May 13th 1855

Pm. down river--& to Yel. birch swamp

Yesterday was the first warm day for a week or 2--& today it is much warmer still & hazy-- As much like summer as it can be without the trees being generally leafed. I saw a F hiemalis this morning--& heard the golden robin--now that the elms are beginning to leaf, also the myrtle bird’s tealee. The earliest gooseberry in garden has opened X

As we float down the river through the still & hazy air--enjoying the June-like warmth--see the first kingbirds on the bare black willows with their broad white breasts & white tipped tails--and the sound of the first bobolink was floated to us from over the meadows-- Now that the meadows are lit by the tender yellow green of the willows & the silvery green fruit of the elms. I heard from a female redwing that peculiar rich screwing warble--(’not O gurgle ee’)’--made with r not with l. The whole air too is filled with the ring of toads louder than heretofore-- Some men are already fishing--indistinctly seen through the haze.

Under the hop-hornbeam below the monument--observed a large pellet

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1Paren written over dash
2Paren written over dash
ap. dropped by some bird of prey—consisting of mouse hair—with an oat or 2 in it undigested—which prob. the mouse had swallowed. This reminded me that I had read this kind of of birds digested the flesh of the animals they swallowed but not the vegetable food in the stomachs of the latter. The air is filled with the song of birds—warbling vireo—gold-robin—yel— birds & occasionally the bobolink. The gold robin just come is heard in all parts of the village. I see both // male & female. It is a remarkable1 dif. bet. this day & yesterday—that yest. this & the bobolink were not heard—& now the former at least is so musical & omnipresent— Even // see boys a-bathing, though they must find it cold. I saw yesterday some of that common orange // rust like fungus already on a poten-tilla simplex leaf— Hear the first // catbird more clear & tinkling than the thrasher— Left the boat below N Barretts & walked inland. Saw // several handsome red-winged grasshopers in dif parts of our walk; but though we saw where they alighted, yet several times we could not find them in the grass for all that. The bayberry ap will not open under a week There are now a great many

1“remarkable” altered from “remarkably” (final “e” written over “y”)
viola pedatas. The brook in Yel–birch Swamp is very handsome now–broad & full with the light green hellebore 18 inches high–& the small 2 leaved sol–seal about it—in the open wood–Only a part of the yellow birches are leafing–but not yet generally the large ones. I notice no catkins. One white birch sheds pollen XX↓

The white birches on the side of Ponkawtasset are beginning to show faint streaks of yellowish green here & there

A cooler & stronger wind from the east by mid afternoon.

The large bass trees now beg. to leaf. ↓

Now about 2 hours before sunset the brown thrashers are particularly musical—one seems to be contending in song with another—The chewinks² strain sounds quite humble in comparison.

A 9 1/2 Pm I hear from our gate—my night warbler. Never heard it in the village before.

I doubt if we shall at any season hear more birds singing than now.

Saw an Amelanchier with downy leaf (ap. oblongifolia) on the SE edge of Yel–birch swamp about 18 feet high & 5 or 6 inches in diameter–A clump of them about as big as an apple tree.

May 14

Our peaches beg to bloom—others prob. earlier! ↓

Domestic plums open—some maybe yest. Missouri currant open yest or day before. XX One apple on a roof open XXX. The beech blossom in house opens say tomorrow in woods X—& prob. will leaf generally by the next day—2nd gooseberry in garden open XXX

↑“XX” possibly added
=“chewinks” corrected from “chewings” in pencil
White ash begs to leaf--& wax work-- Clethra
leafs. High blue berry open by Hubbs Bath XXX
Black scruboak leafs--& chinquapin-- Red
choke-berry leafed say 2 days later than black
Pm to Cliffs via Hubb's Bath--
See a male hen harrier skimming low
along the side of the river, often within
a foot of the muddy shore, looking
for frogs--with a very compact flock
of small birds, prob. swallows, in
pursuit. Occasionally he alights1 & walks
or hops flutteringly a foot or 2 over
the ground-- The lombardy poplar & Silvery abele
leafed at least 2 days ago. V. vacillans leafed
& perhaps flower opened? if that is one near W
F. Haven spring. Some hickories just opening
their leaves mak quite a show with
the red inner sides of the bud scales
turned back. All the oak leaves
off the shruboak plain except. ap. a
few white oaks. Some gaylussacias
leafed. Uva ursi at Cliffs out some
time--& some new shoots leafing.
Under the dead pine on which the fish-
on the 12th ult 1/2 mile from the river
hawk sat, I find a few fish bones--one
I am pretty sure from comparison, the jaw of
a pout. So that in 3 instances the only ones
observed this year, they were feeding on
pouts. Probably the mice &c had picked
up the rest of his droppings. Thus these
inhabitants of the interior--get a taste
of fish from time to time--crumbs
from the fish-hawk’s table-- Prinos verticilla

1"alights" poss. altered from "alight"
May 15—Pm to Beck Stow’s—
Suddenly very warm— – Hear a humming-bird
in the garden. Pear blossomed—some perhaps yest.
Locust—black & scarlet oak—& some button-
woods leaf. A yel— butterfly. I hear from the
top of a pitch pine in the swamp—that loud
clear familiar whistle—which I have sometimes
wrongly referred to the wood Pewee—Whip-ter-
phe-ee— Is it the Whip-tom-kelly note which
Soane & Wilson give to the Red eye—but
which Nuttall says he never heard from it?
– Sometimes ter-phee e— This is repeated
at considerable intervals the birds sitting
quite still a long time. I saw it dart out
once & catch an insect & return to its perch
prob M. Cooperi v. June 10th

musicapa ^ like. As near as I could see it
had a white throat—was whitish streaked with
dark beneath—darker tail & wings—& maybe
bright
olivaceous shoulders—^ yellow within bill.
Andromeda calyculata begs to leaf—separate twigs
from blossoming ones. Andromeda polifolia just open XXX

Buck-bean ap. in 3 days (in house the 18th) X
The 13th saw large water-bugs (gyrinus) crowded
up high on rocks— Watch a pine-warbler
on a pitch pine—slowly & faithfully searching
it creeper like— It encounters a black
& white creeper on the same tree; they fly at
each other—& the latter leaves, ap. driven off
by the first. This warbler shuts its bill each time
to produce its peculiar note. Rhodora will ap.
open in 2 or 3 days. See & hear for a moment
a small warbler-like bird in Nemopanthes

\[^1\]“XXX” possibly added
swamp which sings somewhat like--
// tchut a-worieter-worieter-worieter-woo.
// The greater part of the large sug. maples
on the Common leaf. Large red maples generally
are late to leaf.
Minot says that some years ago, may
be 10 or 15, a man in Bedford climbed
to an owls nest--(prob a catowls) & the
owl took out one of his eyes & nearly killed
him. He read it in the papers.

