Sunday Sep. 3d '54

Fair weather & a clear atmosphere after 2 days of mizzling–cloudy & rainy weather–& some smart showers at daylight & in the night. The street is washed hard & white.

Pm With Minott Pratt into Carlisle. Woodbine berries purple. X Even at this season I see some fleets of yellow butterflies in the damp road after the rain; as earlier. Pratt showed me a tobacco-flower long & tubular–slightly like a datura. In his yard ap. a new variety of sweet briar which he took out of the woods behind his house–larger bush & leaves–leaves less glandular & sticky beneath–the principal serrations deeper & much sharper–& the whole leaf perhaps less rounded. Saw some winged ants silvering a circular space in the pasture grass about 5 inches in diameter–some a few very large ones among them. Very thick & incessantly moving–one upon another–some without wings–all running about in great excitement– It seemed the object of the winged ones to climb to the top of the grass blades one over another & then take to wing–which they did. In the meadow SW of Hubbards Hill saw white polygala sanguinea, not described.
Lambkill again in Hunt pasture. Close to the left hand side of Bridle road—about 100 rods S of the Oak a bay-berry bush without fruit—prob. a male one. It made me realize—that this was only a more distant & elevated sea beech—and that we were within reach of marine influences. My thoughts suffered a sea turn. N. of the oak (4 or 5 rods) on the left of the bridle road in the pasture next to Masons tried to find the white hardhack still out—but it was too late. Found the sessile mt Laurel out again 1 flower close on end of this years shoot— There were numerous blossom buds expanding & they may possibly open this fall. Running over the laurel an amphicarpaea in bloom—some pods nearly an inch long—out prob. a week or 10 days at linear most. Epilobium molle ^ still in flower in the spruce swamp—near my path. A white hardhack out of bloom by a pile of stones on which I put another in Robbins' field & a little south of it a clump of red huckleberries.

Monday Sep 4th

A multiflorus XXX Observed the undersides of a shrub willow by the river lit by the rays of the rising sun—shining like silver or dew drops— Yet when I stood nearer & looked down on them at a different angle they were quite dull.
I have provided my little snapping turtle with a tub of water & mud—& it is surprising how fast he learns to use his limbs & this with the yolk still trailing from him world. He actually runs. ^ The insensitivity & as if he had got new vigor from contact with the mud. toughness of his infancy—make our life with its disease & low spirits ridiculous— He impresses me as the rudiment of a man worthy to inhabit the earth. He is born with a shell— That is symbolic of his toughness. His shell being so rounded & sharp on the back at this age he can turn over without trouble.

Climbing

Pm to Flowering¹ Fern—Polyg. articulatum ap 3 or 4 days— In the wood paths I find a great many of the cast-steel soap galls—more or some are saddled on the twigs less fresh—^ They are now dropping from the shrub oaks. Is not Art itself a gall? Nature is stung by God & the seed of man planted in her— The artist changes the direction of nature—& makes her grow according to his idea. If the gall was anticipated when the oak was made—so was the canoe when the birch was made. Genius stings nature & she grows according to its idea.

7 1/2

To F. H. P by boat—full moon²—bats flying about.

¹“Flowering” cancelled in pencil.
²vertical pencil line through word (need better copy)
skaters &

^ water bugs? like sparks\(^1\) of fire on the surface
between us & the moon The high shore
above the RR bridge was very simple
& grand—1st the bluish sky with the
moon & a few brighter stars—then

the near high level bank—like a distant
mountain ridge or a dark cloud in the
E horizon—then its reflection in the
water—making it double—& finally
the glassy water—& the sheen in\(^2\) one
spot on the white lily pads— Some
willows for relief in the distance on the
right. It was Ossianic.

I noticed this afternoon that bubbles would
not readily form on the water—& soon burst
forth on account of the late rains which have
changed its quality. There is prob. less stagnation
& seum scum— It is less adhesive.

NB A fine transparent mist
Lily bay seemed as wide as a lake—
you referred the shore back to the
clam shell hills— The mere edge which
a flat shore presents makes no

\(^1\)Vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “moon &” (need better copy)
\(^2\)“in” blotted
distinct impression on the\(^1\) eye–& if seen at all appears as the base of the distant hills– Commonly a slight mist yet low more conceals it. The dim \(^\text{\textdagger}\) shore but a few distant rods distant is seen as the base of the \(^\text{\textdagger}\) hills whose distance you know– The low shore, if not entirely concealed by the low mist–is seen against the distant hills & passes for their immediate base. For the same reason hills near the water appear much more steep than they are. We hear a faint metallic chip from a sparrow on the button bushes or willows now & then. Rowse was struck by the simplicity of nature now–The sky the greater part\(^2\)–then a little dab of earth– & after some water near you. Looking up the reach beyond Clam\(^3\) Shell\(^4\)–the moon on our east quarter–its sheen was reflected for half a mile from the pads & the rippled water next them on that side–while the willows lined the shore in indistinct black masses–like trees made with India ink– (without distinct branches) & it looked like a sort of broadway with the sun reflected from its pavements. Such willows might be made with soot or smoke merely–lumpish with fine edges. Meanwhile Fair H. Hill\(^5\)

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\(^1\)vertical pencil line runs length of page (need better copy)
\(^2\)vertical pencil line through “part” (need better copy)
\(^3\)“Clam” altered from lower case
\(^4\)“Shell” altered from lower case
\(^5\)horizontal pencil line under word runs into margin (need better copy)
NB seen blue through the mist—was as large & imposing as Wachusett—& we seemed to be approaching the High-lands of the river. A mt pass. Where the river had burst through mts.

A high mt would be no more imposing.

Now I began to hear owls—screech? owls at a distance up stream—but we hardly got nearer to them as if they retreated before us—At length when off Wheelers grape & cranberry meadow we heard one near at hand. The rhythm of it was

this once or twice repeated

pe-pe-ou ^ but more of a squeal—& somewhat human. Or do not all strange sounds thrill us as human—till we have learned to refer them to their proper source. They appeared to answer one another half a mile apart—could be heard from far woods a mile off.

The wind has risen & the echo is poor—it does not reverberate up & down the river—

NB No sound of a bullfrog, but steadily mole

// the cricket (like—rana palustris) along shore.
// Rowse heard a whippoorwill at Sleepy Hollow tonight. No scent of muskrats.

Sep 5th ’54

? Were those plump birds which looked somewhat like robins crossing the river yesterday Pm—
Golden plover—? I heard the upland plover note at same time, but these were much stouter birds. The dangle-berries— are now the only Whortle berries which are quite fresh. The feverwort berries began to turn about a fortnight ago. Now quite yellow.

Pm Up Assabet to Sam Barrets Pond.

The river rising {distinctly}

The river weeds are now much decayed—almost & they are thinned

all pads but the white lily have disappeared ^–

As I wade I trod on the great roots only & in mid stream those dense beds of weeds of the yellow lily— are so much thinned (Potamogetons—heartleaf—sparganium—&c &c—) as to give one the impression of the river having risen—though it is not more than 6 inches higher on ac—of the rain. I see now against the edge of the pads on each side of the stream a

floating wreck—of weeds, ^ almost ex–clusively the sparganium (minor)—which

so thick The 1st { } contribution to the river wrack!

stood ^ in mid stream. ^ These ap. become rotten– or loose—(though they are still green) and the wind & water-wash them to one side.3 They form floating masses of wreck–

small siums & {I observe} that also & & a few ^ pontederias are already mixed

The Potamogetons are much decayed & washed & blown into a snarl with them. The stream must be fullest & no longer cover the surface with a smooth green shield—nor do the heartleaf of weeds & most verdurous—(Potamogetons heartleaf–sparganium &c) when the ein brink is in perfection. 5This is a fall become rotten—though many are still green phenomenon. The river weeds^ fall or are loosened.
the water rises—the winds† come & they
are drifted to the shore—& the water is
cleared.‡

During the drought I used to see Sam
Wheeler’s men carting hogsheads of
water from the river to water his shrubbery.
They drove into the river—& naked all but
a coat & hat—they dipped up the water
with a pail—though a shiftless, it
looked like an agreeable labor that
hot weather—Bathed at the Swamp—
The water warmer again than I expected — larger
white oak—^ one of these ^ oaks is stript
// nearly bare by the caterpillars. Cranberry-
raking is now fairly† begun. The very bottom
of the river there is loose & crumbly with
saw dust. I bring up the coarse bits
of wood (waterlogged) between my feet.
// I see much thistle down without the seed
// floating on the river—Saw a humming
bird about a cardinal flower—over
the water’s edge—Just this side the rock
the water near the shore & pads is quite
for 20 rods as with a white sawdust
white ^ with the exuviae of small insects
mixed with scum & weeds
about 1/8 of an inch long—^ ap. like the
green lice on birches—though they want the
long antennae of the last— —Yet I suspect
did not the rain destroy them?
they are the same—^ What others are so
plenty? I see as often before, a dozen

†vertical pencil line from here through following line (need better copy)
‡horizontal pencil line under this line runs width of page (need better copy)
§pencil line through “fairly” (need better copy)
doves on the rock—ap for coolness—
which fly before me. Polyg amphibium
va terestre ap. in prime. I find some //
Zizania grains ps almost black. //
See a chip bird. See many galls //
thickly clustered & saddled about the
twigs of some young swamp white oaks— //
hold on all winter
dome shaped ☺ (with grubs in middle)—
—reddish green A pretty large tupelo on a rock
behind Sam Barrets. some¹ of its leaves a
very deep & brilliant scarlet—equal to any leaves
in this respect. Some waxwork² leaves variegated
greenish yellow & dark green— His Pond has
been almost completely dry—more than he
ever knew—& is still mostly so— The muddy
bottom is exposed high & dry half a dozen
rods wide & half covered with great drying
yel— & white lily pads & stems— He improves
the opportunity to skim off the fertile deposit
for his compost heap— Saw some button
bush balls going to seed which were really
quite a rich red over a green base.—especially
in this evening light. They are commonly
greener—& much duller reddish— Barrett
shows me some very handsome³ pear—
shaped cranberries ☺ not uncommon
which may be a permanent var. dif. from
the common rounded ones.

¹pencil line through “some” and “brilliant scarlet” on following line (need better copy)
²pencil line through “waxwork” and “green” on following line (need better copy)
³vertical pencil line from here through line beginning ”the common” (need better copy)
Saw two pigeons which flew about his pond & then lit on the elms over his house—he said they had come to drink from Brooks’ // as they often did. He sees a blue heron there almost every morning of late— Such // is the place for them. A soapwort gentian by river—remarkably early?— The top has been // bitten off! I hear the tree-toad today. Now at sundown A blue heron flaps away from his perch on an oak over the river before me just above the rock— Hear locusts after sundown.

Sep 6th

6 Am to Hill—the sun is rising directly over the E ^ end of the street. Not yet the // Equinox. I hear a faint warbling vireo on the elms still—in the morning.

My little turtle taken out of the shell Sep 2nd has a shell 1 7/40 inch long or 4/40 longer than the diameter of the egg shell—to say nothing of head & tail— Warm weather // again & sultry nights the last 2. The last a splendid moon light & quite warm.

I am not sure that I have seen bobolinks for 10 days—nor blackbirds since aug. 28th

9+ pm There is now approaching from the W. one of the heaviest thunder-showers—apparently—& with the most
incessant flashes that I remember to have seen. It must be 20 miles off at least for I can hardly hear the thunder at all. The almost incessant flashes reveal the form of the cloud—at least the upper & lower edge of it—but it stretches N & S along the horizon further than we see—Every minute I see the crinkled lightning intensely bright dart to earth—or forkedly along the cloud—It does not always dart direct to earth but sometimes{ }very crookedly like

the bough of a tree \( \rightarrow \) or along the cloud forkedly \( \rightarrow \)– It seems

The forked thunderbolt of the poets like a tremendous dark battery bearing down on us, with an incessant fire kept up behind it. And each time ap— it strikes the earth or something on it with terrific violence. We feel the rush of the cool wind while the thunder is yet scarcely audible. The flashes were in fact incessant for an hour or more though lighting up dif. parts of the horizon—now the edges of the cloud—now far along the horizon—showing a clearer beneath the cloud golden space ^ where rain is falling, through which stream tortuously to earth the brilliant bolts. It is a visible striking or launching of bolts
on the devoted villages. It crinkles through
the clear yellow portion beneath the cloud
where it rains—like fiery snakes or worms
—like veins in the eye. At first it was a
small and very distant cloud in the
SW horizon revealed by its own flashes

1 the flashes—^ It seemed like a ship firing
broad-sides
At last came the rain, but not heavy,
nor the thunder loud—but the flashes
were visible all around us.

Before this in the Pm—to the Hol-
lowell Place—via Hub—Bath crossing the
river. A very warm day one of the
warmest of the year—The water is again
say an average summer warmth
^ warmer than I should have believed— yet not so warm as it has been. It
makes me the more surprised that
only that day & a half of rain should
have made it so very cold when I last
bathed here. Is not all our really hot
weather always contained between the
20th of May & the middle of September?
The checker berries are just\(^1\) beginning to redden XXX //
The cinnamon ferns along the edge of many woods next the meadow are \(^\wedge\) yellow or cinnamon—or quite brown & withered.
The sarsaparilla leaves\(^2\)—green—or reddish are spotted with yellow eyes centered with or dull reddish eye with yellow iris reddish.^ They have a very pretty effect held over the forest floor—beautiful in their decay. The sessile leaved bell-wort is yellow green & brown all together or separately. Some white oak leaves are covered with dull yellow spots. Now ap. is the time to gather the clusters of shrub oak acorns be- // to adorn a shelf with fore they drop. ^ some however are ready to fall on account of the late drought— I see where the squirrels have eaten them (the ilicifolia) & left the shells on a stump. See galls on the chinquapin sessile on the stem spherical— & in ap. between that\(^3\) of yesterday on the swamp white oak & the cast steel-soap galls. I think I may say that large\(^4\) sol– seal berries have begun // to be red. I see no swallows now at Clam shell // They have probably migrated. Still see the cracks in the ground. and no doubt shall till the snow comes. very few of the A undulatus this year & they late. Some large roundish or\(^5\) squarish vib. nudum

\(^1\)pencil line through “just” (need better copy)
\(^2\)vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “is yellow” (need better copy)
\(^3\)“that” possibly altered from “the”
\(^4\)vertical pencil line through line (need better copy)
\(^5\)vertical pencil line through line (need better copy)
berries--by fence bet. Hosmer spring & Lupine Hill
near foot of hill--but I see no dif--bet the
leaves &c & the others.

An A. longifolius like some days at Hosmer ditch
27 rayed
with smaller flowers ^--le smaller scales--leaves
rough
rough above & serrate & purple stem ^--I will call it A
A similar with flesh colored blossom & longer scales at ^ Heywood ditch.

? A carneus for present ^. It may^ be a var of what
I saw by Mill brook & called Tenuifolius--scales alike
but that had smooth leaves.

Thursday Sep 7th 54

The rain of last night has brought down more leaves of elms & buttonwoods
Pm to Moores swamp & Walden.

rose
See some hips of the mooss ^ very large
& handsome bright scarlet--very much
flattened globular-- On the Walden
road heard a some what robin like
clicking note--looked round &
saw one of those small slate col--

male marsh hawk

black tipt--^ white-rumped hawks
skiming over the meadows with

head down-- ^--at first 30 feet
high--then low till he appeared to drop
into the grass. It was quite a loud
clicketling sound

Paddled to Baker Farm--just after
sundown--by full moon--

I suppose this is the Harvest moon
since the sun must be in Virgo--enters

"It may" altered from another word, poss. "I how"
libra the 23d inst.

The wind has gone down, & it is a still warm night, & no mist.

the moon not yet risen

It is just after sundown ^ ^ One star–& & many bats over & about our heads

Jupiter (?) visible. ^ There are many clouds

and small skaters creating a myriad dimples on the evening waters. We see a muskrat-crossing-- & pass a white cat on the shore.

about & a beautiful sunset sky--whi dunnish?

A yellowish golden sky between them clouds

an elm in the yellow twilight looks very rich as if moss or ivy-clad

All & this is

in the horizon--looking up the river ^ which

& A dark blue cloud extends into the dun golden sky--on which there is a little fantastic cloud like a chicken--walking up ^ it--with its neck outstretched

we see reflected in the water-- The beauty of the sunset is doubled by the reflection.

Being on the water we have double
dun-colored

the amount of lit & colored sky

in our west2--above & beneath-- The or reddish3

reflected sky is more dun & richer than the real one-- This seems the first autumnal sunset. The small skaters seem more active than by day--or their slight dimpling is more obvious in the lit twilight-- A stray white cat sits on the shore looking over the water. This is her hour-- A Night-hawk dashes past low over the water--4 Take a glorious sunset sky & double it--so that it shall extend downward beneath the horizon as much as above it--blotting out the earth-- & the lowest half be of the deepest tint-- & every beauty more than before insisted on--& you seem withal to be floating directly into it--6 This is what we had.

It was in harmony with this fair evening

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1 two vertical pencil lines run length of page (need better copy)
2 "in our west" cancelled in pencil
3 "or reddish" cancelled in pencil
4 "This . . . water--" set off with a vertical pencil line in left margin and marked with a pencilled "2" (need better copy)
5 Caret written below inserted "of"
6 "Take . . . it--" set off with a vertical pencil line in left margin and marked with "r" in pencil (need better copy)
that we were not walking\(^1\) or riding
with dust and noise through it
but moved by a paddle without a
almost
jar over the liquid & ^ invisible surface–
floating directly towards those islands
which we call clouds in the {swest} sky
of the blessed. ^ I thought of the Indian
who so many similar 4 evenings had
paddled up this stream–with what advantage
he beheld the twilight sky– So we advanced
without dust or sound
^ by gentle impulses as the twilight gradually
faded–away. The height of the RR.
bridge–already high—(more than 20
\(^*\) to the top of the rail) was doubled by the
reflection—equalling that of a Roman
acqueduct—for we could not possibly
see where the reflection began—& the
piers appeared to rise from the lowest
part of the reflection of the rail above
about 50 feet– We floated directly under
it between the piers as if in mid air—
not being able to distinguish the surface
more than
of the water—& looked down ^ 20 feet to
the reflected flooring through whose inter-
vals we saw the starlit sky— The ghostly
piers stretched downward on all sides—
& only the angle made by their meeting
the real ones betrayed where was the water
surface. The twilight had now paled
(lost its red & dun) & faintly illumined the
// high bank. I observed no firefly this
evening nor the 4\(^{th}\) ult.\(^2\) The moon had not

\(^1\)vertical pencil line from here through length of page (need better copy)
\(^2\)Pencil line following “ult–” (need better copy)
yet risen & there was a half1 hour of
dusk—in which we saw the reflections
of the trees—Any peculiarity in the form
if it leans one side or has a pointed top, for instance,
of a tree or other object is revealed in
the reflection by being doubled & so insisted on.
— We detected thus distant maples pines &
oaks—& they were seen to be related to the river
as distant mts in the horizon—are by day.2
Night is the time to hear, our ears took in
every sound from the meadows & the village.
At first as we were disturbed by the screeching
of the locomotive & rumbling of the cars—
— but soon we left to the fainter natural
sounds—the creaking of the crickets—& the
I am not sure that I heard it the latter part of the
mole cricket evening,
little rana palustris3 & the shrilling of other
crickets (?)—the occasional faint lowing of
distant
a cow—& the barking of dogs, as in a whisper.
Our ears drank in every sound. I heard4
once or twice a dumping frog. This was while
we lay off Nut Meadow Brook waiting for
the moon to rise. She burned her way slowly thro'
small—but thick clouds—and as fast as she
triumphed over them & rose over them
they appeared pale and shrunken like the
ghosts of their former selves. Meanwhile
we measured the breadth of the clear cope
over our heads which she would ere long
traverse—& while she was concealed—looked
up to the few faint stars in the zenith

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1vertical pencil line from here through length of page (need better copy)
2Horizontal pencil line extending to edge of page from below "day." (need better copy)
3"rana palustris" canceled in pencil
4Horizontal pencil line extending to right edge of page from below "heard" (need better copy)
5Horizontal pencil line extending to right edge of page from below "the" (need better copy)
which is ever lighted. C. thought that
in the ever-lit sky inconceivable
these few faint lights ^–whose infinite dis-
tance was enhanced by a few downy wispy wisps
of cloud–surpassed any scene that earth
could should–show. When the moon was
behind these small black clouds in the horizon
they had a splendid silver edging– At length
She rose above them & shone aslant like a
ball of fire over the woods– It was re-
markably clear tonight–& the water was
not so remarkably broad therefore–and
F Haven was not clothed with that blue
veil–like a mt which it wore on the 4th
reflected

The ^ shadow of the Hill was black as night
& we seemed to be paddling directly into
a rod or two before us
it ^ but we never reached it at all–(But
it was not till we had past the bridge
that the first sheen was reflected from the pads)
The trees & hills were distinctly black between
us and the moon–& the water black or
gleaming accordingly. It was quite dry
& warm. Above the Cliffs we heard only one
or 2 owls at a distance, a–hooting owl
& a screech owl–& several whippoorwills.
The delicious fragrance of ripe grapes was
by the night air
wafted to us ^ as we paddled by from every
fertile Vine on the shore–& thus
its locality was revealed more surely
than by daylight– We knew their fragrance
was better than their flavor– They perfumed
thi whole river for a mile–by night.
You might have thought you were had reached
the confines of elysium. A slight zephyr wafted us almost imperceptibly into the middle of F. H. Pond—while we lay watching & listening—The sheen of the moon extended quite across the pond to us in a long & narrow triangle—or rather with concave sides like a very narrow Eddystone light house, with its base in the SW shore & we heard the distant sound of the wind thro the pines on the hill top. Or if we listened closely—we heard still the faint & distant barking of dogs. They rule the night. Near the south shore disturbed some ducks—in the water—which slowly flew away to seek a new resting place—uttering a distinct & alarmed quack—something like a goose. We walked up to the old Baker House—In the bright moonlight the character of the ground under our feet was not easy to detect—& we did not know at first but we were walking on sod and not on a field laid down & harrowed. From the upland the pond in the moonlight was looked blue—as much so as the sky. We sat on the window sill of the old house—saw our bandit shadows down the cellar way—listened to each sound & observed each ray of moonlight through the cracks. Heard an apple fall in the little orchard close by. while—a whippoorwill was heard in the pines—

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1Horizontal pencil line extending to right edge of page from beneath “They” (need better copy)
2Horizontal pencil line extending to right edge of page from beneath “goose.” (need better copy)
3Horizontal pencil line extending to right edge of page from beneath “the” (need better copy)
C. had on a red flannel shirt over his thin coat—since he expected it would be cold & damp— Returning to the boat saw a glow worm in the damp path in the low ground. Returning later—better we experienced the weird-like character of the night—especially perceived the fragrance of the grapes—and admired the fair smooth fields in the bright moon-reflections light. There being no mist the shadows were wonderfully distinct—the whole of bittern cliff with its grove was seen beneath the waves—

Sep 8th 54
Pm to boat under Fair H. Hill via Hub Bath &c. &c. A-graping

The ivy at ivy tree is scarlet 1/4 part—

Saw one of my small slate-col hawks of yesterday sitting in the midst of the upland field beyond like a crow—

There is a great crop of vib. nudum berries this year. The green briar berries not quite ripe—Clams still lie up—

The grapes would no doubt be riper a week hence but I am compelled to go now before the vines are stripped. I partly smell them out. I pluck splendid great bunches of the purple ones
with a rich bloom on them & the purple glowing through it like a fire. Large red ones also with light dots—& some clear green. Sometimes I crawl under low & thick bowers where they have run over the alders only 4 or 5 feet high & see the grapes hanging from a hollow hemisphere of leaves over my head— At other times I see them dark purple or black against the silvery undersides of the leaves—high overhead where they have run over birches or maples—and either climb—or pull them down to pluck them. The witch-hazel on dwarf sumac Hill looks as if it would beg, to blossom in a day or 2

Talked with Garfield who was fishing off his shore— By the way that shore might be named from him—for he is the genius of it & I see him is almost the only man I ever see on that part of the river He says that the 2 turtles, of one of which I have the shell, weighed together 89 lbs.

He saw one when he was a boy — which several who saw it thought would have weighed 60 lbs— That the biggest story he could tell— Referred to the years not long since when so many were found dead. There was one rotting right
on that shore where we were “as big as a tray”. Once he & another man were
digging a ditch in a meadow in Waltham
–(he thought it was the last of September
or first of October–and that we
did not see them put there put their
heads out much later than this.) they
found two mud turtles 3 feet beneath
the surface–& no hole visible by which
they entered. They lay them out on the
grass–but when they went to look for
them again–one was lost & the other
had buried himself in the meadow all
but the tip of his tail.

He heard some years ago a large flock
of brant go over–“yelling” very loud
flying low & in an irregular dense flock

He says the E. shore of F. H. under the Hill is covered with
Heron tracks

like pigeons–^ One of his boys had
seen marks where an otter had slid
& eaten fish near the mouth of Pole
Brook (My Bidens Brook) Remembered
old people saying that this river
used to be a great hunting place
a hundred years ago or more– A still
stream with meadows & the deer used
to come out on it. Had heard an old
Mr Hosmer who lived where E. Conant
does–say that he had shot 3 doz.
muskrats at one shot at Birch
Island (The Island at mouth of F. H. Pond.)

{} His father caught the great turtle while fishing—& sent him up to the house on Bakers farm to cut his head off

where a Jones lived to get an axe ^. There were 2 or 3 men—Luke Potter who lived where Haden does for one—playing cards—& when they learned what he wanted the axe for—they came down to the shore to see him—& they judged that he would weigh 60 lbs. 2 or 3 years ago he saw one caught that weighed 42 lbs.

I saw a muskrat cabin ap. begun on //

Now just before the 1st frost & when the river wreck has begun to wash about

a small humock for a core. ^ Those fine mouth fulls—appear to be gathered from the river bottom

fine pontederias—si.m—fontinalis &c &c decayed—but somewhat adhesive. See fresh\ pontederia blossoms still—Started //

up 10 ducks which had settled for the night below the bath-place—ap—wood ducks.

I doubt if I have distinguished the bidens cernua—It may be the one I have thought a small chrysanthemoides.
I find these last with smaller rays & larger outer involucres—& more or less bristly stems yet equally connate & as regularly serrate & it looks like a dif. produced by growing in a drier2 soil.

That S. in Hubbards swamp—which I have called virgata like3—which has been //

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1 Possibly “Fresh”, altered from lower case
2 “drier” altered from “dry”
3 “which I...like” poss. cancelled in pencil (need better copy)
out about a week & which I will
call the Hub swamp S. is quite peculiar—
is smooth &
It ^ has an erect narrow wandlike compound
& dense raceme—about 14 to 17 rayed heads—
— Leaves very entire thin peculiarly elliptic (?)
lancolate & pointed at both ends—not
triple veined—only the lower slightly serrate
—spatulate lanceolate with long slender
partly clasping winged petioles.

Many green briar leaves are very agreeably
thickly or pine green
^ spotted now with reddish brown ^ on a yellow
or green ground—producing a wildly variegated
leaf— I have seen nothing more rich.
Some of these curled leaves are 5 inches wide.
with a short point. It is a leaf now
for poets to sing about—a leaf to
inspire poets. Now while I am gathering
grapes I see them. It excites me to
a sort of autumnal madness—
They are leaves for Satyrus & Faunus
to make their garlands of— My
thoughts break out like them spotted
all over—yellow & green & brown— The
freckled leaf— Perhaps they should be
poison to be thus spotted— I fancied these

brown were blood red spots—by contrast—but they
are not— Now for the ripening year—
even leaves are beginning to be ripe—

Garfield says he found a hen-
hawks nest near Holden’s swamp—(the old
one had got his chickens) 60 feet up
a white pine— He climbed up & set a
trap in it ^ baited with a fish—^ The
with a string 10 feet long attached

"it" possibly written over "wit"
young but just hatched faced him—
& he caught the old one by the legs
thus—
I have brought home a half bushel
of grapes to scent my chamber with.
It is impossible to get them home in a
basket with all their rich bloom on them.
which, no less than the form of the clusters,
makes their beauty. As I paddled
home with my basket of grapes in the
bow every now & then their perfume was
wafted to me in the stern & I thought that
I was passing a richly laden vine on shore—
Some goldfinches twitter over while I am
pulling down the vines from the birch tops—
The ripest fall rattle off & strewn the
ground before I reach the clusters—
or the while I am standing on tiptoe
& endeavoring gently to break the tough
peduncle—the petiole of a leaf gets en-
tangled in the bunch & I am compelled
to strip them all off loosely.
“Yet once more — — — — — — — — — — 
I come to pluck your berries harsh & crude:
And with forc’d fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:”

1vertical pencil line from here though line beginning “Shatter” (need better copy)
Sep 9th

// This morn I find a little hole 3/4 of
an inch over above my small tortoise
eggs–& find a young tortoise coming out
(ap. in the rainy night) just beneath.–
It is the sternothaerus\textsuperscript{1}–odoratus already
has the strong scent–& now has drawn in
& there are no traces of the yolk or what not attached
It may have been out of the egg some days
its head & legs ^ Only one as yet. I buried
them in the garden June 15\textsuperscript{th}–

I am affected by the thought that
the earth nurses these eggs– They are
planted in the earth–& the earth takes
care of them–she is genial to them & does
not kill them. It suggests a certain vi-
& intelligence
tality ^ in the earth–which I had not realized.
This mother is not merely inanimate–& in-
organic– Though the immediate mother
turtle abandons her offspring–the
earth & sun are kind to them– The old
earth
turtle on which the world rests takes
while the other waddles off
care of them ^– Earth was not made poison-
ous & deadly to them. The earth has some virtue
in it–when seeds are\textsuperscript{2} put into it they
germinate–when turtles’ eggs they hatch.
in due time– Though the mother turtle
remained and brooded them–it would
still nevertheless be the universal world
turtle which through her cared for
them as now– Thus the earth is the
mother of all creatures–

Garfield said that one of his sons
while they were haying in the river meadows
once found a hundred little pickerel

\textsuperscript{1}Correct spelling: “sternothoerus”
\textsuperscript{2}“are” possibly altered from “&”
an inch or inch & a half long in little hole in the meadow not bigger than a bushel basket & nearly dry– He took them out & put them into the river– Another time he himself found many hundred in a ditch brought them home & put them into his large tub– They there lived a spell without his feeding them–but small as they were– lived on one another–& you could see the tails sticking out their mouths. It would seem as if their spawn was deposited in those little muddy bottomed hollows in the meadows where we find the schools of young thus land-locked.

Sep 10th 54

Yesterday & today the first regular //

rain storm–bringing down more leaves

e rms button-woods & apple tree

^ & decidedly raising the river–& brooks–
The still cloudy mizzling days Sep 1st & 2nd the thunder shower of eve of Sep 6th & this regular storm–are the first fall rains after the long drought. Aready the grass both in meadows & on hills looks greener–& the whole landscape this overcast rainy day darker & more verdurous. Hills which have been russet & tawny begin to show some green-

ness

On account of the drought one crop has
almost entirely failed this year thus far—
which the papers have not spoken of. Last
year for the last 3 weeks of August
the woods were filled with the strong musty
scent of decaying fungi—but this year
I have seen very few fungi—and have not noticed
that odor at all—A failure more
perceptible to frogs & toads but no doubt
serious to those whom it concerns.

As for birds.

About 10 days ago especially I saw many
large hawks—prob. hen hawks & young about—
Within a week several of the small
slate-col—& black tipt hawks—

Aug. 20th saw a sucker which I suppose must
have been caught by a fish-hawk—
Hear screech owls & hooting owls these evenings.

Have not noticed blue-jays of late

Occasionally hear the phe-be note of chicadees
Partridges prob. cease to mew for their young.

For about 3 weeks have seen 1 or 2 small dippers
For 10² days a few wood—& prob—black ducks
Small flocks of bluebirds about apple trees
Larks common—but have not heard them sing for
some time

Am not sure that I have seen redwings or
other b. birds for 20 days

For about 3 weeks ago a small flock of
robins {&} pig. woodpeckers.
Robins common & still hear some faint notes

¹Possibly “black-tipt-hawks”
²Blotched; possibly written over another number
of woodpeckers–  
Saw a downy woodpecker as a rarity within a week.  
Believe I hear no song sparrows sing now adays  
See no F hiemalis–hear no quails.  
Heard my last phoebe Aug 26  
See no flocks of white in tails–  
Hear the nuthatch as a novelty within a week about  
street–  
Saw 1st tree sparrow about a week since  
in first rain  
Have seen pigeons about a fortnight.  
Have not distinguished rush sparrows for  
a long time–nor Savannah, nor  
yellowwinged.  
Seen no snipe since Aug. 16  
Turtle doves for more than a month–  
A chip-sparrow seen within a few days  
The warbling vireo still heard faintly in the morning.  
For 3 weeks blue herons common on meadows  
& great–& green bittern  
Green bittern rather earlier for most part–  
Have not heard king fisher of late, not for  
3 weeks methinks.  
Methinks I heard a faint sound from a che-wink within  
a week?  
Seen no barn swallows for a week  
Heard no Catbirds nor brown thrashers sing  
for a long time–but saw the last at least  
within 10 days.  
Whippoorwills still common.  
Think I saw white-throated (?) sparrows on button bushes  
about a week ago–the mizzling day.  
Hear no golden robins for the last fortnight  
Bats common  
Not sure I have seen bobolinks since Aug– 20  
Kingbirds seen within a day or 2
Hummingbird within a week
Goldfinches common–
Nighthawks still–but have not noticed the booming lately
Cherrybirds common–
Cuckoo not heard lately–
Meadow hen?1 seen Aug 30th

Now generally ducks & other migratory birds are
returning from N– & ours going S.

Diplopappus und linarifolia & A. undulatus
// ap. now in prime.

Sep. 11th
Measured today the little sternothaerus² odoratus
which came out the ground in the garden Sep. 9th
Its shell is 32/40 of an inch long, by 25/40 wide. It
flippers
has a distinct dorsal ridge & its head & claws
are remarkably developed– Its raised back
& dorsal ridge–as in the case of the mud-
turtle, enable it to turn over very easily.

It may have been hatched some time be-
fore it came out–for not only there
was no trace of the volk (?) but its shell
was much wider than the egg, when it
first came out of the ground. I placed
a sieve over it, & it remained in the hole
it had made mostly concealed the 2 rainy
days—the 9th & 10th—but today I found it
its head & legs drawn in & quite motionless
against the edge of the sieve ^. I put it
so that you would have said the pulses of life had not fairly begun to beat–
into the {tob} tub on the edge of the mud.

¹"?” possibly inserted
²Correct spelling: “sternothoerus"
It seems that it does not have to learn to walk—but walks at once. It seems to have no infancy—such as birds have. It is surprising how much cunning it already exhibits. It is defended both by its form & color & its instincts. As it lay on the mud its color made it very inobvious—but besides it kept its head & legs drawn in & perfectly still, as if feigning death. But this was not sluggishness. At a little distance I watched it for ten minutes or more. A length it put its head out far enough to see if the coast was clear—then with its flippers it launched itself toward the water (which element it had never seen before)—& suddenly & with rapidity turned itself into it & dove to the bottom—Its whole behavior was calculated to enable it to reach its & proper element safely without attracting attention. Not only was it made of a color and form (like a bit of coal) but which alone almost effectually concealed it—but it was made, infant as it was to be perfectly still as if inanimate and then to move with rapidity when unobserved. The oldest turtle does not show more, if so much cunning. I think I may truly say
that it meditates—uses cunning & meditates
reach
how it may {——} the water in safety— When
I first took it out of its hole on the morn. of
the 9th it shrunk into its shell & was motionless—
feigning death— That this was not sluggishness
I have proved. When today it lay within half an
inch of the water’s edge— It knew it for a friendly
element—& without deliberation or experiment,
but at last, when it thought me and all
foes unobservant of its motions—with remarkable
as if realizing a long cherished idea
precipitation it committed itself to it ^. Plainly
all its motions were as much the re-
sult of what is called instinct— as is
the act of sucking in infants. Our own
subtlest is likewise but another kind
of instinct. The wise man is a wise infant
& never failing—

obeying his finest ^ instincts. It does not
so much impress me as an infantile be-
ginning of life—as an epitome of all the
past of turtledom and of the earth.
I think of it as the result of all the turtles
that have been

The little snap. turtle lies almost constantly
on the mud with its snout out of water—
It does not keep under water long. Yesterday
in the cold rain, however, it lay buried in the
mud all day!
Surveying this forenoon—I saw a small round bright Some are red on one side // ^ yellow gall— ^ as big as a moderate cran-berry—hard & smooth—saddled on a white oak twig— So I have seen them on the swamp White—the chinquapin—& the white. not to mention the cast steel-soap one on the ilicifolia acorn edge—

    This is a cold eve—with a white twilight—& threatens frost. The first in these respects decidedly autumnal evening. It makes us think of wood for the winter— For a week or so the evenings have been sensibly longer—& I am beginning to throw off my summer idleness. This twilight is succeeded by a brighter starlight than heretofore—

Tuesday Sep 12

A cool overcast day threatening a storm—

Yesterday—after the 2 days cold rain the air was very clear & fine grained— This is a phenomenon we observe now after dog days. —until it is summed up in Ind. Summer.

Pm to Hub. Bath— Methinks these cool cloudy days are important to¹ show the colors of some flowers—that with an absence of light their own colors are more conspicuous and grateful against

¹Blotted.
the cool moist dark green earth—the
A. puniceus—(the most densely massed) the
(now beginning to prevail) tradescanti—purple
gerardia &c &c— The river has at length
risen perceptibly—and bathing I find it
colder again than on the 2nd ult—
So that I stay in but a moment—
I fear that it will not again be warm
The weeds in mid stream are mostly
drowned—& are washing up to the
shore—much vallisneria¹ & heartleaf—
are (with its thread like stems) are added² to
the previous wreck (v Sep. 5th)
A sprinkling drove me back for an
umbrella & I started again for Smith’s
Hill—via Hub’s Close. I see plump young
blue birds in small flocks along the fences
with only the primaries & tail a bright blue
the other feathers above dusky ashy brown
tipt with white. How much more the
crickets are heard a cool cloudy day like
this! Is it not partly because the air is stiller!
// I see the Epilobium molle? (linear) in Hub’s Close
still out—but I cannot find a trace of the
fringed gentian. I scare pigeons from
Hub’s oaks beyond— How like the creaking
slight
of trees the faint sounds they make!— Thus

¹Correct spelling: “vallisneria”.
²Possibly written over another word
Not only they are concealed. Their prating or quivet
is like a sharp creak—but I heard a sound
or cracking
from them like a dull grating of bough on bough.

small in the woods at
I see the aster (?) with ink black spots near the
base of the leaves—It looks like a dumosus, but has no
flowers.) Whi oak acorns have many of
them fallen—They are are small & very neat
light green
^ acorns—with small cups—commonly arranged
2 by 2 close together
often
with a leaf
growing
out between them;
but
frequently 3 forming
a little
star with 3 rays looking very artificial

Some black scrub oak acorns have fallen &
A few black oak acorns also have fallen

The red oak began to a fall first.
Their apples are now commonly ripe
& the prinos berries are conspicuous.
Beside many white birch I now see
many chestnut leaves fallen & brown
in the woods. There is now at last some
smell of fungi in the woods since the
rains. On a white oake beyond Everett’s
orchard by the road I see quite a flock
of pigeons & their blue black droppings
& their feathers spot the road—The bare
limbs of the oak ap. attracted them—
though its--acorns are thick on the ground.
These are found whole in their crops. They swallow them whole.
I should think from the droppings that they had been eating berries. I hear that Wetherbee caught 92 dozen last week. I see maple viburnum berries blue black with but little bloom—no full cymes—and the cymes rather less spreading than the other kinds. Some time. Now especially the strong bracing scent of the delicate fern by the Saw-mill Brook path. Dicksonia? or a coarser. How long has the mitchella been ripe? I see many still perfectly green in the swamp. Fruit of the damp & mossy forest floor—ripening amid the now mildewy & bracing fern scent of the damp wood.

shining

Medeola berries & black—or perhaps on long peduncles dark blue-black? & how long? The whorls of leaves—now stand empty for most part like shallow saucers, with their purple centers—and bare peduncles—upland

I hear that many plover have been seen on the burnt Brook's meadow.

Marsh speedwell & yel– beth star still out.

Wednesday Sep 13th 54

Pm to Great Fields

Many butternuts have dropped—more than walnuts—A few raspberries still fresh.
I find the large thistle—circium muticum out of bloom 7 or 8 rods perhaps N of the potatoe field & 7 feet W of ditch amid a clump of raspberry vines.

Thursday Sep. 14th 54
6 Am to Hill— I hear a vireo still in the elms. The banks have now begun fairly to be sugared with the A. Tradescanti. I get very near a small dipper behind Dods—which sails out from the weeds fairly before me—then croswise the river scoots over the surface through throwing the water high—dives & is lost.—A v. lanceolata out on the meadow— The sun soon after rising has gone into a mackerel sky this morning— and as I come down the hill I observe a singular mirage (?) There is a large dense field of mackerel sky with a straight SE & distinct edge—parrallel with the ^ horizon & lifted above it ap. about double the height of the highest hills there—beneath this a clear sky—& lower still some level bars of mist which cut off the top of Pine hill—causing it to loom— The top fringed with pines on account of the intervening lower mist is seen as it were above the clouds—appears much to high being referred to a far greater distance than the reality. Our humble scenery appears
on a grand scale– I see the fair forms of mighty pines standing along a mt ridge above the clouds and overlooking from a vast distance our low valley– I think that the image is not really elevated, but the bars of mist below make me refer it to too great a distance & therefore it is seen as higher. The appearance of those fine edged pines–a narrow strip of a mt ridge half a mile in length, is stupendous & imposing. It is as if we lived in a valley amid the Himmaleh mts– A vale of Cashmere. There was a fog last night which I think prevented a frost.

8 Am to op. Pelham’s Pond by boat— Quite cool–with some wind from E & SE.

Took a watermelon for drink. I see many new & perfect ^ cobwebs on the Sium gone to seed by the side of the river– Now instead of haying they are raking cranberries¹ all along the river. The raker moves slowly along with a basket before him into which he rakes (hawling) the berries–& his wagon stands // one side. It is now the middle of the

¹vertical pencil line through the rest of the page (need better copy)
cranberry season. The river has risen about a foot within a week—and now the weeds in mid stream have generally disappeared washed away or drowned—The ranunculus stems & leaves are added to the floating wreck.

Now our oars leave a broad wake of large

^ bubbles which are slow to burst—Methinks they are most numerous large & slow to burst near the end of a warm & dry spell—& that the water loses some of this tenacity in a rain. But now we have had rain—

At any rate on the 4th ult, just after the 1st rains of the 1st & 2nd they would not readily form to the hand. There is such a dif. in the state of the water. As we go up the Clam Shell reach I see the reflections of oaks very much prolonged—by the fine ripple—Perhaps it is re-reflected from ripple to ripple. The rain-bow portion of the bayonet rush is just covered now by the rise of the river—This cooler morning methinks the jays are heard more

Now that the pontederias have mostly fallen the polygonums are the most common & conspicuous flowers of the river. The smaller one has not shown more before. I see a stream
of small white insects in the air over
the side of the river—W. Wheeler is burning
his hill by the Corner road.—just cut over—
—I see the scarlet flame licking along
not in a continuous rank—but upright individual tongues
of flame
the ground—^ undulating flashing
erect
forked—narrow ^ waves about the
size of a man or boy—Next the
rising perpendicularly blue
blue smoke ^ against the pines—&
fuscous fuscous against the sky. Not
till high in the sky does it feel the southerly
wind—When I look² around for those
light undersides of the crisped leaves
which were so conspicuous in the
drought 3 weeks & more ago—I
see none³—Methinks they have not so
much flattened out again since the
rains—but have fallen—and that
thus there are two falls every year—
Those leaves which are curled by the
drought of July & August—ap. fall
about
with the first fall rains—near the
first week of September—& those which
remain are green as usual—& go on
to experience their regular october change.
The only dif. this year will be that there
will not be so many leaves for the 2nd
fall. The first fall is now over
e.g. (on the 17th I see that all those which had changed on Pine Hill have fallen
& many tree tops maple & chestnut are bare)

¹Either “of small” or “of Small”; “of” definitely written over other letters and what looks like a capital “S” is
either an alteration from “small” to “Small” or part of another letter whose stroke connected to the original
characters T wrote before changing them to “of”
²vertical pencil line from here through length of page (need better copy)
³“none” possibly altered from “no one”
Going by lees Crossing F– H. the reflections were very fine—not quite distinct but prolonged by the fine ripples made by an east wind just risen— At a distance entering the pond we mistook some fine sparkles prob. of insects—for ducks in the water— they were so large

\(^\wedge\) which seem when we were nearer looking down more at a greater angle with the surface—wholly disappeared— Some large leaved willow bushes in the meadow SE of Lee’s reflected the light from the under sides of a part of their leaves—as if frost covered—or as if white asters were mingled with them. We saw but two white lilies on this voyage—they are now done. 

//

about a dozen pontederia spikes—no Mikania—(that is now white or grey) The \{l\} 4 or 5 large yel. lilies & 2 or 3 small yel—lilies. The B. Beckii is drowned or dried up—\& has given place to to the Great Bidens the flower & ornament of the river sides at present—\& now in its glory—especially at I. Rice’s shore—where there are dense beds. 

It is a splendid yellow Channing says a lemon yellow—\& looks larger than more or less \(\approx\) \{2\} it is (2 inches in diameter \(\wedge\)\(\wedge\)\(\wedge\)) \&
Full of the sun— It needs a name
tufts of
I see ^ ferns on^ the edge of the meadows
at a little distance—handsomely
tipped on edge with cinnamon brown—
—like so many brown fires—they light
up the meadows— The button bush every
where yellowing— We see half
a dozen herons in this voyage—
Their wings are so long in prop. to their
bodies—that there seems to be more
than one undulation to a wing at as
they are disappearing in the distance &
so you can distinguish them. You see another
begun before the first has ended. It is re-
markable how common these birds
are about our sluggish & marshy river—
we must attract them from a wide section
of country— It abounds in those fenny
districts—& meadow pond holes in which
they delight— A flock of 13 tell-tales—
great yel— legs—start up with their
shrill whistle from the midst of the
great Sudbury meadow—& away they
or skimming
sail in a flock—(a sailing flock
showing their white tails
that is some thing rare methinks) ^ to alight
in a more distant place— We see some
small dippers & scare up many ducks

1vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “where yellowing” (need better copy)
–black mostly—which prob. came as soon as the earliest– The great bittern too rises from time to time slowly flapping his way along at no great height above the meadow– The small polygonum is first particularly abundant in the bend above the coreopsis– but it is greatest abundance & perfection at 3/4 through the great meadow– in great beds 1 to 3 rods wide very dense & now rising but 6^ inches or so above

See swallow like a barn swallow the water. It is now ap. in perfection. Counted 20 haycocks in the Great meadow on staddles, of various forms– tied round with hay ropes– they’re are picturesque objects in the meadow– Little as the river has risen these meadows are already wet– What is The Phragmites is still green. Why does not that

It does. V July 31 59

large typha above the Causeway bear fruit? Just above the Mill Village Bridge there is an interesting view of Nobsco clad with wood–up the broad meadows on Larned Brook–which comes in there– Above the Pelham Pond bridge a short distance further we dined. Then went over An interesting view & part of the river–quite broad at the Great Chestnut house–& a good

"they" possibly altered from "these" or "there"
land just before on the left. Went half a mile or more above the chestnut house—Plenty of hibiscus out of bloom just above the Chestnut house on the W side—& some op. some elms where we had dined—all in Wayland.

What is that large sharply 3 angular hollow sided sedge about 4 feet high on the N edge of the river in mid of the great Meadow?—coarse grass like somewhat.

We went up 13 or 14 miles at least & as we stopped at F. H. Hill. returning rowed about 25 miles today.

Sep 15

Pm to boat under F. H. Hill & down river

Desmodium? or lespedeza ticks cover my clothes. I know not when I get them. The Witch

Hazel has opened since the 8th say 11th XXX. It was abundantly out the 14th (yesterday) on Wachusett mt where it is prob. more exposed to the sun & drier. Sophia was there. Its leaves 1/3 or 1/2 of them are yel. and brown

S. speciosa at Clam-shell out several days. Goodwin the one-eyed fisherman is back again at his old business—(& Haynes also) he says he has been to Cape Cod a-haying. He says that their “salt grass” cuts about the same with our fresh{-}Meadow.”

Saw a chewink.

Mrs Mowatt, the actress, describes a fancy ball in Paris, given by an American Millionaire, at which “One lady — — —wore so many
diamonds (said she valued at two hundred thousand dollars) that she was escorted in her carriage by gendarmes, for fear of robbery.” This illustrates the close connexion between luxury & robbery—but commonly the gendarmes are further off.

Sep 16th

Sophia & mother returned from Wachusett—S. saw much bayberry in Princeton.

Pm. to Fringed gentian meadow over assabet & to Dugan Desert—
I see a wood tortoise in the woods. Why is it there now? One man thinks there are not so many pigeons as last week—that it is too cold for them. There have been slight a few ^ frosts in some places. The clemantis is feathered the asclepias Cornuti begun to discount. I see many hardhacks in the lichen pasture by Tommy Wheeler’s¹ which are leafing out again conspicuously. I see little flocks of chip-birds along the roadside & on the apple trees showing their light undersides when they rise. I find the mud turtle’s eggs at the desert all hatched. There is a small ^ by which they have made their exit sometime before the last rain (of the 14th) & since I was here on the 4th. There is however one still left eggs in the Nest— As they were laid the 7th of June, it

¹“W” altered from “w”
makes about 3 months before they came out
The nest was full of sand & egg shells. I saw no tracks of the old one—
of the ground. ^ I took out the remaining one—
which perhaps could not get out alone—&
it began slowly to crawl toward the brook about
5 rods distant. It went about 5 feet in as
At this rate it would have reached the water in a couple of
hours at most
many minutes. ^ Then being disturbed by my moving,
stopped—& when it started again retraced its steps—crossed
the hole which I had filled and got into a rut
leading toward another part of the brook—
It climbed directly over some weeds & tufts of grass in its way
about 10 rods dist. ^ Now & then it paused—stretched
out its head looked round—& appeared to be
deliberating—waiting for information or listening
to its instinct. It seemed to be but a blunder-
ing instinct which it obeyed—and as if it
might be easily turned from its proper course
Whenever I took it up it drew in its head & legs and so shut its
eyes & remained motionless
– Yet in no case did it go wholly wrong—^ It
was so slow that I could not stop to watch
it—& so carried it to within 7 or 8 inches of
the water—turning its head inland. At length
it put out its head & legs—turned itself round—
crawled to the water, & endeavored as soon as it
entered it to bury itself at the bottom—but
it being sand it could not. I put it
further into the stream—& it was at once
carried down head over heels by the current.
I think they come out in the night.
// Another little sternothaerus has come out of the ground
since mo 8 this morning (It is now 11 Am)
Another the 18th bet 8 & 11 Am
Am
(Another Sep 17th found in morning.) another " " 11 & 1 Pm.1

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1This added material carries over to bottom of p. 47, separated from the rest of the page by a vertical pencilled line across the page (need better copy)
The first sternothaerus has remained buried in the mud in the tub—from the first. & the snap. turtle also for the last few days.
The locust sounds rare now— I make the oak at the S. E. corner of the Ag. Ground to be a scarlet oak—not yellow barked—leaf more deeply cut—lighter green—narrower at point—acorn more pointed its ^ scales not recurved off from the acorn like the black—

Monday Sep 18th 54
Vib nudum in flower again XXX Fringed Gentian near Peter’s out a short time, but as there is so little and that has been cut off by the mowers & this is not the leading stem that blooms—it may after all be earlier than the hazel. ^ I see the potatoes all black with frosts that have occurred within a night or 2 in Moore’s swamp.

Tuesday Sep 19th 1
Pm to Conantum— Ivy V. Lentago berries now perhaps in prime though there are but few blue ones—
Thinking of this afternoon of the prospect of my writing lectures & going abroad to read them the next winter, I realized how incomparably great the advantages

Another bet 1 & 3 Pm the 18th— Another found out on the morning of the 19th—another was dug out the 25th, (All hatched then but one egg which I have) A snap. turtle had come out on the morn. of the 20th one at least—

another " " " on the morn of the 23rd sep.
another " " " " 268k3

1"19" altered from "18"
2vertical pencil line through this and the following line (need better copy)
3See p. 46, note 1
of obscurity & poverty which I have enjoyed
so long—(& may still perhaps enjoy—)
I thought with what more than
princely—with what poetical leisure I
had spent my years hitherto—without
care or engagement—fancy free—
I have given myself up to nature— I have
tried so many Springs & summers & autumns
and winters as if I had nothing else
to do but to live them—& imbibe whatever
nutriment they had for me— I have
spent a couple of years, for instance,
with the flowers chiefly, having none
other so binding engagement as to
observe when they opened— I could have
afforded to spend a Whole fall observing
the changing tints of the foliage
Ah how I have thriven on solitude &
poverty— I cannot overstate this ad-
antage. I do not see how I could
have enjoyed it—if the public had
been expecting as much of me as there
is danger now that they will— If
I go abroad lecturing how shall
I ever recover the lost winter?
It has been my vacation—my sea-
son of growth & expansion—a prolonged
youth–

An upland plover goes off from Conantum
top–though with a white belly–uttering
a sharp white, tu white.

That drought was so severe that a
few trees–here & there–birch–maple–chest-
ut–apple–oak–have lost nearly all //
their leaves. I see large flocks of robins //
with a few flickers–the former keeping
up their familiar peeping & chirping.
Many pignuts¹ have fallen– Hardhack //
is very generally commonly putting forth
new leaves–where it has lost the old. They
are half an inch or 3/4 long & green the
stems well. The stone-crop fruit has for
a week or more had a purplish or pinkish (?)
tinge by the roadside–
Fallen acorns in a few days acquire
shining
that wholesome ^ dark chestnut (?)
color– Did I see a returned yellow² redpoll
fly by?

I saw some nights ago a great
deal of light reflected from a fog
bank over the river upon Monroes
white fence–making it conspicuous
almost as by moonlight from my
window.
Scarlet oak acorn commonly
a broader cup– V. another figure
with more shelf Sep. 20th in fall of 58
Windy rainstorm last night.

¹pencil line through “pignuts” (need better copy)
²“yellow” written over another word
See to day quite a flock of what I think rusty
must be ^ grackles--about the willows & button bushes.

Thursday Sep. 21st Pm to Flints P.

The first frost in your yard last night--
the grass white & stiff in the morning.
The musk melon vines are now blackened--
in the sun-- There have been some frosts in low grounds about a week-- The forenoon is cold & I have a fire--but it is a fine clear day as I find when I come forth to walk in the afternoon--
a fine grained air with a seething or shimmering in it, as I look over the fields--days which remind me of the Indian summer that is to come. Do not these days always succeed the first frosty mornings?
The woods generally may now be said to be fairly beginning to turn--
(this with the first noticeable frost) the red maples especially at a distance begin to light their fires--some turning yellow--& within the woods many e.g. scarlet & black oak ^ & chestnut and other leaves begin to show their colors.
Those leaves of the young white oaks which dull many incline to crimson have changed--^ salmon--crimson scarlet ^ --are mostly within the tree & partially
They are handsomest looking up from below—the light concealed by the green leaves.\(^{\text{chinquapins some scarlet}}\)

With this bright clear but rather cool air—the bright yellow of the aut. dandelion is in harmony—& the heads of the dilapidated golden rods. The gentian is already frost-bitten almost as soon as it is open— Those pretty little white oak acorn\(^1\) stars of 3 rays are now quite common on the ground.

L.

Utricularia (the leafless) abundant & dort-manna still out at F Pond. That small erect milfoil is very abundant now the pond is low near the bathing rock.

I hear many jays since the frosts began

The nuthatch is common in woods & on street—

Hear the chewink & the cluck of the thrasher

I sometimes seem to myself to owe all my little success to my vices. I am perhaps more willful than others—and make enormous sacrifices even of others' happiness it may be to gain even my ends— It would seem as if nothing good could be accomplished without some vice to aid in it.

The leaves of the wild cherry being sound & entire handsome are in some places a particularly clear uniform what you may call cherry red. perhaps inclining to crimson (perhaps like the stain of cherry juice. v Sep 30 V. Chestnut—

\(^1\)pencil line through “acorn” (need better copy)

\(^2\)vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “inclining to” (need better copy)
I am surprised to see how many leaves in the woods have been apparently eaten through on the edges—leaving only a contrasting with the green centers faded net-work of veins there. In some places almost every leaf of the young white oaks (and {scrub} black or shrub oak) & chestnuts has this very handsome & regular pale edging of net as of lace work—It is about 1/12 of an inch in diameter and is exceedingly singular following strictly the outline of the leaf however cut or lobed—by nature or accident. and preserving the same width. As these leaves (of young oaks &c.) are commonly several together in one plane disposed ray-wise rosettes

^ the effect of this edging is enhanced—These young leaves are still of a clear & delicate—& now somewhat precious green. The extreme edge is left firm & entire & the ^ leaf is eaten through only just within it.

Friday Sep. 22nd 54

not withstanding some fog at same time—

Another hard frost this morning—^ and another fine day after it

Pm Over Nawshawtuct. The river is peculiarly smooth & the water clear—& sunny—stone as I took from the ^ bridge. A painted tortoise outside of the—

with his head out—(where there are no) weeds—looks as if resting in the air in that attitude—or suggests it. an angle of 45° with
head & flippers outstretched. I see no particular
effects of frost on the Pontederias—they have
been falling steadily without regard to it—
It would be worth the while to observe all
the effects of the 1st frosts—on vegetation &c. &c.

Celtis berries begin¹ to yellow. As I look off
from the hill-top I wonder if there are any finer
days in the year than these— The air is so fine
& more bracing—& the landscape has acquired some
fresh verdure withal. The frosts come to
ripen the year the days like² fruits—persimmons.
What if we were³ to walk by sun-
light with equal abstraction—& aloofness—
yet with equally impartial observation
As if it shone not for you nor you for it—but you had come forth
and criticism. ^ By moonlight we are not
into it for the nonce—to admire it—
of the earth earthy— but we are of the earth
spiritual— So might we (walk (by \day,) seeing
the sun but as a moon—a comparatively
& reflected
faint ^ light—and the day as a brooding night.
in which we glimpse some stars still.

Some shrub oak acorns are prettily rayed
—green & yellowish—some wht oak ones
are turned salmon color—or blushing like
the leaves— Grape{} leaves in⁴ low grounds are
frostbitten & crisped before they have yellowed.

Crossing the hill behind Minott’s
just as the sun is preparing to dip below the

¹pencil line through “begin” (need better copy)
²pencil line through “like” (need better copy)
³vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “are turned” (need better copy)
⁴vertical pencil line through this and following line (need better copy)
horizon—the thin haze in the atmosphere
north & south along the W. horizon is--lit
reflects a purple tinge--& bathes the mts
with the same--like a bloom on fruits--
I wonder if this phenomenon is observed in warm
weather--or before the frosts have come. Is it not
another evidence of the ripe days? I saw it yesterday.

I am surprised to see balls on the scarlet
oak. Its acorn & cup are peculiarly top
-shaped--the point of the acorn being the bottom.
The cup is broader than in the black oak--
making a broader shelf about the acorn--&
is more pear shaped or prolonged at top-- The acorn
is not so rounded but more tapering at point.
And some scarlet oak leaves which I have
their two main veins or diverging ribs nearly oppo-
a leaf

hence lobes are not ^ opposite Not general

By moonlight all is simple--
we are enabled to erect ourselves--our
minds on account of the fewness of objects--
We are no longer distracted. It is simple
as bread & water-- It is simple as the rudiments
of an art-- A lesson to be taken before
sun-light perchance--to prepare us for

Sep 23rd 54

Pm to Great Meadows via Gowing's Swamp.
I was struck with the peculiar & interesting
colors of the naked arms of the button
wood at the brick house--delicate tints

---

1“Not general” written vertically in left margin in pencil, upward, forming right angle with line beginning
“hence”

2vertical pencil line from here through end of day’s entry (need better copy)
seen from the ground—whitish—greenish—
& fawn (?) colored—They look as if recently bared
The button woods are
by the scaling off of the old bark. in a flourishing condition
this year. The first time.
My pink azaleas which had lost their leaves
in the drought are beginning to leave out again.

