's page number occupies approximately the same line as "they" and "Why do they still dodge the truth?", which are interlined material in a smaller script.}
\footnote{316The initial "t" is possibly modified from "T"}
of his conscience—it is an audacious govern-
ment and is taking a step toward its
own dissolution. Is it not possible that
an individual may be right & a govern-
ment wrong? Are laws to be enforced simply
because they were made & declared by any
number of men to be good, or they are not
good? Is there any necessity—for a man’s being
his higher nature% %v below%
a tool to perform a deed of which he disapproves. %^
Is it the intention of law-makers that good
men shall be hung ever? Are judges
to interpret the law according to the letter
or the spirit? Who is it whose safety re-
duises that Capt. Brown be hung? Is it in-
dispensable to any northern man? If you do
%Is there no resource but to cast these men also to the Minotaur?%
not wish it, say so distinctly. ^ What right
21%While these things are (being) done beauty stands veiled & music (is a) screeching lie%
have you to enter into a compact with your-
self (even) that you will do thus or so, against
%the light within you%
your better nature% %v below%. Is it for you to
make up your mind—to (mold) up any
resolution whatever--& not accept the
convictions that are forced upon you--
even
& which ^ pass your understanding?
Any man knows when he is justified & not all
the wits in the world can enlighten him on that
point.

I do not believe in lawyers--in that mode
of defending or attacking a man--because
you descend to meet the judge on his own

---

317Letters at the end of this word have been modified
318"f" in “of” canceled or modified from another letter
319“your better nature” possibly canceled in pencil
ground--& in cases of the highest importance

it is of no consequence whether a man breaks

Let lawyers decide trivial cases they 320

a human law or not--^ If were

Business men may arrange that among themselves. It is comparatively a different matter. %

interpreters of the everlasting laws which rightfully

bind man--that would be another thing.

Just as we are doing away with duelling

& fighting one another with pistols--I think

that we may in course of time do away with

A counterfeiting law-factory--standing half in a slave land

fighting one another with lawyers. Such improve-

& half in a free--what kind of laws for freemen can you expect from that?

altogether 321

%Substantial justice?%

%What justice!? There's nothing substantial about it but the Judge's salary & the

The thought 321 of that man's position & probable

%call to take up a law--% here at the north

fate--is spoiling many a man's day ^ for

%{therefore burn}%

other thinking-- We do not think of buying

%{v p 78-- some we lawyers})% 322

any crape this time.

It seems that one of his abettors had lived there

for years--& Brown took all his measures deliberately

The country was {mt-ous} they were

^324 It was given out that concerned in mining

operations & to play this part required very little

invention on his part--such had been his previous

pursuits & habits-- Having been a surveyor he would

not make a strange figure in the fields &

woods,--this too would account quantities of

spades & pick-axes--& strangers from time

to time visiting & conferring with him in a

somewhat mysterious manner.

%{punctuation}%

I have no respect for the judgement of any-

man who can read the report of that conversation

& still call the principal insane. It has

the ring of a saner sanity--than an ordinary

%109%
The paragraph begins with what looks like a false start that has been canceled.

The "d" is canceled in pencil

A line is drawn from this caret to "& love of liberty" interlined above

Possibly "would"

"to" is written over "the"

---

He could give you information on various
subjects—for he had travelled widely—and observed
with whom he (dealt) in
closely—He said that the Indians ^ of Kansas
in a pecuniary sense
were perhaps the richest people ^ on the earth—
The money that their government annually paid them
so much
gave (more) to each member of the community—
They were moreover more intelligent than the men
of the Border ruffians or that class of the in-
habitants of Missouri.

Much of the time of late years he has had to skulk
in the swamps of Kansas with a price set upon
suffering from sickness & poverty—& exposure
his head—^ befriended only by Indians & few White-
men. When surprise was expressed that he was
not taken—he accounted for it by saying—that
it was perfectly well understood that he would
not be taken alive—he would even show him—
self openly in towns which were half composed of
border ruffians—and transact some business with—
out delaying long—& yet nobody attempted
to arrest—because, as he said, a small party
did not like to undertake it, & a large one
could not be got together in season.

I thought the same of his speech which I heard some
years ago—that here was not in the least a
rhetorician—he was not talking to Buncombe or his
constituent any where—who had no need to invent
anything—but to tell the simple truth & communi-
cate his own resolutions—Therefore he appeared
incomparably strong & eloquence in Congress
%seemed to me% or elsewhere ^ at a discount—It was like
the speeches of Cromwell compared with those
of an ordinary king.
They have tried a long time--they have hung
a good many--but none found the right
one before.

Dispersing the sentiments of humanity--as if
they were ever found unaccompanied by its deeds--
%{unfinished to order the expanse whole without}%
easily as water
as if you could dispense them as ^ with a
%{found out}%
watering pot--& they were %{%good only}% to lay
the dust with.

A few ministers are doing their duty in New York
This use of the word insane has got to be a mere trope
News-paper editors talk as if it were impossible
that a man could be "divinely appointed" in
as if Vows & religion were out of date as connected with any man's daily work
these days to do any work whatever--& as if a
man's death were a failure & his continued life
be it of whatever character--were a success.
They argue that it is a proof of his insanity
that he thought he was appointed to do this work
--which he did--that he did not suspect himself.

If they do not mean this, then they do not speak
the truth--& say what they mean-- They are simply
at their old tricks still.

He said truly--that the reason why such
greatly superior numbers quailed before him
some of his {fussing}
stated that
with a handful of men only--was as ^ the former
laked a course--a kind of armor which
he & his party never lacked-- He said that
when the time arrived, even few men were found
willing to lay down their lives in defense of what
they knew to be wrong. They did not like that this
should be their last act in this world.
As if the agent to abolish slavery could only be somebody "appointed" by the Presidential—or some political party. monomania says one 
All think his insanity etc made him to be "dreaded by the Missourians as a super natural being" My dear sir sure enough—a hero in the midst of us cowards is always so dreaded. He is just that thing. He shows himself superior to nature—he has a spark of divinity in him. "Unless above himself—he doth erect himself—how poor a thing is man!"

{%{ in living men}\%
I have read all the newspapers I could get within a week—and I do not remember in them a single expression of sympathy for these men. Most of them decided not to print the full report of Brown's words in the Armory "to the exclusion of other matter." Why they have {matterated} and there is no safety for them but in excluding the dead part & giving 24 Exclude from them these reports of political religious conventions--& publish the words of place to the living & healthy. %a living man% But I object not so much to what they have not done, as to what they have done He was by descent & birth a New England great He was like the best of those who stood at our bridge once—on Lexington Common & on Bunker Hill—only he was firmer & higher principled than any that I chance to have heard of as there & practical as that class & tenfold more so. It was no abolition lecturer that converted him. A western paper says, to account for his escape from so many perils, that he was concealed under a "rural exterior" as if in that prairie land a hero should by good rights wear a citizen's dress only

330 Obscured by an ink blot
331 This penciled text appears to have been canceled with a wavy penciled line.
332 Possibly "those"
333 Letters modified
334 "the" written over another word
335 Attached to this caret is a curved line drawn above "more so," positioning the interlined material above
It would appear from published letters that
the women of the land are where the men should
be. What sort of violence is that which is encouraged
not by soldiers but by citizens—not so
much by lay men as by ministers of the gospel—
not so much by the fighting sects as by Quakers—
and not so much by Quaker men as Quaker
women! The enemy may well Quake at
the thought of it. Is not that a righteous war
when the best are opposed to the worst?

Gov Wise speaks far more justly & admiringly
of him than any northern editor that I have
heard of—^ "He is cool collected & indomitable,
and it is but just to him to say that he was hu-
mane to his prisoners,—and he inspired
me with great trust in his integrity as a man
of truth. He is a fanatic, vain & garrulous (!!)
but firm, truthful, & intelligent. His men, too,
who survive, are like him." —— "Col
Washington says that he was the coolest & firm-
est man he ever saw in defying danger & death.'
With one son dead by his side, & another shot through,
he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand,
& held his rifle with the other, and commanded
his men with the utmost composure, encouraging
them to be firm, & to sell their lives as dear as
they could. Of the 3 white prisoners—Brown,
Stephens, & Coppic—it was hard to say which
Almost the first northern men whom the slave holder has
was most firm;-------" "learned to respect."

There is another man with whom the south

336"by" may be written over "for"
337"He" may be written over "His"
& a good part of the north--heartily sympathize

His name is Walker--

I subscribed a trifle when he was here 3 years
I had so much confidence in the man %that he would do %
ago--^ but it would seem that he had not con-

idence enough in me--nor in anybody else that
%us%

I know to communicate his plans to me or them.

I do not wish to kill or to be killed

but I can foresee circumstances in

which both of these things would be

by me unavoidable. In extremities I

could even be killed.

This event advertises me that there is

such a fact as death--the possibility

of a man’s dying. It seems as if no man
%before%

had ever died in America%^%--for in

order to die—you must first have lived

I don’t believe in the hearse & palls

& funerals thus they have had-- There

was no death in this case--because there had

been no life-- They merely rotted or sloughed

off pretty much as they had rotted or
%as if the death being not hard)%

sloughed along.%^% No temple’s vale

was rent--only a hole dug some-

where--The best of them fairly ran down
%Franklin, Washington {had not but one}%

like a clock--%^% I hear a good many

pretend that they are going to die--

or that they have died for aught I

know-- Nonsense%338-- I’ll defie them to do

it--they haven’t got life enough in them

%115%

338“No” in “Nonsense” are written in pencil over what appears to be lowercase “no” in ink
they’ll deliquesce like fungi—and keep a
hundred eulogists mopping the spot where
they left off— Only half a dozen or so
have died since the world began.

*Memento mori!* They don’t understand

{ṣ}
that sublime sentence which some worthy
got

/feed scultped on his (feed) grave stone (once)

respected
They’ve understood it in a grovelling &

snivelling sense— They've wholly forgotten

%Do your work% %It%
how to die— %But% Be sure you die—%finish %%
% if you% %how to begin your work%
week[140]— know %^% when to leave (off) -- Men make

a needless ado about taking lives--
capital punishment & where is there
You dont know what it means to
any life to take? ^ Let the dead bury
the dead--

Beauty stands veiled the while & music

is a screeching lie.

These men in teaching us how to die--have

at the same time taught us how to live.
acts &

If this man’s ^ words do not create

a revival— it will be the severest
acts
possible satire on the deeds & words
%that do%
of those who are said to have effected

such things.

Do you think you have died, or
are are going to die, sir— No— There
is no hope of your (%sir%)
You haven’t
got your lesson yet— you’ve got to
stay after school.

It is the best news that America has

ever heard.

---

[135]Canceled in pencil
[140]Canceled in pencil
[141]Possibly “in”
[142]Sentence appears to have been canceled in pencil
[143]Canceled in pencil
[144]Canceled in pencil
Franklin--Washington--They
were let off without dying-- these were
%we make a needless ado about%
%capital punishment--condemn him%
merely missing one day %when there is no life to take--%

It has already quickened to the public
pulse of the north-- it has
infused more, & more generous, blood into
her veins & heart--than any member of
years of what is called commercial
& political prosperity could --%How
%{or propositioning}%
many a man who was lately contemplating %%
suicide has now something to live for!

Mr Giddings says of them that “Their
sad fate will occupy a brief page in
the history of our nation!” Does he think
that the history of the Republican Party--
(hitherto-- for it may be so created by his
death) will be in this proportion of
a sentence to that page?

When I reflect to what a cause this
man devoted himself--& how religiously--
& then (reflect) to what course his judges
& all who condemn him so angrily &
fluently--devote themselves-- I see that
they are as far apart as the heavens
& earth are asunder. The amount
of it is our leading career are all a harmless
kind of folk--& they know well enough that
they were not divinely appointed--but elected
by the votes of their party.
The most sensible of the apparently editorial articles on this event that I have met with—is in the Wheeling Intelligence—
v. Suplement Journal Oct 29th—
%Walker is the representative of the South, %
%I wish I could say that Brown was the repres-%
%sentative of the North.%
Swamp pink & wax work were bare Oct 23d how long?
Oct 28 59
G. rods & Asters have been altogether lingering
some days
Wall nuts commonly fall & the black wall-
//
//
//
//
are of the form and size of a small lemon
& (what is singular) have a rich nut-
//
//
//
//
meag fragrance. They are now turning dark brown. Gray says it is rare in the eastern
--but being common in the western states--
%{Emerson says it is, but rare}%
is it indigenous in Mass.? If it is it is much
the most remarkable nut that we have.

Nov. 5
In Boston after an unusually cold Oct.
The first Ind. Summer day ^, Sat at the
//
//
//
//
End of Long-Wharf for coolness—-but it
was very warm with scarcely a breath of
wind—& so thick a haze that I could
see but little way down the harbor.
Nov. 6th
The river is quite low—about 4 inches
//lower than the harbor—-I used in the summer--
or lower than before, this year--

Yet there\(^{348}\) is more water in the mill streams

--the mill wheels are supplied now, which

were stationary in the summer--

C’ thinks that he saw bats last evening. //

Nov. 8--59

A pleasant day--

Fm to Nut meadow\(^{349}\)

& F. H. Hill.

I hear a small z’ing cricket. //

Coombs says that quite--a little flock of

pigeons bred here last summer-- He found one

nest in a small white pine near his pigeon

stand--(where he bailed them in the summer) so

low he could put his hand in it?!

I saw while talking with him, a trout playing

about in the open roadside watering place,

on the Jimmy Miles Road--(i.e in Nut Meadow

Brook) which was ap. 15 inches long--. Not

lurking under the bank--but openly swimming up

& down in midstream.

How richly and exuberantly downy are many //

G-rod & aster & heads now--their seed just on

the point of falling or being blown away!--before

eye are in the least weather-beaten. They

are now puffed up to their utmost--clean

and light. \(^{349}\) back Oct. 16%

The tufts of purplish withered andropogon

in Witherel Glade are still fair as ever--

---

\(^{348}\)“Yet there” is written over what appears to be a tabbed space and “Where”

\(^{349}\)This line is indented halfway into the page
soft & trembling & bending from the wind
of a very light mouse-color seen from the
side of the sun—& as delicate as the
most fragile ornament, of a lady’s
bonnet.—but looking toward the sun
they are a brilliant white—each polished
hair (of the poppies?) reflecting the November
sun without its heats—-not in the least
yellowish or brown like the g. rods & asters.

Nov. 9th A fine Ind. summer day— Have had
pleasant weather about a week %V Nov 15%
Nov. 10th rain—-warm—
Nov. 11th—-windy & cooler—
I observed Oct 23d wood turtles copulating in the
Assabet—and a flock of gold-finches
//on the top of a hemlock—-as if after its seeds?
Also Oct 24—-riding home from Acton—
I saw the withered leaves blown from an
oak by the road-side—dashing off—gyrating
& surging upward into the air—so exactly like
sporting with one another
a flock of birds—^ that for a minute at
least, I could not be sure they were not
birds, & it suggests how far the motions
of birds—like those of these leaves—might
be determined by current of air—i.e. how
far the bird learns to conform to such
currents—
The flat var of L. dendroideum shred
// pollen on the 25th of Oct— That’s a lycopodium
path—on N side of Colburn Hill.

350A large smudge obscures approximately the first inch and a half of this line, including the letters conjectured here
Nov 12th 59

The first sprinkling of snow—which for a short time whitens the ground in spots—

I do not know how to distinguish between our waking life—& a dream—Are we not always living the life that we imagine we are?

Fear creates danger—& courage dispels it.

There was a remarkable sun-set, (I think the 25th of Oct.)—The sun set sky reached quite far west to east.

& it was the most varied in its forms & colors of any that I remember to have seen—At one time the clouds were most softly & delicately rippled—like the ripple marks on sand. But it was hard for me to see its beauty then—when my mind was filled with Capt. Brown—So great a wrong as his fate implied overshadowed all beauty in the world.

Nov. 15

A very pleasant Ind. summer day

Pm to Ledum Swamp—

I look up the river from the RR bridge—It is perfectly smooth—between the uniformly tawny meadows—& I see several musquash cabins off Hubbard shore distinctly outlined as usual in the November351 light—

I hear in several places a faint

351"N" written over "n"
cricket, note--either a fine \textit{zing} or a distincter \textit{creak}--also see & hear \textit{grasshoppers} crackling flight--

The clouds were never more fairly reflected in the water--Than now as I look up the Cyanean Reach from Clam Shell.

A fine gossamer is streaming from every fence & tree & stubble--though a (carless) observer would not notice it. As I look along toward the sun over the grass at Hosmer's field, beyond Lupine Hill--I notice the \textit{shimmering} effect of the gossamer, which cover it almost like a web, occasioned by its motion--though the air is so still. This is noticed at least 40 rds off.

I turn down Witherel Glade--only that I may bring its tufts of Andropogon between me & the sun--for a moment they are pretty as ever--%v (Oct) 16 & Nov. 8%

In the midst of Ledum Swamp I came upon a white cat under the spruces & the water brush--which evidently had not seen me till I was within 10 feet. Then she stood quite still, as if hoping to be concealed--only turning her head slowly away from & toward me--looking at me thus 2 or 3 times with an extremely worried expression in her eyes--but not moving any other

\footnote{352T’s page number is not accurate; it is only three pages after the last numbered page, which was 119. From this point forward, T’s page numbers are two numbers higher than ours.}
\footnote{353Written over a false start}
\footnote{354“A” is possibly modified from “a” (or vice versa)}
\footnote{355Possibly “There”}
\footnote{356“th” is written over a false start}
part of her body-- It occurred to me
from her peculiar anxious expression & this
motion--as if spell bound--that
perhaps she was deaf-- But when I
moved toward her--she found the use of
her limbs--& dashed off--bounding over
the andromeda--by successive leaps like a
rabbit-- & no longer making her way
through or beneath it.

I noticed on the 3d ult, in Wor-
cester that the white pines had been as
full of seed there as here this year--
Also gathered half a pocket full of
shagbark's of which many still hung on the trees
though most had fallen--

All through the excitement occasioned
by Brown's remarkable attempt & subsequent
behavior, the Massachusetts' legislature,
not taking any steps for the defence of her citi-
zens who are likely to be carried to Virginia
as witnesses & exposed to the violence of
a slave holding mob--is absorbed in a
Liquor Agency question-- That has in
fact been the all absorbing question with
it!! I am sure that no person up
to the occasion, or who perceived the
significance of the former event, could
at present attend to this question at all.
As for the legislature, bad spirits occupied their thoughts.
If any person, in a lecture
or a conversation, should now cite

%125%

357Written over a false start--possibly previously a dash or an "L"
358Letters in the middle of this word have been modified
359Altered from "liquor agency"
any ancient example of heroism—
such as Catos—or as Tell—or Wincklerried—passing over the recent deeds & words
of John Brown—I am sure that
it would be felt by any intelligent
audience of Northern man to be tame
& inexcusably far-fetched. I do not
know of such words, uttered under
such circumstances, in Roman or English,
or any history. &v 156 What a vanity[!]%

It is a fact proving how universal &
widely related any transcendent greatness
is—like the apex of a pyramid to
all beneath it—that when I now look
over my extracts of the noblest poetry—
the best is oftenest applicable in part or
case
wholly to this man’s position. Almost

any noble verse may be read either as his
or be made the text of [the] oration on him
elegy or eulogy —indeed such are now
first discerned to be parts of a divinely
established liturgy—applicable to these
rare cases for which the ritual of no

chuch has provided—the case of
heroes—martyrs—& saints—

This is the formula established on high—
their burial service—to which every great

genius has contributed its line or syllable.

Of course the ritual of no church which

is wedded to the state can contain a

\[^{360}\]Thoreau is referring to Arnold von Winkelreid, the legendary Swiss hero

\[^{361}\]Possibly “those” or “this”—letters are modified in the middle of the word
service applicable to the case of a state criminal unjustly condemned—a martyr.

The sense of grand poetry—read by the light of this event is brought out distinctly like an invisible writing held to the fire.

About the 23d of October I saw a large flock of goldfinches (judging from their motions & notes) on the tops of the hemlocks up the assabet—apparently feeding on their seeds, then falling. They were collected in great numbers on the very tops of these trees & flitting from one to another. Rice has since described to me the same phenomenon as observed by him there since—(says he saw the birds picking out the seeds) though he did not know what birds they were.

Wm Rice says that these birds get so much of the lettuce seed that you can hardly save any—They get sun flower seeds also. Are called “Lettuce birds” in the books.

A lady who was suitably indignant at the outrage on Senator Sumner, lamenting to me To-day the very common insensibility to such things—said that one woman to whom she described the deed & on whom she thought that she had made some impression, lately inquired of her with feeble curiosity “How is that young man who had his head hurt? I haven’t heard any thing about him for a good while.”
As I returned over the Corner Bridge
I saw cows in the sun half way down
Fair H. Hill next the Cliff--half a
mile off--the declining sun so warmly
reflected from their red coats--That
at that distance I could not for some
time tell if they were not some still bright
red shrub oaks--for they had no more
form at that distance.

Nov. 17th

Another Ind. Summer day--as fair as
any we’ve had--I go down the RR--
to Andromeda Ponds this white
oak & ^ pine
Capt. Hubbard is having his large wood ^
on the West of the RR--this side the pond
cut-- I see one--white oak felled--with
another a Red O. has about the same no
115 rings to it ^ Thus disappear the haunts
of the owls. The time may come when
their aboriginal hoo\textsuperscript{114}-hoo-hoo will not
be heard hereabouts.

I have been so absorbed of late in Capt.
Brown’s fate--as to be surprised whenever
I detected the old routine running
still--(met) persons going about their
affairs indifferent-- It appeared strange
to me that the little dipper should be
still diving in the river as of yore.
& this suggested that this grebe might
be diving here when Concord shall be

\textsuperscript{114}The initial letters of this word are written over a false start
\textsuperscript{115}Between the first “hoo” and the second “hoo”, there appears to be a canceled “t” or a hyphen that modifies a “t” or perhaps just slightly smudged ink
no more.\(^{365}\) Any affecting human event
may blind our eyes to natural objects.

At the pond-side I see tit mice
now hoary
alighting on the \(^{\text{gray}}\) grey-goldenrod--& hanging
back downward from it, as if eating its seeds--
or could they have been looking for insects--?\(^{366}\) There
were 3 or 4 about it.

I sit in the sun on the NE side of the
1st andromeda Pond--looking over it
toward the sun-- How fair & memorable
this prospect--when you stand opposite to
the sun, these November \(^{\text{pms}}\), & look over
the red andromeda swamp--a glowing warm
\(^{\text{like}}\) like a bed of moss in a hollow in the woods
brown red in the Ind. summer sun,\(^{367}\) with
grey high-blue-berry & straw-colored
grasses interspersed. And when going
round it, you look over it in the opposite
direction--it presents a \textit{gray} aspect.

The musquash are active swimming
about in the further pond today--
this Ind. summer-day-- Channing also sees
them thus stirring in the river this \textit{Pm}.

Nov. 18th

A\(^{368}\) fog this morning--& yesterday morning--
lasting till about 10 \textit{Am}\(^{369}\)
\(^{\text{a}}\)
I looked into the Church of England
Liturgy printed near the beginning of the
last century--to find a service applicable
to the case of Capt. Brown. The only

\(^{365}\)Possibly an exclamation point
\(^{366}\)The dash and the question mark occupy the same place
\(^{367}\)The caret appears directly above the comma
\(^{368}\)“A” written over “T” or “F”
\(^{369}\)Possibly underlined in pencil
martyr recognized & provided for by it
was King Charles the first!! Of all
the inhabitants of England & of the
world he was the only one whom the
Church made a martyr & saint of!!
& now for more than 1/2 a century
it had celebrated his martyrdom! by
an annual service. What a satire
on the Church is that!

What shall the scholar think of a
visitor who will turn his study into
a bar-room! What of his vulgarity
who in 15 minutes after invading
your sanctum takes off his shoes &
stockings, rolls himself in his greatcoat
& goes to sleep on your sofa.
The offence to friendship is a vulgar fa-
miliarity-- My friend is, in some senses,
my most reserved acquaintance. He
takes no such liberties as some who
are strange to me-- He does not go to
sleep in my room.
in N.B. the other day
An apothecary told R. that a man
(a son Leonard) of Springfield told him--
that he once attended a meeting in Springfield
where a woman was exhibited as in a mesmeric
insensible to pain
state-- a large & fleshy woman--& the
spectators were invited to test her condition
After some had tried
with pins or otherwise. One among them

370 Possibly written over other letters
371 This "R" is not in Thoreau's handwriting (see the paragraph that follows for a sample of Thoreau's "R"). Walton Ricketson reviewed T's journal and often marked passages with a letter "R"
372 Letters in both of these words have been modified and obscured
373 Letters have been modified; possibly previously "the"
came forward with a vial of cowage--& after
stating to the company that it would produce
intolerable irritation in the skin--he proceeded
to put a little on the woman's bare arm &
on her neck-- She immediately winced under
it--whereupon he took out another vial
containing sweet oil & applying a little of
that relieved her. He then stated that
any one present might apply to his skin
as much as he pleased. Some came forward
& he lay bare his breast & when they applied
it sparingly & hesitatingly he said rub away
gentlemen--as much as you like--& he betrayed
no sign of irritation. That was John
Brown.

Nov 22d

Ground white with snow--a few hours
C. says that he saw today a procession
of minnows (1 to 2 inches long) some 3 or 4
feet wide--about 40 abreast passing
slowly along northerly close to the shore at
Wharf Rock Flints' Pond-- They were 15
minutes passing!

Nov 24th

The river has risen considerably at last,
owing to the rain of the 22d-- Had been very
low before--
See on the RR slope by the pond,
and also some days ago--a flock of
goldfinches eating the seed of the Roman Wormwood— At Spanish Brook Path—the witch hazel, one flower,

I observe that ferns grow especially where there is an abrupt or broken branch— as where in the woods, sand has been anciently dug out of a hill side to make semi circular a dam with, & the ^ scar has been covered with a sod & shrubs again— the shelter & steepness are favorable when there is shade & moisture—

How pretty amid the downy & cottony fruits of Nov. the heads of the White anemone. raised a couple of feet from the ground on slender stalks 2 or 3 together— small heads of yellowish white down compact & regular as a thimble beneath— but, at this time, diffusive & bursting forth above— Some what like a little torch with its flame. — a very neat object.

Nov. 25th Pm Paddle to Baker Farm The weeds of water plants have decayed & fallen long since— & left the water along the sides of the river comparatively clear. -- In this clear cold water I see no fishes now & it is as empty as the air But for some days, at least, or since
colder weather I have noticed the snow fleas
skipping on the surface next the shore.
These are rather a cool weather phe-
nomenon. I see them to-day skipping by thousands
in the wet clam shells left by the muskrats.

Landing at the ash\textsuperscript{375} tree above the
RR--I thought I heard the peculiar note
of grackles toward the willow row across
the field, & made a memorandum of it
never doubting--but soon after I saw some
farmers at work there & found that
it was the squeaking of the wheel that
rolled before their plow-- It perfectly re-
sembled the grackle's note--& I never
should have suspected it if I had not
seen the plowers. It is fit that this
creaking of the farmer's plow who is working
by the river side should resemble the note
of the black birds which frequent those fields

There is a thin ice for half a rod
in width along the shore--which shivers &
breaks in the undulations of my boat
Those bayonet rushes still standing are
much curved (drawing)

See but few ducks--2 of them--& generally
few in the fall compared with the spring.
A large whitish breasted bird is perched
on an oak under Lees Cliff for half an hour

\textsuperscript{375}Possibly "Ash"
at least-- I think it must be a

//fish hawk (?) 2

We hear the clattering sound of ducks

which rise & fly low at first--before

we can see them--though quite far

off by the side of the pond.

Our hands & feet are quite cold--&

the water freezes on the paddles--but

about sundown it grows sensibly warmer--

& a little misty. Is not this common at

this season?

Nov 26th 59

Pm Walk over the Colburn Farm

woodlot--S. the road--

I find, sometimes, after I have been lotting

off a large woodlot for auction

that I have been cutting new paths to

walk in. I cut lines an inch or 2

long--in arbitrary directions in & around

some dense wood lot which perhaps

is not crossed once a month by any

mortal--nor has been for 30 or 50 years

& thus I open to myself new works--enough

in a lot of 40 acres to occupy me for

an afternoon. A forty-acre wood lot,

which otherwise would not detain a

walker more than half an hour, being

thus opened & carved out--will entertain

him for half a day--

In this case there was a cultivated field

376 Letters in the middle of this word have been modified and obscured
377 Letters at the beginning of this word have been modified and obscured
here some 30 years ago—but the wood
being suffered to spring up—from being open
& revealed—this part of the earth be-
came a covert & concealed place—Excepting
an occasional hunter who crossed it—may
be once in several months—nobody has
walked there—nobody has penetrated its
recesses—The walker habitually goes round
single
it—or follows the ^ cart path that winds
through it. Woods—both the primitive—
and those which are suffered to spring up
in cultivated fields—thus preserve the
mystery of nature. How private & sacred
a place a grove thus becomes! Merely
because its denseness excludes man. It is
worth the while to have these thickets
on various sides of the town—where the
rabbit lurks & the jay builds its nest.