May 16
Pm--up Assabet--
// Trees generally leafing. Black willow leafs
// Bass leaf is an inch over--prob beg about the 14th
// Panic. andromeda leafed in some places
// prob a day or 2. Grape buds beg. to open.
// swamp white oak leaf--prob yest. silky cornel leaf--
// // 2 days or 3 1/2 days or 3" A wood cock--near river--A blue
// heron like bird--on a tree over river--but with
uniformly--fawn colored throat & breast
& reddish feet. We hear these last
2 or 3 warm days the loud sound of toads
borne on2 or amid the rippling wind.
// A green bittern with its dark green coat
& crest--sitting watchful goes off with
a limping--peet weet flight--

May 17th
Waked up at 2 1/2 by the peep of robins--
which were aroused by a fire at the
pail factory--about 2 miles west--
I hear that the air was full of birds
singing thereabouts-- It rained gently at the
same time--though not steadily.
May 18 55

Pm. Boat to Nut-meadow—
Large Devil’s needle—sassafras well open

how long? Ce·tis will prob shed pollen to morrow

XXX—shoots already 1 inch long. Sorrel pollen XX

1st veery strain. Green briar leafed several days

Veronica serpyllifolia well out how long? at Ash

bank spring. Saw the yellow legs feeding on

NB. C. now thinks he has not seen it before—
shore—legs not bright yellow—goes off with the
usual whistle—also utters a long monotonous

Am inclined to think it the lesser yel—legs
(though, I think the only one we see) Yet its
bill appears quite {2} inches long. Is it curved

up? Observe a black birds (red wing’s) nest

4 eggs in it on the 25th

Bay wing finished ^— At Clam Shell a song (?) sparrows

slightly²

3 young partly ^ fledged the 26th

nest 4 eggs young, half hatched ^—some black-
spotted others not. These last warmer
days a great many fishes dart away
from close to the shore—where they seem
to lie now more than ever— I see some

darting about & rippling the water there

with large back fins out either pouts

or suckers (not pickerel certainly)— Ap. their
breeding season arrived. Is not this where
the fish hawks get them? Rhodora

prob some yesterday X Black scruboak pollen XXX³

Fir balsam pollen XXX say begs to leaf at same time.

The clump of Golden willows west of new
stone bridge is very handsome now seen from hill—
with its light yellowish foliage—because the

stems of the trees are seen through it.

¹“I” written over “the”
²In MS, “slightly” precedes “Baywing”
³“XXX” possibly added
May 19th

// Put my little turtles into the river–
They had not noticeably increased in size–or
hardly–3 had died within a week
2 mud turtles–& 1 musk do
for want of attention ^–2 were missing
1 mud & 1 musk–5 musk were put into the
river–

May 20–rains a little

May 21

// Pm to Island. Salix nigra leafs–
Is that plump blue backed–rufous
// rumped swallow the Cliff S.? flying
Nuttall ap so describes it 5 {1/2} x 12
with barn swallows &c over the
river– It dashes within a foot of me–
// Lamb-kill leaf. a day or 2– Choke-
// berry pollen–perhaps a day or more elsewhere– V. pal-
// mata pretty common ap 2 or 3 days. Some
// button bush begins to leaf Cranberry well
started shoots 3/4 of an inch. Bluets whiten the
// fields–& violets are now perhaps in prime.
// Very cold today–cold weather in
deed from the 20 to 23d inclusive– Sit
by fires–& sometimes wear a great coat
& expect frosts.

May 22d

// Cerasus pumila in full bloom–how long?
// Bank swallows–ashy brown above–have¹
holes at Deep cut–have not much dis-
tinguished them before, this season. Sage
// willow may have beg{.} to leaf a week or 10 days ago
// or more. Cuckoo–scared up a night
from the white on wings
   hawk–^ amid the dry leaves on the edge

¹“have” possibly written over “has”
of a copse on F. H. Hill—where ap it had been scratching—the leaves looking as if they had been turned up. Linaria Canadensis on Cliffs X open. The deciduous trees leafing beg to clothe a little or invest the evergreens—The oaks are ^ more than in the gray—Huckleberry open—possibly yesterday Fringed polygala how long? herd’s grass on Channing bank—pollen—Harris tells Emerson my cicada is the Noveboracensis?¹—known to N. yorkers—Lupine not open yet for 2 or 3 days? not yet chinquapin oak—

May 23d
Am to Bayberry via river—
Myrica—not quite—Lousewort² pollen how long.

May 24
Am to Beck Stow’s—Button wood not open? Celandine pollen XX Butternut pollen ap a day or 2. Agricultural—black oak pollen yest. at least—XXX Scarlet oak the same but a little later. The staminate flowers of the first are on long & handsome tassels—for 3 or 4 inches along the extremities of last years shoots depending 5 inches (sometimes 6) x 4 in width—& quite dense & thick. The scarlet oak tassels are hardly half as long—The leaves much greener & smoother—& now somewhat wilted emit a sweet odor which those of the black do not. Both these oaks are ap. more forward at top—where I ? cannot see them. Mt ash open ap. yesterday X X—In woods by—And. polifolia the chestnut sided warbler with clear yellow

¹“?” written above and below dash
²“L” written over “l”
crown & yellow on wings & chestnut sides—
It is exploring low trees and bushes often
along stems about young leaves—& frequently
or after short pauses utters its some
what summer yellow bird-like note—

/ quick \
Say—tchip tchip, chip chip, tche tche
ter tchéa—spray & rasping & faint.
Another—further off—

? Andromeda polifolia now in prime
—but the leaves are apt to be blackened
& unsightly—& the flowers though
delicate have a feeble & sickly look
rose white—somewhat crystalline— Its
// shoots or new leaves unfolding say when
it flowered or directly after now 1 inch long.

? Buck bean—just fairly begun—though
prob— first the 18th—a handsome flower
but already when the raceme is only half
blown some of the lowest flowers are brown
& withered deforming it— What a pity!