The Helianthus tuberosus (Jerusalem Artichoke)
beyond Moore’s shows a little yellow—but will not
in a flourishing condition
this year. The first time.
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beyond Moore’s shows a little yellow—but will not
in a flourishing condition
this year. The first time.
My pink azaleas which had lost their leaves
in the drought are beginning to leave out again.
Bull says it is only the miniature leaves of his new grape—which are crisped by the frost as yet. Here on the east edge of the great meadows—all the Flowering fern is turned brown & withered—(I am not sure but it began before the frost) & the common Eupatoriums are a very dark brown or black for the same reason. All along the river the upper half of the button bushes is turned brown & withered in consequence of the frost—while many other plants in their midst are untouched— As it began late, it falls early. Its balls are equally browned & may now be said to be ripened by frost— After those frosts a day’s sun revealed what mischief the frost had done—by the withering & blackened leaves. Many plants fall with the first frosts—Grapes—button-bushes what else? Prob. some asters & g. rods.

Monroe has shot a loon today.

Sunday Sep. 24.

6 Am to Hill.

Low fog—like veil on meadows—

On the large sassafras trees on the hill—

I see many of the handsome red pedicels left—with their empty cups which have held fruit—& I see one or 2 elliptical but still green berries— Ap. the rest have ripened or been gathered by birds & fallen already—unless the fell prematurely. Grey says that the berries are dark blue & ripen in September.

Catnip still in bloom. Hear the flicker note.

See a song-sparrow like bird singing
a confused jingle. Afterward hear from a willow by river—a clear strain from a song sparrow!

Man identifies himself with earth

Spirit is strange to him—he is afraid of ghosts

or the material—just as he who has the least tinge of African blood in his veins regards himself as a Negro—and is identified with that race.

The vib. lentago berries¹ now turn blue black

last

in pocket as the nudum did—which are now all gone—while the lentago is now just in season.

Pm

By boat to Grape Cliff². These are the stages in the river fall. 1st the 2 vars of yel—lily-pads beg. to decay & blacken—(long ago). 2nd the first fall rains come & cool after dog days & raise the river & winds wash the decaying sparganium &c &c—to the shores & clear the channel more or less—4th when the first harder frosts come (as this year the 21st & 22nd ult—) the button bushes which before had attained only a dull mixed yellow—are suddenly bitten—wither & turn brown, all but the protected parts—

Our first fall is so gradual as not to make so much impression—but the last suddenly & conspicuously gives a fall aspect to the scenery of the river—

¹vertical pencil line through paragraph (need better copy)
²vertical pencil line through bottom of page (need better copy)
³“2” possibly altered from “1”
The button bushes thus withered, covered still with the gray already withered

suddenly
mikania—^ paint with a rich brown
the river’s brim— It is like the crust, the edging of a boy’s turn over done brown—
And the Black willows—slightly faded & crisped with age or heat—enhance my sense of the years maturity— There where the land appears to lap over the water—by a mere edging—these thinner portions are first done brown— I float over the still liquid middle.

I have not seen any such conspicuous effect of frost as this sudden withering of the button bushes. The muskrats make haste now to rear their cabins & conceal themselves.

Looking over the {woods} {backward} & {forward} from a hill top {westward} V VII–114

// I see still what I take to be small flocks of grakles—feeding beneath the covert of the button bushes—& fitting from bush to bush. They seldom expose themselves long— The water begins to be clear of weeds & the fishes are exposed. It is now too cold to bathe with comfort—yet the clams have not gone down— The river is still low— I scared up a duck (wood?) side

(white under ^ wings) which circled round 4 times middle times 2^oe high in the air—a diameter of 100 rods—& finally alighted with a long slanting flight near where it rose.

The sumach (though I have not observed

1vertical pencil line through end of paragraph (need better copy)
the poison (*venenat*)

Green briar berries—ripe blue black or purplish—ap with the frosts of 21st & 22nd

The red maple leaves along the river are much curled & show their whitish undersides even more than a month ago—owing prob. to their age as well as the summer’s drought (from which last they had partly recovered) a fortnight (?) ago

(Saw a warbler which inquisitively approached me creeper-wise along some dead brush twigs—It may have been the pine creeping warbler—though I could see no white bars on wings— I should say all yel— olivaceous above—clear lemon yellow throat & breast—& vent (?) narrow white ring round eye—black bill straight—clay col (?) legs—edge of wings white)

*Young* hickories pretty generally—& some black oaks are frost bitten—but no young white oaks—

Look {now} at a { } {flood} hill side—{it also &} { }—{&} it is variously {tinted}—clad all in a { } {of any colors as burst forth} in its {cap}

On the shrub oak plain under Cliffs—the young wht oaks are generally² now tending to a dull inward red— The ilicifolia generally green still with a few yellowish or else young scarlet leaves— The ^ black oaks with many red—scarlet—or yellowish leaves— The chinquapin pretty generally a clear brilliant dark red— The same with sea a few twigs of the scarlet oak, but not brilliant i.e. glossy— The tupelo green—reddish³ & brilliant scarlet all together— The brightest⁴ hazel dim vermillion. Some red maple sprouts

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¹vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “to their” (need better copy)
²vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “chinquapin” (need better copy)
³“green—reddish” cancelled in pencil
⁴“together— The brightest” cancelled in pencil
clear scarlet deepening to purplish—
The panicled cornel\(^1\) green with a tinge of reddish purple—

Only these young trees & bushes are yet conspicuously changed—

The tupelo & the chinquapin the most brilliant of the above— The scarlet oak the clearest red.

But little bright S nemorosa is left—
It is generally withered or dim.

What name of a natural object is most poetic? That which he has given for convenience—whose life is most nearly related to it—who has known it longest & best.

The perception of truth—as of the duration of time &c—produces a pleasur-able sensation—

Sep 25\(^{th}\) 54
Pm to boat op Bittern Cliff via Cliffs.
I suspect that I know\(^2\) on what the brilliancy of the autumnal tints will— depend— — On the greater or less drought of the summer— If the drought has been uncommonly severe, as this year, I should think it would so far destroy the vitality of the leaf that it would attain only to a dull dead color in autumn—that to produce a brilliant autumn the plant should be full of sap & vigor to the last.

\(^1\)vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “conspicuously” (need better copy)
\(^2\)vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)
Do I see an F. hiemalis in the deep cut— it is a month earlier than last year
I am detained by the very bright red blackberry leaves strewn along the sod—the vine being inconspicuous— How they spot it!
On the shruboak plain—as seen from Cliffs the red at least balances the green.
It looks like a rich shaggy rug—now—before

the woods are changed. I see many
smokes—in the distance—of burning brush (?)
The button bush leaves are rapidly falling— & covering the ground with a rich brown carpet. The pontederias too show decidedly
the effect of the frost. The river is as low ordinarily in summer—8 or 9 inches below the long stone—& the pink stripe of the bayonet rush—, now clear dark pink 8 or 9 inches wide, is again exposed. Saw at a distance a fox or an otter withdrawing from the river side. I think that if that August haze had been much of it smoke I should have smelt it much more strongly, strongly
for I now smell the smoke of this burning half a mile off though it is scarcely perceptible in the air.
There was a splendid sunset while I was on the water—beginning at the
Clam Shell reach. All the lower edge of a very broad dark slate cloud which reached up backward almost to the zenith—was lit up through & through the sun being below the horizon with a dun golden fire —like a furze plain densely on fire—a short distance above the horizon—for there was a clear pale robin’s egg sky beneath—and some on which the light fell little clouds — high in the sky but nearer—upper part of the seen against the —distant uniform dark slate one were of a fine greyish silver color—with fine mother o’pearl tints—unusual at sunset!? 

The furze gradually burnt out on the lower edge of the cloud—changed into a smooth hard-pale pink vermillion—which gradually faded in to a grey satiny pearl—a fine Quaker color. All these colors were prolonged in the rippled reflection to 5 or 6 times their proper length—The effect was particularly remarkable in the case of the reds—which were long bands of red perpendicular in the water

Bats come out 15 min after sunset—& then I hear some clear song sparrow strains as from a fence post amid snows in early spring.
Sep 26th

Took my last bath the 24th—Prob. shall not bathe again this year—It was chilling cold. It is a warm & very pleasant after-noon & I walk along the river side in Merrick’s pasture. I hear a faint jingle from some sparrows on the willows &c tree—or else song sparrows. Many swamp-wht oak acorns have turned brown on the trees.

maples

Some single red are very splendid now—the whole tree bright scarlet—against the cold green pines—now when very few trees are changed a most remarkable object in the landscape. Seen a mile off. It is too fair to be believed—especially seen against the light—Some are a reddish or else greenish yellow—others with red or yellow cheeks—I suspect that the yellow maples had not scarlet blossoms.
The bunches of panicled cornel are purple—though you see much of the grey undersides of the leaves. Vib. dentatum berries still hold on.

Sep 28th

R. W. Es pines are pariticolored—preparing to fall—some of them.

1 pencil lines through “sparrows. Many” and “turned brown” in the following line (need better copy)

2 vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “undersides” (need better copy)
The sassafras trees\(^1\) on the hill are wholly
now \(^\wedge\) a bright orange scarlet as seen from my window—& the small
one elsewhere are also changed—

// Sweet brier hips\(^2\) ripe X—
As I complain that the voyager to arctic regions—in his description of the scenery does not enough re-
directly or indirectly of the peculiar dreariness of the scene or mind the reader \(^\wedge\) of the perpetual twilight of the arctic night—so he whose theme is moonlight—will find it
difficult to illustrate it \(^\wedge\) with the light exclusively
of the moon alone—

Sep 29\(^{\text{th}}\) ’54
Pm— To Lees Bridge via Mt Misery & return by Conantum—
Yesterday was quite warm requiring the thinnest coat—To day is cooler. The // elm leaves have in some places more than half fallen—& strew the ground with thick molting beds—as front of Hubbards—perhaps earlier than usual—The dry year\(^3\)

// Bass berries dry & brown\(^4\)—Now is the time to gather barberries—
Looking from the Cliffs—the young-oak plain is now prob as brightly colored as it will be. The bright reds appear here to be next the ground, the lower parts of those\(^5\) young trees—and I find on descending—that it is com-
monly so as yet with the scarlet oak

\(^1\)vertical pencil line through line beginning “seen from” (need better copy)
\(^2\)vertical pencil line through line beginning “of the moon” (need better copy)
\(^3\)“The dry year” written vertically in right margin in pencil, upward, forming right angle with line ending “ground with” (need better copy)
\(^4\)vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)
\(^5\)“those” possibly “these”
which is the brightest\textsuperscript{1}– It is the lower 1/2 or 2/3 which have changed–and this is surmounted by the slender still green top. In many cases these\textsuperscript{2} leaves have \textit{b} only begun to be sprinkled with bloody spots & stains– Sometimes as if\textsuperscript{3} one had cast up a quart of blood from beneath–& stained them. I now see the effect of that long drought on some young oaks–especially black oaks– Their leaves\textsuperscript{4} are in many instances all turned to a clear & uniform brown having so far past their vitality–but still plump & full veined & not yet withered– Many are so affected & of course show no bright tints– They are hastening to a pre-mature decay– The tops of many young white oaks which had\textsuperscript{5} turned–are already withered ap. by frost. Saw 2 either pig. or sparrow hawks–ap male & female–the one much larger than the other. I see in \textit{many places} the fallen leaves quite thickly covering the ground in the woods. A large flock of crows wandering about & cawing as usual at this season– I hear a very pleasant & now unusual strain on the sunny side of an oak wood from many–I think F. hiemalis (?) though I do not get a clear view

\textsuperscript{1}vertical pencil line through line beginning “begun to” (need better copy)

\textsuperscript{2}“se” added to “the”

\textsuperscript{3}“if” possibly altered from “is” or another word

\textsuperscript{4}vertical pencil line through line beginning “withered” (need better copy)

\textsuperscript{5}“had” altered from “are”
of them– Even their slight jingling strain– is
sounds remarkable at this still season.

// – The catbird still mews– I see 2
ducks alternately diving in a smooth
water near the shore of F. H. P. Sometimes
// both are under at once– The milkweed down
is flying at Clematis ditch.

This evening is quite cool & breezy with a
prolonged white twilight–quite Septemberish.

When I look at the stars nothing
which the astronomers have said
attaches to them, they are so simple
& remote– Their knowledge is felt¹
to be all terrestrial & to concern the
earth alone– It suggests that
the same is the case with every object
however familiar–our so called knowledge
of it is equally vulgar & remote.

One might say that all views
through a telescope or microscope² were
purely visionary–for it is only by his
eye & not by any other sense–not
by his whole man, that the beholder
is there where he is presumed to be–
It is a disruptive mode of viewing
as far as the beholder is concerned.

¹“felt” possibly altered from “fell”
²“scope” possibly underlined
Sep 30th
Pm—via Assabet to the Monarda road. I am surprised to see that some red maples which were so brilliant a day or 2 days ago have already shed their leaves—& they cover the land and the water quite thickly— I see a countless fleet of them slowly carried around in the still bay by the leaning hemlocks— I find a fine tupelo near Sam Barrett’s—now all turned scarlet—& find that it has borne much fruit—small oval bluish berries those I see—and a very little not ripe is still left—{?}
Grey calls it a blackish blue— It seems to be contemporary with the Sassafrass Both these trees are now particularly for ward & conspicuous in their autumnal change. I detect the sassafrass by its peculiar orange scarlet 1/2 mile distant. Acorns are generally now turned brown //

The ground is strown with them & in paths they are crushed by feet & wheels & fallen or falling. ^ The wht oak ones are dark & the most glossy—The clear bright scarlet leaves of the smooth sumach—in many places are curled & drooping—hanging straight down—so as to make a funeral impression—reminding me a red sash & a soldier’s^1 funeral.

^Possibly “robber’s”
They impress me quite as black crape—similarly arranged—the bloody plants.

The conventional acorn of art is of course of no particular species—but the artist might find it worth his while to study nature's\textsuperscript{1} varieties again.

// The song sparrow is still about & the blackbird.

// Saw a little bird with a distinct white spot on the wing—yellow about eye &—whitish\textsuperscript{3} beneath which I think must be one of the wrens I saw last spring—

At present the river's brim is no longer browned of their leaves—which the frost had touched have already fallen entirely—leaving a thin crop of green ones to take their turn.

Oct 1\textsuperscript{st}

The young black birches—about Walden next the S shore—one now eclea commonly clear pale yellow—very distinct at distance like bright yel—white birches so slender amid the dense growth of oaks & evergreens on the hilly sides—steep shores—The black birches & red maples are the conspicuous trees changed about the pond—Not yet the oaks.

\textsuperscript{1}Written over illegible letters beneath; also possibly upper case
Oct 7th 54

Went to Plymouth to lecture--& survey Watsons Grounds-- Returned the 15th
The decodon verticillatum--Swamp loosestrife very abundant forming isles in the pond on Town Brook on Watson's farm--now turned & methinks it was a somewhat orange ^ scarlet.

Measured a buck-thorn on land of N. Russell & Co, bounding on Watson--close by the ruins of the cotton factory--from in 5 places--from the ground to the first branching or as high as my head-- The diameters were 4 ft 8 inches--4-6--4-3; 4-2; now quite ripe 4-6; It was full of fruit ^ which Watson plants. The birds eat it. {H}

small

Saw a ^ golden-rod in the woods with 4 very broad rays--a new kind to me.
Saw also the English oak-leaf much like our white oak--but acorns large & long--with a long peduncle--& the bark of these young trees 20 or 25 feet high quite smooth.

Saw moon-seed--a climbing vine Also the leaf of the gingo tree--of pine needles run together-- Spooners' Garden a wilderness of fruit trees.

Russell is not sure but Eaton has // described my rare Polygonum
Oct 16th ’54

In the streets the ash & most of the elms trees are bare of leaves–
The red maples also for the most part ap. at a distance– The pines too have fallen–

Oct 19th ’54

7 1/4 Am To Westminster by cars–thence on foot to Wachusetts–mt–
4 ms to Fosters & 2 ms thence to mt top by road. The country above
Littleton–(ploughed ground) more

// or less sugared with snow–the first
I have seen– We find a little on the mt top. The prevailing tree on
this mt– top & all is ap. the red oak–which toward & on the top is
very low & spreading. Other trees & shrubs which I remember on the top
are beech–P. tremuliformis–Mt
ash–(Looking somewhat like sumac) witch hazel–white & yellow birch–white pine

Most of the deciduous woods look as if dead
Black spruce &c &c– On the sides
beside red oak, are rock maple

yellow birches–lever wood–chestnut–
shag bark–hemlock–striped maple

witch-hazel–&c &c–
With a glass you can see vessels in Boston Harbor—from the summit—just north of the Waltham hills.

2 white asters the common ones not yet quite out of bloom—A—acuminatus & perhaps cordifolius? hearted with long sharp teeth. The geranium Robertianum in bloom under the woods on the east side.

Oct 20th Saw the sun rise from the mt top—This is the time to look westward—all the villages—steeples & houses on that side were revealed—But on the east all the {—} landscape was a misty & gilded obscurity—a glowing obscurity

It was worth the while to see Westward the countless {w} hills & fields all ap—flat now white with frost.

A little white fog marked the site of many a lake—& the course of the Nashua—& in the east horizon the Great Pond¹ had its own fog mark in a long low bank of cloud.

Soon after sunrise I saw the pyramidal shadow of the mt reaching quite across the state to the { }—its apex resting on the Green or Hoosac² Mts—appearing as

¹“P” altered from “p”
²Correct spelling: “Hoosac”
a deep blue section of a cone
there—& its apexed approached the mt itself
-& when about 3 miles distant the
whole conical shadow was very distant—
The shadow of the mt makes some
minutes dif— in the time of sunrise to
the inhabitants of Hubbardston within
a few miles west.

F hiemalis how long?
Saw some very tall & large dead
chestnuts—in the wood between Fosters
& the mt. Wachuset Pond appeared
the best place from which to view the

Oct 22nd This & the last 2
days—Ind— Summer weather—following
sprinkling of Concord
 hard on that ^ snow west of us...

Pretty hard frosts2 these nights—
// many leaves fell last night—& the
assabet is covered with their fleets.
Now they rustle as you walk through them
in the woods }. Bass trees are bare—
the redness of huckleberry bushes is past its
// prime— I see a snapping turtle not
yet in winter quarters— — The chicadees
are picking the seeds out of p. pine
cones.
Oct 25th

On Assabet—The maples being bare the great hornet-nests are exposed—A beautiful calm Ind. Summer afternoon—the withered seeds on the brink reflected in the water—

Oct 26th Pm to Conantum—

As warm as summer—Cannot wear a thick coat—(Set1 with windows open)
I see considerable gossamer on the causeway & elsewhere—Is2 it the tree sparrows whose jingle I hear?

As the weather grows cooler & the woods more silent, I attend to the cheerful notes of chicadees on their sunny sides. Apple trees are generally bare—

as well as bass ^–elm–maple–

Sat Oct 28–The3 woods begin to look bare reflected in the water–& I look far in between the stems of the trees under the bank. Birches which began to change & fall so early are still in many places yellow.

Sunday ^–detected4 a large Eng. cherry in Smiths woods beyond Saw Mill Brook by the peculiar fresh orange scarlet color of its leaves—now

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1“Sit” possibly altered from “Set” or another word
2“Is” altered from “is”
3vertical pencil line through line beginning “the trees” (need better copy)
4vertical pencil line through bottom of page (need better copy)
that almost\(^1\) all leaves are quite
  The same in gardens
// dull or withered—^ The gooseberry
leaves in our garden\(^2\) & in fields are
equally & peculiarly fresh scarlet—
  Oct 31\(^{st}\). Rain—still warm—
// Ever since Oct 27\(^{th}\) we have had remarka-
  bly warm & pleasant Ind summer—
  with frequent frosts in the morning— Sat
  with open window for a week.
  Oct Nov. 1\(^{st}\) It is a little cooler.
Thursday Nov. 2\(^{nd}\)
  Pm by boat to Clam-
  Shell. I suspect the clams are partly
gone down (?). May not this movement
contribute to compell the muskrats to
erect their cabins near the brink or
channel in order still to be near their
food. Other things being equal they
would have to swim further than before
to get the clams in the middle—but
now in addition the water is beginning
to rise & widen the river.
  I see larks hovering over the meadow
& hear a faint note or two—& a
pleasant note from tree sparrows (?)

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\(^1\)“Im” lost in dry strokes
\(^2\)vertical pencil line through this and following lines (need better copy)
Sailing past the bank above the RR
a clear Close to the shore on the E side
just before sundown– I see a 2nd
fainter shadow of the boat sail myself
& upon
& paddle &c directly above the first–
on the bank. What makes the 2nd?
I at length I discovered that it was
the reflected sun which cast a higher
shadow like the true one–

As I moved
to the west
side–the upper

shad. rose grew larger & less perceptible.
& at last when I was so near the
W shore that I could not see
the reflected sun–it disappeared–
but then there appeared one upside
down in its place!

Nov 4th Saw a shrike //
in an apple tree with ap. a
worm in its mouth– The shad bush //
buds have expanded into small leafets

on
already– This while surveying the old Colburn Farm.

Sunday Nov 5th – To White Pond
with Ch. Wheeler. Passing the mouth
of John Hosmer’s hollow near the
river–was hailed by him & Anthony Wright
sitting there—to come & see where they had dug for money. There was a hole 6 feet square & as many deep—and the sand was heaped about over a rod square—Hosmer—said that it was dug 2 or 3 weeks before—that 3 men came in a chaise & dug it in the night—They were seen about there by day. Some body dug near there in June & then they covered up the hole again. He said they had been digging thereabouts from time to time for a hundred years.

I asked him Why. He said that Dr Lee (who hid where Joe Barrett did) told him that Mr Wood. who lived in a house very near his (Hosmer’s) told him that one night in Capt—Kid’s day—3 pirates came to his house with a pair of old fashioned deer-skin breeches—both legs full of coin—and asked leave to bury it in his cellar. He was afraid & refused them. They then asked for some earthen pots & shovels & a lanthon which he let them have. A woman

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1“Old” possibly altered from “old”
2“a” possibly not cancelled but altered to “an”
in the house followed the pirates at a distance down the next hollow on the south--& saw them go along the meadow side & turn up this hollow--& then being alone & afraid she returned. Soon after the men returned with the tools and an old fashioned hat full of holding the coin (~ about a quart) which they gave to Wood. He being afraid buried it in his cellar but after ward becoming a poor man dug it up & used it. A bailiff mad some inquiry hereabouts after the pirates. Hosmer said that one thing which confirmed the diggers in their belief was the fact that when he was a little boy--plowing one day with his father on the hill-side they found 3 old fashioned bottles bottom upward but empty under the plow. Somebody consulted Moll--Pitcher--who directed to at dig at a certain distance from an apple tree on a line with the bottles & there they would find the treasure.

I think it is the fox-col. sparrow //
I see in flocks--& hear sing now--by woodsides
Nov 6\textsuperscript{th} Surveying on Colburn Place

– It is suddenly cold. Pools frozen so as to bear--& ground frozen so that it is difficult if not impossible to force down a stake in plowed ground. Was that a fish-hawk I saw flying over the Assabet--or a goshawk? White beneath, with slender wings.

Nov. 8\textsuperscript{th} I can still rake clams near the shore--but they are chiefly in the weeds I think. I see a snipe-like bird by river side this windy Pm--which goes off with a sound like creaking tackle

Nov. 10 Pm Sail to Ball's Hill--with W. E. C. See where the muskrats have eaten much pontederia

// root. Got some donasia\textsuperscript{1} grubs for Harris--but find no chrysalids. The sight of the masses of yellow hastate leaves & flower buds of the yellow lily--already 4 or 6 inches long at the bottom of the river--reminds me that nature is prepared for an infinity of springs yet.

Nov. 11 Minott heard geese go over night before last

\footnote{Correct spelling: “donacia”}
about 8 Pm. Therien too heard them
where he is cutting
‘yelling like anything’ over Walden ^, the
same evening. He cut down a tree
with a flying squirrel on it--after sees
them. Receive this eve. a letter
in French--& 3 “ouvrages” from
the Abbé Rouqette in Louisiana.

Nov. 13 It has rained hard
the 11-12. & 13th & the river is at last
decidedly rising. On Friday ^ it was
still at summer level.

Nov 14th The river is slightly over
the meadows. The willow twigs on the
right of the red bridge cause-way are bright
greenish & yellow & reddish as in the spring. //
Also on the right rr. sandbank at Heywood’s
meadow– Is it because they are preparing
their catkins now against another spring?¹
The first wreck line–of pontederia–spar-
ganum &c is observable.²

Nov. 15 The first snow, a mere
sugaring which went off the next morn-
ing. {}

Nov 16. Pm sailed to Hubbard’s
Bridge. Almost every muskrat’s house
is covered by the flood–though they
were unusually high, as well as numerous.–

¹horizontal pencil line below this line for width of page (need better copy)
²horizontal pencil line below this line for width of page (need better copy)
and the river is not nearly so high
as last year. I see where they have
begun to raise them another story. A
few cranberries begin to wash up. And
rails boards &c may now be col-
lected by wreckers.

Nov. 17. Paddled up river
to Clamshell—& sailed back. I think
// it must have been a fish hawk which
I saw hovering over the meadow & my
boat (a raw cloudy afternoon) now
and then sustaining itself in one place
a hundred feet or more above the water—intent
on a fish—with a hovering a fluttering motion
of the wings somewhat like a king-fish-
er— Its wings were very long slender &
curved in outline of front edge
thus perhaps— I think there was some
near
white on rump— It alighted on the
top of an oak within rifle shot of me &
my boat—afterward on the tip top of
a maple by waterside—looking very
large.

Nov 18th
// Saw 60 geese go over the Great Fields in one
waving line broken from time to time by their
crowding on each other & vainly endeavoring to
form into a harrow—honking all the while.
To Philadelphia—
Nov 20th 7 Am—to Boston—
9 Am Boston to Phil New York—by express
train land route— See the reddish soil
(red sandstone?) all through Connecti-
cut— Beyond Hartford a range of
rocky hills crossing the state on each
side the RR— The E one very precipitous
& ap terminating at E rock at N. Haven.
Pleasantest part of the whole route
Between Springfield & Hartford along
the river—perhaps include the hilly
region this side of Springfield. Reached
Canal Street at 5 Pm. or Candlelight.

Started for Philadelphia from foot
of Liberty St— at 6 Pm—via Newark &c
&c—Bordentown—&c &c Camden-ferry—to
Phil—all in the dark— Saw only the
glossy pannelling of the cars reflected
out into the dark like the mag-
nificent lit facade of a row of edifices
reaching all the way to Philad.—
except when we stopped & a lanthorn
or two showed us a ragged boy & the
dark buildings of some New Jersey town—
Arrive at 10 Pm—Time 4 hours from
NY—13 from Boston—15 from Concord.
Put up at Jones’ Exchange Hotel
77 Dock Street– Lodgings 37 1/2
per night–meals separate Not
to be named with French’s in NY.
Next door to the fair of the Franklin
Institute then open–& over against the
Exchange–in the neighborhood of the
printing offices.

Nov 21st
Looked from the Cupola of the State House
where the Declaration of Ind. was declared.
The best view of the city I got– Was interested
grey & black
in the squirrels ^ in Independence & Washing-
ton squares– (Heard that they have or
have had deer in Logan square–) The
squirrels are fed and live in boxes in the
trees in the winter.
Fine view from Fairmount waterworks–
hypothenuse on the
The line of the ^ gable end of Girard College
was ap deflected in the middle 6 inches
or more–reminding me of the anecdote
of the church of the Madeline in Paris.

Was admitted into the Cha
Building of the Academy of Nat. sciences
by a Mr Durand of the botanical depart-
ment– Mr Furness applying to him.
The carpenters were still at work ad
ding 4 stories \^ (of galleries) to the top—
These 4—(Furness thought all of them) I
am not sure but Durand referred to one
side only) to be devoted to the birds.
It is said to be the largest collection of
birds in the world—. They belonged to the
son of Massena (Prince of Essling?) and
were sold at auction—& bought by
$            all
a Yankee for 22000 over \^ the heads
crowned heads of Europe—& presented to
the Academy. Other collections also are added
to this. The Academy has received great
donations.

There is Mortons collection of Crania
with I suppose a cast from an Ind skull
found in an Ohio mound.
A Polar bear killed by Dr. Kane.
A male moose not so high as the fe-
male which we shot— A European
elk—(a skeleton) about 7 feet high—with
horns each about 5 feet long & tremendously heavy.
Grinders \&c of the mastodon giganteum
from Benton Co. Missouri. \&c \&c—
Zinzinger was named as of the geological
department.
In Phil \& also N.Y. an orna-
mental tree with bunches of seed vessels
supplying the place of leaves now—I suppose it the Ailanthus—or Tree of Heaven¹.

What were those trees with long black sickle-shaped pods? I did not see Steinhauser’s Bird family—at St Stephen’s Church. The Am Phil. Society is² described as a company of old women.

In the narrow market houses in the middle of the streets was struck by the neat looking women marketers with full cheeks—Furness described a lotus identical with an Egyptian one as found some-where down the river below Philadelphia—Also³ spoke of a spotted chrysalis which he had also seen in Mass. There was a mosquito about my head at night.

Lodged at the U.S. Hotel op the Girard (formerly U.S.) Bank.

Nov. 22nd Left a 7 1/2 Am for NY—by boat to Tacony & rail via Bristol—Trenton—Princeton (nearby) N. Brunswick Rahaway—Newark { } &c—Uninteresting except the boat. The country very level—(red sandstone (?) sand—) ap. all N. Jersey except the N part. Saw wheat stubble & winter wheat come up like rye.

¹“Heaven” altered from “heaven”
²“is” altered from “as”
³“Also” possibly altered from “also”, or vice versa
Was that James T. weed with a prickly burr?–seen also in Connecticut? Many Dutch barns

Just after leaving Newark bet the RR & the Kill

an extensive marsh ^ full of the arundo phragmitis—I should say—which had been burnt over–Went to Crystal Palace–admired

the houses on 5th avenue–the specimens of coal at the Palace—one 50 feet thick

as it was cut from the mine—in the form

of a ^ column.—iron & copper oar &c—sculptures

Saw statues & paintings innumerable—& armor from the tower of London—some of the 8th century. Saw Greeley—Snow the commecial editor of the tribune—Solon Robinson—Fry the musical critic &c—and others

Greeley carried me to the New opera house—where I heard Grisi & her troupe

First at Barnum’s Museum I saw the Camelopards said to be one 18 the other 16 feet high I should say the highest

The body was only about 5 feet long.

stood about 15 feet hight at most. (12

why has it horns but for ornament or 13 ordinarily) ^ Looked through

his diorama—& found the houses all over the world much alike–Greely appeared to know & be known by everybody—was admitted free to the opera & were were led by a page to various parts of the house at dif. times

---

“Connecticut.” altered from “Connecticut?” (top part of “?” cancelled, producing a period)
Saw at museum some large flakes

// of cutting arrowhead stone made into a sort of wide cleavers–also a hollow stone tube prob from mounds.

Nov 27th 54

// What that little long sharp nosed mouse I found in the Walden road today–whit tawn dark brown above grey beneath–black incisors 5 toes with claws on each foot–long snout with small blunt black extremity–many moustachios–eyes far forward feet light or dirty white–tail 1 1/2 inches long he whole length 3 3/4 inches–on causeway.

Nov. 28 Paddled to Clam Shell
Still very clear & bright as well as comfortable weather– River not so high as on the 16th ult

// Were those Plover which just after sunset flew low over the bank above the RR & a-lighted in the op. meadow–with some white in tails like larks–graybirds–rather heavier than robins?

Nov 30th Pm Sail down river
No ice but strong cold wind–river slightly over meadows– Was that large diver which was on the edge of the shore & scooted away down stream as usual–throwing the water about for a some time quarter of a mile–then diving–^ afterward
flying up stream over our head—the goosander or red-breasted merganser?— It was large with I should say a white breast—long reddish bill—bright red or pink on sides or beneath—reddish brown crest—white speculum—upper part of throat dark—lower white with breast—

Dec 2nd Got up my boat & housed it—ice having formed about it. //

Sunday Dec 3rd—The first snow of consequence fell in the evening—wind NE very damp —5 or 6 inches deep in morning. After very high wind in the night. Snow birds in garden in the midst of the snow in the P. m.

Dec 4th Pm down RR. to Walden Walden went down quite rapidly about the middle of November—leaving the isthmus to Emerson’s meadow bare—Flint’s has been very low all summer—The NE sides of the trees are thickly incrusted with snowy shields—visible afar—(the snow was so damp— At Boston it turned to rain)—This had not of the dry delicate powdery beauties of a common first snow. Already the bird-like birch scales dot the snow

Dec 5th

Very cold last night—Probably river skimmed over in some places.

1Question mark written above and below dash.
The damp snow with water beneath
(in all (5 or 6 inches deep & not drifted
notwithstanding the wind) is frozen solid
// making a crust which bears well–
This I think is unusual at this stage
of the winter.

Dec 6th to Providence–to lecture–
thick
I see ^ ice and boys skating all the
way to Providence–but know not
when it froze I have been so busy writing
my lecture–prob. the night of the 4th.

// In order to go to Blue Hill by Prov. RR–
stop at Readville Station (ap± Dedham
low Plain once) 8 miles: The1 hill ap
2 miles East. Was struck with
the Providence depot–its towers & great
length of brick–L ectured in it.

Went to R. Williams Rock on the
Blackstone with Newcomb–& thence
to hill with an old fort atop in Seekonk
Mass– on the E side of the Bay whence
fine
a ^ view down it. At Lectures spoke
with a Mr Clark–& Vaughn
& Eaton–

After lecturing twice this winter
I feel that I am in danger of
cheapening myself–by trying to

1“The” altered from “the”
become a successful lecturer—i.e. to interest my audiences. I am disappointed to find that most that I am & value myself for is lost or worse than lost on my audience. I fail to get even the attention of the mass. I should suit them better if I suited myself less. I feel that the public demand an average man—average thoughts & manners—not originality—nor even absolute excellence. You cannot interest them except as you are like them—& sympathize with them. I would rather that my audience come to me—than that I should go to them—and so they be sifted—i.e. I would rather write books than lectures—That is fine—this coarse. To read to

promiscuous

an ^ audience who are at your mercy—the fine thoughts you solaced yourself with far away—is as violent as to fatten geese by cramming—& in this case they do not get fatter—

through

Dec 7th Walked to Olney-ville in Johnstone 2 1/2 or 3 miles west of Providence.
Harris tells me that since he exchanged a duplicate Jes. Relation for one he had not—with the Montreal men—All theirs have been burnt.

He has 2 early ones which I have not seen.

Dec 8th Pm up River ^ on ice to Hub bridge—& thence to Walden.

Winter has come unnoticed by me I have been so busy writing— This is the life most lead in respect to nature— How different from my habitual one! It is hasty coare & trivial as if you were a spindle in a factory. The other is leisurely fine & glorious like a flower— In the first case you are merely getting your living— in the 2nd you live as you go along. You travel only on roads of the proper grade without jar or running off the track—& sweep round the hills by beautiful curves. Here is the river frozen over in many places— I am not sure whether the 4th night or later—but the skating is hobbly or all hobbled like a coat of mail or thickly bossed shield—ap sleet frozen in water.

How black the water where Very little smooth ice—
the river is open when I look from
the light—by contrast with the surrounding
white, the ice & snow—! a black artery
here and there concealed under a pellicle
of ice. Went over the fields on the
crust to Walden—over side of Bear-
Garden—already foxes have left their tracks—
How the crust shines afar, the sun now
setting. There is a glorious clear sunset
sky—soft and delicate & warm even like
a pigeon’s neck. Why do the mts never
look so fair as from my native fields?

Dec 9th Surveying for T.
Holden—a cold morning— What is
that green pipes on the side-hill at Nut-
about a dozen rods
It forms a dense bed along the side of the bank in the woods, a rod in width rising
Meadow on his land—looking at first
to 10 or 12 feet above the swamp.
like green briar cut off. Equisetum hiemale
Scouring rush—Shave grass
White Pond mostly skimmed over.  //
The scouring rush is as large round as
a bull-rush—forming dense green beds
conspicuous and interesting above the
snow—an evergreen rush.
C. says he saw 3 larks on the 5th ult.  //
Dec 10th
Pm to Nut Meadow— Weather warmer
snow softened— Saw a large flock of
snow-buntings—(quite white against
woods at any rate) though it is quite warm.
Snow fleas in paths—First I have seen
—Hear the small wood pecker’s whistle—
not much else—only crows & partridges
else—& chicadees. How quickly the snow
feels the warmer wind—The crust which
was so firm & rigid—is now suddenly
softened—& there is much water in the road.

Dec 11th Pm to Bare Hill.

C says he found Fair Haven frozen over
how much before?

last Friday i.e. the 8th —I find Flint’s
frozen today—& how long?

We have now those early still clear
winter sunsets over the snow—It is but
mid afternoon when I see the sun
setting far thro’ the woods—and there
is that peculiar clear vitreous greenish
sky in the west—as it were a molten
gem—The day is short—it seems to be
composed of two twilights merely—the morn-
ing & the evening twilight make the whole
day—You must make haste to do the work
of the day before it is dark—I hear rarely
a bird except the chicadee—or perchance
a jay or crow—A gray rabbit scuds away
over the crust in the swamp on the
edge of the Great Meadows beyond Peters.
A partridge goes off—& coming up
I see where she struck the snow
first with her wing—making 5 or 6 as it were finger marks

Dec 14th
Pm with C up N bank of Assabet to Bridge—
Good sleighing still with but little snow—A warm thawing day. The river is open almost its whole length— It is a beautifully smooth mirror within an icy frame. It is well to improve such a time to walk by it. This strip of water of irregular width over the channel between broad fields of ice looks like a polished silver mirror—or like another surface of polished ice—and often is distinguished from the surrounding ice only by its reflections. I have rarely seen any reflections—(of weeds willows & elms & the houses of the village) so distinct, the stems so black & distinct—for they contrast not with a green meadow but clear white ice—to say nothing of the silvery surface of the water. Your eye slides first over a plane surface of smooth ice of one color— to a water surface of silvery smoothness— like a gem set in ice—& reflecting the weeds & trees & houses ^ with singular beauty. The reflections are particularly simple & distinct These twigs are not referred to & confounded with a broad green meadow from which they
spring, as in summer—but instead of that
dark green ground absorbing the light is
this abrupt white field of ice. We see so
little open & smooth water at this season
that I am inclined to improve such an op-
portunity to walk along the river, and
moreover the meadows being more or less
frozen make it more feasible than in
summer. I am singularly interested by the
sight of the shrubs which grow along rivers
rising now above the snow—with buds
& catkins—the willows—alders—sweet-
gale &c. At our old bathing place on
// the Assabet Saw 2 ducks which at
length took to wing—They had large dark
heads—dark wings—& clear white breasts
I think they were buffel-headed or spirit ducks.

Dec 15
Up river side via Hub. bath P. m.
// I see again a large flock of what I
called buntings on the 10th.—Also another
flock surely not buntings—perhaps F. linarias.
May they not all be these? How interesting a
on the shore
few clean dry weeds ^ a dozen rods off seen
distinctly against the smooth reflecting water
between ice. I see on the ice half a dozen
rods from shore a small brown striped
// grub—and again a black one 5/8 inch
long. How The last has ap. melted quite
a cavity in the ice. How came they there?

I saw on the 11th an abundance\(^1\) of dried huckleberries on Bare Hill–still holding– They are such as dried ripe prematurely on account of the drought. I do not perceive any sweetness. How handsome the narrow regularly toothed brown leaves of the sweet-fern now above the snow–!\(^2\) Handsome in their seer state–. The buds of the bass are pretty now they are a clear light red on short ash (?) sprouts twigs.

Dec 18th 54

P. m. Down RR–via Andromeda Ponds to river– Snowed a little finely last night & this forenoon– I see a few squirrels tracks in the woods–& here & there in one or two places where a mouse’s gallery approached the surface. The powdery surface is broken by it. I am surprised to find in the Andromeda ponds–especially the westernmost one N side an abundance of Decodon or swamp loose strife. Where a partridge took to wing I find the round red buds of the high blueberry plucked about the swamps.

Dec 19th

Pm Skated 1/2 mile up Assabet & then to foot of Fair Haven Hill. This is the first tolerable skating. Last night

\(^{1}\)vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “of the drought” (need better copy)  
\(^{2}\)Exclamation mark written above and below dash
was so cold that the river closed up
almost everywhere—and made good
skating where there had been no ice to
catch the snow of the night before.

on the sides

First there is the snow ice ^~wh some-
what rough & brown or yellowish-
spotted where the water overflowed
the ice on each side yesterday—& next
over the middle the new dark smooth
ice—And where the river is wider

thick
than usual a ^ fine grey ice—marbled—

prob.

where there there was ^ a thin ice yesterday
—probably the top froze as the snow
fell. I am surprised to find how rapidly
& easily I get along—how soon I am
at this brook or that bend in the river
which it takes me so long to reach on
the bank or by water. I can go more
than double the usual distance before
dark— It takes a little while to learn
to trust the new black ice— I look
for cracks to see how thick it is—

Near the island I saw a muskrat
close by swimming in an open reach—
He was always headed upstream
a great proportion of the head out
of water — and its
though the root of the tail is about level with the water. whole length visible ^– Now & then it swimming & floated down stream still keeping its head pointed up with its tail. It is surprising how dry he looks—as if that back was never immersed in the water. It is apt to be melted at the bridges about the piers & there is a flow of water over the ice there. There is a fine smooth grey marbled ice on the bays—which ap. began to freeze when it was snowing night before last—there is a marbling of dark where there was clear water amid the snow. Now and then a crack crosses it & the water oozing out has frozen on each side of it 2 or 3 inches thick & sometimes as many feet wide—these give you a slight jolt. Off Clam Shell I heard & saw a large flock of fringilla linaria over the meadow. No doubt it was these I saw on the 15th ult—(but I saw then & on the tenth a larger & whiter bird also—may have been the bunting.) Suddenly they turn aside in their flight & dash across the river to a—large White birch 15 rods off—which plainly they had distinguished so far— I afterward saw many more in the Potter swamp up the river— They were commonly
brown or dusky above streaked with yellowish white or ash and more or less white or ash beneath. Most had a crimson crown or frontlet & a few a crimson neck & breast, very handsome. Some with a bright crimson crown had clean white breasts— I suspect that these were young males. They keep up an incessant twittering varied from time to time with some mewing notes, and occasionally for some unknown scaring they will all suddenly dash a way with that universal loud note (twitter—) like a bag of nuts. They are busily clustered in the tops of the birches picking the seeds out of the catkins—and sustain themselves in all kinds of attitudes—sometimes head downwards while about this. Common as they are now—& were winter before last—I saw none last winter.

Dec 20th
7 Am to Hill. Said to be the coldest morning as yet. The river appears to be frozen everywhere— Where was water last night is a firm bridge of ice this morning. The snow which has blown on to the ice has taken the form of regular star shaped crystals an inch in diameter— Sometimes these are arranged in a spear 3 feet long quite straight I see the mother o’pearl tints now at sunrise, on the clouds high over the eastern horizon before the sun has risen above the low bank in the east. The sky in
The eastern horizon has that same greenish
which it has at sundown—
vitreous gem-like appearance ^—as if it were
of perfectly clear glass—with the green tint of a
large mass of glass. Here are some crows already
seeking their breakfast in the orchard—& I hear
a red-squirrel’s reproof. The woodchoppers
far off
are making haste to their work ^—walking
fast to keep warm—before the sun has
risen—their ears & hands well covered—
the dry cold snow squeaking under
their feet. They will be warmer after
they have been at work an hour.

P. m. Skated to Fair Haven
with C. C.’s skates are not the best,
and beside he is far from an easy skater
so that as he said it was killing work
for him. Time & again the perspiration
actually dropped from his forehead onto
the ice—& it froze in long icicles on
his beard—Yet he kept up his
spirits & his fun—Said he seen much
more suffering than I—&c &c

It has been a glorious winter day.
Its elements so simple—the sharp clear
air—the white snow every where covering
the earth—& the polished ice—
cold as it is—the sun seems warmer on
my back even than in summer—as if
its rays met with less obstruction. And then the air is so beautifully still—there is not an insect in the air—& hardly a leaf to rustle. you are sure to detect it
If there is a grub out on the snow or ice.

The shadows of the clam shell hills are beautifully blue as I look back half a mile at them. And in some places where the sun falls on it, the snow has a pinkish tinge.
I am surprised to find how fast the dog can run in a straight line on the ice.
I am not sure that I can beat him on skates—but I can turn much shorter—
It is very fine skating for the most part—all of the river that before was not frozen & therefore not covered with snow on the 18th—is now frozen quite smoothly— But in some places for a quarter of a mile it is uneven like frozen suds— in rounded pancakes as when bread spews out in baking.
At sundown or before, it begins to belch. It is so cold that only in one place did I see a drop of water flowing out on the ice.
Dec 21st

Pm. To Walden & Fair H. Ponds & down river—

I snowed slightly this morning so as to cover
the 1/2 inch deep— Walden is frozen over ap. //
about 2 inches thick— It must have frozen
the whole of it since the snow of the 18th probably
the night of the 18th. It is very thickly what C
those
calls ice-rosettes i.e. ^ small pinches of crystallized
snow—as thickly as if it had snowed in
that form— I think it is a sort of hoar
frost on the ice. It was all done last
night—for we see them thickly clustered
about our skate tracks on the river
—where it was quite bare yesterday.
We are tempted to call these the finest days
of the year. Take Fair Haven Pond for-
instance—a perfectly level plain of white
snow—untrodden as yet by any fisherman.
surrounded by snow clad hills—dark
evergreen woods—and reddish oak leaves—
so pure & still— The last rays of the
sun falling on the Baker Farm reflect
a clear pink color— I see the feathers
of a partridge strewn along on the
snow a long distance. The work of
some hawk perhaps for there is no
track.
What a grovelling appetite for profitless jest & amusement our countrymen have! Next to a good dinner, at least, they love a good joke. to have their sides tickled—to laugh sociably—as in the east they bathe and are shampooed. Curators of Lyceums write to me

Dear Sir— I hear that you have a lecture of some humor—will you do us the favor to read it before the Bungtown Institute—?

Dec 24th
Some 3 inches of snow fell last night & this morning concluding with a fine rain—which produced a slight glaze—the first of the winter. This gives the woods a hoary aspect—& increases the stillness by making the leaves immovable even in considerable wind.

Dec 25th
To New Bedford via Cambridge. I think that I never saw a denser growth than the young white cedar in swamps on the Taunton & New Bedford RR— In most places it looked as if there was not room for a man to pass between the young
trees– That part of the country is remarkably level & wooded. At N. B–saw the oil casks covered with seaweed to prevent fire–the weed holds moisture.

Town not lively–whalers abroad at this season.

Ricketson has Bewick’s British Birds 2 vols
" AEsop’s Fables 1 vol
" Select Fables 1 vol larger (partly the same)
" Quadrupeds 1 vol.

Has taken some pains to obtain them. The tail pieces were the attraction to him.
He suggested to Howitt to write his Abodes of the poets.

Dec 26th

at Ricketsons

I do not remember to have ever seen such a day as this in Concord. There is no snow here (though there has been excellent sleighing at Concord since the 5th ult) but it is very muddy–the frost coming out of the ground as in spring with us. I went to walk in the woods with R. It was & the cockerels crowed wonderfully warm & pleasant just as in a spring day at home– I felt the winter breaking up in me & if I had been at home I should have tried to write poetry. They told me that this
was not a rare day—there—that
they had little or no winter such as
we have—and it was owing to the in-
fluence of the gulf stream which was
only 60 miles from Nantucket at the
nearest—or 120 miles from them
In mid winter when the wind was SE or
even SW they frequently had days as
warm & debilitating as in summer—There
is a dif. of about a degree in Lat. bet—
C. & N. B.—but far more in climate.
The American holly is quite common there
with its red berries still holding on—and
is now their christmas evergreen—I heard
the larks sing strong & sweet & saw robins.
R. lives in that part of N. B. 3 miles N of
the town called The Head of the River—i.e.
the Acushnet River. There is a Quaker meeting
house there—Such an ugly shed, without
a tree or bush about it—which they
call their meeting house—(without steeple
of course) is altogether repulsive to me—
like a powder house or grave. & even
the quietness & perhaps unworldliness of
an aged quaker has something ghostly
& saddening about it—as it were a mere
preparation for the grave.
R. said that pheasants from England
(to which where they are not indigenous) had
been imported into Naushon—and were now
killed there.

Dec 27th

To Nantucket via Hyannis in misty rain. On Cape Cod saw the hills through the mist covered with cladonias. A head wind & rather rough passage of 3 hours to Nantucket—the water being 30 miles over– Capt. Edward W. Gardiner (where I spent the evening) thought there was a beach at Barnegat similar to that at Cape Cod. Mr Barney (formerly a Quaker minister there) who was at Gardiner’s told of one Bunker of Nantucket who in old times “who had 8 sons, & steered each in his turn to the killing of a whale”—Gardiner said you must have been awhaling there before you could be married—& must have struck a whale before you could dance. They do not think much of crossing from Hyannis in a small boat in pleasant weather—i.e. but they can ^ do it— A boy was drifted across thus in a storm in a row boat about 2 years ago— By luck he struck Nantucket. The outline of the island is continually changing— The Whalers now go chiefly to Behring’s straits & everywhere bet 35 N & S lat. & catch several kinds of whales.
It was Edmund Gardiner of N. B. (a relative of Edwards—) who was carried down by a whale— & Hussey of Nantucket who, I believe, was one to draw lots to see who should be eaten. As for communication with the main land being interrupted Gardiner remembers when 31 mails were landed at once—which taking out sundays—made 5 weeks & one day. The snow 10 days ago fell¹ about 2 inches deep—but melted instantly. At the Ocean House I copied from Wm Coffin’s map of the town 1834.—this 30,590 acres including 3 isles beside 1,050 are fresh ponds—about 750 peat swamp. Clay in all parts—But only granite or gneiss boulders. Population of island over 80

Dec 28th

A misty rain as yesterday— Capt. Gardiner carried me to Siasconset in his carriage. He has got from 40 to 45 or 50 bushels of corn to an acre from his land. Wished to know how to distinguish guinea cocks from Guinea hens— He is extensively engaged in raising pines on the island. There is not a tree to be seen—except such as are set out about houses— The land is worth commonly from 1 dollar to a dollar & a half. He showed me several lots of his—of different ages

¹“fell” possibly altered from “was”
—one tract of 300 acres sewn in rows

with a planter—where the young trees ^ were just beginning to green the ground—& I saw one of Norway pine & our Pitch—mixed 8 years old—which looked quite like a forest at a distance—Some The Nor-

way pines had grown the fastest ^ & had a bluer look at a distance more like the white pine. The com pitch pines have a reddish crisped look at top. Some are sown in rows some broad-cast. At first he was alarmed to find that the ground moles had gone along in the furrows directly under the plants & so injured the roots as to kill many of the trees but

sowed enough surviv—& he planted over again. He was also discouraged to find that a sort of spindle-worm had killed the leading shoot of a great part of his neighbors older trees. These plantations must very soon change the aspect of the island. His com. P. pine Cape

seed obtained from the nearest main

land cost him about 20 dollars

at least about a dollar a quart.

^ a bushel ^ with the wings—& they told him it took about 80 bushels of cones to make one such bushel\(^1\) of seeds.

\(^1\)pencil line through “bushel” (need better copy)
I was surprised to hear that the Norway imported from France had pine seed without the wings & cost not quite $200 a bushel delivered at New York or Philadelphia. He has ordered 8 hogsheads!!! of the last clear wingless seeds at this rate— I think he said it took about a gallon to sow an acre. He had tried to get White pine seed, but in vain. cones

They had not contained any of late (?).

This looks as if he meant to sow a good part of the island though he said he might sell some of the seed. It is an interesting enterprise.

Half way to Siasconset I saw the old corn hills where they had formerly cultivated. —the authorities laying out a new tract for this purpose each year. This island must look exactly like a prairie except that it is bounded by the sea— Saw crows—saw & heard larks frequently—& saw robins—but most abundant running along the ruts or circling about just over the ground in small flocks—what the inhabitants call snow birds a grey bunting like bird about the size of the snow bunting— Can it be the Sea-side finch—? or the Savannah Sparrow—or the shore lark? Gardiner said that they had
Pigeon–hen–& other hawks–but where there are no places for them to breed–also owls, which must breed, for he had seen their young. A few years ago some on imported a dozen partridges from the mainland–but one had a though some were seen for a year or 2 not one had been seen for some time & they were thought to be extinct. He thought the raccoons which had been very numerous, might have caught them. In Harrisons days some coons were imported & turned loose–& they multiplied very fast & became quite a pest killing hens &c–& were killed in turn– Finally they turned out & hunted them with hounds–& killed 75 at one time since which he had not heard of any. There were foxes once but none now–& no indigenous animal bigger than a “ground mole”. The nearest approach to woods that I saw was the swamps where the blueberries maples &c are higher than ones head. I saw as I rode & maple in the swamps High blueberry bushes–^ huckleberries–shrub-oaks–uva ursa (which he called mealy plum) gaultheria–beach plum–clethra–may-flower (well budded). Also
withered poverty grass—golden-rods—asters— In the swamps are cranberries & I saw one carting the vines home to set out.—which also many are doing. G. described what he made out to be “star-grass” as common. Saw at Siasconset perhaps 50 little houses but almost every one empty— Saw some peculiar horse carts for conveying fish up the bank—made like a wheel barrow—with a whole iron bound barrel for the wheel—a rude square box for the body resting on the shafts—& the horse to draw it after him— The barrel makes a good wheel in the sand. They may get sea weed in them. A man asked 37 cents for a horse cart load of sea weed carried 1/4 mile from the shore. G. pointed out the house of a singular old hermit & genealogist Franklin Folger— over 70 years old ^ who for 30 years at least has lived alone & devoted his thoughts to genealogy— He knows the genealogy of the whole island. & a relative supports him by making genealogical charts from his dictation for those who will pay for them. G.—hel He at last lives in a very filthy manner—& G. helped clean his house when he was absent about 2 years ago— They took up 3 barrels of dirt
Ascended the light house at Sancoty head in his room. The mist still prevented my seeing off--& around the island. I saw the eggs (?) of some creature in dry masses as big as my fist like the skins of so many beans--on the beach. G. told me of a boy who a few years since stole near to some wild geese which had alighted & rushing on them seized 2--before they could rise--& though he was obliged to let one go--he secured the other.

Visited the museum at the Athenaeum various south sea implements--&c &c brought home by whalers. The last Indian--not of pure blood--died this very month--& I saw his picture with a basket of huckleberries in his hand.

Dec 29th
Nantucket to Concord at 7 1/2 Am--still in mist. The fog was so thick that we were lost on the water--stopped & sounded of {1} many times. The clerk said the depth varied from 3 to 8 fathoms bet the island & Cape. Whistled & wait listened for the locomotive's answer--but probably heard only the echo of our own whistle at first--but at last the
locomotive’s whistle & the life boat bell.
I forgot to say yesterday that there was
at one place an almost imperceptible
rise not far west of Siasconset—
or swell
a slight ridge ^ running from Tom Nevers
[John] This conceals the town of Nantucket
Head northward to ^ Gibbs’ Swamp— ^ (John Gibbs was
the name of the Ind. Philip came after) This seen through
a mile off through the mist which concealed the
relative distance of the base & summit
appeared like an abrupt hill—though
an extremely gradual swell—

At the end of Obed Macy’s Hist of
Nantucket are some verses signed
“Peter Folger 1676” as for the sin
which God would punish by the Indian war
“Sure ’tis not chiefly for those sins
that magistrates do name,”
but for the sins of persecution & the like—the
banishing & whipping of godly men—
“The cause of this their suffering
was not for any sin,
But for the witness that they bare
against babes sprinkling.”

“The church may now go stay at home,
there’s nothing for to do;
Their work is all cut out by law,
and almost made up too.”
‘Tis like that some may think and say,  
our war would not remain,  
If so be that a thousand more  
of natives were but slain.

Alas! these are but foolish thoughts;  
God can make more arise,  
And if that there were none at all,  
He can make war with flies.”

Dec 31st 54
Pm on river to F. H. P.
A beautiful clear not very cold day— The
shadows on the snow an Indigo blue—
The pines look very dark. The wht oak leaves are a cinnamon
I see mice & rabbit & fox tracks on the
color—the black & red (?) oak leaves a reddish brown or leather
meadow Once a partridge rises from the
color—
alders & skims across the river at its widest
part just before me— a fine sight. On
the edge of A. Wheeler’s cranberry meadow
I see the track of an otter track made since
yesterday morning.. How glorious the per-
fect stillness & peace of the winter landscape!

Jan 1st 55 P. m.
Skated to Pantry Brook with C.
All the tolerable skating was a narrow strip often only 2 or 3 feet wide—bet. the frozen
spew & the broken ice of the middle—

Jan 2nd
I see, on the path near Goose Pond, where
locomotives & the life boat’s bell.\footnote{1}
the rabbits have eaten the bark of
smooth sumachs\footnote{2} & young locusts—
also barberry
rising above the snow. \footnote{1}
Yesterday
we saw the pink light on the snow
within a rod of us— The shadow
of the bridges &c on the snow was
a dark indigo blue—

Jan 4\textsuperscript{th} 55

To Worcester to Lecture—
Visited the Antiquarian Library of 22 or 3
000 vols. It is richer in pamphlets & newspa-
ders than Harvard. One alcove contains
Cotton Mather’s library—chiefly theologi-
cal works—reading which exclusively
you might live in his days & believe in
witchcraft—old leather bound tomes
many of them as black externally as
if they had been charred with fire. Time
& and fire have the same effect— Haven
said that the Rev\footnote{3} Mr. Somebody
had spent almost every day for the past
a year in that year alcove.

Saw after my lecture a young
who introduced himself as
negro \footnote{3} a native of Africa—Leo L.
Lloyd—who lectures on “Young Afri-
ca!!” I never heard of anything but
old Africa before—

\footnote{1}{This sentence also appears as the first sentence on p. 112. T probably accidentally skipped a page when
turning over pp. 110-111, started writing, recognized his mistake, cancelled this line, and turned back to p. 112 to
continue his thought.}
\footnote{2}{“sumachs” altered from “sumacs”}
\footnote{3}{“Rev” possibly altered from another word}
Higginson told me of a simple strong-minded man named Dexter Broad who was at my lecture whom I should see—

Jan 5th

A. m. Walked to Quinsigamond Pond via Quinsigamond Vill. to southerly end & returned by Floating Bridge—Saw the straw-built wigwam of an Indian from St Louis (rapids?) Canada—ap a half breed—Not being able to buy straw he had made it chiefly of dry grass which he had cut in a meadow with his knife. The It was against a bank—& partly of earth all round—The straw ^ laid on horizontal poles—& kept down by similar ones outside like our thatching—makes them of straw often in Canada Can make one—if he has the straw—in one day. on hinges

The door ^ was of straw also put on perpendicularly—pointed at top to fit the roof ʃ The roof steep—6 or 8 inches thick. He was making baskets—Did not wholly of Sugar Maple—could find no black ash. Sowed or bound the edge with maple also—Did not look up once—while were there.

There was a fireplace of stone oven like one side running out ^ & covered with earth It was the nest of a large meadow mouse—Had he ever hunted moose—when he was down at Green island¹ (Greenland(?))² where was that oh far down—very

¹Island: “I” altered from “i” in pencil
²“Greenland (?)” cancelled in pencil (parentheses enclosing the phrase not cancelled)
far—caught seals there—No books
down that way.”