When I ran out the boundary lines of this
lot, I could commonly distinguish the line, not
merely by the different growth of wood—but
often—by a kind of ditch—which I think
may have been produced by the plow which
heaped up the soil along the side of the
field when it was cultivated. I could
also detect trees variously bent &
twisted which prob. had made part of
a hedge fence when young—& others which
were scarred by the fencing stuff that
had been fastened to them.

The chicadee is the bird of the wood--the most unfailing-- When in a windy--or in any day--you have penetrated some thick wood like this--you are pretty sure to hear its cheery note therein. At this season it is almost their sole inhabitant.

I see here today one brown-creeper busily inspecting the p. pines. It begins at the base & creeps rapidly upward adhering close to the bark by starts--^ & shifting a little from side to side often till near the top--then suddenly darts off downward to the base of another tree where it repeats the same course. This has no black cockade, like the nuthatch.

In the midst of this wood--there occur less valuable patches--of 1/8 of an acre or more--where there is much grass--& cladonia--shrub oaks--& lichen covered birches--& a few p. pines only-- Places of a comparatively sterile character--as if the soil had been run out. The birches will have much of the birch fungus on them & their fallen dead tops strewed the ground.

---

380The middle of this word contains a letter(s) that have been modified; possibly "path" has been modified to be "patches" 381This period is shaped like a check mark; however, it is likely "p."--an abbreviation T. uses for "pitch," as in "pitch pine"
Nov. 27

Pm to Colburn Farm wood lot N of C. Hill.

I traverse this wood lot back & forth by the lines cut by those who have lotted it off. Thus I scare up the partridge in it. A dozen long long lines 4 rods apart are cut through it. Walking through these I am pretty sure to scare up what partridges there are in it--and there are few woodlots of this size which have not some in them at present--

Came upon a large anthill in the midst of the wood--but no ants on it. It has made an open & bare spot in the woods 10 or 12 feet in diameter-- Its mound is partly grassed over as usual & trees have been prevented from springing up by the labors of the ants beneath. As this wood is about 30 years old--it may prove that the anthill is of the same age!

On the 22d the ground was white with snow for a few hours only-- Yet though you saw no more of it generally the latter part of that day-- I still see some of it in as amid andromeds & cold wet shaded places-- cranberry vines. This woodlot--esp. at the north-west base of the hill--is extensively carpeted with the Lycopodium complanatum--& also much Dendroidenum & chimaphila umbelleta. The former, methinks, abounds especially in
shady & rather moist & I think old
or rather diseased & cold (?) woods. It
covers the earth densely even under the
thickest white pine groves & equally
grows under birches-- It surprises you as
if the trees stood in green grass where
you commonly see only withered leaves.

The Greeks & Romans made much of
honey--because they had no sugar--olive
oil also was very important. Our Poets (?)
still sing of honey (though we have sugar)
& oil--though we do not produce & scarcely
use it.

The principal flight of geese is said to have been
//
a few days before the 24th I have seen none
Nov. 28th
Pm to E. Hubbards’ Wood.

Goodwin tells me that Therien who
lives in a shanty of his own building & alone
in Lincoln--uses for a drink only checker-
berry tea. (G. also called it “Ivory leaf”)
Is it not singular that probably any
one tea-drinker in this neighborhood should
use for his beverage a plant which grows
here. Therien really drinking his checkerberry
tea--from motives of simplicity or economy
& saying nothing about it--deserves
well of his country. As he does now
we may all do at last.

383 Initial “g” is written over a false start
There is scarcely a wood of sufficient size & density left now for an owl to haunt in-- & I if hear one hoot I may be sure where he is.

Goodwin is cutting out a few cords of dead wood in the midst of E. Hubbards old lot. This has been Hubbards practice for 30 years or more--& so, it would seem, they are all dead before he gets to them.

Saw Abel Brooks then with a half bushel basket on his arm-- He was picking up chips on his & neighboring lots-- had got about 2 quarts--of old & blackened pine chips & with these was returning home at dusk more than a mile. Such a petty quantity as you would hardly have gone to the end of your yard for--& yet he said that he had got more than 2 cords of them at home which he had collected thus & sometimes with a wheelbarrow. He had thus spent an hour or 2 & walked 2 or 3 miles in a cool Nov. evening to pick at 2 quarts of pine chips scattered thro' the woods. He evidently takes real satisfaction in collecting his fuel--perhaps gets more heat of all kinds out of it than any man in town. He is not reduced to taking a walk for exercise, as some are. It is one think to own a wood-lot as he does--who perambulates its bounds almost daily--so a to have worn

384 Possibly “he”  
385 Written over a false start  
386 Possibly “Blackened”  
387 “h” written over a false start, possibly previously “g”  
388 “n” written in a smaller script and slightly below the line  
389 Written over a false start; letters obscured  
390 Written over a false start; initial letters obscured  
391 Possibly “grounds”
a path about it—and another to own one
as many another does who hardly knows where
it is. Evidently the quantity of chips in his
basket is not essential—it is the chippy
idea which he pursues—It is to him an
unaccountably pleasing occupation.
And no doubt he loves to see his pile grow
at home.

Think how variously men spend the same hour
in the same village—the lawyer sits talking
in the twilight
with his client—^The trader is weighing
sugar & salt—while Abel Brooks is
hastening home from the woods with his basket
half full of chips. I think I should
prefer to be with Brooks. He was literally
as smiling as a basket of chips. A basket
of chips therefore—must have been regarded
as a singularly pleasing (if not pleased)
object.

We make a good deal of the early twilights
of these November days—they make so large
a part of the pm.

Nov. 29--59

Pm to Copan—

There is a white birch on Copan which
has many of the common birch fungus
--of a very peculiar & remarkable form--
not flat thus {drawing} but shaped
like a bell or short horn (\{drawing\} thus) as if composed of a more flowing material—which had settled downward like a drop. As C. said they were shaped like icicles—esp. those short & spreading over about bridges.

Saw quite a flock of snow buntings not yet very white—They rose from the midst of a stubble field unexpectedly. They moment they settled after wheeling around—they were perfectly concealed though quite near & I could only hear their rippling note from the earth from time to time.

Nov 30th ex Lieut. Gov Late High Sheriff of 4—(viz Simon Brown —RW Emerson—myself & John Keys ^

I am one of a committee ^ instructed by a meeting of citizens to ask liberty of the Selectmen to have the bell of the first parish tolled at the time Capt Brown is being hung—and while we should be assembled in the town house to express our sympathy with him I applied to the selectmen yesterday—Their names are Geo. M. Brooks—Barzillai Hudson—and Julius Smith. After various delays they at length answer me tonight—That they “are uncertain whether they have any control over the bell, but that in any case, they will not give their consent to have the bell tolled.” Beside their private objections
they are influenced by the remarks of aﻯ few Individuals—Dr Bartlett\textsuperscript{394}\textsuperscript{395} tells
me that Rockwood Hoar said \textsuperscript{2} he “hoped
no such foolish thing would be done”—
\& he also named Stedman Buttrick—John—
Moore—Cheney—\& others added Nathan
\textsuperscript{7} Holbrook \&c. of course old \textsuperscript{8} burnt ones\textsuperscript{9} as
strongly opposed to it—\textsuperscript{10}—said that he
had heard “500”! \{damn me\} for it—
\& that he had no doubt that if it were done
some counter demonstration would be made
--such as firing minute guns—The Dr.
himself is more excited than any body—for
he has the minister under his wing—Indeed
\textsuperscript{16} a considerable part of Concord \textsuperscript{17} the
condition of Virginia today—afraid of
their own shadows.

I see in E. Hubbards gray oakwood
4 rds from the old wall line \& 2 or 3 rds over
the brow of the hill\textsuperscript{396} an ap. downy woodpeckers
nest in a dead white oak stub some 6 feet
high—It is made, as far as I can see, like
that which I have—\& looks quite fresh \& I
see, by the very numerous fresh white chips of dead
wood scattered \textsuperscript{27} over the recently fallen
leaves beneath—\& that must have been
made since the leaves fell. Could it be
\%{ }\%\% a nut hatch or chicadee’s work?

This has been a very pleasant month--

\textsuperscript{394}The first “t” in this word has not been crossed; possibly “Barllett”

\textsuperscript{395}Letters have been modified and obscured; a “dotlike” mark appears above the
word

\textsuperscript{396}A false start has been canceled following this word
with quite a number of Ind. summer days--
a pleasanter month than October was.
It is quite warm to day--& as I go home at
dusk on the RR. causeway I hear a hylodes
peeping.

Nov. 30--Dec 1st & 2nd were
remarkably warm & spring-like days--
a moist warmth--
^ The crowing of cocks & other sounds re-
mind you of spring, such is the state
of the air. I wear only one coat

Dec 3d
Suddenly quite cold--& freezes in the house.
Rode with a man this Am who

said that if he did not clean his
teeth when he got up, it made him
sick all the rest of the day, but he
had found by late experience that when
he had not cleaned his teeth for
several days--they cleaned themselves--.
I assured him that such was the
general rule--that when from
any cause we were prevented from
doing what we had commonly
thought indispensable for us to do,
things cleaned, or took care
of themselves.

X was betrayed by his eyes--which
had a glaring film over them--& no
serene depth--into which you could look

27 Written over "De"
Inquired particularly the way to Emersons--& the distance--& when I told him said he knew it as well {Resolved} to turn & proceed to his as if he saw it-- house.

Told me one or 2 things which he asked me not to tell {E}.

Said "I know I am insane"--& I knew it too--also called it "nervous excitement"--

At length, when I made a certain remark--he said "I dont know but you are Emerson--are you? You look somewhat like him." He said as much 2 or 3 times--& added once "but then a Emerson would'nt lie."

Finally put his questions to me--of Fate &c &c as if I were Emerson--

Getting to the woods, I remarked upon them--& he mentioned my name but never to the end suspected who his companion was-- Then "proceeded to business"--"since the time was short"-- & put to me the questions he was going to put to Emerson.

His insanity exhibited itself chiefly by his incessant excited talk-- Scarcely allowing me to interrupt him--but once or 2ce apologizing for his behavior--

What he said was for the most part con- connected & sensible enough.

\footnote{1} "I" may be written over an "s"

\footnote{2} An additional letter or letters are canceled at the end of this word

142
When I hear of John Brown & his
wife weeping at length—it is as if the
rocks sweated.

Dec. 4—59

Awake to winter & snow 2 or 3 inches deep //
The first of any consequence.

Dec. 5th

Pm down turnpike to Smith’s Hill.

Rather hard walking in the snow—
there is a slight mist in the air—&
accordingly some glaze on the twigs
& leaves—& thus suddenly we have passed
from Ind. summer to winter. The perfect
& creaking silence, as if the whispering ^ earth were
(her axel)
muffled^400—^ & the stillness (motion less ness)
of of the twigs & (of the)^401 very weeds & withered^402
grasses as if they were sculptured out
of marble—& are striking. It is as if
you had stept from a withered garden
into the yard of a sculptor or worker in
marble crowded with delicate works
--rich & rare. I remark, half a mile
off, a tall & slender pitch pine against
the dull & mist grey mist—peculiarly
monumental. I noticed also
several small white oak trees full
of leaves by the road side—strangely interesting
stiffened
& beautiful. Their ^ leaves were very long

^400Possibly "muzzled"; the middle letters of this word could possibly be "ff"
or "zz" as they have been modified.
^401"of the" appears to have been written over another word: possibly "over" or "ever" or "even"
^402This word is written in a smaller script slanting downward at the right margin
lighter & glazed
and deeply cut, & the \footnote{Possibly “their”; letters obscured by overwriting} under sides being
vertically
almost uniformly turned \footnote{Written over another word, possibly “many” or “nearly”} toward the
N. W. as a traveller turns his back to
to the storm--though enough of the
redder & warmer sides were seen
to contrast with them--it looked
like an artificial tree hung with
many-fingered gauntlets.\footnote{Initial letters are written over a false start}

Such was the disposition of the leaves often
\footnote{Several} in the same plane, that it looked
brown
like an \footnote{Arbor vitae} arbor vitae

See 4 quails running across the
turnpike. How they must be affected by this
change from warm\footnote{Weather} weather & bare ground
to cold & universal snow!

Returning from the P. O. at early can-
for the first time this season
die light, I noticed \footnote{The peculiar effect} the peculiar effect
of lights in offices & shops seen over the
snowy streets--suggesting how withdrawn
& inward the life in the former--how
exposed & outward in the latter.

His late career--these
6 weeks, I mean--have been meteor-
like--flashing through the darkness
in which we live-- I know of nothing
more miraculous in all history.

Nothing could his enemies do
but it redounded to his infinite advantage
--the advantage of his cause--
They did not hang him at once--
they reserved him to preach to them--.

& here is another great blunder--
they have not hung his 4 followers with
him--that scene is still to come & 
so his victory is prolonged & completed

No theatrical manager could have
arranged things so wisely--to give effect
to his behavior & words--& who think

you was the Manager--? Who placed

which he stooped to kiss

for a symbol

the slave woman & her child & between

%(No northern woman did &)%
his prison & the gallows?

The preachers--the bible men--they

who talk about principle & doing to others

as you would that they should do unto you

--how could they fail to recognize him?

by far the greatest preacher of them

all--with the bible on his lips--& in his

acts--the embodiment of principle--

who actually carried out the golden

rule-- All whose moral sense is aroused

--who have a calling from on high

to preach--have sided with him.

It may prove the occasion, if it has

not proved it already, of a new

sect of Brownites being formed in

our midst.

I see how, as he saw, that he was

not to be pardoned or rescued by men.

That would have been to disarm him--
to restore to him a material weapon
a Sharpe’s rifle—when he had taken
up the sword of the spirit—the sword
with which he has really won his greatest
& most memorable victories. Now
he has not laid aside the sword of the
spirit—He is pure spirit himself &
his sword is pure spirit also.

On the day of his translation— I knew well enough heard to be sure
that he was hung—but I did not
know what that meant—and I felt
no sorrow on his account—but not
for a day or two did I hear even hear
that he was dead, & not after
any number of days shall I believe it.

Of all the men who are said to be my
contemporaries—it seems to be that John
Brown is the only one who has not
I never hear of a man by the name of Brown now but John (often) thought (is it)?
John (Brown)%
died. % I meet % him at every turn. He
any relation of him%
is more alive than ever he was. He is
not confined to Kansas North Elba
—as to Kansas. He is no longer working
He%
in secret (only—John Brown has
earned immortality.

Men have been hung in the south be-
fore for attempting to rescue slaves—
whenever & the north was not much
stirred by it. Whence then this won-
derful difference? We
derful difference? We
were not so sure

of their devotion to principles-- We have
made a subtle distinction--have forgotten

human laws-- & do homage to an idea--

The north is suddenly all transcendental.

It goes behind the human law--it

goes behind the apparent failure-- &
recognizes eternal justice-- & glory.

It is more generous than the spirit

which actuated our forefathers-- for

it is a revolution in behalf of another

-- & an oppressed people.

Dec 6th

Pm to Walden & Baker Bridge

in the shallow snow-- & mizzling rain

It is somewhat of a lichen day. The bright

on the walls of the Walden road

yellow sulphur lichens ^ look novel as if

I had not seen them for a long time-- Do

they not require cold as much as moisture--
to enliven them? What surprising forms

& colors! designed on every natural surface

of rock or tree. Even stones of smaller size

which make the walls are so finished, &
piled up for what use? How naturally

they adorn our works of art! See where

the farmer has set up his post & rail

fences along the road. The sulphur lichen

has as it were at once leaped to occupy the

northern side of each post--as in towns

---411

411 A character or mark that is canceled appears between “We” and “were” as if the two words were originally strung together as one

411 Written over a false start
handbills are pasted\textsuperscript{12} on all bare surfaces--

--& the \textsuperscript{13} rails\textsuperscript{13} are more or less
gilded with them as if it had rained
gilt. The handbill which nature affixes
to the north side of posts & trees--& their
surfaces--& there are the various shades
of green & gray beside.

Though it is melting, there is more
ice left on the twigs in the woods than
I had supposed.

The mist is so thick that we cannot
quite see the length of Walden as we
descend to its eastern shore-- The reflections
of the hill-sides are so much the more
for we see over the reflected mist veiling them
unreal or unsubstantial \textsuperscript{14}-- You see
beneath these whitened wooded hills & shore
sloping to it--the dark half mist-veiled
water-- For 2 rods in width next this shore
where the water is shallowest\textsuperscript{15}--& the sand
bare you see a strip of light greenish
2 or 3 rods in width--& then dark brown
(with a few green streaks only) where the
dark sediment of ages has accumu-
lated. And looking down the pond you
see on each side successive wooded
promontories--(with their dim reflections)
till
growing\textsuperscript{15} dimmer & dimmer as they are
lost in the mist,\textsuperscript{16} The more distant
shores are a mere dusky line or film

\textsuperscript{12}Possibly "posted"
\textsuperscript{13}Written over a false start
\textsuperscript{14}The middle of this word is obscured by overwritten letters.
\textsuperscript{15}Possibly "glowing"; letters modified
\textsuperscript{16}Comma may be a period
a sort of concentration of the mistiness.

In the pure greenish stripe next the shore

I saw some dark brown objects above the
sea
sand—which looked very much like "turtles
one appeared holding its great head up toward the surface
in various attitudes "-- They were very weird-
like & of indefinite size. I supposed

that they were stumps or logs on the bottom

--but was surprised to find that they
were a thin & flat collection of sediment
on the sandy bottom--like that which
covered the bottom generally further out.

When the breeze rippled the surface

some distance out it looked like a
wave coming in--but it never got in
to the shore.

No sooner has the snow fallen

than, in the woods, it is seen to be
dotted almost everywhere with the fine
seeds & scales of birches & alders
no doubt an ever accessible food to numer-
ous birds & perhaps mice. Thus
it is alternate snow & seeds.

Returning up the RR--I see the
great tufts of sedge in Heywoods

meadow (drawing) coming over
like locks of the meadow's

hair--above the snow

These browned the meadow considerably--
Then came a black maze, of alders
moistened by the rain—which made
a broad black belt—between the
former brown—& the red-brown oaks
higher up the hill side.

The white pines now—seen through the
mist—the ends of their boughs droop-
ing a little with the weight of the
glaze, resemble very much hemlocks
for the extremities of their limbs—
always droop thus—while pines
are commonly stiffly erect or ascendant.

Came upon a round bed of
tansy—half a dozen feet in diameter—
which was withered quite black, as
seen above the snow—blacker than
any plant I remember—This reminded
me that the its name was by some
thought to be from \( \alpha\theta\alpha\upsilon\alpha\sigma\varsigma \)—or
immortality—from its not withering early
—but in this case it suggested its
funereal reputation.

What a transit that of his hori-
zontal body alone, but just cut down
from the gallows tree. We read this
at such a time it passed through Phil-
adelph, & by Saturday night had
reached New-York—Thus like a
meteor it passed through the
union from the southern regions
toward the north.

No such freight have the cars borne
since they carried him southward alive.

What avail all your scholarly
accomplishments & learning, com-
pared with wisdom & manhood-- To
omit his other behavior-- See about
a work this comparatively unread &
unlettered man has written within 6
weeks-- Where is our professor of belles
Lettres (or) & of logic & rhetoric who
can write so well. He has written in
prison, not a history of the world like
Raleigh, for his time was short, but an
American book which shall live, longer
that
%I do not know of p 126%
than (Raleigh's history.)

The death of Irving, which at any
other time would have attracted universal
attention, having occurred while these
things were transpiring, goes almost un-
observed--
Literary gentleman--editors & critics
think that they know how to write--because
they have studied grammar & rhetoric--
but the art of composition is as simple as
the discharge of a bullet from a rifle
& its master pieces imply an implicitly greater
force behind it.

This unlettered man's speaking &
English writing is standard American--Some words & phrases deemed vulgarisms & Americanisms before--he has made standard American. “It will pay.”

It suggests that the one great rule of composition--and their if I were a professor of rhetoric I should insist on this is to speak the truth. This first--this 2d--this 3d-- This demands earnestness & manhood chiefly.

I felt that he, a prisoner in the midst of his enemies, & under sentence of death--if consulted as to his next step--could answer more wisely than all his country men beside. He best understood his position. He contemplated it most. All other men N. & S. were beside themselves calmly.

Our thoughts could not revert to any greater or wiser, or better man with whom to compare him, for he was above them all.

The man this country was about to hang was the greatest & best in it.

Commonly men live according to a formula--& are satisfied if the order of law is observed--but in this instance they returned to original perceptions--& there was a

419 Possibly written over “it”
420 “O” written over “A”
421 Letters written over others and obscured
revival of old religion--& they saw
that what was called order
was confusion--what was called
justice--injustice. That the best was
deemed the worst.

& not a few southern ones
Most northern men ^ have been wonder-
fully stirred by Brown’s behavior & words
they have seen or felt that they were great
heroic--noble--& that there has been
nothing quite equal to them in this
country, if in the recent history of the
world. But the minority have been
unmoved by them. They have only been
surprised by the and provoked by the
attitude of their neighbors. They have
seen that Brown was brave & believed that
he had done right--but they have not
detected any further peculiarity in him--
not being accustomed to make fine distinctions
or to appreciate noble sentiments-- They
have read his speeches & letters as if they
read them not, they have not known when
they burned-- They have not felt that he
spoke with authority--& hence they have
only remembered that the law must
be executed. They have remember the
old formula--they do not hear the new
revelation. The man who does not
recognize in Brown’s words a wisdom

422"that” written on a descending angle at the right margin
423Possibly “as” or “so”
& nobleness--& therefore an authority
--superior to our laws--is a
modern democrat! This is the
test by which to try him. He is not
willfully but constitutionally blind.

& he is consistent with himself. Such
%I have no doubt of it%
has been his past life. %&% In like manner
he has read history & his bible--& he
accepts, or seems to accept, the last only
as an established formula--& not because
he has been convicted by it. You will not
%&% find kindred sentiment %&% in his commonplace
book.

And in these 6 weeks--what a
variety of themes he has touched on.
There are words in that letter to his
wife--respecting the education of his
daughter(s)--which deserve to be framed &
hung over every mantel piece in the land.
Compare this earnest wisdom with
that of Poor Richard!

He nothing common did or mean

Upon that memorable scene. + + +
Nor called the Gods with vulgar spite, To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head, down as upon a bed."

Years are no longer required for
a revolution of public opinion, days
--nay hours produce marked changes
50 who were ready to say on going into
some meeting in horror of him that
he ought to be hung--will not
say it when they come out—They hear
his words read—every one of which
"conveys the perfect charm"—they see
the earnest faces of the congregation,
& perhaps they join in singing the
hymn in his praise.

What confessions it has exhorted from
the cold & conservative—witness the
Newton letter—
The order of instruction has been reversed says—
^ I hear that the preacher thinks that his
act was a failure, while to some extent
he eulogizes the man—The class teacher
after the services tells his grown up pupils
that at first he thought as the preacher
does now, but now he thinks that
John Brown was right—But it is under-
stood that the pupils are as much
ahead of the teacher as he is ahead
of the priest—& the very little boys
at home ask their parents why God
did not save him.
    whether within the church or out of it,
They who adhere to the spirit & abandon
the letter—& who are accordingly
called infidel, have taken the I been
foremost in this movement—
    I took out my boots—which
I had not worn since last spring—with
the mud & dust of spring still on them—
& went forth in the snow—

---
427"says--" appears directly above thinks in the MS
429Initial letters have been modified; possibly previously "preacher"
429"s" has been modified; possibly previously "dirt"
That is an era—when in the beginning
of the winter—you change from the
shoes of summer to the boots of winter—

Dec. 8th 59

Here is a better glaze than we

//

have yet had—for it snowed & rained

in the night

I go to Pleasant Meadow—or rather
toward the sun—for the glaze shows
best so-- The wind has risen & the
trees are stiffly waving with a brattling
sound. The birches seen half a
mile off toward the sun are the
purest dazzling white of any tree--
prob. because their stems are not seen
at all-- It is only those seen at a
particular angle between us & the
sun that appear thus.

Day before yesterday the ice which
had fallen from the twigs covered the
snow beneath in oblong {pieces} 1 or 2 inches
long—which C. well called lemon drops.

When a noble deed is done who
is likely to appreciate it? They who
are noble themselves--

I am not surprised that certain of my
neighbors speak of John Brown as
an ordinary felon-- Who are they?

%{but}%

They have %{m} much flesh—or at least
much coarseness of some kind. They
%{by many a man}%
are not etherial natures-- Or the dark
%{they have much of the surface
qualities predominate in them--% Or they
substance}%
have much office-- Several of them are
decidedly pachydermatous.

How can a man behold the light who has
no answering inward light?

They are true to their sight, but when they
look this way they see nothing, they are
blind. For the children of the light to
contend with them is as if there should
be a contest between eagles & owls.

Show me a man who feels bitterly
toward John Brown & then let me hear
what noble verse he can repeat--

Certain persons in this disgraced them
selves by hanging Brown in effigy in
this town on the 2d-- I was glad to
know that the only 4 whose names
I heard mentioned in connection with it,
had not been long resident
here--& had done nothing to secure the
respect of the town.

It is not every man who can be a christian
--whatever education you give him. It is
%of the will%
a matter of constitution & temperament %%^.
I have known many a man who pretended to
be a christian, in whom it was ridicu-
lous--for he had no genius for it.
The expression “a liberal education” originally meant one worthy of free men. Such is education simply in a true & broad sense. But education ordinarily the learning of trades & professions which so called--it is designed to enable men to earn their living, or to fit them for a particular station in life is servile.

About 200 years ago is about as great an antiquity as we can comprehend or often have to deal with. It is nearly as good as 2000 to our imaginations. It carries us back to the aborigines & days of the pilgrims--it is the age of our very oldest houses & cultivated trees--beyond the limits of oral testimony to history which begins already to be enamelled with a gloss of fable--and we do not quite believe what we read--to those ancestors whose names we do not know, & to whom we are related only as we are to the race generally.

Nor is New England very peculiar in this. Also In England a house 200 years old, esp. if it be a wooden one, is pointed out as an interesting relic of the past When we read the history of the world centuries look cheap to us--we find that we had doubted if the hundred

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430 Written over a false start
431 Written over a false start
432 The rest of this paragraph contains penciled lines that appear to transpose text. One line begins to the left of “it is the age”; curves downward, left, and around the top of the next line “of our very oldest houses...”; and curves downward and left of “trees--”. Another line begins to the right of “trees--”, curves downward, left, and around the top of the next line “history...”; and continues downward in the left margin along 4-6 lines of text. The end of the line is not apparent in the facsimile. Note: The penciled numbers “1” and “2” in the left margin also point to transposition of the passages.
years preceding the life of Herodotus seemed as long to him great an antiquity to him as a hundred years ago does to us. We are inclined to think of all Romans who lived to each other within 500 years B.C. as contemporaries.

Yet Time moved at the same deliberate pace then as now. Pliny the Elder who died in the 79th year of the Christian era--speaking of the paper made of papyrus was then used--how carefully it was made says, "%just as we might say,% as if it were something remarkable-- "There are, thus, ancient memorials in the handwriting of Caius & Tiberius Gracchus, almost 200 years old, which I have seen in the possession of Pomponius Secundus a poet or handwriting of very illustrious citizen{s}. As for the %MS.% of Cicero Augustus & Virgil, we very often meet with it still." This too acc. to Pliny was the age of the oldest wines. "In one year the quality of all kinds of wine was peculiarly good. In the consulship of Lucius Opimius, when Caius Gracchus disturbing the people with seditions--was killed, there was that bright & serene weather which they call a cooking (of the grape) by means of the sun. This was in the year of the city 634. And some of those wines have lasted to this day, almost 200 years now reduced to the appearance of candied honey?"

(Bohn's trans says "have assumed the consistency of honey with a rough taste.")!!

---

434Underlined in pencil
435Approximate 3 inch space between this word & beginning of next sentence
435The quotation marks appear above the question mark
How is it that what is actually present
and transpiring, is commonly commonly perceived
by the common sense & understanding only
--is bare & bald--without halo or
the blue enamel of intervening air--
But let it be past or to come and it
is at once idealized. As the man
dead is spiritualized--or the fact
remembered is idealized-- It is a deed
ripe & with the bloom on it. It is
not simply the understanding--now
but the imagination that takes cog-
nizance of it. The imagination requires
a long range. It is the faculty of the
poet to see present things as if in
this sense; also past & future--as if
distant or universally significant
We do not know poets--heroes &
saints for our contemporaries but we
locate them in some far-off vale--
& the greater & better the further off we
accustomed to consider them. We believe
in spirits--we believe in beauty--but not
now & here. They have then rode in
the remote past or in the future.

Dec 9th 59
Suddenly cold last night. The river
//& F. H. Pond froze over generally--(I see
no opening as I walk) last night

Possibly “so”; letters are modified and obscured
though they were only frozen along the
edges yesterday. This is unusually
sudden.