// ? Juniper repens pollen not even yet—ap
tomorrow. Ap put back by the
cold weather. Beach plum pollen
// prob. several days in some places—& leaves
// begun as long
// Hear a rose breasted gross beak—at
first thought it a tanager—but
soon it perceived it more clear &
should say whistle if one could whistle like a flute
instrumental ^—a noble singer reminding
me also of a robin—clear loud & flute-like—on the oaks hill side S of Great
Fields Black all above except white
on wing—with a triangular red mark
on breast \ but, as I saw, all white
beneath this. Female quite different yellowish olivaceous where more like a musi-
capa. Song not so sweet as clear
& strong. Saw it fly off & catch an insect like a fly-catcher—An early thorn pollen
(not crus galli) ap yest. XX

Picked up a pellet in the wood path of a small birds feathers 1 inch in diameter &
loose—nothing else with them.—some slate—some yellow. Young robins—some time hatched

Heard a purple finch sing more than 1 minute without pause—loud & rich
on an elm over the street—another singing very faintly on a neighboring elm.

Conant. fever-bush had not beg. to leaf the 12th

I seem to have seen among sedges &c
1 the Carex Pennsylvanica—also 2 another ?
similar but later & larger in low ground
with many more pistillate flowers

nearly a foot high 3-sided & rough culm—
The 1st is smooth &

Also 3d an early sedge at Lees Cliff—with striped
not rigid
& pretty broad leaves ^ perhaps on 554 p. of Gray—

The rigid tufted one common in meadows with
cut grass like leaves. call it C. stricta though not yet more than 1 foot high. or 18 inches—

" of Juncaceae perhaps Luzula Campestris
the early umbelked purple leaved—low—

Foxtail

& ap. of4 grasses—herd’s grass—on C’s bank.
Naked azalea shoots more than a week old
and other leaves say a week at least.

Pm to Cliffs

Wind suddenly changed to S this forenoon
& for first time I think of a thin coat—
It is very hazy—con in consequence of the

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1“quite” possibly written over “female”
2“3” written over “2”
3“L” written over “I”
4“of” written over “her”
sudden warmth after {cool} cold. & I can-
not see the mts. Chinquapin pollen XXX 
? Lupine not yet-- Black scrub oak tassels
some reddish some yellowish. Just before
// 6 see in the N. W. the first summer
clouds methought piled in cumuli with
silvery edges--& westwardward of them
a dull rainy looking cloud advancing
& shutting down to the horizon--later
lightning in west & South--& a little
// rain-- Another {king} of frog spawn at Beck Stows
// May 25th
A rather warm night the last--window¹
// slightly open--hear buzz of flies in
the sultryish morning air--on awaking.
  8 Am to Hill
// Late rose shoots 2 inches, say a fortnight
// since S. nigra pollen a day at least--XX
// Wood pewee-- Ap. yel. birds nests just
   1 egg in it the next morn. also a
? completed--one by stone bridge causeway ^--another
red wing's nest op. Dodds--(1 egg in it next morn i.e. 26th)²
// in³ birch by mud turtle meadow-- Veronica
peregrina in Mackay's strawberries how long?
Most of the robins nests I have examined this year had
3 eggs--clear bluish green--
// A chip birds nest on a balm of Gilead 8 feet
high--bet the main stem & a twig or 2 with 4 very
pale blue-green eggs with a sort of {circle} of
brown black
dark ^ spots about larger end.
// Red wing's {bl} nest with 4 eggs--white very faintly
Red wings now generally beginning to lay
tinged with perhaps green & curiously & neatly marked
with brown black spots & lines on the large end.
// Fever root 1 foot high & more say a fort-
// night or 3 weeks. Scared a screech owl

¹"window" written over "hear"
²Short horizontal line below "6" is treated as extension of closed paren (need better copy to double check)
³"in" possibly "on" (need better image)
out of an apple tree on hill–flew swiftly
off at first like a pig. woodpecker & lit

facing me

nearby \(^1\) was instantly visited & spied at by
a brown thrasher– Then flew into a hole high
in a hickory near by–the thrasher following
close–to the tree. It was reddish or ferruginous.

Choke-cherry pollen on island ap. 2 or 3 days //
some in house to-day–say to-day XXXX

Hemlock\(^2\) pollen prob. tomorrow. \(^^\) not yet leafing. ?

Aralia nudicaulis \(\text{perhaps} \) 2 days pollen XX //

C. florida no bloom—was there year before //

last? Does it not flower every other year?

Its leaf say just after C. sericea—––––––//

Tupelo leaf before button bush—maybe a week //

now– Red oak pollen say a day or 2 before black //

Swamp wht oak pollen XXX //

\& eq. limosum 4 inch. below long stone\(^3\)

River \(\text{about at summer level} \) \(^4\) — Grass //

\& flags \(^5\) \& Pontederia (8 inch high) \& white lily pads now (after yel.) \text{red above,} \&c

patches conspicuous \(^^\) – purplish polygonum

some

leaves in beds above water—\& For\(^6\) a few
days the handsome phalanxes of the

equisetum limosum have attracted me.

The button bush hardly yet \text{generally} beg //
to leaf— Critchicrotches in prime. //

Heard the first regular bull-frog’s trump //

1 in the evening—

on the 18\(^{th}\) none since—

Juniper plucked yest. sheds pollen in house today &
prob. in field XX //

Is our White willow Gray’s var 2\(^{nd}\) Caerulea? ?
The Golden robin keeps whistling something like

Eat\(^5\) it Potter—eat it!

Carex exilis?? river shore op. Wheeler’s gate—6 inch //

high—but the culm smooth. some time.

Is that sweet-scented vernal grass just begun //
to bloom at celtis shore?

Fir balsam beg to leaf—\text{with flower}— //
cottony

Wooly aphides on White pines—\text{Hear a quail} //
a toad?

\& the summer spray frog, \(^^\) amid the ring of toads //

\(^1\) Caret written below dash
\(^2\) Revised from “Hem.” (“lock” written over the period in “Hem.”)
\(^3\) “e” in “stone” written over “y” or “g” (need better image)
\(^4\) “F” altered from “f”
\(^5\) “Eat” written over “eat”
May 26th

8 Am by boat to Kalmia glauca & thence to Scouring rush–

Again a strong cold wind from the N by west–turning up the new & tender pads. The young white lily pads are now red or crimson above while greenish beneath. Night shade dark green

// shoots are 8 inches long. Button bush
// would commonly be said to begin to leaf.
// At Clam Shell– R. acris & bulbosus pollen
// ap. about 2 or 3 days. Comandra pollen ap 2 days
// there– Arenaria serpyllifolia & scleranthus how long?
// White oak pollen XXX– The oaks ap. shed pollen about 4 days later than last year
–may be owing to the recent cold weather.