Saw men catching minnows for fishing through large
holes in the ice of the Blac Stone

At Quinsigamond Vill. a Mr Washburn
showed me the wire rolling & drawing mill
in which he is concerned. All sorts of scrap
iron is first heated to a welding heat in
masses of about 200 weight—then
rolled between fast Iron rollers in successive
grooves till it is reduced to long rods a little
more than inch in diameter. These are
cut up by powerful shears into lengths of
about 3 feet—heated again & rolled
bet. other rollers in grooves successively
of various forms square oval, round
diamond &c ➙ — &c which part of the
work only one man in the concern fully
understood & kept secret— It was
here rolled & reduced to a large sized
wire may 3/8 inch in diameter—of which
screws are made— At this stage first
it begins to be drawn— Though it must
be heated again in the course of the
drawing to restore its ductility. Make
a great deal of telegraph wire—&
for pail pai{l} bails—&c About
20 miles of Tel. wire in a day—of
the best Swedish iron for strength—

“again” written over “&”
Cannot make so good iron in this country because we cannot afford to work it over so much—labor being higher. Said they had but few competitors now in making tel. wire—all the mills in England being just now engaged in making wire for telegraph bet. Eng. & sevastopol. These were the first wheels turned by the Blackstone. Sometimes their great wheel breaks—yielding to the centrifugal force—though it is one man's duty to watch it & immense masses are thrown through the roof or sides of the building. They commonly hear premonitory symptoms when all run. I saw a part of the glowing mass which had been heated to a welding heat—but ready to be rolled but had dropt on its way—I could still trace the outlines of old screws of the various scraps which composed it—screws—bolts—bar iron—an old axe curiously twisted &c &c all which by mere pressure would have been rolled into a homogeneous mass—It was now in the condition of many a piece of composition—which however mere compression would weld together into a homogeneous mass—or a continuous rod. Washburn said the workmen were like sailors—their work was exciting & They drank
more spirit than other laborers—In hot
sometimes
weather would ^ drink 2 quarts of water an
hour—& sweat as much—If they would
not sweat left off work.
Showed me a peculiar coarse yellow sand which
they imported from the shore of Long Island—
whose qartz examined by a microscope was seen to be
perfect crystals—This they used to on the floor
of their furnace to repair & level it where
dark
In the cavernous furnace I saw the roof dripping with ^ stalactites
from the mortar & bricks.
their iron bars had furrowed it.
In one place they boiled the wire in water &
vitriol which cleaned it and ate out
grease & other foreign particles.
drawn
Wire is hard rolled—when it is rapidly reduced
ie from one size to another much smaller.
Higginson showed me a new transla-
tion of the Vishnu Sarma—Spoke of
the autobiography of a felon older than
Stephen Burroughs—one Fitch—of Revolutionary
days.
    R. W. E told Mr Hill his classmate of
Banger who was much interested in
my Walden—but relished it merely as
a captital satire & joke—& even
thought that the survey & map of
the pond were (not real ) but) a
caricature of the Cf Coast surveys.
Also of Mr. Frost the botanist of Brattleboro—who has found 5 or 6 new species of lichens thereabouts—Geo. Emerson—is aware that he has confounded 2 black oaks—one is found on Nantucket. Is it not the Q. nigra—and have we not got it in C.? //

Jan 6th

Pm to Great Meadows

Saw one of those silver-gray cocoons which are so securely attached—by the silk being wound round the leaf stalk and the twig. This was more than a year old and empty—and having been attached to a red-maple shoot a foot or more above the meadow—it had girdled it just as a wire might, and the wood had overgrown it on each side. What is that small insect with large slender wings which I see on the snow or fluttering in the air these days? Also some little black beetles on the ice of the meadow ten rods from shore

In many places near the shore the water has overflowed the ice to a great extent—and frozen again with water between of a yellowish tinge—in which you see motes moving about as you walk.
The skating is for the most part spoiled by a thin crispy ice on top of the old ice—which was frozen in great crystals & crackles under your feet—This is ap. the puddles produced by the late thaw & rain—which froze thinly while the rest of the water was soaked up. A fine snow is falling—& drifting before the wind over the ice & lodging in shallow drifts at regular intervals.

I see where a woodpecker has drilled a hole about 2 inches over in a decayed white maple—quite recently—for the chippings are strewed over the ice beneath—& were the first sign that betrayed it. The tree was hollow—Is it for a nest next season? There was an old hole higher up.—

I see that the locust pods are still closed or but partially open—but they open wider after being lying in my chamber—

Sunday Jan 7th
Pm JP Brown Road & Hub—Bridge.
Cloudy & misty—
On opening the door I feel a very warm
South westerly wind contrasting with the cooler air of the house—& find it
& the manure is being washed off the ice into the gutter unexpectedly wet in the street — It is in fact a Jan. thaw— The channel of the river is quite open in many places, & in others I remark—that the ice & water alternate like waves & the hollow between them— There are long reaches of open water where I look for muskrats & ducks, as I go along to Clamshell Hill. I hear the pleasant sound of running water— I see that black scum on the surface of water above the ice. The delicious soft spring-suggesting air—how it fills my veins with life — Life becomes again credible to me— A certain dormant life awakes in me—& I begin to love nature again. Here is my Italy—my heaven—my New England. I understand why the Indians hereabouts placed heaven in the SW— The Soft South. On the slopes the ground is laid bare & radical leaves revealed—crowfoot—shepherd’s purse—clover & a fresh green & in the meadow the skunk cabbage buds—with a bluish bloom—& the reddish
leaves of the meadow saxifrage & these
& the many withered plants laid bare
\^ remind me of spring & of botany.
On the same bare sand is revealed a
new crop of arrowheads— I pick up
2 perfect ones of quartz, sharp as if
just from the hands of the maker.
Still birds are very rare— Here comes
a little flock of titmice plainly to keep
me company—with their black caps &
throats—making them look top heavy—rest-
lessly hopping along the alders. with a
sharp clear—lispering note— There begin
to be greenish pools in the fields
where there is a bottom of icy-snow—
I saw what looked like clay-colored
snow fleas on the under side of a stone.

The bank is tinged with a most del-
icate pink or bright flesh color—where
the beomyces rosaeus grows. It is a
lichen day. The ground is covered with
cetrariae &c under the pines. How
full of life & of eyes is the damp bark—
It would not be worth the while to die
& leave all this life behind one.
The hill sides covered with the bear scrub
oak—methinks are of the deepest red at
a distance. The p pine tops were much
broken by the damp snow last month– I see
where the birches which were weighed down
& lay across the road have been cut off—& all
their scales & seeds shaken off by the sleighs
in one spot color the snow like thick saw-dust.
The sky seen here & there through the
wrack—bluish—& greenish—& perchance
with a vein of red in the west—seems like
the inside of a shell—deserted of its tenant
into which I have ealle crawled.

The willow catkins began to peep from
under their scales as early as the 26th of
buds
last month. Many ^ have lost their scales
entirely.

Jan 8th 55
7 1/2 Am to river
Still warm & cloudy—but with a great
clear crescent of clear sky increasing in the
north by west— The streets are washed bare
down to the ice. It is pleasant to see the
sky reflected in the open river reach—now
perfectly smooth—
10 Am. To Easterbrooks place via
Old mill site. It is now a clear warm
The willow osiers by the Red Bridge decidedly are not bright now—were too old //
& sunny day— There is a healthy earthy
sound of cock-crowing— I hear a few
chicadees near at hand—& hear & see
jays further off—& as yesterday—a crow
sitting sentinel on an apple tree– Soon he gives the alarm & several more take their places near him. Then off they flap with their “caw” of various hoarseness. I see various caterpillars & grubs on the snow– & in one place a reddish ant about 1/3 of an inch long walking off. In the swamps you see the mouths of squirrels’ holes in the snow–with dirt & leaves & perhaps pine scales about them– The fever bush is betrayed by its little spherical buds.

Jan 9th ’55

Pm to Conantum–

A cloudy day–threatening snow, wet under foot– How pretty the evergreen radical shoots of the St– Johnswort now exposed– partly red or lake–various species of it. Have they not grown since fall? I put at the end of a stone ^ by one to try it. A little wreath of green and red lying along on the muddy ground amid the melting snows.

I am attracted at this season by the fine bright red buds of the privet an-
couchant dromeda sleeping ^ along the slender light brown twigs– They look brightest against I notice the pink shoots of low blueberries where they are thick a dark ground.

How handsome now the fertile fronds of the sensitive fern standing up a foot or more on the sides of
causeways—the neat pale brown rachis
clothed with rich dark brown fruit
pinnae

at top—The / divisions of the frond/ on
“a one sided spike or raceme”
one side & slightly curved.—Still full
of seed. They look quite fresh though
dry & rigid. Walked up on the river
a piece above the Holden swamp—though
there were very few places where I could get
on to it it has so melted along the shore
& on the meadows—The ice over the channel
looks {om} dangerously dark & rotten in spots.
The oak leaves are of the various leather
colors—The white oak which is least so
& most curled & withered has to my eye a
or pink


tinge of salmon color ^ in it. The black shrub
oak is particularly dark reddish & firm.
I think it is the red oak or maybe the black
whose leaves are such a pale brown verging
some times reddish
on yellowish—but well preserved.
This winter I hear the axe in almost every
wood of any consequence left standing
in the township.

Made a splendid discovery this pm—as
I was walking through Holden’s white spruce
swamp—I saw peeping above the snow crust some
slender delicate evergreen shoots very much
like the andromeda polifolia—amid sphag-
num, lambkill—andromeda calyculata
blueberry bushes &c—though there was
very little to be seen above the snow—

// It is I have little doubt—the Kalmia glauca var Rosarinifolia (?)—with very delicate
opposite
evergreen^ linear leaves—strongly revolute—
as it were slightly weather beaten imbrowned or ripened by the winter
its cheeks made ruddy by the cold.
somewhat reddish green above ^—white glaucous
beneath—with a yellow midrib—(not veined
nor mucronated nor alternate like the Andromeda
on the ends of the twigs which are
polifolia) ^ The twigs sharply 2-edged. The
blossom buds quite conspicuous. The whole
aspect more tender & yellowish than the And.

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What a strong & hearty—but reckless, hit-or-
miss style had some of the early writers
of New England—like Josselyn—& Wm Wood—
and others elsewhere in those days— As if
they spoke with a relish making their
lips—like a coach whip—caring more to
speak heartily than scientifically true.
They are not to be caught napping by the
wonders of nature in a new country &
perhaps are often more ready to appreci-
ate them than she is to exhibit them.
They give you one piece of nature at any
rate, & that is themselves. They use a strong
homely
course ^ speech which cannot always
be found in the dictionary—nor some-
times be heard in polite society—but which
brings you very near to the thing itself
described. The strong new soil speaks thro’
them. (I have just been reading some
in Woods “New England’s Prospect.”) He
speaks a good word for NE—indeed
will come very near lying for her—and when
justness
he doubts the truth of his praise he brings it
out not the less soundly—as who cares
if it is not so—we love her not the
less for all that. Certainly that gene-
ration stood nearer to nature, nearer
to the facts than this, and hence their
books have more life in them.

(Sometimes a lost man will be so be-
side himself that he will not have sense
enough to trace back his own tracks in
the snow—)

Expressions he uses which you now hear
only in Kitchens & bar-rooms—which
therefore sound particularly fresh & telling
—not book worn. They speak like men
who have backs & stomachs & bowels—with
all the advantages & disadvantages that
attach to them—Read:2 to find lions here—
some having “heard such terrible roarings”—
—“which must be either Devils or3 Lions4; there
being no other creatures which use to roar.”
What a gormandizing faith (or belief) he
has ready to swallow all kinds of portents & prodigies

1“So” altered from “see”
2“y” added in pencil
3“or” reformed in pencil (need better copy)
4“L” either reformed or altered from “l”
Says the wolves have no joints from head to tail. ^
Most admirable when—they most are outrage
common taste & the rules of composition. Of
Mosquitoes he says—those “that swell with
their biting the first year, never swell the
second.” v forward

Jan 10th 55
Pm to Beck Stow’s.
The swamp is suddenly frozen up again—and they
are carting home the mud which was dug out
last fall—in great frozen masses—
The twigs of the andromeda polifolia
with its rich leaves turned to a mulberry
color above by the winter—with a bluish

delicat
bloom—& ^ bluish white, as in summer, beneath
project above the ice— The tallest
twigs recurved at top with the leaves

standing up on the upper side like teeth—^
The intermingling shades of mulberry brown (?)
& bluish bloom—& glaucous white make
it peculiarly rich—as it lies along the ice
frozen in. The leaves uninjured by insects—

Then there is the Andromeda Calyculata—its leaves (now (?)) appressed to the
twigs—pale brown beneath—reddish above—
with minute whitish dots— As I go toward
the sun now at 4 Pm the translucent leaves
are lit up by it and appear of a soft red
more or less brown—^ but when I look back from the sun the whole bed appears merely gray & brown.
The leaves of the lambkill, now recurved, are more or less reddish.
The great buds of the swamp pink—on the central twig clustered together are more or less imbrowned and reddened.
At Europ. Cranberry Swamp—I saw great quantities of the seeds of that low 3 celled rush or sedge—about Scheuchzeria palustris
the edge of the pool—^ on the ice black & elliptical looking like the droppings of mice this size ♧✉ So thick in many places that by absorbing the sun’s heat they had melted an inch or more into the ice. wh No doubt they are the food of some creatures. Saw a whi thorn with long thorns and its peculiarly shining varnished twigs.
Cold & blustering as it is the crows are flapping & sailing about—& buffeting one another as usual. It is hard to tell what they would be at.

Jan 11th P. m.
Skated to Lee’s bridge & Farrar’s swamp— Call it otter swamp— A fine snow had just begun to fall—So we made haste to improve the skating before it was too late— Our skates made tracks often nearly an inch broad
in the slight snow which soon covered
the ice—All along the shores and about
the islets the water had broadly overflowed
the ice of the meadows—& frequently we
had to skate through it making it fly—
The snow soon showed where the water
was. It was a pleasant time to skate
so still & the air so thick with snow
flakes that the outline of near hills
was seen against it—& not against
the more distant & higher hills. Single
pines stood out distinctly against it
in the near horizon—The ground which
was 2/3 bare before—began to gray
about Fair Haven—Pond—as if it
were all rocks. There were many of
those grubs & caterpillars on the
ice half a dozen rods from shore—
some sunk deep into it—This air thick
with snow flakes making a back-
ground enabled me to detect a
very picturesque clump of trees on
an islet off at pole brook—A
red (?) oak in midst with birches on
each side.

Jan 12th Pm
To Flints Pond via Minott’s meadow.
After a spitting of snow in the fore-
I see the blue sky here & there &
noon— the sun is coming out— It is
still & warm— The earth is 2/3 bare—
I walk along the Mill-Brook below
Emerson’s looking into it for some life—
Perhaps what most moves us in winter
is some reminiscence of far off sum-
mer— How we leap by the side of the
open brooks— What beauty in the run-
ning brooks—! What life! What society!
The cold is merely superficial— it is sum-
mer still at the core— far far within—
It is in the cawing of the crow— the crowing
of the cock— the warmth of the
sun on our backs. I hear faintly the
cawing of a crow far far away— echoing
from some unseen woodside— as if
deadened by the spring-like vapor which
the sun is drawing from the ground—
It mingles with the slight murmur
of the Village— the sound of children
at play— as one stream empties
gently into another— & the wild & tame
are one— What a delicious sound. It
is not merely the crow calling to
crow— for it speaks to me too. I am
part of one great creature with
him— if he has voice I have ears.

“It” altered from “it”
I can hear when he calls–& have engaged
not to shoot nor stone him.–if he will
one
caw to me each spring. On the ^ hand it may
be is the sound of children at school saying
their a.b. abs–on the other far in the
wood-fringed horizon–the cawing of crows
out at their long recess
from their blessed eternal vacation. ^=1 Children
who have got dismissed! While the vapor-
ous incense goes up from all the fields
of the spring–(if it were spring). Ah bless
the Lord O my soul, bless him for
wildness–for crows that will not
alight within gunshot–& bless him
for hens too that croak and cackle
in the yard.
Where are the shiners now & the trout–?
I see none in the brook– Have the for-
mer descended to the deep water of the river ^?
or gone into the mud? There are few or no in-
sects for them now–
The strong scent of this red oak–just split
& corded is a slight compensation for the
loss of the tree.
How cheering the sight of the evergreens
now–on the forest floor–the various
pyrolas &c–fresh as in summer.

What is that mint whose seed vessels
rubbed are so spicy to smell–minty–
at the further end of the pond by the

1 caret written below dash
Gourgas woodlot—?1 horsemint? or calamint?

On Flints Pond I find Nat Rice2 fishing— He has not caught one— I asked him what he thought the best time to fish— He said—when the wind first comes south after a cold spell—on3 a bright morning.

Well may the tender buds attract us at this season—no less than partridges—for they are the hope of the year—the spring rolled up—The summer is all packed in them.

Observed this Pm the following oak leaves—1st the white oak—the most withered spotted & curled—Many ^ with black dot-lichens
2nd the Bear Scrub—the most firm—& fresh-colored & flat
3d the Black—moderately firm—the darkest above much curled—

Bear
4th scarlet ^ Firmest after the ^ Scrub—with much freshness & life—some conspicuously red still (unwithered)—Lobes remarkably distorted.

considerably

5 Red— very much ^ withered & lifeless & worn—some reddish slightly thin & faded—^not small & not inclined to curl—

6 Swamp White Pretty firm & bright but considerably curled

7 I suspect that the small chinquapin is deciduous leaf

for I could not find one ^ in all my walk Jan 1st though I look along the Lupine Wall. These on the ground are considerably withered faded & curled—yet pretty firm.
For color—perhaps all may be called brown—and vary into each other more or less
The 1st—as both sides are seen—pale brown with a salmon tinge beneath—

Leather like often paler

2nd clear reddish brown ^ above ^—whitish or very light beneath—silveryish

[not always]

3rd—Dusky brown above ^—clear tawny (?) brown beneath

4th clear pale brown—(except the unfaded red ones)

very generally reddish

leather-like—nearly the same both sides

or slightly reddish

5th Quite pale brown ^—nearly the same both sides

Some prematurely dead are yellowish—

6th Deep rusty-colored brown often bright leather red—silveryish white beneath—

Leaves on ground

7th Quite ^ Pale brown much like a withered red. but whitish beneath like bear scrub.
The oak leaves now resemble the dif. kinds.

of calf–sheep–& Russia\(^1\) \& Morocco–a few Scarlet oaks] of different ages–

Jan 13\(^{th}\)
Warm & wet with rain threatening clouds drifting from SW–muddy–wet–& slippery. Surprised to see oak balls on a red oak.

Picked up a pitch pine cone which had evidently been cut off by a squirrel. There were the grooves made by his teeth–while probably he bent it down–were quite distinct– The woody stem was 1/4 of an inch thick–& I counted 8 strokes of his chisel.

Jan 14 Skated to Baker Farm with a rapidity which astonished myself–before the wind, feeling the rise and fall (the water having settled in the suddenly cold night) which I had not time to see. Saw the intestines of a rabbit–(betrayed by a morcel of fur–) left on the ice–prob. the prey of a fox. A man feels like a new creature moving at this rate–he takes new possession of nature in the name of the his own majesty–There was I, & there & there, as mercury went down the Idaen\(^3\) mts.

\(^1\)“R” written over “r”
\(^2\)“The” altered from “the”
\(^3\)“a” is smeared
I judged that in a quarter of an hour I was 3 1/2 miles from home—without having made any particular exertion.—à la volaille.

Jan 15th Pm. Skated to Bedford
It had just been showing¹—& this on the Grt meadows lay in shallow drifts or waves of alternate snow & ice—Skated into a crack & slid on my side 25 feet—fragments of old ice cemented together—not strong. polygons of various forms.

Jan 16—to Cambridge & Boston.
Carried to Harris the worms—brown light-striped—& fuzzy black cater-pillars—He calls the first also caterpillars. Also 2 black beetles, all which I have found within a week or two on snow; Thickest in a thaw.

Showed me in a German work plates of the larvae of dragon flies & ephemerae or their cases such as I see on rushes &c over water. Says the Ant lion is found at Burlington Vt. and may be at Concord.

I can buy Ind. coats in Milk street from 3 1/2 to 6 dolls—depending on the length. also leggins² from 1.50 to 3 or more dolls, also depending on the length—

¹“snowing” altered from “showing” (top of “h” cancelled)
²“leggins” possibly written over “&”
Saw a Nantucket man—who said that their waters were not so good as the South side of Long Island to steer in by sounding. Off Long Island it deepened 1 mile every fathom for at least 40 miles—as he had proved. Perhaps 80. But at Barnegat it was not so.

Jan 19th 7 Am
Yesterday it rained hard all day washing off the little snow that was left—down to the ice—the gutters being good sized mill brooks—& the water of over shoes in the mid. of the road.

In the night it turned to snow—(which wet snow still falls—) & now covers the ground 3 or 4 inches deep. It is a very damp snow or sleet perhaps mixed with rain which the strong NW wind plasters to that side of the trees & houses. I never saw the blue in snow so bright as this damp dark stormy morning at 7 Am as I was coming down the RR. I did not have to make a hole in it—but I saw it some rods off in the deep narrow ravines of the drifts & under their edges or eaves—like the serenest blue of heaven—though the sky was of course wholly concealed by the driving snow storm{.}—suggesting that in darkest storms
we may still have the hue of heaven in us.

At noon it is still a driving snow
storm—& a little flock of red-poles is busily
picking the seeds of the pigweed &c in the garden.
Almost all have more or less crimson a\textsuperscript{1} few are
very splendid with their particularly bright crimson
breasts. The white on the edge of their wing coverts is
very conspicuous—
damp

Pm. The \textsuperscript{\textdagger} snow still
drives from the NW nearly horizontally
over the fields—while I go with C—
toward the Cliffs & Walden— There is
not a single fresh track on the
Back road & the aspect of the
road & trees & houses is very wintry.
\{M\}uch considerable snow has fallen
it lies chiefly in drifts under the
walls. We went through the Spring
woods—over the Cliff—by the wood
path at its base to Walden & thence
by the path to Bristers Hill—& by\textsuperscript{2}
road home— It was worth the while
damp
to see what a burden of \textsuperscript{\textdagger} snow
lay on the trees not withstanding the
wind— Pitch pines were bowed to the
ground with it—& birches also—
and white oaks— I saw one of\textsuperscript{3} the last

\textsuperscript{1}“a” possibly altered from “or”
\textsuperscript{2}“by” possibly altered from “to”
\textsuperscript{3}“of” possibly inserted
at least 25 feet high and broken near the ground past recovery. All kinds of ever-oaks

greens—and trees which retain their leaves—and birches which do not were bent to up to 25 feet or more in height were bent to the earth—and these novel but graceful curves were a new feature in

of the woodland scenery. Young white veiled

pines often stood draped in the robes of purest like a maiden that has taken the veil white—emblems of purity—with their heads main

slightly bowed & their stems slanting to one side, like travellers bending to meet the storm with their heads muffled in their cloaks1— The windard side of the wood & the very tops of the trees everywhere—for the most part—were comparatively bare—but within the woods the whole lower 2/3 of the trees were laden with the snowy burden which had sifted down onto them. The snow a little damp had lodged on every branch—but & stood in upright walls like miniature chinese walls zig zag over hill & dale

or ruffs 5 or 6 inches high, making more conspicuous than ever the ar-

1“cloaks” probably altered from “cloth”
rangement & the multitude of the twigs & branches, & the trunks also being plastered with snow—a peculiar soft left light very unlike the ordinary darkness of the forest
was diffused around as if you were
This was when you stood on the windward side
inside a drift or snow house—^In
most directions you could not see
more than 4 or 5 rods into this labyrinth
This is to be insisted on—on every side it was like a snow drift that lay loose to that height.

or maze of white arms—^They were so thick that they left no crevice through which the eye could penetrate further{.}
The path was for the most part blockd up with the trees bent to the ground which we were obliged to go round by zig zag paths in the woods—or carefully creep under at the risk of getting our necks filled with an avalanch of snow—In many places the path was shut up by as dense a labyrinth high as the tree tops & impermeable to vision as if there had neve been a path there. Often we touched a tree with our foot— or shook it with our hand—& so relieved it of a part of its burden—& rising a little it made room for us to pass beneath—Often singular portals & winding passages were left between the pitch pines—through stooping—& grazing the touchy walls, we made our way—
Where the path was open in the midst of the woods—the snow was about 7 or 8 inches deep. The trunks of the trees so uniformly covered on the northerly side—^ suggested that this might be a principal reason why the lichens watered by the melting snow flourished there most. The snow lay in great continuous masses in the pitch pines & the white—not only like napkins but great white table-spreads and carpets—when you looked off at the wood from a little distance—Looking thus up at the Cliff. I could not tell where it lay an unbroken mass on the smooth rock—& where on the trees. ^ White pines were changed into firs by it—& the limbs & twigs of some large ones were so matted together by the like immense weight— that they looked ^ solid fungi on the side of the trees— or those nests of the social grossbeak (?) of africa which I have seen represented. Some White pine bows hung down like fans or the webbed feet of birds— On som pitch pines it lay in
fright fruit-like balls as big as one’s
   like cocoanuts
head. ^ Where the various oaks were
bent down— the contrast of colors—
of the snow & oak leaves— & the softened
tints through the transparent snow—often*
a delicate fawn color—were very agreeable.

As we returned over the Walden road
the damp driving snow flackes when
we turned partly round & faced them
hurt our eye balls as if they had been dry
scales.
It may be that the linarias {seek the}
come into the gardens now— not only because all
nature is a wilderness today— but because
were the wind has not free play
the woods ^ are so snowed up— the twigs
are so deeply covered that they cannot readily
come at their food— In many places
drooping &
single trees or clumps of two or 3 ^ massed
together by the superincumbent weight— made
tent like
a sort of roof ^ under which you might
   Under one pitch pine which shut down to the ground on every
take shelter. We saw only one in-
   side you could not see the sky at all— but sat in a gloomy light
distinct snow covered trail of an animal.
as in a tent.

Where are the crows now? I never see
them at such a time. The water of yesterday
is very high now on the meadows over the
ice— but the snow has mingled with it so
densely that it is mere slosh now—
The channel ice is lifted up by the freshet
& there is dry white snow— but on each

---

*“often” written over “a”
side are broad dirty or yellowish green strips of water slosh. Where comes this green color?

One of the first snows of the winter was a similar damp one which lodged on the trees & broke them down. & the sides of woodland roads were strewn with birches: at tops which had obstructed the way & ^ travellers had been obliged to cut off.

There are plenty of these shell-like drifts along the south sides of the walls now— There are countless perforations through which the fine snow drives & blinds you—

It was surprising to see what a burden of snow had lodged on the trees—especially the pitch pines in secluded dells in the woods out of the way of the wind— White oaks also 6 inches maybe the white oaks are more flexible than the others—or their leaves are higher up & they are more slender below in diameter & 25 feet high were bent to the ground & sometimes broken or splintered by it. Some are split in the crotch

It lay on the smaller shrubs & bushes through which you walked damp as it was like lightest down—only the lightest part sifting down there

The houses have that peculiarly wintry aspect now on the W– side being all plastered over with snow—adhering to the clapboards—& half-concealing the doors & windows—

The trees were everywhere bent into the path like bows tortly strung—& you had only to shake them with your hand or foot—when they rose up & made way for you—

*s* of “birches” cancelled with two vertical lines
You went winding between {&} stooping ^ under–them–fearing to touch them–lest you they should relieve themselves of their burden & let fall an avalanche or shower of snow on to you. ^ You would not have believed there were so many twigs & branches in a wood as were revealed by the snow resting on them–perfect walls of snow–no place for a bird to perch.

Our lesser redpoll is said to be the same with the European which is called this in Bewick Le Sizerin by Buffon. ^ I heard its mew about the house early this morning before sunrise.

In many instances the snow had lodged on the trees yesterday in just such forms as a white napkin or counterpain dropped on them would take–protuberant in the middle with many folds & dimples– An ordinary leafless bush supported so much snow like a whirligig on its twigs–a perfect maze ^–though not in one solid mass–that you could not see through it– We heard only a few chic-a-dees. Some times the snow on the bent P. Pines made me think of rams’ or elephants’ heads ready to butt you

In particular places standing on their snowiest side the woods were incredibly fair–white as alabaster–indeed the young pines reminded you of the purest statuary. & the stately full grown ones towering

1 "as" possibly altered from “is” or “in"
around affected you as if you stood in a Titanic sculptor’s studio. So purely & delicately white—transmitting the light—their dark trunks all concealed. And in many places where the snow lay on withered oak leaves bet. you & the light—various delicate fawn colored & cinnamon tints mingling & blending with the white still enhanced the beauty.

A fine clear day not very cold.–

P. m.

To Conantum & C. Miles place—with Tappan. There was a high wind last night which relieved the trees of their burden—almost entirely.—but I may still see the drifts. The surface of the snow every where in the fields where it is hard blown—has a fine ^ with low shelves like a slate stone that does not split well

We cross the fields behind Hubbard’s—& suddenly slump into dry ditches ^ up to the middle—& flounder out again— How new all things seem— Here is a broad shallow pool in the fields which yesterday was slosh—now converted into a soft white fleecy snow ice—like bread that has spewed and backed outside the pan. It is like the beginning of the world. There is nothing

1poss ”snow,”
hacknied where a new snow can come & cover all the landscape. The snow lies chiefly behind the walls—It is surprising how much a straggling rail fence detains it—and it forms a broad low swell beyond it 2 or 3 rods wide, also just beyond the brow of a hill where it begins to slope to the S. You can tell by the ridges of the drifts on the S side of the walls which way the wind was—They all run from N to S

i.e. the common drift or plaits is divided into ridges {in} this direction—frequently down to the ground between—Which separate drifts are of graceful outlines somewhat like fishes with a sharp ridge or fin gracefully curvèd both as you look Their sides curvèing like waves about to break from one side & down on them. ^ The at the wall end thin edge of some of these drifts ^, where the air has come through the wall & made an eddy, are remarkably curved like some shells even thus —I would not have believed it. more than once round.

The world is not only new to the eye—but is still as at creation—every blade & leaf is hushed—not a bird or insect is heard —onl{,} perchance—a faint tinkling sleigh—

\footnotesize{1“of” possibly altered from “on”
2Possibly “when”
3“ridge” possibly altered from “side”
4“come” possibly altered from another word}
bell in the distance.
As there was water on the ice of the river
which the snow converted into slosh—
now frozen it looks like fleece.
The snow still adheres conspicuously to
the NW side of the stems of the trees
quite up to their summits—with a re-
markably sharp edge in that direction
in a horizontal section like this  
It
would be about as good as a com-
pass to steer by in a cloudy day or by
night. You see where the trees have
deposited their load on the snow beneath.
making it uneven. Saw suddenly di-
rectly over-head a remarkable mackerel
sky with singular peculiarly soft large
flakes—polyhedrons—showing the
celestial blue between them—soft
& duskyish like new steam—This covered
the greater part of the sky. In the
zenith a more leaden blue in the crevices
on the sides a more celestial. This
was just beyond the Holden swamp—
We admired the C. Miles elms—
Their strong branches now more conspicuous
zigzag or gracefully curved.
We came upon the tracks of a man
& dog—which I guessed to be channing’s. Further
still a mile & a half from home
^ as I was showing to T. under a bank
the single flesh colored or pink bee apo-
thezia of a baeomyces which was not covered
by the snow—when I saw the print
of C’s foot by its side & knew that his
eyes had rested on it that afternoon—
It was about the size of a pin’s head.
Saw also where he had examined the lichens on
& all was clear again
the rails. Now the mackerel sky was
gone & I could hardly realize that
low dark stratus far in the east was
it, still delighting perchance some
sailor on the Atlantic in whose zenith
it—was—whose sky it occupied.
T. admired much the addition to the
red-house—with its steep bevelled roof—
Thought he should send Mr. Upjohn to see it.
The whole house methought was well planted
—rested solidly on the earth—with its
great bank (green in summer). &
few stately elms before—it so much
simpler & more attractive than a front
yard with its knick-knacks. To contrast
with this pleasing structure—which is
painted a wholesome red—was a modern
addition in the rear—perhaps no
uglier than usual—only by contrast
such an outline alone as our—carpen-
ters have learned to produce—\(^{\text{？}}\). I see
that I cannot draw any thing so bad
so you will often see an ugly new barn beside
a pleasing old house.
as the reality. ^ Causeways are no sooner
made—than the swamp white oak
springs up by their sides—its¹ acorns
prob. washed there by the freshets—

In Sagard’s Hist. I read—“the villager
did not wish to hear the Huguenot min-
ister, saying that there was not yet
any ivy on the walls of his church,
and that ours were all grey with
age” [chennes de vieillese.] The walls
in their turn of the Protestant church ^ have now
got some ivy on them—& the villager
does not wish to hear the preacher of any
newer church which has not.

In Bewick’s Birds it is said that the Night-
Jar—(also called Goat-sucker, Dor-Hawk,
or Fern Owl) Caprimulgus Europeus,—
L’Engoulivent, Buffon.— “When perched
the Night-Jar sits usually on a bare twig,
its head lower than its tail, and in
this attitude utters its jarring note: ['by which,' he says elsewhere, ‘it is peculiarly distinguished.’] It is likewise distinguished by a sort of buzzing
which it makes while on the wing, and
which has been compared to the noise caused
by the quick rotation of a spinning wheel, from

¹“its” possibly altered from another word
which in some places, it is called the Wheel bird;”–“It is seldom seen in the daytime.” This last sound is ap. the same which I hear our whip-poor-will make & which I do not remember to have heard

described.
On the sides of dry hills the dried heads of the hard hack rising above the snow are very perfect and handsome now. I think it may be owing to the drought of the last summer which caused them to dry up prematurely–but before they began to be brittle & to crumble. This on the first Cladonia pasture of Conantum. I sit there looking up at the mackerel sky–and also at the neighboring wood so suddenly relieved of its snowy burden. The Pines–mostly white–have now at this season a warm brown or yellowish tinge, & the oaks–chiefly wh young white ones–are comparatively red– The black oak I see is more yellowish. You have these colors of the pin evergreens and oaks in winter for warmth & contrast with the snow.

Seeds are still left on the birches which after each new snow–are sprinkled over its surface–ap. to keep the birds supplied with food.

You see where yesterdays snowy billows
have broken at last in the sun or by their
own weight—their curling edges fallen &
crumbled in the snow beneath—

I see the tracks of countless little
birds—prob. red-polls, where these have
run over broad pastures & visited every weed—
johns-wort—& coarse grasses—whose oat-like
seed-scales they or {culms} they have scattered
about— It is surprising
they did not sink deeper in the
light snow— Often the impression is
so faint that they seem to have been
supported by their wings.
The Pines & oaks in the deepest hollows in the
woods still support some snow—but especially
the low swamps are half filled with snow
to the height of 10 feet resting on the bent
underwood—as if affording covert to wolves—

Very musical & even sweet now like
a horn is the hounding of a fox hound
heard now in some distant wood—while
I stand listening in some far solitary &
silent field.

I doubt if I can convey an idea of the
appearance of the woods yesterday—as you
stood in their midst—& looked round on their
boughs & twigs laden with snow— There It seemed
as if there could have been none left to reach
the ground—these countless zigzag white arms crossing each other at every possible angle completely closed up the view like a light drift within 3 or 4 rods on every side—The win- triest prospect imaginable. That snow which sifted down into the wood paths was much drier & lighter than elsewhere.

Jan 21st

2 1/2 Pm. The sky has gradually become over- cast & now it is just beginning to snow—looking against a dark roof—I detect a single flake from time to time—but when I look at the ^ woods 2 miles off in the horizon there already is seen a slight thickness or mistiness in the air— In this ^ perhaps may it first be detected.

Pm to Andromeda Ponds—via RR—return by base of Cliffs—

The snow is turning to rain through a fine hail.

Pines & oaks seen at a distance—say 2 miles off—are considerably blended & make one harmonious impression—the former the former if you attend are seen or misty to be of a blue ^ black—and the latter^ form commonly a reddish brown ground out of which the former rise— These colors are no longer in strong contrast with each other—

^“latter” possibly altered from “a”
Few twigs are conspicuous at a distance like those of the golden willow – The tree is easily distinguished at a distance by its color.

Saw in ald White pine stump about 15 inches pecked from the ground a hole about 1 1/2 inches in diameter – It was about 6 inches deep in the downward in the rotten stump & was bottomed with hypnum – rabbits fur & hair – & a little dry grass – was it a mouse-nest? – or a nuthatch – creeper’s Prob. last or chic-a-dee’s nest? – It has a slight musky smell.

Jan 22nd

Heavy rain in the night & half of today with very high wind from the Southward – Washing off the snow – & filling the road with water – The roads are well nigh impassable to foot travellers.

Pm

To Stone bridge – Lorings pond Derby’s & Nut meadow – It is a good lichen day – for the high wind has strewn the bark over the fields & the rain has made them very bright. whole In some places for 15 rods the road is like a lake from 3 to 15 inches deep. It is very exciting to see where was so lately only ice & snow – dark wavy lakes – dashing in furious
torrents through the commonly dry
under
channels of the causeways—to hear
only the rush & roar of waters & look
down on mad billows where in summer is
commonly only dry pebbles—great cakes
of ice tilter lodged & sometimes tilted up
against the causeway bridges over which
the water pours as over a dam. After
their passage under these commonly dry
bridges the crowding waters are at least
6 or 8 inches higher than those of the
surrounding meadow— What a tumult
at the Stone Bridge—where cakes of
a foot
ice a rod in diameter & 10 inches thick are
carried rounded & round by the eddy
or 10
only by in circles 6 or 8 rods in eir
diameter, & rarely get a chance to go
down stream—while others are seen
coming up edgewise from below in
the midst of the torrent. The musk-
of
rats driven out by their holes by the
yet many of their cabins are above water on the S branch here there are none
water are exceedingly numerous—^ We saw
15 or 20 at least bet Derby’s bridge
& the Tarbel spring—either swimming
with surprising swiftness up or down or across
the stream—to avoid us—or sitting at
resting
the waters edge—or ^ on the edge


“those” altered from “the”
One refreshed himself there after his cold swim regardless of us—probed its fur with its nose & scratched its ear like a dog—
of the ice ^ —or on som alder bough just
on the surface— They frequently swam toward an apple tree in the midst of
the water—in the vain hope of finding a
resting place & refuge there. I saw
one—looking quite a reddish brown
busily feeding on some plant just at
the waters edge—thrusting his head
under for it— But I hear the sound
of Goodwin's gun up stream—&
see his bag stuffed out with their dead
bodies. The radical leaves of the
yellow thistle are now very fresh &
conspicuous in Tarbel's meadow—the rain
having suddenly carried off the snow.

Jan 23\textsuperscript{d}

Pm— The water is still higher than yesterday—I found just over the red-bridge road—
near the bridge. The willow row near there
is not now bright—but a dull greenish
below—with a yard at the ends of the
twigs red. The water in many hollows
in the fields has suddenly fallen away
run off or soaked up—leaving last
night’s ice to mark its height around
the edges & the bushes— It has fallen
2 feet in many cases—leaving some—
times a mere feathery crystallization to supply its place— I was pleased to see the vapor of Sam. Barrrett’s fall—and after—the icy cases of the alder & willow stems below— But the river is higher than ever—especially the N. river. I was obliged to after crossing Hunt’s Bridge to keep on round to the RR bridge at Loring’s before I could recross—it being over the road with a roar like a mill dam this side the further stone-bridge—and I could not get over dry for the feebleness of the and incontinuity of the fence— In front of G— M. Barretts was a great curving bay—which crossed the road bet him & Heywoods—and by Fort Pond bridge at Lorings it had been over for 10 rods in the night. A great cake a foot thick stands on end against the RR bridge— I do not quite like to see so much bare ground in mid winter— The rad. leaves of the shepherd’s purse seen in green circles on the water-washed plowed grounds—remind me of the internal heat & life of the globe—anon to burst forth anew—

Yesterday I met Godwin shooting muskrats—& saw the form & bloody stains of two through his game bag— He shot

“the” possibly altered from “to”
such as were close to the shore where he could get them—for he had no dog—the water being too cold he said. I saw one poor reddined with its blood rat lying on the edge of the ice—or half a dozen rods from the shore—which he had shot but was unwilling to wade for.

It is surprising how much work will be accomplished in such a night as the last—so many a brook will have run itself out & now be found reduced within reasonable bounds. This settling away of the water leaves much crackling white ice in the roads.

Jan 24th '55
I am Wm Wood’s N. E.’s Prospect—He left NE. Aug 15th 1633—and the last Eng. Edition referred to in this Am. one of 1764 is that of Lond. 1639.

The wild meadow grasses appear to have grown more rankly in those days. He describes them as “thick & long, as high as a man’s shoulder middle; some as high as the shoulder,”—v. Ind.¹ book. Strawberries too were more abundant and large before they were so cornered up by cultivation “some being 2 inches about; one may gather half a bushel in a forenoon;” and no doubt many other berries were far more abundant—

¹vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)
as gooseberries—raspberries—& also especially currants—which last so many old writers speak of but so few moderns find wild.

We can perhaps imagine how the primitive wood looked from the samples still left in Maine—He says “The timber of the country grows straight, & tall, some trees being 20, some 30 foot high before they spread forth their branches; generally the trees be not very thick, tho’ there be many that will serve for mill-posts, some being 3 foot & a half over.” One would judge from accounts that the woods were clearer than the primitive wood on ac. of Ind. fires that is left—for he says you might ride a hunting in most places—“There is no underwood saving in swamps” which the Ind. fires did not burn. v. Ind. book. “Here no doubt might be good done with saw mills; for I have seen of these

[he is speaking of pines] particularly]

stately high grown trees, ^ ten miles together

[prob. Charles R.]

close by the river ^ side,”—He says at first “fir & pine” as if the fir once grew in this part of the state abundantly as now in Maine & farther west. Of the oaks he says “These trees afford much mast for hogs, especially every third year,”—Does not this imply many more of them than now—

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1vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “speak of” (need better copy)
2Caret written below dash
3vertical pencil line through this and the following lines (need better copy)
4“19” refers to the page number in the source
“The hornbound tree is a tough kind of wood, that requires so much pains in riving as 20\textsuperscript{1} is almost incredible, being the best to make bowls & dishes, not being subject to crack or leak.” & speaks, both in prose & verse, of the vines being particularly inclined to run over this tree. If this is the true hornbeam it was probably larger then—but I am inclined to think it the tupelo—and that it was both larger & more abundant for he says it\textsuperscript{2} was good for bowls & it has been so used since than commonly now. ^ Of the plums of the country he says “they be black & yellow, about the bigness of damsons, of a reasonable good taste.” Yet Emerson has not found the Yellow plum i.e. Canada—growing wild in Mass.

Of quadrupeds no longer found in Concord he—“which some affirm that they have seen” names—the Lion—that Cape Ann Lion ^—which may have been a cougar for he adds—“Plimouth men have traded for lions skins in former times”.—Bear, Moose—Deer—Porcupines—“The grim fac’d a verse\textsuperscript{3} Ounce\textsuperscript{4}, & rav’nous howling wolf,” & Beaver. Martens. “For bears they be common, being a black kind of bear, which be most fierce in strawberry time, at which time they have young ones; at which time likewise they will go upright like a man, & climb trees, & swim to the islands;” &c v Ind. book. In the winter they lie in “the clifts of rocks & thick swamps” The wolves hunt these in packs & “tear one as him as a dog will tear a kid.”

\textsuperscript{1}“20” refers to the page number in the source
\textsuperscript{2}“it” possibly altered from “its”
\textsuperscript{3}This quote appears in verse form in the source
\textsuperscript{4}“O” written over “o”
—“they never prey upon the English cattle, or offer to assault the person of any man,” unless shot. Their meat “esteemed—above venison.”

For moose & deer see Ind. book.
Complains of the wolf as the great devourer of Bear—Moose—& deer—which kept them from multiplying more. “Of these deer; [i.e the small] there be a great many, & more in the Massachusets-Bay, than in any other place,” “Some have killed 16 deer in a day upon this island,” so called because the deer swam therither to avoid the wolves.

For Porcupine & Raccoon v. Ind Book—
Grey squirrels were evidently more numerous than now—
or wild cat

I do not know whether his Ounce ^ is the
He calls it wild cat—& does not describe the little wild cat. Canada lynx (or wolverene??)– ^ v Ind Book. prob. this.

Says they are accounted “very good meat. Their skins be a very deep kind of fur, spotted white & black on the belly.” ^ For wolf v. Ind. Books
He says “These be killed daily in some places or other, ——— Yet is there little hope of their utter destruction,—” “travelling in the swamps by kennels”.

Says the beaver are so cunning “the English “seldom or never kill any of them, being not patient to lay a long siege—” & not having experience.

———

Eagles are probably less common—Pigeons
v. Ind. B. price “4 pence” good cock “4 shillings”
of course—^ heath cocks all gone—& Turkeys ^— Prob more owls
then—& cormorants &c &c seafowl generally ^—& Swans.

Of pigeons “Many of them build among the pine trees 30 miles to the north-east of our plantations; joining nest to nest, & tree to tree by their nests, so that the sun never sees the ground in that place, from whence the Indians fetch whole loads of them.”

& then for turkies tracking them in winter—or shooting them on their roosts at night.
Of the Crane “almost as tall as a man”
possibly the Whooping? C. or else the Sand-hill?
prob blue heron – he says “I have seen many
of these fowls, yet did I never see one
that was fat, though very sleeky;” neither
did I. “There be likewise many swans, which
frequent the fresh ponds & rivers, seldom
consorting themselves with ducks & geese; these
be very good meat, the price of one is 6 shillings”.
Think of that. They had not only
brant & common grey wild geese–but
“a white goose”–prob the Snow-Goose
“sometimes there will be 2 or 3000 in a flock”–
continue 6 weeks after Michaelmas & return
again N in March. Peabody says of the Snow
Goose “They are occasionally seen in Mass. Bay”.
Sturgeon were taken at Cape Cod & in the
Merrimack especially “pickled & brought to England\
\some of these be 12, 14 & 18 feet long:”
An abundance of Salmon shad & bass
“The stately bass, old Neptune’s fleeting post,
That tides it out & in from sea to coast;”
“One of the best fish in the country,” taken “sometimes
“Some 4 foot long”–left on the sand behind
2 or 3000 at a set,” the seine. Sometimes used for manure.
“Alewives— in the latter end of April come
up to the fresh rivers to spawn, in such mul-
titudes as is almost incredible, pressing up in
such shallow waters as will scarce permit them
to swim, having likewise such longing desire after the fresh water ponds, that no beatings with poles, or forcive agitations by other devices, will cause them to return to the sea, till they have cast their spawn.”

“The oysters be great ones in form of a shoe-horn, some be a foot long; these breed on certain banks that are bare every spring tide. This fish without the shell is so big, that it must admit of a division before you can well get it into your mouth.”

For lobsters “their plenty makes them little esteemed & seldom eaten.”

Speaks of “a great oyster bank” in the middle of back bay just off the true mouth of the Charles—

& of another—in the mystic Mistick.


Pm. to Walden & Andromeda Ponds. The river is remarkably high for this season. Meeks the carpenter said that he could not get home to night if he could not find Rhodes with whom he road into town—for the water was more than a foot deep over half the causeway—this was at 8 Pm—

But the ice is not thick enough on the meadows so I go to Walden—a skating. Yet to my surprise it is thinly frozen over those parts of the river which are commonly open even in the coldest weather—(as at Cheney’s) prob. because it being spread over the meadows
there is not so much current there now.

On the 19th Walden was covered with slosh 4 or 5 inches deep— but the rain of the 22d turned it all to water—or chiefly—leaving it pretty smooth in the main— but at dif. levels— Under the higher levels are many handsome white figures one to 2 feet long where water has flowed— now empty & white in form of trees or cladonia lichens very handsome. I saw a

meadow full of lambkill turned reddish— the other day which looked quite handsome with the sun on it. Those Andromeda ponds are very attractive spots to me They are filled with a dense bed of the small andromeda—a dull red mass brighter—or translucent red looking toward the sun, greyish looking from it as commonly seen ^ about 2 feet or more high—as thick as a moss bed—springing out of a still denser bed of sphagnum beneath— Above the general level rise in clumps here & there the pani— with its fruit brown clustered fruit cled andromeda ^ & the high blueberry— But I observe that the Andromeda does not quite fill the pond— but there is an open wet place with coarse grass,— swamp loosestrife & some button bush— about a rod wide surrounding the whole. Those little hummocks or paps of
sphagnum—out of which the andromeda springs—as bouquets are tied up in the same to keep them fresh—as bouquets are tied up in
are very beautiful—Now where the frost has touched them they are hoary protuberances perhaps inclining to ridges—now frozen firmly
perhaps inclining to ridges—now frozen firmly
^—green beneath & within—general aspect ^ perhaps the green only driven in a little deeper spotted
pale withered brownish ^—with more or less bright reddish stars—where drier frequently beautiful crimson stars amid the hoary portions—a beautiful soft bed—of a myriad swelling bosoms out of which the andromeda springs. I got

the chinks in

a load once to shift into ^ a well I was building to keep the sand out it being covered it died & —^ but ^ I believe I only filled the water with moats & worms ever after— A beautiful—pale brown & hoary—red & crimson—ground of swelling bosoms— Dr Harris spoke of this andromeda as a rare plant in Cambridge— There was one pond hole wher{e} he had found it but he believed they had destroyed it now getting out the mud. What can be expected of a town where this is a rare plant? Here is nature’s {—} parlor—here you can talk with her

if you can speak it— if you have anything to say

in the lingua vernacula— ^ her ^ little back sitting room—her with-drawing— her keeping room.

I was surprised to find the ice in the
middle of the last pond a beautiful del-
cate rose color—for 2 or 3 rods—deeper
in spots—It reminded me of red snow
& may be the same—I tried to think it the
blood of wounded muskrats—but it could
not be—it extended several inches into
the ice at least & had been spread by the
flowing water—recently—as for vegetable
pingnents. there were button bushes in & about
it. It was this delicate rose tint with inter-
nal bluish tinges like mother o’pearl—or
the inside of a conch—It was quite conspicu-
ous 15 rods off—and the color—of spring-
cranberry juice. This beautiful blushing ice!
what are we coming to?
Was surprised to see oak balls on a bear
scrub oak—Have them then on black—scarlet—red
& bear-scrub.

another in same state has an oak ball on it!
Saw a young ap. red oak ^ [it did not
taste bitter.] 10 feet high the ends of whose twigs
looked at first sight as if they had been twisted
off, by some hungry browsing bird, leaving the
fibres streaming—These I found were the strong
woody fibres of last years leaf stalk—standing
white
out ^ in some cases 2 inches in all directions—from
the ends of the twigs—in others rolled together
like strong twine—and commonly this twine of dif.
leaf stalks with the flapping of the leaves twisted
together—Sometimes 4 or 5 leaf stalk fibers
as—with wonderful regularity as if
braid-like braided horsetails. On other oaks the leaves still remained with their leaf-stalks thus reduced to fibers & twisted together. It was wonderful how they could have become so wonderfully knotted or braided together— but Nature had made up in assiduity for want of skill. In one instance 4 leaf stalks reduced to fine white fibres & rolled & twisted into strong twine, had afterwards been closely braided together for 1/2 an inch in length— & in the course of it tied twice round the twig, I think it must be great that these leaves—died [perhaps in the ^ drought of last year] while still their fibres were still strongly united with their twigs— & so preserving their flexibility without losing their connexion & so the wind flapping the leaves has twisted which hang short down has twisted them together—and commonly worn out the leaves entirely— without losening or breaking the tough leaf stalk. So fickle & unpredictable, not to say insignificant a motion does yet get permanently recorded in some sort. Not a leaf flutters—summer or winter, Old Wood in his NE’s Prospect— says Englishmanlike—“It is thought there can be no better water in the world, yet dare I not prefer it before good beer, as some have done, but any man will chose it before bad beer, whey, or butter-milk. Those that drink it be as

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1“Nature” altered from “nature”
2T drew a line to link “are” and “registered”: he had written “registered” some distance away from “are” because the space was partially occupied by the open double quotation mark on the next line
healthful, fresh, & lusty, as they that drink beer.”

Jan 25th 55

Pm. To Andromeda Ponds

This morning was a perfect Hunters morn—for it snowed about 3/4 of an inch

Is not good skating a sign of snow?

last even—covering land and ice — In the swamps however where there was water once oozed out over the old ice, there is no snow but frozen slosh today—i.e a rotten roughish dull white ice. It is a rare day for winter—clear & bright yet warm—

The warmth & stillness in the hollows about the Andromeda ponds are charming. You dispense with gloves.

I see mice tracks in the fields & meadows like this 

4 together rabbit like 4 or 5 inches apart & 1 1/4 broad—are they the same with the ? I think so. I see rabbit tracks pretty large maybe white ones 2 feet apart I suspect that in each case they are coming down the page. 

Yes

In The partridge tracks the side talons are more spread than in crows & I think believe the hind one is not so long—both trail the middle toe—The partridge track looks like this

I see the tracks ap. of many hunters that hastened out this morning.
I have come with basket & hatchet

to get a specimen of the rose-colored ice.

It is covered with snow— I push it away

with my hands & feet— At first I

detet no rose tint & suspect it may

have disappeared faded or bleached out—or it was a dream— But the

surrounding snow & the little body

of the ice I had laid bare—was what hindered— At length I detect a faint

young

tinge— I cut down a white oak &

sweep bare a larger space— I then
cut out a cake. The redness is

all about an inch below the surface—

for 1/2 an inch vertically

—the little bubbles in the ice there being

interruptedly

coated within—or without with what looks

like a minute red dust when seen through

a microscope—as if it had dried on—

Little balloons with some old red paint almost scaled off their spheres.

It has no beauty nor brightness thus

seen more than brick dust. And

this it is which gave the ice so
delicate a tinge—seen through that

inch of clear white ice. What is it?
Can it be blood?

I find an abundance of the seeds of sweet

gale frozen in in windrows on the ice of

the r. meadows as I return—which were washed

out by the freshet— I color my fingers

\(^1\)“surrounding” written over “surrounded”
\(^2\)vertical pencil line from here through end of page (need better copy)
with them. & thus they are planted\(^1\) there—Some-
what perhaps in waving lines—as they wash up.
Returning over the fields—the shallow
pools made by the rain & thaw—whose
water has almost entirely settled away—and
the ice rests on the ground—where they are
bare of snow—now that the sun is about
1/4 of an hour high—looking East are quite
green. For a week or two the days
have been sensibly longer—& it is quite light
now when the 5 O’clock train comes in—

Sagard says of the hares \([lievres) of the
Huron Country—“les sapinieres & little woods
are the places of their retreat.” Such is their
taste now. Says the muskrats \(paissent \) “feed
on l’herbe on land & the white of the joncs at
the bottom of the lakes & rivers.”

A pine cone blossoms out\(^2\) now fully in about
3 days, in the house— They begin to open about
half way up. They are exceedingly regular &
handsome—the scales with shallow triangular or
crescent shaped extremities—the prickle pointing
downward are most open above—& are so much
recurved at the base of the cone that they lie close
together & almost flat there—or at right-
angles with the stem—like a shield of iron scales
—making a perfectly regular figure of 13 [in one inst.] curved

\(^1\)vertical pencil line through this and the following lines (need better copy)
\(^2\)vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)
rays—thus
There are just
13 rays in each—

of the 3 I have!!!
These vary in their
or the flatness of the cone—
So the Wht. P. cones in their length

a Larch cone has five rows 4 Hemlock cones have 5 each like wht pine—but little

Jan 26—55 This morning
it snows again—A fine dry snow with
no wind to speak of giving a wintry aspect
to the landscape—

What a Proteus¹ is our weather— Let me
try to remember its freaks— We had remarka-

After some comparatively pleasant days—
there was a raw northerly wind & fine drifting or
driving snow in the P. m. as I walked over the Great
Meadows—forming shallow drifts on the ice—but it soon

I was surprised when I opened the door in the P. m.
by the warm south wind—& sudden softening
& melting of the snow— It was a Jan. thaw without
rain—the manure beginning to wash off the ice in the streets. The

¹“P” written over “p”
Jan 8th  the same– The ice in roads washed bare–the brooks full of melted snow– But it is still clear weather & warm.

Jan 9  A cloudy day–wet underfoot–threatening snow–dif. yet to get on to the river ^–water many rods wide each side over the ice & blustering

Jan 10 Suddenly cold again. ^ All waters frozen up– go onto the swamps–keeping ears covered.

Jan 11th Make haste to improve the skating in the Pm–though it is beginning to snow– & the is soon covered 1/2 inch. Then it stops at night.

Jan 12 After a nother slight spitting of snow in the fore noon, it clears up very pleasant & warm in the Pm & I walk by the brooks–looking for fish–hearing the crows caw in the horizon & thinking of spring.

Jan 13 still warm– In roads both muddy–wet–& slippery where ice–thick & misty air threatening rain.

Jan 14 Clear & cold– All things frozen again. excellent skating on Meadows. skated to Baker Farm.

Jan 15 In the fore noon spit a little snow making shallow drifts on the ice–through which I skated in the Pm to Bedford. stopped snowing.

Jan 16 snowed a little again. spoiling the skating.

Jan 17 forget

Jan 18 Rained hard all day–washed off the little snow left down to the ice– Staid in all day– Water over shoes in the mid. of the road– The gutters turned to mill brooks. Few go out.

Jan 19 In the night rain turned to damp snow–which at first made slosh–then for most part prevailed over the water which ran off underneath–Stuck to the houses & trees & made a remarkable winter scene. A driving damp snow with a strong NW wind all day–lodging on the trees within the woods be-
yond all–account– Walked in woods in midst of it
to see the pines bent down & the white oaks &c & broken–
Snow birds i.e. linarias in yard. Making drifts by walls.

Jan 20 Still higher wind in night–(‘snow over) shaking
the snow from trees–Now almost bare–snow 7 or 8
inches on level in woods–but almost all in drifts under the
walls in fields. The sudden-frozen slosh ponds–
partly run off–like spewed bread. Hardly bear yet.
Not very cold. Go studying drifts. Fine clear weather.

Jan 21st Becomes over cast at noon– A² fine snow spits
then turns to fine– hail then rain glazing a little.

Jan 22d Rained all night. Walking now worse than ever this
year–mid-leg deep in gutters. Lakes in the street–River
risen–a freshet–breaking up ice a foot thick–flows
under dry causeway bridges a torrent– muskrats driven out by hundreds
& shot–dark angry waves where was lately ice and snow–Earth
washed bare–radical leaves appear & russet hills–still
rains a little.

Fair weather

Jan 23 ^ Water still rising ove the Redbridge road–though
thin
suddenly fallen in many hollows in fields leaving ^ ice 2 feet
above it around–& by clumps– ^ ~ ~ ~ – Great work done
by brooks last night by brooks– Have to go round 2 or 3 miles
to find a dry causeway. not strong enough for skating.

Jan 24 Not strong enough to skate on meadows went
to Walden. At dark–snowed 3/4 inch & spoiled pros-
pect of skating.

Jan 25 Clear bright & mild–Water still higher than
before–over the causeways

Jan 26 –A fine snow falling–spoiling all prospect
of skating on this broad ice– Is not good
skating the surest sign of snow or foul weather?