How prominent the late or fall flowers
are, now withered above the snow--
the g-rods & asters--R-worm-wood &c &c
These late ones have a sort of life
extended into winter, hung with icy jew-
elry.

the air being very quiet & serene

I observe at mid pm-- that peculiarly
softened western sky--(which perhaps is

seen commonly after the first snow

has covered the earth--- There are many
1/3 the way to the zenith
whitish filmy clouds ^, generally long &
narrow, parallel with the horizon, with
indistinct edges--alternating with the blue.
And there is just enough invisible vapor
--perhaps from the snow--to soften the
blue, giving it a slight greenish tinge.
Thus, methinks, it often happens, that
as the weather is harder the sky seems
softer. It is not a cold hard glittering
sky--but a warm, soft, filmy one.

The prosaic ^ sees things baldly--
or with the bodily sense--but the
poet sees them clad in beauty, with
the spiritual sense.

Editors are still pretty generally saying
that Brown's was a "crazy scheme"
& their one only evidence & proof of it is that it cost him his life. I have no doubt that, if he had gone with 5000 men, liberated 1000 slaves killed a hundred or 2 slaves-holders & has as many more killed on his own side, but not lost his own life—such would have been prepared to call it by another name—Yet he has been far more successful than that. They seem to know nothing about living or dying for a principle—Abel Brooks told me this anecdote on the 28th ult."

"I don't know as you remember Langley Brown. Dr. Ripley asked him to bring him a load of the best oak wood he could get. So Langley, he picked out a first rate load of white oak, & teamed it to his door. But when the Dr. saw it he said, at once, that it would n't do—he did n't want any such stuff wood as that-- Langley next picked out a load of yellow oak and carried that that to the Dr— but the latter answered, as quickly as before, that that was not what he wanted at all. Then Langley selected a load of red oak, very straight & smooth
and carted that to the Dr’s, and the
moment he saw it he exclaimed “Ah
that[s] what I want Mr. Brown.”

Dec 10th
Get in my boat, in the snow-- The
bottom is coated with a glaze.

Dec 11
At 2 pm begins to snow & snows till night

See one sheldrake in Walden--
%Still normal storm large flakes--warm enough--lodging%
As I stand on the RR at Walden at RWE’s
crossing--the sound of the snow flakes falling
on the dry oak leaves (which hold on) is exactly
like a rustling produced by a steady but slight
breeze-- But there is no wind. It is a gentle &
uninterrupted susurrus.

This light snow, which has been falling for
a hour, resting on the horizontal spray of
the hemlocks produces the effect of so many
crosses or checker or lattice work--

Dec 12
Pm to Pine Hill & round Walden--

Seeing a little hole in the side of a
dead white birch--about 6 feet from the
ground--I broke it off--& found it to be made
where a rotten limb had broken off-- The hole
was about an inch over & was of quite irregular
and prob. natural outline--& within the
rotten wood had been removed to the depth
of 2 or 3 inches--& on one side of

438 Possibly previously “ah”; modified letters
439 “I” is written over a false start, possibly an “s”
this cavity—under the hole was quite a
pile of bird droppings—The diameter of
the birch was little more than 2 inches (if
at all)—Probably it was the roosting
place of a chicadee—The bottom was an
irregular surface of the rotten wood—and there
was nothing like a nest.

There is a certain Irish woodchopper
who, when I come across him at his
work in the woods in the winter—never
fails to ask me what time it is—
as if he were in haste to take his dinnerpail
& go home. This is not as it should
be. Every man, & the woodchopper
among the rest—should love his work
as much as the poet does his. All
good political arrangements proceed
on this supposition. If labor mainly,
or to any considerable degree, senses
the purpose of a police, to keep men
out of mischief, it indicates a rottenness
at the foundation of our community.

The night comes on early
these days—and I soon see the pine
tree tops distinctly outlined against
the dun (or amber) but cold western
sky.
The snow having come—we
see where is the path of the partridge
--her comings & goings—from copse to copse.
--& now **first** as it were, we have the fox
for our nightly neighbor--& countless tiny
deer mice-- So perchance if a still
finer substance should fall from heaven--
--(iodine?) something delicate enough
to receive the traces of their footsteps—we
should see where unsuspected spirits &
faery visitors had hourly crossed our steps.
had held conventions & transacted their affairs
in our midst. No doubt**440** such subtle spirits
transact their affairs in our midst &
we may perhaps invent some sufficiently
delicate surface—to catch the impression
of them.

If in the winter there are fewer men in the
fields & woods (as in the country generally)
you see the tracks of those who have
preceded you—& so are more reminded
of them than in summer—

As I talked with the woodchopper
who had just **cleared** the top of Emerson’s**441**
I got a new view of the mts over
his pile of wood in the fore ground—
They were very grand in their snowy mantle
which had a slight tinge of purple.

But when afterward I looked at
them from a higher**442** hill, where
there was no woodpile in the foreground
they affected me less.

It is now that these mts--both in color,
as well as form, most resemble the
clouds.

I am inclined to think of late that as
much depends on the state of the bowels
as of the stars. As are your bowels--so
are the stars.

Dec 13th--59

Pm on River to F. H. Pond.

My first true winter walk is perhaps
that which I take on the river--or
where I cannot go in the summer-- It
is the walk peculiar to winter--& now
first I take it.

I see that the fox too has already taken
the same walk before me--just along
the edge of the button bushes-- where
not even he can go in the summer--
We both turn our steps hither at the
same time.

There is now at 2 1/2 pm the melon
rind arrangement of the clouds-- Really
parallel columns of fine mackerel
sky reaching quite across the heavens
from west to east with clear intervals of
blue sky--& a fine grained vapor
like spun glass extending in the same
direction beneath the former-- In half
an hour all this mackerel sky is gone

What an everchanging scene is the
sky with its drifting cirrus & stratus.
The spectators are not requested to take
a recess of 15 minutes while the scene
changes--but walking commonly with
our faces to the earth--our thoughts revert
to other objects & as often as we look
up, the scene has changed.

Now I see, it is a column of white vapor
reaching quite across the sky from west to east--
with locks of fine hair, or tow that is
carded--combed out on each side. Sur-
prising touches here & there which show a
peculiar state of the atmosphere. No
doubt the best weather signs are in these
forms which the vapor takes.

When I next look up the locks of hair are
perfect fir trees with their recurved branches
(These trees extend at right angles from the
side of the main column) This appearance
is changed all over the sky in one minute

Again it is pieces of asbestos--
as the vapor takes the curved form of the
surf or breakers--& again of flames.

But how long can a man be in
a wood to watch the heavens?

That melon rind arrangement--so very com-
mon, is perhaps a confirmation of
Wise the balloonists statement—that
at a certain height there is a current
of air moving from West to East—Hence
we so commonly see the clouds arranged in
parallel columns in that direction.

What a spectacle the subtle vapors that
have their habitation in the sky present
these winter days!—You have not only ever-
varying forms of a given type of cloud—
but various types at different heights
or hours. It is a scene for variety—for
beauty & grandeur out of all proportion
to the alteration it gets. Who watched the
forms of the clouds over this part of the
earth a thousand years ago? Who watches
them to day?

Now that the river is frozen we have a
sky under our feet also—Going over
black ice 3 or 4 inches thick—only reassured
by seeing the thickness of the cracks—I see
it richly marked internally with large
whitish figures—suggesting rosettes of
ostrich feathers or coral. These at first
a dust
appear to be ^ on the surface—not looking closely
are found to be at various angles with it—
internally—in the grain in the work of crys-
tallization—Often you see as it were
a sheaf of feathered arrows 5 or 6 feet
long''—very delicate but perfectly straight

Initial letters in this word have been modified
their flames making a very slight angle with
the surface of the ice---& yet no seam is
to be detected. The black floor is by these
divided into polygonal regiments---for the
most part geometrically straight sided.

Their position merely suggests a cleavage
which has no existence--- Perhaps it is the
angle of excidence answering\textsuperscript{47} to the angle
of incidence at which the sun-light &
heat strikes the ice at different hours!!

I walk thus along the river side
perhaps between the button bushes & the
meadow---where the bleached & withered
grass---the Pan. virgatum---& blue-
joint---& wool grass---rustle amid the
osiers which have saved them from
the scythe.

When the snow is only thus deep---the
yellowish straw color of the sedge in the
meadows rising above the snow---is now
first appreciated---seen between the
ice & the snow-clad land.

Near the mouth of Well Meadow
Brook--- I see a musquash under the black
ice of the pond-- It is 10 or 12 rods from
a cabin---which must be the nearest
open place---& it moves off slowly pushing
against the ice with its feet toward the
middle of the pond--- & as I follow---it

\textsuperscript{47}Initial letters written over a false start
at length sinks to the bottom & is
lost. Did it go down for concealment
or for air? Here was a musquash at
least a dozen rods from any hole & it
did not swim toward its cabin.

I see in the Pleasant Meadow
field near the pond--some little
masses of snow--such as I noticed
yesterday--in the open land by the RR-
causeway at the Cut 448. I could not
account for them then, for I did not go
to them--but thought they might be the
remainders of drifts which had been blown
away--leaving little perpendicular masses
6 inches or a foot higher than the
surrounding snow in the midst of the fields.
Now I detect the cause 449-- These (which
I see today) are the remains of snow balls
which the wind of yesterday rolled up in the
moist snow-- The morning was mild &
& moist
the snow accordingly soft ^ yet light
but in the middle of the day the wind
a strong N W wind arose & before night
it became quite hard to bear.

These masses which I examined in the
Pleasant Meadow field were generally 6 or
8 inches high--though they would have

448 "C" written over false start
449 Possibly "course"
wasted & settled considerably-- &
a little
more or less
longer than high--presenting a ^ fluted
appearance externally-- {drawing} They were
hollow cylinders about 2 inches in
\% like muffs\%
diameter within-- \% here were a dozen
within 2 rods square-- & I saw them
in 3 or 4 localities miles apart-- in
almost any place exposed to the
sweep of the NW\% wind-- There was plainly
to be seen the furrow in the snow produced
in the form of
when they were rolled up-- ^ a very narrow
pyramid-- commencing perhaps 2 inches
wide & in the course of 10 feet
(sometimes of 4 or 5 only) becoming 6 or
8 inches wide-- when the mass was too
heavy to be moved further. The snow
had been thus rolled up ever like a carpet.
--This occurred either on perfectly level
ground & also where the ground rose
gently to the SE. The ground was not
laid bare. That wind would have
rolled up masses thus till they were
a foot in diameter-- {drawing} It is certain
then that a sudden strong
wind when the snow is
moist but light (it \% had fallen
the pm previous) will catch & roll
it up as a boy rolls up his bale\%.
These white balls are seen far off over the
fields.

\%Possibly canceled or written over "w"
\%% is written over "or"
\%Possibly modified from "It"; written over a false start.
\%Possibly "ball"
When I reach the causeway at
the Cut returning, the sun has just
set--a perfect winter sunset--so fair
& pure--with its golden & purple isle.
I think the summer rarely equals it. There are real damask colored
isles or continents N of the sun's place
& further off NE they pass into bluish purple
Hayden's house over which I see
them--seems the abode of the blessed.
The East horizon also is purple. But
that part of the parallel clouds
columns over head & is now invisible now
At length the purple travels westward
as the sun sinks lower below the horizon
the clouds over head are brought out
& so the purple glow glides down
the western sky.

Virgil's account of winter occupations in
the 1st Georgic—l 291 applies well
equal to New England—

"Some keep at work by the late light of the winter Fire, & point torches with a sharp iron. In the meanwhile his wife, relieving her long labor with her
Singing, thickens the webs with the shrill {slay}; Or boils down the liquor of sweet must with fire, And skims off the foam of the boiling kettle with leaves. Winter is an idle time to the
husbandman.
In cold weather they commonly enjoy what they have laid up,
And jovial they give themselves up to mutual feasting:
Genial winter invites this & relaxes care;
As when now the laden keel has touched its port,
and the joyful sailors have placed a crown on the stern:
But nevertheless now is the time to gather acorns,
Now to set snares for cranes, & deer,
And chase the long eared hares;
When the snow lies deep, & the rivers are full of drifting ice.

I saw yesterday where fox hunters
with a sleigh & hounds had improved the
first shallow snow to track their game-- They
thread the woods by old & grown up & forgotten paths where no others would think to drive.

Dec 14--59
A 2 pm begins to snow again
I walk to Walden--
Snow storms might be classified--
This is a fine dry snow--drifting nearly horizontally from the north--so that it is quite blinding to face--almost as much so as sand. It is cold also. It is drifting on the 11th but not accumulating fast.
I can see the woods about a quarter of a mile distant through it--
That of the 11th was a still storm of large flakes falling gently--in the quiet

456 Possibly modified from "have"
457 Canceled in pencil
458 Possibly struck out vertically
459 "ice." is written in a smaller script on a downward angle in the right margin; the quotation marks that end the quote appear in the space above this line of text
460 Written over false start
air--like so many white feathers descending
in different directions when seen against
a woodside-- The regular snow storm
such as is painted. A myriad falling
flakes wearing a coarse garment--
by which the eye is amused. The
snow was a little moist & the weather
rather mild.

Also I remember the perfectly crystalline
or star snows--when each flake is a perfect
6 (?) rayed wheel-- This must be the chef-
d'oeuvre of the Genesis of the storm--
or shot
Also there is the pellet ^ snow--which
consists of little dry spherical pellets
the size of robin shot. This I think belongs
Prob. never have much of it.
to cold weather.
Also there is sleet--which is half snow
half rain.
The Juncus tenuis with is conspicuous
acheniums--is very noticeable now rising
above the snow in the wood paths--commonly
as slant.

Dec 15--59
The first kind of snow storm--or that of yesterday--
which ceased in the night--after some 3 inches
had fallen--was that kind that makes handsome
drifts\(^2\) behind the walls.
There are no drifts equal to these behind
loosely built stone walls--the wind passing

\(^1\)An ink blot or canceled false start above this dash
\(^2\)Final letters written over other letters or reformed
between the stones. Slight as this snow was these drifts now extend back 4 or 5 feet & as high as the wall, on the N side of the Corner Bridge road. The snow is scooped out in the form of easy chairs --or of shells or plinths, if that is the name for them. {drawing} The backs of the chairs often inclining to fall off--

A man killed a wild goose a day or 2 since--in Spencer Brook--near Le Grosse’s

I hear from J. Moore that one man in Bedford has got 18 minks the last fall. %Farmer says he prob. bought most of them% Philosophy is a Greek word, by good rights,

Yet some rumor of it has reached the commonest mind. M. Miles who came to collect his wood bill to-day--said when I objected to the small size of his wood--that it was necessary to split wood fine in order to cure it well--that he had found that wood that was more than 4 inches in diameter would not dry & more over a good deal depended on the manner in which it was corded

463Letters at the end of this word have been modified
464The final letters of this word have been modified or blotted by ink
up in the woods-- He piled his high & tightly.
If this were not well done the stakes would
spread & the wood lie loosely & so the rain
& snow found their way into it. & he added
"I have handled a good deal of wood, & I
think that I understand the philosophy of it."

Dec 16th--
%V Extracts from Preface made in Oct -59%
Am to Cambridge--where I read in

Gerard's Herbal-- His admirable though
quaint descriptions are, to my mind,
more
greatly superior to the modern ^ scientific
ones. He describes not according to rule
but to his natural delight in the plants.
He brings them ^ vividly before you as
one who has seen & delighted in them.
It is almost as good as to see the plants
themselves. It suggests that we cannot
barren
too often465 get rid of the ^ assumption that
is in our science. His leaves are leaves--
his flowers flowers, his fruit fruit.
They are green & colored & fragrant.
It is a man's knowledge added to a child's
delight. Modern Botanical descriptions
approach ever nearer to the dryness of
algebraic
an ^ botanical formula--as if X+Y
were = to a love-letter. It is the keen
joy & discrimination of the child who
has just seen a flower for the first
time & comes running in with it

465A single "f" is written over what was possibly previously two "f"s
to its friends-- How much better to describe
your objects in fresh English words--
rather than in these conventional Latin-
isms! He has really seen & smelt &
tasted-- & reports his sensations.
Bought a book at Little & Brown's
paying a ninepence more on a volume
than it was offered me for elsewhere--
The customer thus pays for the more
elegant style of the store.
Dec 17th

Pm to Walden--

The snow being some 3 or 4 inches deep.
I see rising above it, generally, at my old
beanfield--only my little white pines set last
spring--in the midst of an immense field of
solidago nemoralis--with a little sweet fern
(i.e. a large patch of it on the N side)-- What
a change there will be in a few years! this little
forest of golden rod giving place to a forest of pines.

By the side of the Pout's Nest I see on
the pure white snow what looks like dust
for half a dozen inches under a twig--
Looking closely I find that the twig is hard-
slender hack & the dust its light-brown chaffy
looking seed--which falls still in copious
showers--dusting the snow--when I jar
it, & here are the tracks of a sparrow
which has jarred the twig & picked {the}
minute seeds--a long time making quite

---

466 "i" is possibly written over "I"
467 "i.e." squeezed in between the open parenthesis and "a"
468 Possibly "at"; an ink blot obscures the word
a hole in the snow-- The seeds are so fine that it must have got more snow than seed at each pick. But they probably look large to its--microscopic eyes.

I see, when I jar it, that a meadow sweet close by has quite similar, but larger seeds-- This the reason then that these plants rise so high above the snow & retain their seed dispersing it on the least jar over each successive layer of snow beneath them--or it is carried to a distance by the wind. What abundance & what variety in the diet of these small graniverous birds! While I find only a few nuts still. These stiff weeds which no snow can break down--hold their provender-- What the cereals are to men, these are to the sparrows-- The only threshing they require is that the birds fly against their spikes or stalks.

A little further I see the Seed-box ? (Ludwigia) full of still smaller yellowish seeds-- & on the ridge north--is the track of a partridge amid the shrubs-- It has hopped up to the low clusters of smooth sumac berries sprinkled the snow with them & eaten all but a few-- Also here, only, or where it has evidently jarred them down, (whether intentionally or not I am not sure) are the large oval seeds of the stiff stalked lespedeza.
which I suspect it ate—with the sumac berries—

There must be much solid food in them. When

the snow is deep the birds could easily pick the

latter out of the heads as they stand on the snow—

I observe them eaten by birds today the seed of

Hardhack—& *prob.* Meadow Sweet—Sumac

& *prob.* Lespedeza—& even Seed-Box.

Under the hill, on the S. E side

of R. W. E’s Lot. Where the Hemlock stands—

I see many tracks of squirrels. The dark thick

green of the hemlock (amid the pines) seems to

attract them as a covert. The snow under

the hemlock is strewn with the seeds of its

cones—which they (& *perhaps* birds?) have stripped

off—& some of its little winged seeds—It is pleasant

to see†† the tracks of these squirrels (I am not

sure whether they are red or gray or both—for

I see none) leading straight for the base

of one tree to that of another—thus leaving untrodden

triangles—squares & polygons of every form

bounded by much trodden highways—1—2—

3— & the track is lost on the upright

hole of a pine—as if they had played at

base-running from goal to goal—(while

pine cones were thrown at them in the

way—The tracks of 2 or 3 suggest a multitude.

You come thus on the tracks of those

frisky & volatile (semi-volitant) creatures

in the midst of perfect stillness & solitude

—as you might stand in a hall half an hour

††Two large parentheses enclose lines 7 and 8

†‡Written over, possibly “at”

††Possibly canceled or merely stray ink marks

†‡An ampersand may appear above this dash
after the dancer had departed.

I see no nests in the trees, but numerous holes through the snow into the earth--whence they have emerged-- They have loitered but little on the snow--spending their time chiefly in the trees, their castles, when abroad. The snow is strewn not only with hemlock scales--but under other trees--with the large white pine scales for rods together where there is no track-- The wind having scattered them as they fell. & also the shells of hickory nuts-- It reminds me of the platform before a grocery where nuts are sold. You see many places where they have probed the snow for these white pine cones--evidently those which they cut off green--& which accordingly have not opened so as to drop the seeds-- This was perhaps the design in cutting them off so early--thus to preserve them under the snow (not dispersed). Do they find them by the scent? At any rate they will dig down through the snow & come right upon a pine cone or a hickory nut or an acorn. Which you & I cannot do.

---

473"the large" is written in a smaller script on a downward diagonal near the right margin
2 or 3 acres of Walden--off the bar--
not yet frozen-- Saw in a good sized
black duck--which did not dive while
I looked-- I suspect it must have been
a fuligula though I saw no white--

Dec 18th 59 rains

Pm to Assabet op. Tarbel's--via Abel Hosmer's
It rains but little this Pm--though there
is no sign of fair weather-- Only the mist
appears thinner here & there from time to time.
It is a lichen day. The P. pines on the S of
the road at the Colburn farm are very
inspiriting to behold-- Their green is as much
enlivened & freshenned as that of the li-
chens. It suggests a sort of sunlight
on them--though not even a patch of clear
sky is seen today-- As dry & olive or date" colored
lichens are of a fresh & living green--so the
already green pine needles have acquired a
far livelier tint--as if they enjoyed this
moisture as much as the lichens do. They
seem to be lit up more than when the sun
falls on them. Their trunks, & those of
trees generally, being wet are very black
& the bright lichens over them are so much
the more remarkable.

I see 3 shrikes--in different places today--
2 on the top of apple trees--sitting still in the
storm on the look out-- They fly low to another

\footnote{Possibly "slate"}
tree when disturbed--much like a
blue-bird--& jerk their tails once
or 2ce when they alight.

   Apples are thawed now & are very good--
Their juice is the best kind--of bottled cider--
that I know-- They are all good in this
state--& your jaws are the cider press--

   The thick low cloud or mist makes
novel prospects for us-- In the SW horizon
I see a darker mass of it stretched along--
seen against itself-- The oak woods
a quarter of a mile off--appear more
uniformly red than ever-- They are not
only redder for being wet--but through the
obscurity of the mist--one--leaf runs into
another & the whole mass makes one im-
pression.

   The withered oak leaves being thoroughly
saturated with moisture--are of a livelier
color--also some of the most withered white
oak leaves with roundish black spots
small
like ^ lichens are quite interesting now--

Dec 19th

Tansy?
Yarrow

too is full of seed now--& the
//
common Johnswort has some seed in it still--

Farmer has lately been riding
about in the neighboring towns west & N west
as far as Townsend buying up their furs
--mink--musquash--& fox says that
Stow is as good a town for mink as any
but none of them have more musquash
than Concord. He however saw but one
mink track in all his rides & thinks that they
are scarce this year.

When a man is young--& his constitution
& body have not acquired firmness--i.e.
before he has ☠arrived at middle
age--he is not an assured inhabitant of
the earth--& his compensation is that
he is not quite earthly-- there is something
peculiarly tender & divine about him--
His sentiments--& his weakness--nay his
very sickness--& the greater uncertainty of
his fate seem to ally him to a noble
race of being--to whom he in part belongs
--or with whom he is in communication.
The young man is a demigod-- The grown
man--alas! is commonly a mere mortal.

He is but half here--he knows not
the powers that be
the men of this world-- they know him not--
prompted by the reminiscence of that other
sphere from which he has so lately arrived
his actions are unintelligible to his seniors.
He bathes in light-- He is interesting as
a stranger from another sphere--
He really thinks & talks about a larger
sphere of existence than this world-- It
takes him 40 years to accommodate himself
to the carapax of this world.
This is the age of poetry—After ward
he may be the president of a bank & go
the way of all flesh.

But a man of settled views—whose
thoughts are few & hardened like his bones,
is truly mortal—& his only resource is to
say his prayers—

Dec 20

Am to T. Wheeler woodlot—

Snows very fast—large flakes—a very lodging

snow—If we leave the of a moment
it whitens the seat of which must
be turned over—We are soonly thickly covered—
& it lodges on the twigs of the trees & bushes
(there being but little wind) giving them a
very white & soft spiritual look—Gives them
a still—soft—& light look. When the flakes
fall thus—large & fast & are so moist &
melting we think it will not last long—&
this turned to rain in a few hours after 3 or
4 inches had fallen—

To omit the first mere whitening
There was the snow of the 4th Dec.
11th was a lodging snow
it being mild & still like today—(only it was not so moist)—
was succeeded next day noon by a strong & cold N.W. wind)
14th a fine dry—cold driving
& drifting storm
20th (today) a very lodging—
moist & large flaked snow—turning to rain.

To be classed with the 11th in the main.

483 This wets the woodchopper about as much as rain.

481 "sleigh" is positioned directly above "seat" in the MS
482 Characters at the end of "there" appear to be canceled or modified into a large final "e"
483 The text that follows to the end of the page appears to have been written in a smaller script with lines of text that are very close together (as if it were added at a later date than the text above this line)
484 "k" in "flaked" may be written over (an)other letter(s)
485 "Have had snow since Dec 11th" written horizontally up the left margin beginning near the bottom left corner
Dec 21st 
& rather mild

Am
A^1 fine winter day—^ Ride to T Wheeler's Lot. See a red squirrel out in
2 places. Do they not come out chiefly in
the forenoon?

Also a large flock of Snow buntings—
fair & pleasant as it is—Their whiteness like
the snow, is their most remarkable peculiarity.
The snow of yesterday having turned to
rain in the Pm—The snow is no longer
(now that it is frozen) a uniformly level white
as when it had just fallen—but on all
even from a great distance strongly
decrivities you see it ^ marked with countless
These are about 3 inches deep
furrows or channels ^ more or less parallel
where the rain ran down— On hill sides
these reach from top to bottom & give
Hill sides around a hollow are thus very regularly marked by lines converging
toward the center at the bottom.
In level fields the snow is not thus furrowed
but dimpled with a myriad little hollows
where the water settled, & perhaps answering
slightly to the inequalities of the ground The snow of yesterday having turned to
It is now, as it were, wrinkled with age.
The incipient slush of yesterday is now frozen
& makes good sleighing & a foundation for
In level woods I do not see this regular
more. dimpling— The rain being probably conducted down the trunks
nor the furrows on hillsides—the rain has been differently distributed
Dec 22 by the trees.

Another fine winter day—

---

^1“A” is written over “F” or canceled
^2“f” is possibly modified from “F” (or vice versa)
^3“answering” appears to have previously been “answered”; “ed” has been modified to be “ing”
^4This caret is followed by a line drawn in the right margin that appears to position “In level woods...by the trees.”
^5This passage, “In level woods...by the trees.”, is preceded by a large open parenthesis that includes all four lines of interlined text
Pm to Flints Pond.

C. is inclined to walk in the road—it being better walking there—& says "you don’t wish to see any thing but the sky today—& breathe this air— You could walk in the city today just as well as in the country— You only wish to be out.” This was because I inclined to walk in the woods or by the river.

As we passed under the elm beyond Geo. Heywoods—I looked up & saw a Fiery hang-bird’s nest dangling over the road—

What a reminiscence of Summer—a fiery hang-bird’s nest dangling from an elm over the road when perhaps (?)

the thermometer is down to 20°—!! & the traveller goes beating his arms beneath it. It is hard to recall the strain of that bird then.

We pause & gaze into the Mill brook on the Turnpike bridge. C. says that in Persia they call the ripple marks on sandy bottoms chains or chain work—

I see a good deal of cress there—on the bottom for a rod or 2—the only green thing to be seen. No more slimy than it usually is beneath the water in summer— Is not this the plant which most, or most conspicuously preserves its greenness in the winter?

491: Beginning of this word is written over a false start
Is it not now most completely in its summer state of any plant? So far as the water & the mud & the cress go-- It is a summer scene. It is green as ever & waving in the stream as in summer.

How nicely is nature adjusted--the least disturbance of her equilibrium is betrayed & corrects itself. As I looked down on the surface of the brook I was surprised to see a leaf floating as I thought up the stream--but I was mis-taken. The motion of a particle of dust on the surface of any brook far inland shows which way the earth declines toward the sea--which way lies the constantly descending route--& the only one.

I see in the chestnut woods near Flints Pond where squirrels have collected the small chestnut burrs left on the trees--& opened them generally at the base of the trunks on the snow. These are I think all small & imperfect burrs--which do not so much as open in the fall & are rejected then--but hang-- thus have this use at least--as the squirrels' winter food.

3 men are fishing on F Pond. where the ice is 7 or 8 inches thick. I look back to the wharf-rock shore & see that rush (cladium I have called it) the warmest object in the landscape--a narrow line of warm yellow rushes--(for they reflect the western light) along the edge of the somewhat snowy pond & next the snow clad & wooded shore.