// Interrupted fern pollen¹ the 23rd may have been a day or 2
// Cinnamon fern today– Checkerberry shoots
// 1 inch high. Carex stipata? close spiked sedge in Clam shell meadow some time

Early willow on right beyond Hubb bridge–

// leafed since 12th say 19th or generally before button bush
// At Kalmia swamp– Nemopanthes ap several days
// & leaf say before tupelo. White spruce pollen
// 1 or 2 days at least, & now begs to leaf.

// To my surprise the Kalmia glauca–almost all out–perhaps began with Rhodora
A very fine flower–the more interesting

// for being early– The leaf say just after the lambkill. I was wading through this white spruce swam just look at the leafs. The more purple rhodora rose here & there above the small androme

¹“pollen” altered from “the”
da—so that I did not at first distinguish the K. glauca— When I did prob— my eyes at first confounded it with the lambkill— & I did not remember that this would not bloom for some time. There were\(^1\) a few leaves just faintly started\(^2\). But at last my eyes & attention both were caught by those handsome Umbells of the K. glauca—rising one to 3 together at the end of bare twigs 6 inches or more above the level of the andromeda & lambkill.

NB The Rhodora did not accompany it into the more open & level & wet 1 1/2 inch diam.

\&c—together with the rhodora ^ umbells ^ parts where was andromeda almost alone of 5 to 18 flowers on {thr} red threads 3/4 to an inch long—on the extrem at first deep—rose color after pale rose—twigs bare except 2 or 3 small old leaves close to the end of dry looking corollas

the ^ twigs— Flowers ^ not arranged in whirls about the twig but rising quite above it. The larger flowers methinks flower somewhat larger ^ & more terminal than lambkill about 9/16 inch diam—^ The whole about 2 feet high in sphagnum— The lambkill is just beginning to be flower budded.

What that ^ song spar.-like nest in wet under the andromeda the ^ sphagnum ^ there with 3 eggs— in that very secluded place surrounded by the watery swamp—& andromeda—from which the bird stole like a mouse under the Andromeda. v. egg. It is narrower & more & lighter a little— the brown less confluent pointed at one end ^ than that of the Song-spar with one spot on breast which took from ivy tree tuft 4 egg 1st seen I think the 22nd. The last is bluish white very thickly spotted & blotched with brown Swamp pink leaf before lambkill— A mosquito. from F. H. hill Lupine in house ^ & prob in field. XX
A the screech owl’s nest I now slumbering find 2 young almost uniformly gray above–about 5 inches long–with dark incipient little grayish tufts for horns (?) Their heads about as broad as their bodies–I handle them without their stirring or opening their eyes. There are the feathers of a small bird & the leg of the mus leucopus in the nest.

The partridge which on the 12th had left 3 cold eggs covered up with oak leaves–is now sitting on 8. She ap. deserted her nest for a time & covered it. Already the mouse ear down begins to blow in the fields & whiten the grass–together with the bluets. In Conants thick wood on the White Pond-ward lane–hear the ev. forest note–but commonly at a dist, only the last notes–a fine sharp té té. The nut Laurel near Scouring rush ap.

just begun to leaf. Trientalis open ap X

Do I not hear a tanager? See a beautiful blue-backe & long tailed pigeon sitting daintily on a low wht pine limb. Eq. hiemal I perceive no new life in the pipes except that some are flower-budded at top & may open in a week–and on pulling them up I find a new one just springing from the root. The flower bud is ap. on those dry looking last years plants which I thought had no life in them

Returning I lay on my back again in Conant’s thick wood.

"years" altered from "year"
Saw a redstart—over my head there—black with a sort of brick red on sides breast—spot on wing & under root of tail—note heard once next\(^1\) day—at kalmia swamp—somewhat like aveét aveét aveét aveét— In the mean-
while hear another note—very smart & some-
what sprayey rasping—tshrip tshrip tshrip tshrip
or 5 or 6 times with equal force each time

The bird hops near directly over my head—it is black

mark

with a large white spot forward on wings—& a fiery orange throat above & below eye & line on crown—yellowish beneath—white vent—forked tail dusky legs & bill

(which are light beneath)

holds its wings \(^\wedge\) loosely— it inclines to examine about the lower branches of the white pines or mid way up. The Blackburnian warbler

very plainly—whose note Nuttall knows nothing about. 2 leaved sol seal pollen not long in most places— Ranunculus recurvatus at corner spring ap several days at least pollen.

Trillium \(^\wedge\) may be several day{\(s\)} Arum how long? The ranunculus Purshii in that large pool in the Holden swamp woods makes quite a show at a little dist. now—

See today—(3\(^{\&}\) saw the 23\(^{\text{d}}\) a larger peetweet-like bird on the shore—with longer perhaps more slender wings black or blackish without white spots—all white beneath—& when it goes off—it flies higher— Is it not the Totanus solitarius? which Brown found at Goose Pond\(^4\).

I think that the red-fruited choke-berry has shed pollen about a day—though I have not ex-
amined—. The leaves are a little downy beneath & the crimson peduncle & the pedicels stout & quite

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\(^1\)“next” altered from “nest” (“x” written over “s”)

\(^2\)“&” written over “—”

\(^3\)Paren written over dash

\(^4\)“P” poss. written above “p” (need better image)
hairy—while the black-fruited is smooth—& glossy.

May 27

Pm To FH. Pond. taking boat op. Puffer’s

Still a very strong wind from Northerly & hazy & rather cool for season— The fields now beg.

just

// to wear the aspect of June—their grass ^ begin-
The light col. withered grass seen between the blades. darker
ning to wave ^—foliage thickening & casting shadows
over the meadows—elm tree tops thick in distance
—deciduous trees rapidly investing evergreens—haze
with the strong wind. How important the dark
evergreens now seen through the haze in
the distance & contrasting with the gauze-like
as yet
thin clad deciduous trees. They are like solid pro-
// tuberances of earth. A Thrasher’s nest on
the bare open ground with 4 eggs which were
seen 3 days ago. The nest as open & exposed
slight
as it well can be—lined with roots—on a ridge
where a rail fence has been some rods from any
on one side
bush. Saw the yel. legs ^ flying over the
// meadow against the strong wind & at first
mistook it for a hawk— It appeared now
quite brown with its white rump—& excepting
its bill & head I should have taken its for
a hawk—between the size of male harrier
male
& the ^ Pigeon hawk—or say the size of a dove—
It alighted on the shore. And now again I think
it must be the large one
// The blue yel— back or parti col— warbler still—
with the chestnut crescent on breast near my kalmia
// swamp nest. See a painted turtle on a hill
40 or 50 feet above river— Prob. laying eggs.
// Some m\textsuperscript{1} sumack has grown 1 inch—some not
started— Some but. bush 3 inches—some not
started. The first must be put after the last.