¹Paren written over dash
²“A” altered from “a”
To Continue the 26th Pm to Walden–
Something like—but less than that of the 19th

A thick driving snow—^ There is a strong easterly wind— & the snow is very damp— In the deepest hollows on the Brister-Hill path it has already lodged handsomely— Suppose you descend into the deepest circular one—far beneath the sweep of the blustering wind—where the flakes at last drop gently to their resting places— There is a level white circular floor—indicating ice beneath—& all around the white-pines under an accumulating snowy burthen are hung with drooping white wreathes or fans of snow The snow on Pitch pines takes the forms of large balls, on] White pines often of ^ rolling-pins— Already the trees are bending in all directions into the paths & hollows as here— The birches here are bowed inward\ to the open circle of the pond hole—Their tops ap. buried in the old snow Nothing can be prettier than the snow on the leafless shrub oaks—the twigs are so small & numerous—little snowy arms crossing each other at every imaginable angle—like a whirligig. It is surprising what a burden of snow already rests on little bare twigs hardly bigger than a knitting needle—both as they stand perpendicularly & horizontally.

\[^{inward}^{into}\]
The great damp flakes come & soon bridge across the interval even 2 inches over between the forks of such twigs where they are horizontal—one sticking to Another—It rests on such horizontal twigs commonly in the form of a prism resting on vertical section where no wind one corner

And in many places where the wind is felt—the little walls of snow are built out at an angle with the perpendicular, in the direction whence the snow comes

(a vertical section—or end) Damp as it is—it like swans down—as if it lay as light as well as thick. As it is with these Shruboaks—so with the largest trees in the stiller parts of the woods—& even the lowest dead limbs of the white pines are not prevented by the upper from bearing their part of the burden.

I am afraid I have not described vividly enough the aspect of that Lodging Snow² of the 19th & today partly Imagine the innumerable twigs & boughs of the forest (as you stand in its still midst) crossing each other at every conceivable angle on every side from the ground to 30 feet in height—with each its zigzag wall of

¹“or” pass written over “on”
²“Lodging Snow” altered from “lodging snow”
snow 4 or 5 inches high—so innumerable at different distances one behind another that they completely close up the view like a loose-woven downy screen—into which however stooping & winding you ceaselessly advance—The win-triest scene. Which perhaps can only be seen in perfection while the snow is yet falling before wind & thaw begin. Else you miss, you lose, the delicate touch of the Master. A coarse woof & warp of snowy batting—leaving no space for a bird to perch.

I see where a partridge has waddled through the snow still falling—making a con- tinuous track— I look in the direction to which it points—& see the bird just skimming over the bushes 15 rods off.

The plumes of pitch pines are first filled up solid—then they begin to make great snowy casse-têtes—or pestles. In the fields the air is thick with driving snow—you can only see a dozen rods into its woof & warp. It fills either this ear or that & your eyes with hard cutting blinding scales if you face it. It is forming shelly drifts behind the walls—& stretches in folds across the roads—But in deep withdrawn hollows in the woods—the flakes at last

"Master" altered from "master"
come gently & deviously down—lodging
on every twig & leaf—and forming deep
& downy—but & level beds between
& on the ice of the pools. The lowermost
twigs support not less snow but more.

   In many places where you knew
there was a thrifty young wood—there
appears to be none—for all is bent
down & almost completely buried in
& you are stepping over them.

the snow. ^ The P— pines are most round

young
headed— —& the ^ White oaks are most leaved
at top—& hence suffer most—
What changes in the aspect of the
earth—one day russet hills—& muddy
ice—& yellow & greenish pools in the fields—
the next all painted white—the fieds
& woods & roofs laid on thick— The great
sloshy pools in the fields freezing as they
dried away—look like bread that has
spewed in the baking the fungi of a
night—an acre in extent— but trust
not your feet on it—for the under-
side is not done.—there the principle of water
still prevails.

Methinks that after any great storm
in winter whether of snow or rain—the equi-
librium of the air is again disturbed & there
comes a high wind shaking down the snow & drying up the water.

Jan 27 ’55
Yesterdays driving Easterly snow storm turned to sleet in the evening & then to rain--& this morning it is clear & pretty
the wind Westerly
cold -- the snow settled to 3 or 4 inches on a level with a frozen crust & some water beneath in many places. It seems as if the sky could not bear to look down on smooth ice--& so made haste to cover it up.

One is educated to believe--& would rejoice if the rising generation should find no occasion to doubt that the state & the Church are on the side of morality—that the voice of the people is the voice of God. Harvard College was partly built by a lottery—my father tells me he bought a ticket in it—perhaps she thus laid the foundation of her Divinity school—Thus she teaches by example. New England is flooded with the “Official schemes of the Maryland State Lotteries” and in this that state is no less unprincipled than in her slave-holding Maryland and every fool who buys a ticket of her is bound straight to the
bottomless pit. The state of Maryland
is a moral fungus. her offence
is rank—it smells to heaven. Knowing
that she is doing the devils work—
& that her customers are ashamed to
be known as such—she advertises—
as in the case of private diseases—that
“the strictest confidence will be observed."
“Consolidated” Deviltry!

P. m. up meadow to Cliffs

& Walden Road.

A cold cutting s.'Westerly wind. The crust
bears where the snow is very shally—but
lets you through to water in many places
on the meadow. The river has not yet fallen
much— The muskrats have added to their
houses in some places. So they still use them.

Started a hare among shrub oaks—it
had been squatting in a slight hollow—
rather concealed than sheltered. They al-
ways look poverty stricken.

Some ice organ-pipes at the Cliffs. They
appear to be formed of successive rings
about 1/2 inch thick & diameters lessening
with more or less regularity sometimes the point split in two.

^ to the point: ^ Then the rocks are
incased with ice under which water
flows—thin sheets of rippling water
frozen as it flowed—& with the sun again
ap. thawing beneath & giving room to
a new sheet of water—for under the south
side of the rocks it melts almost every
day.

I came upon a fox’s track under the
N end of the Cliffs—& followed it. It
was made last night—after the sleet
before it froze. It must have been at midnight or after.
& prob. the rain was over ^– The tracks were
commonly 10 or 12 inches apart—& each
1 3/4’ or 2 inches wide—Sometimes there was
a longer interval & 2 feet fell nearer to-
gether, as if in a canter. It had doubled
directly on its track in one place for a
rod or 2—then went up the N end of the
Cliff where it is low—& went along Southward
just on its edge—ascending gradually.
In one place it had made water like
a dog—& I perceived the peculiar rank
fox odor without stooping. It did not
wind round the prominent rocks
but leaped upon them as if to reconnoitre—
Its rout was for the most part a little
below the edge of the Cliff—occasionally
surmounting it. At length after going
perhaps 1/2 a mile—it turned as if to de-
scend a dozen rods beyond the Juniper

“3/4” altered from “1/4”
& suddenly came to end. Looking closely I found the entrance ap. to its hole under a prominent rock which seemed to lie loose on the top of the ledge— & about 2 feet from the nearest track— by stooping it had probably squeezed under this & passed into its den beneath. I could find no track leading from it.

Their tracks are larger than you would expect—as large as those of a much heavier dog, I should think. What a life is theirs—venturing forth only at night—for their prey—ranging a great distance—trusting to pick up a sleeping partridge or a hare— & at home again before morning. With what relish they must relate their midnight adventures to one another there in their dens by day—if they have so—

I had never associated that rock with a fox’s1 den though perhaps I had sat on it many a time.

ciety—^ They are the only outlaws—the

There are more things in heaven & earth Horatio &c &c

only Robinhoods2 here now-a days.

Do they not stand for Gipseys & all outlaws? Wild dogs, as Indians are wild men.

People will tell you of the Cold winter when clear bright days—when for 6 weeks the eves did not run once.

---

1“fox’s” possibly altered from “foxes”
2“R” written over “r”
As I went through the woods toward
the RR—the sun setting—there were
small i.e. lilac tinted
many ^ violet colored ^ clouds scattered
along the otherwise clear Western horizon.

I often see the mincing tracks of a skunk.
I came upon the track of a woodchopper
who had gone to his work early this
morning across Fair Haven Pond.
It suggested his hard work—& little
pecuniary gain—but simple life & health
& contentment— As I took the back
track on his trail—comparing his
& stride
foot ^ with mine—I was startled to
detect a slight aberration, as it


were sliding in his tread ^ as if he
had occasionally stopped & taken
a fresh & made a fresh impress not
exactly coincident with the first.
In short I discovered ere long that


perchance they were 2 thieves trying to pass for one, thought
he had had a companion ^ —who
I, but the truth was the 2nd
^ to save his strength in this long walk
to his work through the crusty snow
had stepped with more or less precision
in the tracks of his predecessor— The
snow was 3 or 4 inches deep— I afterwards
used the track of a horse in like manner
to my advantage—So that my successor
might have thought that a sleigh had
gone along drawn by a horse\textsuperscript{1}.

Jan 2\textsuperscript{8}th 55 Sunday

Grew warmer toward night & snowed
But this soon turned to heavy rain in\textsuperscript{2}
the night–which washed all the snow off
the ice–leaving only bare ground & ice the
country over–by next morn.

Jan 2\textsuperscript{9}th

Not cold–Sun comes out at noon.

Jan 3\textsuperscript{0}

Clear & not cold & now fine skating–the
river rising again to the height it had
// attained the 2\textsuperscript{4}th ult which (with this) I
think remarkable for this season. It
(it had fall only 18 inches since then)
is now about 1 \textbf{inch} lower than on the 2\textsuperscript{4}th ^ but
foot

is rising. It is unusual for the river to be
Both these–or this whole rise–is owing to heavy rains on the frozen ground
so much swolen in mid winter because it
carrying off what snow there was–& now soaking up–The hills shed it all like
is unusual to have so much rain at
a roof into the valleys. It is up to the hubs on the causeways
this season–Melvin & others are out
& foot travellers have to cross on the river & meadows.

after muskrats again & see them with
their pouches stuffed out with their round
bodies.

Minott to day enumerates–the
red–gray–black–& what he calls the
Sampson fox–He says “its a sort of yaller
fox–but their pelts aint good for
much.” He never saw\textsuperscript{3} one but the

\textsuperscript{1}“horse” cancelled in pencil
\textsuperscript{2}“in” written over “&”
\textsuperscript{3}“saw” written over “say”
hunters have told him of them. He never saw a grey nor a black one. Told how Jake Lakin lost a dog—a very valuable one—by a fox leading him onto the ice on the Great Meadows & drowning him. Said the Raccoon made a track just very much like a young child’s foot. He had often seen it in the mud of a ditch.

Jan 31st 55 Wednesday—
A clear cool beautiful day—Fine skating—an unprecedented expanse of ice.

At 10 Am Skated up the river to explore further than I had been—The water within 10 inches of the height at which it stood Ap. 23d ’52, as I noticed at the Stone Bridge—v Feb. 1st

At 8. A. m. the river rising—the thin yellowish ice of last night—next the shore—is as usual much heaved up in ridges—as if beginning to double on itself—and here & there at 9 o’clock—being cracked thus in the lowest parts the water begins to spurt up in some places in a stream

as from an ordinary pump & flow along these valleys & thus we have

soon reestablished an ^ shallow yellowish water

or oil-colored ^ edging all along the river & meadows—covered with floating snow fleas

"as" written over "&"
By night though it was a pretty cool day—the water had generally burst through & overflown the ice along the shore & once more stood at a level there.

i.e. water & ice made a level where the ice was uneven before—boat

Before skating upstream I tried my sail on the meadow in front of the house & found that I could go well enough before the wind—but could resting the mast on my hip & holding by the middle with one hand—but I could not easily tack.

The country thus almost completely bare of snow—only some ice in the roads & fields—and the frozen freshet at this remarkable height—I skated up as far as the boundary between Wayland to a point which a woman called about 1 1/2 miles from Saxonville & Sudbury—just above Pelhams' Pond—a point which a woman called about 1 1/2 miles from Saxonville & Sudbury—just above Pelhams' Pond & about 12 miles—bet 10 Am & 1—quite leisurely—. There I found the river open unexpectedly—is if there were a rapid there—and as I walked up it some 3/4 of a mile it was still open before 1/2 at least me—a mile further or probably to the falls.?

All the open part

1 1/2 miles at last—was pretty closely

Somewhat like this

1“along” written over “at”
2The line starts from the right of the drawing and goes upward between “level” and “there”
3“W” written over “w”
4“ed” added to “walk”
5“was” possibly altered from “were”
hemmed in by highlands. I skated about 12
or 9 in all
mile & walked 3/4 of a mile further.
I skated past 3 bridges above Sherman’s ^–& walked to the 4th. The next or 5th would prob be that
in mid of Saxonville
It was all the way that I skated a chain
viz Causeway bridges–Mill village Bridge at Larned Brk–Pelham P. bridge–& that on road from Dudley P. to Southboro
of meadows–with the muskrat houses still
& Marlboro
commonly on
rising above the ice–over the bank of
& marking it like smaller hay cocks amid the large ones still left.
the river ^ As I skated near the shore
under Lee’s Cliff I saw what I took to
be some scrags or knotty stubbs of a dead
limb lying on the bank beneath a
white oak–close by me– Yet while
I looked directly at them I could not but
admire their close resemblance to partridges.
I had come along with a rapid whirr
& suddenly halted right against them
–only 2 rods distant–and as my eyes
watered a little from skating against
the wind–I was not convinced that they
were birds till I had pulled out my
glass & deliberately examined them. They
sat & stood 3 of them perfectly still
with their heads erect–some darker feathers
like ears methinks–increasing their
resemblance to scrabs–as where a
small limb is broken off . I was
much surprised at the remarkable
stillness they preserved instinctively rely-
ing on the resemblance to the ground for
their protection—ie—withered grass—dry oak leaves—dead scrags & broken twigs. I thought at first that it was a dead oak limb with a few stub ends or scrabbs sticking up—and for some time after I had noted the resemblance to birds standing only 2 rodsds off I could not be sure of their character on account of their & their necks & every muscle tense with anxiety perfect motionlessness & it was not till I brought my glass to bear on them steadily glaring on me & saw their eyes distinctly that I was convinced. At length—on some signal which I did not perceive—they went as if shot off off with a whirr over the bushes. It was quite an adventure getting over the bridgeways or causeways—for on every shore there was either water or thin ice which would not bear—Sometimes I managed to get on to the timbers of a bridge—the end of a projecting “tie” (?) Thus over the bridges & the gulf of and off the same way—straddling over about them onto thick the open water from the edge of the ice—or else I swung myself onto the cause ways by the willows—or crawled catching at a tree which stood in the water along a pole or rail—or got in. At the bend above The Pantry there
was sort of canal or crack quite
across the river & meadow—which excepting
As I passed the mouth of Larned Brook—off Wayland {M.} H. I pulled out my glass
& saw that it was 12 1/2 o’clock
a slight bridge of ice— In each town
I found one or 2 trappers come forth
As a regular thing they turned out after dinner—buttoning up their
to shoot muskrats.—\(^1\) All along the
greatcoats—
river their cabins had been torn to
pieces by them—& in one place I
men
saw 2 \(^*\) sitting over the hole where they
had just demolished one—one with
a pistol ready pointed to the water
where he expected the rat to come up
—the other with a gun. In this 12 miles
of the river there would be 2 or 3 at least
pretty sure to turn out such a day—& take
to the ice for muskrats. I saw again
an abundance of sweet gale seed on the
ice—frozen in—near Pelham’s Pond. This seed
is thus dispersed regularly on a large scale. It
lies as it was washed\(^2\) along the edge of
an overflow \(^*\) Beside a dilapidated
muskrat’s house lay the wretched carcass
on the ice
of its former occupant—\(^*\) stripped of its
black, even without its skin, with veins of red.
hide \(^*\) Returning I saw a large hawk
flapping & sailing low\(^3\) over the meadow. //
There was some dark color to its wings.
You were often liable to be thrown\(^4\) when
skating fast by the shallow puddles on the ice formed
in the mid of the day—& not easy to be distinguished. These
detained you feet while your unimpeded body fell forward

\(^1\) Caret written below dash
\(^2\) “washed” possibly altered from “washes”
\(^3\) “low” written over “over”
\(^4\) “thrown” possibly altered from another word
Feb 1st 55
As usual these broad fields of ice could not be left uncovered over the 3d day– It began to spit a little snow at noon–just enough to show on the ice–the thickness of a blanket–though not on the ground–dissipated there both by the warmth & irregularity–

A 4 Pm–I find that the river
\[// \text{rose last evening to within 8 1/2 inches of the rise of Ap 23rd '52--& then began to fall. It has now fallen about 4 inches--Accordingly, the river falling all day,-- No water has burst out through the ice next the shore--& it is now one uninterrupted level white blanket of snow quite to the shore on every side--} \]

This then is established–that the river falling 4 inches during the day–though it has been as warm as yesterday, there has been no overflow along the shore. Ap the thin recent ice of the night which connects the main body with the shore bends & breaks especially in the morning

with the rising of the mass ^ under the influence of the sun & wind--And the water establishes itself at a new level.

\[1"23d" \text{written over } \text{"24th"} \]
As I skated up the river so swiftly yesterday—I now here now there—past the old kingdoms of my fancy—I was reminded of Landor’s Richard the First—“I sailed along the realms of my family”; on the right was England, on the left was Nine Acre Corner—Lincoln—France; [on the right was Sudbury, on the left was Wayland;] little else could I discover than sterile eminences & extensive shoals. They fled behind me; so pass away generations; so shift, and sink, and die away affections.”——“I debark in Sicily”
That was Tall’s Island. “I sail again, an hour or 2?
& within a day or two I behold, as the sun is setting, the solitary majesty of Crete, "mother of a religion, it is said, that lived 2000 years." Onward &c—“Onward, and many specks bubble up along the blue AEgean;” These must have been the muskrat houses in the Great Meadows. “Every one”——I have no doubt being?
“the monument of a greater man than I am”——The swelling river was belching on a high key from ten to eleven—Quite a musical cracking—running like a chain lightning of sound athwart my course—as if the river squeezed thus gave its morning’s milk with music—A certain congealed milkiness¹ in the sound, like the

¹“milkiness” altered from “milkyness” (bottom part of “y” stricken and i-dot added)
soft action of piano keys— A little like
the cry of a pigeon wood pecker—a-week
a-week &c. A congealed gurgling—frog-
like. As I passed the ice forced up
by the water on one side—suddenly settled
on another with a crash—& quite a lake
behind me

was formed above the ice ^—& my successor
successor 2 hours after—to his wonder &
alarm saw my tracks disappear in one side
of it & come out on the other— Θ my seat
from time to time
^ is the springy horizontal bough of some
fallen tree which is frozen in to the ice—some
& retained some life for a year after in the water
Old maple that has blowed over— ^ covered with

Lying flat I quench
the great shaggy perforate parmelia. my thirst where it
is melted about it—blowing aside the snow fleas

The great arundo in the sudbury meadows
was all level with the ice—There was a
great bay of ice stretching up the Pantry
I looked up a broad glaring bay of ice at the last place—which seemed to reach
& up Larned Brook ^— Some dead maple
to the base of Nobscot & almost to the horizon—
or oak saplings laid side by side made my
bridges—by which I got on to the ice along

It was a problem to get off—& another to get on, dry shod.

the watery shore— — ^ You are commonly re-
paid for a longer excursion than usual &
being out doors all day—by seeing some
yesterday
rare bird for the season, as ^ today a great hawk.

Feb {} 2nd
Quite Clear—& Colder— Yet it could not
refrain from snowing 1/2 inch more in the
night—whitening the ground now as well
as the ice.

"successive" first altered to “successor” and then cancelled
Brown is again filling his ice house—which he commenced to do some weeks ago.

I got another skate this P. m. in spite of the thin coating of snow— This then is the 4th day of this rare skating—though since yesterday noon the slight whitening of snow has hurt it somewhat—
The river at 4 Pm has fallen some 8 or 10 inches— In some places there are thin flakes of ice standing on their edges within an inch or two of each other—Over more than 1/4 of an acre—either ice blown into that position (—which in this case is not likely—since there is a great deal too much for that surface) or crystalized so while the water suddenly ran off below. There are large tracts of thin white ice, where the water ran off before it had time to freeze hard enough to bare.
This last 1/2 inch of snow which fell in the night is just enough to track animals on the ice by. All about the Hill & Rock I see the tracks of rabbits which have run back & forth close to the shore repeatedly since the night. In the case of the rabbit the fore-feet are further apart than the hind ones.—'the first say 4 or 5 inches to the outside—the last 2 or 3. They are generally

1dash written above period
not quite regular but one of the fore feet a little in advance of the other and so with one of the hind feet. There is an interval of about 16 inches bet each

Some times they are in a curve or crescent – all touching

I saw what must have been either a muskrats or minks track
I think, since it came out of the water – the tracks roundish – & toes much rayed
about 4 or 5 inches apart in the trail – with only a trifle more bet the fore & hind legs – and the mark of the tail in successive curves as it struck the ice – thus

Another track puzzled me as if a hare had been running like a dog – and touched its tail – if it had any – This in several places.

Snowed again 1/2 inch more in the evening – after which at 10 o’clock I skated on the river & meadows –

The water falling, the ice on the meadow occasionally settles with a crack under our weight – It is pleasant to feel these swells & valleys occasioned by the subsidence of the water – in some cases pretty abrupt – also to hear
the hollow rumbling sound in such
rolling places on the meadow where
there is an empty chamber beneath—
the water being entirely run out. Our
skates make but little sound
in this coating of snow about an inch
thick—as if we had on woolen
skates—and we can easily see our
tracks in the night— We seem thus
than by day before by day
to go faster & not only because we
do not see (but feel & imagine)
our rapidity—but because of the
impression which the mysterious
muffled sound of our feet makes.
In the mean while we hear the
distant note of a hooting owl—
& the distant rumbling of aproa ap-
proximating or retreating cars sounds
like a constant waterfall— Now &
then we skated into some chippy crackling
white ice where a superficial puddle
had run dry before freezing hard—&
got a tumble

Feb 3\textsuperscript{d}
This morning it is snowing again—as if
a squall. The snow has thus spit on the
ice 4 times since this last skating began
on Tuesday the 30th—viz—Thursday noon
—Thursday eve—Friday eve—& now Sat. morn—
This will deserve to be called the winter
of Skating— The heavens thus spit
on the ice as if they had a spite
against it— I even suspect that
the account of the matter may be—
that when an atmosphere containing
more moisture than usual is wafted
over this broa chain of broad ice—
especially
lakes ( ^ the rest of the country being bare
of snow) its moisture is suddenly con-
densed & frozen— and there is a
spitting of snow. This last flurry
lasted an hour or more— & then
it grew colder & windy.

P. m.

Skating thro Snow—
Skated up the river with T— n—
in spite of the snow— & wind. It had
cleared up but the snow was only
a level strong 3/4 of an inch deep—
(seemingly an inch) but for the
most part blown into drifts
3 to 10 feet wide & much deeper (with bare intervals) under a strong N westerly wind. It was a novel experience this skating through snow—sometimes a mile without a bare spot—this blustering day. In many places a crack ran across our course1 where the water had oozed out & the driving snow catching in it had formed a stiff thick batter with a stiffish crust in which we were tripped up—& measured our lengths on the ice. The few thin places were concealed & we avoided them by our knowledge of the localities.

Though we sometimes saw the air bubbles of the mid channel through the thin

^ Sometimes a thicker drift too threw ice—for the water going down the current is increasing & eating its way through the ice.

concealed ice—but on the whole the snow was but a slight obstruction. We skated with much more facility than I had anticipated, & I would not have missed the experience for a good deal—The water falling rapidly—has left a part of the ice in shelves attached to the shore & to the alders & other trees & bushes (with a spongy or brittle mass of crystals suspended

1"course" possibly altered from "coarse"
from its undersides 5 or 6 inches deep—or double that of the ice—looking like
15 or 18 inches above the general level.
lace work on the side—& showing all kinds of angular geom. figures

Sometimes we had to face a head wind
when you look down on it turned bottom up—as if
& driving—or blowing snow which concealed
the water had sunk away faster than it could freeze solidly—
the prospect a few—rods a head—& we
I think that in my ice-flakes of the 2nd ult the thin crust
made a tedious progress— We¹
of the horizontal ice was blown off & had left these exposed.
went up the Pantry Meadow above
the old Wm Wheeler House—& came
down this meadow again with the
wind & snow dust—spreading our
coat tails—like birds—though
somewhat at the risk of our necks
if we had struck a foul place. I
found that I could sail on a
trimming with my skirts
tack pretty well ^. Sometimes we had
which the snow had concealed before
to jump suddenly over some obstacle ^ to
save our necks— It was worth the
while for one to look back against
the sun and wind & see the other
60 rods off coming—floating
down like a graceful demon
in the midst of the broad meadow
all covered & lit with the curling
between which you saw the ice in dark waving streaks
snow-steam ^ like a mighty
river Orellana
^ braided of a myriad steaming
currents—Like the demon of
the storm driving his flocks &

¹“We” altered from “we”
before him
herds — In the midst of this tide
of curling snow steam—he sweeps
& surges this way & that & comes
on like the spirit of the whirlwind.

At Lees’ Cliff we made a fire—
kindling with white pine1 cones, after
& twigs,
oak leaves—^ else we had lost it. &
These saved us, for there is a resinous drop at the point of each scale.
there we forgot that we were out
doors in a blustering winter day—

The drifts will probably harden
by to-morrow & make such skating im-
possible. I was curious to see how
my tracks looked—what figure I cast—
& skated back a little to look at it—
that little way—it was like this somewhat

some what like the shallow snow drifts.

Looking toward the sun & wind you
saw a broad river half a mile or more
in width its whole surface lit & alive
in form
with flowing streams of snow ^ like the
along
stream which curls up from a river’s surface
in the sno at sunrise—& in midst
of this moving world sailed down
the skater majestically—as if on the surface
of water while the stream curled as high
as his knees—
Several
Many broad bays open on to this

1"pine” altered from “pines” (“c” of “cones” written over “s” of “pines” to cancel it)
some of them like the Pantry &
more
Larned Brook 2 or 3 miles deep.
You scarcely see a bird such a
day as this
Flash go your dry leaves like powder—
& leave a few bare & smoking twigs—Then
you sedulously feed a little flame—until
takes hold of the solid wood & What an uncertain & negative
the fire ^ establishes itself—^ **How uncertain**
thing
^ when it finds its nothing to suit its appe—
what a positive &
tite after the first flash—^ **how in—**
ing thing
expugnable ^ when it begins to devour the solid wood with a relish eating burning with its own wind. You must study as long at last how to put it out, as you did how to kindle it.– Close up under some upright rock—when¹ you scorch the yellow sulphur lichens. Then cast on some creeping juniper or hemlock boughs wreathes ^ to hear them crackle—realizing scripture.
Some little boys 10 years old are as hand—
some skaters as I know— They sweep along with a graceful floating motion leaning now to this side then to that—(like a marsh-hawk beating the bush.) I get my impulse in skating not by striking out much & shoving—& a certain forward im—
pluse or snapping of the body like a whip-lash.

¹poss. “where”
I still recur in my mind to that skate of the 31st— I was thus enabled to get a bird’s eye view of the river to survey its length & breadth within a few— hours—connect one part on the shore with another in my mind & realize what from end to end was going on upon it—^ to know the whole as I ordinarily knew a few miles of it only— I connected the Chestnut tree house—near the shore in Wayland

There is good skating from the mouth to Saxonville—measuring in a straight line some 22 miles—by the river say 30 now Concord midway. 

Nutting’s
Pelham’s Pond—with ^ the Pond in Billerica. It is all the way of one character—a meadow river—or dead water stream— Musket-icook—the abode of muskrats—pickerel &c—Crossed within these dozen miles 30 each way—or 25 in all—by some 20 bridges low wooden bridges—sublicii pontes connected with the main land by willowy causeways. Thus the long shallow lakes divided into reaches. These long causeways all under water & ice now only the bridges from time to time peeping out ^ like a dry eyelid— You must look close to find them in many cases. —mere islands are they to the traveller in the waste of water & ice. Only 2 villages lying near the river—Concord & Wayland & one at each end of this 30 miles.
Haycocks commonly stand only in the Sudbury meadow—You must beware when you cross the deep dark channel—
distinguish between the sunken willow rows
where the current is seen eating its way thro'
distinguishing it from the meadowy sea—else
you may be in over head before you know used
it. I made some bits of wood with
a groove in them for crossing the
causeways & gravelly places—that I
need not scratch my skate-irons.
Minott says that the White rabbit does
not make a hole—(sits under a bunch of
dry ferns & the like—^) but that the grey
one does—They and the fox love to come
out & lie in the sun.

Feb 4th—
Clear & Cold—& windy—much colder than for some time

Saw this P. m. a very dis-
tinct otter track by the Rock—at the junction of the 2 rivers—The separate foot tracks
were quite round more than 2 inches in diameter showing the 5 toes distinctly in the
which was snow ^ a little bout 1/2 inch deep. In one place where it had crossed last night
to Merricks pasture its trail about 6 inches wide & of furrows in the snow

1Line crossing dash is positioning line, not cancellation line
was on one side of its foot tracks—thus
and there was about 9 inches bet
the fore & hind feet. Close by
the Great Aspen I saw where
it had entered or come out of
the water under a shelf of ice left adhereing
to a maple— There it apparently played
& slid on the level ice making a broad
trail as if a shovel had been shoved along
foot
just 7/8 inches wide without a ^ track
in it for 4 feet or more. And again

was
the trail appeared only 2 inches wide—& bet-
ween the foot tracks—which were side by side
& 22 inches apart  It
had left much dung on the ice soft yellow
bowel like—like a gum that has been chewed
in consistency. About the edge of the hole
where the snow was all rubbed off was
something white which looked & smelt exactly like
Minot tells of one shot once while eating an eel.
bits of the skin of pouts or eels.
Vance saw one this winter in this town by a brook eating a fish.

The water has now fallen nearly 2 feet
& those ice shelves I noticed yesterday—when
you go into a swamp and all along the
shore amid the alders birches & maples
look just like ample pic-nic tables ready
else
set 2 feet high—with often a leaf down or ^ a
table cloth hanging. Just like camp tables—
around the tent poles–now covered with snowy napkins.
I notice my old skate tracks like this

It is better skating today than yesterday–this is the 6th day of some kind of skating.

Feb 5th 55
Cold weather–no sleighing–mere whitening.

It was quite cold last evening–& I saw the it sparkled scuttle window reflecting the lamp from a
when I went up to bed–& as if we lived inside of a cave–myriad brilliant points–& but this morning it has moderated considerably & is snowing.
Already 1 inch of snow has fallen.

NB Ac. to Webster in Welsh A hare is “furze or gorse-cat” v. skate. That is the meaning of the W. name. Also “Chuk, A word used in calling swine. It is the original name of that animal, which our ancestors brought with them from Persia, where it is still in use. Pers. chuk” &c –“Sans. sugarā. Our ancestors while in England adopted the Welsh hwc, hog; but chuck is retained in our popular name of wood chuck, that is, wood hog.”

In a journal it is important in a few words to describe the weather or character of the day as it affects our feelings. That which was so important at the time–cannot be unimportant to remember.
Day before yesterday the fine snow blowing over the meadow in parrallel streams between which the darker ice was seen
looked just like the steam curling along
In the midst of this mid leg deep at least you surged
along
the surface of a meandering river. It was surprising
how in the midst of all this stationary
& drifting snow the skate found a
smooth & level surface of over which
it glided so securely—with a muffled
rumble—The ice for the last week
has reached quite up into the village—
so that you could get onto it just in
the rear of the Bank & set sail on skates
for any part of the Concord River valley.

Found Therien cutting down the
2 largest chestnuts in the woodlot behind
where my house was. On the but of one
about 2 feet in diameter I counted 75
rings. T—soon after broke his axe in cutting
through a knot in this tree which he
was cutting up for posts. He broke out a
piece 1/2 an inch deep. This he says often
happens—Perhaps there is some frost in his axe.
Several choppers have broken their axes—today.

Feb 6th

The coldest morning this winter—our thermometer stands at 18°—
Others we hear at 6 Am stood at 18°—
9 Am. There are not
loiterers in the street. & the wheels of wood wagons
actually shriek
squeak as they have not for a long time—. Frost
work—keeps its place on the window within 3 feet
stove all day in my chamber—
of the snow.\(^{1}\) A 4 Pm the thermometer is at
10°—at 6 it is at 14°—

\(^{1}\)“snow” cancelled in pencil
I was walking at 5 & found it stinging cold—It stung the face— When I look out at the chimneys I see that the cold & hungry air snaps up the smoke at once— The smoke is clear & light colored & does not get far into the air before it is dissipated ^ (.?)The setting sun no sooner leaves our west windows than a solid but beautiful crystalliza-
except perhaps a triangularish bare spot at one corner

which perhaps the sun has warmed & dried.

(I believe the saying is that by the 1st & grain for a horse

of February the wood & meal ^ are half out.) A solid sparkling field in

the midst of each pane—with broad flowing sheaves surrounding it. It has been

as well as

a very mild ^ &3 open winter up to this. At 9 o’clock P. m. thermometer at 16°— They say it did not rise above 6°— today—

Feb 7th

The Coldest night for a long long time was last— Sheets froze stiff about the faces.

Cat mewed to have the door opened—but was at first disinclined to go out.

When she came in at 9—she smelt of

We all took her up & smelled of her it was so fragrant

meadow hay ^—had cuddled in some

People dreaded to go to bed.

barn ^. The ground cracked in the night as if a powder mill had blown up & the timbers of the house also— My pail of water was frozen in the morning so

---

1“When” altered from “I”
2“is” written over “&”
3“&” cancelled by large caret written over it
4“she” written over “the”
Must leave many buttons unbuttoned—owing to numb fingers
iron was like fire in the hands
that I could not break it—^ Thermometer
at about 7 1/2 Am gone into the bulb—19°—
The cold has stopped the clock in the street
at least—^Every bearded man ^ is a gray-beard
Bread—meat—milk—cheese &c &c
See the inside of your cellar door all covered & sparkling with frost like Golconda
all frozen—^Pity the poor who have not
a large woodpile. The latches are white with
& every nail-head in entries &c has a white cap
frost. ^ The chopper hesitates to go to the woods.
Yet I see S. Wetherbee stumping past 3/4 of a
mile for his morning’s dram—Neighbor Smiths
thermometer stood at 26°—early this morning—
   But this day is at length more moderate
than yesterday.
   R Rice says that alewives used to go
   that you may go up Larned Brk & so into the Pond by a ditch
into Pelham Pond—^His Brother James
skated from Sudbury to Billerica & by
canal to Charleston & back. He used
to see where the Otter had slid at
Ware (Weir?) Hill, a rod down the
   a thousand
steep bank—as if many hundred times—
it was so smooth
After a thick snow had been falling
in the river & formed a slosh on the surface
he could tell whether otter had been at work
—by the holes in this slosh or snowy water where
they had put up their heads while fishing
—The surface would be all dotted with
them. He had known musquash to make
a canal & keep the water from
foot freezing a foot wide. Thinks otter make their track by drawing themselves along by the fore feet obliterating the track

But may not the tail suffice to do this in light snow?

of their feet—^ Had seen a fox catching mice in a meadow— He would jump up & come down on a tussuck & then look round over the edge to see if he had scared any mice out of it.

2 frog hawks (white rump—& slaty wings—rather small hawk) have their nest regularly at his place in Sudbury— He once saw one the male he thinks—come along from the meadow with & over a frog in his claws. As he flew up toward ^ the wood where the other was setting—he uttered a peculiar cry & the other darting out he let the frog drop 2 or 3 rods through the air which the other caught—.

He spoke of the Dunge Hole meaning that deep hollow & swamp by the road from the Wheeler’s to White Pond. This prob. the same that is referred to in the Town Records.

Showed me a bunching up of the twigs of a large larch from his swamp—perfectly thick 2 feet in diameter—40 feet up a tree. This principle extends ap. to all the evergreens. You could not begin to see through this though all the leaves of course
are off. Though the cold has been moderate today compared with yesterday—it has got more into the houses & barns & the farmers

ie yesterday the 6th

complain more of it while attending to their cattle. This will be remembered as the cold Tuesday. The old folks still refer to

Feb 8th But they say this is as cold as that was.

Commenced snowing last eve. about 7 o’clock—a fine dry snow—and this morning it is about 6 inches deep—and still snows a little. Continues to snow finely all day—

Feb 9th

Snowed harder in the night & blew considerably. It is somewhat drifted this morning. A very fine & dry snow about a foot deep on a level. It stands on the top of our pump about 10 inches deep almost a perfect hemisphere or half of an ellipse. It snows finely all day—making about 2ce as much as we have had on the ground before this winter. Tree sparrows 2 or 3 only at once come into the yard—the first I have distinguished this winter. I notice that the snow drifts on the windows—as you see the light through them are stratified—showing undulating equidistant strata—ap.
parently as more or less dense—(may be more or less coarse & damp.) Alternately darker & lighter strata. I was sure this storm would bring snow birds into the yard that I went to the window early at 10 to look for them & there they were. Also a downy woodpecker—(perhaps a hairy) flitted high across the street to an elm in front of the house & commenced cur
his head going like a hammer assiduously tapping. ^ The snow is so light & dry that it rises like spray or foam before the legs of the horses. They dash it before them upward like water. It is a ple handsome sight—a span of horses at a little distance dashing especially coming toward you thro’ it—^ it falls like sat suds around their legs. Who do birds come in to the yards in storms almost alone? Are they driven out of the fields & woods for their subsistence—or is it that all places are wild to them in the storm? It is very dark in cellars the windows being covered with snow—

Pm Up river to Hub’s swamp & wood.

The river & meadow are concealed under a foot of snow—
It would be dangerous for a stranger to travel across the country now I cannot tell when I am on it. ^ The snow is so dry that though I go
through drifts up to my middle—it falls off at once & does not adhere to & damp my clothes at all. All over this swamp I find that the ice upheld by the trees & shrubs—stands some 2 feet above the ground—the water having entirely run out beneath, & as I go along the path not seeing any ice in snow a foot deep, it suddenly sinks with a crash for a rod around me—snow and all—and stooping I look under this level through a dry cellar from 1 to 2 feet deep—in some places pretty dark—extending ove the greater part of the swamp—with a perfectly level ceiling composed of ice 1 to 2 inches thick surmounted by a foot of snow—& from the under side of the ice there depends from 4 to 6 inches a dense mass of crystals—So that it is a most sparkling grotto. You could have crawled round under the ice & snow all over the swamp—quite dry—& I saw where the rabbits &c had entered there. In another swamp where the trees were larger & further apart—only about 1 half the ice
was held up in this manner—in tables
from a few feet to a rod in diameter—
so that it was very difficult walking—
I should think this ice by its strain & fall would injure the young trees & bushes

In the first place—as I was walking
many are barked by it.— And so it melts & wastes away tumbling down from time to time
along the path—the first I knew
with a crash—
down went the whole body of the snow
for a rod about me, & I saw into a
dark cavern yawning about me.
Those crystals were very handsome—and
tinkled when touched, like bits of tin.
The snow is so dry that but little lodges on the trees.

I saw a similar phenomenon Feb 4th on a smaller
scale— I saw very few tracks¹ today—
It must be very hard for our small wild
animals to get along while the snow is
so light— Not only the legs but the whole
of some—a sunk skunk e.g. I think,
body ^ sinks in it & leaves its trail— They
must drag themselves bodily through it.
// Saw F. linarias.
Elsewhere we hear the snow has been
much deeper than here

Feb 10th Pm to Walden—
A fine clear day— There is a glare
of light from the fresh unstained
surface of the snow so that it pains
the eyes to travel toward the sun.
I go across Walden. My shadow is
very blue— It is especially blue when

¹“tracks” altered from “trails”
there is a bright sun light on pure
white snow— It suggests that there
may be something divine—something
celestial in me.

Silas Hosmer tells me that a deer was killed in Northboro this winter.

In many places the edges of drifts are sharp & curving almost a complete circle

from within—reflecting a blue color-like blue-tinted shells

I hear the faint metallic chirp of a tree sparrow in the yard from time to time—or perchance the mew of a linaria. It is worth the while to let some pig weed grow in your garden if only to at-

tract these winter visitors. Of the larger former

I see in the winter but 3 or 4 at a time—of the latter large flocks—This in & after considerable snow storms.

Since this deepe snow the landscape is in some respects more wintry than before—the rivers & roads are more concealed than they have been—and billows of snow succeed each other across the fields & roads like an ocean-waste.

Feb 11th
Pm to J. Dugan’s via Tommy Wheeler’s—
The atmosphere is very blue tinging the distant pine-woods. The dog scared
up some partridges out of the soft snow under the apple-trees in the 1 Tommy Wheeler orchard.

Smith’s thermometer early this morn—at 22°—ours at A 8 Am 10°—

Feb 12th
All trees covered this morning with a hoar frost very handsome looking toward the sun—the ghosts of trees. Is not this what was so blue in the atmosphere yesterday p. m?

Pm to Walden
A very pleasant & warm afternoon—There is a softening of the air & snow—The eaves run fast on the S side of houses—
and as usual in this state of the air—
the cawing of crows at a distance & the crowing of cocks falls on the ear with a peculiar softness & sweetness;—they come distinct & echoing musically through the pure air. What are those crows about which I see from the RR-
causeway in the middle of a field where no grass appears to rise above the snow—ap. feeding? I observe no mouse tracks in the fields & meadows—the snow is so light & deep that they have run wholly

1“The” altered from “The”
underneath–& I see in the fields here &
there a little hole in the crust where they
have come to the surface. In trillium woods
I see, as usual, where a squirrel has
scratched along from tree to tree. His
tracks cease at the foot of a pine
up which he has ascended within these
few hours–He may be concealed now
amid the thickest foliage. It is
very pleasant to stand now in a high
pine wood–where the sun shines in amid
the pines & hemlocks & maples–as in a warm
apartment. I see at Warren’s Crossing
where within las night perhaps some partridges
rested in this light dry deep snow.
They must have been almost completely
buried–They have left their traces at the bottom.
They are such holes as would be made by
crowding their bodies in back wards slanting-
wise–while perhaps their heads were left out.
The dog scared them out of similar holes yester-
day in the open orchard. I watched for
a long time 2 chicadee-like birds–only I
thought a good deal larger–which kept
ascending the pitch-pines spirally from the
bottom like the nuthatch. They had the markings
& the common faint note of the chicadee
yet they looked so large & confined themselves so to the trunk that I cannot but feel still some doubt about them. They had black chins—as well as top of head—tail black above—back slate—sides dirty white or creamy—breast &c white.

Set a trap in the woods for wild mice I saw where they had run over the snow making a slight impression thus.

The tracks some 5 inches apart frequently with a very distinct mark of the tail—These tracks commonly came together soon & made one beaten trail—where 2 or 3 had passed—or one several times—As if they had hopped along 2 3 or 4 in company

The whole trail would be 5 or 6 inches wide.

Under the birches, where the snow is covered with birch seeds & scales, I see the fine tracks undoubtedly of linarias. The track of one of these birds on the light surface looks like a chain or the ova of toads—Where a large flock has been feeding the whole surface is scored over by them.

Feb 13th

10 Am to Walden woods

Not cold—sky somewhat overcast.
The tracks of partridges are more remarkable in this snow than usual—it is so light—being at the same time a foot deep. I see where one has waddled along several rods making a chain-like track about 3 inches wide or (2 1/2) at and at the end has squatted in the snow making a perfectly smooth & regular oval impression like the bowl of a spoon 5 inches wide—then 6 inches beyond this are the marks of its wings where it struck the snow on each side when it took flight. It must have risen at once without running. In one place I see where one after running a little way—has left 4 impressions of its wings on the snow on each side extending 18 or 20 inches (len) & 12 or foot tracks not good

15² in width—almost wing was distinctly impressed—8 primaries & 5 or 6 secondaries—In one place where alighting the primary quills 5 of them have marked the snow for a foot.

I see where many have dived into the snow ap last night on the side of a shrub oak hollow. In 4 places they have passed quite underneath it for more than a foot—in one place 18 inches

---

¹"2" written over "0"
²"5" written over "4"
³"where" possibly altered from "ap"
They appear to have dived or burrowed into it then passed along a foot or more under-neath--& squatted there perhaps with their heads out--& have invariably left much dung at the end of this hole. I scared one from its hole only half a rod in front of me now at 12 11 Am. These holes seen side wise look thus

It is evidently a hardy bird--and in the above respects too is like the rabbit which squats under a brake or bush in the snow--I see the traces of the latter in hollows in the snow in such places--their forms.

In the Journal of the Rev. Wm Adams (afterward settled in Dedham) written ap in and about Cambridge mass--[He graduated in 1671 at Cambridge) he says under “Dece 1 [1670] -- This day was the first flight of snow this winter it being hardly over shoes.” & 1671 Nov “24. The first great snow this winter being almost knee deep.” Hist. Coll. 4th Series vol. 1st

An English Antiquarian says “May-Flower was a very favorite name with English sea-men, and given by them to vessels from almost every port in England,”—Ibid p. 85

Hurts is an old1 English word used in heraldry--where according to Bailey it is “certain balls resembling hurtleberries.”

1vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)
One of these pig weeds in the yard last the snow birds all winter—& after every new storm they revisit it. How inexhaustible their granary!

To resume the subject of partridges—looking further in an open place or glade amid the shrub oaks & low pitch pines, I found as many as 40 or 50 places where patridges had lodged in the snow ap. the last night or the night before. You could see commonly where their bodies had first struck the snow & furrowed it for a foot or 2 & then entered & gone underneath 2 feet & rested at the further end, where the manure is left. Is it not likely that they remain quite under—the snow there & do not put their heads out till ready to start? In many places they walked along before they went under the snow—They do not go under deep—and the gallery they make is mostly filled up behind them—leaving only a thin crust above. Then invariably just beyond this resting place you could see the marks made by their wings when they took their departure—These distinct impressions made by their wings, on the pure snow, so common on All hands—

1"on" written over "so"
though the bird that made it is gone & there is no trace beyond—affect me like some mystic oriental symbol—the winged globe or what not—As if made by a spirit. In some places you would would see a furrow & hollow in the snow where there was no track for rods around, as if a large snow ball or a cannon ball had struck it—where apparently the birds had not paused in their flight. It is evidently a regular thing with them thus to to lodge in the snow— Their tracks when perfectly distinct are seen to be almost in one straight line thus—trailing the middle toe—  
\[+ \leftrightarrow + \leftrightarrow + \leftrightarrow + \leftrightarrow +\] About 5 inches apart—

In one place I saw where one had evidently trailed the tips of the wings making 2 distinct lines 5 or 6 inches apart, one on each side the foot tracks. Probably made by a male. In the same place were many great tracks of the white rabbit—The earliest made while the snow was very soft were very large & shapeless somewhat like the marks made by snow falling from the trees—More recent ones had settled & broke the slight crust around them—leaving a large indentation. The distinct tract was
like this the front tracks which are the largest being about 2 1/2 inches in diameter & the whole track of the

These impressions so slight (though distinct) it is hard to realize that so heavy an animal made them.

I see where the squirrels have been eating the P. pine cones since the last snow.

Feb 14
Another rather warm morning–still more overcast than yesterday’s– There is also another leaf or feather frost on the trees weeds & rails–slight leaves or feathers 1/4 to 1/2 inch long x 1/8 wide standing out around the slightest core– I think it is owing to the warmer nights. A 9 last evening & at 9 this morning the thermometer stood at 20°+
These ghosts of trees are very handsome & fairy-like–but would be handsomer still with the sun on them– The thickened clubbed golden tansy & the golden rods &c–& the willows of the RR causeway with spiring tops shaped like one of the frost leaves–& the white telegraph wire–& the hoary sides of pine woods.

That cold weather of the 6th & 7th was preceded by much colder weather than we had been having– It moderated sufficiently to snow again on the eve of the 11th–& the 8th & 9th–on the morn of the 11th was down to 22°–

“it” written over “is”
Aunt Louisa says that her cousin Nahum Jones, son\(^1\) to that Nathan Jones whom her Mother & sisters visited with her down east,—carried a cat to the West Indies, sold his vessel there, & though the same vessel did not return, & he came back in another vessel without the cat—
to Gouldsboro
the cat got home ^ some how unaccountably about the same time that he did.
Capt. Woodard told her that he carried the same cat 3 times round the world.

I said to Therien—You didn’t live at Smiths last summer—Where did you live?—at Bakers? Yes, said he—Well is that a good place— O. Yes. Is that a better place than Smiths? O—a change of pasture makes a fatter calf.

Feb 15
Commenced a fine half snow half rain yesterday P. m. All rain & harder in the night & now quite a thaw—still raining finely—with great dark puddles amid the snow—& the cars detained by wet rails. Does not a thaw succeed that blue atmosphere observed on the 11\(^{th}\)? A thaw, as well as warmer nights & hoar frosts?

All day a steady warm imprisoning

\(^{1}\)“son” possibly altered from “some”
rain carrying off the snow—not unmusical
on my roof— It is a rare time for
the student & reader who cannot go
abroad in the P— m. provided he can
keep awake—for we are wont to be drowsy
as cats—in such weather— Without it is not
walking but wading. It is so long since I
steady-soaking-rushing
have heard it that the sound of the rain on
the shingles is musical. The fire needs no
replenishing, & we save our fuel. It seems like
a distant fore-runner of spring— It is because
I am allied to the elements that the sound of
the rain is thus soothing to me. The sound
soaks into my spirit as the water into the earth—
reminding me of the season when snow & ice
will be no more—when the earth will be thawed
and drink up the rain as fast as it falls.

Feb 16th
Still rains a little this morning. Water
at the mill dam higher than ever since
the new block was built —. Ground half
bare— but frozen & icy yet.

Pm to Cliff via Spanish Brook—
A thick fog— without rain— Sounds
sweet & musical through this air—
as crows cocks— & striking on the rails
at a distance. In the woods by the
cut—in this soft air under the pines
draped with mist—my voice & whistling
are peculiarly distinct & echoed back to me
as if the fog were a ceiling—which made
this hollow an apartment—Sounds are
not dissipated & lost in the immensity
of the heavens above you—but your
voice being confined by the fog y is
distinct & you hear yourself speak.
It is a good lichen day—Every crust is
colored & swolen with fruit—& C— is
constantly using his knife—& filling his pockets
with specimens. I have caught a mouse
where were tracks like those of Feb. 12
at last—^ but it is eaten half up—
All the flesh is eaten out & part of the skin—one fore foot eaten off—but the entrails left
ap. by its fellow?—^ No wonder we do not
The rest of the trap is not moved or sprung
find their dead bodies in the woods.
& there is no track of a large animal or bird in the snow—It may have been a weasel
The sand is flowing fast—in forms
of vegetation in the deep cut. The fog
is so thick we cannot see the engine
till it is almost upon us—& then its
own steam hugging the earth—greatly
increases the mist. As usual it
is still more dense over the ice
at the pond.

goes on melting {den} till there is only a little ice snow
left on N. of hills in woods on the 10—of Mar
& then is whitened again.

// The ground is more than half bare—es-
specially in open fields and level evergreen
woods—It is pleasant to see there the
bright evergreens of the forest floor–undimmed by the snow–The winter green–the
great leaved pyrola–the shin leaf–the rattle蛇 plantain & the Lycopodiums–I see where
probably rabbits have nibbled off the leaves of
It is pleasant to see elsewhere in fields & on banks so many green radical
the winter green–^ Are those little scratches
leaves only half killed by the winter
across pallescent lichens which C. notices
made by squirrels. I find in the leavings
of the partridges numer ends of twigs–they are
white with them–some 1/2 inch long &
stout in proportion–perhaps they are apple?
twigs–The bark (& bud if there was any) have
been entirely digested leaving the bare white hard
wood of the twig–Some of the ends of apple
twigs looked as if they had been bitten off.
It is surprising what a quantity of this wood
they swallow with their buds–What a
hardy bird–born amid the dry leaves–
of the same color with them–that grown
up lodges in the snow–& lives on
buds & twigs! Where apple buds are
just freshly bitten off they do not seem
to have taken so much twig with them–
The drooping oak leaves show more
read red amid the pines this wet
day–agreeably so–& I feel as if I stood
a little nearer to the heart of nature.
The mouse is so much torn that I cannot get the length of the body & its markings exactly.

Entire Length of? = 8 inches
   " of head to base of ears = 1 inch
   body = 3 ?
   tail = 3 1/2

Brown or reddish brown above–White beneath–fur above & beneath slate. ^ tail also darker above light beneath–feet long

white–hind legs longest say 1 1/4 inches ^=fore 3/4.
   3/4 hind foot more than 5/8 inch long–5 toes on hind feet
   with rudiment of thumb–without claw
4 on front–^ with little white protuberances on the almost bare
soles of all–ears large ^ thin slaty colored—
5/8 inch long on outside. Upper jaw 1/4+ inch longer than lower–tail round, hairy, gradually tapering—dimly ringed. Longest moustachios 1 3/8 dry

inches—incisors varnish or ^ maple-wood color V Feb 20

From Emmons account—I should think it the Arvicola Emmonsii of De Kay—or Deer Mouse—which is thought a connecting link bet the Arvicola & Gerbillus.
– The Gerbillus is the only other described much like it—and that is a “yellowish cream color” beneath.

Where snow is left on banks I see the galleries of mice? or moles?1 unroofed—The mouse I caught had come up through the snow by the side of a shrub oak run along wood & entered again—i.e. before I set the trap.

Feb 17
It is still cloudy & a very fine rain. The river // very high 1 inch higher than the eve of Jan 31st
The bridge of Sam. Barrett’s caved in—also

1“?” following “moles” possibly inserted; if so; the “?” following “mice” may also be added
the Swamp Bridge on Back\(^1\) road. Muskrats driven out—Heard this morn at the new Stone bridge from the hill that singular spring-like

one year

note of a bird which I heard once before ^ about this time (under F. H. Hill—) The jays were uttering their unusual notes—& this made me think of a wood-pecker— It reminds me of the pine warbler—vetter vetter vetter vetter vetter

vet—except that it is much louder—& I should say had the sound of l\(^2\) rather than t veller &c perhaps— Can it be a jay?—or a pig.

woodpecker?— Is it not the earliest spring {—} ward note of a bird? In the damp misty air.

Was waked up last night by the tolling of a bell about 11 o clock— as if a child had hold of the rope

^ dressed & went abroad in the wet\(^3\) to see if it was a fire— It seems the town clock was out of order & the striking part ran down & struck steadily for 15 minutes. If it\(^4\) had not been so near the end of the week it might have struck a good part of the night.

Pm

A riparial excursion—over further RR bridge return by Flints bridge— At 2 Pm the water at the Sam Wheeler Bridge is 3 inches above stright truss or 2 inches higher than at 9 Am. The ice is not generally broken

\(^1\)Possibly “back” altered from “Back”
\(^2\)This is the letter “l”, not the numeral “1”
\(^3\)“wet” possibly altered from “to”
\(^4\)“it” altered from “if”
over the channel of this stream—but is lifted up & also for a good distance over the meadows— but for a broad space of over the meadows on each side the freshet stands over the ice which is flat on the bottom. It rains but a trifle this afternoon but the snow which is left is still melting—

The water is just beginning to be over the road beyond this stone bridge— The road beyond the opposite or Wood’s Bridge is already impassable to foot travellers—

I see no muskrats in the Assabet from the Tommy Wheeler bank—perhaps they provided themselves holes at the last freshet—

It is running over both side of Derby’s bridge for a dozen rods (each side) as over a dam— The ice in the middle of this stream is for the most part broken up— Great cakes of ice are wedged against the RR bridge there & still threaten its existence. They are about 20 feet in diameter & some 20 inches thick of greenish ice—more or less tilted if not 2 more commonly another of equal size forced directly underneath the first

1“side” possibly underlined in pencil
2“as” possibly altered from “at” or another word
3First “t” possibly crossed in pencil (need better copy)
by the current– They stretch quite across
the river--& being partly tilted up against
the spiles of the bridge exert a tremen-
dous power upon it-- They form a
dam between & over which the water falls--
so that it is fully ten inches higher
on the upper side of the bridge than on
the lower--2 maples a little above
the bridge--one a large one--have
been leveled & carried off by the ice.
The track repairers have been at work
here all day *trip* protecting the
bridge-- They have a man on the
ice with a rope round his body--the
other end in their hands--who is cracking
off the corners of the cakes with
a crow bar-- One great cake
as much as a dozen rods long is
slowly whirling round just above the
bridge & from time to time one end
is born against the ice which lies against
the bridge. The workmen say that
they had cleared the stream here before
dinner--& all this has collected since.
(Now 3 Pm). If Derbys bridge should
yield to the ice which lies against it
this--would surely be swept off--

They say that 3 (?) years ago the whole of the E end of the bridge was moved
some 6 inches, rails & all.¹

Waded through water in the road for 8 or

¹“some . . all” written vertically in right margin, upward, forming right angle with line ending “moved”
10 rods, beyond Lorings little bridge—It was a foot deep this morning on the short road that leads to Heywood’s house—I had to go 1/4 of a mile up the meadow there & down the college road—Sam Barrett’s Bridge is entirely covered
a broad bay
& has slumped— They cross ^ in a boat there— I went over on the string piece of the dam above. It is within 8 or 9 inches of the top of the little bridge this side of Flint’s Bridge at 5 1/2 Pm. So though it is within 5 1/2 inches of where it was 3 years ago in the spring at the New Stone bridge—it is not so high comparatively here. The fact is the water is in each case dammed not only by the bridges & causeways—but by the ice which lodges there—so that it stands at as many levels as there are causeways. It is perhaps about a foot lower at Flint’s Bridge now, than it was 3 years ago at the same moments that it was—when it stood where it does now at the new stone Bridge 3 years ago. So that a meter at one point above will not enable you to compare the absolute height or quantity of water
at dif. seasons & under dif, circumstances. Such a meter is the more to be relied on, in proportion as a river is free from obstructions—such as ice—causeways—bridges &c—Everywhere now in the a green fields you see ^ water standing over ice$^1$ in the hollows. Sometimes it is a very delicate would this water look green on any white ground? No—^I think not for it is corn-yellow on meadows in spring tint of green. ^The highway surveyor is on the alert to see what damage the freshet has done—As they could not dig in the frozen ground, they have upset a cartload of p. pine boughs into the hole at the swamp bridge.

Feb 18$^{th}$

8 Am Water 4 3/4 inches above truss—nearly //

It may have risen 1 inch higher during the day—then went down

2 inches higher than yesterday at 2 Pm ^– Surface of ground & snow slightly frozen—no flowing now–

At 9 Am sun comes out. rather warm—sunlight peculiarly yellow & spring-suggesting. Mts in horizon dark blue. the wooded parts—with snow below & between–

Pm to Grt Mead’s & around Beck stow’s. A clear bright day, though with passing clouds—(the clouds darker by contrast with the bright sky—) the first since the evening of the 14$^{th}$ ult—

$^1$“ice” possibly altered from “Lee”
Now for the first time decidedly there
\\ is something spring-suggesting in the air &
light—Though not particularly warm
the light of the sun (now travelling so
much higher)—on the russet fields
—the ground being nearly all bare—& on the
sand—& the pines, is suddenly yellower.
It is the earliest day-breaking of the
year—We now begin to look decidedly
forward & put the winter behind us.
We begin to form definite plans for the
spring & summer
approaching season year. I look over
a particolored landscape of russet fields
& white snow patches—as in former spring
days—Some of the frost has come out
& it is very wet & muddy crossing
As filthy waking as any in the year—You have the
plowed fields. \ The legions of light
experience of wading birds that get their living on the flats when the tide has
have poured into the plain in over-
gone down & leave their tracks there—but you are cheered by the
whelming numbers, & the winter darkness
sight of some radical greenness.
will not recover the ground it has lost.

I listen ever for something spring-like
in the notes of birds—some peculiar
tinkling notes.

Now and through the winter I am attracted
by the reddish patches on the landscape where
there is a dense growth of young white
birches—the bark of the young shoots.

Neither the main stream nor
meadows are decidedly broken up by
the thaw & rise—only there are great open
places in the meadows—where you
observe the ripple of water still in
the mornings—the cold is so much
relaxed—and the ice that belonged
is superimposed in great cakes upon
the still firmly frozen parts. On
the Great Fields I see an acre of
a straw-colored feathery grass in tufts
2 feet high. These too reflect the yellower
light.