492"h" is either modified 
493"tr" in "tree" is modified
This rush {this} which is {comparatively} inconspicuous in the summer becomes thus
in the winter afternoons a conspicuous & interesting object--lit up by the westering sun.
The fisherman stands erect & still on the ice--awaiting our approach, as usual,
forward to say that he has had no luck--
He has been here ever since early morning
& for some reason or other, the fishes wont
bite-- you wont catch him here again
" They all tell the same story
in a hurry ^ The amount of it is he has
had "fisherman's luck--"--& if you walk that
way you may find him at his old post
to-morrow. It is hard to be sure 4 little
fishes to be divided between 3 men--&
2 1/2 miles to walk-- \(\text{and}\) you have only
got a more ravenous appetite for the
supper which you have not earned--
However the pond \(\text{flower}\) floor is not
a bad place to spend a winter day.
On what I will call Sassafras
Island--in this pond--I notice the
high largest & handsomest\(^5\) blueberry bush that
about 10 feet high
I ever saw -. It divides at the ground with
4 stems all very large & the largest 3 inches
in diameter (one way) at 3 feet high--&
at the ground where they seem to form one
trunk (at least \(\text{grown}\) together) 9 inches in
diameter-- These {e} stems rise upward spreading

\(^4\) Possibly "And"
\(^5\) Letters in this word have been modified and obscured
a little in their usual somewhat zigzag
manner--& are very handsomely clothed with
large grey & yellow lichens with intervals
of the (smoothish?) & finely divided bark-- The
bark is quite reddish near the ground. The
top which is spreading & somewhat flattish or
corymbose--consists of a great many fine
twigs which give it a thick & dark appearance
against the sky--compared with the more open
portion beneath. It was perfectly sound & vigorous

In a (ap. king birds?) nest on the island
I saw 3 cherry stones--as if it had carried home
this fruit to its young! It was outside--of gnapha-
lium-- & saddled on a low limb. (could it have been
The cladium (?) retains its seeds over the ice
a cherry bird? little conical sharp pointed flat based--dark brown shining seeds//
I notice some seed left on a large dock--
but see none of parsnips &c other umbelliferous plants--
{drawing} The furrows in the snow on the
hill sides look somewhat
like this.

Dec 23d

The 3d fine clear--bright & rather mild winter
day-- Pm to Ball's Hill across meadow--
The Gardener at Sleepy Hollow says that
they caught many small pouts & some pickerel
that weighed 1/2 pound (!) in the little pond lately
4V. Oct 10--60%
dug there-- -- ^499 I think this pond say 1/3 of an
acre was commenced about three years ago--

496Underlined in pencil
497Possibly "round"
498"this" partially obscured
499caret likely in pencil
& completed last summer-- It has no
inlet--& a very slight outlet--a shallow
ditch that previously existed in the meadow--
but in digging they have laid open 2 or 3
very deep spring holes & the pickerel were
found in them. These fishes no doubt
came up the shallow ditch-- This proves
that if you dig a pond in a meadow--
& connect it by the smallest rill or ditch
with other water in which fishes live--however
far off--the pond will be at once stocked
with fishes-- They are always ready to extend
their territory.

The Great meadows are more than half
covered with ice--& now I see that there was a
very slight fall of snow last night-- It is only
betrayed here having covered the ice about 1/8 of an
inch thick--except when thin ice cracks running
quite nearest the meadow where the water has
oozed a foot or 2 each way--& dissolved the
snow--making conspicuous dark lines--

In this slight snow--I am surprised to see

the countless tracks of small birds which
from one end to the other of the great meadow,
have run over it in every direction -- since morning
--by the length of the hind toe I know them to
be snow buntings--(indeed soon after I see
%still% them running %^% on one side of the meadow) I was
puzzled to tell what they got by running there
Yet I stopping repeatedly & picking up something.

Of course I thought of those caterpillars %which%
are washed out by a freshet &
  rain at this season--
--but I could not find one of them.

It rained on the 18th & again on the 20th and over a
good part of the meadow on the top of the stubble
left by the scythe rises a little above the ice--ie
not enough to disturb a skater
an inch or 2. The birds have sun here chiefly--
visiting each little collection or tuft of stubble
& found their food chiefly in and about this thin stubble.

I examined such places a long time & very carefully
but I could not find there the seed of any
plant whatever. It was merely the stubble of sedge
(fewer)
--with never any head left--& a cranberry leaves projecting-- All that I could find was
pretty often (in some places very often) a little black
or else a brown spider (sometimes quite a large one)
%or ice%

motionless on the snow%--& therefore I am con-
strained to think that they eat them--for
I saw them running & picking in exactly such
places a little way from me--& here were their
tracks all around. Yet they are called gramen-
ivorous. Wilson says that he has seen them
feeding on the seeds of aquatic plants on
the Seneca river clinging to their heads-- I think
%(he means)%
%yet its seeds are too minute & involved in the wool%
they were wool-grass. %--% Though there was wool-
grass here abouts--the birds did not go near it.
%to be sure it has but little seed now%

If they are so common at the extreme north,
where there is so little vegetation, but perhaps
a great many spiders--is it not likely that
they feed on these insects?

502 A transpose editing mark repositions "rain" before "freshet &"
501 Caret appears directly below dash
502 A "y" or other letter that has a stem that goes below the line has been canceled below "le" at the end of "stubble"
503 "ra" in "cranberry" has been modified
504 Underlined in pencil
505 This open parenthesis has been modified from what was possibly "&" and/or a close parenthesis
506 Caret appears directly below dash
It is interesting to see how busy this flock is exploring this great meadow today-- If it were not for this slight snow revealing their tracks, but hardly at all concealing the stubble--I should not suspect it, though I might see them at their work-- Now I see them running briskly over the ice--most commonly near the shore where there is most stubble (though very little)--& they explore the ground so fast that they were continually changing ground their position--& If I do not keep my eye on them I lose the direction-- Then here they come (with a stiff rip of their wings as they suddenly wheel--) those peculiar rippling notes flying low quite across the meadow 1/2 a mile even, to explore the other side--though that Not fisherman nor skater range the meadow a thousandth part so% too is already tracked by them%. They hardly %much in a week as these birds in a day% notice me as they come on-- Indeed the flock flying about as high as my head divides & 1/2 passes on each side of me. Thus they sport over these broad meadows of pleasant ice this % winter day. The spiders lie torpid & plain to see on the snow--& if it is they that they are after--they never know what kills them.

I have loitered so long on the meadow that before I get to Ball’s Hill--those patches of bare ice (where water has oozed out & frozen--) already reflect a green light-- which advertises me of the lateness of the hour. You may walk eastward in the winter p.m till the ice begins to look green-- the sun having sunk behind you to the proper

507“oring” in “exploring” modified 508Several letters have been modified 509Both “very” and “little” underlined in pencil 510Initial letters written over a false start 511“l” in “flock” has been modified 512Ink blot or modified letters appear in the middle of this word
angle. Then it is time to (retrace) your steps homeward.

About same time (as noticed 2 or 3 days) (Soon after too) the ice began to boom—or fire nother its evening gun—a ^ warning that the end of the
day was at hand—and a little after the snow the sun having reached the grosser atmosphere of the earth reflected a distinct rosy light. These signs
once more%
succesively prompt us % to retrace our steps— Even
the fisherman who, perhaps has not observed any
sign—but that the sun is read%y% to sink beneath
the horizon—is wending up his lines & starting for home—or perhaps he leaves them to freeze in.

In a clear but pleasant winter day—I walk away—till the ice begins to look green—and I hear it boom—or perhaps until the snow reflects a rosy light.

I ascended Ball’s Hill to see the sun set— How red its light at this hour. I lowered its orb with my hand & let its rays light up the fine
woolen fibers of my glove— They were a dazzling rose color. It takes the gross atmosphere of earth to make this redness.

You notice the long & slender light brown or
grayish downy racemes of the clethra seeds about the very
edges of ponds & pond holes-- The pods contain many ^ minute ^
chaffy-looking seeds.

You find in the cluster of the sweet fern fruit now 1 or 2 rather large flattish conical hard shelled seeds—with a small meat.

The pinweed— the larger (say thymfolia)—pods open inner
showing their 3 pretty leather brown ^ divisions open like a little calyx 1/3 or half contain-

---

113 "Soon" begins over a false start
114 "minute" is written on a descending angle and follows the slant of "very" interlined above; possibly added at the same time
ing still the little hemispherical or else triangular
reddish brown seeds. They are hard--& abundant
That large juncus (paradoxus like?) of the seed
River meadows--long white tailed--just rising where the ice--is full of seed now glossy pale brown white tailed
//
--chaffy to look at
at least 1/2

The wool grass wool is mostly gone & its minute almost--wite seed on achenia in it--but a little
//
is left--not more than the 30th of an inch long. It looks too minute & involved in the wool for a snow bunting
to eat. The above plants are all now
more or less recurved--bent by the cold & the blasts
of autumn.

The now bare or empty heads of the liatris--look somewhat like dusky daisies surmounted by a little button instead of a disk-- The last--
the stiff parchment like skin--the base of its flowerets stood--is pierced by many little round holes just like through--& it is convex like that-- It readily scales off & you can look through it.

I noticed on the 18th that the plumes of the pine which had been covered with snow & glaze & were then thawed & wet with the mist
& rain--were very much contracted or narrowed--drawing not drawing & this gave a peculiar & more open character to the tree.

Dec 24--59

Pm to Flints Pond--

A strong & very cold NW wind--
I think that the cold winds are oftenest not NW— but NW by W. There is in all an acre or 2 in Walden not yet frozen though half of it has been frozen more than a week.

I measure the blueberry bush on F Pond Island. The 5 stems are united at the ground— so as to make one round & solid trunk 31 inches in circumference— but probably they have grown together there— for they become separate at about 6 inches above. They may have sprung from different seeds of one berry. At {4 feet} feet from the ground they measure 11 inches 11 1/2 8 & 6 1/2 or on average 9 1/2

I climbed up & found a comfortable seat there was room for with my feet 4 feet above the ground— & ^ 3 or more might have found a common {hold} there —but unfortunately this was not the season for berries.

There were several other clumps of large ones there— one clump close by the former— contained 23 stems within a diameter of 3 feet & their average diameter at 3 feet from the ground was about 2 inches.

These had not been cut because they stood on this small island— which has little wood beside— & therefore had grown this large—

The 2 prevailing lichens on them were P. caperata & saxatilis— which extending quite around their trunks also ^516 V. Sp. in drawer— ramalina

515A stray mark or period immediately precedes the "o" in "Pond"
516This caret positions the text beginning "a little of a parmelia..." and ending "...& a little green usnia & a little ramalina"
This island appears to be a mere rocky stony ridge 3 or 4 feet high—with a very low wet shore on each side—[over]as if the water & ice had shoved it up—as at the other end of the pond.

I saw the tracks of a partridge more than half an inch deep in the ice—extending from this I. to the shore—she having walked them in the slush. They were quite perfect & reminded me of bird tracks in stone. She may have gone there to feed on these blue-berry trees. I saw where she spent the night at the Bottom of that largest clump in the snow—This blue berry grove must be well known to the partridges Perhaps yet larger ones were seen here before we no doubt they distinguish their tops from afar came to cut off the trees.

Juging from those whose rings I have counted the largest of those stems must be about 60 years old. The stems rise up in a winding & zig zag manner—one sometimes resting in the forks of its neighbor.

There were many more clumps of large ones there.

Dec 25--59

The last our coldest night as yet—No doubt Walden froze over last night entirely. Pm to Carlisle bridge on River & meadow—

I now notice a great many flat annular glow-worm like worms frozen in the ice of the mead—which were evidently washed out of the meadow grass lately—but they are almost all within the ice—inaccessible to birds—are only in certain parts of the meadow—esp. about that island in it—where it is shallow it is as if they were created only to be frozen—& for this must be their annual fate.

Possibly “even”, “ever”, or “cover”; initial letters have been modified
Written in a small script on a slightly downward angle
Three dots in the indentation before “Perhaps” connect the interlined material above the line with that below the line
A hyphen between “glow” and “worm” is positioned slightly below the line
where the two “W”s are joined
An ink blot obscures the first letters of this word
no. I compare it with des. Sep 16 57--& find it is not the G. worm though somewhat like it--

(I see one--which seems to be a true glow worm--)

The transparent ice is specked black with

them as if they were cranberry leaves in it--

You can hardly get one out now--without

breaking it--they are so brittle. The snow-

buntings are about an usual--but

I do not think that they were after these

insects the other day.

Standing by the side of the river at Eleazer

Davis' Hill--(prepared to pace across it) I hear

fine

a sharp ^ screep from some bird--which

at length I detect amid the button bushes

& willows. The screep was a note of recognition

meant for me. I saw that it was a novel

bird to me-- Watching it a long time with my

glass & without it--I at length made out

these marks. It was slate colored above &
dirty white beneath--with a broad & very con-
spicuous bright orange crown--which in

some lights was red-orange--(along the

middle of the head) this was bounded on each

side by a black segment--beneath which

was a yellow or whitish line-- There was also

a

some yellow & black spot on the middle

of the closed wings--& yellow within the tail

feather-- The ends of the wings & the tail

above were dusky & the tail forked.

It was so very active that I could not get

a steady view of it-- It kept drifting about behind

the stems of the button bushes &c--half the time

---

^Initial letters are written over a false start or reformed

The "d" in what appears to be "hardly" has been modified

"D" written over "d"

Initial letters written over a false start or reformed

"tail" is written over another word or false start

Letters in this word have been modified; the "t" is not crossed
on the ice--& again on the lower twigs--busily
looking for its prey--turning its body this
way & that with great restlessness--appearing
often to hide from me behind the stems of the
button bush--& the withered coarse grass.
When I came nearest it would utter its peculiar
screep--or screen screen or even screen
screen screen. Yet it was unwilling to leave
the spot & when I cornered it--it hopped
back within 10 feet of me-- However, I could
see its brilliant crown even between the twigs
of the button bush & through the withered grass
when I could detect no other part.

It was evidently the Golden Crested wren.

//
Which I have not made out before.

This little creature was contentedly seeking
its food here alone this cold winter day on
the shore of our frozen river. If it does
not visit us often--it is strange that it should
choose such a season.

strong
I see that the wind of yesterday has blown off

//quite a number of white pine cones which
lie on the ice.--op E. Davis’ hill.

As I crossed Flints about 4 Pm yesterday
on my way home--when it was bitter cold--
the ice cracked with an exceedingly brittle
as if all the ponds crockery had gone to smash
shiver--^ suggesting a high degree of tention
even of dryness--as much as you hear only in
very cold weather--right under my feet

as if I had helped to crack it-- is

529 Possibly originally “busy”; the final letters have been modified
530 Letters in the middle of this word are modified and obscured
531 Letters are modified
532 Possibly “heels”
533 A canceled false start or stray mark appears between lines
the report of the artillery which the frost foe
has discharged at me. As you are swiftly
pacing home ward--taking your way across the
pond, with your mittened hands in your pocket--
& your cap drawn down over your ears--the pond
loves to give a rousing crack right under your
feet--" It is bracing its nerves against the unheard
of cold that is at hand--it snaps some of them.

You hear this best where there is considerable
depth & breadth of water--on ponds--rather
than on the river & meadow. The cold strains
it up so tight that some of the strings
On hearing that sound--you redouble your haste toward--home where vestal
virgins keep alive a little fire still.

In the same manner the very surface of the
earth cracks in frosty weather--

To night when I get just below Davis
Hill the ice displays its green flag & fires
its evening green as a warning to all walkers
to return home.

Consider how the pickerel Fisher lives.
G. whom I saw him at Flints Pond on the 22d had
been there all day--eaten all the dinner
he had brought--& caught only 4 little
fish, hardly enough for his supper if he should
cook them. His companion swore that
he would not go a-fishing again for 10 years.
But G. said nothing of that sort.

The next day I found him 5 miles from here
on the other side of the town--with his

534Dash may be a period
535"m" is inserted below "some"
536A stray mark, which may or may not be an apostrophe, appears after "Davis"
537Written over a false start

199
lines set in the bay of the river off Ball's Hill-- There too he had been tramping about from hole to hole--this time alone --& he had done a trifle better than the day before--for he had caught 3 little fish & one great one--

But instead of giving up here--he concluded to leave his line in over night--since his bait would die if he took them off-- & return the next morning. The next was a bitter cold day, but I hear that Goodwin had some fish to dispose of-- Probably not more than a dollars worth however. %{V. seeds & other }%

You may think that you need take no care to preserve your woodland--but every tree comes either from the stump of another With tree %--%or%\textsuperscript{538} from a seed-- Wooden the present management {will} there always be found a fresh stump--or a nut in the soil think you? Will not the nobler kinds of trees--which bear comparatively few seeds--grow more & more scarce-- What is become of our chestnutwood? There are but few stumps for sprouts to spring from--& as for the chestnuts there are not enough for the squirrels--& nobody is planting them.

\textsuperscript{//} The sweet gale with its brown cluster of

\textsuperscript{538} "or" originally written in pencil and traced over in ink
little aments rises above the ice of the meadow
on each side of the river--(some of its seeds begun to fall)
amid its very dark colored twigs-- There is an abundance
of bright yellow resin between its seeds & the aments
being crushed between the fingers yield an odoriferous
(piney)
perhaps terebinthine ^\textit{(piney)} fragrance & stained
the fingers yellow-- It is worth the while, at this season
esp. when most plants are inexpressive--to meet with
one so pronounced.

I see the now withered spikes of the chelone here & there
in which (when diseased?) a few of its flat winged seeds //
are still found.

How different are men & women--e.g. in respect
to the adornment of their heads-- Do you ever
see an old or jammed bonnet on the head of a
woman at a public meeting? But look at
any assembly of men with their hats on--how large
a proportion of their hats will be old weather beaten
& indented, but I think so much the more picturesque
door & interesting. One farmer rides by my home in a
hat which it does me good to see--there is so much
character in it--so much independence to begin
with--& then affection for his old friends--&c &c.
I should not wonder if there were lichens on it.
Think of painting a hero in a bran new hat!
The chief recommendation of the Kossuth hat
is that it looks old to start with--& almost
as good as new to end with. Indeed it is generally
conceded that a man does not look the worse
for a somewhat dilapidated hat.

But go to a lyceum & look at the bonnets & various other headgear of the women & girls (who by the way keep their hats on--it being too dangerous and expensive to take them off--)! Why every one looks as fragile as a butterfly's wings--having just come out of a band box--as it will go into a bandbox again when the Lyceum is over-- Men wear their hats for use--women theirs for ornament.

I have seen the greatest philosopher in the town with what the traders would call a "shoking bad hat" on--but the woman whose bonnet does not come up to the mark--is at best "a blue stocking".

The man is not particularly proud of his beaver & musquash--but the woman flaunts her ostrich & sable in your face--

Ladies are in haste to dress as if it were cold or as if it were warm--though it may not yet be so--merely to display a new dress.

Again what an ado women make about trifles. Here is one tells me that she cannot possibly wear Ind. rubber boots in sloshy weather--because they have heels. Men have been wearing boots with heels from time immemorial--little boys soon learn the art--& are eager to try the experiment. The wood choppers & team--the merchant & lawyers quietly go & come--their live long day--& though they may meet with many accidents
I don’t remember any that originated in
the heels of their boots—but not so with
the women—they bolt at once recklessly as run-
away horses the moment they get the boots on--
before they have learned the wonderful art of wearing
them. My informant tells me—of a fried who
has got a white swelling from coming down stairs
imprudently in boots—& of another seriously in-
jured on the meeting house steps—for when you
deal with steps then comes the rub—& of a 3d
who involuntarily dashed down the front stairs—
knocked a hat tree thro’ the side lights—&
broke I do not know how many ribs.
Indeed that quarter inch obstruction about the
heels seems to be an insuperable one to the case
the women.

Dec. 26—59
Pm Skate to Lee’s Bridge & there
measure back—by pacing the breadth of the
river— After being uniformly overcast all
the forenoon—still—& moderate weather it
begins to snow very gradually—at first impercep-
tibly this pm—at first I thought I imagined
it. & at length begins to snow in earnest about
but lasts only a few minutes
6 Pm.

I see a brute with a gun in his hand standing
motion less over a musquash house which
he has destroyed. I find that he has
visited every one in the neighborhood of F. H. P.

540 Written over “you” or “your”
541 The “r” in “measure” appears to have been modified
542 Written over a false start
543 Letters have been written over
above & below--& broken them all down
laying open the interior to the water--& then
stood watchful close by for the poor creature
to show its head there for a breath of air--.
There lies the red carcass of one whose pelt
he has taken on the spot flat on the bloody ice,
& for his afternoon's cruelty that fellow will
be rewarded with a ninepence perchance.
When I consider what are the opportunities of the civilized man for getting ninpences & getting
light--this seems to me more savage than savages are. Depend on it that whoever
thus treats the musquash's house--his refuge when the water is frozen thick--he
& his family will not come to a good end.
So many of these houses being broken open
20 or 30 I see--I look into the open hole--
& found --it in almost every instance, many pieces
of the white root with the little leaf bud
curled up--which I take to be the yel. lily
root-- the leaf bud unrolled has the same scent with the yel. lily. There will be half
a dozen of these pointed buds more or less green
coming to a point at the end of the root
\begin{itemize}
  \item \text{[drawing]} Also I see little coarser,
  \item what I take to be green leaf stalk of the pontederia--for I see a little of the stipule
  \item sheathing the stalk from \text{within} it?
\end{itemize}
The first unrolls to something like \text{[drawing]}
In one hole there was a large quantity of this root & these
of course it is yel lily

\begin{itemize}
  \item 544 Possibly "by" or "to"; letters are modified and obscured
  \item 545 Letters modified
  \item 546 Letters modified or reformed
  \item 547 Letters modified
  \item 548 Underlined in pencil
  \item 549 The middle letters of this word are obscured due to an inkblot
\end{itemize}
buds attached or bitten off. The root generally
5 or 6/8 inch in diameter & one\textsuperscript{550} to 4 inches long--
I think therefore that this root must be
their principal food at this time. If you
open 20\textsuperscript{551} little cabins you will find it in
at least 3/4 of them & nothing else unless
leaves
a very little pontederia ^ stem.(?) I see no fresh
clamshells in them--& scarcely any on the
ice anywhere on the edge of open places.
--nor are they probably deposited in a heap under
the ice. It may be however that the shells
are opened in this hole & then dropt in the
water near by!! By eating or killing at least
so many lily buds they must thin out
that plant considerably.

\textsuperscript{2}ce this winter I have noticed a musquash
placid
floating in a smooth open place in the
river--when it was frozen for a mile each
side--looking at first like a bit of stump of
frozen meadow--but showing its whole
upper outline from nose to end of tail.--perfectly
still--till he observed me--then suddenly diving
in steering under the ice toward some cabin’s entrance
or other retreat half a dozen or more rods off--
A some of the tales of our childhood
--the invention of some Mother Goose--will haunt
us when we are grown up-- So the race
itself still believes in some of the fables
with which its infancy was amused & imposed on\textsuperscript{551}

\textsuperscript{550}The “o” in “one” appears to have been modified
\textsuperscript{551}“on” is squeezed into the lower right-hand corner of the page
E.g. the fable of the Cranes & pygmies—\[\text{modified letters; possibly previously "pigmies"}\]—which believe or learned men endeavored to explain \[\text{if not quite}\] the last century—

Aristotle being almost the first to write systematically on \textit{Natural} animals, gives them of course only popular names—Such as the hunters, fowlers, fishers & farmers of his day used. He used no scientific terms—

But he having the priority & having as it were created science & given it its laws—those popular Greek—\[\text{names & even when}\] the animal to which they were applied cannot be identified, have been in great part preserved—& make those learned far fetched & commonly unintelligible names of \textit{genera} to-day. E.g. \{'\text{Ολοθούκιον}\}'—\[\text{This is an approximation of the Greek letters in the word T. has written; T. has modified several letters in this word}\]

\&c &c His Hist of Animals has \{'\text{Ο}\}'—\[\text{Again, an approximation of the Greek letter(s) T. has written}\]

become a very storehouse of scientific nomenclature.

Dec 27th

Grows cold in the evening—so that our breaths condense & freeze on the windows & in the morning

Dec 28

They are like ground glass (covered with frost--) & we cannot see out

Sleds \textit{creek} or squeak along the dry & hard snow path—Crows come near the houses & these are among the signs of cold weather.
The open places in the river yesterday bet--

Lees Bridge and Carlisle Br--were 1st below

Nut meadow Brook--a rather shoal place--2d at

3 1/2 was there not a little open at Ash tree? Yes

Clam Shell bend, longer:--3d at Hub bath bend--556

or rather I think it was thinly frozen?

4th I think there was a short opening at Lees Bend557?

5th from my boat's pla Monroes to Merricks pasture--

Below or it may have been thinly frozen

6 below junction to Bridge558--7th NB French's Rock or just below--

Perhaps ice bet 8th & ash opening 9th W. Side Holt bend 10th N do. 11th E. side do 12

Holt Ford

was open almost

8th Barretts Bar---559 NB but slight intervals bet the last 4-- round the Holt

NB Did not observe or examine560 between this & the

Have since & added as above

shoal below the Holt--561 It was no doubt open at the

last place & perhaps more--

There was no opening between the Holt shoal562 & Carlisle

Br--for there was none on the 25th

The most solidly frozen portions are the

broad & straight reaches-- All broad bays

are frozen hard. When you come to where

the river is winding there is shallower & swifter563

water--& open places as yet.

It is remarkable that the river should

so suddenly contract at Pelham Pond. It

begins to be Musketaquid there.

\{or-ab}\ (i.e. except 4th & 7th)

The places where the river was certainly open

yesterday--were all only 5 feet or less in depth ac--

all \|\|\|\| except 8th
to my map--6 below at bends or else below the mouth

And all places not more than 5 1/4 feet deep were open--(I am doubtful

only about \|\| behind Rhodes--) except above Holtbend & perhaps

Pad I.

of a brook-- or possibly none need be excepted.564

Hence, I should say, if you wish to ascertain where

5 feet or

till \(\text{the pla}\) it is open ^ not more than half a dozen rods

below Nut meadow (It was prob some 20 the 27th)--& then
all open places will be less than feet deep.

Dec 29th 59

// A very cold morning-- about -15° at 8am--
at our door--

I went to the river immediately after sunrise

I could a little greenness in the ice--
also a little rose color from the snow--
but far less than before sun set-- Do
both these phenomena then require a gross
atmosphere--? Apparently the ice is greenest
when the sun is 20 or 30 minutes above the
horizon

From the smooth open place behind Cheney’s
a great deal of vapor was rising--to the
height of a dozen feet or more--as from
a boiling kettle. This then is a phenomenon
//of quite cold weather-- I did not notice it
yesterday Pm. These open places are a
sort of breathing holes of the river-- When
I look toward the sun--now that they are
smooth--they are hardly to be distinguished from
the ice. Just as cold weather reveals the
still greater cold of
breath of a man-- reveals the breath--(i.e
moist warm air air over) the river--

I collect this morning the little shining black
seeds of the amaranth--raised above the snow
in its solid or dense spike.

Pm to Balls Hill skating
Walked back--measuring the river & ice
This list, numbered one to eleven, contains text that appears both on the line and interlined; it is difficult to tell which lines are original and which were added later as interlined material

Letters have been modified

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unless the air is of a very low temperature. When
say
the air is ^ 4 or 5° below, the water being 32°+ 
then there is a visible evaporation. Is there the 
or some 40°
same difference ^ between the heat of the human breath 
motion in the 
and that air in which the ^ breath becomes visible 
in vapor-- {4}\[573] This has to do with the dew point.

Next what makes that\[574] water of these open places
this\[575] warm? & is it any warmer than elsewhere?

There is considerable heat reflected from a
sandy bottom--where the water is shallow--
& at these places it is always sandy & shallow
but I doubt if this actually makes the water warmer--
though it may melt the more opaque ice which

\[576\] The fact that Holt bend which is deep is late to freeze--being narrow seems to prove it to
be the swiftness of the water
absorbs it--^ The water is apparently kept warm
not reflected heat that prevents freezing.
under the ice & down next to the unfrozen

earth--& by a myriad spring from within
the bowels of the earth-- I notice that
black
in these \[the\] on the thin ^ ice lately formed
on these open places--the breath of the water
has made its way up through\[574\] & is frozen
into a myriad of rosettes which nearly
cover it surface & make it white as with snow--
You see the same on pretty thick ice. This
occurs wherever the weather is coldest in the
night or very early in the morning.

Also where these open places have lately closed
the ice for long distances over the thread of
the river will often be heaved up roof-
wise {drawing} a foot or more high &
a rod wide, ap. puffed up by the heat
of this breath beneath--

As I come home I observe much thin
as it grows colder
ice just formed ^ drifting in gauze like masses
down these open places--just as I used to see--
it coming down the open river when it began
to freeze-- In this case it is not ice which formed
last night--but which is even now forming.
The musquash make a good deal
of use of these open places-- I have seen one
4 or within 3 weeks
4 times--in 3 several places this winter ^77^ They
improve all the open waters they can get--
They occasionally have their clam shells upon the edges of them now--
This is all the water to reflect the sky now--
whether blue or amber colored or rose colored purple.
I sometimes see the musquash dive in the
midst of such a placid purple lake.