\footnote{\textit{“white” in MS}}
\footnote{\textit{dot under “i” in MS}}
Myosotis stricta under cliffs how long //
The meadow fragrance today—How //
interesting the huckleberrys now generally //
in blossom on the knoll below the Cliffs—
Countless wholesome red bells—beneath the
fresh yel—green foliage—The berry bearing
vaccinium—It is a rich sight. Geranium

Carrion flower a foot high—\--\--\--\--

at Bittern Cliff ap several days—& Arabis rhom-\-
boidea there in mead ap. still longer—say ^ 8 days //
but I am doubtful about the “slender style tipped with a conspicuous stigma”.

Crimson Gall on a shrub oak—//
A loose spiked sedge at Bittern Cliff meadow X forgot to bring— //
a foot high

May 28

How—Morus not yet ap for 2 or 3 days—though ?
the stigmas are obvious—Buttonwood stigmas ?
are now brown—since the 24th

Pm to Middle Conant. Cliff.
Yesterday left my boat at the willow op. this Cliff
the wind NW. Now it is SE—& I can
sail back. Our quince open this morn X //
possibly yesterday—And some others, I believe, much
earlier. Do I not hear a short snappish rasping.
note from a yel. throat vireo? I see a
tanger—the most brilliant & tropical looking //
bird we have—bright scarlet with black
wings—the scarlet appearing on the rump again
between wing tips. He brings heat—or heat
him. A remarkable contrast with the green pines.
At this dist. he has the aspect & manners of
a parrot—with a fullness about the head &
throat & beak—indolently inspecting the limbs
& twigs—leaning ef over to it—& sitting still
a long time.—The female too is a neat
& handsome bird—with the same indolent
ways—but very differently colored from the
male all yellow below with merely

1Dash may be part of “r” in “tanger” (need better image)
dusky wings & & a sort of clay? col– on back–
While we sit by the path in the depths
of the woods 3/4 of a mile beyond Haydens–
almost
confessing the influence of ^ the first sum-
mer warmth—the wood thrush sings
steadily for half an hour—now at
// 2 1/2 Pm—amid the pines—lould &
clear & sweet— While other birds are
warbling between whiles & catching
their prey he alone appears to make
a business of singing—like a true min-
strel. Is that one which I see at
? last in the path— Above dusky olive
brown becoming feruginous on base of tail—
eye not very prominent with a white line
around it—some dark col feathers ap on
outer wing covers—very light col. legs, with
dashes on breast which I do not see
clearly. I should say it had not the large
black eye of the hermit thrush & I cannot
see the yellowish spot on the wings—–Yet
it may have been this.
I find the feathers ap of a brown thrasher
in the path—plucked since we passed here
last night. You can generally find all
the tail & quill feathers in such a case.
? The apple bloom is very rich now. Fever
// bush shoots are now 2 inches long. say beg.
// to leaf just before late willow. Black ash
shoots 3 inch long say with ferm late willow.
// White pine & Pitch pine shoots from 2 to 5 inches
long— Rubus triflorus at Miles swamp
// will ap open tomorrow— Some Krigia
// // done some days XXX— Silene antirrhina XX
Barberry open X (prob 2 or more days at Lees) //

C. says he has seen a green snake—

Examined my 2 yel— birds nests of the 25th
both are destroyed—pulled down & tore to pieces prob. by some bird—though they but just began to lay. Large yell— & black butterfly– The leaves of Kalmiana lily ? obvious.

I have seen within 3² or 4 days 2 or 3 new warblers which I have not identified — One today—in the woods— All pure white beneath—with a full breast—& greenish olive yel (?) above with a dusker head & a slight crest very small³

musicapa like on pines &c high.

Also one all lemon yellow beneath— except whitish vent—& ap bluish above.

May 29th

Pm to Island Neck– That willow by the rock S of Island (of May 2nd) appears to be ^ the S. Sericea—the leaves beginning to turn black //

June 6th the leaves ans well to the account & the bitter bark quite soon—& the bark is very bitter— & brittle twig at base There is then another small willow or sallow with narrower & shining leaves very common along river with longer catkins & very smooth long tapering ^ pods— I mean the one I have as- sociated with the S alba—

Azalea nudiflora in garden XXX— – – – //

There are a great many birds now on the Island neck– The red eye // its clear loud song in bars continuously repeated & varied—all tempered white beneath & dark yel. olive above & on edge of wings with a dark line on side {head} or from root of bill—dusky claws—& a very long bill

---

¹Need better image to confirm whether this is a single slash or double slashes

²3” written over “2”

³Perhaps / young & / {female} / redstarts” written diagonally in pencil over several lines of text describing the warbler
The long bill--& the dark line on the side of the head with the white above & beneath or in the midst of the white, giving it a certain oblong swelled cheek look--would distinguish in a side view.

There is also the warbling vireo with its smooth flowing continuous one

barred--shorter strain--
Also the White throated vireo Its head yellow & shoulders as well as throat (ap olive yellow, above)--& its strain but little varied & short not continuous. It has dusky legs & 2 very distinct white bars on wings (the male)

I see the first swamp sparrow of the season--& prob heard its loud song--clear broad undivided chestnut or bay?

clear crown--& dark ash throat & breast & light perhaps yellowish line over eye--dark bill--& much bay? on wings Low amid the alders.

But what is that bird I hear much like the first part of the yellow bird's strain--only 2/3 as long & varied at end--& not so loud--à-che che che, chê-â or tche tche tche, tche-a or ah tche tche tche, chit-i-vet

It is very small--not timid--but incessantly changing its position on the pitch pines &c Some a pure dull white, some tawny white, beneath--some cinereous others more dusky still above--with a flycatcher or musicappa head rounded?

bill & head ^--^ but what is most re-

1"Y" written in space between “the” and cancelled “White”; “ellow” written below “White”
2"Low" altered from "low"
markable—a very deeply forked or divided tail with a broad black tip beneath & toward the roots a fine brick color—this last color much brighter on the sides of the breast—and some of it on the wings in a broad bar—though some perhaps have not the last mark—Did I see some of the yellowish on rump? Dark ash above and some reddish brown (?) One is very inquisitive hops down toward me lower & lower on the P. pine twigs while I hold out my hand till within 5 feet—but in such a light that I can not dis-tinguish its colors—There are at least half a dozen of them about—continually flitting about some times in a circle of one pursuing another, prob male & female, a few rods diameter—back to near the same spot—but I can hardly bring my glass to bear on them before they change their position—It is undoubtedly—young males & the females of the red start—described by Wilson. Very dif. from the full plumaged black males.