I see pitch pine cones 2 years old still
recurred
closed on felled trees—2 to 6 together & close
in the last case closely crowded & surrounding
the twig in a ring—forming very rich
looking clusters—8 to 10 inches from the
extremity—and within two or 3 inches of
the extremity—may be on or 2 small ones
of the last year—Low down on twigs
around the trunks of old trees—and sometimes
on the trunk itself you see old grey cones
which have only opened or blossomed at the
apex—covered with lichens. Which have lost
their spines.

A man came to our house at noon
and got something to eat—who set out
this morning to go from Waltham to
Noah Wheeler's in

^ Nine Acre Corner— He got as far as
Lees bridge on the edge of Lincoln—
or within 3/4 of a mile of Wheelers—& could
not get over the river on account of the
came
freshet So he was obliged to round through
Concord village—he might have
come by the RR a little nearer—& I directed
him over the RR bridge—the first by which
he could cross dry-shod down the stream.
& up stream he would have been obliged
had
to go to Saxonville— Thus he would
have to go 8 {——} miles round—instead of
& in the whole about double the usual distance from Waltham.

3/4 of a mile direct ^— It was probably
over the road also at Nut Meadow Brook.
The river thus opposes a serious obstacle
to travellers—from Nw to S. E. to N. W. for
some 20 miles of its course at least—

No doubt hundreds have been put to great inconvenience
above & below Concord. ^ Even travellers
by it within a day or 2.
in wagons are stopped at many of these
causeways. If they were raised 2 feet
the trouble would be in great part
the danger wholly obviated. There should
at least be provided a ferry for foot
passengers at each such causeway—at
the expense¹ of the town—& the traveller
could blow a horn to call the ferry—

Youill² see a man carrying a child over a causeway
man of over— on his back—
After a thaw {ha} old tracks in the
snow—from basso—become alto³

¹“expense” possibly “Expence”
²Combined “You” and “will”; or “Yo will”
³“basso” and “alto” possibly underlined in pencil
relievo—the snow which was originally solidified compressed & hardened beneath the feet—also perhaps by the influence of the sun & maybe rain now becoming being the last to melt become protuberant. the highest part & most lasting— That part of the snow compressed & solidified under the feet remains nearly at the same level—The track becomes a raised almost icy type. How enduring these trails! How nature clings to these types. The track even of small animals like a skunk will outlast a considerable thaw.

Why do laborers so commonly turn out their feet more than other the class still called gentlemen—ap. pushing themselves along by the sides of their feet? I think you can tell the track of a clown from that of a gentleman¹. though

he should wear the gentleman’s boots.

Feb 19

Rufus Hosmer says that in the year 1820 (?) there was so smooth & strong an icy crust on a very deep snow—that you could skate everywhere over the fields & for the most part over the fences. Sam Potter’s father moving into town—turned off into the fields as slo with a 4 (?) horse team as soon as he

¹“gentleman” possibly altered from “gentlemen”
had crossed Woods bridge & went directly across to Dea Hubbard’s. When the Wood’s Bridge was carried off upstream it was landed against Hubbard’s land. Showed me where his grandfather Nathan Hosmer who lived in the old house still standing on Conantum was drowned when crossing the river on the ice from town just below the bridge since built.

Many will complain of my lectures—that they are transcendental—can’t understand them—would you have us return to the savage state? &c &c A criticism true enough, it may be, from their point of view. But the fact is, the earnest lecturer can speak only to his like—and the adapting of himself to his audience is a mere compliment which he pays them. If you wish to know how I think you must endeavor to put yourself in my place—If you wish me to speak as if I were in your place that is another affair.

I think it was about a week ago that I saw some dead honeybees on the snow.

The water is about a foot deep on the Jimmy Miles road. E. Conant thinks that the Joe Miles Causeway is rather worse than Hubbard’s in respect to water—Rice & some others always say Cassey for Causeway—Conant was cutting which had blown down

up an old Pear tree ^ by his old house

1“know” possibly altered from “known”
on Conantum—This, & others still standing—& a mulberry tree whose stump remains—were set anciently with reference to a house which stood in the little peach orchard near by—The only way for Conant to come to town when the water is highest is by Tarbells—& Woods or the Stone Bridge. about 1 1/2 miles round.

It is true, when there is no snow we cannot so easily see the birds, nor they the weeds—

Feb 20

I have caught another of those mice of Feb 16th & secured it entire—a male

| Whole length, | 6 1/2 inches |
| Head, from the nose to the ears | 1 inch |
| tail | 3 1/8 inches |
| Longest of the whiskers | 1 5/8 " |

Hind legs the longest—though only the feet, about 3/4 of an inch in length, one exposed—without the fur—Of the fore legs little more is exposed than the hands—or perhaps 4 to 5/8 claws concealed in tufts of white hair of an inch—^ The upper jaw projects about 1/2 inch beyond the lower. Whisk

The whole upper parts are brown, except the ears,¹ from the snout to the tip of the tail—dark brown on the top of the head & back & upper side of the tail—reddish or fawn or fox? colored {—} Tail hairy & obscurely ringed brown ^ on the sides. ^ The whole lower neat white & under side of tail parts white, including the ^ feet. ^ The waving irregular ^ line fo along the sides forming

¹Comma possibly altered from dash
the boundary between the brown & the white
from side of the snout to the tip of the tail–above brown beneath white very
decidedly
very sharply defined ^– The brown of the
sides extends down by a triangular point
to the last joint of or foot of the forelegs–
or you may say the white of the belly extends upward on the sides
same or
bet. the legs in a broad bay.
& to the ^ heels of the hind ones. ^ The ears are large–
broad & roundish
^ 5/8 inch long–ash or slate colored–thin &
bare except at the base– The reddish brown &
the white are the striking colors. It is
in the attitude of hopping– Its¹ thighs of its
concealed drawn up & concealed in the fur & its
long hind² feet in the same plane with
its buttocks–while the short fore feet ap-
pear like hands. Fur dark slate, under both brown & white hair
The droppings black say 1/6 inch long. cylindrical.
Some of the whiskers are dark, some whitish.
or downward.
It has a rather large head, ap. curving forward. ^
A very slight & delicate tinge of yellowish beneath bet. the fore legs. v. Mar 12th
It is undoubtedly the Amicola Emmonsii
of de Kay.
It is a very pretty & neat little animal for
a mouse–with its wholesome reddish brown sides–
distinctly bounding in
^ its pure white belly–neat white feet–
which suggest circumspection & timidity–ready to earth itself on the least sound of danger
large slate colored ears ^–long tail & numerous
{——} whiskers– This was caught in a dry & ele-
vated situation, amid shrub oaks. It ap.
like the other, came up through a hole in the
snow at the foot of a shrub oak–Q. ilicifolia.
which belongs to the king of beasts & to the deer
This tawny or reddish brown color ^–singular
that it should extend to this minute beast
also. v n. p. but 2 V. Mar. 10th
A strong wind drying the earth which
// has been so very wet– The sand begins

¹“Its” possibly altered “The”
²“d” altered from “g”
to be dry in spots on the R. R. causeway—
The northerly wind blows me along—& when I get
to the cut I hear it roaring in the woods
all reminding me of March—March. The
sides of the cut are all bare of snow—& the
sand foliage is dried up.

The quadrupeds which I know that
we have in Concord are V. Emmons p. 5
Of Order Carnivora— Fam. Vespertilionidae 1 have we more of the 3
in the State?
" Soricidae Have we any?
Talpidae Condylura longicaudata
  star-nosed Mole
Have we not another of the 3 moles?
Ursidae— Procyon lotor, The Racoon
Canidae Vulpes fulvus
  Mustela martes Pine Marten
  " Vulgaris reddish weasel
  " Noveboracensis Ermine"
  Lutra Canadensis Otter
  Mephitis Americana
Rodentia Rodentia Fiber Zibethicus
Castoridae
Leporidae Lepus Americanus
  " Virginianus
Muscidae Arvicola hirsutus Mead. Mouse
in altered to Muridae ^ 59 probably—his Albo-rufescens only a var.
  ac to Aud. & Bach.
  " Emmonsii—mus leucopus
Mus Musculus Com. Mouse
Mus rattus? black rat
  " Decumanus Wharf rat
  Brown
Arctomys monax
Order—                  Family       Genus
Arctomys Monax Woodchuck
Sciurus leucotis little Gray squirrel
    "    Hudsonius
    "    Striatus
Pteromys Volucella
    Have we the Gerbillus Canadensis—? Jumping mouse?

Ac. to this we have at least 21 & possibly 26 quadrupeds—5 & possibly 6 families
of the ^ Carnivora & 3 families of the order Rodentia
None of the order Ruminantia
Nearly half of our quadrupeds belong to the Muridae or Rat family—& ^ 1/4 of them
to the Mustelidae or Weasel Family.
Some, though numerous, are rarely seen—as the wild mice & moles—Others are very rare like the otter & raccoon.
The striped squirrel is the smallest quadruped that we commonly notice in our walks in the woods & we do not
realize—especially in summer—that the aisles of the wood are threaded by countless wild mice—and no more
that the meadows are swarming in many places with meadow mice & moles.
The cat brings in a mole from time to time & we see where they have heaved

1“6” possibly altered to “5” in pencil
2“of” written over “or”
3“about” and “^” cancelled in pencil
up the soil in the meadow— We see
the tracks of mice on the snow in the
woods—or once in a year one glances
by like a flash through the grass or
ice at our feet—& that is for the
most part all that we see of them.

all

Though ^ the muskrat cabins will
be covered by an early rise of the river in the
fall—you will yet see the greater part of
them above the ice in midwinter however
high the water may be.
I frequently detect the track of a foreigner
by the print of the nails in his shoes—both
in snow & earth—of an india rubber—by its being
less sharply edged & most surely often by the
fine diamond roughening of the sole. How much
we infer from the dandy’s narrow heel
tap—while we pity his unsteady tread—
& from the lady’s narrow slipper—suggesting
corns not to say consumption— The track
of the farmers cowhides—whose carpet
tearing tacks in the heel—frequently rake
the ground several inches before his foot
finds a resting place—suggests weight
& impetus.

Feb 21st a male
Another arvicola Emmonsii ^—whole length
6 inches—tail 3 inches— This is very little reddish
on the sides—but general aspect above dark brown—though not iron-grey yet reminding me of that—^ This may be a last years Mouse— Aud. & Bach. say that when⁴ "it sheds its hair late in spring"—"it assumes a bluish gray tint, a little lighter than that of the common mouse."

P. m. To F—H. Hill via Cliff Cut—
A clear air, with a Northwesterly March-like wind—as yesterday—What is the peculiarity in the air—that both the invalid in the chamber & the traveller on the highway—say it is these are perfect
The wind is rapidly drying up earth & elevated sands already beg. to look whitish March days ^. How much light there is in the sky & on the surface of the russet earth—! It is reflected in a flood from all cleansed surfaces—which rain & snow have washed—from the rail-road rails & the mica in the rocks—& the silvery latebrae² of insects there
^ & I never saw the white houses of the village more brightly white. ^ When I have entered the wooded hollow on the East of the Deep Cut it is novel & pleasant
// to hear the sound of the dry leaves & twigs which have so long been damp & silent ^ crackling again under my feet.— more worn & lighter than ever though there is still considerable snow along wall sides &c about ^—& to see the holes & galleries recently made by the mice (?) in the now fine withered grass of such places—^ I see the peculiar softened blue sky of spring over the tops of the pines—& when I am sheltered from the wind I feel the warmer sun

---
⁴Possibly “where”
²“latebricole” v. OED
of the season reflected from the withered
this
grass & twigs on the side of an elevated
{—}

hollow— A warmth begins to be reflected
from the partially dried ground here & there in
in sheltered places
the sun ^ very cheering to invalides who have
who think they may weather it till summer now
weak lungs—^ Nature is more genial to them
When the leaves on the forest floor
are dried & begin to rustle under such
a wind sun & wind as these—the news
is told to how many myriads of grubs
that under-lie them! When I perceive
this dryness under my feet I feel as if
I had got a new sense, or rather I realize
what was incredible to me before—that
there is a new life in Nature beginning
to awake—that her halls are being swept
It is whispered through all the aisles of the forest that another Spring is approaching—
& prepared for a new occupant—^ We now let see
the wood mouse listens at the mouth of his burrow—and the chicadee passes the news along
th notice the snow on the mts because on
the remote rim of the horizon its whiteness
the russet & darker hues of
contrasts with ^ our bare fields. I looked
at the Peterboro mts with my glass from
F. H. Hill. I think that there can be no
in the edge of the horizon
more arctic scene than these mts ^ completely
with the sun shining on them
crusted over with snow ^ seen through a telescope
over bare russet fields & dark forests—
with^1 perhaps a house on some remote
bare
bare ridge, seen against them.

1“will” possibly altered from “hill”
A silver edging or ear like handle to this bassin of the world—

They look like great loaves incrusted with pure white sugar—and I think that this must have been the origin of the name sugar loaf sometimes given to mts—and not on account of their form.

We look thus from russet fields into a landscape still sleeping under the mantle of winter. The snow on the mts has, in this case, a singular smooth & crusty appearance—and by contrast you see even single evergreens rising here & there above it—and where a promontory casts a shadow along the mts' side. I saw what looked like a large bluish lake on the side of the further Peterboro mt—its edges or shore very distincty defined—This I concluded was the shadow of another part of the mt. & it suggested that in like manner what on the surface of the moon is taken for water—may be shadows.

Could not distinguish Monadnock till the sun shone on it.

I saw a train go by which had in front, dirt latched on a dozen ^ cars somewhere up country—laden ap. with some kind or clay? of earth—& these with their loads were thickly & evenly crusted with unspotted a part of that sugary crust I had viewed with my glass snow—^ which contrasted singularly with
which it had hitched on their side
the bare tops of the other cars ^— & the 20
at least
miles ^ of bare ground over which they had
rolled.  It affected me as when a traveller comes into the house
with snow on his coat—when I did not know it was snowing.
How plain wholesome & earthy are the colors
of quadrupeds generally—! The commonest
I should say is the tawny or various shades of
brown—answering to the russet which is the prevail-
ing color of the earth’s surface—perhaps— & to the
yellow of the sands beneath. The darker brown
mingled with this answers to the darker colored
soil of the surface. The white of the Polar
bear—ermine weasel &c answer to the snow—
— The spots of the pards perchance to the earth
spotted with flowers or tinted leaves of autumn.
The black perhaps to night— & muddy bottoms
& dark waters— There are few or no bluish animals.

Can it be true, as is said, that geese
prob. yesterday
Boston

have gone over Massachusetts? It is in the newspapers

Henry Hosmer tells me (Mar. 17th) that he saw several flocks about this time!

Feb 22
Pm to J. Farmer’s

Remarkably warm & pleasant weather—
perfect spring. I even listen for the 1st blue bird—
also the 24th which is very cold

I see a seething of in the air ^ over clean
russet fields. The westerly wind is rather
raw—but in sheltered places it is deliciously
warm— The water has so far gone down
that I get over the Hunt Bridge cause-
way—by going half a dozen rods on the wall
in one place. This water must have moved
2 or 300 cartloads of sand to the side
of the road– This damage would be avoided
by raising the road.

// J. Farmer showed me an ermine weasel
he caught in a trap 3 or 4 weeks ago. They are
not very
* uncommon about his barns. All white but
the tip of the tail–2 conspicuous canine
teeth in each jaw– In summer they are dis-
tinguished from the red weasel, which is a little
smaller, by the length of their tails particularly
–6 or more inches, while the red one’s is not 2 inches
long. He says their track is like that
of the mink– as if they had only 2 legs–they go on the
jump–sometimes make a 3d mark–
He saw one in the summer (which he called the
red weasel–but as he thought the red 2ce as
big as the white, it may have been a white one)
catch a striped squirrel thus. He was at
work near the wall near his house when
he saw a striped squirrel come out of the
wall & jump along by the side of a
large stone– When he had got 2 or 3
feet along it as it were in the air, the
weasel appeared in pursuit behind him–
& before he had got 4 feet had him by
the throat. Said a man told him
that he saw a weasel come running
apple
suddenly to an ^ tree near which he was working

run r^und & round & up it–when^ a squirrel
jumped

sitting on the end of a branch dropt off & the
weasel jumping had him before he touched
the ground. He had no doubt that when
the weasel ran round the tree he was on
the track of the squirel–
F. said he had many of the black rat
but none or very few of the wharf rats on
his premises. He had seen mice nests 20
feet up trees.

3 or 4 weeks ago he traced a mink by his
tracks on the snow to where he had got a frog
from the bottom of a ditch–dug him out.
Says that where many minnows are kept in a spring–they will kill 4 or 500 at once &
pile them up on the bank.

Showed me his spring–head of one of the sources
of Dodge’s Brook–which by his mark is not
1/4 of an inch higher now when there is so
much water on the surface–than it was

great

in the midst of the ^ drought last summer–
This does not freeze-over for 20 rods–a pool in it some dozen or more
rods from source–where his cattle drink he never saw frozen–

But the important peculiarity of it is

that when in a dry spell this stream
is dry 15 or 20 rods from this source–
it may suddenly fill again before
any rain comes.

He had seen a partridge² drum standing
on a wall– Said it stood very upright
and produced the sound by striking its
wings together behind its back–as a
cock often does–but did not strike

---

¹“when” altered from “he h”
²“partridge” corrected from “partride” in pencil
the wall nor its body—This he is sure of—and declares that he is mistaken who affirms the contrary, though it were Audubon himself. Wilson says he “begins to strike with his stiffened wings” while standing on a log—but does not say what he strikes—though one would infer it was either the log or his body. Peabody says he beats his body with his wings.

The sun goes down tonight under clouds—a round red orb—and I am surprised to see that its light falling on my book & the wall—is a beautiful purple—like the poke-stem—or perhaps some kinds of wine.¹ You see fresh upright green radical leaves of some plants—the dock—prob water d. for one in and about water—now the snow is gone there—as if they had grown all winter.

P. pine cones must be taken from the tree at the right season else they will not open or blossom in a chamber—I have one which was gnawed off by squirrels ap. of full size—but which does not open. Why should they thus open in the chamber or eleswhere. I suppose that under the influence of heat or dryness the upper side of each scale expands while the lower contracts—or perhaps only the one expands or the other contracts. I notice that the upper side is a lighter almost cinnamon color—the lower a dark (pitchy (?)) red.

¹“or . . . wine.” possibly added
Feb 23\textsuperscript{d}

Clear—but a very cold north wind.

I see great cakes of ice a rod or more

$\approx$ 1 foot thick

in length $^\wedge$ lying high & dry on the bare ground in the low fields some 10 feet or more beyond the edge of the thinner ice, which were washed up by the last rise (the 18\textsuperscript{th})

which was some 4 inches higher than the former one $^\wedge$

Some of these great cakes when the water going down has left them on a small mound—have bent as they settled & conformed to the surface.

Saw at Walden this P—m. that that grayish ice which had formed over the large square where ice had been taken out for Brown’s ice-house—had a decided pink or rosaceous tinge. I see no cracks in the ground this year yet.

Mr Loring says that he & his son Geo. fired at $^\wedge$ swans with ball

in Texas on the water—& though G. shot 2 $^\wedge$ the $^\text{e}$ & killed them—the others in each case gathered about them & crowded them off out of their reach.

Feb 24

Clear but very cold & windy for the season—Northerly wind—smokes blown off Southerly—Ground frozen harder still— But prob. now & hereafter—what ground freezes at night will in great part melt by mid. of day— However it is so cold this p. m. That there is no melting of the ground
throughout the day.

The names of localities on the Sudbury River the South or Main Branch of Concord or Musketaquid River—beginning at the mouth of the Assabet—are The Rock\(^1\) at mouth—Merrick’s Pasture—Lee’s Hill—Bridges—Hubbard shore—Clamshell Hill & fishing place—Nut meadow Brook—Hollowell Place & Bridge—Fair Haven Hill & Cliffs—Conantum opposite. F. H. Pond. & Cliff—& Baker Farm—Pole-Brook—Lee’s & Bridge—Farrar’s or Otter Swamp—Bound Rock\(^2\)—Rice’s Hill\(^3\) & ’s Isle—The Pantry—Ware Hill—Sherman’s Bridge & Round Hill—Great Sudbury Meadow—& Tall’s Isle. Causeway—Bridges—Larned Brook—The Chestnut House—Pelham Pond—The Rapids—

I saw yesterday in Hubbard’s sumach meadow a bunch of dried grass—with a few small leaves immixed—which had lain next the ground under the snow—prob. the nest of a mouse or mole.

near

Pm to Young Willow-row on Hunts B. road—

// Here is skating again—and there was some yesterday—the meadows being frozen, where they had opened, though the water is fast going down—It is a thin ice of 1 to 2 inches—one to 3 feet above the old—with yellowish water between—However it is narrow dodging

\(^1\)“Rock” altered from “rock”
\(^2\)“Rock” altered from “rock”
\(^3\)“Hill” altered from “hill”
\(^4\)T left 1 inch or so blank space in MS but never came back to fill it in
between the great cakes of the ice which has been broken up– The whole of the broad meadows is a rough irregular checker-board of great cakes a rod square or more–Arctic enough to look at.

The willow-row does not begin to look bright yet– The up 2 or 3 feet are more red as usual at a distance– the lower parts a rather dull green. Inspecting a branch I find that the bark is shrunk & wrinkled–& of course it will not peel– Probably when it shines–it will be tense & smooth–all its pores filled–

Staples said the other day that he heard Staples speak at the State House– By thunder he never heard a man that could speak like him–his words came so easy–it was just like picking up chips.

Minott says that Messer tells him he saw a striped squirrel! yesterday. His cat caught a mole lately–not a starnosed one but one of those that heave up the meadow She sometimes catches a little dark colored mouse with a sharp nose. Tells of a Fisk of Waltham–who some 30 years ago could go out with a club only–& kill as many partridges
as he could conveniently bring home. I suppose he knew where to find them buried in the snow—Both Minott & Farmer—think they sometimes remained several days in the snow—if the weather is bad for them—Minott has seen twigs, he says of apple, in their crops 3/4 of an inch long. Says he has seen them drum many times standing on a log or a wall. That they strike the log or stone with their wings. He has frequently caught them in a steel trap without bait—covered with leaves & set in such—also places. Says that Quails eat apple buds.

I notice that in the tracks hen’s toes are longer—& more slender than partridges—& more or less turned or curved one side.

The brightening of willow-crop osiers—that is a season in the spring—showing that the dormant sap is awakened. I now remember a few osiers which I have seen early in past springs thus brilliantly green & red/or yellow/ and it is as if all the landscape & all nature shone. Though the twigs were few which I saw I remember it as a prominent phenomenon affecting the face of nature—a gladdening of her face. You will often fancy that they look brighter—before the spring has come—& when there has been no change in them.

Thermometer at 10°+ at 10 Pm.

13 slashes cancel the cancellation mark
Feb. 25th

Clear cold & windy—Thermometer at 7°+. at 7 1/2 Am. Air filled with dust blowing over the fields. Feel the cold about as much as when it was below 0 a month ago.

Pretty good skating—

Feb 26

Still clear & cold—& windy—No thawing of the ground during the day—This & the last 2 or 3 days have been very blustering & unpleasant—though clear—

Pm to Clam Shell Hill—across river—

I see some cracks in a plowed field—corn-field—may be recent ones—I think since this last cold snap—else I had noticed them before. Those great cakes of ice which the last freshet floated up on to uplands—now lie still further from the edge of the recent ice—You are surprised to see them lying with perpendicular edges a foot thick

bare grassy

—on ^ upland where there is no other sign of water—some times wholly isolated by bare grass there In the last freshet—the S branch was only broken up on the meadows—for a few rods in width next the shores—where the ice did not rise with the water, but ap being frozen to th dry bottom—was covered by the water,—there & ap. in shallow places here
there far from the shore—the ground ice was at length broken & rose up in cakes larger or smaller—the smaller of which were often floated up higher on to the shore by a rod or so than the ice had originally reached—Then the water going down—when the weather became colder & froze—the new ice only reached part way up these cakes which lay high & dry. It is therefore pretty good skating on the river itself & on the greater part of the meadows next the river—but it is interrupted by great cakes of ice rising above the general level—near the shore—of those

Saw several ^ rather small reddish brown
// daw bugs on the ice of the meadow—some frozen in—Were they washed out of their winter quarters by the freshet?¹ or can it be that they came forth of their own accord on the 22nd—? I cannot revive them by a fire.
// C. says says he saw a lark today close to him—& some other sprin dark-colored spring bird. Directly off Clam-Shell Hill—within 4 rods of it—where the water is 3 or 4 feet deep—I see where the muskquash dived & brought up clams before the last freezing—Their open shells are strewn along close to the edge of the ice & close together for about 3 rods in one place—

¹"?” possibly altered from dash
older ice—as seen through the new black ice sank
is perfectly white with those which fell to
They may have been blown in—or the ice melted.

The bottom—the nacre of these freshly opened shells is very fair—azure—
a delicate salmon
or else ^ pink? or rosaceous—or violet—
I find one not opened but frozen—and
several have one valve quite broken in two
in the rat’s effort to wrench them open—
leaving the frozen fish half exposed. All
the rest show the marks of their teeth
i.e. sometimes at one end sometimes at another—
at one end or the other. ^ You can see
distinctly also the marks of their teeth where
with a scraping cut
they have scraped off the tough muscles
also sometimes all along the nacre next the edge
which fasten the fish to its shell. ^ One shell
has ap. a little cadis case of iron-colored
sand on it. These shells look un-
commonly large thus exposed—at a distance
like leaves—They lie thickly around the
thinner
edge of each small circle of ^ black ice
in the midst of the white—showing
where was open water a day or 2 ago.

At the beginning & end of winter when the river is partly open—the ice serves them instead of other stool.

Some are reddish-brown in thick & hard
prote layers like iron ore outside—some
have roundish copper-colored spots on
the nacre within—This shows that this
is still a good place for clams as it was
in Indian days.
examined with glass some fox-dung? from 
a tussock of grass amid the ice on the meadow 
It appeared to be composed—2/3 of 
clay—& the rest a slate-colored fur &
coarser white—hairs black tipped—too coarse 
for the Deer-Mouse—was it that of 
the rabbit? This mingled with small bones—
A mass as long as one’s finger.

Feb 27th
Another cold clear day—but the
weather gradually moderating—

Feb 28th
Still cold & clear— Ever since the 
23d inclusive a succession of clear 
but very cold days—in which for 
the most part it has not melted 
peceptibly during the day— My ink 
has frozen & plants &c have frozen in 
the house—though the thermometer has 
not indicated nearly so great a cold 
as before— Since the 25th it has 
been very slowly moderating—

// The skating began again the 24th 
after the great freshet had gone 
down some 2 feet or more—but 
that part of the old ice which 
was broken up by the freshet—&
floated from its place, either on to the upland or meadow or onto the old firm ice—made it remarkably broken & devious—not to be used by night— The deep bays & sides of the meadows have presented a very remarkable appearance—a stretching pack of great

often cakes of ice sometimes 2 or more upon each other & partly tilted up—a foot thick & 1 to 2 or more rods broad—The westering sun reflected from their edges makes them shine finely—In short our meadows have presented & still present—a very wild and arctic scene—far on every side over what is usually dry land are scattered these great cakes of ice—The water having now gone down about 5 feet on the S branch.

Pm to further RR Bridge & Ministerial swamp—
I see that same kind of icicle terracing about the piers of Wood’s Bridge

& others that I saw I think last //
spring—but not now quite so perfect—as if where the water had stood at successive levels. The lower edge now a foot or 2 above water—
Examined where the White maple & the apple tree where tipped over by the ice the other day at the RR Bridge. It struck them 7 or 8 feet from the ground—that being the height of the water—rubbed off the barke & then bent flat & broke them. They were nearly about 10 inches in diameter—the maple partly dead before I see where many trees have been wounded by the ice in former years. They have a hard time of it—When a cake half a dozen rods in diameter & nearly 2 feet thick is floated & blown against them. Just S of Darbys Bridge lie many great cakes some one upon another which were stopped by the bridge & causeway & a great many have a crust of // the meadow of equal thickness—6 inch to 1 foot—frozen to their under surfaces—Some of these are a rod in diameter—& when the ice melts the meadow where they are landed will present a singular appearance—I see many also freshly deposited on the Elfin burial ground—showing how that was formed. The greater part of those hummocks there
are probably if not certainly carried by the ice—though I now see a few small but thick pieces of meady 4 or 5 feet broad without any ice—or appearance of its having been attached to them—This is a powerful agent at work. Many great cakes have lodged on a ridge of the meadow west of the river here—& suggest how such a ridge may be growing from year to year—

This North\(^1\) river is only partially open. I see where a bright gleam from a cake of ice on the shore is reflected in the stream with remarkable brightness—in a pointed flamelike manner. Look either side—you see it. Standing here—still above the elfin burial ground—the outlines of Haywards the millers houses in the distance against the pine & oak woods come dimly out—& by their color are in very pleasing harmony with this hou wood—

I think it is a dull red house against the usual mixture of red oak leaves & dark pines—There is such a harmony as between the gray limbs of an over shadowing elm & the lichen clad roof—

We crossed the river at Nut meadow Brook—The ice was nearly worn through

---

\(^1\)“North” altered from “north”
all along there with wave-like regularity

\[ \frac{1}{4} \] in oblong (round end) or thick crescent
\[ \frac{1}{2} \] or kidney-shaped holes—as if
\[ \frac{1}{4} \] worn by the summits of waves—

like a riddle to sift a man
through—These holes are hard to
detect in some lights except by shaking
the water—I saw some gre cakes
of ice 10 feet across & 1 foot thick—
lodged with one end on the top of a
fence post & some 7 or 8 feet in the
air—the other on the bottom.
There is a fine pack of large cakes
away in the bay behind Hubbards Grove.
I notice looking at their edges that
the white or rotted part extends down-
ward in points or triangles alternating
with the round greenish parts thus

\[ \frac{1}{4} \]

Most however are

a thin white or maybe

snow ice with all beneath solid & green still.

Found a hang birds nest fallen from
the ivy maple—composed wholly of raveling
or probably that thread they wipe the locomotive
"cotton waste"

\[ ^{\bigwedge}_{\bigwedge} \]

with \[ ^{\bigwedge}_{\bigwedge} \] & one real thread all as it were
woven into a perfect bag.

I have a piece of a limb alder or
maple? say 5/8 inch in diameter which has been cut off by a worm boring spirally—but in one horizontal plane—3 times round.

I observed how a new ravine is formed in a sand hill—A new one was formed in the last thaw at Clam Shell Hill thus.—Much melted snow & rain being collected on the top of the hill—some ^ found its way through the ground frozen a foot thick a few feet from the edge of the bank—& began with a small rill washing down the slope the unfrozen sand beneath—as the water continued to flow the sand on each side continued to slide into it & be carried off leaving the frozen crust above quite firm making a cavern bridge 5 or 6 feet wide over this gulf—Now since the thaw this bridge, I see, has melted & fallen in leaving a ravine some 10 feet wide & much longer—which now may go on increasing from & thus the sand is year to year without limit. ravished away.

I was there just after it began Aud. & Bach. think a ravine may sometimes have been produced by the gallery of a shrew-mole.¹

March 1st 1855

10 A. m. to Derby’s Bridge & ret by Sam Barretts— to see ice cakes & meadow crust.

The last day for skating //

It is a very pleasant & warm day the finest winter still yet—with considerable coolness in the air however ^—The air is beautifully clear—& though I love to trace at a distance the roofs & outlines of sober colored farmhouses amid the woods

¹“Aud. . . . shrew-mole” written vertically in left margin, upward, forming right angle with line beginning “year to year”
We go listening for blue birds but only hear crows—& chicadees. A fine seething air over the fair russet fields. The dusty banks of snow by the RR—reflect a wonderfully dazzling white from their pure crannies—being melted into an uneven sharp—wavy surface. This more dazzling white must be due to the higher sun. I see some thick cakes of ice where an ice-car has broken up—

In one I detect a large—bubble ^—about a foot beneath the upper surface & 6 inches from the lower—In confirmation of my theory the grain of the ice—as indicated by the linear bubbles within it, was converging beneath this bubble as the rays of light under a burning glass and what was the undersurface at that time was melted in a concave manner to within 1 1/2 inches of the bubble—as appeared by the curvature in the horizontal grain of the more recently formed ice beneath. I omit to draw the other horizontal grain. The situation of this bubble also suggests that ice {——} perhaps increases more above than below the plane of its first freezing in the course of a winter—by the addition
of surface water & snow ice—

Examined again the ice & meadow crust
deposited just S of Derby’s Bridge— The river
is almost down to summer level there now being
only 3 to 4 feet deep at that bridge— It has
fallen about 8 feet since Feb. 17. The
ice is piled up there 3 or 4 cakes deep
& no water beneath—and most of the
cakes which are about, 1 foot thick, have
a crust of meadow of equal thickness (ie from
6 inches to 1 foot) attached beneath. I saw
in one place 3 cakes of ice each with a
crust of meadow frozen to it beneath—lying
one directly upon another—and all upon
the original ice there—and the alternately
ice & meadow—and the middle crust of
meadow—measured 28 x 22 feet

In this case the earth
was about 6 inches thick
3 to 4 feet high in all above original ice
only for the most part — This lay on a gentle
ridge or swell between the
main Derby Bridge & the little one beyond—
& it suggested that that swell might have
been thus formed or increased. As we
A
gent down the bank through ^ Hosmer’s
land we saw great cakes & even fields
of ice lying up high & dry where you

“Derby” possibly altered from “&”
would not suspect otherwise that water had been. Some have much of the withered pickerel weed, stem & leaves, in it—causing it to melt & break up soon in the sun. I saw one cake of ice 6 inches thick & more than 6 feet in diameter—with a cake of meadow of exactly equal dimensions attached to its underside—exactly & evenly ballanced on the top of a water wall in a pasture 40 rods from the river, & where you would not have thought the water ever came. We saw 3 white maples about 9 inches in diameter which had been torn up roots & sod together & in some cases carried a long distance. One quite round, of equal size, had been bent flat & broken by the ice striking them some 6 or 7 feet from the ground. Saw some very large pieces of meadow lifted up or carried off at mout of G. M. Barretts Bay—One measured 74 x 27 feet—topped with ice almost always—& the old ice still beneath. In some cases the black-peaty soil thus floated was more than 1 1/2 feet thick—& some of this last was carried 1/4 of a mile without trace
but prob. it was first lifted by ice.

of ice to buoy it–^ The edge of these meadow

crusts is singularly abrupt, as if cut with

Saw one piece, more than a rod long & 2 feet thick of black peaty soil brought from I

know not where

a turf cutter knife– Of course a great

surface is now covered with ice on each side

of the river under which there is no water–& we go

constantly getting in with impunity. The spring sun

shining on the sloping icy shores

makes numerous dazzling ice-blinks–still brighter

& prolonged with rectilinear sides in the reflection.

I am surprised to find the N. river more

frozen than the S, and we can cross it in

many places.

I think the meadow is lifted in this wise.

1st you have a considerable freshet in mid-

winter succeeded by severe cold before the water

has run off much–(Then as the water goes down

or rather all the water freezes where it is shallow

the ice for a certain width on each side

& the grass is frozen into it. V Mar. 11th

the mead river meadows rests on the ground

which freezes to it.) Then comes another freshet

gently

This ^ lifts up the river ice, & that meadow ice

on each side of it which still has water

under it, without breaking them, but

over flows the ice which is frozen to the

bottom. Then after some days of thaw

& wind the latter ice is broken up & rises

in cakes larger or smaller–with or
without the meadow crust beneath it and is floated off before the wind & current till it grounds somewhere—frequently on a or melts & so sinks—frequently 3 cakes one upon another—on some swell in the meadow—or the edge of the upland. The ice is thus with us a wonderful agent in changing the aspect of the surface—of the river valley—I think that there has been more meadow than usual moved this year—because we had so great a freshet in mid winter succeeded by severe cold—& that by another still greater freshet before the cold weather was past.

// Saw a butcher bird—as usual on top of a tree—& distinguished from a jay by black wings & tail & streak side of head.

I did well to walk in the forenoon—the fresh & inspiring half of this bright day at mid-afternoon—

—for now ~ its brightness is dulled & a fine white stratus is spread over the sky.

Is not “the”“starry puff (lycoperdon stellatum)” of the Journal of a Naturalist¹, which “remains driving about the pastures, little altered until spring”—my 5-fingered fungus?

The same tells of goldfinches—fringilla carduelis [Bewick calls it the “thistle-finch”]

¹“N” written over “n”
“scattering all over the turf the down of the thistle, as they pick out the seed for their food.” It is singular that in this particular it should resemble our goldfinch, a dif bird.

March 2nd

Another still warm beautiful day like yesterday. 9 Am to Great Meadows to see the ice—

Saw yesterday one of those small slender winged insects on the ice. A. Wright says that about 40 years ago an acre of meadow was carried off at one time by the ice. D. Clarke tells me he saw a piece of meadow, on his part of the Grt Meadows, on the Colburn place. I observe that 5 or 6 rods square which had been taken up in one piece & set down where there is ploughed ground much of again a little distance off. it has been washed over the neighboring grass ground to a great distance—discoloring it.

The Great meadows, as all the rest, are one great field of ice a foot thick to their utmost verge—far up sloping upward there the hill sides & into the swamps—resting without water under it resting almost every where on the ground—a great undulating field of ice—rolling prairie-like—the earth wearing this dry icy shield or armor—which shines in the sun.

perhaps & in

Over brooks & ditches & in many other

---

1Caret written below dash
2“&” smudged; possibly cancelled
in some places
places the ice a foot thick ^ is shoved (?) or puffed
^ up in the form of a pent roof
in some places 3 feet high & stretching
20 or 30 rods. There is certainly
more ice than can lie flat there as if
the adjacent ices had been moved toward each
other– Yet this general motion is not likely–
& it is more probably the result of the
expansion of the ice under the sun–& of
?
the warmth of the water ^ there. In many
places the ice is dark & transparent &
you see plainly the bottom on which it
lies– The various figures in the partially
white
rotted ice are very interesting—^ bubbles
which look like coins of varies sizes over
lapping each other— Parallel waving
lines, with sometimes very slight intervals,
on the underide of sloping white ice–
marking the successive levels at
which the water has stood

Also countless
white cleavages
perpendicular or inclined—straight
& zigzag meeting and crossing each
other at all possible angles &
making all kinds of geometrical figures
—checkering the whole surface—

1Underlining possibly in pencil
like white frills or ruffles in the ice.
(At length the ice melts on the edge of
these cleavages into little gutters which catch
the snow—) There is the greatest
noise from the ice cracking about
10 Am—yesterday & to-day.

Where the last years shoots or tops of the
young white maples, at the S. Purshiana shore,
are brought together as I walk into
a mass 1/4 of a mile off—with the
sun on them—they present a fine
dull scarlet streak— Young twigs
are thus more fluid than the old wood
as if from their nearness to the flower—
or like the complexion of children.
You see thus a fine dash of red or scarlet
against the distant hills—which near
at hand or in their midst is wholly unob-
servable. I go listening but in vain—
for the warble of a blue-bird from the
old orchard across the river— I love to
look now at the fine grained russet hill
sides in the sun—ready to relieve & contrast
with the azure of the blue-birds.

I made a burning glass of ice—which pro-
duced a slight sensation of warmth on the back
of my hand—but wa so untrue that it did
not concentrate the rays to a sufficiently small focus.
Returning over Great Fields—found half a dozen arrowheads—one with 3 scallops in the base

If we have a considerable freshet before the ice melts much—ap. much meadow crust will be moved on the S branch. There is about 6 1/2 inches

There was something truly March-like in it—of frost in the swamps ^ like a prolonged blast or whistling of the wind
// Heard 2 large hawks scream—through a crevice in the sky—which like a cracked blue saucer overlaps the woods. Such are the first rude notes which prelude the Summer’s quire—

Sat. Mar. 3d learned of the whistling March-wind.

This afternoon it is somewhat overcast // for the first time since Feb 18th inclusive
// I see a dirty-white miller fluttering about over the winter rye patch next to Hubbard’s Grove. A few rods from the broad P. pine beyond I find a cone which was probably dropt by a squirrel in the fall—for I see the marks of its teeth where it was cut off—and it has probably been buried by the snow till now—for it has ap—just opened & I shake its seeds out. Not only is this cone resting upright on the ground fully blossomed a very beautiful object—but the winged seeds
which half fill my hand—small triangular black seeds with thin & delicate flesh-colored wings—more or remind me of fishes alewives perchance, their tails more or less curved. I do not show the curve of the tail— I see in another place under a pine—many cores of cones which the squirrels have completely stripped excepting the (about) 3 at the extremity which cover no seeds of their scales —cutting them off regularly at the seeds or close to the core—Leaving it in this form regular

From some partially stript I see that they begin at the base—

Most fallen P. P. cones show the marks of S. teeth—showing they were cut off.

Day before yesterday— There was good skating & it was a beautiful warm day for it. Yesterday—the ice began to be perceptibly softened— To day it is too soft for skating.

I might have said on the 2d that though it is warm there is no tro^ble about getting on to the river—for the water having fallen about 6 feet on the S branch the ice about a foot thick slopes upward in many places half a dozen rods or more on to the upland like the side of an earthen milk pan
and you do not know when you have passed
the water line. ———

I think Also I noticed yesterday that
the ice, along the river edge at the
Grt– Meadows, still clinging to the
alders & maples 3 or 4 feet from
the ground was remarkably transparent
like purest crystal
& solid or without bubbles — not rotted — probably
because the rays of the sun passed through
it & there was no surface beneath to
reflect them back again — & so rot
the ice — of this I made my burning
glass
// I think it was yesterday morning that
I first noticed a frost on the bare
russet grass– This too is an early
spring phenomenon– I am surprised to
see that– The radical Johnswort
leaves which have been green all
winter & now wilted & blackened by it
& where a wood was cut off this
winter on a hill side all the rattle-
snake plantain his suffered in
like manner.
Again I observe the river breaking up
(from the bank) The thin & rotted ice
saturated with water is riddled with
oblong open places — whose prevailing
form is Curving commonly upstream—though not always—i.e. Southerly here— Has this anything to do with the direction of the prevailing winds of winter?— which makes the waves bend ap southerly. Since the cold of a week ago—(they¹ may be of older date) I see many cracks in the earth—especially in ploughed fields which are cracked up into vast cakes in some places—ap. on the same principle that ice is— River channel fairly open. // Sunday March 4th 1855

Pm to Bee tree Hill over F. H. Pond. For some time, or since the ground has been bare, I have noticed the spider holes in the ploughed land. We go over the Cliffs. Though a cold & strong wind it is very warm in the sun—& we can sit in the sun where sheltered on these rocks with impunity. It is a genial warmth— The rustle of the dry leaves on the earth & in the crannies of the rocks—& gathered in deep windrows just under their edge—midleg deep— remind me of fires in the woods—they are almost ready to burn. I see a fly on the rock //

¹“they” possibly altered from “it”
The ice is so much rotted & softened by the sun that it looks white like snow now as I look down on the meadows. There is considerable snow on the N side of hills in the woods— At the Bee-Hill side—a striped squirrel, which quickly dives into his hole at our approach—^ May not this season of Spring-like weather bet the 1st decidedly spring like day & the 1st blue-bird—already 14 days long—be called the striped-squirrel spring? In which we go listening for the blue-bird but hear him not.

Returning by the Andromeda Ponds I am surprised to see the red-ice visible still half a dozen rods off— It is melted down to the red bubbles & I can tinge my finger with it there by rubbing it on the rotted ice.

Mar. 5th '55
Pm to Beck Stows—
A strong—but warm S Westerly (?) wind. which has produced a remarkable haze— As I go along by sleepy hollow—this strong warm wind—rustling the leaves on the hill sides—this blue haze—& the russet earth seen through
it—remind me that a new season has come—There was the—less thick—more remotely blue, haze of the 11th Feb—succeeded by a thaw beginning on the 14th—Will not rain follow this much thicker haze?

Mar. 6th
To 2d Div. Brook—
Still stronger wind—shaking the house—& rather cold. This the 3d day of wind.

Our woods are now so reduced that the chopping of this winter—has been a cutting to the quick—at least we walkers feel it as such—There is hardly a woodlot of any consequence left—but the chopper’s axe has been heard in it this season—
They have even infringed fatally on White Pond—On the South of F. H. Pond—shaved off the top-knot of The Cliffs—The Colburn Farm—Beck stows—&c &c—

Observed a mouse or moles nest in the 2nd Div. meadow—where it had been made under the snow—a nice warm globular nest some 5 inches in diameter—amid the sphagnum & cranberry vines &c—made of dried grass & lined with a still finer grass. The hole was on one side & the bottom was near 2 inches thick. There were many
small paths or galleries in the meadow leading
to this from the brook some rod or more distant.

The small *gyrinus* is circling in the
brook. I see where much fur
of a rabbit which prob. a fox was carrying
has caught on a moss-rose twig as he
leaped a ditch. It is much worse
walking than it has been for 10 days
the continued warmth of the *sun* melting
the ice & snow by walls &c & reaching the
unexpectedly after the surface had been dry.
dereper frost{–} Pastures which look dry
prove soft & full of water.

There is a peculiar redness in the western–
sky just after sunset– There are many
great dark-slate-colored clouds
floating there–seen against more distant
& thin wispy bright vermilion (?) al-
most blood-red ones– This often appears
as the lining of the former–

It rained last evening–but not much
This the 1st rain or storm since Feb 18th
inclusive. i.e 15 days.
The weather began to be decidedly spring-like–
air full of light &c the 18th– The 20th was
perfect march– The 21st & 22nd were remarkably
fair & *eleva* warm– 23d to 28 inclusive
remarkably clear & cold– Mar 1st & 2nd
remarkably clear & serene & pleasant

"often" cancelled in pencil
Since then colder—with increasing wind—& some—
clouds—with last night some rain.
The sands are too dry & light-colored to show arrow heads so well now—
I see many places where after the late freshet
the musquash made their paths under
the ice—leading from the water a rod or
the
two to a bed of grass above water level.

Mar. 7th P. M to Red-ice Pond
A raw east wind & rather cloudy.

Methinks the buds of the early willows
the W. of the R. R. bank show more of the
silvery down than 10 days ago.

Did I not see crows flying N Easterly //
yesterday toward night?
The redness in the ice appears mostly
to have evaporated so that melted it
does not color the water in a bottle.
Saw about a hemlock stump on the
hill side E N of the largest Andromeda
Pond—very abundant droppings of
some kind of mice on that common
green moss{(−)}(forming a firm bird about
an inch high like little pines—surmounted
by a fine red stem with a green point in all
3/4 of an inch high) which they had fed
on to a great extent, evidently when it
was covered with snow, shearing it off
level— Their dropings could be collected
by the handful a light brown

---

1“Mar” and “7” underlined in pencil
2Paren written over “{(−)}”
above—green next the earth. There\textsuperscript{1} were ap— many of their holes in the earth about the stump— They must have fed very ex-

\textsuperscript{V}Mar\textsuperscript{14}
tensively on this moss the past winter \textsuperscript{^\textdagger}

// It is now difficult getting on & off Walden.

At Bristers spring there are beautiful ap.

//dense green beds of moss which \textsuperscript{^\textdagger} has just risen above the surface of the water—tender & compact. I see many tadpoles

// of medium or full size in deep warm ditches in Hubbards meadow— They may— probably be seen as soon as the ditches are open, thus earlier than frogs— At his bridge over the brook it must have been

// a trout I saw glance, rather dark as big as my finger.

\textsuperscript{3 or 4}

// To day, as also several days ago,\textsuperscript{2} I saw a clear drop of maple sap on a broken red maple twig which tasted very sweet.

The pyrola secunda is a perfect evergreen It has lost none of its color or freshness—with its thin ovate finely serrate leaves—revealed now the snow is gone. It is more or less branched.

Picked up a very handsome whit Pine cone some 6 1/2 inches long x 2 3/8 near base & 2 near apex. perfectly blossomed\textsuperscript{3}

\textsuperscript{1}“There” altered from “They”\textsuperscript{2}Comma possibly altered from dash\textsuperscript{3}“loss” blotched.
It is a very rich & wholesome brown color—of various shades as you turn it in your hand—a light ashy or grey brown, somewhat like unpainted wood, as you look or as if the lighter brown was covered with a grey lichen down on it, seeing only those parts of the scales always exposed—with a few darker streaks or marks & a drop of pitch at the point of each scale—

Within the scales are a dark brown ben above (ie as it hangs) & a light brown beneath—very distinctly being maked beneath by the same darker brown—down the center & near the apex somewhat anchor wise—
We were walking along the Sunny hill-side on the S of Fair. H. P. (on The 4th ult–) which the choppers have just laid bare. when we he in a sheltered & warmer place–we heard a rustling amid the dry leaves on the hill side & saw a striped squirrel–eyeing us from its resting place on the bare-ground– It sat still till we were within a rod–then suddenly dived into its hole which was at its feet & disappeared. The first pleasant days of spring come out like a squirrel & go in again.

Mar. 8th 1855

P. m To Old Carlisle Road

Another fair day with easterly wind–

This morning I got my boat out of the cellar & turned it up in the yard to let the seams open before I caulk it. The blue channel of the river now almost completely open (–i.e. excepting a little ice in the recesses of the shore & a good deal over the meadows) admonishes me to be swift. I see where many young trees & bushes have been broken down by the ice after1 the last freshet– Many of

1"after" written over "in"
Loring’s young maples—e.g. The cornel & other bushes along the walls are broken like young trees by snow-drifts—the ice sinking or dragging with them in its embrace—weighing ^ them down. In many places where the water rose so high—as to reach the ends of the lower branches of white maples & then were afterward frozen in—the ice sinking with the ebb—stri breaks off V Mar 14th or strips down the branch— There appears to be a motion to the ice (even on meadows away from the current) and at Walden shore) somewhat like that of a glacier—by which it tips over the trees &c standing in it without breaking up—

The result, one would say, of its swelling under the influence of the sun. Was surprised to see a cluster of those large sedum1 (?) or leek (?)2 buds on a rock in Clarke’s (?) Meadow bet. the oak & my house that was.

Daniel Clarke tells me that on his part of the great Meadows there is a hole just about the breadth & depth of a man commonly full of water— He does not know what made it.

I crossed through the Swamp S of Boulder Field toward the old dam. Stopping in a sunny & sheltered place on a hillock

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1*sedum* cancelled in pencil
2“(?)” inserted in ink and then cancelled in pencil
for it was raw in the wind,
in the woods ^ I heard the hasty, shuffling,
// as if frightened, note of a robin from
a dense birch-wood—a sort of tehe-
& then prob. it dashed through the birches
tche tche tche tche ^—& so they fetch the
year about. Just from the South
shore, perchance, it alighted not in the
village street—but in this remote birch wood.
This sound reminded me of rainy misty april days in past years.
Once or 2ce before this p. m. I thought I heard one & listened, but in vain.

I still see the bluish bloom on thimble-
berry vines quite fresh— I walk these
days along the open brooks—looking for
tortoises—& trout &c— They are full of
a rust-colored water—as if they flowed out
of an iron mine.
As the ice melts in the swamps I see the
green with a bluish bloom
horn-shaped buds of the skunk cabbage ^
standing uninjured
^ with their bloom—ready to feel the in-
fluence of the sun. The most prepared
for spring—to look at—of any plant.

I see of late more ^ of the fuzzy caterpillars
both—black & reddish-brown.

Mar. 9th
A cloudy rain-threatening day—not windy
& rather warmer than yesterday.
Painted the bottom of my boat.
Pm to Andromeda Ponds.
Scare up a rabbit on the hill side by these
ponds— & see where which was gnawing
a smooth sumach—see also where they
have gnawed—the red maple—sweet fern
–p. grandidentata–white oak and other oaks (taking off considerable twigs at 4 or 5 cuts) amelanchier, & sallow. but they seem to prefer the smooth sumach to any of these. With this variety of cheap diet they are not likely to starve. I get a few drops of the sweet red maple juice which has rabbit run down the main stem where a squirrel rabbit has nibbled off close a twig– The rabbit indeed lives; but the sumach may be killed. The heart-wood of the poison dogwood–when I break it down with my hand–has a singular rotten decayed-yellow look & a spirituous or apothecary odor

As on the 4th ult I clambered over those great wht pine masts which lay in all directions one upon another on the hill-side S of F. H.aven–where the woods have been laid waste–I was struck, in favorable lights, with the jewel-like brilliancy of the sawed ends thickly bedewed with crystal drops of turpentine. —thickly as a shield—As if the Dryads? Oreads–? Pine-wood nymphs had seasonably wept there the fall of the tree–

1“?” written above and below dash
The perfect sincerity of these terebinthine
each one reflecting the world
drops—\(^{1}\) colorless as light—or like drops
of dew heaven-distilled & trembling to
their fall—is incredible when you
remember how firm their consistency—
And is this that pitch which you cannot
touch without being defiled?

Looking from the Cliffs, the sun
being as before invisible, I saw far
more light in the reflected sky in
the neighborhood of the sun than I
could see in the heavens from my po-
sition—and it occurred to me that
the reason was that there was reflected
to me from the river, the view I should have
got if I had stood there on the water
in a more favorable position.

I see that the mud in the road
has crystalized as it dried—(for it is
not nearly cold enough to freeze) like
the first crystals that shoot & set on
water when freezing.

I see the minute seeds of the Andromeda Calycu-
lata scattered over the melting ice of the
And. Ponds.

// C. says he saw yesterday the slate-col– hawk
with a white bar across tail meadow hawk–i.e.
frog-hawk— Prob. finds moles & mice–
// An over cast & dark night.

\(^{1}\)vertical pencil lines through this and the following line (need better copy)
Mar. 10th ’55
Snowed in the night—a mere whitening. //
In the morning somewhat overcast still—
cold & quite windy. The first clear-snow to
whiten the ground since Feb– 9th
I am not aware of growth in any plant
yet unless it be—the further peeping out of //
willow-catkins. They have crept out further from under their scales
& looking closely into them I detect a little redness along the twigs
even now—

You are always surprised by the sight of the
first spring bird or insect—they seem pre-
mature & there is no such evidence of spring
as themselves—so that they literally fetch the
year about— It is thus when looking alon
I hear the first robin or bluebird—or looking
along the brooks see the first water bugs out
circling— But you think—they have come &
Nature cannot recede. Thus when on the 6th
when I saw the *gyrinus* at 2d Div. Brook—I saw no pe-
eculiarity in the water or the air to remind me of them
—but1 today they are here & yesterday they were not.
I go looking deeper for tortoises—when suddenly
my eye rests on these black circling apple-
seeds in some smoothe bay.

red

The ^ squirrel should be drawn with a pine cone
Those reddening leaves of the— as the checkerberry—
lambkill &c &c which at the beg. of winter were greenish
are now a deeper red—when the snow goes off.

1“but” could be in pencil (need better copy)
No more snow since night but a strong—cold northerly wind all day—with occasional gleams of sunshine— The whitening of snow has consequently has not disappeared.

Miss Minott says that Dr. Spring told her that when the sap began to come up into the trees—i.e. about the mid of Feb. (she says) then the diseases of the human body come out. The idea is that man’s body sympathizes with the rest of Nature—& his pent up humors burst forth like the sap from wounded trees— This with the man may be that languor or other weakness—commonly called spring-feelings.

// Minott tells me that Henry Hosmer says he saw geese 2 or 3 days ago!

Jacob Farmer gave me today a Pine Marten

// part of the foot probably of an otter 2 or 3 days ago
which he found in a trap he had
under water baited with a pickerel
set in his brook for a mink— It is
cloved above with a glossy dark brown
(perhaps a third without the talon)
hair, and contains but 2 toes armed with fine & sh very sharp talons—much curved.
It had left thus much in the trap & departed.

Aud. & Bach. call my deer mouse “Mus Leucopus.—Rafinesque” call it “yellowish brown above” & give these synonymes
“Mus Sylvaticus, Forster, Phil– Trans. Vol 62, p 380
Field-Rat, Penn., Hist. Quad., Vol II., p 185.
Musculus Leucopus, Rafinesque, Amer. Month. Review
Oct. 1818, p. 444.

Mus Leucopus, Desmar. Mamm., esp. 493
Mus Sylvaticus, Harlan, Fauna, p. 151.
Mus Leucopus, Richardson, F.B.A., p 142
Arvicola Nuttallii, Harlan, variety.
Arvicola Emmonsii, Emm., Mass. Report, p. 61
Mus Leucopus, Dekay, Nat Hist. N.Y., pl. 1, p 82”

“American white-footed mouse”

By fur he does not mean the short inner hair only.
Says they are larger in Carolina than in the E.
States–but he does not describe any larger
than mine. “Next to the common mouse,
this is the most abundant and widely
diffused species of mouse in North America.
We have received it from every state in
the Union, and from Labrador, Hudson’s Bay,
& the Columbia River.” Has found
it “taking up its abode in a deserted squir-
rel’s nest, 30 feet from the earth.”
“They have been known to take possession of de-
serted birds’ nests–such as those of the cat-
bird, red-winged starling, song thrush, or
red-eyed eyed fly-catcher.” “We have
also occasionally found their nests
on bushes, from 5 to 15 feet from the ground. They are in these cases constructed with nearly as much art and ingenuity as the nests of the Baltimore Oriole”—of some he has says “They are 7 inches in length & 4 in breadth, the circumference measuring 13 inches; they are of an oval shape and are outwardly composed of dried moss and a few slips of the inner bark of some wild grape-vine; other nests are more rounded, and are composed of dried leaves & moss.” Thinks 2 pairs live in some very large ones—“The entrance in all the nests is from below, and about the size of the animal.”

Female sometimes escapes with her young ad-hering to her teats.” “nocturnal in its habits.” Only sound he has heard from them “a low squeak” Not so carnivorous as “most of its kindred species”. Troubles trappers by getting their bait. Lays up “stores of grain & grass seeds” acorns &c—In the north wheat—in the south rice. eats out the heart of Ind. corn kernels

Thinks it produces 2 litters in a season in the north—& 3 in the south. Foxes owls &c destroy it. Thinks the ermine weasel its most formidable foe. Thinks it sometimes occupies a chip-squirrel’s hole. Thinks that neither this nor the mole does much injury to garden or farm but rather “the little pine-mouse (Arvicola Pinetorum,

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1T might have written “bate” and tried to alter it to “bait” before cancelling it
2“L” altered from “I”
Le Conte), or perhaps Wilson’s Meadow-mouse, (Aricola Pennsylvanica, Ord. A. hirsutus, Emmons, & Dekay).”
Yet northern farmers complain that the Deer-mouse gnaws young fruit trees &c may be so.
Avoids houses—at least those where there are wharf-rats & cats–

Observed this Pm. some celandine by Dea Brown’s fence—ap. grown about an inch. V. if it is really springing

Mar 11th
P. m. to Annursnack—
Clear & rather pleasant—the ground again bare—wind northerly. I am surprised to see how rapidly that ice that covered the meadows on the 1st of March—has disappeared under the influence of the sun alone—The greater part of what then lay on the meadows a foot thick has melted. 2/3 at least

On Abel Hosmers pasture just SE of the Stone Bridge—I see where the crust sod was lifted up over a great space in the flood of the 17th of Feb. There is one bare place there, showing only the fine & now white roots of grass—7 rods long by 2 or 3—There are other smaller ones about it. The sod carried off is from 4 to 6 inches thick commonly. Pieces of this crust from 1/4 to 1/3 the size
mentioned are resting within 10 or 20 rods. one has sunk against the causeway bridge being too wide to go through–I see one piece of crust 12 feet x 6 turned completely topsy-turvy with its ice beneath it. This has prevented the ice from melting–& on examining it I find that the ice did not settle down onto the grass after the water went

NB. down & then froze to it–for the blades of grass penetrate 1 inch into the ice, showing that the water being shallow—the whole froze & the grass was frozen in & thus—when the water rose again was lifted up. The bared places I have noticed as yet were not in the low ground— but where the water was comparatively shallow—commonly at a distance from the river—

// A blue-bird day before yesterday in Stow. ^

Saw a cake of recent ice very handsome-ly marked as it decayed—with darker marks for the original crystals centered with the original white—it would be a rare pattern for a carpet—because it contains a variety of figures—agreeable to the eye without regularity.