Where the channel is broad the water is
more sluggish & the ice ac. thick--or it will
answer just as well if the channel is deep--
i.e. if its capacity is the same--though it be
very narrow. The ice will be firm there too--e.g.

at Ash tree rock ^ even (though it was lately
open off the willows 8 or 10 rods above^) & even at
the deeper hole next below ^ though it is open
the opening is not where it is deep ^ but half a dozen
rods below where it is much wider.

To night I notice the rose color in the
snow--& the green in the ice at the same
time--having been looking out for them.
The clouds were very remarkable this
cold Pm almost 20 minutes before sunset

---

77 The tip of the caret occupies the same position as the period
consisting of very long & narrow white clouds
converging in the horizon (melon rind wise)
both in the west & east-- They looked
like the skeletons or back bones of celestial
sloths--being pointed\footnote{The initial letters of this word have been modified} at each end--
or even like porcupine quills--or ivory
darts sharp at each end--so long &
slender but pronounced--with a manifest
back bone & marrow. It looked as if
invisible giants were darting them from
all parts of the sky at the setting sun.
These were long darts indeed-- Well under
neath was an almost invisible rippled
vapor whose grain was exactly at
right angles with the former--all over
the sky--yet it was so delicate that it
did not prevent your seeing the former at all.
Its filmy arrows all pointed \footnote{Stray ink strokes?} \footnote{Words are possibly underlined or canceled; an ink blot obscures most of the second word} \footnote{\textit{athwart}} the others.

I know that in fact those slender white
cloud sloths were nearly parallel--across
the sky--but how much handsomer are the
\footnote{\textit{\{\}}} clouds--because the sky is made to appear
concave to us-- How much more beautiful
an arrangement of the clouds--than parallel
lines--

At length those white arrows and bows slender
ward & sharp as they were gathering to a point in
the W. horizon looked like flames even--forked
& darting flames \footnote{\textit{of ivory}} white--
low & ^ in the west there was a piece of rain bow "581
but little larger than it was broad.

Taking the river on Concord in its present con-
dition, it is, with only one exception, only the shallowest
places that are open--

Suppose there were a dozen places open a few days ago
--if it has grown much colder since--the deepest of
them will be frozen over--& the shallowest place in
all in Concord is the latest of all to freeze e.g.
at the Junction.

{So} --If you get into the river at this season, it is most likely
to be at the shallowest places--they being either open
or most thinly frozen over-- That is one consolation
for you.

(and the depth is one side from the opening)
The exception is on the W side of the Holt ^ but that
is on account of the narrowness of the river there--
indeed the whole of Holt bend is slow to freeze over
on account of the great narrowness & consequent
swiftness of the stream there--but the 2 narrowest
points of it are among the first to freeze over, because
they are much the deepest--the rush of waters being either
below or above them, where it is ^ shallower, though
broader--

To be safe a river should be straight & deep--
or of nearly uniform depth.

I do not remember any particular swiftness
in the current above the RR. ash tree--where there
is still an opening (seen Dec583 30th) & it may be owing to
the very copious springs in the ^ bank for 20 rds.
There is not elsewhere so high & (1) long a high & springy
bank bounding immediately on the river in the town.
To be sure it is not deep.

581 Possibly "bow"
582 Written in a very small script on a downward angle between "is" and
"shallower"
583 Written over "the"
Dec 30th

I awake to find it snowing fast--

but it slackens in a few hours. Perhaps

//7 or 8 inches have fallen--the deepest snow

yet--& almost quite level. At first

the flakes (this am\textsuperscript{584}) were \textit{much} of middling

size--at noon, when it was leaving off,

they were of a different character-- I observed them

on my sleeve--little slender spiculae about

1/10 of an inch long--little dry splinters

sometimes 2 forking united at one end, or 2 or

3 lying across one another--quite dry & fine

& so it concluded.

\textit{Pm} Going\textsuperscript{585} by Dodds--I see a

shrike perched on the tip top of the Topmost

upright twig of an English cherry tree before

his house-- Standing square on the topmost

bud--balancing\textsuperscript{586} himself by a slight motion

of his tail from time to time. I have noticed

this habit of the bird before-- You would suppose

it inconvenient for so large a bird to main\textsuperscript{%-}%

tain its footing there-- Scared by my passing in

the road--it flew off & I thought I would

see if it alighted in a similar place--

\textit{higher}

It flew toward a young elm, whose ^ twigs

were much more slender though not quite

so upright, as those of the cherry, & I

thought he might be excused if he alighted

on the side of one--but no, to my surprise

he alighted without any trouble upon the

\textsuperscript{584}Possibly "Am"

\textsuperscript{585}Possibly "going" modified

\textsuperscript{586}An ink mark like the tall stem of a letter appears to be canceled above the second "n" in "balancing"
very top of one of the highest of all -- & looked
around as before.

I spoke to the barber today about that whirl of
hair on the occiputs of most (if not all) mens'.

He said it was called the crown -- &
was of a spiral form, a beginning spiral, when
cut short. That some had 2 one on the right
the other on the left close together -- I said that
they were in a sense double headed. He said that
it was an old saying that such were
bred under 2 crowns.

I noticed the other day that even the golden
crested wren was one of the winter birds which have
a black head -- (in this case divided by yellow.)

Those who depend on sky-lights -- found their's but
a dim religious light -- this Am & hitherto, owing
to the thickness of snow resting on them. Also cellar
windows are covered & cellars are accordingly darkened.

What a different phenomenon a musquash now
from what it is in summer -- Now if one floats,
or swims, its whole back out -- or crawls out upon
the ice at one of those narrow oval water spaces
some 20 rods long
in the river -- ^ (in calm weather smooth mirrors)
in a broad frame of white ice or yet whiter snow --
it is seen at once as conspicuous (or more so)
as a fly on a window pane, or a mirror -- But in
summer how many hundreds crawl along the
weedy shore or plunge in the long river unsuspected
by the boatman!

Apostrophe may be a stray mark
Overwritten letters are obscured.
Even if the musquash is not there—I often see
the open clam shell on the edge of the ice—
perfectly distinct a long way off—and he is betrayed.
However, the 589 edges of these silver 590 lakes
(winter lakes—late freezers—swift waters—musquash 591
mirrors—breathing holes—) today—after
the mornings’ snow, are by the water
flowing back over the thin edges & staining
the snow, a distinct yellow (brown yellow)
tinge for a rod or 2 on every side—This
shows what & how much coloring mater 592 there
is in the river water. I doubt if it would be
so at walden. No doubt, however, we have
got the impurer parts of the river—the scum
as it were, repeatedly washed over at these places.

Dec 31 593
Therm. at 7 -7 3/4 Am = 1°—yet even more
vapor is rising from the open water below my
boats place than on the 29th when it was
15°—The wind is SWerly i.e. consid. S of W
This shows that fog over the water is a phenomenon
of the morning chiefly—as well in winter as in summer—
You will see a fog over the water in a winter morning
though the temperature may be considerably higher
than at midday when no fog is seen.

There has evidently been a slight fog generally
in the night & the trees are white with it.
The crystals are directed SWerly or toward
the wind. I think that these crystals are
particularly large & numerous & the trees (willows)
particularly white), next to the open water

589 poss. written over text
590 It looks like T started to write the word “winter” and then wrote the word “silver” over it.
591 mark at end of line repeated on every page—prob. part of photo operation
592 Could T mean “matter” or “material” here?
593 Bleedthrough from the “Am” of p. 215 line 16 before & stray mark after “31”
594 Possibly “on”? Perhaps T wrote the “o” over the “I”.
595 Or “those”? 
Is this fog in the night occasioned by the cold earth condensing the moisture which a warmer wind has brought to us?

A 10 Am thermometer 18°+ I see no. vapor from the water-- Crows yesterday flitted silently, if not ominously over the street--just after the snow had fallen --as if men being further within--were just as far off as usual. This is a phenomenon of both cold weather & snowy. You hear nothing, you merely see these black apparitions, though they come near enough to look down your chimney & [scent] the boiling pot--%Leightons% pass between the house & barn. Just now moved a white oak--%^%some 5 inch in diameter--with a frozen mass of earth some 5 or 5 1/2 feet in diameter & 2+ thick-- It was dug round--before the frost a trench about a foot wide & filled with stalks &--& now pried up with levers till on a level with the ground, then dragged off. It would not have cost half so much--if a sloping path had been dug to it on one side so that the drag could have been placed under it in the hole & another dig at the hole it was removed to--unless the last were planked over & it was dragged on to it.

They were taming ice before sunrise (from Sam Barretts Pond) in the morning of the 29th--when the therm. was 16 or 20°-- Cold work you would say--yet some say it...
is colder in thawing weather—if you have
to touch the ice—
Pm to the sweet Gale meadow or swamp—
up Assabet—
I notice that 1 or more of the terminal leaflets
remain on the branches of the flowering
fern commonly.

See where prob. a shrike (Do I ever see
a small hawk in winter?) has torn a small
bird in pieces & its slate\(^{603}\) colored down & its
feathers have been blown far & wide over
the snow—
There is a great deal of hemlock scales scattered
over the recent snow (& the hemlocks)
evidently by birds on the trees—\& the wind has
blown them SE. Scales—seeds—\& cones—\& I
see the tracks of small birds that have
ap. picked the seeds from the snow also.
It may have been done by Goldfinches—
I see {ha} tree sparrow hopping close by—\& per-
haps they eat them on the snow. Some of the
seeds have blown at least 15 rds. SE.
\%V back Nov 11 & Oct 23%
// So the hemlock seed is important to some
% forward Jan. 5\(^{604}\){—}8—20—{2—4—7 —9}%
birds in the winter.
// All the sound\(^{605}\) witch hazel nuts that I examine
are empty—
How vain to try to teach youth or anybody
truths. They can only learn these\(^{605}\) after their
own fashion & when they get ready.
I do not mean by this to condemn our
system of education—\& to show what it

\(^{603}\)“s” written over another letter
\(^{604}\)“5” written over “4”
\(^{605}\)Or round?
\(^{606}\)Or “them”? Written over.
There may be one or 2 in each hundred ^ approaches the subject from a similar point of view to his teachers--but as far as the rest, & the most promising, it is like agricultural chemistry for many Indians. They get a valuable drilling it may be--but they do not learn what you profess to teach--They at most only learn where the arsenal is, in case they should ever want to use any of its weapons

The young men, being young, necessarily listen to the lecturer on History--just as they do to the singing of a bird. They expect to be affected by something he may say--It is a kind of poetic pabulum & imagery that they get. Nothing comes quite amiss to their mill.

I think it will be found that he who speaks with most authority on a given subject is not ignorant of what has been said by his predecessors. He will take his place in a regular knowledge order--and substantially add his own ^ to the knowledge of previous generations.

The oblong conical ^ flower buds or catkins of the sweet gale--half dozen at the end of each oblong black twig--dark red ^ conical spotted with black--& about 1/2 inch long--are among the most interesting buds of the winter. The leaf buds are compara-

tively minute.
The white edges of their scales & their regular red & black--colors make the imbrication of the bud very distinct.

The sterile & fertile flowers are not only on distinct plants--but they commonly grow in distinct patches--some times I detect this one only for a quarter of a mile & then the other begins to prevail--or both may be wet found together. It grows along the ^ edge of banks of the river--& in open swamps--

The mulleins are full of minute brown seeds--which and look black there of larger brown seeds which rattle out in the same manner

One of the 2 large docks--perhaps obtusifolius--commonly holds its seeds now--but they are very ready to fall. (mainly are seeded--v. 3 ribbed goldenrod meadow)

There appears to be not much ^ seed left on the common or gray goldenrod--its(--)down being mostly gone--& the seed is attached to that--

Potentilla norvegica(--)appears to have some sound seed in its closed heads--

The ^ gray flattish heads of the calamint are quite full of minute dark brown seed.

The conical heads of the cone flower also are full of long oblong blackish seeds--

Both the last drop their seed on being inverted and & shaken.

I see also the Yel lilly (L. Canadense) pods with its 3 now gray divisions spreading open like the petals of a flower--& more than half the great red flattish triangularish or semicircularish seeds gone. The pod boys throw with a humming sound.

---

^Appears to have been written over "is", producing a stray mark, like an apostrophe, above and to the right.
^extra marks in word
^line through "with", stray mark?
^"c" not crossed
^"throw" written over "through"
Even the side saddle flower--where it shows its head above the snow--now gray and leathery--dry--is covered here with its cap--with pretty large close-set light brown seeds.

I see one or more sedges with seed {yet}--one ap.

the C. debilis if it is not flavas?

A man may be old and infirm--what then are the thoughts he thinks--what the life he lives! They & it are like himself--infirm. But a man may be young--athletic--active--beautiful--Then too his thoughts will be like his person--They will wander in a living & beautiful world. If you are well, then how brave you are! How you {hale}! You are conversant with joy. A man thinks as well through his legs & arms as his brain--We exaggerate the importance & exclusiveness of the headquarters {Do} suppose they were a race of consumptives & dyspeptics who invented Grecian mythology & poetry. The poets words are "you would almost say the body thoughts" I quite say it. I think we have a good body of them. %{(Sentrys in the grass)\--musquash--hawk & quail\} (the) small-hawks (are) about. %

Jan 2d 1860

8 Am 15"-- Take the whole day--this is prob. the coldest thus far-- The past Dec. has been remarkable for {stark} cold or coldness & sleighing.

\textsuperscript{416}extra mark, as if corrected to "?"

\textsuperscript{417}poss "world--"

\textsuperscript{418}Added at the end of the line, continued interlined

\textsuperscript{419}There is a large (approx. 1") blank spot here.
Pm to Baker’s Bridge via Walden--

As we passed the Alms house brook--this pleasant winter--Pm--at 2 1/2 Pm (perhaps 20°+ for it was 10° when I got home at 4 3/4)

I saw vapor curling along over the open part by the roadside.

The most we saw on the pond and after-- was a peculiar track--amid the man & dog tracks--which we took to be a fox track--for he trailed his feet leaving a mark--in a peculiar manner--& showed his wildness by his turning off the road.

Saw 4 snow buntings by the RR causeway just his side the cut--quite tame. They arose & alighted on the rail fence as we went by--very stout for their length. Look very pretty when they fly & reveal the clear white space on their wings next the body--white between the blacks-- They were busily eating the seed of the piper grass on the embankment then & it was strewn over the snow by them like oats in a stable. Melvin speaks of seeing flocks of them on the river meadows in the fall--when they are of a different color.

Melvin thinks that the musquash eat more clams now than ever--& that they leave the shells in heap under the ice.

---

6° written over “5”
621Stray marks?
622extra letters
poss spelled “whcih”
poss “cut, ”
624written over text
625There is a large blank spot within the line here.
627“flocks” written over almost completed “them”
As the river falls it leaves them space enough
under the ice along the meadows edge--
I think he is right
& bushes--^ He speaks of the mark of their
tail, which is dragged behind them, in the
snow--as if made by a case-knife.

He does not remember that he ever sees
the small hawk, ^ pigeon hawk here in winter--

He shot a large hawk the other day
when after quails--had just shot a quail--
when he heard another utter a peculiar
note which indicated that it was pursued--
& saw it dodge into a wall--when the hawk
alighted on an apple tree.

Quails are very rare here--but where they
are is found the hunter--& also the still
^ of them whether--he be man or hawk.

When a locomotive came in just before
the sun{-}set--I saw a small cloud blown
away from it which was a very rare but
distinct violet purple.

I hear that one clearing out a well lately,
perhaps in Connecticut, from 170 or odd frogs
& some snakes in it.

Jan 4th

Pm to 2d stone bridge & down river--
It is frozen directly under the stone bridge--but
a few feet below the bridge it is open for 4 rds
& again over that exceedingly deep hole--
& again at that very swift & Reckless narrow
place some dozen rods lower-- These are
the only places open between this bridge
& the mouth of the Assabet except
here and then a crack of space a foot
wide at the springy bank just below
the poke-logan.

It is remarkable that the deepest place
in either of the rivers that I have sounded
should be open, simply on account of the
great agitation of the water there. This proves
that it is the swiftness & not warmth that
make the shallow places to be open longest.

In Hosmer's P. pine wood just N of the
bridge--I find myself on the track of a fox--
as I take it--that has run about a great
deal--next I come to the tracks of rabbits
--see where they have travelled back & forth
making a well trodden path in the snow--
soon after I see where one has been killed
and apparently devoured-- There are to be seen
only the tracks of what I take to be the fox. The
snow is much trampled--or rather flattened
by the body of rabbit. It is somewhat
bloody & is covered with flocks of slate-
colored & brown fur--but only the rabbit's
tail, a little ball of fur 1 1/2 inches
long & about as wide, white beneath--
& the contents of its paunch or ^ entrails
are left--nothing more.

Half a dozen rods further I see
where the rabbit has been dropped on

628"N" poss written over "n"
629Looks like Thoreau wrote "is" first and then wrote "are" over it.
the snow again--& some fur is left--and there
are the tracks of the fox to the spot & about it.

    There or within a rod or 2--I notice a consider-
able furrow in the snow--3 or 4 inches wide &
some 2 rods long--as if one had drawn a
stick along--but there is no other mark or
track whatever--so I conclude, that a partridge
perhaps scared by the fox, had dashed swiftly
along so low as to plow the snow--

    But 2 or 3 rds further on one side--
I see more sign--& lo there is the remainder
of the rabbit--the whole indeed (but the tail
& the inward or soft parts)--all frozen stiff,
but here there is no distinct track of any creature
only a few scratches & marks where some
great bird of prey--a hawk or owl has
on each side
struck the snow with its primaries--& one
or 2 holes where it has stood-- Now
I understand how that long furrow was
made--the bird with the rabbit in its talons
flying low then--& now I remember this--
(at) the first bloody spot I saw some of
these quill marks--& therefore it is certain
that the bird had it there--& first he killed
it--& he perhaps disturbed by the fox--carried
it to the 2d place--& it is certain that
he (prob. disturbed by the fox again) carried
it to the last place making a furrow on
the way.

---The parentheses are inserted over text
---T spelled "scrtaches"
---poss "that" with no dashes
If it had not been for the snow on the ground—I probably should not have noticed—any signs that a rabbit had been killed. Or if I had chanced to see the scattered fur—I should not have known what creature did it, or how recently—but now it is partly certain partly probable (or supposing that the bird could not have taken it from the fox it is almost all certain) that an owl or hawk killed a rabbit here last night (the fox tracks are so fresh) & when eating it on the snow was disturbed by a fox—& so flew off with it half a dozen rods—but being disturbed again by the fox—it flew with it again about as much further, trailing in the snow it ^ for a couple of rods as it flew—& there it finished its meal without being approached. A fox would probably have torn & eaten some of the skin.

When I turned off the road my expectation was to see some tracks of wild animals in the snow—but before going a dozen rods I crossed the track of what I had no doubt was a fox—made apparently the last night— which had travelled extensively in this pitch pine wood, searching for game.

Then I came to rabbit tracks—& saw where these had travelled back & forth in the snow in the woods making a perfectly trodden

---

\(^{633}\)The comma is written more underneath the "or" than directly after the "it".

\(^{634}\)extra space

\(^{635}\)written over text (prob. "it")
path--& within a rod of that--was a
hollow in the snow a foot & a half across
where a rabbit had been killed. There\(^{636}\)
{were} many tracks of the fox about that
place & I had no doubt \textit{then} that he
had killed that rabbit--\textit{(thought)} & I
supposed that some scratches which I saw
might have been made by his frisking some
part of the rabbit back and forth--shaking
it in his mouth. I thought, perhaps he has
carried off to this young--or buried the
rest.

But as it turned out, though the circumstantial
evidence against the fox was very strong I
was mistaken--I had made him to kill \(\textit{...}\)
the rabbit--\& shake & tear the carcass--\&
eat it all up but the tail (almost) but
it seems that he didn’t do it at\(^{637}\)--\& apparently
never got a mouthful of the rabbit.

Something surely must have disturbed the
bird--else why did it \textit{2ce} fly along with the
heavy carcass?

The tracks of the bird at the last place\(^{638}\) were
2 little round holes side by side--the
dry snow have fallen in & concealed the
track of its feet.

It was most likely an owl--because it was
most likely that the fox would be abroad by
night.

\(^{636}\)Written over another illegible word.
\(^{637}\)Seems that Thoreau leaves out the word “all” here.
\(^{638}\)Some bleeding above the “pl” here.
The sweet gale has open leaves on it yet in some places—partly concealing the pretty catkins.

Again see what the snow reveals—Opposite Dodge’s brook. I see on the snow & ice some fragments of frozen thawed apples under an oak. How came they there?

There are apple trees 30 rds off by the road. under the oak
On the snow ^ I see 2 or 3 tracks of a
crow—and the dropping of several—that were perched on the tree—and here and there is a perfectly round hole in the snow under the tree—I put down my hand from beneath the snow & draw up an apple of each.^ (There are no tracks of squirrels about the oak.)

Crows carried these frozen thawed apples from the apple trees to the oak—and there ate them—what they did not let fall in to the snow or on the ice.

See that long meandering track where a deer mouse hopped over the soft snow—last night—scarcely making any impression. What if you could witness with owl’s eyes the revelry of the wood mice some night—frisking about the wood like so many little kangaroos.

Here is palpable evidence that the woods are nightly thronged with little creatures—which most have never—

---

The capital “D” is written over a small “d.”
written over “is”
seen--such populousness as commonly only the imagination dreams of.

The circumstantial evidence against that fox was very strong--for the deed was done since the snow fell & I saw no other tracks but his at the first places--any jury would have convicted him--& he would have been hung, if he could have been caught.

Jan 5th 60

Pm--via Turnpike to Smith’s & back by Great Road--

How much the snow reveals! I see where lately the downy woodpecker has worked--by the chips of bark & rotten wood scattered over the snow--though I rarely see him in the winter--Once today--however I hear his sharp voice--even like a woodchuck’s.

Also I have occasionally seen where (prob.) (the go) flock of goldfinches in the morning had settled on a hemlock top--by the snow strewn with scales--literally blackened or darkened with them for a rod.

And now about the hill in front of Smith’s I see where the quails have run along the roadside--I can count the number of the bevy better than if I saw them.

Are they not peculiar in this as compared with partridges—that they run in company--while up this season I see but or 2 partridges together!

641 written over “I”
642 Looks like the “6” is written over a “5.”
643 poss stray mark at end of line
644 poss “to-day”
645 poss "this--as" or "this, as" or stray mark between words
646 The “1” is obviously missing from this phrase.
A man receives only what he is ready
to receive—whether physically—or intellectually—or morally—as animals conceive at certain
seasons their kind only.

We hear & apprehend only what we already
half know—If there is something which
does not concern me—which is out of
my line—which by experience or by genius
my attention is not drawn to—however
novel & remarkable it may be—if it
is spoken, we hear it not—if it is
written we read it not—or if we read
it—it does not detain us.

Every man thus tracks himself, through
life—in all his hearing & reading & observation
& travelling. His observations make a
chain—The phenomenon or fact that can—
not in any wise be linked—with the rest which
he has observed, he does not observe.

By & by we may be ready to receive what
we cannot receive now.

I find (e.g.) in Aristotle something about the
spawning &c of the pout & perch—because I
know something about it already & have
my attention aroused—but I do not
discover till very late that he has made
equally
other ^ important observations on the
spawning of other fishes, because I
am not interested in those fishes.

---

47 second "t" not crossed
48 "im" inserted
I see the dead stems of the water horehound--just rising above the snow & curving out of the Assabet ward over the bank, near the stone breaks--with its brown clusters of dry seeds--every inch or 2--look somewhat like ground coffee
These stripped off or rubbed between the fingers are agreeably aromatic--They have the fragrance of lemonpeel.

Jan 7th 60
A Thaw begins--with a Southerly wind
From having been about 20°+ at midday
It is now (the thermometer) some 35°+ quite early--and at 2 Pm 45°+
At once the snow which was dry & crumbling is softened all over the country--not only in the streets, but in the remotest & slightest sled tracks, where the farmer is hawking his wood--not only in yards but in every woodland hollow & on every hill. There is a softening in the air & a softening underfoot--the softness of the air is something tangible almost gross--
Some are making haste to get their wood home before the snow goes--sledding--ie sliding it home rapidly.
Now if you take up a handful, it holds together & is readily fashioned & compressed into a ball--so that an endless supply of one kind of missal is at hand--
I find myself drawn toward this softened snow--even that which is stained with dung in the

---

649dash inserted above, poss to make it "lemon-peel"
650poss "to gether"
road--as to a friend-- I see where some
crow has pecked at the now thawing dung--
here. How provident is nature who permits
a few kernels of grain to pass undigested
through the entrails of the ox, for the
food of the crow--& dove &c.!

As soon as I reach the neighborhood
of the woods I begin to see the snow-fleas
--more than a dozen rds from woods, amid
a little goldenrod &c--where methinks
they must have come up through the snow--
Last night there was not one to be seen--

The frozen apples are thawed again--
you hear (in the house)\(^651\) the unusual sound
of the eaves running.

\%(these were g. finches\%
// Saw a large flock of goldfinches\(^--\)running &
feeding amid the weeds in a pasture--just like
tree sparrows-- Then flitted to birch trees, whose
seeds probably they eat. Heard their twitter
& mew. \%(\(\_\_) so it is possible that they also eat hemlock seed\%

Nature so fills the soil with seeds--that
I notice where travellers have turned off
the road & made a new track for
several rods--the intermediate narrow
space is soon clothed with a little grove
which just fills it.

See, at White pond--where squirrels
have been feeding on the fruit of a pignut and hick-
// ory--which was quite full of nuts--\(4\) still
has many on it. The snow for a great space

\(^651:\) check original manuscript, is end para in pencil or ink?
is covered with the outer shells &c & especially
close to the base of this & the neighboring trees of
of other species, where there is a little bare ground--
There is a very large collection652 of the shells, most
of which have been gnawed quite in 2.

The White p. cones show still as much as ever--hanging sickle-wise about the tops of the trees.

I saw yesterday the track of a fox--& in the course of it a place where he had
ap. pawed to the ground 8 or 10 inches--and mouse--probably rejected by him--a little further
was a similar hole with some fur in it. Did he smell the dead ^ mouse beneath & paw to it--
or rather catching it on the surface--make that hollow in his efforts to eat it? It would be re-
markable if a fox could smell & catch a mouse passing under the snow beneath him! You would say that he need not make such a hole in order to eat the mouse.

Jan 8th

Began to rain last evening--& rained some in the night--

To day at653 is very warm & pleasant

2 Pm walk to Walden

Thermometer 48+ at 2 pm--

We are suddenly surrounded by a warm air from suddenly some other part of the

---

652written over text
653Should be “it”.
Yesterday morning we walked on dry &
squeaking snow--but before night without
any rain, merely by the influence of
that warm air which had migrated
to us--softening & melting the snow--
we began to {slump} in it.

Now--since the rain of last night--
the softest portions of the snow are dis-
solved in the street--revealing and
leaving the filth456 which has accumulated
there upon the firmer foundation--
& we walk with open coats charmed
with the trickling of ephemeral rills.

After December all weather that
is not wintry, is spring-like.
feelings &
How changed are our ^ thoughts by this
more genial sky!

When I get to the RR--I listen from time to
time to hear some sound out of the distance
which will express this mood of nature.
The cock & the hen--that pheasant which
we have domesticated--are perhaps the
most sensitive to atmospheric changes
of any domestic animals-- You cannot
listen a moment such a day as this
but you will hear, from far or near,
the clarion of the cock--celebrating

T spells this "fith"
this new season—yielding to the influence
of the south wind—or the drawling
note of the hen dreaming of eggs that
are to be—These are the sounds that
fill the air—& no hum of insects. They
are affected like voyagers on approaching
the land. We discover a New World, every
time that we see the earth again—after
it has been covered for a season with snow—
I see the jay & hear his scream oftener—
for the thaw.

Walden which was covered with snow, is now
covered with shallow puddles & slush—of
a pale glaucous slate color—The slushy
edges of the puddles—are the frames
of so many wave shaped mirrors in
which the leather colored oak leaves,
& the dark green pines and their stems, on the
hill side, are reflected.

We see no fresh tracks. The old tracks of
the rabbit—now after the thaw are shaped
exactly like a horse shoe, an unbroken curve.
Those of the fox which has run along the side of the pond, are now so
many white snow balls—raised as much
above the level of the water-darkened snow
—as at first they sank beneath it. The
snow having been compressed by their weight,
resists the melting longer. Indeed I see

---

A stroke here is struck out.
far across the pond, half a mile distant,
what looks like a perfectly straight
fence or other
row of white stepping stones--some ^ work
of art--stretching 20 rods along the bare
shore. There are a man's tracks, perhaps
my own, along the pond side there, ---
looking not only larger than reality, but
more elevated owing to the looming--&
are referred the dark background
against which they are seen. When I know
that they are on the ice, they look like
white stepping stones

I hear the gold-finch notes (they may be
linarias) & see a few on the top of
a small black birch by the pond shore--
of course eating the seed. Thus they distinguish
its fruit from afar. When I heard their
note, I looked to find them on a birch,
& lo it was a black-birch. %were they not linarias%
%(v. Jan 24-7-9.)%

We have a fine moonlight eve-
ing after--and as by day I had no-
ticed that the sunlight reflected from
this moist snow had more glitter &
dazzle to it, than when the snow was
dry--so now I am struck by the
brighter sheen from the snow in the moon-
light. All the impurities in the road
are lost sight of--& the melting snow
shines like frost work.
When returning from Walden at sunset

the only cloud we saw was a small purplish

one--exactly conforming to the outline of Wachu--

sett which it concealed--as if on that

mt only the universal moisture was at that

moment condensed.