I see on the first limb of a white oak close to the trunk & about 8 feet from the ground—squat-ting as if asleep a chipping squirrel 2/3 grown//. The hole it came out of, apparently, is 4 or 5 feet from the base of the tree. When I am about to put my hand on it, it runs feebly up the tree—and rests again as much higher in a similar place. When C. climbs after, it runs out quite to the end of a limb—where it can hardly hold on—and I think it will drop

---

\(^1\)Virgules written between “grown” and period for lack of space to the right of period
\(^2\)“the” altered from “this”
every moment with the shaking of the tree.

May 30

// Have bird’s nest on an apple by roadside 7 feet high 1 egg
// Cherry bird on a cherry—also pecking at the apple blossoms. Minot says
// that within 2 or 3 days a stream of winged ants came out from under his door

sill—& the hens & countless swallows—& the kingbirds came & fed on them.

// Button wood flowers now effete—fertile flowers were not brown on the 24 but were the 28—Say about

then ^ the 26th

Nuttall thus describes the note of the

? White-eyed vireo—It is much varied—In March in Florida “ss’t (with a whistle)

wa wittee wittee we-wâ (the first part very quick.)”

In June at Fresh Pond “tshippee we-was say, sweetly whistled”—with great compass of voice & loudness. &c &c other variations. Also “whip te woï wee, the last syllable but one considerably lengthened & clearly whistled.”

// Lepidium virginicum ap X roadside bank at Minots’.

bay berry

// The myrica ^ plucked on the 23d—now first sheds pollen in house XXX—the leaf being but little

Gray says “somewhat preceding the flowers,” more expanded on the flowering shoot ^ . The catkins about 1/4 of an inch long erect. sterile—oval on the sides of last years twigs.

Pm Up RR

// A strong w. wind & much haze.

// Silvery Potentilla 4 or 5 days at least.

some done. In the thick of the wood
between RR & turnpike hear the Evergreen 
forest note & see prob. the bird--
black-throat--greenish yellow or yellowish
head & back--light slate (?) wings with
2 white bars. Is it not the Black-throated

small fresh
green warbler? I find close by an ^ egg
on the forest floor with a slight perforation
white (with perhaps a tinge¹ of flesh color? when
spots
full) & brown ^ & black spots marks at the
larger end. In Brewer's synopsis the egg of the
Black-throat--is described as= “light flesh
color with purple spots”– But these spots
are not purple-- I could find no nest--

Senecio in open meadows say yesterday. X   
small
See a ^ black snake run along securely
through thin bushes alders & willows 3 or
4 feet from the ground--passing intervals
of 2 feet easily--very readily & gracefully
--ascending or descending. Cornus Canadensis
out--how long?        //

Green lice X--from birches? get on my clothes.  //

Is it not summer now when the creak
of the crickets begins to be general?  //

Poison dogwood has grown 3 or 4 inches //
at ends of last years shoots which are
3 to 6 feet from ground.

Hear a familiar warbler not recognized
for some years--in the thick copse in
Dennis’ swamp. {S} of RR--considerably yellow
bird like--the note, tsh tsh tshar tshar  //
tchit, tchit tit te vet. It has ap.
a yellow head--bluish or slaty wings with
2 white bars--tail even wings dusky at tips
legs light bill dark--beneath all bright

¹“linge” in MS
²Possibly altered from “is”
yellow remarkably striped lengthwise with dusky—more or less dark—in dif. specimens
Can it be the S. maculosa—or Black & Yellow W. seen formerly—? I did not see the black—(nor indeed the back at all, well) It may have been a female not des. by Wilson—Frequents the tops of trees.

//
Ladies slipper ap X

May 31st
// Another windy—washing day—but warm
See a yel—bird building a nest on a white oak on the Island. She goes to a fern for the wool—In evening
// hear distinctly a tree-toad. (& again the 4th of June

June 1st
// A very windy day—the 3d—drowning the notes of birds—scattering the re-
// Rye to my surprise 3 or 4 feet high—& glaucous maining apple blossoms—Cloudy & rain threatening withal—Surveying at Holden Woodlot— I notice the
// Equisetum Hiemal e—its black scaled flowerets now in many cases separated so as to show the green between—but not yet in open rings or whorls like the limosum Ap. they will be in 2 or 3 days
? I find the Linnaea borealis growing near the end of the ridge in this Lot toward the meadow—near a large wht pine stump recently cut. C. has found
// the Arethusa out at Hubb’s close
say 2 or 3 days—at a venture—there being considerable

"S" written over “s”
Still windier than before & yet no rain. It is now very dry indeed & the grass is suffering. Some springs commonly full at this season are dried up. The wind shakes the house night & day – From that cocoon of the Atta-cus Crecropia which I found – I think it was on the 24th of May on a red maple shrub 3 or 4 feet from the ground on the edge of the Meadow by the New Bedford Road just this side of Beck-Stows – came out this forenoon a splendid Moth. I had pinned the cocoon to the sash at the upper part of my window & quite forgotten it. About the mid. of the forenoon Sophia came in & exclaimed that there was a moth on my window –

At first I supposed that she meant a cloth-eating moth – but it turned out that my A. Crecropia – had come out & dropped down to the window sill, where it hung on the side of a slipper (which was inserted into another) to let its wings hang down & develop themselves. At first the wings were not only not unfolded laterally – but not longitudinally, the thinner ends for perhaps 3/4 of an inch being very feeble & occupying very little space. It was surprising to see the creature unfold & expand before our eyes – the wings gradually elongating as it were by their own gravity & from time to time the insect assisted.