Many of those dirty-white millers ^ in the air.

As I sit at the base of Anursnack the earth appears almost completely
bare—but from the top I see considerably white ice here & there—this shows that what is left is only the whitened & rotting ice which being confined to the lowest hollows & meadows is only observed from a height.

At this season—before grass springs to conceal roundish them—I notice those pretty little ^ shells on the tops of hills—one today on Anursnack—

I see^ pitch pine needles looking as if white-washed—thickly covered on each of the two slopes of the needle with narrow white oyster-shell like latebrae or chrysalids of an insects.

Mar 12 ’55

6 1/2 Am to Andromeda Ponds
Lesser red polls still. v forward //

Elbridge Haden & Poland affirm that they saw a brown thrasher sitting on the top of an apple tree by the road near Hubbards & singing after his fashion on the 5th ult—

I suggested the shrike, which they do not know but they say it was a brown bird. ??

Haden saw a blue bird yesterday //

Pm to Great Meadow

Comes out pleasant after a raw forenoon with a flurry of snow—already gone.

2 ducks in river—good size white beneath with black heads as they go over—They first rise sheldrakes? or

1“I” written over “a”
2“I see” altered from another word
3“??” possibly added
some distance down stream—& fly by on high
reconnoitering me—& I first see them on wing—
Then settle a quarter of a mile above by a
long slanting flight at last op. the swimming
elm below Flints— I come on up the bank
with the sun in my face—start them again—
Again they fly down stream by me on high—
turn and come round back by me again
with outstretched heads—& go up to the
battle ground before they alight. Thus
the river is no sooner fairly open—than they
are back again—before I have got my
boat launched. ^ I think I heard a quack or 2
Aud. & Bach. say that Forster & Harlan
refer the Mus Leucopus “to mus sylvaticus of Europe.”
but wrongly—for they differ in many respects “they
may always be distinguished from each other at
a glance by the following mark: in more
than 20 specimens we examined of Mus Sylvati-
cus [in Europe] we have always found a yellowish
line edged with dark-brown on the breast. In
many hundred specimens of Mus leucopus we
have without a single exception found this yellow
line entirely wanting, all of them being pure
white on the breast, as well as on the whole
under surface. We have no hesitation in pronouncing
the species distinct.” Now I find that
I had described my specimen of Feb 20th—
before I had read Aud. & Bach. or heard of the Mus
sylvaticus—& though Emmons does not
as having “a very slight & delicate tinge of yellowish
beneath between the forelegs—” though Emmons
does not mention this color.
The other differences they mention certainly are
not of much importance—& prob. equally great ones
are to be found bet. dif. specimens of Mus leucopus.

Mar 13 ’55

Northern lights last night—rain-bow in East this morn //

Almost all the meadow crust now (&

for a week past) lies on a cake of ice

where it lodged—and which being prevented

from melting any further than its edge

is of the same size with it. The crust is

frozen onto this—and the ice which

first froze to it & raised it having

melted some time ago,—most would

not know how to account for its po-

sition.

6 1/2 Am to Hill. Still—but with

some wrack here & there— The river is

low—very low for the season— It¹ has been

falling ever since the freshet of Feb 18th.

Now about sunrise it is nearly filled

with the thin half-cemented ice-crystals //

of the night—which the warmer temperature

of day ap. has set-in loosened. They

grate against the bushes—& wheel round

in great fields with a slight crash & piling

up. I hear the rapid tapping of the woodpecker from

over the water

Pm To Hub’s Close

For a week the more stagnant brooks

& ditches have been green with conferva—a //

kind of green veil that conceals their bottom

¹“It” altered from “it”
& invests the bubbles on the surface.
    I am surprised to see, not only many pollywogs through the thin ice of the warm ditches—but in still warmer stagnant unfrozen holes in this meadow half a dozen small frogs—prob. R. Palustris.? {is it not the croaker}

Green spires of grass stand perfectly upright in these pools—rising above water.

Coming thro the stubble of Stow’s rye-field in front of the Breed-House—I meet with 4 mice nests in going half a dozen lie flat on the ground amid the stubble rods. They are flattened spheres—the horizontal diameter about 5 inches, the perpendicular finer considerably less—composed of grass or stubble & on taking them up you do not at once detect the entrance with your eye, but rather feel it with your finger—on the side—They are lined within with the finest of the grass. These were undoubtedly—probably—made when the snow was on the ground for their winter residence—while they gleaned the rye-field—& when the snow went off they scampered to the woods. I think they were made by the Mus leucopus—i.e.1 Arvicola Emmonsii. thicker against wet.

I look int many woodchuck’s & perhaps holes but as yet they are choked with leaves & there is no sign of their having come abroad.

At eve the raw overcast day concludes.

1“i.e.” possibly altered from “a”
with h snow & hail {—}–2 pickerel
caught in Flints Pond today
^ weighed on the Mill-dam to-night 7 3/4+
or nearly 8 lbs.

Mar 14th '55

3 inches of snow in the morn & it //
snows a little more during the day with
occasional gleams of sunshine. Winter back //
again in prospect–& I see a few sparrows
prob. tree spars in the yard.

Pm. to Andromeda ponds
At one of the holes under the stump of Mar
7th caught a Mus leucopus–Deer-mouse– So
this① was the kind undoutedly that fed on the
moss–& that colored their droppings. It is in
very good condition–extreme length 6 1/2 tail 3 inches
& cheeks
It is a less reddish brown on the sides ^ than
my whole skin & a darker brown above mixed
with a little reddish–no yellow tinge on breast.
Some whiskers usual are white, others black.
& I count the “6 tubercles on the each palm”.
There are no tracks about the stump, for
they are not abroad by day i.e since the last
of this snow–but probably there will be
tracks tomorrow morn. Thus it is generally
If–it ceases snowing in the morning you
see few if any tracks in your walk–but the
next morning many.
It is the first & last snows–especially the last,
which blind us most–when the sun is

①“this” possibly altered from “his”
most powerful & our eyes are unused to them.

I observe the tracks of sparrows leading
among the other weeds
to every little sprig of blue curls, which, its seemingly empty pitchers, rises above the snow—There seems however to be a little seed left in them.

This then is the reason why these withered stems still stand—that they may raise these granaries above the snow for the use of the snow birds.

That ice has destroyed almost the whole of Charles Hubbards young red maple swamp in front of the Hollowell place—Full an

acre of thrifty young maples—alders—& birches 4 to 71 feet high
is completely destroyed—being pulled & broken broken near the ground
down as the water ice sank after the water went down—It is all flat & looks at a little distance as if one had & done his work faithfully gone through with bush-whack\(^{3}\)  They from 1/2 an inch to 1 inch thick—broken this wise He has ap. concluded to clear it. Only the taller birches &c are

Perhaps best described in 1st voyage on river V. Mar 19th or 20

left.

I thought as I approached seeing some clumps still standing—all the rest flat on the ground—that without a doubt some one had been clearing the swamp—Though I stood within a rod of it. Just as a snow-drift breaks down young fruit trees.

R Rice tells me that a great many young white pines in a swamp of his in Sudbury have been barked the bark rubbed down several inches completely bare by the ice. Then the river from time to time asserts its authority over its swamps to a great distance. The willows alders &c all along the river where the water was deeper are commonly broken higher up 3 or 4 feet from the ground. This Mar 19th v. Mar 20
Mar 15
Jacob farmer gave me today the foot
of an otter, also of a fisher—(to put
with my pine marten’s foot) He cut them
off of recent furs in Boston. He sells
about 100 mink skins in a year—
Thinks not more than 30 or 40 are
caught in Concord in a year. He says—(I think)
a mink’s skin is worth 2 dollars!? They are sent
to Europe to be worn there—not for hats.
Foul weather all day—at first a fine snow
& finally rain—Now at 9 Pm a clear sky. //
& so the storm which beg. eve of 13th ends—
As for the first half of this month
it began very pleasant & warm—(the latter
part 3d of Feb had been very clear & pleasant
but colder—) the ice rotting river opening
& ice beginning to soften. then on the 4th it
Northerly, East—or SW
became windy ^—sometimes very cold & raw—
occasionally rocking the house—the 9th //
a little warmer storm threatening—the 10th
ground whitened with snow—& so it goes on
more or less raw till the snow of the 14th
Mr Rice tells me that when he was getting
mud out of the little swamp at the foot
of Bristers Hill last he heard
a squeaking & found that he was digging
near the nest of what he called a “field mouse”—
by his description prob– the meadow mouse–
It was made of grass &c–& while he stood over
it–the mother not regarding him came &
carried off the young one by one in her mouth
–being gone some time in each case before she
returned–& finally she took the nest itself.

He saw a blue-bird about a week
ago in Sudbury–& surprised to observe
that it had a worm in its mouth, but
I am not–for the ice & snow have
been sprinkled with caterpillars of several
kinds all the past winter.

Mar 16th 55
Cloudy in the forenoon–sun comes out
& it is rather pleasant in the P. m.

Pm. to { } Conantum End.
At the woodchuck’s hole just beyond
the Cockspur thorn– I see several diverging
& converging trails of undoubtedly a wood-
or several
// chuck ^--which must have come out at least
as early as the 13th The track is about
1 3/4 inches wide by 2 long–the 5 toes very
distinct & much spread–& including the
scrape of the snow before the foot1 came to its
bearing–is somewhat hand-like. It is
simple & alternate thus com-
monly–but sometimes much like
a rabbits–& again like a mink’s somewhat

1“the foot” altered from other words
thus & run about from hole to hole
6 in all within a dozen rods or more
This appeared to have been all their travelling
–as if they had run round a visiting & waked
each other up the first thing– At first
they soiled the snow with their sandy feet.
At one place they had been cearing out today
the throats of 2 holes within a rod of each
other–scattering the mud like sand made
wet by the melting snow over the pure
snow around–& I saw where between these
holes they had sat on a horizontal limb of
(which it had tried its teeth on) also on a rock
a shrub oak about a foot from the ground
plainly to warm & dry themselves in the sun–
I also saw where another had sunned itself on a stand at the foot
having muddied it all over– They could not
of a small pitch pine & tried its teeth on a dead limb of the pine.–
go in or out of these burrows without
being completely covered with sandy mud.
The path over the snow between these holes
was quite covered with it.
The impression
this–but
They have but 4 toes on
the fore feet with rudiment
of the foot a little like
not so much spread.
His first journey then
appears
hole which
or fifteen
he goes as straight or unerringly to it as
if he had not been asleep all winter–
Apparently after a little gossiping there
his first work is to clear out the
entrance to his burrow—ejecting the
leaves & sand which have there collected.
None have travelled beyond these holes—except
that one track leads into the swamp—
But here are the tracks of foxes bound
on longer journies— They are generally
10 or 12 inches apart x 3 to 5 but
are irregular
now 2 at the
usual distance—then 2 close together or 3 or
4 inches apart only— The foot is very shapely
& much like a dogs

The dirty colored aspen down there
nearly
projects 1/8 of an inch, or ^ as much as the
early willow’s
As I stand here some 60 rods from the river
open
at about 3 1/2 Pm—looking at the ^ river
toward which my shadow points at right angle
with its current—that part which my shadow
extended would strike is a pale dull slate
color—but that part a dozen rods
Southerly from this is—a distinct blue which
goes on increasing in depth Southerly—till
looking at an angle of 45° from the first
line it is of a glorious deep indigo
blue— For some reason I must look much
further north to see it blue.
You are pretty sure to see the tracks of squirrels red ones—about the base of walnuts which they have ascended—& where they have probed the snow for a nut.
I think that a great many birds-nests are broken up in summer by weasels minks & skunks.
Returning scared up 2 large ducks just above the bridge One very large white beneath breast & neck—black head & wings & aft—The other much smaller & dark. Ap. male & female. They lit more than 100 miles south of the bridge & I viewed them with glass The larger—sailed about on the watch while the smaller dark one dived repeatedly. V Ap. 1st
I think there are but 3 ducks ever seen here anything like these the—Golden Eye or Whistler—the Goosander Is it not female goosander? or Sheldrake—& the Red breasted Merganser1—This male I suspect was too large for the 1st & from its size—& its great superiority in size to its companion—I think it the Goosander or sheldrake. It did not scoot over the water as I think the red-breasted Merganser?? does—
Sat. Mar 17th
H. Hosmer says he has seen black-ducks Edmund Hosmer’s meadow—i.e the Hunt House2 meadow— is covered with great pieces of meadow—the largest thick & dense cranberry meadow—It is piled 3 or 4 feet high for several rods.

---

1“Red breasted Merganser” cancelled in pencil
2“House” altered from “house”
Higher up on the North branch I see
where the trees, especially the swamp white
oaks–have been chafed smooth & white by the
ice (at that time) from the ground to
6 or 3 or 4 feet (6 in some cases) as if scraped
with a hoe–& the bushes all along the
shore–willows, alders &c &c blueberry
swamps in some places–have been more or
/ / less broken down– I hear the lesser redpolls
the last
yet ^– See now along the edge of
the river the ice being gone & many
/ / fresh heaps of clam shells which were opened
by the musquash when the water was higher–
about some tree where the ground rises–
And very many places you see where
they formed new burrows into the bank–
the sand being pushed out into the stream
about the entrance which is still below
water–& you feel the ground under-
mined as you walk.

blossom
?
White maple ^ buds look as if bursting–show a
rusty fusty space perhaps a 16th of an inch in width
over & above the regular 6 scales.

I see scraps of the evergreen ranunculus
along the river side–

Mar 18

more or less

Fair in the forenoon but ^ cloudy & windy
in the p. m.
P. m. Round by Hollowell Place via Clam Shell.

I see with my glass as I go over the RR bridge—sweeping the river—a great gull standing far away on the top of a muskrat cabin which rises just above the water op. the Hub. bath. When I get round within 60 rods of him 10 minutes later—he still stands on the same to spot—constantly turning his head on every side looking out for—foes—Like a wooden image of a bird he stands there—heavy to look at—head, breast, beneath, & rump pure white—Slate colored wings tipped with black & extending beyond the tail—The herring gull I can see clear down to its webbed feet—But now I advance & he rises—easily—goes east off north’ward—over the river with a leisurely flight. At Clam Shell Hill I sweep the river again & see standing mid leg deep on the meadow where the water is very shallow—with deeper around—another of these wooden images—which is harder to scare. I do not fairly distinguished black tips to its wings It is 10 or 15 minutes before I get him to rise—& then he goes off in the same leisurely manner stroking the air with his wings—& now making a great circle back on its course—so you cannot tell which way it is bound—By standing so long motionless
in these places they may perchance accomplish 2 objects—i.e. catch passing fish (suckers?) like a heron—& escape the attention of man. Its utmost motion was to plume itself once & turn its head about. If it did not move its head it would look like a decoy. Our river is quite low for the season—& yet it is here without freshet or easterly storm—It seems to take this course on its migrations without regard to the state of the waters.

Meanwhile a small dark colored duck—

// all neck & wings—roll a winged rolling pin went over—perhaps a teal.

// For the last 2 or 3 days very wet & muddy walking—owing to the melting of the snow; also which ^ has slightly swollen the small streams.

Some vigorous osiers about the trunk of some golden willows on the Hub. bridge Causeway—have all winter been a much brighter yellow than the rest of the trees. They cannot well be more brilliant anytime.

Notwithstanding the water on the surface it is easier crossing meadows & swamps than it will be a month hence—on account of the frost in the ground.

Mar 19th 55

A fine clear & warm day for
the season—Launched my boat //
Pm—paddled to F. H. P.
Very pleasant & warm when the wind lulls & the water is perfectly smooth. I make the {} voyage without gloves. The snow of Mar 14 is about gone & the landscape // is once more russet. The thick ice of the meadows lies rotting on each side of the stream white & almost soft as snow—
In many places it extends still over the shallower parts of the river. As I paddle side of the
or pole up the ^ stream the muddy bottom looks dead & dark—& no greenness is observed but on a close scrutiny—
The unsightly dead leaf stalks of the pontederia & the stems of pol cover it in irregular whorls covered with filth—the black stems of the polygo-
nums here & there still rise above the surface—But on a closer scrutiny you detect here & there bits of the evergreen ranunculus—commonly float-
ing—the cress—some reddish pads nuphar expanded close to the bottom & a few points of its closely rolled unexpand-
ed leaves—also some radical greenness in the pontederia—and what is that fresh green oblong perhaps spatulate
1 1/2 inches long

// leaf ^ making little rosettes on a running
root—in one place just this side the ash

It is Forget me not

above the RR? There is this radical
greenness to correspond with that on the
land. The muskrat house are for
the most part flatted down even below
the present level of the water (at least
5 feet+ below the truss) prob. by the water
& ice a month ago— I see but 3 or 4
well repaired—One new one at least, however,
on a piece of meadow lately lodged.
It is to be inferred that they have not the
same need of them as in the fall. Already
Farrar is out with his boat—looking
for spring cranberries—& here comes the
slowly paddling the dark faced trapper Mel-

{see him out here the 1st boating day next year also}

vin with his dog & gun. ^ I see a poor
drowned gray rabbit floating—back
up as in life, but 3/4 submerged. It
may have be died & been washed. I see
a hawk circling over a small maple
grove through this calm air—ready to
pounce on the first migrating sparrow that
may have arrived. As I paddle or push
along by the edge of the thick ice
which lines the shore—sometimes pushing
against it—I observe that it
is curiously worn by the water into this form the dotted line being the water's edge. The water has eaten into the edge of the ice, (which may be 1 1/2 inches beneath the top) just where its surface meets it, 4 or 5 inches or more—leaving a sharp projecting eave above—while the lower part 5 or 6 inches thick—being preserved hard by the water projects slopes off to a very sharp edge from one to even 4 feet from the upper. The undulations made by my boat and paddle—striking under this eave—make a constant sound as I pass. I am surprised to find that the river has not yet worn through F. H. Pond // Getting up a weed with the paddle close to the shore under water—where 5 or 6 inches deep—I found a fish-worm in the mud. Here // & there floating or on the edge of the ice I see small pieces of Nuphar root with a few rolled pointed leaf buds. prob gnawed off by the muskrats. The greater part of the Wood meadow this side Clam shell has been lifted up & rotted again—& it now sounds hollow & sinks under my steps. The wind has got round more to the east now at 5 pm & is raw & disagreeable & produces a bluish haze or mist at once //

“k” altered from “g”
in the air. It is early for such a phenom-
smelled muskrats in 2 places & saw 2
Saw by their white droppings on the bottom where ducks had fed.

eon. I hear at last the—tchuck

// tchuck of a blackbird & looking up
see him flying high over the river—
S Westerly—the wrong way—in great haste
to reach somewhere—& when I reach my

// landing I hear my first blue-bird, some
where about cheney’s trees by the river— I hear
him out of the blue deeps, but do not yet
see his blue body— He comes with a warble.
Now first generally heard in the village.
Not a duck do I see— It is perhaps too bright & serene a day for them

Mar 20

A flurry of snow—at 7 Am. I go to turn

// my boat up—4 or 5 song sparrows are
flitting along amid the willows by the water
side. Prob. they came yesterday with the
blue birds. From distant trees & bushes I hear
tinkling
a faint ^ te te te te té—& at last a full
strain whose rhythm is whit whit whit,
deliberately sung or measuredly
ter tche, tchear tche, ^ while the falling
snow is beginning to whiten the ground.
Not discouraged by such a reception. The blue-
bird too is in the air & I detect its blue back
for a moment upon a picket.

It is remarkable by what a gradation of
days which we call pleasant & warm—
beginning in the last of February—we
come at last to real summer warmth. At first a sunny calm serene winter day is pronounced spring—or reminds us of it—and even the first pleasant spring day perhaps we walk with our great coat buttoned up & gloves on.

Trying the other day to imitate the honking of geese—I found myself flapping my sides with my elbows, as with wings—& uttering something like the syllables mow-ack with a nasal twang & twist in my head—and I produced their note so perfectly in the opinion of the hearers that I thought I might possibly draw a flock down.

Pm. Up Assabet

It soon cleared off in the morning & prove a fair but windy day. I see a black willow breaks them lower down—settling upon them—or else freezes to drooping 6 inches in diameter which was broken down by limbs, & so pulls them down.

the ice & some birches up the Assabet, which ove the stream had previously been bent ^ were broken off 10 feet from the ground— I notice this havoc along the stream on making my first voyages on it. As I look into the low woods or swamp on each side I see the trees especially rough barked ones—like the black willow

^ swamp wht oak & elm chafed white to sometimes the bark worn of
the height of 3 or 4 feet ^ & the maples also

birches &c being ^ divested of their lichens
you see exactly the height at which the water stood when it froze. The lower twigs of swamp wth oaks over the water are as it were nibbled off by the ice. Were those rocks by the shore this side the leaning hemlocks placed there by the ice?

Some willow catkins whose limb was bent down & held in the ice are 3/8 of an inch

ie.

// long the down beyond the scale. I see // maple sap flowing & taste it sweet in many places where the branhes have been stripped down– In the meadow near the stone heaps I pace a space laid bare by the ice 14 rods x 1 to 4 nearly 1/4 of an acre  only

The crust raised is commonly ^ 4 or 5 inches thick—or down to where the grass roots break—and it is taken principally from covered at the time of the freezing the higher parts of a meadow—^ frequently longitudinal from a ^ swell {}. We notice the color of the water especially at this season where

v 16th ult  // it is recently revealed—^ (& in the fall—) because there is little color elsewher—when it is seen in contrast with the ice or snow or russet landscape.

It shows best in a clear air contrasting with the russet shores. At my landing I hear the peculiar tche tche, or somewhat like that

// tche tche, ^ of the F hiemalis—in company from the cold wind

with a few tree sparrows– They take refuge, ^ half a dozen in all, behind an arbor vitae
hedge & there plume themselves with puffed up feathers.

Mar 21st
6 1/2 Am to swamp B. Brook
Clear, but,\ A very cold westerly wind this morning—ground frozen very hard—yet the song sparrows are heard from the willow & alder rows— Hear\ a lark far off in the meadow.

Pm. to Bare Hill by RR—
Early willow & aspen catkins a very conspicuous now— The silvery down of the former has in some places cropt forth from beneath its scales 1/3 of an inch at least— This\ increased silveriness was obvious I think about the first of March perhaps earlier— It appears to be a very gradual expansion which begins in the warm days of winter. It would be well to observe them once a fortnight through the winter. It is the first decided growth I have noticed—& is prob. a month old. The song-sparrow is now seen dodging behind the wall with a quirk of its tail—or flitting along the alders or other bushes by the side of the road—especially in low ground.–& its pleasant strain is heard at intervals in spite of the cold & blustering wind. It is the most steady & resolute singer as yet—its strain being heard at intervals throughout the day—more than any as yet peopling the hedge-rows.

\“H\” written over “A” and “e” written over “l”
\“This” altered from “They”
There is no opening in Flints Pond except a very little around the boat house. The tree sparrow—flitting song-sparrowlike through the alders utters a sharp metallic *tcheep* In the hollow behind Brittain’s Camp—I see

7 mouse holes—prob. *Mus leucopus*—around an old oak stump—all within a foot of it

& some of their droppings at each hole & where they have gnawed off the grass—& indistinct galleries in the grass extending 3 or 4 feet on every side. I see red maple sap—oozing out & wetting the young trees where there is no obvious wound. Crossed Goose pond on ice.

Mar 22nd

6 1/2 Am to Hill. Over-cast—& cold. Yet there is quite a concert of birds along the river—the song-sparrows are very lively & musical—& the black-birds already sing *O-gurgle-ee-e-e* from time to time—on the top of a willow or elm or maple—but oftener—
a sharp—shrill—whistle—or a *tchuck*. I also hear a short regular robin song—though many are flitting about with hurried note the blue bird faintly warbles—with such ventriloquism that I thought him further off—He requires a warmer air—the jays scream—I hear the downy woodpeckers rapid tapping—&

my first distinct spring note (*phe-be*) of the chicadee.
The river has skimmed over a rod in breadth along the sides. Saw a heavy-flapping bittern—

It was small for a fish hawk

like bird flying N. E. ^ Can it be the stake-driver?? or a gull?

A (prob. mead.) mouse nest in the low mead.

by stone bridge—where it must have been covered

with water a month ago—prob. mad in fall.

Low in the grass a little dome 4 inches in diameter—with no sign of entrance—it being

very low on one side—Made of fine mead. grass.

Though there was a clear strip in the west only about

3 times the height of the mts—& much less in the east—

I saw the sun shining on the Peterboro mts while

we had not had a rau from him— Did the rays at this

hour (7) pass over the clouds which shaded us—? They

may have passed farther north than the clouds reached

for there seemed a lifting in the horizon there.

P. m. F. H. Pond via Conantum.

Caught a lizard in salamander in the Spring hole in the brook behind Hubbards

3 1/4 inch long—tail alone 1 1/2+ a dozen or more marks as of ribs on side

in water

— It was lying on the mud ^ as if basking—

Under microscope all above very finely sprinkled black & light brown—hard to tell

which the ground.

I have not yet identified it. It has no bright

spots—being uniformly dark above ^—beneath

bluish & sides of dull

bluish or ^ slate—beneath ^ tail ^ somewhat golden.

Irides dull golden Last 5/8 inch of tail brighter colored

I have noticed crows in the meadows

partially

ever since they were first ^ bare—the mid of

last mont 3 weeks1 ago.

I hear a song spar on an alder top

---

1"weeks" possibly altered from "week"
sing ozit ozit oze-e-e | tchirp tchirp tchirp tchirp
tchay | te techip ter che ter tchay. Also the
same shortened–and very much varied.

Heard one sing uninterruptedly i.e. without
a pause almost a minute. I crossed Fair.

// H. Pond including the river–on the ice &.
probably can for 3 or 4 days yet.

// C. says he has already seen a little dipper.

How long?

Going the steep side hill on the S of the
about 4 Pm
Pond ^ on the edge of the little patch
of wood which the choppers have not
yet levelled,–though they have felled
many an acre around it this winter–

I observed a ^ hemlock stump about 2 feet
high & 6 inches in diameter–& instinctively ap-

right

proached1 with my ^ hand read to cover it. I

// found a flying squirrel in it–which as my
left hand covered a small hole at the bottom
ran directly into my right hand. It struggled
cotton

& bit not a little, but my woolen gloves
protected me & I felt its teeth only once or
twice. It also uttered 3 or 4 dry shrieks
at first–something like Cr-r-rack–
Cr-r-r-ack cr-r-r-ack– I rolled
it up in my handcherchief & holding
the ends light–carried it home–
in my hand–some 3 miles. It struggled
more or less all the way–especially

1“ed” altered from “ing”
when my feet made any unusual or louder noise going through leaves or bushes— I could count its claws—and through the handkerchief—and once it got its head out a hole. It even bit through the handkerchief.

as I remember chestnut ash or cream

Color above a grey inclining to fawn color? slighty browned—beneath white—the under edge of its wings (?) tinged yellow—the upper

Aud. & Bach do not speak of any such stripe!
dark perhaps black—making a dark stripe—

It was a very cunning little animal—reminding me of a mouse in the room— Its very large & prominent black eyes gave it an interesting innocent look. Its very neat flat fawn-colored distichous tail—was a great ornament—Its “sails” were not very obvious when it was at rest—merely giving it a flat appearance beneath— It would leap off & upward into the air 2 or 3 feet from a table & fall spreading its “sails” & fall to the floor in vain—perhaps strike the side of the room in its upward spring—&—endeavor to cling to it— It would run up the window by the sash—but evidently found the furniture & walls & floor to hard & smooth for it & after some falls became quiet. In a few moments it allowed me to stroke it though far from confident.

I put it in a barrel & covered it for the
night— It was quite busy all the
evening gnawing out—clinging for this
purpose & gnawing at the upper edge
of a round oak barrel—& then dropping
to rest from time to time—& had defaced
the barrel considerably by morning—&
would probably have escaped if I had not
placed a piece of iron against the {—}
gnawed part— I had left in the barrel
some bread—apple—shagbarks & cheese.
It ate some of the apple & one shagbark—
subtracting it quite in two transversely.
It squatted somewhat curled up

In the morning it was quiet & lay amid the
directly
straw with its tail passing under it & the
end curved over its head—very pertly—as if
to shield it from the light & keep it warm.
I always found it in this position by day when
I raised the lid

Mar 23d

Pm To F. H. Pond¹
Carried my flying squirrel back to the
woods in my handkerchief. I placed it
about 3 1/2 Pm—on the very stump I
had taken it from. It immediately ran
about a rod over the leaves & up a
slender maple sapling about 10 feet,
then after a moment’s pause sprang off

¹“Pond” altered from “P.”
& skimmed downward toward a large maple 9 feet distant
^ whose trunk it struck 3 or 4 feet from
 the ground– This it rapidly ascended,
 on the opposite side from me, nearly 30
 feet & there clung to the main stem with
 its head downward eyeing me. After 2 or 3 minutes pause–I saw that it was preparing for
 another spring–by raising its head & looking
 off–& away it went in admirable style
 more like a bird than any quadruped
 I had dreamed of–& far surpassing the

impression I had received from naturalists’, ^
 accounts– I marked the spot it started
 from & the place where it struck & measured
 the height & distance carefully– It sprang
 off from the maple at the height of 28 1/2
 feet (from the ground) & struck the

{g}
ground at the foot of a tree 50 1/2 feet dis-
 tant, measured horizontally. Its flight
 was not a regular descent—it varied
 from a directly line both horizontally
 & vertically– Indeed it skimmed much
 like a hawk–1 Part2 of its flight was
 nearly horizontal–& it diverged from
 a sight line 8 or 10 feet to the right–
 making a curve in that direction. There
 were 6 trees from 6 inches to a foot
 one a hemlock

in diameter ^ in a direct line between

---

1dash written over “&”
2"Part" altered from "part"
the two termini, & there it skimmed partly round--& passed through their thinner limbs as I could perceive did not touch a twig--& skimmed its way like a hawk between & around the trees. Though it was a windy day--this was on a steep hill side away from the wind & covered with wood--so it was not aided by that. As the ground rose about 2 feet--its progress the distance was to the absolute height as 50 1/2 to 26 1/2--or it advanced about 2 feet for every 1 foot of descent. After its vain attempts in the house, I was not prepared for this exhibition-- It did not fall heavily as in the house, but struck the ground gently enough--& I cannot believe that the mere extension of the skin enabled it to skim so far-- It must be still further aided by its organization-- Perhaps it fills itself with air first. Perhaps I had a fairer view than common of its flight now at

NB Aud. & bach. say he saw it skim “about 50 yards” curving upwards 3 1/2 Pm. at the end & alighting on the trunk of a tree.. This in a meadow in which were scattered oaks & beeches. This near Philadelphia.

Kicking over the hemlock stump--which Wesson says he has seen them fly 5 or 6 rods. was a mere shell with holes below--& a poor refuge--I was surprised to find a little nest at the bottom open above just like a bird’s nest--a mere bird--bed. It was composed of des leaves a few shreds of bark &

1“its” written over other characters before it was cancelled
2“it” written over other characters
3“fairer” altered from “fairy”
dead pine needles. As I remember it was not more than 1 1/2 inches broad when at rest--but when skimming through the air--I should say it was 4 inches broad. This is the impression I now have. Capt. J. Smith says it is said to fly 30 or 40 yards. Aud. & Bach. quote one Gideon B. Smith M. D. of Baltimore who has had much to do with these squirrels--& speaks of their curving upward at the end of their flight to alight on a tree trunk--of their “flying” into his windows. In order to perform all these flights--to strike a tree at such a distance &c &c it is evident it must be able to steer--

I should say that mine steered as a hawk--that moves without flapping its wings--never being able however to get a new impetus--after the first spring.

C. saw geese tonight //

Mar 24th 55

I think that the celandine started as early as the 10th of March--& has since been nibbled off by hens &c for it shows more green--but not longer--

Pm up Assabet--by boat

A cold & blustering P. m. after a flurry of snow which has not fairly whitened the ground.

I see a painted tortoise at the bottom //

moving slowly over the meadow. They do not
yet put their heads out—but merely begin
to venture forth into their calmer element.
It is almost as stationary—as inert as the
pads as yet—Passing up the Assabet by
the hemlocks where there has been a slide—
& some rocks have slid down into the river—I
think I see how rocks come to be found in
the midst of rivers. Rivers are continually
changing their channels—eating into one
bank & adding their sediment to the other—
So that frequently where there is a great bend
you see a high & steep bank or hill on one
side—which the river washes—& on the a
broad meadow on the other—As the river
eats into the hill—especially in freshets—it un-
dermines the rocks—large & small—& they
slide down alone or with the sand & soil into
to the waters edge—The river continues to eat into
the hill, carrying away all the lighter
parts the sand & soil, to add to its meadows
or islands somewhere—but leaves the
rocks where they rested—& thus in course of
time they occupy the middle of the stream—
& later still the mid of the meadow perchance
though it may be buried under the mud.
But this does not explain how so many
rocks lying in streams have been split
in the direction of the current—
Again rivers appear to have travelled back and worn into the meadows of their creating & then they become more meandering than ever– Thus in the course of ages the rivers wriggle in their beds–till it feels comfortable under them– Time is cheap & rather insignificant– It matters not whether it is a river which changers from side to side in a geological period¹–or an eel that wiggles past in an instant.

The scales of alders which have been broken by the ice & are lying in the water–are

& the catkins & they are much lengthened & enlarged

now visibly loosen as you look endwise at the catkins ² The White maple buds too

show some further expansion methinks?

The last 4 days–including this³– have been very cold & blustering– The ice on the ponds–which was rapidly rotting has somewhat hardened again–so that you make no impression on it as you walk– I crossed F. H. P yesterday & could have crossed the channel there again. The wind has been for the most part N Westerly–but yesterday was strong southwesterly yet cold. The N– W. comes from a snow clad country still–& cannot but be chilling. We have had several flurries of snow–when we hoped it would snow in earnest & the weather be warmer for it.

¹“l” of “geological” and “p” of “period” collapsed into one letter
²“the catkins” altered from “them”
³“this” possibly altered from “the”
It is too cold to think of those signs of
spring—which I find recorded under this
? date last year. The earliest signs of
spring in vegetation noticed thus far—are
the maple sap—the willow catkins (& poplars (?)
ap, grass on S. banks & perhaps cowslip in sheltered places
not examined early) the celandine (?) ^— Alder
catkins loosened—& also wht maple buds loosened (?)
//
I am not sure that the osiers are decidedly
brighter yet.

Mar. 25th ’55
P. m. to Ministerial Lot—
Still cold & blustering— The ditches where
I have seen salamanders last year before this
? are still frozen up. Was it not a sucker (?}—
I saw dart along the brook beyond Jennie’s?
I see where the squirrels1 have fed extensively
on the acorns now exposed in the melting
of the snow— The ground is strewn with the
freshly torn shells & nibbled meat in some
places.

Mar. 26th ’55
6 Am Still cold & blustering—wind SW. but clear—
// I see a muskrat house just erected—2 feet or
more above the water & sharp—and at the
// Hub. bath—a mink comes tetering along the
ice by the side of the river— I am between him
& the sun & he does not notice me— He runs
daintily2 lifting his feet with a jerk as if his
 toes were sore. They seem to go a-hunting

1vertical pencil line from here through line beginning “freshly torn” (need better copy)
2“daintily” possibly altered from “to”
at night—along the edge of the river
—perhaps I notice them more at this season when the shallow water freezes
at night & there is no vegetation along the shore to conceal them.
The lark sings perched on the top of an apple-tree Seel-vah Seel-vah—&
then perhaps Seel-vah-see-e & several other strains—quite sweet & plaintive—contrasting
with the cheerless season & the bleak-meadows—
Further off I hear one like ah-tick-seel-vah

Pm Sail down to the Grt Meadows—
A strong wind with snow driving from the west—
& thickening the air. The farmers pause to see me scud before it. At last I land & walk further down on the meadow bank. I scare up several flocks of ducks—
There is but little water on the meadow
& that far down & partly frozen—but a great many acres of the meadow

l i f t e d &
crust have there been ^ broken up by the ice—& now make hundreds of slanting isles amid the shallow water—looking like waves of earth—& amid these the ducks are sailing & feeding. The nearest

prob. sheldrakes—
are 2 ap mid. sized with black heads—
& ap white breast & wings & ap. all above but the tail or tips of wings which are black.
A third with them is ap. all dark.

“this” possibly altered from “the”
I do not know what to call them. You are much more sure to see ducks in a stormy afternoon like this—than in a bright & pleasant one—Returning I see near the Island 2 ducks which have the marks (one of them) of the wood duck (—i.e one or 2 longitudinal white stripes down the head & neck)—but when they go over I hear distinctly & for a long time the whistling fine & sharp golden eyes or † were they the // of their wings—^ are they ^ Whistlers?² harlequin Ducks³ prob male & female wood duck

For a while for several weeks or since the ice has melted—I notice the paths made by the muskrats when the water was high in the winter leading from the river up the bank to a nest bed of grass above or below the surface—When it runs under the surface I frequently slump into it—& can trace it to the bed by the hollow sound when I stamp on the frozen ground. They have disfigured the banks very much in some places only the past winter. Clams have been carried into these galleries a rod or more under the earth. The galleries kept on the surface⁵ & terminated perhaps at some stump where the earth was a little raised—When the ice still remained thick over them after the water had gone down.

I was surprised to find fish worms only // four inches beneath the surface in the
meadow close against the frozen portion of the
A few may be also be found on the bottoms of brooks
& ditches in the water—where they are prob. food for the earliest
crust. ^ Is that little flat moss like—or fishes
Jungermannia-like plant on Cheney’s shore the
Selaginella apus? It reminds me of the
finest lace work.

Mar 27th 6 1/2 Am to Island.
The ducks sleep these nights in the shallowest
water which does not freeze—& there may be
found early in the morning— I think that they
prefer that part of the shore which is permanently
covered.

Snow last evening—about 1 inch deep—&
now it fair & somewhat warmer— Again
I see the tracks of rabbits squirrels &c— It
would be a good time this forenoon to ex-
amine the tracks of woodchucks & see what they
are about.

P. m. to Hub’s Close & down brook.
Measured a black oak just sawed down—
23 inches in diameter on the ground—& 54
rings. It had grown twice as much on the
east side as on the west. The fringilla
Linaria still here. Saw a wood tortoise in
the brook. Am surprised to see the
cowslip so forward showing so much green in
E. Hub’s swamp in the brook—where it is sheltered from
the wind. The already expanded leaves rise above the
water— If this is a spring growth— ^ it is the most
forward herb I have seen—excepting the
as forward as the celandine.

//
Saw my frog-hawk—(C. saw it about a week ago)
Prob. F fuscus or sharp-shinned though not well de-
scribed by Wilson. Slate-colored—beating the bush—blak tips
to wings & white rump. No it is the hen-harrier male

Mar 28—
Pm to Cliffs along river—
It is colder than yesterday—wind strong from
N. W. The mts are still covered with snow They
have not once been bare. I go looking for
meadow mice nests—but the ground is frozen
so hard, except in the meadow below the banks—
that I cannot come at them. That portion
of the meadow next the upland—which is now
thawed has already many earth worms in
I can dig a quantity of them—I suspect more than in Summer—
it. ^ Moles might already get their living there.

// A yel. spot tortoise in a still ditch—which has
a little ice also. It at first glance reminds
me of a bright freckled leaf—skunk cab—
scape perhaps—They are generally quite still
at this season—or only slowly put their heads
out (of their shells)—I see where a skunk
// ap. has been probing the sod—though it is thawed
but a few inches, & all around this spot frozen
hard still— I dig up there a frozen & dead white
grub—the large potato grub—This I think he
was after. The skunks nose has made small

or cane

round holes such as a small stick ^ would
make. The river has not yet quite worn

// its way through F—H. Pond—but prob.
will tomorrow.
I run about these cold & blustering days
on the whole perhaps the worst to bear in
the year—(partly because they disappoint expectation)
looking almost in vain for some animal or
vegetable life stirring— The warmest springs
hardly allow me the glimpse of a frog’s heel as he
settles himself in the mud—& I think I am lucky
if I see one winter-defying hawk or a hardy
duck or two at a distance on the water. As
have
for the singing of birds—the few that of come
to us—It is too cold for them to sing & for me
to hear— The blue bird’s warble—comes feeble
& frozen to my ear— We still walk on frozen
ground—though in the garden I can thrust
a spade in about 6 inches.

Over a great many acres the meadows have
been cut up into squares & other figures by the
ice of February—as if ready to be removed—sometimes
separated by narrow & deep channels like muskrat
paths—but oftener the edges have been raised
ap.
& ^ stretched—and settling have not fallen into
their places exactly but lodged on their neighbors.
Even yet you see cakes of ice surmounted by
a shell of mead—crust—which has preserved it—
while all around is bare meadow.

Mar 29th
Pm. to Flints P.
Flints P. is entirely open
may have been a day or 2— There was only a slight opening about the boathouse on the 21st & the weather has been very cold ever since. Walden is more than 1/2 open—Goose pond only a little about the shores—& F. H Pond—only just open over the channel of the river— There is washed¹ up on the shore of Flint’s some pretty little whorls of the radical leaves of the L. Dortmanna—with its white root fibres²—

As I stand on Heywood’s Peak looking over Walden—^ half its surface already sparkling blue water—I inhale with pleasure the cold but wholesome air—like a draught of cold water—contrasting it in my memory with the wind of summer—which I do not thus eagerly swallow. This which is a chilling wind to my fellow is decidedly refreshing to me & I swallow it with eagerness—as a panacea— I feel an impulse also already to jump into the half melted pond. This cold wind is refreshing to my palate as the warm air of summer is not me-thinks— I love to stand there & be blown on as much as a horse in July. A field of ice nearly half as big as the pond—has drifted against the eastern shore & crumbled up against it forming a shining white wall—of its fragments

Mar 30 6 1/2 Am to Island
It is a little warmer than of late though still the shallows are skimmed over—

The pickerel begin to dart from

¹“washed” possibly altered from “in”
²“fibres” written over other characters
the shallowest parts not frozen— I hear many phe-be—notes from the chicadees as if they appreciated this slightly warmer & sunny morning.

A fine day—as I look through the window I actually see a warmer atmosphere with its fine shimmer against the russet hills & the dry leaves—though the warmth has not got into the house & it is no more bright nor less windy than yesterday— or many days past— I find that the difference to the eye is a slight haze though it is but very little warmer than yesterday.

Today & yesterday have been bright windy days—W wind ^ cool—yet, compared with the previous colder gratefully ones—pleasantly ^ cool to me on my cheek.

There is a very perceptible greenness on our S bank now // but I cannot detect the slightest greenness // on the S side of Lee’s Hill as I sail by it— It is a perfectly dead russet.
The river is but about a foot above the // lowest summer level
I have seen a few F. Hiemalis about the house in the morning the last few days. You see also a few black-birds—robins—blue-birds tree sparrows—Larks &c but the song-sparrow chiefly is heard these days.

1Underlining for “warmer” cancelled
He must have a great deal of life in him to draw upon—who can pick up a subsistence in November & March—Man comes out of his winter quarters this month as lean as a woodchuck. Not till the late—could the skunk find a place where the ground was thawed on the surface—

Except for science—do not travel in such a climate as this—in November & March.

I tried if a fish would take the bait today—but in vain I did not get a nibble—where are they br? I read that a great many bass were taken in the Merrimack last week. Do not the suckers move at the same time?

Mar 31st

I see through the window that it is a very fine day—the first really warm one. I did not know the whole till I came out at 3 pm & walked to the Cliffs—

The slight haze of yesterday has become very thick—with a SW wind—concealing the mts. I can see it in the air within 2 or 3 rods as I look against the bushes—The fuzzy gnats are in the air & blue birds whose warble is thawed out—I am uncomfortably warm
gradually unbutton both my coats, & wish that I had left the outside one at home. I go listening for the croak of the 1st frog—or peep of a hylodes—It is suddenly warm—and this amelioration of the weather is incomparably the most important fact in this vicinity. It is incredible what a revolution in our feelings & in the aspect of nature—this warmer air alone has produced—Yesterday the earth was simple to barrenness & dead—bound out—Out o doors there was nothing but the wind & the withered grass & the cold though sparkling blue water—& you were driven in upon yourself—Now you would think that there was a suddene awakening in the very crust of the earth—as if flowers were expanding & leaves putting forth—but not so—I listen in vain to hear a frog or a new bird as yet;—only a the frozen ground is melting a little deeper & the water is trickling down the hills in some places No—the change is mainly in us—We feel as if we had obtained a new lease of life Some juniper (repens) berries are blue now—Looking from the Cliffs I see that Walden is open today first. & F. H. P will open by day after tomorrow no—v Ap. 4th

"the" written over "a"
The month comes in true to its reputation. We wake—though late—to hear the sound & rather warm

// of a strong steady rain on the roof—& see the puddles shining in the road.

It lasts till the middle of the day & then is succeeded by a cold NW wind. This pattering rain & sabbath morning combined make us all sluggards.

When I look out the window I see that the grass on the bank on the S side of the house is already much greener than it was yesterday—As it cannot have grown so suddenly—how shall I account for it?

I suspect that the reason is that the few green blades are not merely washed bright by the rain—but erect themselves to imbibe its influence while the and so are more prominent while the withered blades are beaten down & flattened by it.

It is remarkable how much severer to all superficial vegetation or greenness is a morning frost in march—than a covering of snow or ice.

In hollows where the ice is still melting I see the grass considerably green about its edges—though further off it shows no sign of life.

Pm to Conantum End. This rain will help take the frost
out of the ground. At the 1st Conant. Cliff
I am surprised to see how much the
Columbine leaves have grown in a sheltered
Cleft–also the cinque-foil1—dandelion?—2
yarrow?—sorrel—saxifrage &c &c They
seem to improve the least warmer ray
to advance themselves—& they hold all they
get. One of the earliest-looking
plants in water is the golden saxifrage.

The last half of last month was
cold & windy—excepting the 19th—wind NW
—W & SW— It at last ceased to be chilling
the 29 & 30—which were fine clear cool
but windy day— On the 30th a slight haze—–
then the 31st was suddenly warm with
a thick haze—thawing man & earth—& this
succeeded by today’s rain.
See resting on the edge of the ice in F. H. Pond
a white duck—with black head & a dark one—
they take to the water when I appear on the hill
1/4 of a mile off & soon fly down the
river rather low over the water. Were they
not the same with those of the 16th ult?

Ap. 2nd
Not only the grass but the pines also were
greener yesterday for being wet. To day the
grass being dry the green blades are less

---

1Vertical pencil line through line (need better copy)
2Question mark written above and below dash
conspicuous than yesterday– It would seem then that this color is more vivid when wet--& perhaps all green plants like lichens are to some extent greener in moist weather. 

High winds all night rocking the house–opening doors &c–today also. It is wintry cold also--& ice has formed nearly an inch thick in my boat.

Green is essentially vivid--or the color of life & it is therefore most brillaint when a plant is moist or most alive. A plant is said to be green in opposition to being withered & dead. the word, ac. to Webster, is from the Saxon grene to grow & hence {—} is the color of herbage when growing.

Pm Down the river bank– The wind is still very strong and cold from the NW--filling the air with dust-- which has slightly risen and blowing the water ^ over the rocks & bushes along the shore--where it freezes in the shape of bulls’ horns about the osiers--making coarse rakes with its dependant icicles when the osiers are horizontal--also turtle-shells over the rocks-- It is just such a wind & freezing as that of March last April (18th I think) & if the meadow was flooded there would prob be as
much ice as then on the bushes— There may be wind Ap 3d enough for this phenomenon, in the winter, but then there is no open water to be blown—

Ap 3d

It is somewhat warmer but still windy—& P. m. I go to sail—down to the Island & up to Hubbards Causeway. Most would call it cold today— I paddle without gloves— It is a coolness—like that of Mar. 29th & 30th—pleasant to breathe—& perhaps like that presaging decidedly warm weather— It is an amelioration—as nature does nothing suddenly. The shores are lined with frozen spray-like foam with an abrupt edge—a foot high often in the water side— Occasionally where there twigs—there is a nest of those short1 thick bull’s horn icicles—pointing in every direction. I see many hens feeding close to the rivers edge—like the crows—(& robins & black-birds later) & I have no doubt they are attracted2 by a like cause— The ground being first thawed there not only worms but other insect & vegetable life is accessible there be sooner than elsewhere. See several pairs of ducks—mostly black.

---

1“short” possibly altered from “shoot”
2t-cross for “tt” added in pencil
Returning when off the hill was attracted by the noise of crows, which betrayed to me a very large hawk? large enough for an eagle—sitting on a maple beneath them—Now & then they dived at him—& at last he sailed away low round the hill as if hunting. The hill side was alive with sparrows—red-wings—& the first // grackles I have seen— I detected them or was that a crow-b— bird? first by their more rasping note ^– After a short stuttering—then a fine clear whistle. Ap. 4th

A fine morning—still & bright with smooth water—& singing of song & tree sparrows & some black-birds— A nuthatch is heard on the elms & 2 ducks fly upward on the sunward over the river.

Pm. to Clematis Brook¹—via Lee’s A pleasant day growing warmer, a slight haze. Now the hedges & apple trees are alive with fox-colored sparrows—all over the town—& their imperfect strains are occasionally heard. Their clear fox colored backs are very handsome—I get quite near to them. Stood // quite near to what I called a hairy woodpecker—(but seeing the downy afterward, I am in doubt about it)

¹“Brook” altered from “Pond”
its body certainly as big as a robin—It is a question of size bet the 2 kinds—The
near the end of rows of white spots on the wings of the downy remind me of the lacings on the skirts of a soldier’s coat. Talked with Daniel Garfield near the old house on Conant-um—he was going to see if his boat was in order for fishing. Said he had been a fishing as early as this & caught perch often &c with a worm—He had caught shiners in Fair Haven P through the ice in March—& once a trout in deep water which weighed 2 pounds off Bakers Steep hill—his lines having been left in over night. He had also often caught the little perch in White pond in mid-winter for bait. Sees trout & sucker running up brooks at this season and earlier—& thinks they go out of them in the fall, but not out of the river. Does not know where they go to.

I am surprised to the pond i.e F. H. P. yet yet fully1 open—there is large mass of ice in the Eastern bay—which The rain of the 5th P. m. must have will hardly melt to-morrow— finished it //

It is a fine air—but more than tempered by the snow in the north-west—All the earth is bright. the very pines glisten—& the water is a bright blue

1“fully” possibly altered from “full of”
A gull is circling round F H Pond seen white against the woods & hill sides— looking as if it would dive for a fish every moment— & occasionally resting on the ice— The water above Lees bridge is all alive with ducks— There are many flocks of 8 or 10 together—their black heads & white breasts seen above the water

—more of them than I have seen before this season—& a gull with its whole body above the water—perhaps standing where it was shallow— Not only are the evergreens brighter— but the pools—as that upland one behind Lees—the ice as well as snow— about their edges being now completely melted—have a peculiarly warm—watery & bright April look—as if ready to be inhabited by frogs
I can now put a spad into the garden

—The rain of Ap 1st & the warmth of today have taken out the frost thereby I cannot put a spade into banks by1 the meadow where there is the least slope to the north
Returning—from Mt Misery the pond & river reach presented a fine warm view— The slight haze which on a warmer day at this season softens

1“by” possibly altered from “on” or “to”
the rough surfaces which the winter has left—& fills the copses seemingly with life—(‘makes them appear to teem with life)\(^2\)—mad the landscape remarkably fair. It would not be called a warm—
but a pleasant day—but the water has crept partly over the meadows—and the broad border of button bushes &c &c off Wheelers Cranberry Meadow\(^3\)—low & nearly flat though sloping regularly from an abrupt curving edge on the river side several rods into the meadow till it is submerged—this is isolated—but at this distance & through this air it is remarkably soft & elysian. There is a remarkable variety in the
from this summit view at present ^— The sun feels as warm is in June on my ear—half a mile high
off in front—is this elysian water ^ over which 2 wild ducks are winging their rapid flight eastward through the clear bright air—on each side & beyond\(^4\) the earth is clad with a warm russet—
more pleasing perhaps than green— — & far beyond all in the N— W. horizon my eye rests on a range of snow-covered mountains—glistening in the sun.

\(^1\)Paren written over dash
\(^2\)Paren written over dash
\(^3\)“Meadow” possibly altered from “low”
\(^4\)“beyond” possibly altered from “&c” or “&”
Ap 5th Fast day.
9. Am. to Sudbury line by boat—
A still & rather warm morning—with
a very thick haze concealing the sun
& threatening to turn to rain
It is a smooth april morning water—
& many sportsmen are out in their boats.
I see a pleasure-boat—on the smooth
surface away by the Rock—resting
lightly as a feather in the air—

// Scare up a snipe close to the water’s edges
& soon after a hen hawk from the
Clam shell oaks— The last looks larger
on his perch than flying. The snipe too
then—like crows—robins—black-birds
& hens—is found near the water side—
where is the first spring (E.g. alders & wht—
maples—&c &c) and there too especially are
heard the song and tree sparrows. & pewees—
& even the hen-hawks at this season haunts
there for his prey. Inland the groves
are almost completely silent as yet.
The Concert of song & tree spars at willow
row is now very full—& their dif notes are
completely mingled. See a single white-

// bellied swallow dashing over the river
He too is attracted here by the early
insects that begin to to be seen over
It is a sober moist day with a circle round the sun—which I can
the water. It being Fast day—we on the water
only see in the reflection in the water—
hear the loud & musical sound of bells ring-
ing for church in the surrounding towns.
The river appears to have risen still last night
& many spring-cranberries are washed together at last
owing to the rain of the 1st & now many
new seeds ap. of sedges are loosened & washed up—
Now that for the most part it is melted quite
to its edge—& there is no ice there—the water
has a warmer april look close under my eye.
Now is the first time this year to get spring cranberries
There is a strong muskrat scent from
many a shore. See a muskrat floating
In many places now the river wreck is chiefly composed of Juncus militaris—was it so
in fall?
which may have been drowned when the
river was so high in mid winter—for this is
the 2nd I have seen—with the rabbit
a yel— spot
I saw yesterday & see today—a painted tor-
toise already out on the bank or a tuft
of grass— The muskrat hunter sits patiently
with cocked gun waiting for a muskrat
to put out his head amid the button
bushes—he gets half a dozen—in such
a cruise. Bushed our boat with hemlock
to get near some ducks—but another boat
above also bushed scared them. Heard
from one half flooded meadow that
low general hard stuttering tut tut tut
of frogs (?) The awakening of the meadow.
Hear the cry of the Peacock again.

"loosened" altered from "looser"
By four Pm it began to rain gently—or mizzle. Saw this forenoon a great many of those little fuzzy gnats in the air

Ap. 6th

It clears up at 8 Pm—warm & pleasant leaving flitting clouds & a little wind.

& I go up the Assabet in my boat—
The black-birds have now fa begun to frequent the waters edge in the meadow—the ice being sufficiently out. The april waters—smooth

(none yet)

and commonly high—before many flowers ^ or any leafing—while the landscape is still russet & frogs are just awakening—is peculiar—

It began yesterday. A very few white-maple stames stand out already loosely enough to blow in the wind—& some alder catkins look almost ready to shed pollen. On the hill sides I smell the dried leaves & hear a few flies buzzing over them— The banks of the river are alive with song sparrows & tree-sparrows—they now sing in advance of vegetation as the flowers will blossom—those slight tinkling—twittering sounds called the singing of birds—they have come to enliven the bare twigs before the buds show any signs of

starting. I see a large wood tortoise just crawled out upon the bank with 3 oval sow1-bug like leeches on its sternum. You can hear all day from time to time in any part of the village the sound of a gun fired at ducks. Yesterday I was wishing that I could find a dead duck floating

---

1“sow” altered from “low”
on the water, as I had found muskrats & a hare—as now I see something bright & reflecting the light from the edge of the alders 4 or 5 or 6 rods off—Can it be a duck?—I can hardly believe my eyes—I am near enough to see its green head & neck—I am delighted to find a perfect specimen of the Mergus Merganser\(^1\) or Goosander—undoubtedly shot yesterday by the Fast Day sportsmen—and I take a small flattened shot from its wing—flattened against the wing bone ap—the wing is\(^2\) broken & it is shot through the head—it is a perfectly fresh and very beautiful bird—as I raise it, I get sight of its long slender vermilion bill (color of red sealing wax) & its clean bright orange legs & feet—& then of its perfectly smooth & spotlessly pure white breast & belly tinged with a faint salmon—(or say\(^3\) tinged with a delicate buff)

The chief wound was in a wing which was broken. I afterward took 3 small shot inclining to salmon—This acc to Wilson is one from it which was\(^4\) flattened against the bill’s base & perhaps? the quills shafts—of the mergansers or Fisher Ducks of which there are 9 or 10 species & we have four—in Am. It is the largest of these 4—at feeds almost entirely on fin & shell fish—called Water Pheasant Sheldrake—Fisherman Diver—Dun Diver—sparring Fowl—Harle &c as well as Goosander—Go in April return in Nov. Jardine has found seven trout in one female.

Nuttall says they breed in the Russian Empire

\(^1\)“Mergus Merganser” may be underlined in pencil (need better copy)
\(^2\)“is” altered from “&”
\(^3\)“say” cancelled in pencil
\(^4\)Possibly “were”
& are seen in Mississippi & Missouri in winter. He found a young brood in Pennsylvania.

Yarrell—says they are called also Saw\-bill & Jack-saw—are sometimes sold in London market. Nest ac. to Selby on ground—ac to others in a hollow tree also— Found on the Continent of Europe—northern Asia—& even in Japan (?) Some breed in the Orkneys & therabouts. V n. p.

7/8

My bird is 25 ^ inches long—& 35\(^2\) in alar extent from point of wing to end of primaries 11 inches.

It is a great diver—& does not mind the cold. It seems appears admirably fitted for diving & swimming. Its body is flat—

& its tail short ^ compact & wedge shaped

—its eyes peer out a slight slit or semi-circle in the skin of the head—& its legs

& the toes shut up compactly

are flat & thin in one direction ^ so as to create the least friction when drawing them forward— but their broad webs spread them 3 1/2 inches when they take a stroke.

The web is extended 3/8 of an inch beyond the inner toe of each foot. ^ There are very conspicuous ^ teeth-like serrations along the edges of its bill & the also is roughened— so that it may hold its prey securely.

The breast appeared quite dry when I raised it from the water.

The head & neck are as Wilson\(^3\) says black glossed with green— but the lower part of the neck pure white— & these colors bound on each other so abruptly that one appears to be sewed on to the other.

It is a perfect wedge from the mid-

\(^1\)“Saw” altered from “saw”

\(^2\)“5” written over “4”

\(^3\)“W” written over “w”
dle of its body to the end of its tail—& it is only 3 1/4 inches deep from back to breast at the thickest part—while the greatest breadth horizontally (at the root of the legs) is 5 1/2 inches. It reminds me of an otter which however I have never seen.

I suspect that I have seen near a hundred of these birds this spring, but I never got so near one before. In Yarrell’s plate the depth of the male goosander is to its length (i.e. from tip of tail to most forward part of breast) as 37 to 103 or the depth is more than 1/3. This length in Yarrell’s bird—calling the distance from the point of the wing to the end of the primaries 11 inches—is about 14 1/2 inches of which my 3 1/4 is not 1/4.

In Nuttall’s the proportion is 32 to 91 also more than 1/3. I think they have not represented the bird flat enough.

Yarrell says it is the largest of the British Mergansers—is a winter visitor—though a few breed in the north of Britain; are rare in the southern counties—But, ac to Yarrell, a Mr Low in his Nat. Hist of Orkney, says they breed there—& after breeding the sexes separate—& Y. quotes Selby as saying that their nest is near the edge of the water—of grass, roots, &c lined with down—sometimes among stones—in long grass—under bushes—or in a stump or hollow tree. Y continues egg “a uniform buff white” 2 1/2 inches

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“it is” altered from “its”
long—Sometimes carry their young on their backs in the water. It is common in Sweden & ac to the traveller Acerbi—in Lapland they give it a hollow tree to build in & then steal its eggs—The mother he adds carries her young to the water in her bill. Y says it is well known in Russia—& is found in Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, Provence, & Italy Has been seen near the Caucasus (& is¹ found in Japan ac to one authority) Also in N Am. Hudson’s Bay Greenland—& Iceland.