The commonest difference between a public

speaker who has not enjoyed the advantage of

the highest education in the popular sense--

and one who has

at school & college"--is that the former

will pronounce a few words, and use a

few more, in a manner in which the scholar(s)

have agreed not to--& the latter will occasionally

quote a few Latin & even Greek words with

more confidence--& if the subject is the deri-

vation of words will maintain a wise silence.

Jan 9th 60

Another fine warm day--48° at 2 pm

Pm to Walden--

I call that ice marbled--when shallow

puddles of melted snow & rain with perhaps

some slush on them, resting on old ice--

are frozen showing a slightly internal

marbling, or alternation of light and dark

spots or streaks

I see on a slender oak (not white O.)

overhanging the pond--2 knots which, though

near, I at first mistook for vireo nests.
One was in a fork too--both were just the right size & color if not form--
Then too the nests may be concealed to some eyes.
I am interested by a clump of "Canoe birches
on the hill side shore of the pond. There is an interesting variety in the colors of their bark--passing from bronze at the earth--through ruddy & copper colors to white higher up--with shreds of different color from that beneath--peeling off.
Going close to them, I find that at first, or till 10 feet high--they are a dark bronze brown--a wholly different looking shrub from what they afterward become--with some ruddy tinges & of course regular white specks--but when they get to be about 2 inches in diameter the outermost cuticle bursts up and down the tree on the south side, peels off each way--under the influence prob. of heat the sun & rain & wind & perhaps aided sometimes by birds-- It is as if the tree unbuttoned a thin waistcoat & suffered it to blow aside revealing its bosom--or inner garment, which is a more ruddy brown--or sometimes greenish--or coppery and then one cuticle peels off after another--till it is a ruddy white--as if you saw to a red ground through a whitewash & at length it is snow white--about 5 or 6 feet from the ground--for it is first

"O" written over "Th"
stray mark?
poss "white wash"
white there, while the top ^ is still ^ brown

It may be then half a dozen years old
before it assumes the white toga--which is
its distinctive dress.

After the sun thaw our thoughts
cease to refer to autumn--& we look forward
to spring.

I hear that R. Merriam--a rich old
farmer--who lives in a large house with a
male-housekeeper & no other family--gets
up at 3 or 4 o'clock--these winter mornings
& milks 17 cows regularly. When asked why
he works so hard--he answers that the poor
are obliged to work hard. Only think what
a creature of fate he is--this old Jotun--
milking his 17 cows though the thermometer
goes down to 25°--& not knowing why he does it.--
--draining 68 cows' teats in the dark of
the coldest morning. Think how helpless--
a rich man who can only do as he has done--
& as his neighbors do, one or all of them. What
an account he will have to give of himself--!

He spent some time in a world--alternately
winter
cold & warm. And ^ every morning--with lantern
in hand--when the frost goblins were playing
their tricks he resolutely accomplished his
task--& milked his 17 cows--while the
man-house keeper prepared his breakfast!

If this were original with him, he would

---

668 according to 1906 edition
669 inserted
670 written over "We"?
671 smudge over "warm"?
672 partly obscured by blotch
be a hero to be celebrated in history. Think
how tenaciously every man does his deed--of
some kind or other--though it be idleness!

He is rich--dependant on nobody--& nobody is
dependent--on him--has as good health as the
average at least--can do as he pleases, as
we say--yet he gravely rises every morning by candle-
light dons his cow hide boots & his frock--
takes his lantern & wends to the barn & milks his
17 cows--milking with one hand while he
warms the other against the cow or his person.
This is but the beginning of his day--& his {augean}
stable-work. So serious is the life he lives.

Jan 12 1860

The very slight rain of yesterday pm
turned to snow in the night & this morning
considerable has fallen & is still falling
at noon it clears up--7 or 8 in
// 8 inches deep
I go forth to walk on the Hill at
3 Pm therm. about 30+
It is a very beautiful & spotless snow now--
it having just ceased falling-- You are
struck by its peculiar tracklessness, as if it
were a thick white blanket just spread.
As it were, each snowflake lies as it first
fell--or there is a regular gradation for
the denser bottom up to the surface--which
is perfectly light & as it were fringed with the
last flakes that fell. This was a
star snow-day but the stars of considerable size-- It lies up light as down. When I look closely it seems to be chiefly composed of crystals in which the six rays \^ are more or less perfect--with a cottony powder intermidx. It is not yet in the least melted by the sun. The sun is out very bright & pretty warm--and going from\footnote{blotch above "from"} the sun I see a myriad sparkling points scattered over its surface--little mirror-like facets--which on examination I find to be one of those star wheels--(more or less entire)\footnote{or "mica--" or "changing--" or "leafets"}--from $1/8$ to $1/4$ of an inch in diam--which has fallen in the proper position--reflecting an \footnote{dot/stray mark above word} intensely bright little sun--as if it were a thin & uninterrupted scale of mica.\footnote{Such is the glitter or sparkle on the surface of such a snow freshly fallen when the sun comes out and you walk from it--the points of light constantly changing.} I suspect that there are good evidences of the freshness of the snow-- The sun & wind have not yet destroyed these delicate reflections. The aspect of the pines now, with their plumes & boughs bent under their burden of snow--is what I call \textit{glyphic--like} lumpish\footnote{forms of sculpture--a certain dumb sculpture.} forms of sculpture--a certain dumb sculpture.

There is a wonderful stillness in the air--so that you hear the least fall of
snow from a bough near you—suggesting
that perhaps it was of late equally still in
what you called the snow storm—except for
the motion of the falling flakes—and their rustling

on the dry leaves &c.

Looking from the hill top, the pine
woods half a mile or a mile distant
N & NW—Their sides & brows esp—snowed
up like the points of houses—look—
or greyish white
like great gray ^ lichens—cetrarias
maybe—attached to the sides of the hills—

Those oak woods where leaves have fallen
have caught the snow chiefly on their lower
more
& ^ horizontal branches—& these look some—
what like ramalina lichens

As I stand by the hemlocks I am
greeted by the birds & unusually prolonged

tche de de de de de of a little flock
of chicadees. The snow has ceased falling—
the sun comes out—& it is warm & still
little birds that perchance were born in their midst
and this little flock of chicadees ^ feeling
the influences of this genial season,

have begun to flit amid the snow-covered
fans of the hemlocks, jarring down the
there are hardly bare twigs enough for them to rest on
snow—as they plume themselves in some
snug recess on the sunny side of the tree—
only pausing to utter their Tche

The locust pods—which were abundant

// --are still, part of them, unopened on the trees.

T seems to go back and forth with his pen here to double underline the word
writing in pencil in the left margin, illegible
blotch after "prolonged"
"tche"
I notice as I am returning half an hour be-
fore sunset--the therm. about 24º+ much
vapor rising from the thin ice which has formed
over the snow & water today--by the river side.
Here then I actually see the vapor rising through
the ice.

Jan 13th '60

Tuttle was saying today that he did
remember a certain man's living with him
once--from something that occurred-- It was
this. The man was about starting for Boston
market for Tuttle--& Mrs. Tuttle had been
telling him what to get for her-- The man in-
quired if that was all--& Mrs. Tuttle said
no--she wanted some nutmegs. How
many he asked--Tuttle coming along just
then said get a bushel. When the man
came home he said that he had had a
good deal of trouble about the nutmegs.
He could not find so many as were wanted
--& besides they told him that they did
not sell them by the bushel-- But he
said that he would take a bushel by the
weight-- Finally he made out to get
a peck of them which he brought
home. It chanced that nutmegs
were very high just then--so Tuttle after
selecting a few for his own use--brought
the remainder up to town & succeeded in dis--
posing of them at the stores for just what he gave for them.

One man at the P.O. said that a crow would drive a fox. He had seen 3 crows pursue a fox that was crossing the great meadows, & he fairly ran from & took refuge in the woods.

Farmer says that he remembers his father’s saying that as he stood in a field once he saw a hawk soaring above & eyeing something on the ground. Looking round he saw a weasel there eyeing the hawk. Just then the hawk stooped & the weasel at the same instant sprang upon him--& up went the hawk with the weasel--but by & by the hawk began to come down as fast as he went up--rolling over & over--till he struck the ground. His father going up raised him up, when out hopped the weasel from under his wing & ran off none the worse for his fall.

The surface of the snow, now that the sun has shone on it so long--is not so light & downy, almost impalpable, as it was yesterday--but is somewhat even flattened down & looks as if had had a skim coat--of some white wash I can see sparkles on it, but they

---

T seems to spell it “eying”

L” written over “l”

T most likely means “it had” here

According to OED online: “thin finishing coat of plaster” <http://dictionary.oed.com/cgi/entry/50226413/50226413se7?single=1&query_type=word&queryword=skim+coat&first=1&max_to_show=10&hilit=50226413se7>

correction? one word over another?
are finer than at first--& therefore less
dazzling.

The thin ice of the mill brook sides at
the turnpike grain bridge is sprinkled over
with large crystals--which look like {asbestos}
or a coarse grain-- This is no doubt the
vapor of last evening crystalized.2

I see vapor rising from & curling along
the open brook--& also rising from
the end of a plank in the sun, which is
wet with melted snow--though the
term, was 16º+ only when I left the house.

I see in low grounds numerous
heads of bidens, with their seeds still

I see under some sizable white
pines in E. Hubbards wood, where red
squirrels have run about much since this
snow-- They have run chiefly perhaps
under the surface of the snow--so that
it is very much undermined by their paths
under these trees--& every now & then
they have come to the surface--or the surface
has fallen in to their gallery. They seem
to burrow under the snow about as readily
as a meadowmouse. There are also
paths raying out on every side from the
base of the trees-- And you see many
holes through the snow into the ground
where they now are--& other holes where
they have probed for nuts & cones.
The seeds of the white pine cones are scattered about here & there-- They seek a dry place to open then--a fallen limb that rises above the snow--or often a lower dead stub projecting from the trunk of the tree.

Jan 14th 60

About an inch more snow fell this morning. An average snow-storm is from 6 to 8 inches deep on a level.

The snow having ceased falling this forenoon I go to Holden wood, Conantum, to look for tracks. It is too soon I see none at all but those of a hound--& also where a partridge waded through the light snow ap. while it was falling--making a deep gutter.

Yesterday there was a broad field of bare ice on each side of the river--ice on the meadows--& now though it is covered with snow an inch deep--as I stand on the river--or even on T. H. Hill 1/4 to 1/2 a mile off--I can see where the ice is through the snow--plainly--trace its whole outline, it being quite dark--compared with when the snow has fallen on snow-- In this case a mantle of light snow even an inch thick is not sufficient to conceal the darkness of the ice beneath
it, where it is contrasted with snow on snow.

Those little groves of sweet-fern still thickly
leaved—whose tops now rise above the snow—
are an interesting warm brown-red now
like the reddest oak leaves— Even this is
an agreeable sight to the walker over
snowy fields & hill sides. It has a wild &
jagged leaf—alternately serrated. A warm red-
dish color—revealed by the snow—

It is a mild day—and I notice what I have
not observed for some time—that blueness of
the air, only to be perceived in a mild day. I see
it between me and woods half a mile distant
the softening of the air amounts to this.

The mts are quite invisible. You
come forth to see this great blue presence
lurking about the woods & the horizon.

Jan 16th

pm Down Boston Road around Quail Hill.
very warm 45+ at 2 Pm

There is a tender crust on the
snow—& the sun is brightly reflected from it.
Looking toward Billerica from the cross
road near Whites—the young oaks on
the top of a hill in the horizon are very
red—perhaps 7 or 8 miles off & directly
opposite to the sun—far more red, no doubt,
than they would appear near at hand—
really bright red—but no where else that
I perceive.
It is an aerial effect—depending on their distance—& elevation—& being opposite to the sun—& also contrasted with the snowy ground—

Looking from Smiths Hill on the turnpike^704—
the hills 8 or 10 miles west are white—
but the mts 30 miles off are blue
--though both may be equally white at the same distance.

I see a flock of tree-sparrows busily picking something from the surface of the snow amid some bushes. I watch one attentively, & find that it is feeding on the very fine brown chaffy^705 looking seed of the panicled andromeda.

It understands how to get its dinner—
to make the plant give down, perfectly.

It flies up & alights on one of the dense brown pannicles of {of} the hard berries—
& gives it a vigorous shaking & beating with its claws & bill—sending down a shower of the fine chaffy-looking seed a hundred times as much as it eats in to the snow beneath—“It lies very distinct though fine almost as dust, on the spotless snow. It then hops down & briskly picks up from the snow what it wants.

How very clean & agreeable to the imagination & withal abundant

^704poss "Turnpike"
^705poss T spelled as "chaffly"
is this kind of food! How delicately they fare!

These dry persistent seed vessels hold their
crusted bread—until shaken—The snow
is the white clothe table cloth on which
they fall—No anchorite with his water
& his crust fares more simply—It shakes
down a hundred times as much as it wants
& shakes the same on another clump after each successive snow
at each shrub.—How bountifully Nature feeds them. No wonder they come to
spend the winter with us—& are at ease
with regard to their food. These shrubs ripen
an abundant crop of seeds to supply the wants
of these immigrants from the far north
which annually come to spend the winter
with us. How neatly & simply it feeds!

This shrub grows undiscovered by most—only known
to botanists—& at length matures its hard dry
seed vessels—which if noticed are hardly supposed
to contain seed—But there is no shrub nor
weed which is not known to some bird. Though
you may have never noticed it—the tree—
sparrow comes from the north in the winter
straight to this shrub & confidently shakes its
pannicle—& then feasts on the fine shower of seeds
that falls from it.

Jan 17th

Another mild day—
Pm to Goose P & Walden

Sky overcast—but a crescent of clearer in the N. W.
I see on the snow in Hillard's--close one of those rather large flattish black bugs some 5/8 inch long (drawing) with feelers & a sort of shield at the forward part with an orange mark on each side of it.

In the spring-tide ditches of the Close I see many little water bugs (gyrinus) gyrating & some under water. It must be a common phenomenon there in mild weather in the winter.

I look again at that place of squirrels of the 13th) As I approach I have a glimpse of 1 or 2 red squirrels gliding off silently--along the branches of the pines &c-- They are gone so quickly--& noiselessly-- perhaps keeping the trunk of the tree between you & them--they would not commonly suspect their presence--if you were out looking for them.

But one that was on the snow ascended a pine & sat on a bough with its back to the trunk as if there was nothing to pay yet when I moved again he {scud} up the tree & glided across on some very slender twigs into a neighboring tree & so I lost him. Here is apparently a settlement of these red squirrels There are many holes through the snow into the ground & many more where they have probed & dug up a white-p. cone now pretty (black)--& for aught I can see with
abortive or empty seeds--yet they patiently drop them on the spot--or at the base of the trees or at the entrance of their holes & evidently find some good seed. The snow however is strewn with the empty & rejected seeds. They seem to select for their abode--a hill side--where there are half a dozen rather large & thick white pines near enough together for their aerial travelling--& then they burrow numerous holes--depend on finding (apparently) the pine cones which they cast down in (August or) the summer before they have opened. In the fall they construct a nest of grass and bark fibers--moss &c in one of the trees--for winter use--& so ap.

I walk about Ripple Lake & Goose Pond--old I see the tracks of some foxes & rabbits about the edge of these ponds (over the ice) within a few feet of the shore--I think that I have noticed that animals thus commonly go round by the shore of a pond, whether for fear of the ice, or for the shelter of the shore (i.e. not to be seen) or because their food & game is found there. But a dog will oftener bolt straight across--When I reached the open RR causeway returning there was a splendid sunset--The N. W. sky at first was what you may call a lattice sky--the fair weather establishing itself first on that
side—in the form of a long & narrow
crescent—in which the clouds, which
were uninterrupted overhead—were broken
in to long bars parallel to the horizon
thus
{drawing}

Alcott said well the other day
that this was his definition of heaven
"a place where you can have a little
conversation."

Jan 18th

2 Pm to F. H. Pond on River—
Therm 46 + sky mostly overcast—
The temperature of the air & the clearness or serenity
of the sky—is indispensable—to an appreciation
of a day, so entirely do we sympathize with
the moods of nature. It is important
to know of a day that is past—whether
it was warm or cold, clear or cloudy
calm or windy, &c—

They are very different seasons in the
winter when the ice of the river & meadows
& ponds—is bare, blue or green,—
a vast glittering crystal—and when
it is all covered with snow or {slosh}.
—and our moods correspond. The
former may be called a crystalline
winter.

719 poss "over head"
720 poss "a"
721 poss extra dash on line
722 knowledge
Standing under Lees Cliff—several chickadees uttering their faint notes—

Standing under Lees Cliff—several chickadees uttering their faint notes—
come flitting near to me as usual. They are
busily prying under the bark of the p. pines
occasionally knocking off a piece—while
they cling with their claws on any side
of the limb. Of course they are in search of
{animal} food—but I see one suddenly dart
thru to a seedless pine-seed (lying) on the
snow—& then up again. C{'}—says that
he saw them busy about there** wings on the snow
the other**— So I have no doubt that they eat this seed
There is a springy place in the meadow near the Conantum elm.
The sky in the reflection at
the open reach at Hubbards Bath—is
more** green than in reality—& also
darker blue—& the clouds are blacker
& the purple more distinct.

Jan 19th
Pm down River— 2 pm—Therm. 38°
Somewhat cloudy at first
The open water at Barrett’s bar is very small
compared with that at Hub’s bath, yesterday—
I think, it could not have frozen much last night.
It is evident mere shallowness is not
enough to prevent freezing—for that shallowest
space of all—in mid. of river at Barrett’s
bar—has been frozen ever since the winter began.
It is the swifter though deeper— but not deep
channels on each side that remain open.**

---

**does T mean "their" here?
**seems to have forgotten to write "day" here
**there appears to be bleedthrough under "more"
**extra spaces between location and temp, which is towards r. margin
**poss "open--"
When I reached the lowest part of the Great meadows—the neck of the Holt I saw that the ice, thinly covered with snow, before me was of 2 shades white & darker— as far as I could see in parallel sections

{diagram}727
darker--
{diagram}
white

{drawing}

This was owing to fine snow blown low over the first—{(hence white) portion. I noticed it when I was returning toward the sun—}

This snow looks just like vapor curling along over its surface—long waving lines

producing the effect of a watered surface—very interesting to look at—when you face the sun—waving or curving about swellings in the ice like the grain of wood—

the whole surface in motion—like a low thin but indefinitely broad stream made {up} of a myriad meandering rills of vapor flowing over the surface—It seemed to rise a foot or 2, yet when I laid my finger on the snow—I did not perceived that any of the drifting snow rose above it or passed over it.

--they rather turned & went round it.

---

727 T draws lines around "darker" and "white" as a diagram, "drawing" means a line there
728 "(written over text
729 mark or something crossed out here?
730 tense shifts here
It was the snow—probably the last light snow of the morning (when 1/2 an inch fell) blown by the stormy N. W. wind just risen—& ap blown only where the surface beneath was smooth enough to let it slide.\footnote{\textit{slide--}}

On such a surface—\textit{it would evidently be blown a mile very quickly—} Here the distance over which it was moving may have been 1/2 mile.

As you look down on it around you—
you only see it moving straight forward in a thin sheet, but when you look at it several rods off in the sun—\textit{it has that waving or devious motion like vapor & flames—very agreeable & surprising—}

Jan 20th 60

2pm 39+
up Assabet.

The snow & ice under the hemlocks is strewn with cones & seeds—& tracked with birds & squirrels—\textit{What a bountiful supply of winter food is here provided for them. No sooner has fresh snow fallen & covered up the old crop—then down comes a new supply all the more distinct on the spotless snow Here comes a little flock of chickadees attracted by me as usual—& perching close by boldly. Then descending to the snow & ice I see them pick at the hemlock seed which lies all around them.}
Occasionally they take one to a twig & hammer at it there under their claws perhaps to separate it from the wing--or even the shell. The snowy ice--& the snow or shore has been blackened with these fallen cones several times over this winter.

The snow along the sides of the river is also all dusted over with birch & alder seed. I see where little birds have picked up the alder seed.

At RWE's red oak I see a gray squirrel which has been looking after there acorns & run across the river. The 1/2 inch snow of yesterday morning shows its tracks plainly-- They are much larger & more like a rabbits than I expected {drawing}

The squirrel runs in an undulating manner {drawing}

though it is a succession of low leaps of from 2 1/2 to 3 feet--each 4 tracks occupy a space some 6 or 7 inches long-- each foot track is very distinct showing the toes & protuberances of the foot--& is from 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 inches long--the clear interval between the hind & 4 feet is 4 or 5 inches-- The fore

732 poss "seed--"
733 drawing of tracks with arrow indicating direction of travel, about 2 lines
734 wavy line indicating motion through rest of line
feet are from 1 1/2 to 3 inches apart in the clear--
the hind 1 to 2 inches apart--I see that
what is prob the track of the same squirrel near
by is sometimes in the horseshoe form--ie
when its feet are all\footnote{\textit{all} squeezed in--added later?} brought close together
\footnote{\textit{poss} "body--&"}
(drawing)--the open side still forward--
\footnote{\textit{it} misspelled?}
I must have often mistaken them for a
rabbit. But is not the bottom of the
rabbits foot so hairy that I should never
see these distinct marks of protuberances?
\footnote{\textit{written over text}}
This squirrel ran up a maple
till he got to where the stem was but little
bigger than his body \footnote{\textit{&}} then getting behind
the gray barked stem which was almost
exactly the color of its body--its\footnote{\textit{its}} clasped
it with its 2 fore feet \& there hung motionless
with the end\footnote{\textit{of its tail blowing in the}} of its tail blowing in the
wind-- As I moved it steadily edged round
so as to keep the maple always between me
\& it--& I only saw its tail--the sides of its
body--projecting--& its little paws clasping
the tree-- It remained otherwise perfectly
still as long as I was thereabouts \{in\} 5
or 10 minutes. There was a leafy nest
in the tree.
Jan 22 1860

Pm up river to FHP. return via andromeda

Pond & RR--

over cast--but some clear sky in SW horizon--
mild weather still.

Where the sedge grows rankly--& is uncut
as along the edge of the river & meadows--
what fine coverts are made for mice &c
at this season. It is arched over & the snow
rests chiefly on its ends--while the middle
part is elevated from 6 inches to a foot--
and forms a thick thatch as it were--even
when all is covered with snow--under which
the mice & so forth can run freely--out
of the way of the wind & of foxes. After a
pretty deep snow has just partially melted,
you are surprised to find, as you walk through
such a meadow, how high & lightly the
sedge lies up--as if there had been no pressure
upon it. It grows perhaps in dense tufts on
tussocks--& when it falls over it forms a thickly
thatched roof--{.}

Nature provides shelter for her creatures in
various ways. If the musquash &c has no
longer extensive fields of weed & grass to
crawl in, what an extreme range it has
under the ice of the meadow & river sides--for
the water settling directly after freezing
an icy nest of indefinite extent is there pro-
vided for it--& it passes almost its whole
winter under shelter--out of the wind &
invisible to men.

739poss "Andromeda"
The ice is so much rotted that I observe in many places—those lunar shaped holes, & dark places in the ice, covered-up stream—sometimes double lunar {drawing}

I perceive that the open places in the river do not preserve the same relative importance that they had Dec 29th. Then the largest 4 or 5 stood in this order—Below boats' place—Below Junction

---Barretts bar—Clam Shell or else Hub's bath---

Now, as it is—Below Junction—Hub's bath—I do not know but Clam Shell is as large as Hub's Bath or else Clam Shell^—which of the others is {largest} I am not quite sure.

In other words Below Junction & Hub's bath (if not also Clam Shell not seen) retain about their former size while below boats' place & Barretts bar have been very much diminished—esp. below boat's place—

Birds are commonly very rare in the winter—They are much more common at some times than at others. I see more tree sparrows in the beginning of the winter (esp. when snow is falling) than in the course of it. I think that by observation I could tell in what kind of weather afterward these were not to be seen.

Crows come about homes & streets in very cold weather & deep snows—& they are heard cawing—in pleasant thawing winter weather & their note is then a pulse by which you feel the quality of the air—i.e. when

740 missing punctuation?
cocks crow--

For the most part lesser redpolls & pine--
grossbeaks\footnote{T misspells "grosbeaks"} do not appear at all--

Snow buntings are very wandering. They were
quite numerous a month ago & even seem to
have \{quit\} the town. They seem to ramble about
the country at will.

C.\footnote{biotch before "C."} says that he followed the track of a
fox \{all\} yesterday \pm, though
with some difficulty & then lost it at twilight
I suggested that he should begin next day where
he had left off, & that following it up thus
for many days he might catch him at
last. "By the way", I asked "Did you go
the same way the fox did, or did you
take the back track?" "Oh" said he, "I took
the back track.\footnote{poss "track--"} It would be of no use
to go the other way, you know."

Minot says that a hound which
pursues a fox by scent\{--\}cannot tell which
way he is going. That the fox is very cunning--
& will often return on its track--one which
the dogs have already run. It will ascend a
high track & then leap off very far to one side--
so throw the dogs off the scent for a while--
& gain a breathing spell.

I see in one of those pieces of drifted
meadow (of last spring) in A Wheelers cranberry
meadow--a black willow trees transplanted
more than 10 feet high & 5 inches in diameter,
It is quite alive--

fleas

The snow ^ are thickest along the edge

of the wood line--but I find that they

extend quite across the river--though there

are comparatively few over the middle.

There are generally fewer & fewer the further

you are from the shore.

Nay, I find that they extend quite across

Fair Haven Pond. There are 2 or 3 inches of snow

on the ice & then they are revealed. There are

d a dozen or 20 to a square rod on the

very middle of the pond. When I approach

one it commonly hops away, & if it gets a

good spring it hops a foot or more--so

that it is at first lost to me. Though they

are scarcely the 20th of an inch long--they make

or else conceal themselves by entering the snow

these surprising bounds. We have now had many

days of this thawing weather--& I believe

that these fleas have been gradually hopping

further & further out from the shore--To day

perchance it is water--a day or 2 later ice--&

no fleas are seen on it. Then snow comes & covers

the ice--& if there is no thaw for a month--
you see no fleas for so long--But, at least

soon after a thaw, they are to be seen on the

at least 1/2 center of ponds ^ a mile across. Though this is

my opinion, it is by no means certain that they

come here thus--for I am prepared to believe

that the water in the middle may have


\(^{744}\)"s" written like a "S" or blotched

\(^{745}\)missing punctuation
had as many floating on it--& that these
were afterward on the surface of the ice--
though unseen--& hence under the snow
when it fell--& ready to come up through
it when the thaw\textsuperscript{746} came. But what do they
find to eat in apparently pure snow so far
from any land! Has their food come down from
the sky with the snow? They must themselves
be food for many creatures.

This must be as peculiarly a winter animal as any{.}

It may truly \textsuperscript{746} be said to live in snow.

I see some insects of about this form on
the snow-- {drawing}

I scare a partridge that was eating the
buds \& ends of twigs of the vac. \textit{vacillans}
on a hill side.

At the W. or Nesaea end of the \textit{largest} Androme-
da pond--I see that there has been much
\textit{Red Ice}--more than I ever saw--but now
spoiled by the thaw{,} & snow

The leaves of the water andromeda are evidently
more appressed to the twigs--& showing the gray
undersides than in summer--

\textbf{Jan 23d}

\textbf{8 Am on River}

Walking on the ice by the side of the river this
very pleasant morning--I see many minnows
\textit{(maybe dace)} from 1 1/2 to 4 inches long--
which have come out through holes or
a foot wide more or less--

\textsuperscript{746}mark like a dash or period after "thaw"
through & shows the dark stream--& the
water has flown over the adjacent ice sinking
it down--so as to form a shallow water 4 or
5 feet wide or more & often several rods long
& 4 or 5 inches deep on the side next the
wash or deepest side-- This water has a
yellowish color--& a fish or anything else in
it--is at once seen. I think that they come
out into this thin water overlying the ice for
the sake of the suns warmth-- Much heat must
be reflected from their icy bottom this sunny morning--
a sort of anticipation of spring to them. This shallow
surface water is also thinly frozen over--& I
can sometime put my hand close over the minnow.
When alarmed they make haste back to the
dark water of the crack & reach the depths again.
Each pleasant morning like this all crea-
tures recommence life with new resolutions

That snow which in the afternoon these
days--is thawing & dead--in which you slump--
is now hard & crisp--supporting your weight--
and has a myriad brilliant sparkles in the
sun light.