---

1"R" written over "r"
2"had" written over "I"
3"hang" written over "hand"
this operation by a slight shake. It was
wonderful how it waxed & grew revealing
some new beauty every 15 minutes—which I
called Sophia to see—but never losing its
hold on the shoe—It looked like a
young emperor just donning the most
splendid ermine robes—that ever emperor
ever wore—At first its wings appeared double
one within the other. At last it advanced
but feebly
so far as to spread its wings completely ^
when we approached—The wings every mo
ment acquiring greater expansion & their
at first wrinkled edge becoming more
tense—This occupied several hours—
It continued to hang to the shoe with its wings
ordinarily closed erect behind its back—
the rest of the day—& at dusk—when
ap. it was waving its wings preparatory to
its evening flight—I gave it ether—&
so saved it in a perfect state. As it lies
not spread to the utmost—it is 5/9/10 inches x 2 1/4
Pm to Hill

// Eq. linosum pollen a few ap 2 or 3 days.
// The late Crataegus on the hill is in full bloom while the other is almost entirely out of bloom.

3 yel. birds nests—which I have marked since
the 25th of may—the only ones which I have actually inspected—have now all been torn to pieces—Though
they were in places (2 of them at least) where no boy is at all likely to have found them.
I see in the meadow grass a fine cobweb—or
// spiders nest 3 or 4 inches diameter & another—,
on 2 twigs—2 collections of little yellowish
about 1/2 as big as a pin head

spiders containing a thousand or more — like

minute fruit buds or kernels clustered on the
twig — One of the clusters disperses when I stoop

over it & spreads over the nest on the fine lines.

Hemlock-leafed — 2 or 3 days the earliest

young plants. The black-spruce beyond the

hill has ap. just begun to leaf. XXX but not

yet to blossom — Pinus rigida pollen a day or 2 or 3

on the plain — Sweet flag pollen about 2 days X

Mr Hoar tells me that Dea Farrar’s son
tells him that a white robin robin has

her nest on an apple tree near their house.

Her mate is of the usual color — All the family

have seen her — but at the last accounts she has

not been seen on the nest.
Silene— or wild Pink— how long?  
The azalea nudiflora now in its prime — what

glaucous

splendid masses of pink — with a few ^ green leaves

sprinkled here & there just enough for contrast.

Nest in thorn on hill — & Cat birds by fallen birches

June 3d

A rainy day at last — Caraway in Garden ap.

3 days out.

June 4th

Pm to Hub’s Close

Clears up in forenoon — Some of the scouring

rush gathered the 1st begins to open its whirls in

stages in the chamber — says sheds pollen tomorrow. XXX

Not quite yet the How mulberry pollen —

White clover out prob some days — also red as

long — It has just cleared off after this first

rain of consequence for a long time & now I

observe the shadows of massive clouds which

still floating here & there in the peculiarly

1Caret written below dash
blue sky—which dark shadows on
field & wood—are the more remarkable
by contrast with the light yellow-green
foliage—now—and when they rest on ever-
greens they are doubly dark—like dark
rings about the eyes of June. Great
shadows of the clouds (which float in the cleared air) contrasting
white bosomed clouds darker beneath
with the sun-lit light green foliage.
float through the cleared sky—and
are seen against the deliciously blue
sky—such a sky as we have not
// had before—Thus it is after the first im-
portant rain at this season. The song
of birds is more lively and seems to have
a new character—a new season has
commenced. In the woods—I hear the
tanager—and chewink—and red-eye. It
// & mosquitoes begin to sting in earnest
is fairly summer. I see the dandelions
// now generally gone to seed amid the
grass their downy spheres—There are now
// many potentillas ascendant—and the
// erigeron bellidifolium is 16 inches high &
quite handsome{,} by the RR—this side of turn off.
? Redstarts still very common—in
the trillium woods (yest on assabet also)
note tche tche, tche vit &c I see some
dark on the breast.
? The Lycopodium dendroideum—now shows
// fresh green tips like the hemlock. Greenish
puffs on Panicled andromeda. Lint comes
off on to clothes from the tender leaves—
clean dirt &
but it is ^ all gone when you get home
velvety
// & now the crimson ^ leafets of the black
oak—showing¹ also a crimson edge on
the downy undersides are beautiful

¹“showing” poss. written over “shown”
as a flow--& the rose salmon a Wt oak. The Linnaea borealis has grown an inch-- but are not the flowers winter killed-- I see dead & blacked flower buds--perhaps it should have opened before. Winter green has grown 2 inches-- See a warbler much like the black & white creeper but perched warbler like on trees--streaked slate white & black--with a large white & black mark on wing--crown divided by a white line & then chestnut (?) or slate or dark--& then white above & below eye--breast or throat streaked downward with dark--rest beneath white-- Can it be the common black & white creeper--? Its note hardly reminds me of that-- It is somewhat like pse pse pse pse--psa psa,--weese weese weese--or longer-- I did not occur to me that other it was the same till I could not find any ^ like this in the book. Cotton grass ap 2 or 3 days out. Geum ap some days In the Clintonia swamp I hear a smart brisk loud & clear whistling warble--quite novel & remarkable--something like--te chit a wit, te chit a wit, tchit a wit, tche tche. It is all bright yellow or ochreous orange (?) below except vent & a dark or black crescent on breast--with a white line about eye--above it nearly uniform appears a ^ dark blue slate legs light bill dark (?) tail long & forked. I think it must be the S. cana Canada Warbler seen in '37 though that seems short for this It is quite dif. from the warbler of May 30 The recent high winds have turned the edges of young leaves by beating & killing them.
Ellen Emerson finds the Viola\textsuperscript{1} pubescens scarce today—but the Actaea alba in full bloom. Eddy has brought a great Polygonatum from Medford which he says grew in the woods there. I do not find a satisfactory account of it. It differs from the Pubescens of Gray—in that the leaves can hardly be called downy beneath & are clasping—the peduncles are 2 to 5 flowered (instead of 1-2—) & the Perianth is 4/5 of an inch long instead of 1/2) Perianth white or whitish with green lobes. It differs from the Canaliculatum in not being obviously channelled ^—(though angled between the leaves) the filaments not being smooth—nor inserted in the mid of the tube.

Carex scoparia? in meadows some days.

June 5\textsuperscript{th}

Pm. to Clam Shell by river

Yel. Beth Star in Prime. Aphylon or Orobanch well out ap several days. Nuphar Kalmiana budded above water. Green briar flower out ap 2 or 3 days Low blackberry out in low ground ap X. That very early (or in winter green rad leaf) plant by ash is the myo-
sotis laxa open since the 28\textsuperscript{th} of May say June 1\textsuperscript{st}

Ranunculus reptans say 2 days out—river being very low— Common cress well out along river. Side—fl. sandwort ap 3 days out in\textsuperscript{2} Clam Shell flat meadow. some oxalis done—say 2 or 3 days—on ditch bank. Ranunculus repens in prime—Yel—clover well out.

some days. Flowering ferns reddish green show on meadows. Green oak balls

\textsuperscript{1}“iola” added to “V”

\textsuperscript{2}“in” possibly altered from “is”
Walking along the upper edge of the flat Clam Shell meadow—a bird, prob. a
song spar (for I saw 2 chipping about im-
mEDIATELY after) flew up from between my
feet & I soon found its nest remarka-
bly concealed— It was under the thickest
of the dry river {side} wreck with an entry
low on one side full 5 inches long
& very obscure— On looking close I
detected the eggs from above by looking down
through some openings in the wreck about
as big as sparrows eggs through which
I saw the eggs 5 in number. I
never saw a1 nest so perfectly concealed.