Ap 7th

In my walk in the P. m. of today I saw from Conantum say 50 rods distant—2 sheldrakes male
prob & ^ female sailing on A Wheeler’s Cranberry Meadow—
white of the
I saw only the ^ male at first but my glass revealed the male. The male is easily seen a great distance on the water—being a large white mark—But they will let you come only within some 60 rods ordinarily. I observed that they were uneasy at sight of² me & began to sail away in different directions. I could plainly see the vermilion bill of the male (but he appeared all white above)
& his orange legs when he flew ^—& the red-
or sorrel
dish brown ^ of the neck of the female & when she lifted herself in the water (as it were preparatory to flight) her white breast & belly

¹“is” possibly altered from “in”
²“of” possibly altered from “on”
– She had a greyish look on the sides. Soon they approached each other again—& seemed to be conferring—& then they rose & went off ^
up stream
soon ^ a hundred feet over the pond the female leading—the male following close behind—the black at the end of his curved wings very conspicuous. I suspect that about all the conspicuous white ducks I see are goosanders.

I skinned my duck yesterday & stuffed it today— It is wonderful that a man having undertaken such an enterprise ever persevered in it to the end—& equally wonderful that he succeeded— To skin a bird—drawing backward wrong side out over the legs & wings down to the base of the mandibles—! Who would expect to see a smooth feather again? This skin was very tender on the breast. I should have done better had I stuffed it at once or turned it back before the skin became stiff—Look out not to cut the eye ear & eye-lid—But what a pot bellied thing is a stuffed bird compared even with the fresh dead one I found! It looks no longer like an otter—like a swift diver but a mere waddling duck. How perfectly the vent of a bird is covered—! It looks no longer like an otter—like a swift diver but a mere waddling duck. How perfectly the vent of a bird is covered—! There is no mark externally.

1 “over” altered from “to”
2 “!” written above and below dash
At 6 this morn to Clam Shell— The
// skunk cab— open yesterday at least XX The earliest
flower this season— I suspect that the spathes
do not push up in the spring— This\(^1\) see is but
3 inches high— I see them as high & higher in the
fall, & they seem only to acquire color now
\(\text{out}\)
& gape open. I see but one \(^\wedge\) & that sheds pollen
// abundantly— See 30 or 40 goldfinches
in a dashing flock—in all respects (notes & all\(^2\))
Wood’s
like lesser red-polls) — On the trees by the causeway
& on the RR bank. There is a general twittering
& an occasional mew— Then they alight on the
ground to feed—along with F hiemalis & fox
colored sparrows— They are merely olivaceous above
dark about the base of the bill—but bright yell
lemon yellow in a semicircle on the breast—
\(\text{& tail}\)
black wings \(^\wedge\) with white bar on wings—& white
vanes to tail. I never saw them here so
early before— Or probably on or 2 olivaceous
birds I have seen & heard of in\(^3\) other years
What is cock croach? like black beetle 
\(\text{ dengan? on pebbles—like cicindelas?}\)
Pm to Hub's close & Lee’s Cliff.
of grass on the surface
A mouse nest \(^\wedge\) in Stows Meadow E of RR \(^\wedge\). Just
like those seen in the rye field some weeks
ago—but this in lower ground has a distinct
gallery running from it—& I think is the
nest of the meadow mouse— The pool at
unbroken gray ice
Hubbard’s Close which was full of ice \(^\wedge\) the 27

\(^1\)“This” altered from “I”
\(^2\)“& all” written over other characters
\(^3\)“in” altered from “were”
of March—is now warm looking water—with
the slime covered callitriche standing a foot
high in it—and alread a narrow grass ^ has sprung
bent
up & lies ^ 9 or 10 inches flat on the water. //
This is very early—as well as sudden—In 10 days
there has been this change—How much had that
glass grown under the ice—I see many small skaters? //
as long as my finger
in it. Saw a trout ^ in the ditch dug from Brister’s
spring which having no hole over hanging bank at
where it could hide—plunged into the mud like
a frog—& was concealed. The female flowers of
the hazel are just beginning to peep out. //
At Lees Cliff I find the radical
leaves of the early saxifrage—columbine—
& {is} it not) the tower mustard?—&c much eaten
ap. by prtridges & perhaps rabbits—Below They
must have their greens in the spring & earlier
obviously
than me—Below the rocks the most ^ forward //
columbine
radical leaves are the ^ tower-mustard (if that
is-it {} {}lanceolate & petioled & remotely toothed)
bulbosa
Early crowfoot1 {&}2 The buttercup ^ is a peculiarly sappy dark pickle green—decided spring & none of
your sapless evergreens3
& Catnep—& mullein ^—The little thyme
which is evergreen
leaved arenaria I believe it is—& some other minute
leaves also already green the ground. The saxifrage
on the rocks will ap open in 2 days it5 shows
some white. The grass is now decide conspicuously
green about open springs. in dense tufts.
The frozen sod partly thawed in low grounds

1“Early crowfoot” written vertically in left margin, downward, forming right angle with line beginning “is—
it”
2Line connecting “crowfoot” and “The buttercup” goes through what looks like “&”, possibly cancelling it
(need better copy)
3“& none . . . evergreens” written vertically in right margin, upward, forming right angle with line ending
“spring”
4Caret written below dash
5“it” altered from “is”
sinks under me as I walk.

Ap 8 6 Am up Assabet—
A fine clear morning. The ground white
with frost—& all the meadows also & a
low mist curling over the smooth water
now in the sun light which gives the

silver

water a ^ plated look. The frost covers the
willows & alders & other trees on the sides
of the river 15 or 20 feet high— Quite
a wintry sight. At first I can hardly dis-

tinguish Wht maple stamens from the frost
spiculae— I find some anthers effete & dark

there are many in this condition
& others still mealy with pollen—^ The Crimson
fern stigmas also peeping forth. It evidently began
// to shed pollen yesterday. xxx I find als at length

xxx

// a single catkin of the alnus incana—with
a few stamens near the peduncle discolored & shedding

a little dust when shaken so this must have

xxxx

// begun yesterday—I think—but it is not so forward
as the maple— Though I have looked widely I
have not found the alder out before.

// I see some long cob-web lines covered with
frost hanging like from tree to tree 6 feet
in one case, like the ropes which extend
from mast to mast of a vessel. Hear & see

// a pigeon woodpecke something like week up
// week up. The robins now sing in
full chorus blast

Very thin dark ice crystals over shallowest water—showing the

flat pyramids.
Also song spars & tree spars—& f. hiemalis are heard in the yard—The fox-col sparrow is also there. The tree sparrows have been very musical for several mornings—somewhat canary-like. As to which are the earliest flowers—I think it & ground bare or not—meadows wet or dry &c &c depends on the character of the season—& also on the variety of soils & localities within your reach—The columbine leaves in the clefts of Lees Cliff is one of the very earliest obvious growths—I noticed it the first of April—The rad leaves of the dense buttercup now at Lees Cliff—a small flat & circle—are a very diff. color from those evergreen leaves seen are when the snow first goe—off—They emphatically a green green—as if a sort of green fire were kindled under them in the sod. The buds not only of lilacs—but white birches &c. look swolen. When taking the brain out of my duck yesterday—I perceived that the brain was the marrow of the head. & it is probably only a less sentient brain that runs down the back-bone—the spinal marrow—

Abiel Wheeler tried to plow in sandy soil yesterday but could not go beyond a certain depth because of frost.

Pm Up Assabet to G. Barrets meadow

This forenoon it was still & the water smooth

Now there is a strong cool wind from the east.

Am surprised to see a round clam close to the shore at mouth of Dakin’s brook in one foot of water—(A school of small minnows)

“They” possibly written over “It is”
Already a turtles track on sand close to water—flutters across

// The great buff-edged butterfly goes over the river—
// afterward I see a small red one over the
before river the 6th

shore. Though the river—(excepting F. H. P. &
has for a week been completely free of ice—&
only a little thin crystalwise forms in the night
in the shallowest parts—that thick ice of the
winter (February) on the meadows covered
by pieces of meadow crust is in many place
now that ice is a rather rare sight & plowing is beginning

// still nearly as thick as ever—^ It is remarkable
how long this frozen meadow crust lying on it
has preserved it— Where the pice of meadow
is only 3 or 4 feet in diameter—its edges now
project over the ice so that the whole looks
like a student’s 4-cornered cap.—or that
which the President of Harvard wears. All that
mass on B’s meadow appears to have been taken
from the upper part of the meadow near the road
about 30 rods off from where it now lies.
In2 the ditches near which it was taken up I
see the coarse yellow-reddened & sometimes

// already greentipped pads of the Yellow lily partly
rolled

unfolded at the bottom of the warm water—
The most of a spring growth perhaps in the water—
Also 2 or 3 good sized buds of a healthy green.
Hear at a distance in the sproutlands the

// croaks of frogs from some shallow pool

1“6” altered from “5” or “3”
2“In” altered from “I s”
Saw 6 muskrats bodies just skinned on the fatty bank—2 large yellowish looking masses of I suppose musk on each side the lower part of the abdomen—Every part of the animal now emits a very strong scent of musk. A foot which I brought home (together with a head) scented me all over. The forefeet are small & white on the palm—while the hind ones are black. All the skin being stripped off except on the nose & feet—the forefeet look\(^1\) like hand clothed in gauntlets of fur. This evening about 9 Pm I hear geese go over—now there in the S—now SE—now E—now NE low over the village—but not seen—The first I have heard.

Ap 9th

5 1/4 Am to red bridge just before sun-rise fine clear morning—but still cold enough for gloves.—a slight frost—and mist as yesterday curling over the smooth water—I see half a dozen crows on an elm within a dozen rods of the muskrats bodies as if eyeing them. I see thus often crows very early near the houses in the morning which soon after sunrise take their way across the river to the woods again—it is a regular thing with them. Hear the hoarse rasping chuck or chatter of crow black birds & distinguish their long broad tails

\(^1\)“took” in MS
Wilson says that the only note of the rusty grackle is a chuck—though he is told that at Hudson’s Bay at the breeding time they sing with a fine note—

Here they have not only a chuck—but a fine shrill whistle. They cover the top of a tree now & their concert is of this character—

— they all seem laboring together to attain to a clear strain—as it were wetting their whistles against their arrival at Hudson’s bay—as if they were getting out—

They begin as it were by disgorging or spitting it out, like so much tow, from a full throat and conclude with a clear fine shrill ear piercing whistle—Then away they go all of chattering together. Hear a

// phoebe near the river. The golden willow is methinks a little livelier green & begins to peel a little—but I am not sure the bark is any smoother yet

Heard a loud ^ dry tremulous shriek which reminded me of a king fisher—but which I found proceeded from a woodpecker which had just alighted on an elm—also its clear whistle or // chink afterward—It is probably the hairy woodpecker & I am not so certain I have seen it earlier this year—Wilson does not allow that the Downy one makes exactly such a sound—
Did I hear part of the note of a golden crowned wren this morning? It was undoubtedly a robin—the last part of his strain.

Some $20^1$ minutes after sundown I hear the first booming of a snipe.

The forenoon was cloudy & in the afternoon it rained—but the sun set clear lighting up the west with a yellow light—which in which the frame of a new building is distinctly seen while drops there was no green grass to reflect—^ hang on every twig—

& producing the first rain bow I have seen or heard of except one long ago in the morning. With April showers methinks come rain-bows. Why are they so rare in the winter? Is the fact that the clouds are then of snow commonly—in stead of rain sufficient to account for it?

At sunset after the rain—the robins & song-spars & blackbirds &c fill the air along the river with their song.

MacGillivray says that Divers, Mergansers and Cormorants—actually fly under water using their wings fully expanded.– He had seen them pursuing sand eels along the shores of the Hebrides. Had seen the water-ouzel fly in like manner–

Several flocks of geese went over this morning also. Now then the main body are moving. Now first are they generally seen & heard.

---

$^{1^\text{st}}$“20” possibly altered from “10”
Another fine clear morning—with, as usual a little frost.

6 Am to river— I see afar ^ sailing on Hubbard’s meadow—on the smooth water in the morning sun, conspicuous, 2 male shell drakes & 1 female— They glide along a rod or 2 apart—in shallow water— alternately passing one another,— & from time to time plunging their heads in the water, but the female (whom only the glass reveals) almost alone diving— I think I saw one male drive the other back— One male with the female, kept nearly together a rod or 2 ahead of the other

Therien says James Baker sold his woodlot S of F. H. Pond—about 25 acres chiefly white pine for 120 dollars an acre— & that there was one hemlock whose top & branches alone1 yielded 2 1/2 cords. — v next page

The buds of the earliest2 gooseberry in garden now first beg to show a little green on a close inspection.

P. m. To F. H. P by boat—
A strong S Wind & overcast. There is the slightest perceptible3 green on the hill now— No doubt in a rain it would be pretty obvious— Saw a tolerably fresh sucker floating—

2 days have seen 2 halves ^ before which looked very ancient—as if they had died in the winter— There are 3 or 4 small scollops in the Dorsal fin.

1“alone” altered from “along”
2vertical pencil line thorough this and the next lines, also horizontal pencil under line (need better copy)
3pencil line through line (need better copy)
Another dead muskrat—equally old—with the 2 others I have seen this spring—as if they had died at the time of the great freshet in Feb. At Lee’s the early sedge—one only\(^1\) XXX. The saxifrage there tomorrow XXX—One\(^2\) flower is partly expanded.

I measured the hemlock mentioned on the last page—The diameter\(^3\) of the trunk at the but where it was—a\(^4\) foot from the ground was 9 10/12 feet—at 10 feet from the ground 8 10/12 at the small end where it was cut off—1 1/2 feet—Length 40 feet. Its\(^5\) diameter diminished very—regularly the first 25 feet.

As for the early sedge—who would think\(^6\) of looking for a flower of any kind in those dry tufts whose withered blades almost entirely conceal the springing green ones— I patiently examined one tuft after another higher & higher up the rocky hill—till at last I found yellow one little ^ spike of yellow—low in the grass—which shed its pollen on my finger. As for the saxifrage—when I had given it up for today—having after a long search in the warmest clefts & recesses found only 3 or 4 buds which showed some white— I at length on a still warmer shelf found one flower partly expanded—& its

\(^1\)Caret written below dash
\(^2\)“One” written over “It is”
\(^3\)”diameter” cancelled in pencil
\(^4\)“a” possibly altered from “is”
\(^5\)“Its” altered from “It is”
\(^6\)“think” altered from “thing”
The common peduncle had shot up an inch.

These ^ earliest flowers in these situations have the same sort of interest with the arctic flora— for they are remote & unobserved & often surrounded with snow—& most have not begun to think of flowers yet.

Early on the morning of the 8th I paddled up the Assabet looking for the first flowers of the white maple & alder— I held on to the low curving twigs of the maple where the stream ran swiftly—the round clusters of its bursting flower buds spotting the sky above me—& on a close inspection found a few which (as I have said) must have blossomed the day before— I also paddled slowly along the river side looking closely at the alder catkins & shaking the most loose—till at length I came to a bush which had been weighed down by the ice & whose stem curved downward passing through the the water— & on this was one looser & more yellowish catkin—which (as I have said) on a close examination showed some effete anthers near the peduncle.

The morning of the 6th when I found the skunk-cabbage out—It was so cold I suffered from numbed fingers having left my gloves behind— // Since April came in, however, you have needed gloves only in the morning.
bare

Under some high bank sloping to the south on the edge of a meadow—where many springs issuing from the bank—melt the snow early—there you find the first skunk cabbage in bloom—

I see much yellow little lily root afloat—which the musk-rats have dug up & nibbled.

Ap 11th

Rained in the night—awake to see the ground white with snow & it is still snowing the slight sleet driving from the north at an angle of certainly not more than 30 or 35 degrees with the horizon as I judge by its course across the window panes—By mid Pm the rain has so far prevailed that the ground is bare—As usual this—brings the tree-sparrows & F hiemalis into the yard—again.

Ap 12

Still falls a little snow & rain this morning though the ground is not whitened— I hear a purple-finch nevertheless on an elm—steadily warbling—& uttering a sharp chip from time to time.

Pm to Cliffs & Hub’s Close—Fair with drifting clouds but cold & windy.

At the Spring brook I see some skink cabbage leaves already 4 or 5 inches high & partly unrolled. From the Cliff Hill—the mts are again thickly
clad with snow—& the wind being NW its 
coldness is accounted for— I hear it fell 
14 or 15 inches deep in Vermont. As I sit 
in a sheltered place on the Cliffs I look over 
the pond with my glass—but see no living thing.

Lee’s meadow just inside the button bushes on the west of the pond, about a mile distant

Soon after I saw a boat on the pond— & raising 
my glass I saw one man paddling in the stern & 
another in white pantaloons standing up in the bow— 
ready to shoot— Presently I saw the last raise his gun 
take aim & fire into the bushes—though I heard 
from

no sound ^ over the dashing waves, but merely saw 
as in a picture

the smoke— He then pointed There was a strong 
wind from the NW, while I was looking SW—

the gunner 
He then pointed out the course while his 
companion paddled & I saw him distinctly strike 

& struck I dis-

the game with in the water with a paddle & then 
lift tinctly saw him lift up a muskrat by the 
tail. In a few moments very nearly the

same actions were repeated—though this time I did 
not see the rat raised.

Then turning my glass down the stream—

I saw on the Miles’ meadow shore about 
half a mile distant—a man whom I 
knew empty casting fat emptying his boat 
of fat pine roots—which he had got 
for spearing—while his dog was digging 
at a woodchuck’s hole—close by.

For a week past I have frequently seen

^Caret written below dash
the tracks of woodchucks in the sand.

Golden Saxifrage out at Hub’s Close—one //
at least effete– It may have been the 10th XX?
The grass has within1 10 days shot up very perceptibly shallow
in ^ water & about springs– In the last place it forms
dense moss like tufts in some cases–also some warm
& some hollows where the ice has recently melted
southward banks are considerably greened ^–but generally
there is no obvious greening2 as yet– It is at most //
a mere radical greenness which you must seek
to find. 1 Cowslip will ap. open in 2 days at Hubs Close– //
ot ∎ 16th but ap touched by frost–but prob some by 16th at 2nd Div. V 18th
Ap. 13th
Pm–to 2nd Division Cowslips.

A fair day–but a cool wind still from
the snow covered country in the NW.
It is however pleasant to sit in the sun
in sheltered places– The small croaking
frogs are now generally heard in all //
or pools
those stagnant ponds ^ in woods floored
with leaves–which are mainly dried up in the summer– At first perhaps you hear but
one or 2 dry croaks–but if you sit patiently
you may hear quite a concert of them
at last–er-wah er-wah er-wah–
with a nasal twang & twist–and3
see them dimpling or rather the surface
here & there by their movements– But

1“within” written over other characters
2vertical pencil line through line (need better copy)
3“and” possibly altered from “more”
if you approach the pondside they suddenly cease & dive to the bottom. We hear them at J. P. Brown’s Pond which is edged with ice still on the north. The water must be smooth—& the weather pretty warm—

There is still some icy snow under the north sides of woods in hollows—

I see the feathers ap. of a fox-col. sparrow completely covering a stump—where some creature has devoured it. At a great ant-hill—the common half red half black ants are stirring—ap clearing out rubbish from

Great quantities of odoriferous sweet-gale seed are collected with the scum at the outlet of Nut meadow—for they float. their nest. The alnus incana blossoms begin generally to show. The Serrulata will undoubtedly blossom tomorrow in some places XXXX or probably not till 15th—XXX? Did I not take the incana for this in ’54?

The pine on the Marlboro road which I saw from my window—has been sawed down the past window— I try to count its circles—count 61 from centre to sap—but there the pitch conceals the rest—completely. I guessed there were 15 more at least— The tree was probably quite 80 yrs old. It was about 2 1/4 feet in diameter.

The common hazel just out XXX It is perhaps the prettiest flower of the shrubs that have opened. A little bunch of (in this case) half a dozen catkins 1 3/4 inches long

"The" written over "A"
trembling in the wind & full of shedding\(^1\) golden pollen on the hand—&—close by
as many minute, but clear crystaline crimson
stars at the end of a bare & seemingly dead
twig. For 2 or 3 days in my walks I had
given the hazel catkins a fillip with my finger\(^2\)
under their chins to see if they were in bloom—but
in vain—but here on the warm south side
bunch
of a wood—I find one cluster fully out—& completely
relaxed. They know when to trust themselves to the
weather.— At the same time I hear through
the wood the sharp peep of the first hylodes I
have chanced to hear. Many cowslip buds
show a little yellow—but they will not open there
for 2 or 3 days The road is paved with solid
d There. See a sp
Returning by the steep side-hill just south of
Holden’s woodlot—& some dozen or 14 rds west
of the open land—I saw, amid the rattlesnake
plantain leaves—(what I suspect to be the
Polygala paucifolia) some very beautiful
of a dull green (green turned dark)
leaves—^(growing & looking like checkerberry
but more flaccid) leaves ^ above—but beneath, & a great many
showed the underside—a clear & brilliant
purple (or lake??) {} It is about 3 or 4 inches
high with the oval & revolute leaves at
small
top & a few remote ^ bract\(^6\)-like leaves on the
(3 sided) stem— This\(^7\) pyrola is sometimes called
Flowering Wintergreen—& indeed—it\(^8\) is not

\(^{1}\)“shedding” possibly altered from another word
\(^{2}\)“finger” possibly altered from “find”
\(^{3}\)Caret written below dash
\(^{4}\)Open paren most likely inserted; close paren possibly inserted too
\(^{5}\)First “?” written above dash, presumably cancelling it (in another reading, the short horizontal line could be underlining for the question marks—but this is less likely than the first reading)
\(^{6}\)“bract” altered from “bracts”
\(^{7}\)“This” possibly altered from “The”
\(^{8}\)“it” possibly altered from “is”
only an evergreen—but somewhat pyrola
without marks on throat or breasts
like to the eye. See a sparrow ^ running
peculiarly in the dry grass in the open
field beyond—& hear—its song—& then
// see its white feathers in tail—the Baywing
   A small willow by the roadside beyond
// Wm Wheelers tomorrow XXX
  Ap 14th
6 Am to Island— An overcast—& br moist
   No sun all day
day—but truly April— ^ like such as began
methinks on Fast day—or the 5th— You cannot
foretell how it will turn out. The
// river has been steadily rising since the last 1st of April
though you would not think there had been rain
enough to cause it— It now covers the meadows
   It is perhaps because the warm rain has been melting the frost in the ground—this
pretty respectably. ^ I see half a dozen crow
   may be the great cause of the regular spring rise.
black birds uttering their coarse rasping
char char—light like great rusty
springs on the top of an elm by the river-
side—& often at each char they open their
great tails. They also attain to a clear
whistle with some effort—but seem to
have some difficulty in their throats yet—
   The P. Tremuloides by the Island shed pollen
// a very few catkins yet at least XX—for some
antheres are effete & black this morning—though
it is hardly curved down yet & is but 1 1/2 inches
long at most.
White maples are now generally in bloom. The musk tortoise–stirring on the bottom. Most of the stellaria has been winter killed–but I find a few flowers or a protected & still green sprig–prob–not blossomed long.

A– 8. Am. {——} Took caterpillars eggs from the apple trees at the Texas house–& found about 30.

It being completely overcast–having rained a little, the robins &c sing at 4 1/2 as at sundown usually.

The waters too are smooth & full of reflections.

Ap 15.

9 Am. to Atkin’s Boat House–(No sun till setting)

Another still moist overcast day–without sun but all day a crescent of light as if breaking away in the north. The waters smooth & full of reflections– A still cloudy day like this is perhaps the best to be on the water– To the clouds perhaps we owe both the stillness & the {} reflections–for the light is in a great measure reflected from the water. Robins sing now at 10 Am as in the morning–& the Phoebe–& pig–woodpecker’s caclle is heard–& many martins (with white-bel– swallows) are & twittering skimming ^ above the water–perhaps catch-ing the small fuzzy gnats with which the air is filled. The sound of church

“I'Most” altered from “The”
bells, at various distances—in Concord & the neighboring towns, sounds very sweet to us on the water—this still day— It is the song of the villages heard with the song of the birds. The great meadows are covered, except a small island in their midst,¹ but not a duck do we see there. On a low limb of a maple on the edge of the river 30 rods from the present shore we saw a fish

// hawk eating a fish. 60 rods off we could see his white crest— We landed & got nearer by stealing through the woods
His legs looked long as he stood up on the limb with his back to us—& his body looked black against the sky & by con-

There was a dark stripe on the side of the head trast with the white of his head. ^ He had got the fish under his feet on the limb, & would bow his head snatch a mouthful & then look, hastily over his right shoulder in our direction—then snatch another mouthful & look over his left shoulder— When

At length we approached in the boat he launched off & flapped heavily away— We found at the bottom of

in ^ the water beneath where he sat numerous fragments of the fish he had been eating parts of the fins {——} entrails—gills &c

¹Comma possibly altered from period
& some was dropped on the bough. From one fin which I examined, I judged that it was either a sucker or a pout– There were small leaches adhering to it. In the meanwhile– as we were stealing through the woods–we heard the pleasing note of the pine-warbler bringing back warmer weather–& we heard one honk of a goose & looking up saw a large narrow harrow of them steering N. E. Half a mile further we saw another fish-

midway up hawk upon a dead limb & of a swamp white-oak over the water at the end of a small island. We paddled directly toward him till within 30 rods. A crow came scolding to looking about as large comp. with the hawk, as a crow b. bird to a crow– the tree & lit within 3 feet, ^ but he paid no attention to him. We had a very good view of him as he sat sidewise to us–& of his eagle shaped head & beak. The white feathers of his head which were erected some-what mad him look like a Couple-crowned hen– When he launched off he uttered a clear whistling note–phe phe, phe phe, phe phe, somewhat like that of a tell-tale–but more round & less shrill & rapid–& another perhaps his mate 50 rods off joined him. They flew heavily, as we looked at them from behind,
more like a blue heron & bittern than
I was aware of—their long wings undu-
lating slowly to the tip—like the herons—&
the bodies seeming sharp like a gulls—&
unlike a hawk’s. In the water beneath where
he was perched we found many frag-
ments of a pout—bits of red gills—
entrails—fins—& some of the feel long flex-
ible black feelers—scattered for 4 or 5 feet.
This pout appeared to have been quite fresh
and was prob. caught alive— We after-
ward started one of them from an oak
just above the boat-house
over the water a mile beyond—& he flew
skimmed off very low over the water
as several times striking it with his
a loud sound heard plainly 60 rods
off at least—& we followed him with
{both} our be eyes till we could only see
faintly his undulating wings against the
You could probably tell if any were
sky in the W. horizon. about by looking for fragments of fish
under the trees on which they would perch.

// We had scared up ^ few ducks some ap. black
which quacked—& some small rolling pins
prob. teal.

// Returning—we had a fine {f} view of a blue-
eron standing erect & open to view on
a meadow island—by the great swamp
S of the bridge—looking as broad as a
// boy on the side—& then some sheldrakes
sailing in the smooth water beyond—These soon sailed behind points of meadow—The heron flew away—and one male shell-drake flew past us low over the water reconnoitering large—and brilliant black & white—When the heron takes to flight what\(^1\) a change in size & appearance—it is presto change. There go two great undulating wings pinned together—but the body & neck must have been left behind somewhere.

Before we rounded Balls’ Hill\(^2\)—the water now beautifully smooth—at 2 1/2 Pm—we saw 3 gulls sailing on the glassy meadow at least 1/2 mile off by the plainer because they were against the reflection of the hills. the oak peninsula — They looked larger than afterward close at hand—as if their whiteness was reflected & doubled. As we advanced into the Great Meadows—making the only ripples in its broad expanse still there being — not a ray of sunshine—only a subdued light through the thinner crescent in the north—the reflections of the maples—of Ponkawtasset & the poplar A wall which ran down to the water on the hill side—without Hill—& the whole township in the SW out any remarkable curve in it—was exaggerated by the were as perfect as I ever saw—the reflection into the half of an ellipse. meadow was expanded to a large lake—the shore line being referred to the sides of the hills reflected in it—

\(^1\)“what” possibly altered from “it”
\(^2\)“Hill” altered from “hill”
It was a scene worth many voyages to see—It was remarkable how much light those white gulls—and also a bleached post on a distant shore—reflected through almost that sombre atmosphere—conspicuous as candles in the night—When we got near to the gulls they rose heavily & flapped away answering a more distant one—with a deliberate remarkable—lazy, melancholy, squeak-mewing or piping ing scream—almost a squeal. It was a little like the loon. Is this sound the origin of the name Sea-mew? Notwithstanding the smoothness of the water—we could not easily see black ducks against the reflection of the woods—but heard them rise at a distance before we saw them. The birds were still in the middle of the day—but began to sing again by 4 1/2 Pm.—prob. because of the clouds—Saw & heard do they not come with the smooth-waters of April?

// a Kingfisher hurried over the meadow as if on urgent business—

// That general—tut tut tut tut—or snoring of frogs on the shallow meadow heard first slightly the 5th—There is a very faint er er er now & then mixed with it.

Ap 16th

5 Am to Hill—Clear & cool—a frost whitens ground—yet a mist hangs over the

\*Caret written below dash
village— There is a thin ice reaching a foot from the water’s edge—which the earliest rays will melt. I scare up several snipes feeding on the meadow’s edge— It is remarkable how they conceal themselves when they alight on a bare spit of the meadow— I look with my glass to where one alighted 4 rods off—& at length detected its head rising amid the cranberry vines—& withered grass blades which ^ it closely resembled in color—with its eye steadily fixed on me. The robins—&c—blackbirds—songspars— sing now on all hands just before sunrise perhaps quite as generally as at any season Going up the hill I examined the tree tops for hawks— What is that little hawk about as big as a turtle dove on the top of one of the wht oaks on top of the hill? It appears to have a reddish breast—now it flies to the bare top of a dead tree—now some crows join—& it pursues one—diving at it repeatedly from above—down a rod or more—as far as I can see toward the hemlocks— Returning that way I came unex- pected close to this hawk perched near the top of a large aspen by the river right over my head— He seemed neither to see or hear me. At first I thought it a ^ woodpecker— I had a fair view of all its back and tail within 40 feet with my glass. Its back was I rather should say a ^ dark ash—spotted & so barred

"top" written over other characters (need better image)
woodpecker like (not well described in books)

wings & back with large white spots ^–prob– on
the inner vanes of the feathers—both 2ndaries &
primaries—& prob– coverts. The tail conspicuously
barred with black—3 times beyond the covering
& feathers & once at least under them. Beneath
with long & conspic. femoral feathers, unlike Spar. hawk.

& undertail mainly a dirty white ^– Head darker
& bill dark– It was busily pruning itself–& sud-
denly pitched off downward. What I call
prob. Sharp-shinned V. May 4th

// a pig. hawk. ^ In the mean while heard
the quivet through the wood—& looking
small
saw through an opening a ^ compact flock

// of pigeons flying low about.

From the Hill top looked to the Great Meadows
with glass– They were very smooth—with a slight
mist over them—but I could see very clearly
the pale salmon of the E horizon reflected
there & contrasting with an intermediate
streak of skim milk blue—now just
after sunrise.

PM to Flints Pond.

A perfectly clear & very warm day—a little warmer

// than the 31st of March or any yet—& I have

for the first time

not got far before ^ I regret that I wore my

// great coat. Noticed the first wasp—& many

// cicindelae on a sandy place–have probably seen

the latter before in the air—but this warmth
brings them out in numbers– The grey of
Hubbards oaks looks drier & more like sum-

& it is now drier walking The frost in most places wholly out
mer—^ I got so near a grass bird as
to see the narrow circle of white round the
eye– The spots on the E. guttatas in

leafy-paved which dries up

a still warm ^ ditch ^ are exceedingly bright
Stows cold pond hole is still full of ice though partly submerged—the only pool in this state that I see—now—does it last? At Callitriche pool—(I see no flowers on it)—I see what looks like minnows an inch long with a remarkably forked tail-fin—Prob. larvae of dragonflies. The water ranunculus was very forward here

The eyed-head conspicuous & something like a large dorsal fin They dart about in this warm pool & rest at different angels with the horizon. This pool dries

The very pools—the receptacles of all kinds of rubbish—now {too} soon after the ice has melted so transparent & of glassy smoothness & full of animal & vegetable life

up in Summer. The orange copper vanessa are interesting & beautiful objects. mid-sized is out—& a great many of the large buffedged are fluttering over the leaves in wood paths—this warm pm— I am obliged to carry my great coat on my arm—A striped snake rustles down a dry open hill side where the withered grass is long. I could not dig to the nest of the Deer-mouse in Britton’s Hollow—because of the frost—about 6 inches

Yet though I have seen no ploughing in fields— the Surveyors plowed in the road on the 14th ult beneath the surface. ^ As far as I dug their galleries occupied appeared at first to be lined with a sort of membrane—which I found was the bark or skin of roots of the right sizes¹ their galleries taking the place of the decayed wood—of the An oak stump. At Flints sitting on the rock—we see a great many—ducks—mostly shell drakes on the pond—which will hardly abide us within half a mile. With the glass I see by their reddish heads that all of one party—the main—body—are females— You see little more

¹Possibly "size"
than their heads at a distance & not much white but on their throats perchance— When they fly they look black & white but not so large nor with that brilliant contrast of black & white which the male exhibits— In another direction is¹ a male or or ² by himself conspicuous—perhaps several. Anon alights near us a flock of Golden eyes—surely with their great black-(looking) heads & a white patch on its side short stumpy bills (after looking at the mergansers—) Much clear black—contrasting with much clear white— Their heads & bills look ludicrously short & parrot like—after the party others— Our presence & a boat ^ on the pond at last drove nearly all the ducks into the deep easterly cove— We stole down on them carefully through the woods—at last crawling on our bellies— with great patience—till at last we found our selves within seven or 8 rods ^ of the great body of them & watched them for 15 or 20 ^ minutes with the glass through a screen of catbriar & alders &c There were a-de 12 female sheldrakes close within 2 rods of the shore where it was very shallow together & nearest us ^ 1 or 2 or more constantly within about the diam. of a rod moving about & keeping watched while the rest were trying to sleep with to catch a nap with their heads in their backs— would but from time to time one ^ wake up enough to plume himself. It seemed as if

¹“is” possibly altered from “a”
²Paren written over hyphen
they must have been broken of their sleep—and were trying to make it up—having an arduous journey before them—for we had seen them all disturbed & on the wing within half an hour. <sup>1</sup> Now & then they seemed to see or hear or smell us—& uttered a low note of alarm—something like the note of a tree-toad but <sup>2</sup> but the sleepers hardly lifted their heads for it. Now & then one of them appeared to sink about mid-way in the water—and their heads were all a rich reddish brown—their throats white— Now & then one of the watchmen would lift his head & turn his bill directly upward showing his white throat. There were some black— or dusky ducks in company with them at first—ap. about as large as they—but more alarmed—Their throats looked straw colored—somewhat like a bitterns & I saw their shovel bills. These soon sailed further off At last we arose & rushed to the shore—within 3 rods of them—and they rose up with a din—26 mergansers I think all females—10 black ducks—(& 5 golden— a little eyes from further off—also another still more distant flock of one of these kinds<sup>2</sup> The black ducks alone uttered a sound, their usual hoarse quack—

<sup>1</sup>“headed” possibly altered from “heading”
<sup>2</sup>“d” reformed in pencil
They all flew in loose array—but the 3 kinds in separate flocks. / We were surprised to find ourselves looking on a company of birds devoted to slumber after the alarm & activity we had just witnessed. which many water bugs—(gyrinus) were now dimpling. Returning at Goose Pond we scared up 2 black ducks—The shore was strewn with much fresh eel grass—& the fine now short ericaulon with its white roots—ap—all pulled up by them & drifted in. // The spearer’s light tonight—& after // dark the sound of geese honking all together very low over the houses—& ap. about to settle on the Lee meadow. // Have not noticed fox-col—spars since Ap. 13th. I am startled sometimes these mornings to hear the sound of doves alighting on the roof just over my head—they come down so hard upon it, as if one had thrown a heavy stick on to it—& I wonder it does not injure their organization. Their legs must be cushioned in their sockets to save them from the shock.

When we reached Britton’s clearing on our return this Pm—at sunset—The mts after this our warmest day as yet—had got a peculiar soft mantle of blue haze—pale blue as a blue heron—ushering in the long series

“of” possibly altered from “a”
of Summer sunsets—& we were glad that we had stayed out so late & felt no need to go home now in a hurry—

Ap 17

5 Am— Up Assabet—very little frost— a clear—morning— The oars still cold to the hands at this hour— Did I not hear an F. Juncorum //

Yes      Saw some C. b. birds inspecting that old nest of theirs— at a dist.?? ^ ^ I believe I see a tree-sparrow still // but I do not remember an F. hiemalis for 2 or //

v 18

3 days. ^ Geese went over at noon—when warm & sunny //

P. m. to Lee’s Cliff. I leave off my great coat—though the wind rises rather fresh before I return. It is worth the while to walk so free and light— having got off both boots & great coat. Great flocks of grackles & redwings about the Swamp— B. brook willows—perching restlessly on an aple tree all at once & then with a sweeping or curving flight alighting on the ground. Many robins flit before me in flocks these days. I rarely find a nest (of the right species) near the river but it has a pice of a fish-line in it— The yel— spot tortoises are very common now in the ditches— tumbling in & crawling off—& perhaps burying many themselves at your approach— some are outside. The 2nd sallow catkin (or any willow) I have seen in blossom—there are
3 or 4 catkins on the twig partly open--
// I am about to clutch--but find already
curved close on intoxicated with its early sweet.
half opened catkin
a bee to each --one perhaps a honey bee--so
intent on its sweets or pollen--that they do not
Various kinds of bees--some of the honey bees have little1 yeild masses of pollen? on their thighs--some seem
dream of flying --so quickly & surely does
to be taking into their mouths.
the bee find the earliest flower--as if he
had slumbered all winter at the root of
the plant. No matter what pains you take
probably--undoubtedly--an insect will
have found the first flower before you.

Yesterday I saw several larger frogs out--
// perhaps some were small bullfrogs-- That
warmth brought them out on to the bank--
& they jumped in before me. The general stirring of frogs
// To day I see a rana palustris--I think
// the first--& a mid sized bull frog. I think
I suspect that those first seen in Hub's
// close were the little croakers

I see by their droppings that many birds
perhaps robins--have lately roosted in that wine-
glass--apple-scrub on Conantum--an
excellent covert from the hawks--& there
are 3 old nests in it though it is only 6
or^2 8 feet in diameter-- I also see where
birds have roosted in^3 a thick white pine--
in Lees wood-- It is easy to detect their
roosting places now because they are in
// flocks-- Saw a woodchuck--his deep
reddish brown rear--somewhat grizzled
about--looked like a ripe fruit mellowed
by winter. C. saw one some time ago--
They have several holes under Lee's
Cliff--& I sus where they have wore

1"little" blotched--not clear if it is cancelled
2Need better image to confirm that "or" is added based on the following reading: "8" looks odd; T might have started to write "feet" following "6" and realized that the covert was larger than 6 feet in diameter, maybe as large as 8; he would have changed the first stroke on the line to "8", written "or" before it and "feet" after it.
3pencil line through "in" (need better copy)
bare & smooth sandy paths under the eaves of the rock—& I suspect that they nibble the early leaves there—^ They, or^ the partridges or rabbits—there & at mid-Conant cliff—make sad havoc with the earliest rad—leaves & flowers which I am watching—& in the village I have to contend with the hens—who also love an early sallad. Sat at the wall corner to see an eagle’s white head ^ against the red—hillside—but in vain. The distant wht pines over the Spanish Brook—seem to flake into tiers—the whole tree looks like an open cone. A warm sudden warm day like yesterday & this takes off some birds—and adds others—It is a crisis in their career—The fox-col—spars—seem to be gone & I suspect that most of the tree spars & T. hiemalis at least went yesterday. So the pleasanter weather seems not an unmixed benefit. The flowers of the common elm at Lee’s are now loose & dangling—ap well out // or 2

some days ^ in advance of Cheney’s—but I see no pollen—Walking und the Cliff—I am struck by the already darker healthier green of early weeds there—e.g. the little thyme-flowering sandwort—before there is any green to speak of elsewhere—Did I not see the yel—red-poll—on an apple tree with some robins—by chance in the Yes

same place where I saw one last year? ^ Yet I see no se chestnut on head—but bright

“or” possibly altered from “&” or “a”
yellow breast & blackish further extremity. The early aspen catkins are now some of them 2 1/2 inches long—& white dangling in the breeze. The earliest gooseberry leaves are fairly unfolding now & show some green at a little dist. 

Ap. 18

// 6 Am—see & hear tree spars—& hear hiemalis. still
// Rained last evening & was very dark—
Fair this morning—& warm— White-bel— swal’s &—martins twitter now at 9 Am.

Pm to Cliffs—& Walden—& Hub’s Close.

// The hill-side & especially low bank-sides are now conspicuously green. Almost did without a fire this A. m. Coming out
// I find it very warm warmer than yesterday or any day yet. It is a reminiscence of past summers— It is perfectly still & almost sultry

// with wet looking clouds hanging about—&
1st weather of this kind.

from time to time hiding the sun ^—& as I sit on F. H. Hill side the sun actually burns my cheek— Yet I left some fire in the house— not knowing behind a window, how warm it was. The flooded meadows & river are smooth & just enough in shadow for reflections—
The rush sparrows tinkle now at 3 Pm far are peeping
over the bushes—& hylodes ^ in a distant pool.
Robins are singing & peeping—& jays are

// screaming. I see one or 2 smokes in the horizon. I can still see the mts slightly
// spotted with snow— The frost is out enough for plowing prob. in most open ground—
When I reach the top of the hill—I see sud-

east or South from Bear hill in Waltham
to the river
denly—all the Southern ^ horizon full of a
mist—like a dust—already concealing the
Lincoln hills and producing distinct wreathes of
the rest of the horizon being clear
vapor—^ Evidently a sea turn—a wind from over
the sea—condensing the moisture in our warm
atmosphere—& putting another aspect on the
face of things—all this I see & say long before
I feel the change—while still sweltering on
for the heat was oppressive
the rocks—^ Nature cannot abide this sud-
den heat—but calls for her fan. In 10 min-
utes I hear a susurrus in the shrub oak
leaves¹—at a distance & soon an agreeable
fresh air washes these warm rocks—&
some mist surrounds me.
A low blackberry on² the rocks is now ex-
 panding its leaves just after the gooseberry—
A little sallow—^ it about 2 feet high—and
ap. intermediate bet— tristis & the next—with red-
dish anthers not yet burst will bloom tomorrow—in
well-meadow path. The shad-bush flower buds
begining to expand look like leaf-buds bursting now
Male—sweet gale XX 1 cowslip fully
expanded—but no pollen—prob. is at 2nd Division.
Some fully open May 4th but no pollen till next morn in chamber?!
Some are plowing ^. Am over taken by
a sudden sun shower after which a rain-bow

Amer
Elm in tumbler & prob. at Cliffs XXX prob a day
2 before Cheney’s.

¹“leaves” possibly altered from “in” or “is”
²vertical pencil line through “on” (need better copy)
In the evening hear far & wide the ring of toads—& a thunder shower—with its lightning is seen & heard in the west.

Ap 19th

5 Am up Assabet— Warm & still

& somewhat cloudy—am without great coat. The guns are firing & bells ringing
I hear a faint honk & looking up see
or rather within the breadth of a mile

going over the river within 50 rods—

At least 300 have past over C. this Spring & (perhaps 2\(^{nd}\) as many) for I have seen

32 geese in the form of a hay-hook—
or heard of a dozen flocks—& the 2 I counted had about 30 each—
only 2 in the hook—& they are at least
6 feet apart— Prob. the whole line is 12

rds long. Many tortoises have their heads

out. The river has fallen a little. Going
up the Assabet 2 or 3 tortoises roll down
the steep bank—with a rustle—one tumbles
on its edge & rolls swiftly like a disk
cast by a boy with its black back to me.—
from 8\(^{1}/_{2}\) or 10 feet into the water—

I hear no concert of tree sparrows. Hear

{White throated spar?}

the tull-lull of myrtle\(^{2}\) bird in street—&

the jingle of the chip bird.

This A. m. sit with open window.

Now plowing & planting will begin generally.

Pm to Walden

Some golden willows will now just peel
fairly—though on this one the buds have

---

\(^{1/2}\)

"8" possibly altered from another number

\(^{2}\)horizontal pencil line under word (need better copy)
not started–(Another sudden change to NE in the wind–^ & a freshness with some mist from the sea at 3 1/2 p. m.) These osiers to my eye have only a little more liquid green than a month ago. A shad frog on the dry grass– The wild red cherry will beg to leaf tomorrow– From Heywoods Peak I thought I saw the head of a loon in the // 35 or 40 rods distant pond. ^ Bringing my glass to bear, it seemed sund very low in the water—all the neck concealed—but I could not tell which end was the bill. At length I dis-covered that it was the whole body of a little duck—asleep with its head in its back exactly in the middle of the pond. It had a moderate sized black head & neck—a white breast—& ap seemed dark brown above, with a white spot on the side of the head—(not reaching to the outside—from base of mandibles) and another, perhaps on the end of the wing— with some black there. It sat drifting round a little, but with ever its breast toward the wind—& from time to time, it raised its head & looked round to see if it was safe— I think it was the smallest duck I ever saw— Floating buoyantly asleep on the middle of Walden Pond. Was it not a female

---

1"it" written over other characters
2"wing" altered from "wind"
of the buffel-headed or spirit duck? I believed the wings looked blacker when it flew—
with some white beneath. It floated like
a little casket—and at first I doubted
a good while if it possessed life—until
I saw it raise its head and look around.
It had chosen a place for its nap exactly
equidistant between the 2 shores there—&
with its breast to the wind swung round only as
much as a vessel held by its anchors in the stream.
At length the cars scared it.

Goodwin had caught 25 pouts & one shiner
at the Walden meadow—but no perch.
Slip Elm in tumbler today—prob. tomorrow at Cliffs XXX
A partridge drums.

Ap. 20
Rains all day—taking out the frost—
& imprisoning me. You cannot set a
post yet on ac. of frost.

Ap 21
5 Am to Cliffs— Fair & still.
There is a fog over the river which
shows at a distances more than near by—
Not much. The frost conceals the green
of the gooseberry leaves just expanding.
The shallow puddles left by yesterday’s
rain in the fields are skimmed over.
Hear the first seringo— The duskyish
crown is divided by a lighter line
Above it is ashy-brown & drab–a streak of lemon yellow over the eye–some brownish drab or bay making a spot on wings–a white lines\footnote{\textit{s} possibly added to “line”, in conjunction with cancellation of “a” before “white”} diverging from throat–reddish legs against sun–breast & beneath sides dashed– It has not the note of Nuttall’s F Savannah–or methinks the blackness of Wilson’s– Is it the passerina–which Nuttall

Yes– Yes he calls it F. Savanarum p. 494 says they arrive about the mid. of May “\textit{occasionally}” does not describe? At Cliffs–I hear at

!! “On these occasions they perch in sheltered trees in pairs, and sing in an agreeable voice a dist– a wood thrush. It affects us as a somewhat like that of the Purple Finch, though less vigorously.” Thinks they go north to breed. part of our unfallen selves. The P– Grandidentata there may open tomorrow– The frost saves my feet a wetting probably– As I sit on the Cliffs\footnote{“Cliff” possibly altered from “Cliff”} the sound of the frost & frozen drops melting & falling on the leaves in the woods below–sounds like a gentle but steady rain all the country over–while the sun shines clear above all.

Aunt Maria has put into my hands to day for safe keeping 3 letters–from Peter Thoreau, dated Jersey–(the 1st July 1st 1801, the 2nd Apr. 22nd 1804–& the 3d Apr. 11th 1806) & directed to his niece “Miss Elizabeth Thoreau Concord Near\footnote{“Near” altered from “near”} Boston.” &c also a “\textit{Vüe de la Ville de St Helier &c}” accompanying the 1st. She is not certain that any more were received from him.

The 1st is in answer to one from Elizabeth announcing the death of her father (my grand
father). He states that his mother died the 26th of June 1801—the day before he received E’s letter—though not till after he had heard from another source of the death of his brother, which was not communicated to his mother. “She was in the 79th year of her age, & retained her memory to the last.” —— “She lived with my two sisters, who took the greatest care of her.” He says that he had written to E’s father about (the death of) his oldest brother, (who died about a year before, but had had no answer—had written)—that he left his children, two sons & a daughter, in a good way, “the eldest son and daughter are both married, and have children, the youngest is about eighteen. I am still a widdower of 4 children, —— I have but two left, Betsy & Peter, James & Nancy are both at rest.” He adds that he sends a view “of our native town” &c.

The 2d of these letters is sent by Capt. John Harvey of Boston. He says that on the 4th of Feb. previous he sent her a copy of the last letter he had written, which was in answer to her 2nd, since he feared she had not received it. Says they are still at war with the French—That they received the day before a letter from her “Uncle & Aunt Le Cappelain of London.” Complains of not receiving letters. “Your Aunts Betsy & Peter join with me” &c.

^x1 Where is it?^2

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^1“x” functions to connect “copy” to text written vertically in left margin. See next note.
^2“x Where is it?” written vertically in left margin.
Ac. to the 3d letter he received an answer to that he sent by Captn Harvy, by Capt. Touzel, & will forward this by the last—who is going via Newfoundland to Boston. “He expects to go to Boston every year.” Several vessels from Jersey go there every year. His nephew had told him some time before that he “met a gentleman from Boston who told him he [saw or knew?] Thoreau & Hayse there.” & he thinks the & he (Peter Thoreau) therefore thinks the children must have kept up the name of the firm. Says Capt. Harvey was an old friend of his. “Your Cousin John is a Lieutenant in the British service, he has been already a campaign on the continent, he is very fond of it.” “Your aunts Betsy & Peter join &c”. Aunt Maria thinks the correspondence ceased at Peters death—because he was the one who wrote English.

Pm Sail to meadow near Carlisle Bridge.

A fine clear & pleasant day with a little west wind. Saw a painted turtle not 2 inches in diameter—this must be more than 1 year old.

A female red-wing— I see yellow-red polls on the bushes near the water—handsome birds but hear no note. Watched for some
time a dozen black ducks on the meadows
edge in a retired place—some on land and
50 rods off & without the glass they looked like crows feeding on the
some sailing—^ Examining the ground after-
meadow’s edge—with a a scarcely perceptible tinge of brown.
ward found that the whitish lichen thallus
(which formed a crust—a sort of scurfy
bald place in the here & there in the meadow
where the water had just risen) was loosened
up & floating over the bare spaces mixed with
a few downy feathers— I thought the
flat meadow islets showed traces of having
been probed by them— All the button
bushes &c &c in and about the
water are now swarming with those
// minute fuzzy gnats about 1/8 of an
The insect youth are on the wing
inch long—^ The who shore resounds
with their hum wherevever we approach
it—& they cover our boat & persons—
They are in countless myriads the whole
peet-weet
// length of the river— A peep ^ on the
There is some gossamer on the willows
// shore.
// The river has risen considerably owing
& new drift is brought down
to yesterday’s rain. ^ The greater fullness
of the Assabet is perceptible at the junction
The N.Y. Tribune said on the 19th ult—
“The caterpillar-blossoms, and the slightest peep-
ing of green leaves among the poplars & willows,
and a tolerable springing of grass, are
the only vegetable proofs yet to be seen”.
I should think they were just with our gooseberry.
Ap 22

5 1/2 Am to Assabet Stone Bridge—
Tree sparrows still. See a song sparrow getting its breakfast in the water on the meadow like a
an early one by further Stone bridge
wader. Red maple yesterday XXX— Balm of Gilead prob. to-morrow— The Black currant is just
begun to expand leaf—prob yesterday elsewhere—a little
earlier than the red. {P} Though my hands
are cold this morning I have not worn gloves
for a few mornings past—a week or 10 days. The grass is now become rapidly green by the
sides of the road—promising dandelions &

buttercups.

Pm to Lee’s Cliff— Fair—but windy—
Tree-sparrows about with their buntinish head
& faint chirp. The leaves of the skunk cabbage
unfolding in the meadows—make more show
than any green yet— The yel— willow-catkins
pushing out beg. to give the trees a misty downy
appearance—dimming them. The bluish band
on the breast of the king-fisher leaves the pure
white beneath in the form of a heart
The blossoms of the sweet gale are now
on fire over the brooks—contortotted like cater-
pillars. The fem. flowers also out like the
hazel— with more stigmas—out at same
time with the male. I first noticed my little

---

1“earli” altered from “early”
2vertical pencil line through “become” (need better copy)
3vertical pencil line through “skunk” (need better copy)
4vertical pencil line through “give” (need better copy)
mud turtles in the cellar out of their
one of them—some 8 days ago— I suspect
// those in the river begin to stir abut that time?
// Antennaria prob yest. XX Skullcap—mead ditch.
Many yel— redpolls on the willows now—they
jerk their tails constantly like phoebes—but
I hear only a faint chip. Could that have been
a female with them with an ash head & merely
?

? a yellow spot on each side of body—white beneath?
prob. a myrtle-bird—
// & forked tail. ^ Red stemmed moss now—
// Goosanders male & female— They rise
& fly—the female leading— They afterward
show that they can get out of sight about
as well by diving as by flying. At a dist—
you see only the male—alternately diving &
sailing—when the female may be all the while
by his side. Getting over the wall under
the mid. Conantum Cliff—I heard a
loud & piercingly sharp whistle of 2 notes
phe-phe—like—a peep somewhat—could it
have been a woodchuck? Heard afterward under
^ at Lees Cliff a similar fainter one—which
at one time appeared to come from a Pig.
// woodpecker— Cowbirds on an apple tree.
// Crowfoot on Cliff—XXX Johnswort
& angelica
rad. leaves have grown several1 inches ^ shows
// Elder leaves have grown 1 1/2 inches—& Thim-
ble berry is forward under rocks— Mead. sweet
in some places begs to open today—also barberry
under Cliffs & a moss-rose tomorrow—

1vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)
Say—earliest gooseberry—then elder—thimbleberry & raspberry—& low blackberry—("the last 2 under rocks")—then wild red cherry—then black currant yesterday—then mead sweet (& barberry under Cliff) today. —A moss-rose tomorrow & hazel under cliffs tomorrow—

Ap 23d

River higher than before since winter. Whole of Lee Meadow covered. Saw 2 pig—woodpeckers—approach—& I think put their bills together & utter that o-week-o-week—

The currant—& 2nd goose berry are bursting into leaf.

Pm. to Cedar Swamp via Assabet—
Warm & pretty still—Even the river sides are quiet at this hour (3 P. m.) as in summer—the birds are neither seen nor heard—The anthers of the larch are conspicuous—but I see no pollen.

in house the 24th

White cedar—tomorrow XXX ^ See a frog hawk—beating the bushes—regularly What a peculiarly formed wing. It should be called the kite. Its wings are very narrow & pointed—and its form in front—is a remarkable curve—& its body is not heavy & buzzard-like—It occasionally hovers over some parts of the meadow or hedge & circles back over it—Only rising enough from time to time to clear the trees & fences—Soon after I see hovering

---

1 vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "& hazel" (need better copy)
2 Paren written over dash
3 Paren written over dash
4 vertical pencil line through "goose" (need better copy)
over Sam Barretts–high sailing–a
more buzzardlike brown hawk–black-barred beneath and on tail–with short broad ragged wings–& perhaps a white mark on under side of wings. The chickens utter a note of alarm– (Is it the Broad-winged hawk–F Pennsylvanicus?) But why should the other be called F. Fuscus? I think this is called the partridge-hawk–The books are very unsatisfactory on these // 2 hawks. Ap. barn swallows over the river. & do I see bank swallows also? // C. says he has seen a yellow legs.
I have seen also for some weeks occasionally a brown hawk with white rump–flying low–which I have thought the frog-hawk in a diff. stage of plumage–but cant it be at this season–& is it not the marsh hawk–Yet it is not so heavy nearly as the hen hawk. Ap. 24th Pm to Flints Pond.
Warm & quite a thick haze– Cannot see distant hills–nor use my glass to advantage. The Equisetum arvense on the causeway sheds its green pollen–which looks like lint on the hand abundantly & may have done so when I first saw it upon // the 21st. Young caterpillars nests

1vertical pencil line through “thick” (need better copy)
2vertical pencil line through “sheds” (need better copy)
are just hatched on the wild cherry—some others just come out are an inch in diameter—The little creatures have crawled at once to the extremity of the twigs & commenced at once on the green buds just about to burst—eating holes into them—They do not come forth till the buds are about to burst. I see on the P pines at Thrush alley¹ that G C wren or the other ashey olive above & whitish beneath—with a white bar on wings—restlessly darting at birds like a flycatcher—into the air after them—It is quite tame—A very neat bird—but does not sing now. I see a bee like a small bumble bee go into a little hole under a leaf in the road—which ap. it has made & come out again back foremost. That fine slaty blue butterfly bigger than the small red, in wood paths. I see a cone-bearing willow in dry woods which will beg—to leaf to- morrow. & ap to show cones. Pyrus arbutifolia will beg to leaf tomorrow—its buds are red while those of the shad bush are green—I can find no red cedar in bloom—but it will undoubtedly shed pollen tomorrow XXX It is on the point of it. I am not sure that the white cedar is any earlier—The sprigs of red cedar now full of the buff colored staminate flowers like fruit are very

¹Possibly “Alley”
rich—The next day they shed an abundance of pollen in the house—It is a clear buff color—while that of the white cedar is very different being a faint salmon—It would be very pleasant to make a collection of these powders—like dry ground paints. ^I see on the black-birch stumps where they have cut by F. Pond the past winter completely covered with a greasy looking1 pinkish colored cream—yet without any particular taste or smell. What the sap has turned to

// The salix alba begs to leaf.
// Have not seen the F. hiemalis for a week.

Ap 25th
A moist april morning. A small or say May 1st if they are bracts //native willow leafing2 & showing catkins today //also the black-cherry in some places—The3 //common wild rose tomorrow—Balm of //Gilead will not shed pollen ap for a day //or more. Shep. purse will bloom today XX
The first I have noticed which has sprung from the ground this season—or of any age.
//Say lilac begs to leaf with common4 currant.
Pm to Beck Stow’s.
Hear a faint cheep & at length detect
//the white throated sparrow—the handsome & well marked bird—the largest of

1vertical pencil line through “looking” (need better copy)
2vertical pencil line through “leafing” (need better copy)
3“The” altered from “the”
4vertical pencil line through “common” (need better copy)
the sparrows with a yellow spot on each side of the front, hopping along under the rubbish left by the woodchoppers— I afterward hear this faint cheep very rapidly repeated— making a faint sharp jingle, no doubt by field sparrows— this their common low note. The same. Many Sparrows have a similar faint metallic cheep— the tree spar— & field-spar— for instance. I first saw the white-throated sparrow at this date last year— Hear the peculiar squeaking notes of a pig— woodpecker— 2 Black ducks circle around me 3 or 4 times wishing to alight in the swamp— but finally go to the river meadows— I hear the whistling of their wings. Their bills point downward thus in flying. The andromeda calyculata is out in water— in the little swamp E. of Beck stows— some perhaps yesterday XXX. & C. says he saw many of bluets yesterday XX & also that he saw 2 F. hiemalis yesterday. I have noticed 3 or 4 upper jaws of muskrats on the meadow lately— which added to the dead bodies floating make more than half a dozen perhaps drowned out last winter. After sunset paddled up to the Hub. bath. The bushes ringing with the evening song of song sparrows & robins— & the evening

"at" written over "on" or vice versa (need better copy)
sky reflected from the surface of
the rippled water like the lake grass
on pools— A spearers fire seems
3 times as far off as it is.

Ap 26th.