When a thaw comes old cracks are enlarged
in every direction--so that an ordinary man's
track will look like the track of a snow-shoe.
& a hounds' track will sometimes have spread
to a foot in diameter (When there is a thin
snow on ice) with all the {toes} distinct--

---

747 poss "an"
748 poss "resolutions--"
looking like the track of a behemoth or mega-
lonyx.

Minot says that pigeons alight in
great flocks on the tops of hemlocks in
March, & he thinks they eat the seed.749

(but he also thought the same reason
that they ate the white pine seed at the
%when it is {not there}%) same season--! They might find a little of
the last adhering to the pitch)

Says he had to shoot the gray squirrel thus--

He put his hat or coat upon a stick--
while the squirrel hung behind an upright
limb, then going round to the side--he shot
him for the squirrel avoided exposing
himself to the coat as much as to the man.

He has stood on the steep hill SW side
of mores swamp & seen 2 foxes chase a
white rabbit all about in it. The rabbit
would dodge them in the thicket--4 now
4 then utter a loud cry of distress. The foxes
would hunt [one] in31 to the meadow & then dash in
to the thicket again. This was where the wood had been
cut & he could see plainly.

He says that the white rabbit loves to sit
concealed under the overarching cinnamon
ferns (which he calls "buck horns") or the
sunny side of a swamp--or under a tuft of
brakes which are partly fallen over.

That a hound in its headlong course

749"Seed--"
750"Moore's" in 1906
751poss "on"
will frequently run over the fox—which quickly
turns & gets off 3 or 4 rods before the former
can stop himself.

For Spring & Blossoming v. Pliny vol 2d //
{l. 163}

Jan 24

2 pm to Tarbell River via RR--
Therm. 46+ sky possess 2 blotches after "46+" and before "sky" in the extra space
thicker at last as if it would rain--wind NW
See a large flock of lesser red-polis, eating the seed of the birch (& perhaps v the 29th)
in Dennis swamp by RR. They are distinct enough
from the goldfinch--their note more shelly
& general as they fly--& they are whiter without
the black wings--beside that some have the crimson
head or head & breast. They alight on
the birches--then swarm in the snow beneath
busily picking up the seed in the copse.

The Assabet is open above Darby's Bridge as far as I go or see prob. & I know not how far below Darbys-- It opens
up here sooner than below the Assabet bath
to its mouth.
The blue vervain stands stiffly & abundant
in one place--with much rather large brown
seed in it. It is in good condition
Scare a shrike from an apple tree-- He
flies low over the meadow--somewhat like
a woodpecker--& alights near the top of a twig

752poss 2 blotches after "46+" and before "sky" in the extra space
753"in" poss written over "on"
754"B" written over "b"
755"p" written over "l"
of another apple tree.

// See a hawk--sail over meadow & woods
--not a hen hawk--possibly a marsh hawk.

A grasshopper on the snow--
The droppings of a skunk left on a rock--
perhaps at the beginning of winter--were full

of grasshopper legs.

As I stand at the S. end of JP. B. moraine
I watch 6 tree sparrow which come from
the wood & alight & feed on the ground which
is their base. They are only 2 or 3 rods from
me--and are incessantly picking\textsuperscript{1} and eating
an abundance of the fine grass (short cropped
pasture grass) on that knoll--I see the as

a hen or goose does. I see the stubble an
inch or 2 long in their bills & how they
stuff it down. \textit{Perhaps} they\textsuperscript{2} select chiefly the
green parts. So they vary their fare--& there
is no danger of their starving. These 6

hopped round for 5 minutes over a space a rod
square before I put them to flight--&
then I noticed in a space only some 4 feet
at least
square in that rod--\textsuperscript{18} droppings (white
at one end more slate colored the rest\textsuperscript{3}) So\textsuperscript{4}

wonderfully active are they in their movements
both external & internal. They do not suffer
for want of a good digestion surely--
No doubt\textsuperscript{5} they eat some earth or gravel too\textsuperscript{6}--
So do partridges eat a good deal--

These birds--though they have bright brown &

buff backs--hop about amid the little

\textsuperscript{1}poss "pecking"
\textsuperscript{2}vertical mark after "they"
\textsuperscript{3}line drawn above "more slate colored" and beneath "the rest" as if to transpose them
\textsuperscript{4}blotches following "So"
\textsuperscript{5}"bt" written over text
\textsuperscript{6}bleedthrough
inequalities of the pasture almost unnoticed
--such is their color & so humble are they.

Solomon thus describes the return of
spring--Sol. song--11-10

Rise up, my love, my fair one, & come away.
For lo, the winter is762 past, the rain is over & gone;
The flowers appear on the earth; the time
of the singing of birds is come, & the voice of the
turtle is heard in our land!;

Jan 25th 1860--

In keeping a journal of one's walks & thoughts
it seems to be worth the world while to record
those phenomena which are most interesting
to us at the time, such as763 the weather--

It makes a material difference whether it
is foul or fair--affecting surely our mood
& thoughts.

then there are various degrees & kinds
of foulness & of fairness

It may be cloudless--or there may be
sailing clouds--which threaten no storms
or it may be partially overcast.

On the other hand, it may rain or snow
or hail with various degrees of intensity
It may be a transient thunderstorm--or
a shower--or a flurry of snow--or it may be
a prolonged storm of rain or snow. Or
the sky may be overcast or rain threatening--

762 inserted?
763 poss "is"
So with regard to temperature—It may be warm or cold—above 40°+ is warm for winter. One day at 38+ even {I walk} dry & it is good sleighing—the next day it may have risen to 48+ & the snow is rapidly changed to slush.

It may be calm or windy.

The finest winter day is a cold but clear and glittering one. There is a remarkable life in the air then—& birds and other creatures appear to feel it—& be excited & invigorated by it.

Also warm & melting days in winter are inspiring—though less characteristic.

I will call the weather fair, if it does not threaten rain or snow or hail—foul if it rains or snows or hails—or is so overcast that we expect one or the other from hour to hour—

To day it is fair, though the sky is slightly overcast—& there are {sailing} clouds in the SW.

The river is considerably broken up by the recent thaw & rain—but the Assabet much the most—prob. because it is swifter, & owing to mills more fluctuating.

When the river begins to break up it becomes clouded like a mackerel

764poss "cold— Above"
765"or hail" written sideways between "snow" and dash
766stray mark after "is"
sky—but in this case the blue portions are where the current (wearing) away the ice beneath—begins to show dark—The current of the water striking the ice breaks it up at last into portions of the same form with those which the wind gives to vapor—

First all those open places which I measured lately—much enlarge themselves(--) each way—

Saw A Hosmer approaching in his pung—He calculated so that we should meet just when he reached the bare planking of the causeway bridge—so that his horse might as it were stop of his own account—& no other excuse would be needed—for a talk.

He says that he has seen that little bird (evidently the shrike) with mice in its claws. Wonders what has got all the rabbits this winter. Last winter there were hundreds near his house—this winter he sees none.

Jan 26th

Fair, but overcast—Therm. about 32°+ Pretty good skating on the Great meadows slightly raised & smoothed by the thaw & also the rain (of I think the 23-4)

Great revolutions of this sort take place before you are aware of it. Though you walk
every day you do not foresee the kind
of walking you will have the next day--
--skating--crusted snow--slosh &c are
wont to take you by surprise.

Pm to Eleazer Davis' Hill--&
made a fire on the ice--merely to
see the flame--& smell the smoke.767
We soon had a slender flame768 flashing
upward some 4 feet--so many parallel
undulating tongues--The air above &
about it was all in commotion--being
heated so that we could not see the
landscape distinctly or steadily through it.
If only to see the pearl-ashes & hear
the brands sigh.

Jan 27th 1860
2 Pm769 up river to F. H. P & return by Walden.

Half a dozen redpolls busily picking
the seeds out of the larch cones behind
Monroes. They are pretty tame--& I stood
near. They perch on the slender twigs which
are beaded with cones--& swing & teter
there while they persevering peck at them
trying now this one, now that, & some
times appearing to pick out & swallow
them quite fast. I notice no redness
or carmine at first--but when the top

767poss "smoke--"
768stray mark here?
769several spaces separate "Pm" from "up" in the manu
of one's head comes between me & the sun it 
unexpectedly glows.

Fair & hardly a cloud to be seen-- Therm 28+ 770 //

(but it is overcast from the NW before sunset)

   After the Jan. thaw--we have more
or less of crusted snow--i.e more consolidated
   not above
& crispy-- When the therm. 

snow for the most part bear[s] (if not two deep.) 771

Now I see (as I am on the ice of Hubbard's)

meadow) 772 some wisps of vapor in the W & SW

advancing-- They are of a fine white thready

grain curved like skates at the end

{drawing}

   Have we not more finely divided clouds
in winter than in summer? flame--shaped,

asbestos like? I doubt if the clouds show

as fine a grain in warm weather. They are

issuing dry snow-- They are not expanded but

contracted--like spiculae-- What hieroglyphics

in the winter sky!

Those wisps in the west advanced & increased

like white flames--with curving tongues--

like an Aurora by day. Now I see a

few hard & distinct rippl[e] marks at

right angles with them, or parallel with the

horizon {drawing}

770 text written on top of itself: "m" in "Therm" under "2" in "28"
771 poss "deep--"
772 4 parentheses in 3 lines, some unclear placement
the lines indicating the ridges of the ripple marks--these are like the abdominal plates of a snake--This occupies only a very small space in the sky.

Looking right up over head I see some gauzy cloud stuff there so thin as to be greyish--brain-like--finely reticulated--so thin yet so firmly drawn--membranous. These methinks are always seen overhead only--

Now underneath the flamy--asbestos part--I detect an almost imperceptible rippling--in a thin lower vapor--an incipient mackerelling--(in form)

Now nearly at the zenith I see just a mackerel sky--but blue & thin--blue-white--finely mixt--like fleece finely picked & even strewn over a blue ground--The white is in small roundish flocks--In a mackerel sky there is a parallelism of oblongish scales--This is so remote as to appear stationary--while a lower vapor is rapidly moving Eastward--

Such clouds as the above are the very thin advance guard of the cloud behind--It soon comes in more densely from the N. W. & darkens all.

No bright sunset tonight
What fine & pure reds are seen in the sun set-sky—Yet earth is not ransacked for dye stuffs—It is all accomplished by the sun light on vapor at the right angle—

& ([T]he) sunset-sky is constant if you are at the right angle.

The sunset-sky is sometimes more Northerly—sometimes more S. I saw one the other day occupying only the S horizon, but very fine reaching more than half way to the zenith from west to east—This may either be for want of clouds—or from excess of them on certain sides.

As I go along the edge of Hubbards wood on the ice—it is very warm in the sun—& calm there.

There are certain spots I could name, by hill & road sides which are always thus sunny & warm in fair weather & have been for aught I know since the world was made—what a distinction they enjoy!

How many memorable localities in a river walk—Here is this warm woodsight—next the good fishing bay—& next where the old settler was drowned when crossing on the ice 100 years ago. It is all storied.

I occasionally hear a musquash plunge under the ice next the shore.

These winter days I occasionally hear the note of a goldfinch or maybe a red-poll unseen

passing high over head—

---

779 T misspells "seen"
780 T poss intended to make new paragraph here, but ap. inserted "&" to continue previous sentence instead
781 "unseen" poss underlined or stray mark on copy
When you think that your walk is profit-
less & a failure--& you can hardly (persuade)
yourself not to return--it is on the point
of being a success--for then you are
in that subdued & knocking mood--to which
nature never fails to open.

Jan 29{th}

Colder than before--& not a cloud in the sky--

Pm to F. H. pond & return via Andromeda

Ponds & RR

1/2 inch or more of snow fell last night
the ground being 1/2 bare before. It was a
snow of small flakes not star-shaped.

As usual I now see walking on the river

& river meadow ice thus thinly covered with
the thin fresh snow--that conical
rainbow--a parabola of rainbow
colored reflections for the myriad reflecting
{drawing} sun

{drawing} crystals of the snow{--}ie as I walk
toward the sun. {drawing} always

a little {drawing} in {drawing} advance of
me--of course--angle of
reflection being equal to that of incidence.

To day I see quite a flock of
the lesser red-polls eating the seeds
of the alder picking them out of the cover
just as they do the larch--often head down--
ward--& I see under the alders where
they have seen & picked up the fallen seeds
making chain-like tracks--2 parallel
lines (drawing)

"Not only the Indian, but many wild & insects
birds & quadrupeds welcomed the apple tree
As it grew apace
to these shores. The blue-bird--robin--
& many more
came with a rush & built their nests in it's boughs
and so became orchard birds--multiplied more
%haste% & warbled
%indigenous%
The woodpecker found such a savory morsel
under its bark--that he perforated it in a
ring quite round the tree--a thing he had never
done before--%to my knowledge% It did not take the partridge
long to find out how sweet its buds were,
& every winter day she flew & still flies from
the wood--to pluck them much
to the farmers' sorrow--The rabbit too
was not slow to learn the taste of its twigs
& bark. The owl crept in to the first
one that became hollow--& fairly hooted
with delight--finding it just the place
for him. He settled down into it & has
remained there ever since.
%No sooner was it set out%
The lackey caterpillar saddled her eggs on
%the very first twig that was found--& it

786 what looks like double-dash is actually the following page showing. This is repeated on lines 15, 23, and 26
787 This section appears in "Wild Apples." T delivered first "Wild Apples" lecture on Feb. 8, 1860.
788 caret is actually drawn reversed in text
789 T crossed out "wild" in pencil
790 "a rush" crossed out in pencil
791 blotch
792 poss "him--"
793 T draws a line in pencil here
has since divided her affections with the wild cherry--& the canker worm also in a measure abandoned the elm to feed on it. And when the fruit was ripe the squirrel half carried half rolled it to his hole-- & even the musquash crept up the %from the brook at evening% %until he had worn a path in the grass% %bank%-% & greedily devoured it%-% when it was frozen & thawed the crow & jay %were glad% %taste% %%did not disdain% to peck it. %occasionally% And the beautiful wood duck--having made up her mind to stay a while longer with us has concluded that there is no better place for her too. Jan 30 1860 2 pm to Nut mead & White Pond Road. Therm 45°+ fair with a few cumuli of indefinite outline in the N & S--& dusky undersides. A gentle W. wind-- & a blue haze. Thaws. The river has opened to an unusual extent owing to the very long warm spell--almost all this month-- Even from Hubbards Bridge up & down it is breaking up--is all mackerelled--with lunar shaped openings & some like a thick bow {drawing} {They} from 1 to 12 feet long
Yesterdays slight snow is all gone
leaving the ice--old snow--& bare ground--
\& as I walk up the river side there is
wet
a brilliant sheen from the (moist) ice toward
the sun--instead of the crystalline rain-
bow of yesterday. Think of \textit{that} (of
yesterday--) to have constantly before you
receding as fast as you advance--a
bow formed of a myriad crystalline
mirrors on the surface of the snow--!!
What miracles--what beauty surrounds us!

Then another day to do all your walking
knee deep in perfect & rayed crystals
of surpassing beauty--but of ephemeral
duration--which have fallen from the sky.
The ice has so melted on the meadows
that I see where the musquash has left
his clam shells in a heap--near the river side
where there was a hollow in\textsuperscript{798} the bank--
The small water bugs are gyrating
abundantly in Nut meadow brook--
It is pleasant also to see the
very distinct ripple marks in the sand at
its bottom--of late so rare a sight.
I go through the piney field NW
of M. Miles\textsuperscript{799}. There are no more
beautiful natural parks than these
pastures in which the white pines
have sprung up spontaneously--

\textsuperscript{798}poss "on" and stray mark
\textsuperscript{799}poss "M. Miles."
where the wind chanced to let the seed lie at last
standing at handsome intervals—&
the grass & blackberry vines have
not yet been killed by them—

There are certain sounds invariab1
heard in warm & thawing days in winter—
such—as the crowing of cocks—the
cawing of crows—& sometimes the gobbling
of turkies. The 2 crow flying high(—)
touches the tympanum of the sky for
us & reveals the tone of it— What
does it avail to look at a thermometer
or barometer—compared with listening
to his note! He informs me that nature
is in the tenderest mood possible—& I
hear the very flutterings of his heart.

Crows have singular wild & suspicious
ways— you will a couple flying high
as if about their business— but as
they turn & circle & caw over your head
again & again for a mile—& this is
their business— as if a mile & an
afternoon were nothing for them to throw
away— This even in winter when they have
no nest to be anxious about.

But it is affecting to hear them cawing
about these ancient their seat (as at
F. Wheeler’s wood) which the choppers
are laying low.
I saw the other day—ap. chick mouse? tracks which had been made in slosh on the Andromeda pond & then frozen—(drawing) little gutters about 2 inches wide & nearly 1 deep—looking very artificial with the nicks on the side.

I sit on the high hill top S of Nut meadow—(near the pond) this hazy day even Nobscot is so blue that it looks like a {might} mt. See how man has cleared commonly the most level ground & left the woods to grow on the more uneven & rocky—or in the swamps. I see when I look over our landscape from any eminence—as far as the horizon—certain rounded hills—amid the plains & ridges—& cliffs—which have a masked family likeness. Like eggs that belong to one nest though scattered—they suggest a relation geologically. Such are for instance—Nashoba—Annursnack—Nawshaw—tuct—& Ponkawtasset—all which {have} Ind. names—as if the Ind. too had regarded them as peculiarly distinct. There is also Round Hill in Sudbury—& perhaps a hill in Acton. Perhaps some in Chelmsford. They are not apparently rocky.

The snow-flea seems to be a creature whose summer {or} prime of life is a thaw in the winter. It seems not merely to enjoy

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804 Place names checked against the 1906 edition 805 f” obscured or T runs out of ink here
this interval like other animals—but
then chiefly to exist. It is the creature
of the thaw. Moist snow is its element.
That thaw which merely excites the cock to
sound his clarion—as it were calls to life
the snow-flea.

Jan 31st 1860
2pm to Bedford Levels--
Therm 45++ Fair but all overcast--Sun's
place quite visible--wind SW--
Went to what we called 2-boulder Hill behind
the house where I was born. There the wind
suddenly changed round 90° to NW. & it
quite
cold--(had fallen to 24°+ or 24°
at 5 1/2) Called a field on the E slope
Crockery field there were so many bits in it.
Saw a pitch pine on a rock about 4 feet
high but 2 limbs flat on the ground--
// This spread much--& had more than 100
cones of different ages on it. Such are always
the most fertile.
Can look a great way NE along the Bedford
Swamp. Saw a large hawk prob. hen
hawk.

The ice that has been rotting & thawing
from time to time--on the meadows--the
water ran out from below--has many
curious marks on it. There are many
ingrained wavering lines more or less parallel

[diagram of waving lines, four parallel]
lar figures—or oval—and even concentric—
as if they marked the edge of a great bubble
or the like.

I notice the ice on a ditched[=]broom—so far
worn by the current as to be mackerelled in
color—white—& dark—all along the middle
making a figure 2 or 3 rods long which re-
minds me {possibly} of the flat skin of a
boa constrictor—marked just like it.

Feb 1st 1860

2pm 5°+ A cold day—

2 or 3 inches of dry snow last night—

grows colder apace toward night—frost
forms on windows—

Feb 2d

6°—at about 8 Am

clock has stopped—teams squeak—

2 pm to F. H. Pond

The river which was breaking up is frozen over
again. The new ice over the channel
is of a yellow tinge & is covered with
handsome rosettes 2 or 3 inches in diameter
—where the vapor which rose through
froze & crystallized—this new ice for
40 rods together is thickly covered with
these rosettes—often as thick as snow an
inch deep—& sometimes in ridges like
frozen froth 3 inches high—
Sometimes they are in a straight line along a crack. The frozen breath of the river at a myriad breathing holes.

A thaw began the 7th of Jan-- & it was mild & thawing most of the time for the rest of that month--

But with February we have genuine winter again About all the openings in the river are closed again-- & the new ice is covered with rosettes.

It blowed considerably yesterday though it is very still today-- & then light esp. dry snow ^ on the meadow ice & the river was remarkably plowed & drifted by it-- & now presents a very wild & arctic scene-- Indeed no part of our scenery is ever more arctic-- than the river & its meadows now-- though the snow was only some 3 inches deep on a level-- It is cold & perfectly still, and you walk over a level snowy tract.

It is a sea of white waves of nearly uniform shape & size-- Each drift is a low sharp promontory directed toward the NW, & showing which way the wind blowed. {drawing} with occasional small patches
of bare ice amid them. It is exactly
as if you walked over a solid sea
where the waves rose about 2 feet
high. These promontories have a gen-
eral resemblance to one another. Many
of them are perfect tongues of snow
more or less curving--and sharp--

\[\text{drawing}\] Commonly the
wind has made a little hollow in the
snow directly behind this tongue--it
may be to the ice--spoon shaped--or
like a tray--if small a little cradle in
the snow--again it is a complete
canoe the tongue being its bows.

\[\text{drawing}\] The many distinct
firm ridges on a
slope of the drift--as if the edge of so
many distinct layers cropt out from
undulating parallel lines of great interest
Some times yet smaller hollows or cradles
not reaching to the ice--& at right angles
with the low ridges of the drift--remind you
of panelling. \[\text{drawing}\]
Again these
oval hollows produce
a regular reticulation--
Now called Boothia Peninsula, it is the "northernmost portion of mainland North America" according to Encyclopedia Britannica Online: http://www.britannica.com/eb/article-9080683/Boothia-Peninsula

One hour you have bare ice--
the next--a level counterpane of snow--& the next the wind has turned & sculptured it into these endless and varied forms. It is such a scene as Boothia Felix may present--if that is any wilder than Concord.

I go sliding over the few bare spots getting a foot hold for my run on the very thin sloping & ridged snow--

The snow is not thus drifted in fields and meadows generally--but chiefly where there was an icy foundation on which it slid readily. The whole of the snow has evidently shifted perhaps several times--& you can not tell whether some slight ridges an inch high--and the foundation of a drift just laid on the relics of one removed. Behind a tuft of bushes it is collected deep--thus

I forgot to say that all the ice between the rosettes was thinly sprinkled with very fine slender grains like spiculae--some times 2 together

The sky was all overcast and the sun's place quite distinct
The cloud\textsuperscript{822} about the sun had a cold dry windy look—as if the cloud—elsewhere homogeneous cold\textsuperscript{823} slaty were there electrified—& arranged like iron filings about the sun—its fibres\textsuperscript{824} so to speak more or less raying from the sun as a center.

About 3 Pm I noticed a distinct fragment of rainbow—about as long as wide on each side of the sun—1 N & then S and at the same height above the horizon with the sun—all in a line par. with the horizon—& as I thought, there was a slight appearance of a bow.\textsuperscript{825}  
{drawing}\textsuperscript{826} The sundogs, if that is their name, were not so distinctly bright as an ordinary rainbow\textsuperscript{827}—but light was plainly orange—yellow—& a peculiar violet blue—the last color looking like a hole in the cloud or a thinness through which you saw the sky.\textsuperscript{828} This lasts perhaps 1/2 hour & then a bow about the sun became quite distinct,— but only those parts {drawing}\textsuperscript{829} where the sun dogs were {were} distinctly\textsuperscript{828} rainbow tinted—the rest being merely reddish brown—& the clouds within finely raying from the sun more or less—But higher up—so that its—center would have been in the zenith

\textsuperscript{822} blotch under "cloud"  
\textsuperscript{823} blot under "cold"  
\textsuperscript{824} according to 1906 edition  
\textsuperscript{825} poss "bow—"  
\textsuperscript{826} drawing of phenomenon—3 lines on either side of the sun. T labels lines on right side “blue” “green” and “orange”.  
\textsuperscript{827} poss "rain bow"  
\textsuperscript{828} word blotched  
\textsuperscript{829} drawing taking up left side for next 7 lines, to bottom of page  
\textsuperscript{830} first part of "distinctly" blotched
or ap. about in the zenith.  
^ was an arc of a distinct rainbow. A rainbow right over head. Is this what 
is called a parhelion?

It is remarkable that the straw-colored sedge of the meadows--which in the fall is one of the least noticeable colors--should now that the landscape is mostly covered with snow--be perhaps the in it most noticeable of all objects ^ for its color. --& an agreeable contrast to the snow--

I frequently see where oak leaves--absorbing the heat of the sun have sunk in to the ice & an inch in depth & afterward been blown out--leaving a perfect type of the leaf with its petiole & lobes sharply cut--with perfectly upright sides--so that I can easily tell the species of oak that made it. Sometimes these moulds have been evenly filled with snow--while the ice is dark--& you have the figure of the leaf in white

I see where some meadow mouse (if not a mole--just came to the surface of the snow enough to break it with his back for 3 or 4 inches--then {let} his head out & at once with{--}drew it.

We walked, as usual, on the fresh track of a fox {drawing} peculiarly pointed--& sometimes the track of 2 toe trails in front separate from

[^ borrowed over "leaf"  
^e" written over text  
^blotch almost like a period or comma after "dark" and before "--"  
^phrase lacks end parenthesis, but T uses dash instead  
^word partially obscured, "put" in 1906 edition  
^drawing to show track
the track of the foot in very thin snow-- And
as were were kindling a fire on the Pond
by the side of the island we saw the fox
himself at the inlet of the river. He was
busily examining\(^{837}\) along the sides\(^{838}\) of the Pond
by the bottom bushes & willows--smelling in
the snow-- Not appearing to regard us much
he slowly explored along the shore of the
pond then halfway round it. At Pleasant
meadow evidently looking for mice
(or moles?) in the grass of the bank--smelling
in the shallow snow there amid the stubble
often retracing his steps & pausing at particular
spots. He was eagerly searching for food
help
--intent on finding some mouse to ^ fill his
empty stomach. He had a blackish tail
& blackish feet-- Looked lean & stood
high-- The tail peculiarly large--
for any creature to carry round. He stepped
daftily about--softly--and is \(^{841}\) more
to the manor born than a dog. It
was a very arctic\(^{839}\) scene this cold day--
& I suppose he would hardly have ventured
out in a warm one.

\(^{840}\)The fox seems to get his living by industry & perse-
verance-- He runs smelling ^ along the most pass-
able routes (esp the edge of rivers & ponds--\(^{841}\) until
he smells the track of a mouse beneath the
snow--or the fresh track of a partridge--& then
follow it till he comes upon his game
--after exploring thus a great many quarters
after hours of fruitless search--he succeeds--
There may be a dozen partridges resting in
the snow within a square mile & his work
is simply to find them with the aid of his
nose. Compared with the dog--he affects
me a[s] high-bred unmixed-- There is nothing
of the mongrel in him. He belongs to a no-
ble family which has seen its best days--
a younger son. Now & then he starts
& turns & doubles on his track as if he
heard or scented danger--(I watch him
through my glass.) He does not mind
us at the distance of only 60 rds.
I have myself seen one place where a mouse
came to the surface today in the snow--
out
probably he has smell & many such galleries.
Perhaps he seizes them through the snow--{.}
I had a transient vision of one
mouse this winter--& that the first for
a number of years.
I have seen a good many of those
snails left on the ice during the
last thaw--as the caterpillar &c were
{drawing}
Feb. 3d 1860
3 Pm to Gowings Swamp--
I accurately pace the swamp in 2 directions & find it to be shaped thus {drawing} Gowing's Swamp {Circle} of 40 paces to an inch.

When I read some of the rules for speaking & writing the English language correctly,-- so that a sentence must never end with a particle--& perceive how implicitly even the learned obey it--I think Any fool can make a rule And every fool will mind it.

Feb. 5th '60 Pm up Assabet-- 2 pm 40°+ I see where crows have pecked the tufts of Cladonia lichens which peep out of the snow-- pulling them to pieces--no doubt looking for worms. Also have eaten the frozen thawed...
apples under the trees--tracking all the
ground over these.

Feb. 1st though so cold & the snow so
dry--as it blowed pretty hard was a
day of drift--behind northerly walls--
where those shell like drifts were
formed--as well as the wild drifts
of Hubbards' meadow described on the
3d--

I see at the Assabet Stone Bridge

//} where apparent 1 or 2 others travelled

about on the ice last night in the
thin snow-- The river is open 8 or 10
rods there--& I noticed their tracks
all about the river & close to the edge
of the ice--thin as it was--for a dozen
rods above & below the bridge--

At first being at a distance, I thought
them dog tracks--but I might
have known that no dogs would ever
have run about so there, on that thin
ice & so near the edge of it
{drawing} They were generally like this--
each 4 being from 15 to 24 inches apart,)
occasionally the track was some what
like a rabbits'. I saw where one
had ap. dragged himself along
the ice-- They had entered the
water in many places--also
travelled along under the slanting ice next
the bank--long distances. They were evidently
attracted by that open water. There was no
distinct sliding place.

Coming home last night in the twilight I recog-
by his walk or carriage
ized a neighbor a dozen rods off--"though
it was so dark that I could not see a single
feature of his person. Indeed his person was all
covered up excepting his face & hands, & I
could not possibly have distinguished these at
this distance from another mans. Nor was
it owing to any peculiarity in his dress, for I
should have known him though he had had on
a perfectly new suit. It was because the
man within the clothes moved them in a peculiar
manner that I knew him thus at one at
a distance in the twilight-- He made a certain
figure in any clothes he might wear &
moved in it in a peculiar manner--

Indeed, we have every intimate knowledge
of one another--we see through thick & thin.
--spirit meets spirit. A man hangs out in-
umerable signs by which we man know him.

So last summer I knew another neighbor
half a mile off up the river--though I did not
see him--by the manner in which the breath from
his lungs & mouth--i.e his voice--made the
air shake my ear-- In that manner he com-
municates himself to all his acquaintance

---blotch on word "peculiarity"
---blotch over "because"
---does T means "once" here?
---blotch under "&"
within a diameter of one mile (if it were
all up & down the river)
So I remember to have been sure once in a
very dark night who was preceding me on
the side walk--though I could not see him(=)
by the sound of his tread. I was surprised to
find that I knew it.

And today--seeing a peculiar very long track
of a man in the snow (he) has been along up
the river this morning--I guessed that it was
Geo. Melvin because it was accompanied by
a hound's track-- There was a thin snow on
the ice & I observed that he not only
furrowed the snow for a foot before he
completed his step--but that the (point) of
his track was {alone} indefinite--as if
his boot had been {worne} out & prolonged
at the toe. I noticed that I & my com-
panion made a clear ^ track at the toe--
but when I experimented & tried to make a track
like this--by not lifting my feet--but gliding
& partly scuffing along--I found myself walking
just like Melvin--& that perfectly con-
vinced me that it was he.

I told him of it afterward & gave a cor-
responding account of himself
We have no occasion to wonder at the in-
stinct of a dog-- In these last 2 instances
I surpassed the instinct of the dog.
It may always be a question--how much
or how little of a man goes to any particular
act. It is not merely by taking time

854 blotch under "a"
855 these 2 lines of interlining read against the 1906 version
856 poss "act--"
& by a conscious effort that he(--)betrays himself

A man is revealed--& a man is concealed in
a myriad unexpected ways--E.G. I can hardly
think of a more effectual way of disguising
neighbors to one another than by stripping them
naked.

Feb. 6th '60

TO Cambridge A rainy day

Feb. 7th '60

2pm--to Walden & Flints

Therm 43°+ Fair with many clouds mostly

obscuring the sun--wind NW--growing cooler--

The sand has begun to blow on the W side

of the cut--the E being bare. Nature has some

bowels at last.

I notice over the ditch near the turnpike

bridge--where water stands an inch or 2 deep

over the ice--that the dust which had blown

on to the ice from the road, is now very regularly &
handsomely distributed over the ice by the

water--i.e is broke into prettily shaped small

black figure equally distant from one another

{drawing}--So that what was a deformity

is now a beauty. Some kinds

of worms or caterpillars have ap. crawled

over it--& let their trails on it--white or clear trails.

---

Poss "2"

Line in large writing

Drawing taking up L. end of two lines
The Commentator on Tusser

Ed. London 1744—says

"foyzon is winter food"

also "as to his rearing of a pig, if it be in
a poor man's house, or one who buys all
with the penny, his mose may be sweet, but
his bacon shall be dear."

This is accordant to modern observations—
T. says "Lop poplar & sallow, elm, maple, & prie, (privet?)
wel saved from cattel, til summer to lie:
So far as in lopping their tops ye do fling,
the C. seems to think they protect the young sprouts from cattle's browsing.
The commentator says that Pollards are rarely killed by
lopping—but "Runt-wood" is—i.e. by cutting off all &
not leaving a bough. (Is runt wood sproutland)?
"Edder is such fence wood as is commonly put
upon the top of fences, & binds or interweaves each other"—
This is saved when lopping.

"Gauls are void spaces in coppices." C's word.

"Prime grass appears commonly in woody
moist grounds, on hedge banks, & is so called from
its earliness; when cattle have tasted this they
begin to loathe their dry food. It is often sprung before Candlemass."

Speaking of bullocks "The first indication
of corrupt blood is from the staring hairs
on the tail near the rump."

"Who slacketh his tillage, a carter to be,
for groat got abroad, at home shall lose 3;
And so by his doing he brings out of heart
both land for the corn, & horse for the cart"
"There were such poor people in our author's time,
it seems, & so there are now, who take a world of
pains, & do a great deal of labor to be poor,
wretchedly poor."

They made in T's day a ridge a rod wide
around a field to be enclosed & round this with
seeds of various shrubs--which shortly made a
coppice--called "shaws" in the C's day.
A "yepsond" of weeds is a double handful
in C's day only.
"Fen hay or marsh hay is by no means good
for a horse, as being too frothy & light; they thrive
best upon upland hay. A bullock will thrive very
well on fen or marsh hay, & if it be mow-burnt
a little, it is not the worse, but rather the better
for them, and makes them drink heartily.--

This mow-burn is such as is occasioned by the
hay being stacked too soon, before its own juice is
thoroughly dried, by Norfolk people is called
the red raw; not such as is occasioned by stack-
ing it when wet with rain, which is a nasty musty
& stinks."

"To stadle a wood, is to leave at cer-
tain distances a sufficient number of young trees to
replenish it, this is regulated by law & custom,
only I add, that it is much better to leave more than
less, and that of 3 or 4 growths, your next Fell will come
by much the sooner.--"
Among "staddles" best to be left--C. describes the straight grained--& with "no weeping holes or decayed boughs upon him."

"Hazel is a light wood, & when large, tolerably strong & tough; it is much used for forks to cook barley or oats, and frequently grows with 3 times, near the very shape it is to be used in."

Where stones be too many, annoying thy land, make servant come home, with a stone in his hand; By daily so doing, have plenty ye shall, both handsome for paving, &\textsuperscript{67} good for a wall.

"Woodsere" in T ac to C\{'} means "decayed or hollow Pollards."

"Where ivy imbraceth the tree very sore, kil ivy, else tree will addle no more. addle ac to the C means add to its bulk.

"The proverb says A swarm in May\textsuperscript{68} is worth a load of hay, so that our author speaks modestly when he values them but at a crown. Their hours of swarming are for the most part be-
tween the hours of 10 & 3, & ought to be watched every day\textsuperscript{70}; which maybe done by a boy or girl, that at the same time may spin, knit, or sow. The tickling after them with a warming-
pan, frying-pan, or kettle, is of good use to let the neighbors know you have a swarm in the air, which you claim wherever it lights, but I believe of very little purpose to the reclaiming the bees, who are believed to delight in no noise but their own."

\textsuperscript{68}obscured by blotch
\textsuperscript{64}"M" written over "m"
\textsuperscript{67}number rewritten above it
\textsuperscript{70}poss "every-day"
"A Dallop [T’s word] is a patch or bit of ground, lying here & there amongst corn, which, either for its moistness, roots of trees, or other obstacle, has escaped the plough—" so

Of barley the toughest & greenest ye find, leave standing by dallops, till time ye do bind. Then early in morning (while dew is thereon) to making of bands, till the dew be all gone.

"Dallops are tufts of corn such as are commonly seen where dung heaps have stood too long, or in shady places; these he advises to let stand, and as occasion serves, cut them for bands, where bands are required. Indeed these are commonly more empty eared, & if mixed, apt to mow-burn the rest, which they will not do when in bands, and are besides most fit for that use, by reason of their toughness & length".

"That is it [the bee-hive] must stand above the grass & weeds, for the natural defect of this creature is short-sightedness, & when they come home laden, whatever is above the stool incumbereth them, & if they pitch amongst thick grass, they are not able to rise again."

Of the boar

"and better he brawneth if hard he do be: "Hard & cool lying makes him rub stoutly, which increases his shield; (as the skin of the shoulder is called)."

Get home with thy brakes, yer summer be gone, for teddered cattle, to sit thereupon:
To cover thy hovel, to brew & to bake,

to lie in the bottom, where hovel ye make.

"Brakes is a great part of their firing in Nor-
folk, & in many places they erect large stacks
of brakes in their marshes & bleak-grounds, that
the cattle may shelter themselves behind them
in stormy weather."

'T' speaks of timber "unshaken" in our sense.

"Sir Hew" is a "prowling" thief by night

Such walk with a black, or a little red cur,
that open will quickly, if anything stir:
Then squatteth the master, or trudgeth away,
And after dog runneth, as fast as ye may."

When frost will not suffer to dike & to hedge,
then get thee a heat with thy beetle & wedge:
Once Hallomas come, and a fire in the hall,
such slivers do well to lie by the wall"

"In meadow or pasture (to grow the more fine)
let campers be camping, in any of thine:
Which if ye do suffer, when low is the spring,
you gain to yourself, a commodious thing.

"Camping is foot-ball playing, at which they are very
dexterous in Norfolk; & so many people running
up & down a piece of ground, without doubt
evens & sadders it, so that the root of the
grass lies firm; -- -- -- -- The trampling of so many
people drive also the mole away."

T speaks of Codware (ie peas & beans)
Feb. 8th '60

2 Pm up river to F H. Hill--Th. 43+

40° & upward may be called a warm day--in the winter--

We have had much of this weather for a month past--reminding us of spring--

February may be called carine (spring-like)

There is a peculiarity in the air--when the temperature is thus high--& the weather fair,

at this season--which makes ⊳ sounds more clean & pervading--as if they trusted

themselves abroad further--in this genial state of the air--different sound comes to

my ear now from iron rails which are struck--

as {from} the cawing crows &c--Sound is not abrupt--

piercing or rending--but softly sweet & musical.

It will take a yet more genial & milder air

before the blue birds warble can be heard ⊳

Walking over Hubbards Wood meadow

on the softened ice--I admire the markings

in it!” The more interesting & prevailing ones

now“--appearing ingrained & giving it a more

or less marbled look--one, what you may
call checked marbling(?) consisting of small polygonal figures 3/4 {diameter}--bounded by whitish

more or less covered lines ⊳ within the ice--and ap. covered with an

entire thin surface ice--{drawing}876 & so on for

These when 5 or 6 inches wide makes a mackerel sky ice--

rods“--the other ap. {passing} from this into a sort of fibrous structure of waving lines--hair like

or rather flame like--call it phlogistic.

874 missing punctuation
875 "now" is blotched
876 drawing of pattern
877 stray mark
{drawing} only far more regular
and beautiful than I
can draw--sometimes like
perhaps a cassowary's feathers
the branches being very long & fine {drawing}
This fibrous or phlogistic
structure is evidently connected
with the flow of the surface
water--for I see some old
holes now mostly frozen over--when these
rays have flowered from all sides into the
hole in the midst of the checked ice--
winter
making a figure which reminded me of
a jelly fish--only far more beautiful

The whitish lines which bound these figures
& form the parallel fibres are ap.
lines of fine bubbles more dense than elsewhere.
I am not sure that these markings
always imply a double or triple ice--i.e
a thinner surface ice--which contains
them.
The ice is thus marked under my feet
some what as the heavens overhead--
these in both the mackerel sky--& the
fibrous flame or asbestos like form in both.

The mackerel spotted or marked ice
is very common--and also reminds me of the
reticulations of the pickerel

I see some quite thin ice--which had
formed in puddles on the ice--now soaked
through--& in them are very interesting figures
bounded by straight & crinkled particularly
white lines {drawing} I find

on turning the ice over
that these lines correspond
to the raised edges of & between bubbles
which have occupied a place in the ice--i.e
{upward} in it.

Then there is occasionally where puddles
on the ice have frozen--that triangular {ish}
work of crystals--a beautiful casting in alto
relievo of low crystal prisms with one
edge up--so meeting & crossing as to form
triangular & other figures {drawing}

Shining splinters in the sun
giving a rough hold to the feet.

One would think that the forms of ice crystals
must include all others.

I see--hundreds of oak leaves which have
sunk deep in to the ice-- Here is a scarlet oak
leaf which has sunk 1 inch into the ice--& the
leaf still rests at the bottom of this mould--
stem &
Its " lobes & all their fine bristly points are
just as sharply cut there as is the leaf itself
--fitting the mould closely--& tightly--& there
being a small hole or 2 in the leaf--the
ice stands up through them half an inch
high like so many** sharp tacks. Indeed
the leaf is sculptured thus in bas relief, as
it were**, as sharply & exactly--as it could be
done by the most perfect tools in any material{.}
But as time has elapsed since it first*** began
to sink into the ice, the upper part of this mould
is enlarged by melting more or less--& often
shows the outline of the leaf exa{gg}erated &
less sharp & perfect. You see these leaves
at various depths in the ice--many quite
concealed** by new ice formed over them--for
water flows into the mould and thus a cast
of it is made in ice.
So fragments of rushes & sedge & cranberry
leaves--have on all sides sunk into the ice
in like manner--
The smallest & lightest colored object that
falls on the ice begins thus at once
to sink through it--the snow as it were
driving it--and a great many no doubt
go quite through. This is esp. common
after a long warm spell like this.
I see, even that those colored ridges
of froth which have bounded the water
that overflowed the ice--since they contain

**is this a drawing or just ink dots?
***written close on itself--no space
****stray mark between words
**stray mark, or dash, after "concealed"
most of the imprinting—or coloring matter—
accordingly
sink into the ice & making rough furrows
an inch or two deep often—
The proper color of water is perhaps best
seen when it overflows white ice—
Pliny could express a natural wonder.
About an old boat frozen in—
I see a great many little gyrana-shaped
bugs swimming about in the water above the
ice—[drawing[33]]

Feb 9th ’60
A hoar frost on the ground this Am—
for the open fields are mostly bare, was quite
a novel sight. I had noticed some vapor
in the air late last evening

Feb 10th
A very strong & a cold NW wind today
shaking the house— Therm at 11 am 14°+,
consumes wood & yet we are cold{—}& drives
the smoke down the chimney.

I see that Wheildon[34] pines are rocking
& showing their silvery undersides—as last
spring— Their first awakening as it were.

Pm The river where open is very black
%call it Black Water%
as usual where the waves run high—
for each wave casts a shadow. Theophrastus
notices that the roughened water is black
it is because
& says that "fewer rays fall on it—& then
light is dissipated.

---

[33] Drawing of bug (Gyrinus beetle)
[34] Ac. to 1906 edition
It is a day for those rake & horn icicles--
the water dashing against the SE shores
where they chance to be open (i.e. free of ice) & blown
a rod inland freezes to the bushes form-
ing rakes & oftener horns. If twigs
project above the ice belt thus {drawing}
the water freezes over them thus

The very grass stubble is completely
encased for a rod in width
along the shore--& the trunks of trees for
2 or 3 feet up-- Any sprig lying on the
edge of the ice is completely crusted.
sometimes the low button bush twigs with their few remaining small dark balls--and
if a hair is held up above the ice where
also the drooping [corymbbs] of the late rose hips are completely encased in an
this spray is blowing--it is sufficient to start
icicle--& you see their bright scarlet reflected through the ice
a thick icicle--rake or horn--for the
in an exaggerated manner
ice forming around it become at once its own
support--& gets to be 2 or 3 inches thick--

Where the open water comes within half a
dozen feet of the shore--the spray has blown
over the intervening ice & covered the grass stubble
looking like a glaze--countless [lob-ey] fingers
& horns over some fine stubble core--& when
the grass--stem is horizontal you have a rake
{drawing} Just as those
great organ pipe icicles that drip from
growing downward
rocks have a similar structure ^ {drawing} so
these on the horizontal stubble &
weeds--when directed to the point toward which

**Ac. to 1906 edition**
**drawing of icicles, continues for 4 lines**
the wind was blowing--i.e. they grow thus SE--

Then there is the thickened edge of the
like a cliff
ice ° on the SE sides of the openings--against
which the wind has dashed the waves--esp.
on the SE side of broad meadows--

{drawing}897

No finer walking in any respect that on an
broad meadow highway in the winter--when covered
with bare ice. If the ice is wet you slip in rubbers
but when it is dry & cold rubbers give you a
firm hold--& you walk with a firm & elastic
step. I do not know of any more exhilarating
walking than up or down a broad field of smooth
ice like this in a cold glittering winter day
when your rubbers give you a firm hold on the
ice.

I see that the open places froze last
night only on the windward side--where they were
less agitated--the waves not yet running so high then.

A little snow however--even the mere shavings
or dust of ice made by skaters--hinders walking in
rubbers very much--for though the rubber may give a good hold on clean ice, when you step
on a little of the ice dust or snow you slide on
that.

Those little gyrinus shaped bugs of the 8th--
that had come out through a crevice in the ice about
a boat frozen in & were swimming about in the
shallow water above the ice--I see are all gone

897: drawings showing ice formations, 2 or 3 lines
898: stray mark following "may"
now that that water is frozen--have not been frozen
in--so they must have returned back under the
ice when it became cold(&,) & this shows that
they were not forced up accidentally in the first
place--but attracted by the light & warmth--
prob. as those minnows were some time ago.
That is in a thaw in the winter--some water
insects--beetles &c will come up through
holes in the ice & swim about in the sun.

Sat 11th 2 pm 20°*

Sunday Feb 12th--2 pm 22°+

Walk up river to F. H. Pond. Clear & windy NW
About a quarter of an inch of snow fell last
evening. This scarcely colors that part of
the ground that was bare--and on all icy
surfaces which are exposed to the sweep of
the wind it is already distributed into very
regularly in thin drifts-- It lies on the
ice in waving lines or in lunar or semi-
circular--often spread-eagle patches with
very regular intervals--quite like the openings
lately seen in the river when breaking up--
The whole surface of the icy field is thus
watered. That is, it is not collected in
one place more than another but very evenly
distributed in these patches over the
whole surface. I speak of what lies on
the open ice-- It comes flowing like steam
a vapor from the NW low over the ice--&
much farther than a man walks--and in fact
is even catching & lodging here & there & building
a low drift--the NW side of which will
be shaped into a sharp beetling\footnote{ac. to 1906} edge \footnote{drawing of ice edge end of line to middle of next line}
drawing\footnote{drawing of ice edge, 4 or 5 lines} an inch or a half inch high.

No doubt these drifts are constantly
changing their ground--or rolling over--
I see now that this vapor-like snow dust
is really sometimes blown up 6 or 8 feet into
the air--though for the most part it merely \footnote{(sleigh)} slides low over the ice.

The \textit{greatest part of this} snow is lodged a foot
deep amid the \textit{(button) bushes--& there it con-
tinues to accumulate as long as the wind blows
strong.}

\footnote{drawing}\footnote{In this cold clear rough air from the N. W.}

we walk amid what simple surroundings
surrounded by our thoughts or in imaginary
objects--living in our ideas, but one
in a million ever sees the objects which
are actually around him--

Above me is a cloudless blue sky--
beneath the sky blue (i.e. sky-reflecting) ice
with patches of snow scattered over it like
mackerel clouds--at a distance in
several directions I see the tawny
earth streaked or spotted with white--where
the bank or hills & fields appear--or else
the green-black evergreen forests--or the
brown or russet or tawny deciduous woods--
& here and there where the agitated surface
of the river is exposed--the blue-black water.

That dark eyed water--esp where
I see it at right angles with the direction
of the sun--is it not the 1st sign of
spring! How its darkness contrasts with
lightness
the general darkness of the winter! It has
more life in it than any part of the earth's
surface-- It is where one of the arteries of the
earth is palpable--visible.

There are {peculiar} portions of the river which
have thus always opened first--been open latest
and longest. In winter the ver not only some
creatures--but the very earth is partially dormant
--vegetation ceases--& rivers to some extent
cease to flow-- Therefore when I see the
water exposed in mid winter it is as
if I saw a skunk or even a striped squirrel
out-- It is as if the woodchuck {consulted}
himself & sniffed the air to see if it were
warm enough to be trusted.

It excites me to see early in the spring that
black artery leaping thence once more through
the snow-clad town-- All is tumult & life there,
not to mention the rails & cranberries that are
drifting in it. Where this artery is shallowest, ie
& runs swiftest
comes nearest to the surface--there it shows itself
soonest--& you may see its pulse best.

These are the wrists--temples of this earth where I
feel its pulse with my eye. The living waters not
the dead earth. It is as if the dormant earth
opened its dark & liquid eye upon us.

But to return to my walk--I proceed over
the sky-blue ice winding amid the flat drifts
as if amid the clouds-- Now & then treading on
that thin white ice (much marked) of absorbed
puddles (of the surface) which crackles like some-
what like dry hard biscuit--call it biscuit
ice--some of it is full of internal eyes--like
birds-eye maple--little bubbles that were open above
& elsewhere I tread on ice in which are
traced all kinds of characters--Coptic & Syriac
&c-- How curious those crinkled lines
in ice that has been partly rotted (drawing)\footnote{drawing on rt. of page, 5 lines}
reaching down 1/2 in perpendicularly
or else at an angle with the
surface & with a channel that
may be felt above.

There are places (a few) like that at
Hubbards grove commonly thin or open--leading
to the shore with the ice puffed up--as if left
open by a musquash--where ap. a spring comes
in. Only betrayed by its being slow to freeze or
by the softness of the ice there. This is the
least observed of all tributaries. The first evidence
of a tributary.

On the east side of the Pond—under the steep
bank—I see a single lesser red-pole
picking the seeds out of the alder catkins &
uttering a faint mewing note from time to time
on account of me, only 10 feet off. It has a
crimson or purple front & breast.

How unexpected is one season by another—
{off} Pleasant meadow—I walk amid the
tops of bayonet rushes frozen in—as if the
summer had been over taken by the winter.

Returning just before sunset—I see the
ice beginning to be green—& a rose color to be reflected
from the low snow patches. I see the color from
the snow first where there is some shade—as
where the shadow of a maple falls afar
over the ice & snow—for this is reflected a purple
tinge when I see none elsewhere—Some
shadow or twilight then is necessary—umbra mixed
with the reflected sun—Off Holden wood—
when the low rays fall on the river from
patches
between the fringe of the wood—The snow are
not rose-color—but a very dark purple like
a grape—& thus there are all degrees from
pure white to black.

When crossing Hubbards broad meadow
I find myself—the snow patches

903 ac. to 1906
904 written over text
are a most beautiful crystalline purple
like the petals of some flowers—or as if tinged
with cranberry juice—It is quite a fancy scene
--surprising & wonderful—as if you walked amid
those rosy & purple clouds that you see float
in the evening sky—What need to visit the crimson
cliffs of Beverly?

I thus found myself returning over a green sea—
winding amid purple islands
low
& the ^ sedge of the meadow on one side is really
a burning yellow.

The hunter may be said to invent his game,
as Neptune did the horse & Ceres of corn.

It is 20+ at 5 1/2 when I get home.

I walk over a smooth grass sea, or aequor—the
sun just disappearing on the cloudless horizon—amid
thousands of these flat isles as purple as the petals
of a flower. It would not be more enchanting to
walk amid the purple clouds of the sunset sky.

And, by the way, this is ^ a sunset sky under our
feet—produced by the same law—the same slanting
rays & twilight—Here the clouds are these patches
of snow or frozen vapor—and the ice is the crystal sky
between them. Thus all of heaven is realized on
earth. You have seen those purple fortunate
isles in the sunset heaven & that green & amber
sky between them—Would you believe that
you could even walk amid these isles?

You can on many a winter evening. I have
done so a hundred times.
The ice is a solid crystalline sky under our feet.

Whatever aid is to be derived from the use of a scientific term, we can never begin to see any thing as it is—so long as we remember the scientific term which always our ignorance has imposed on it. Natural objects & phenomena are in this sense forever wild and unnamed by us.

Thus the sky & the earth sympathize & are subject to the same laws & in the horizon they as it were meet & are seen to be one.

I have walked in such a place & found it hard as marble.

Not only the earth but the heavens are made our footstool. That is what the phenomenon of ice means— The earth is unusually in- the ice reflects the blue of the sky— The waters become solid & make a sky below— the clouds grow heavy & fall to earth & we walk on them. We live & walk on solidified fluids.

We have such a habit of looking away that we see not what is around us. How few are aware that in winter when the earth is covered with snow & ice the phenomenon of the sunset sky is double— The one is on the earth around us the other in the horizon— These snow clad isles answer to the rosy isles in the west—

The winter is coming when I shall walk the sky.

The ice is a solid sky on which we walk— It is the invented year. There if an unusual
light in the darkness of the winter night--
The shadows are blue--as the sky is
forever blue. In winter we are purified &
translated. The earth does not absorb our thoughts.
It becomes a Valhalla.

Next above good fishing Bay & where the man was drowned
I pass Black Rock shore--& (also) the deep Causeway--
I come to Drifted Meadow
No of the warm woodside (returning) is Bulrush Lagoon--
(off Grindstone Meadow--) "good place for lilies
Then Nut-meadow Mouth. Clam shell Bend--Sunset
or Ind. Bend.
Reach--where the river flows nearly from W to E. & is a fine
sparkling scene (t) (from) the hills east and at sunset
Then Hub. Bathing Place--& the swift place--& lily Bay
or Willow Bay.

Feb. 13th '60
2 pm Down river Therm 38+°
Warm--a cloud just appearing in the west--
That hard meadow just below the boy's
bathing place below the N bridge is another
elfin burial ground-- It would be a bad
place to walk in a dark night. The mounds
are often in ridges, even as if turned up by the
plow
Water over flowing the ice--at an opening in
the river--& mixing with thin snow--
saturating it--seen now on one side, at
right angles with the river's direction is
as black as black cloth.

It is surprising what a variety of distinct colors
the winter can show us--(using) but few pigments
--so to call them. The principal charm
of a winter walk over ice is perhaps the
peculiar & pure colors exhibited--
There is the red of the sunset sky--& of the
snow at evening--& in rainbow flecks
during the day--& in sun-dogs
The blue of the sky--& of the ice & water
reflected--& of shadows on snow
The yellow of the sun & the (morning) & evening
sky--& of the edge bright when lit on
edge of ice at eve)
& all 3 in hoar frost crystals.
Then for the 2d ary there is the purple of the snow
(in drifts or on hills--) of the (mts)--& clouds at
eve--
The Green of evergreen woods--of the
sky 30ºtoward eve & of the ice & water to
The Orange of the sky at eve
& clouds--
The White of snow--& the black of clouds--
of open water agitated--& water saturating (thin)
snow or ice--
The russet & brown--& gray &c of deciduous
woods--
bar
The tawny of the ^ earth.
I suspect that the green & rose (or purple) are
not noticed on ice--& snow unless it is pretty
cold--& perhaps there is less greenness of the
ice now than in december--when the days
were shorter. The ice may now be too old & white
Those horns, knobs\footnote{based on 1906 edition}--& rake icicles on the
SE sides of all open places--or that were open
on the 10th near enough to the bushes--are suddenly
softening & turning white on one side, today--so that
they remind me of the alabaster (?) or\footnote{poss written over text} plaster images
on an Italian's board. All along the ice belt
or shelf--(for the river has fallen more than a
foot) countless white figures stand crowded--
these minute cores of sedge or things being con--
sealed. Some are like beaks of birds--cranes
or herons \footnote{drawing of ice shaped like beaks taking up 2 or 3 lines}

Having seen this phenomenon in one place--
I know with certainty in just how many places &
where throughout the town (4 or 5) I shall
find these icicles--on the SE sides of the larger
open places which approached near enough to a
bushy or reedy shore.

The ground being bare I pick up 2 or 3 arrow-
heads in Tarbells field near Ball's Hill.

There is nothing more affecting & beautiful
to man or child of the earth than the sight
of the worked soil in the spring. I feel a
kindredship with it.

The sun being in a cloud, partly obscured, I see a
very dark purple tinge on the flat drifts on

\footnote{small drawing on line}
the ice—earlier than usual—and when afterward
the sun comes out below the cloud I see
no purple nor rose—hence it seems that the
twilight has as much or more to do with this
phenomenon, supposing the sun to be low—than
the slight angle of its rays with the horizon.

Always, you have to contend with the stupidity
of men. It is like a stiff soil—a hardpan
If you go deeper than usual, you are sure
to meet with a pan made harder even by
the superficial cultivation. The stupid you
have always with you. Men are more obedient
at first—to words than to ideas. They mind names
more than things. Read to them a lecture on
"Education" naming that subject—and they will
think that they have heard something important
but call it "Transcendentalism" & they will think
it moonshine. Or halve your lecture & put a
{psalm} at the beginning & a prayer at the
end of it & read it from a pulpit—and they
will pronounce it good without thinking.

The scriptures rule—unto him that hath
{shalt} be given—in time of composition—the more
you have thought & written on a given theme, the
more you can still write—thought breeds thought
--It grows under your hands.
& Portion

{All of Cheney's-shore maples are yellow}
{also the one by shore just W of Dodd's boat}
{v arrowheads on Derby's T Wheeler field}
{Giraud's Birds of Long Island}
{How much of radical greenness as if seedling biennials}
{perennials from root &c}
{Wrights Provincial Dictionary}
{Trucker Glossary 75c}
{Silver white fir cones full}
{woodpecker nest of Nov. 30}
{3 sweet gale}
{Buds of sweet gale absent}
{Are these not finely divided clouds in summer {as June 27?}
{one}
{11 or}
{maples} 24%