A cloudy—still—damp & at length drizzling
day— P. m. to Bayberry & {—} Black-
ash cellar— Wheildon’s Arbor vitae well
out—may be for a week— The S. abele
prob. today or yesterday—but I do not see
pollen— The blossoms of the red maple
(some a yellowish green) are now
most generally conspicuous & handsome
scarlet crescents over the swamps.
Going over Ponkawtasset—hear a
G— C. (?) wren the robins note &c—in
the tops of the high wood—see myrtle
birds—& half a dozen pigeons— The
prat prate of the last—is much like the
creaking of a tree— They lift their wings
There are said to be many about now
at the same moment as they sit. See
their warm colored breasts— I see
pigeon woodpecker billing on an
oak at a dist. Young apple leafing
say with the common rose—also some early large
ones. Bay-berry not started much— Fever
bush out ap a day or 2 bet. Black
birch cellar & Easterbrooks—It shows plainly now before the leaves have come out on st. bushes—20 rods off—See and hear chewinks—all their strains—the same //
date with last year by accident—Many male & female White-throated sparrows feeding on the pasture with the song sparrow—The male’s white is buff in the female.

A brown thrasher—? seen at a little dist.—heard May 4th //

We see & hear more birds than usual this mizzling & still day—& the robin sings with more vigor & promise than later in the season.

Ap 27.
5 Am S Tristis path around Cliffs.
Cold & windy—but fair—The earliest //
willow by RR. begins to leaf. & is out of bloom //
Few birds are heard this cold & windy morn-
ing—Hear a partridge drum before 6 Am
prob. today
also a G. C. (?) Wren. Salix tristis ^ XXXX //
the female more forward than the male. Heard
a singular sort of screech somewhat like a hawk under the cliff—& soon some pigeons flew out of a pine near me. The black & white //
creepers—running over the trunks or main limbs of red maples & uttering their fainter¹ oven bird like notes. The principal singer on this walk—both in wood & field away from town

¹“fainter” possibly altered from “faint”
is the field sparrow. I hear the sweet
// warble of a tree sparrow in the yard.
// Cultivated cherry is beg. to leaf. The Balm-
// of Gilead catkins are well loosened &
   I have seen only females–say male the 25th 6th or 7
   about 3 inches long–but I have seen only
   fertile ones–

   Ap 28

// A 2nd cold but fair day. Good fires
   are required today & yesterday.
   Pm Sail to Ball’s Hill

// The chimney swallow–with the white bellied
   & barn swallows over the river– The
   red maples now in bloom are quite hand-
   some at a distance over the flooded meadow
   beyond Peters– The abundant wholsome
   grey of the trunks & stems beneath–surmounted
   by the red or scarlet crescents. Are not
   // they sheldrakes which I see at a distance
   on an islet in the meadow? The wind
   is strong from the NW.
   Landed at Ball’s Hill to look for birds
   under the shelter of the hill in the sun–
   There were a great many myrtle birds
   there–(they have been quite common
   for a week) also yel– red-polls–&
   // some song-spars–tree-spars–field spars
   // & one F hiemalis. In a cold and windy
day like this you can find more birds than
in a serene one—because they are collected
wooded
under the ^ hill sides in the sun. The myrtle
birds flitted before us in great numbers—yet
quite tame—uttering commonly only a chip—but
sometimes a short trill or che che, che che, che che,
Do I hear the tull-lull in the P– m? It is
a bird of many colors—slate—yellow—black—
& white—singularly spotted— Those little
gnats of the 21st are still in the air
in the sun under this hill—but elsewhere
the cold strong wind has either drowned them
or chilled them to death. I saw where they had
taken refuge in a boat & covered its bottom
with large black patches.
I noticed on the 26 (and also today) that
since this last rise of the river which reached its
height the 23rd—a great deal of the
young flag already1 6 inches to a foot long
(Though I have hardly observed it growing yet)
has washed up all along the shores—and
as today I find a piece of flag-root with
it gnawed by a muskrat— I think that
very extensively
they have been feeding ^ on the white & tender
part of the young blades— They & not ducks
for it is about the bridges also as much
as anywhere. I think that they desert
the clams now for this vegetable food—

1vertical pencil line through “d” of “already” (need better copy)
In one place a dead muskrat scents
the shore—prob. another of those drowned
Saw the little heaps of dirt where
\[//\] out in the winter. worms had come out by river
Ap 29th
\[//\] This morning it snows—but the ground is
not yet whitened. This will prob. take the
cold out of the air. Many chip-birds
are feeding in the yard—& one baywing.
The latter incessantly scratches like a hen
all the while looking about for foes— The
bay on its wings is not obvious except when it
opens them— The white circle about the eye is
visible afar— Now it makes a business of
pluming itself—doubling its prettily upon itself
—now touching the root of its tail—now
thrusting its head under its wing—now between
its wing & back above—& now between its legs
& its belly—& now it drops flat on its breast
& belly & spreads & shakes its wings—now
stands up & repeatedly shakes its\[1\] wings.
It is either cleaning itself of dirt acquired
in scratching & feeding—for its feet
are black with mud—or it is oiling
its feathers thus. It is rather better con-
cealed by its color than the chip bird with
its chestnut crown—& light breast. The
chip bird scratches but slightly & rarely—it

\[1\]“s” in “its” blotted
finds what it wants on the surface—keeps its head
down more steadily—not looking about. I see the
bay-wing eat some worms—
For 2 or 3 days the S alba—¹with its catkins (not yet
or bracts,?)
open) and its young leaves ^—has made quite a
show—before any other tree, a pyramid of tender
yellowish green in the russet landscape—
The water now rapidly going down on the
meadows a bright green² grass is springing up. //

Pm by boat to Lupine Hill.

It Did not whiten the ground. Raw overcast
& threatening rain. A few of the cones within
reach on F. Monroe’s larches shed pollen—say //

The crimson female flowers are now handsome but small.
then yesterday XX That lake grass—or perhaps
I should call it purple grass is now ap. in
perfection³ on the water—long & slender blades
(about 1/8 of an inch wide & 6 to 12 inches long
the part exposed) lie side close side by side

straight

^ & parallel on the surface with a dimple
at the point where they emerge—some are a
very rich purple with ap. a bloom & very sug-
gestive of p/acidity—it is a true bloom at
any rate—the first blush of the spring caught
on these little standards elevated to
the light,— By the water they are kept per-
factly smooth & flat & straight as well
as parallel—& thus by their mass make
the greater impression on the eye.

¹vertical pencil line through this and the following lines (need better copy)
²vertical pencil line through “green” (need better copy)
³vertical pencil line through “perfection” (need better copy)
somewhat fishy

It has a strong marshy, \^{almost sea-weed-like} scent when plucked. Seen through a glass the surface is finely grooved.

// The scrolls of the \^{interrupted} fern are already 4 or 5 inches high--

I see a woodchuck on the side of lupine Hill 8 or 10 rods off-- He runs to within 3 feet of his hole then stops--with his head up--his

whole body makes an angle of 45° as I

I see his shining black eyes & \^{snout} & his little erect ears

look sideways at it. \^{He is of a light brown}

at this distance \^{or sorrel}

forward \^{(Hoary above--yellowish \^{beneath})} gradually darkening backward to the end of the tail.

\^{general}

which is dark brown The \^{whole} aspect is grisly--the ends of most

As I advance The \^{yellowish brown} of his throat of the hairs being white, \^{or rather sorrel}

& breast \^{very like the} sand of his burrow over which it is slanted. No glaring distinctions to catch the eye & betray him. As I advance he \^{draws} crawls a foot nearer--his hole--as if to make sure his retreat while he satis-

Tired of holding up his head, he

\^{fies his curiosity}-- lowers it at last--yet waits my further advance.

4 nails on fore feet & 5 behind--the hind feet are also longer-- Are the first not hands partly?2

// The snout of the little sternothaerus is the most like a little black stick seen above the water of any of the smaller tortoises.

I was almost perfectly deceived by it close

// at hand; but it moved. Choke cherry

// begins to leaf-- Dandelions out yest. at least

// Some Young alders beg to leaf-- V. ovata

// will open tomorrow X Mt ash beg-- to leaf say yesterday3-- Makes a show with leaves

---

1“interrupted” cancelled in pencil
2\^{4 . . . partly?} written vertically in left margin, upward, forming right angle with line beginning “if to make”
3vertical pencil line through “yesterday” (need better copy)
alone before any tree—

Paddling slowly along I see 5 or 6
snipes within 4 or 5 rods feeding on the
meadow just laid bare—or in the shallow &
grassy water—This dark damp cold day they
do not mind me—View them with my glass—
How the ends of their wings curve upward

They do not thrust their bills clear
down commonly—but wade & nibble at some-
thing amid the grass ap on the surface of the
sometimes it seems to be the grass itself
water—sometimes on the surface of the bare
meadow—They are not now thrusting their bills
deep in the mud. They have dark ash or slate-
colored breasts. At length they take a little alarm

& rise with a sort of rippling whistle or peep—
but faint & soft—& then alight within a
dozen rods—I hear often at night a very
different harsh squeak from them at night
squeak

& another — much like the nighthawks—& also
the booming.


Hose chestnut begs t leaf1.—one of them. //

more

Another — still—cloudy almost drizzling
day2—in which as the last 3 I wear a
great coat. //

P. M. To Lee’s Cliff.
Privet begins to leaf3—(Vib nudum & lentago //

1vertical pencil line through “leaf” (need better copy)
2“day” possibly altered from “in”
3vertical pencil line through “leaf” (need better copy)
yesterday). I observed yesterday that
the barn swallows confined themselves
to one place about 15 rods in diameter
in Willow Bay about the sharp rock—
They kept circling about & flying
up the stream (the wind easterly)
about 6 inches above the water—
(It was cloudy & almost raining)
^ yet I could not perceive any insects
there. Those myriads of little fuzzy
gnats mentioned on the 21st & 28th
must afford an abundance of
Many new birds should have arrived about the 21st.
food to insectivorous birds. The swallows
There were plenty of myrtle birds & yel. red-polls where the gnats were
were confined to this space when
I passed up & were still there when
I returned an hour & a half
later— I saw them nowhere else.
They uttered only a slight twitter from
time to time & when¹ they turned out for
each other on meeting. Getting their
meal seemed to be made a social affair.
Pray how long will they continue to
circle thus without resting?
? The early willow by Hubb’s bridge has not
begun to leaf. This would make it a dif. species
from that by RR which has.
Hear a short rasping note somewhat Tweezer bird like, I think from a yel. red poll.
I hear from far the scream of a hawk
circling over the Holden woods & swamp.
//
   yellow daw-bug

¹“when” altered from “&” or “&c”
This accounts for those 2 men with guns just entering it—What a dry shrill angry scream. I see the bird with my glass resting upon the topmost plume of a white pine.

its back reflecting the light looks white in patches & now it circles again—It is a red-tailed hawk—The tips of its wings are curved upward as it sails—How it scolds at I see its open bill

the men beneath it must have a nest there. Hark! there goes a gun or 2 (& down it tumbles from a rod above so I thought but was mistaken

the wood.) In the meanwhile I learn that there is a nest there—& the gunners killed one this morning—which

They are now getting the young I examined. Above it was brown—but not except about head perhaps I should call it seal brown at all reddish brown above & a dirty white beneath—wings above thickly barred with wings
darker—and also beneath. The tail of reddish or once barred near the end. 12 black tipped—The legs & feet pale yellow—& very stout with strong sharp black claws. The head & neck were remarkably stout—& the beak short & curved from the base—Powerfull neck

The claws pricked me as I handled it & legs. It measured 1 yard & 3/8+ from tip to tip—i.e. 4 2/12 feet. Some fer-ruginous on the neck—ends of wings

At any rate the pair were screaming about their nest.

nearly black— Have they begun to lay? // (Columbine just out XXXX one anther sheds— The first 2 or 3 primaries being short the wings have a rounded outline also broad & ragged.

1Exclamation mark written above and below dash

2"were" possibly altered from "are"
Also Turritis will tomorrow ap. XXX—many prob. if they had not been eaten. Crowfoot & saxifrage are now in prime at Lees they yellow & whiten the ground. I see a great many little piles of dirt made by the worms on Conantum—pastures. The woodchuck—has not so much what I should call a musky scent—but exactly that peculiar rank scent which I perceive

The musky—at length becomes the reg. wild beast scent.

in a menagerie. ^ Redwing black-birds now fly in large flocks—covering the tops of trees—willows—maples—apples—or oaks—like a black fruit & keep up an incessant gurgling & whistling—all for some purpose—what is it? White pines now show the effects of last year’s drought in our yard & on the cliffs—the needles faded & turning red—to an alarming extent. I now see1 many Juniper repens berries of being still green beneath a handsome light blue above ^, with 3 hoary pouting lips. The Garfields had

Saw the old & tracks of young—thinks they may be 1 month old.

found a burrow of young foxes ^—how old? I see the black feathers of a black bird by the Miles swamp side—& this single bright scarlet one shows that it belonged to a red-wing—which some hawk or quadruped

1vertical pencil lines through this and the following lines (need better copy)
devoured.

May 1<sup>st</sup>

Rained some<sup>1</sup> in the night–cloudy in the fore noon–clears up in the afternoon.

Pm by boat with Sophia to Conantum a-Maying. The water has gone<sup>2</sup> down very fast & the grass has sprung up– There is a strong fresh-marsh scent wafted from the meadows–much like the salt-marshes. We sail with a smart wind from the NE–yet it is warm enough. Horsemint is seen<sup>3</sup> springing up & for 2 or 3 days at the bottom of the river & on shore. At Hill Shore–the anemone nemoralis tomorrow–see none<sup>4</sup> wide open– The myrtle bird is one of the commonest & tamest birds now. It catches insects like a pewee darting off from its perch & returning to it. & sings something like a–chill chill, chill chill, chill chill, a twear, twill twill twee. or it may be all tw–(not loud–a little or more like pine-warbler rapid & like the F hiemalis ^.) ^ more & more intense as it advances. There is an unaccountable sweetness as of flowers<sup>5</sup> in the air– a true may day–raw & drizzling in the morning. The grackle still.

What various brilliant & evanescent
colors on the surface of this agitated water—now as we are crossing willow bay looking toward the half concealed sun over the foam spotted flood! It reminds me of the sea.

At Clam Shell the V. blanda XXX

I do not look for pollen. I find a clam shell 5 inches long wanting 1/16 & more & 2 inches thick.

than 2 1/2 inches broad—^ What that little dusky colored lichen on the ground at

Clam Shell end ditch—with a sort of triangular green fruit.? or Marchantia? The

Why have the white pines at a dist. that silvery (dewy?) look around their edges or thin maples of Potters swamp seen now parts? Is it owing to the wind showing the under sides of the needles? nearly half a mile off against the Methinks you do not see it in the winter.
russet hill or reddish hill side—are a very dull scarlet like Spanish brown— but one against a° green pine wood

Thalictrum anemonoides at Conant is much brighter. Cliff XXX—did not look for pollen.

Went to Garfields for the hawk of yesterday. It was nailed to the barn and as a trophy in terrorem. ^ He gave it to me with an egg. He called it the female —& prob was right, it was so large— He tried in vain to shoot the male which I saw circling about just out of gunshot & screaming—while he robbed the nest He climbed the tree when I was there The tallest white pine or other tree in its neighborhood over a swamp.
yesterday P. m. & found 2 young // which he thought not more than

“a” splotched
down, at least

a fortnight old—with only pin feathers &

no feathers

one addled egg—Also 3 or 4 white bellied

or deer mouse—(mus leucopus) and

a perch—& a sucker—& a gray rabbits

I think these must have been dead fish they found

I had seen squirrels &c in other

I found the remains of a partridge under the tree—

nests. These fishes were now stale. The

reason I did not see my hawks at Well

Meadow last year was that he found

& broke up their nest there containing

5 eggs.

The hawk measures exactly 22 1/2 inches in length

& 4 feet 4 1/2 inches in alar extent. & weighs 3 1/4 pounds.
The ends of closed wings almost 2 inches short

of end of tail. General color of wings above &

back an olivacious brown, thickly barred with

waving lines of very dark brown, their being a

much broader bar next to the tip of the 2ndaries

& tertiaries—& the first 5 primaries are nearly

black toward the ends—A little white appears,

especially on the tertiaries. The wing coverts &

scapulars glossed with purple reflections.
The 12 tail feathers (which Macgillivray says

is the number in all birds of Prey—ie. the

Falconinae & Striginae) showing 5 3/4 inches

a clear brown red or rather fox color above,

with a narrow dark band within 1/2 inch of

the end, which is tipped with dirty white—

A slight inclination to dusky barrs near the
Lower tail coverts for nearly an inch white barred with fox colored end of one side feather—^ Head and neck a paler inclining to ferruginous brown

Beneath—breast & wing linings brown feathers of & white—the ^ first centered with large dark brown hastate spots—& the wing linings streaked with feruginous. Wings white barred with dusky—“vents Nuttall & femorals” as Wilson says “pale ochreous”.

Tail white softened by the superior color

I do not perceive that the abdomen is barred.

Bill very blue black—with a short stout

more than curved tip—curving from the cere full a

extends not quite 1/4" of an inch beyond the lower mandible, & is proportionally 1/4 of a circle ^— Whole visible, including cere,

stouter at tip than in any of his Falconinae, judging from plates of heads

1 1/8 inch long, & 1 inch deep at base. Cere yellowish green. Tarsus & toes very pale yellow—claws blue black— As Macgilliray says of Buteos claws flattened beneath, “that of the middle toe with an inner sharp edge.”

as I gather.

(He says ^ that all the diurnal birds of prey of G. B. i.e. Falconinae—have claws either flattened2 or except the Pandion concave beneath ^—the inner edge of the middle one being more or less sharp—but least so in or harrier Circus ^) Tarsus feathered in front 1/3 the

length way down. The toes for stoutness stand3 in this order— The 1st (or hind) 2nd 4th 3d the 1st being the shortest— For stoutness thus 1—2—3—4— Claws for stoutness follow the same order with the toes— Utmost spread of toes & claws 4 1/2 inches. A considerable web,4 bet. 3d & 4th toes— Toes with papillae not rigid beneath.

& Milvus several

x In this respect, Circus & Falco much the same; Aquila & Pernis ^ have ^ short webs—Haliaetus—Pandion, & Accipiter are free5

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1Slash in “1/4” possibly written over “a”
2“flattened” altered from “feathered” or “feather”
3“stand” written over other characters
4“x” functions to connect “web.” to text written vertically in left margin. See next note.
5“x in . . . free” written vertically in left margin
A wing extends nearly 2 feet from the body & is 10 3/4 inches wide. When fully expanded it has a rounded outline & a ragged appearance owing to the separation of the 1st 5 or 6 primaries—as I noticed the male bird while sailing. The first primary short—they stand 1st & 8th—7th—6th—2nd 5th—
3d—4. The 5th & 3d are about the same length & the 4th only 1/4 of an inch longer than the 3d.

As in the Buteo Vulgaris of MacGillivray—found in Europe & in our north—the 4 first primaries “abruptly cut out on the inner web;” the 2nd 3d 4th & 5th but not the 1st & 6th “slightly so on the outer”.

If there are but 8 primaries & then there are 15 secondaries—but I am not sure whether there are 8 or 10 primaries (Mac. says the primaries of the Falconinae are 10—the secondaries from 13 to 18.) The wing, I see, naturally opens at the primaries.

This is evidently very closely allied to the Buteo Vulgaris—but ap. the tail wings are not so long compared with the tail—and there is a dif— in the comparative length & stoutness of the feet of this are not “Bright yellow”,

the toes—(the upper mandible is much stouter & more recurved at tip)—judging from his plate of the head—and his description. It is recurved as much as the Osprey’s.
The ear looked like a large round hole in the side of the head behind the eyes.

The egg is a very dirty brownish white—with brown spots about the smaller end—though one end is about as large as the other—it is larger than a hen’s egg—2 3/8 inches x 2.
Macgillivray des. the Buteo, as “body full, broad & muscular anteriorly;” – “wings long, broad, rounded, the 3d or 4th quill longest, the first very short;” Of Haliaetus he says “wings very long, broad, rounded, the 4th & 5th quills longest;” Aquila like last omitting the very – Pandion “Wings very long, comparatively narrow, rounded, with 30 quills, the 3d primary longest, the 2nd nearly equal, the 4th not much shorter, the 1st longer than the 5th;” – Falco “Wings very long, pointed, the 2nd quill longest, the 1st almost as long; primaries 10;” Accipiter “Wings very long, much rounded; primary quills 10, 4th & 5th longest, 1st very short;” Pernis “wings very long, broad, rounded, the 3d quill longest, the first about the length of the 6th;” – Milvus “Wings extremely long, broad, & pointed, the 4th quill longest – – – 1st much shorter;” – Circus “wings long, much rounded; primary quills 10, the 4th & 3d longest, the 1st about equal to the 7th,=” These the genera – of G. Britain.

Says of Buteo – “In form & plumage they are very intimately allied to the eagles & sea-eagles, as well as in the form of the bill, which is, however, shorter and less deep towards the end, and of the feet, which differ, notwithstanding, in being proportionally less robust, and in having the claws smaller. – – – Usually fly low, & with less rapidity than the falcons & hawks; sail in circles like the eagles & some other species, and prey on heavy-flying birds, small quadrupeds, reptiles, and even insects.”
He says the Buteo-vulgaris “greatly resembles
the Golden Eagle in his mode of flying”—so that
he has mistaken them for it at a distance—that
he “rarely gives chase to a bird on the wing.”
in this case in the case of the red-tail

Neither he ^—nor Wilson nor Nuttall speaks
of their feeding on fishes.

Mac.—says the Falconinae lay from 2 to 5 eggs—&
their cries are “seldom heard except at the breeding
season”—“When the young have longitudinal spots on the breast,
the old have them transverse,”—
I do not find much in Mac. about the breeding
season of the Falconinae. He says the White tailed
Sea-eagle—Haliaetus albicilla begs to prepare a
nest sometime in March—& the Kestrel near the
end of March—& the young of the Golden Eagle
“are fledged about the end of July.”

Nuttall says the White-headed Eagle begs to lay
early in February. That with F. Peregrinus incu-
bation “commences in winter, or very early in the spring”—
—& that the Osprey begs to lay early in May. This is
all to the purpose about the season of incubation
of hawks & eagles.
Early in spring I occasionally see henhawks perched
about river & approach quite near them—but
never at any other time.

This hawks flesh has a very disagreeable rank
scent—as I was cutting it up—though fresh.
—cutting off the wings &c &c

I found the feathers of a partridge under
the tree where the nest was.
What I have called the frog hawk
is prob the male hen-harrier–Nuttalls Circus cyaneus–which he says is the same with the European–
V. Wilson

? (Mac. refers to C. Americanus?) & the larger
& says the quest. of identity is undecided.

brown bird with white rump is the female.

(Prob. my small brown hawk is the F fuscus—or
sharp shinned)

Mac. says the harrier occassionally eats dead
fish–and also will catch a chicken–not
a hen– Sometimes catches its prey in open flight–
Will hunt on the same beat–at the same hour
for many days–ac to Jardine– (Mac. says
that the Golden eagle “seeks for live prey at a small
height over the surface,”) Sail in circles. “The male,
after the first Autumnal moult, acquires in
a considerable degree the plumage of the adult–”
–“the change of plumage is effected in the au-
tumn of the year after it leaves the nest, and
not in the same year.” The female used to
be regarded as a distinct species called the “Ring-tail.
Country people name it Blue Kite, Blue Hawk,
Ring-tail, Brown Kite, or Gled; and the High-
landers call it Breid-air-toin (rag-on-rump),
on ac. of the white tail coverts conspicuous in both
sexes.”

May 2d Pm. by boat up Assabet.

Quince begs¹ to leaf–& pear²–perhaps some of last earlier.

Aspen leaves³ ^ an inch long suddenly–(not till
the 11th last year.). Leafing then is differently affected
by the season–from flowering– The leafing is ap.
comparatively earlier this year than the flowering

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¹vertical pencil line through “begs” (need better copy)
²vertical pencil line through “pear” (need better copy)
³vertical pencil line through “leaves” (need better copy)
< Caret written below dash
The young aspens are the first of indigenous trees conspicuously leaved. 

Diervella say begs to leaf with Viburnums. // 

bot. 

Amelanchier—^ yesterday leaved That small native willow now in flower or say yesterday just before leaves—for the first seem to be bracts—2 to 7 or 8 feet high very slender & curving. Ap has 3 or petioled 4 lanceolate toothed bracts at base of catkin—male 3/4 & fem 1 inch long—scales black & silky haired—Ovary oblong oval stalked—downy—with a small yellowish gland not so long as its stalk—see leaf by & by ? 
Saw many Crow b. birds day bef. yesterday. // 

Vigorous look the little {Che} spots of triangular sedge (?) springing up on the river banks 5-6 inches high yellowish below glaucous & hoary atop—straight & rigid. Many clamshells have round brassy colored spots as big as a fourpence—found one opened by rats last winter—almost entirely the color of tarnished brass within. 

Open the Assabet spring—That The anemone is well named—for see now the nemorosa—amid the fallen brush & leaves—trembling in the wind so fragile. Hellebore seems a little later than the cabbage. 

Was that a harrier seen at first skimming low then soaring & circling—with a broad whiteness on the wings beneath? May 3rd 

Pm to Assabet Bath— with a jerk of the head. 

Small pewee—thevet. Hard-hack leaved 2 or if I have not missed it may be 3 days in one place. Early pyrus leaved yest. or day before
The skull of a horse—(not a mare for I did not see the 2 small canine teeth in the upper jaw—nor in the under—) 6 molars on each side above & below—& 6 incisoris to each jaw. I first observed the stillness of birds &c at noon—with the increasing warmth—on the 23d of April. Sitting on the bank near the stone heaps I see large suckers rise to catch flies insects some times leap—

A Butterfly 1 inch in alar extent—dark velvety brown with slate colored tips—on dry leaves. On the N of Groton Turnpike beyond Abel Homers—3 distinct terrace to river—1st annually over flows—say 25 or 30 rds wide—2d 7 or 8 feet higher & 40 or 60 wide—3d 40 feet higher still— Sweet fern—opened ap yest. XXX Vac. Pennsylvanicum—begs to leaf yesterday. Young red maple leaf tomorrow—also some white birch. & perhaps Sugar maple. Humphrey Buttrick—one of 8 who alone returned from Texas out of 24 says he can find wood—knows of several nests cocks eggs now ^—has seen them setting with snow around them—(& that Melvin has seen Partridges eggs some days ago.) He has seen crows building this year. Found in a Henhawk’s nest once the legs of a cat. Has known of several Gosshawk’s nests (or what he calls some kind of eagle)
Garfield called it the Cape Eagle) one
in a shrub oak—with eggs. Last year his
dog caught 7 black ducks so far grown that //
takes a pretty active dog to catch such
he got 60 cents a pair for them—^ He frequently finds
or hears of them. Knew of some a nest this year—
Also finds wood-ducks nests— Has very often
seen partridges drum—close to him, has watched
one for an hour— They strike the body with their
wings. He shot a white-headed eagle from
Carlisle Bridge—it fell in the water & his dog
was glad to let it alone— He suggested that my fish hawks
found pouts in holes made by ice

May 4th—
A robin sings when I in the house cannot dis-
tinguish the earliest dawning—from the the full moon-
light. His song first advertises me of the day-
break—when I thought it was night—as I lay
looking out into the full moonlight— I heard
a robin begin his strain—& yielded the point to
him—believing that he was better acquainted
with the springs of the day than I—with the
signs of day—

5 Am to Hill— Many redwings
& grackles feeding together on meadows— //
They still fly in flocks—some dark ash; are
they fem. grackles? Hear a brown thrasher.
Yel. lily pads are just beginning to show themselves on //
the surface—the first noticeable on the water. All kinds
of young maples & some limbs of large white beg. to leaf. //

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1“active”: “e” and t-cross added in pencil
2vertical pencil line through “beginning” (need better copy)
Red maple blossoms beg. to cover growth. Ostrya will leaf\(^1\) tomorrow— (The 2\(^{nd}\) Amelanchier—sweet fern leaf & early thorn\(^3\) beg to leaf today. Small white-barked shrub—(andromeda?) on Island neck today leaf begs. to leaf or say 7\(^{th}\)—& then slow

// tomorrow\(^4\)— I think I hear a warb. vireo. certainly the 10\(^{th}\)

Birds—still see 3 or 4 crows together though some at least are building. Jays do not scream as early—Chicadee spring notes still—Partridges setting— Have noticed no ducks for black some days— All the ^ blackbirds as plenty as ever—& in flocks— Have not noticed robins in flocks for 2 or 3 days. See no gulls—

think I saw one to-day.
nor F Hiemalis ^—nor tree sparrows—now— Red tail hawk young 14 days old— Snipes feeding in numbers on the 29\(^{th}\) Ap. Yel. redpolls in numbers May 1\(^{st}\)—Woodcocks setting\(^5\)—Purple finch sings steadily.

Myrtle birds numerous—& sing their tea-lee tea lee—

& numerous in morning— White throated sparrows here ^— No gold-finchers for long time— The water is now\(^6\) generally off the meadows P. M. to Beeches.

In cut woods a small thrush—with crown inclining to rufous—tail foxy & edges of wings dark ash

// clear white beneath— I think the Golden crowned?

See more White throated sparrows than any other bird today in various parts of our walk—generally feeding in numbers on the ground dry

in open ^ fields & meadows next to woods— — Then flitting through the woods— Hear only that sharp lisping chip (?) from them. A partridge’s grayish tail feather—with a subterminal dark band. Several larger thrushes on low limbs & on ground—with a dark eye (not the white around it of the wood thrush) & I think the nankeen

\(^1\)vertical pencil line through “leaf” (need better copy)  
\(^2\)vertical pencil line through “Amelanchier” (need better copy)  
\(^3\)vertical pencil line through “thorn” (need better copy)  
\(^4\)vertical pencil line through “tomorrow” (need better copy)  
\(^5\)“set” written over other characters  
\(^6\)vertical pencil line through “now” (need better copy)
spot on the 2ndaries—a hermit thrush?
Sitting in Abel Brooks’ Hollow—see a small hawk
go over high in the air—with a long tail—and distinct
from wings—It advanced by a sort of limping flight
yet rapidly—not circling—not tacking—but
flapping briskly at intervals & then gliding straight
ahead with rapidity—controlling itself with its tail—
It seemed to be going a journey. Was it not
the Sharp shinned or F Fuscus? I think that
falesly
what I have called the Sparrow hawk—and latterly
Pig. hawk—is also the sharp shinned. V Ap 26 & May 8 ’54 & July 58
& Ap 16th 55—for the Pig. Hawks tail is white barred.
Found a black snakes skeleton—remarked the
globular protuberance on which the vertebrae revolve—and
reurved
the 4 (?) sharp teeth in the lower jaw—
Red cherry not generally leafing before yesterday—
Sand cherry—yesterday leaves—See where a
skunk has probed last night & large black
large
dung—with ap. ants’ heads & earth or sand & stubble
or insects wings in it—Prob. had been probing a large
ants hill. Was that a cerasus or prunus on
Pine hill—? thus from woodpile—AB 2 rods west.
leaf
The beech buds are very
teddish brown
handsome now—some nearly an inch
& a half long & very slender not more than
1/6 of inch in diameter & regularly swelling
from each end—will open ap in 3 or 4 days.
The blossom buds are still larger—may
bloom in 8 days. Potentilla out X
What that plant in Baker’s Pool with sessile spat—
ulate leaves toothed at end—now 4 or 5 inches high.
Noticed a perfectly regular circular concavity
in a sandy soil in a hollow in birch woods where
ap. a partridge had dusted herself—
Yesterday a great many spotted & wood tortoises
in the Sam. Wheeler—birch fence mead— pool which
dries up— One of the former—gradually settled him—
itself into the sod—by turning round & round & scratching
// with its claws. A shower

May 5th
P. m. to Beck Stows

Cold weather for several1 days. Canada

plum & cultivated cherry—& Missouri currant look
// as if they would bloom tomorrow. The sugar
maples on the common—have just begun to show
their stamens peeping out of the bud—but that
by Dr Barrets has them 1 1/2 inches long or more.

The trees & shrubs which I observe
to make a show now with their green—with-
out regard to the time when they began—are
to put them in the order of their intensity & generalness

Gooseberry—both kinds
Raspberry
Mead sweet
Choke cherry shoots
Some young trembles
Very young apples
Red currant—& prob. black
Pyrus prob. arbutifolia
Young black cherry
Thimble berry
Prob. wild red cherry in some places
S alba—with bracts?
Some small native willows
Cultivated cherry—

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1vertical pencil line through "several" (need better copy)
Some **mt ash**—(ie European)

**Some horse Chestnut.**

Excepting the **S alba**—I am inclined to stop with the Pyrus arbutifolia.

The **Andromeda Polifolia** will ap— open about the 10th High blueberry beg to leaf in some places yesterday. **Larch began** to leaf say when it opened the 28th of April—but not noticeably till† today. I find one bundle with needles 1/4 of an inch long & spreading.

The small andromeda has lost its reddish leaves prob. about the time it—blossomed & I can neither get the red cathedral window light looking toward the now westering sun—in a most favorable position—nor the gray colors in the other direction—but it is all a grayish patches of in the swamp green. But the ^ cranberry ^ seen at some distance toward the sun are a beautiful crimson, which travels with you—keeping bet you & the sun—like some rare plant in bloom there densely— I could not believe it was cranberry—Looking over my book I found I had done to myself my errands & said ^ I would find a crow’s nest—(I had heard a crow scold at a passing hawk 1/4 of an hour before—) I had hardly taken this resolution when², looking up, I saw a crow wending his way across an interval in the woods towards the highest pines in the swamp—on which he alighted— I directed my steps to them— & was soon greeted with an angry caw— & within 5 minutes from my³ resolve I detected

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¹“till” possibly altered from “to”
²“when” altered from “then”
³“my” possibly altered from “they” or “the”
a new nest close to the top of the tallest
white pine in the swmp– A crow circled cawing
about it within gun shot–then over me
surveying–& perching on an oak directly over my
head within 35 feet–caewed angrily– But
suddenly, as if having taken a new resolution, it
flitted away–& was joined by its mate & 2 more
they went off silently 1/4 of a mile or more
& lit in a pasture, as if they had nothing
to concern them in the wood.

May 6th

// The young Sugar maples leafing are more
conspicuous now than any maples. Black
// oak buds are large & silvery. Peach leafed
yesterday–

Pm to Epigaea

// S.4 Alba opened yest XXX Gilead not leafing yet,
but perhaps tomorrow? A Robins nest with 2
eggs–betrayed by peeping. On the 30th of ap.
// a phoebe flew out from under the arched bridge
prob– building.
// Saw again–a slender vireo-like bird (seen yesterday–
near R. Brown’s) head somewhat crested
behind made me think of small pewee–
catches insects somewhat like it– As
I remember– May be ashy white beneath–
dusky olive above with 2 whitish bars on wings
& dusky tail– Can it be the solitary vireo?

\[1\]“over” possibly altered “on”
\[2\]vertical pencil line through “maples” (need better copy)
\[3\]vertical pencil line through “large” (need better copy)
\[4\]“S.” possibly altered from “I”
\[5\]“As” possibly altered from “the”
Eq. sylvaticum prob—yest.\(^1\) XXX or day before
Strawberry X That low sedge-like plant
X prob under Clam Shell very common—
with brownish somewhat umbelled spikes—
prob. Luzula campestris?\(^2\) one of the wood rushes—
Viola lancolata—yesterday at least—X
High-black berry has begun to leaf say 2 days
Hear near near 2\(^{nd}\) Div. the Er er twe,

Er. forest note

ter ter twe Bright yellow head & shoulders
& beneath & dark legs & bill—catching insects
along base of Pitch pine plumes somewhat
creeper like—very active & restless—darting from
darted at & drove off a chicadee
tree to tree—^ I find I have thus described its
colors last year—at various times—viz—Black
this often
throat ^ with dark & light beneath—/Again
Black streak from eyes—Slate col. back? forked
tail—white beneath? Another bird with yel throat
near by perhaps female./ Again June 17 black
wings with white bars?—
Is it Black throated Green—or Latham’s
the
yel. fronted—or Golden winged warbler?

From Wilson I should think it the last which he thinks the same with Pennant & Latham’s yel front.
The small juncus of 2\(^{nd}\) div. shows a A field
of dark green with reddish top—the flower just
beginning to peep out—this the earliest plant
of this kind to make a show. More than a foot high
Epigaea in full bloom. Myrtle birds
very numerous just beyond 2\(^{nd}\) division— They
sing like an instrument teee\, teee te, t t t,
on very various keys. ie high
or low—sometimes beginning like т{-} пhe-
be— As I sat by road side one drew near
once or twice
perched within 10 feet & dived ^ with a curve
black
to catch the little ^ flies about my head coming
once within 3 feet, not minding me much. I
could not tell at first what attracted
it toward me— It saw them from 25 feet off.
There was a little swarm of small flies
with large shoulders
regularly fly-like ^ about my head.

Many white throated sparrows there.
Road full of cattle going¹ up country.
Heard at a dist a ruby² crowned wren
so robin like & spirited. After saw one—
within 10 or 15 feet– Dark bill & legs–ap
dark olivacious ashy head–a little whitish
before & behind the full black eyes–ash breast
olive yellow on primaries with a white bar.
dark tail & ends of wings–white belly & vent
Did not notice vermillion spot on hindhead.
It darted off from apple tree for insects like
a pewee & returned to within 10 feet of me as if
? curious– I think this the only regulus I have
ever seen.
Near Jenny Dugans–perceive³ that unaccountable
 fugacious fragrance as of all flowers–bursting
forth in air–not near a meadow–which
perhaps I first perceived on May 1st— It
is the general fragrance of the year– I am
almost afraid I shall trace it to some

¹vertical pencil line through “going” (need better copy)
²”?” possibly inserted
³vertical pencil line through “perceive” (need better copy)
particular plant. It surpasses all particular fragrances— I am not sitting near any flower that I can perceive. 2 or 3 rods this side of John. Hovmers Pitch pines beyond Clam Shell some white v. ovatas—some with a faint bluish tinge—

A beautiful sunset—the sun behind a gilt edged cloud—with a clear bright crimson space beneath.

May 7

5 Am to Island. Finger cold—& windy.
The sweet flags showed themselves about with pads. Hear Maryland yel. throat. Many grackles still in flocks singing on trees male & female the latter a very dark or black ash but with silvery eye. I suspect the red-wings are building. Large white maples beg. 
to leaf yesterday at least generally—one now shows considerably across the river. The aspen is earlier—Vib. dentatum yest. leafed. Bass to-morr (some shoots sheltered now) A crow’s nest? near the top of a pitch pine about 20 feet high just completed—betrayed by the bird’s cawing & alarm—^ as on the 5th one came and sat on a bare oak within 30 40 feet. both
cawed reconnoitred & then ^ flew off to a distance

One comes near to spy you first.
while I discoveered & climbed to the nest within a dozen rods. It was about 16 inches over—of the p. pine dead twigs

1vertical pencil line through “themselves” (need better copy)
2vertical pencil line through “least” (need better copy)
3“discoveered” altered from “discover”
laid across the forks–& white oak leas & bark fibres laid copiously on them–the cavity deep & more than half covered &

long

concealed with a roof of leaves–a ^ sloping approach or declivity left on one side

// the nest. Red currant out XX

Pm to Lee’s Cliff.

// Via Hub’s Bath. V. cucullata ap a day or 2.
// A lady bug–& Humblebee–the last prob some
// time. A lily wholly above water & yellow on the 12th prox. I observed it sunk beneath the water in Skull-Cap mead. ready to open.

Climbed to 2 crows nests or—maybe one

// of them a squirrel’s in Hub’s grove—

see Rana fontinalis

Do they not some times use a squirrels

// nest for a foundation? A Ruby crested wren is ap. attracted & eyes me. It as well as dirty

is wrenching & fatiguings ^ work to climb a tall pine with nothing or maybe only dead twigs & stubs to hold by. You must proceed with great deliberation & see well where you put your hands & your

// feet. Saw prob. a femal F. Fusca sail swift & low close by me—and alight on a rail fence— It was a rich very dark perhaps reddish slate brown— I saw some white under the head—no white on rump—Wings thickly barred with dark beneath. It then flew & alighted on a maple Did not fly so irregularly as the last one I called by this1 name. The early

// willow on the left beyond the bridge

---

1“This” altered from “the"
has beg. to leaf--but by no means yet the one on the right. Scared up 2 gray squirrels in the Holden wood which ran glibly up the tallest trees on the opposite side to me & leaped across from the extremity of the branches to the next trees & so on very fast ahead of me--

Remembering--aye aching with--my experience in climbing trees this Pm1 & morning I could not but admire their exploits.-- To see them travelling with so much swiftness & ease that road over which I climbed a few feet with such painful exertion--

A partridge flew up from within 3 or 4 feet of me with a loud whirr & betrayed one cream colored egg in a little hollow amid the leaves. Hear the tweezer bird--It looks like a bluish slate above--with a greenish? yellow back--& bright orange yel--throat & breast--forked tail 2 white bars on wings--whitish ven--another prob. female paler bluish with fainter yellow--& a conspicuous black crescent on breast . This is undoutedly the Particolored warbler --ie Brewers--Blue Yellow Back Sylvia Americana of Latham & Audubon--Pusilla of Wilson. V June 18 54 & May 9th 53.

I believe the Yel. rump. warbler has a note somewhat like the tweezer's.
Climbed a hemlock to a very large & complete prob. gray squirrel's nest--18 inch diameter--a founda--

---
1"this Pm" written over "that a"
tion of twigs—on which a body of leaves—
some
& bark fibers lined with the last—and
the whole covered with many fresh green
hemlock twigs 1 foot or more long with
the leaves on—which had been gnawed off—
& many strewed the ground beneath having
fallen off— Entrance one side.
A short dist. beyond this & the hawks-nest pine—
I observed a mid sized red oak standing
a little aslant on the side-hill of over
the swamp—with a pretty large hole in one
side about 15 feet from the ground
where ap. a limb on which a felled
tree lodged had been cut some years before
& so broke out a cavity—I thought that such
a hole was too good a one not to be
improved by some inhabitant of the wood—
Perhaps the gray squirrels I had just seen
had their nest there—or was not the entrance
big enough to admit a screech owl.
So I thought I would tap on it & put
my ear to the trunk—& see if I could hear
anything stirring within it but I heard
nothing. Then I concluded to look into
it— So I shinned up—& when I reached
up one hand to the hole to pull myself
up by it the thought passed through
my mind perhaps something may take
hold of my fingers—but nothing did—

The first limb was on the directly opposite

"about" possibly altered from "at"
to the hole–& resting on this I looked in–
& to my great surprise there squatted
filling the hole which was about 6 inches
deep & 5 to 6 wide–a salmon-brown

not so big as a partridge
bird–^ seemingly asleep within 3 inches of the
top & rath close to my face. It was a minute
or two before I made it out to be an owl–It
It was a salmon brown \above–the feathers

\ or fawn?
shafted with small blackish brown \ somewhat
hastate (?) marks–grevish toward the ends of

the wings & tail as far as I could see.
A large white circular space about or behind

\ of an inch.
eye banded in rear by a pretty broad ^ & quite
conspicous perpendicular dark brown stripe.
Egret say 1 1/4 or 1 1/2 inches long sharp triangular
reddish brown without mainly. It lay crowded
in that small space–with its tail some-
what bent up–& one side of its head turned
dark
up with one egret–& its large ^ eye open
only by a long slit about 1/16 of an inch
wide–After visible breathing–After
a little while I put in one hand an
stroked it repeatedly whereupon it
reclined its head a little lower & closed its
eye entirely. Though curious to know
what was under it I disturbed it
no farther at that time.
In the meantime the crows were making a great cawing amid & over the pines beyond the swamp—& at intervals I heard the scream of a hawk, prob— the surviving male henhawk, whom they were pestering (unless they had discovered the male screech owl) & a part of them came cawing about me. This was a very fit place—for hawks & owls to dwell in the thick wood just over a white spruce swamp—in which the glaucous kalmia grows— The grey squirrels—partridges—hawks & owls all together— It was prob these screech owls which I heard in moonlight nights hereabouts last fall. V. end of this day.

// Birch leaves today—prob some yest. with white maple— The Conantum thorn (cock spur?) leaves with earliest
// That little red stemmed (?) moss has now yellow green oval fruit hanging densely in the sod.
// Sweet briar shoots 2 inch long—this one of roses the earlier rubuses to leaf. Put it with early rose
// next after—raspberry for present
// At Lees a carex well out yet rad. leaves 2 stamens 3 stigmas
// ap. one of those on p 554 ^— A carex some what like C. caespitosa of Big just beginning in XXX some light colored meadows—dark purple ^ linear spikes somewhat 3 sided This makes large tussocks in meadows—the green leaves & debris standing 6 or 8 inches erect in tufts. Polyg. pubescens at Lees in 3 or 4 // on large tussocks of dead many cut edged blades falling weeping on every side 18 to 20 inches long days— Amelanchier botryapium on rocks // partly open will prob shed pollen tomorrow XXX
The long narrow unfolded flower buds—very pretty with the dark purplish leaves rose pink without are prettier than the open ones—like little cigarette to compair fair with foul. The dark purple fruit like fascicles of the staminate flowers of the ash\(^1\) on the rocks are now very remark able—about the size of pignuts & looking some on the perfectly bare tree what like them against the sky—or like dry alder scales or cones—will shed pollen in a day or 2. Oftener one pedicelled anther & stamen than 2 together—in the very minute calyx if it is one—Young bass\(^2\) from seed an inch high the 2 leaves remarkable cut

Returning by owl’s nest about 1 hour before sunset— I climbed up and looked in again. The owl was gone but there were 4 nearly quite warm round dirty brownish white eggs—as on nothing but the bits of rotten wood which made the MacGillivray describes no eggs of this color—only white & the same with Nuttall bottom of the hole—The eggs were very nearly except the great grey owl.
as large at one end as the other—slightly oblong 1 3/8 inches by 1 2/8 as nearly as I could measure It would prob. have hatched within a week the young being consid feathered & the bill remarkably developed.
—I took out one. ^ Perhaps she heard me \{coming,\}\(^3\) & so left the nest. My bird as far as I saw it corresponds in color ^ with Wilson’s\(^4\) S. asia—( but not his Naevia) which Nuttall & others consider a young\(^5\) bird—though the egg was not pure white— I do not remember that my bird was barred or mottled at all. v the 12\(^{th}\)

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\(^1\)“ash” written over other characters
\(^2\)vertical pencil line through “bass” (need better copy)
\(^3\)“coming” possibly altered from “come”
\(^4\)Apostrophe added in pencil
\(^5\)”?” possibly inserted
Nuttall says
Little Screech Owl—Greenland to Florida—
chiefly prey on mice—also small birds beetles, crickets,
&c—nests in May & June. & lined with &c &c eggs
4 to 6—Several blue-birds black birds & song-spar in one—
In cloudy weather come out earlier— Wilson’s thrush
attacked one. note in autumn—“hō, hō hō hō hō
hō hō, proceeding from high & clear to a low
gutteral shake or trill.”
Was not that an owls feather which I
found 1/2 mile beyond downy more than 1/2
& with base & separate white points at
beyond a dark band at the end?
But
Was not mine a bird of last year?—^ Macgillivray
says of owls that the young dif. very little from
the old “the older the individ. becomes, the more
simple is the coloring; the dark markings dimin-
ish in extent, and the finer mottlings are gradually
obliterated.” Rhus toxicodendron under rocks leafs.
May 8
// 5 Am to Gilead— began to leaf yest.
Think I saw bank swallows—
\not at all certain/
// still finger cold.
// At noon begs. a cold drizzling rain.
a cold may storm wind Easterly
which continues at intervals through the
// next day.— Grackle here still— Cult—
// cherry opened flower yest XXX. The rock
generally
maples (such sized as we ^ have) comes1 on
faster & showes more now2 than the red—
May 9th
? Pm to Anursnack— The black currant
will not bloom for 5 or 6 days. A large
// red maple just3 begun to leaf— Its keys
1 1/2 inches long—by Assabet bridge.

1"comes" possibly altered from "come"
2vertical pencil line through "now" (need better copy)
3vertical pencil line through "just" (need better copy)
Castilleja show red one but will not bloom under a week prob. The same of Erigeron?
C. alternifolia & Paniculata beg to leaf– Scared up 3 quails in the stubble in G– M
Barretts orchard– They go off with partridge like–from within 2 rods, with a sharp whistling whirr. Heard methinks a white throat sparrow? sing very much like the beginning of a cat bird’s song–could see no other bird–thought it a catbird at first. See several of these sparrows yet.

May 10
Can. Plum opens petals today XX & leafs
Domestic Plum only leafs. Sum. yel– bird
Pm to Beeches
to leaf
Young red maples are generally later ^ than
Yound sugar do–hardly¹ began before yest. & large white–are not so forward as young sugar–
Muhlenburg’s Willow leafed 4 or 5 days–young-
yel– birch leaf–say 2 days. In callitriche pool hear a bull-frog belch–or dump– Is that a prosperpinacea with finely divided leaves?
in this pool? Hear a tree toad or maybe a woodpecker tapping. A juncus in Hubb’s
Close 2 feet high & big as a crows quill.
Round leafed cornel–leaf tomorrow XXX also pignut leaf today in some places– The beach leaf buds are more back ap. than chestnut²–but some

¹vertical pencil line through this and following lines (need better copy)
²vertical pencil line through “chestnut” (need better copy)
leaves are expanding with the flower buds—
which are now opened so as to show the separate
buds—V. Pennsylvanicum—early blueberry in
bloom XXX prob. may shed pollens a yel. red-
poll still.

May 11

Am. To Island—Only the lower limbs
of Bass begin to leaf yest—A crow-black

// birds nest—about 8 feet up a White maple

loose

over water a large ^ nest without some
8 inches high—bet. a small twig & main
trunk—composed of coarse bark shreds

without mud

& dried last years grass ^ stem—within deep

& size of robins nest—with 4 pale green
eggs streaked & blotched with black

young bird not begun to form.

& brown. took one ^. Hear & see Yel. throat

// vireo. See oatseed spawn—a mass

as big as fist on bottom—of brown jelly

composed of smaller globules each with a

fish-like tadpole color of a seed.

Pm to Andromeda polifolia

// Some young elms beg. to leaf. Butternut leafs

// ap. tomorrow—Larger rock maples\(^1\) not

// yet beg. to leaf—later considerably\(^2\) than

large white maples & somewhat than large

// red. Ap. Andromeda will not open before

just

the 15\(^{th}\) or 16 & the buck bean now ^ budded

above the water not before the 20\(^{th}\) Jun

? Juniper repens will not open ap before the 14\(^{th}\) or 15

\(^1\)vertical pencil line through “maples” (need better copy)
\(^2\)vertical pencil through this and following lines (need better copy)
Canoe birch just sheds pollen\(^1\) XXX Very golden \\
handsome drooping catkins sometimes 2 \\
or 3 together some 5 1/4 inches long. The leaves \\
some \\
of youn sprouts already 3/4 inch over— but of // \\
the trees not started The 2\(^{nd}\) Amelanchier just \\
sheds pollen XXX in a swamp— I trod on // \\
a large black-snake which as soon as // \\
I stepped again went off swiftly down the \\
hill toward the swamp with head erect like \\
a racer— Looking closely I found another \\
left behind partly concealed by the dry leaves. \\
They were lying amid the leaves in this open \\
wood E of Beck-stow’s amid the sweet fern \\
& huckleberry bushes— The remaining one ran- \\
out its tongue at me— & vibrated its tail \\
swiftly making quite a noise on the leaves— \\
then darted forward—\(^2\) passed rounde, \\
an oak\(^3\) & whipped itself straight down \\
into a hole at its base 1 1/2 inches over— \\
After its head had entered its tail was \\
not long in following. You can hardly \\
wake in a thick pine wood now— especially \\
a swamp— but presently— you will have \\
a crow or 2 over your head, either silently \\
flitting over— to spy what you would be \\
at— & if its nest is in danger or angrily \\
cawing. It is most impressive when— looking \\
for their nest, you first detect the

\(^1\)“sheds pollen” possibly altered from “shed pollens” \\
\(^2\)dash possibly is upstroke of “p” in “passed” \\
\(^3\)“an oak” possibly altered from other words
presence of the bird by its shadow—
Was not that a bay wing which I
heard sing—Ah, twar twe twar, twit
// twit twit twit-twe? V. pedata sheds
a great many out on the 20 13th
pollen —the first I have chanced to see.
I hear some kind of owl partially hooting
now at 4 pm I know not whether
far off or near—

May 12
Cold enough for a fire this many
a day— 6 Am to Hill.
// I hear the myrtle bird’s te-e-e, te-e e-,
white throat sparrows
t t t t, t. t t clear flute-like whistle.
// & see 8 or 10 crow b. birds together.
   Pm to Lee’s Cliff.
// C says he saw upland plover 2 or 3
// nights ago. The sweet gale begs to leaf.
// The 1. I perceive the fragrance of
the Salix alba now in bloom more
than 1/8 of a mile distant— They now
adorn the causeways with their
yellow blossoms & resound with the
bumble
// hum of ^ bees &c. &c I have found half
a dozen robins’ nests with eggs already—
1 in an elm 2 in a salix alba—1 in a
salix nigra—1 in a pitch pine &c &c
   I find the partridge nest of the

1vertical pencil line through “for” (need better copy)
7th ult partially covered with dry oak leaves—&
2 more eggs only = 3 in all—cold. Prob— the
bird is killed. As I approached the owls nest
I saw her run past the hole up into that
part of the hollow above it—& probably she
was there when I thought she had flown on
I looked in & at first did not know what I saw—
the 7th. ^ One of the 3 remaining eggs was
hatched—& a little downy white young one
2 or 3 times as long as an egg lay helpless between
the 2 remaining eggs— Also a dead white-
bellied mouse (mus leucopus) lay with them its
tail curled round one of the eggs. Wilson
says of his Red Owl—strix asio—with which
this ap. corresponds—& not with the mottled—
though my1 egg is not “pure white”—that “the
young are at first covered with a whitish down.”

heard an oven-bird—

Passing on into the Miles’ Meadow—
was struck by the interesting2 tender green
of the jut springing foliage—of the aspens
apples3 cherries (more reddish) &c It is now
especially interesting while you can see
through it—and also the tender yellowish
bare

green grass shooting up in the ^ river
meadows {am} & prevailing over the dark
& sere. Watched a black & white creeper
from Bittern cliff— A very neat & active
bird—exploring the limbs on all sides—& looking4
3 or 4 ways almost at once for insects.

1“my” possibly written over “the”
2vertical pencil line through “interesting” (need better copy)
3“I” inserted in pencil
4“looking” possibly altered from “look”
Now & then it raises its head a little opens its bill & without closing it utters its faint seeer seeer seeer. From beyond the orchard saw a large bird far over the Cliff hill—which with my glass I // soon made out to be a fish-hawk advancing. Even at that dist. half a mile off I distinguished its gull like body—(piratelike fishing body fit to dive) & that its wings did not curved upward at the ends like a hen hawk’s—(at least I couldn't see that they did) but rather hung down. It came long & undulating on steadily, bent on fishing—with heavy wings with an easy sauntering flight—over the river to the pond—& hovered over Pleasant meadow a long time—hovering from time to time in one spot—when more than a hundred feet high—then making a very short circle or 2 & hovering again—then sauntering off against the woodside—At length he reappeared passed downward over the shrub-oak-plain & alighted standing this time ap. lengthwise on the limb on an oak (of course now bare) ^. Soon took to wing again & went to fishing down 100 feet high the stream. ^ When just below Bittern Cliff I observed by its motions that it observed something— It made a broad circle of observation in its course—lowering itself somewhat steep then by one or 2 side wise flights it reached the water=& as near as intervening trees would let me see skimmed over it & endeoved to clutch its pray in passing.— It failed the

1"f" in "fit" written over closed parenthesis
2"y" in "very" possibly written over "2"
first time but prob. succeeded the 2nd. Then it leisurely winged its way to a tall bare tree on the east end of the Cliffs. & there we left it – It had a very white belly–& indeed appeared all white beneath its body– I saw broad dark black lines between the white crown & throat. The brown thrasher is a powerful singer–he is 1/4 of a mile off across the river when he sounded with 15 rods.

Hear the night warbler– Slip. elm leaf more forward than the common–say yest. Only young common yet. White ash begs to shed–pollen at Lee’s yest. or possibly day before XXX–but no leaves on the same– Hear the first creak of a cricket beneath the rocks there–So serene & composing– Methinks it surpasses the song of all birds–sings from everlasting to everlasting. Ap a thousand little slender catch-flies shooting up on the top of the cliff. The red oak or~1 day there leafed a day or 2 earlier1 than hickory–& the black near it not yet. Rhus radicans leafed spar

day or 2– See one white throat still.

The hearing of the cricket whets my eyes. I see on or 2 long lighter & smoother streakes across the rippled pond from west to east–which preserve their form remarkably–only are bent somewhat at last. The zephyr does not strike the surface from over the broad button bush row–till after a rod or so leaving a perfectly smooth border with a fine irregular shaded edge where the rippling begins. I now begin to distinguish where at a distance the amelanchier botryapium with its white against the russet is waving in the wind. Under Lee’s C. about 1 rod east pale
of the ash–am surprised to find some ^ yellow

1“earlier” possibly altered from “early”
the leaves & stem also not purplish but a yellowish & light green
// columbines—not a tinge of scarlet+with
\ all the parts both flower & leaves more slender—& the leaves not so flat
leaves differently shaped from the common—^
but inclining to fold.

// **One flower** of the polygonum pubescens open there—prob. may shed pollen tomorrow XXX

Returning over Conantum I directed my glass
toward the dead tree on Cliffs & was surprised
to see the Fish-hawk still sitting there about an
hour after he first alighted—& now I found that
he was eating a fish which he had under
his feet on the limb.—& ate—as I have already
described. At this distance his whole head looked
white with his breast.
Just before sundown took our seats before
sat perfectly still &
the owl’s nest & ^ awaited her appearance—
We sat about 1/2 an hour—& it was surprising
what various distinct sounds we heard
from there deep in the wood— as if the vistas
aires
of the wood were so many ear trumpets—
the cawing of crows—the peeping of hylas—in
the swamp—&2 perhaps the croaking of
// a tree-toad—the oven bird—the yorrick
// of Wilson’s thrush—a distant stake
driver—the night warbler—& black &
white creeper—the lowing of cows—the
late supper horn—the voices of boys—
the singing of girls—not all together
but separately & distinctly & musically
from where the Partridge—& the
red tailed hawk & the screech owl
sit on their—nests.

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1Caret written below dash; vertical line positioning interlineation, not cancelling dash
2“&” written over “the”
Clearer weather 1
Butterflies 1
Pratt’s sweetbriar 1
Winged ants 1
Flowers 1 & 2
Walk with Pratt 1
Willow in morning 2
My little snap turtles 3–10–26
To Climbing Fern 3
Galls 3–9–13
To F H. Pond by moonlight 3
Water less viscid (?) 4
Owls 6–18
Berries 7
River fall² & wreck 7
To Sam Barretts Pond 7
Drought—8–9
Saw dust in river 8
Birch lice (?) exuviae 8
Sam Barretts Pond 9
Cranberries 9
Pigeons 10
Blue Heron 10
Locusts 10
Birds 10–13
Distant thunder Shower 11
Water warm again 12
Aut. tints 13–24
Acorns 13
Cracks in ground 13
Fall 14
Marsh hawk 14

To Baker farm by moonlight 15
Sounds in evening 15–6–7–8–9 &c
A-Graping¹ 19–26
Clams 19
Garfield 21–4–6
Snap-turtles 21–3
Brant 22
Otter 22
Musquash 22–3
Bidens Cernua 23
Aster of Hub. swamp. 23
Pickerel 26
Fall rain 27 & new greenness
Failure of fungi— 28
Birds (what heard) 28

¹“G” written over “g”
²Possibly “fell”