I am much interested to see
how nature proceeds to heal the {—} wounds
where the turf was stipped off this meadow—
There are large patches of where nothing
remained but pure black mud—
nearly level or with slight hollows like
a plate in it. This the sun and air had
cracked into irregular polygonal figures
a foot more or less in diameter. The
whole surface of these patches here
is now covered with a short soft & pretty
dense—moss-like vegetation springing up
& clothing it. The little hollows & the
cracks are filled with a very dense growth
reddish
of ^ grass or sedge—about 1 inch high—the
growth in the cracks making pretty reg-
ular figures as in a carpet— While
the intermediate spaces are very evenly but
much more thinly covered with minute
whitish
sarothra & ^ gnaphalium uliginosum. Thus the wound

---

1Large “a” written over “the”
is at once scarred over. Ap. the seeds of that grass were heavier & were washed into the hollows & cracks—Or is it likely that the owner has sprinkled seed here?

June 6th

Pm up. Assabet by boat to survey Hosmer’s field. On the Island I hear still the redstart—sometimes

tsip tsip tsip tsip, tsit-i-yet, or ^ tsip

tsip tsip tsip, tse vet. A young male.

It repeats this at regular intervals for a long time—sitting pretty still now.

// Waxwork open & pollen 1 or 2 days. I notice
// a clamb lying up & 2 or 3 cleared or light
// colored places ap. bream nests commenced.

You see the dark eye & shade of June on the river as well as on land—and

// a dust-like lint on river ap. from the young leaves & bud scales—covering the waters which begin to be smooth—& imparting

// a sense of depth. Blue-eyed grass may be several days in some places. 1 thimble-

// berry blossom done prob. several days. There are now those large swarms of black 

1/2 inch long with 2 long streamers ahead.

// winged winged millers (?) ^ fluttering 3 to 6 inches over the water—not long methinks—also other insects. I see a yel– spot tor-

// toise 20 rods from river & a painted one 4 rods from it which has just made a

// hole for her eggs. 2 catbirds nests in the thickest part of the thicket on the edge of Wheelers Meadow near Island. One dove laying (I learn after) 4 eggs green—much darker green than the robin’s & more slender in proportion—This is

---

1"Is" altered from “is”
broad
loosely placed in the forks of an ^ alternate
or silky?
^ cornel bush about 5 feet from the ground
& is composed of dead twigs & a little stubble
then grape-vine bark—& is lined with
dark root fibers. Another 8 rods beyond
rests still more loosely on a Vib. dentatum
& birch—has some dry1 leaves with the
the birds hops within
twigs & 1 egg—about 6 feet high— 5 feet.
This egg gone on the 9th
The white maple keys are about half
fallen— It is remarkable that this happens
at the time the emperor moth (cecropia)
comes out. Carex crinita (?) a few days
along bank of Assabet. White weed
Merrick’s pasture shore 2 or 3 days.  
The Salix cordata (which ap. blossomed
some days after the S. sericea) is very com-
on Pritchard’s shore & also Whitings—also
at the last place is a small shrub—a little
of it—perhaps S. lucida—which
ap blossomed about same time or a day or 2 after
the sericea.

June 7
Rain— In Pm—mizzling weather
 to Abel Hosmer woods. Cistus ap. yest open.  
A yel— birds nest on a willow bough against
a twig 10 feet high—4 eggs. I have
heard no musical gurgle-ee—from black-
birds for a fortnight— They are so busy
breeding.

June 8 Pm— Goose Pond.
High blue berry X A crow 2/3 grown tied
up for a scare-crow. A tanagers (?) nest

---
1"dry" written over "dead"
in the topmost forks of a pitch pine 
about 15 feet high by¹ Thrush² Alley–
the nest very slight–ap. of pine needles 
twigs &–can see through{−}it{,.} bird on.
In that pitch pine wood see 2 rabbit 
forms (?) very snug & well roofed retreats 
dead
formed by the ^ pine needles falling about 
the base of the trees where they are upheld 
on the dead stubs from the bud{s} at from 6 
 inches to a foot from the ground–as if 
the carpet forest floor were puffed 
up there– Gnawed³ acorn shells in them.
F. pusilla
// 2 baywings⁴ nests in my old potatoe 
field at the foot of little white pines
This bird is ash side head ferruginous above–mahogany 
each–made of dried grass lined with hair–
   bill & legs–2 whitish bars. eggs do not agree with account?
   snug in the sod 4 eggs to each–one lot 
Nuttall says this bird’s eggs are so thick with ferruginous as to appear almost wholly of 
nearly hatched–with reddish brown spots espec-
that color!!
   ially toward larger end–but a light 
   opening quite at that end–smaller 
   slenderer & less spotted than the song-
// sparrow’s. A Jay’s nest with 3 young 
white
   half fledged–in a pitch pine 6 feet high (in it) 
   by the Ingraham cellar. Made {of} coarse 
// sticks. Hear I am pretty sure a rose-
breasted gross beak sing– See ap. a 
// summer duck in Goose pond. C. says 
E say 2 other dark ducks here yesterday. 
// A great many devils needles in woods 
within a day or 2. G. Brooks told me 
on June 1st that a few evenings before 
he saw as many as a thousand chimney 
// swallow pour down into Goodknow’s chimney.

¹"by" written over “in”
²“T” altered from “t”
³“G” altered from “g”
⁴Need better copy to confirm cancelled word
A catbird's nest—on the peninsula of Goosepond 4 eggs\(\ldots\) in a blueberry bush 4 feet from ground—close to water—as usual of sticks—dry leaves—& bark lined with roots. little
What was that ^ nest—on the ridge
fine few
near-by made of ^ grass lined with a little \\
eggs—(2 hatched the 11\textsuperscript{th}) hairs & containing 5 smalls ^ nearly as broad as long yet pointed white with fine dull brown spots especially on the large end—nearly hatched. The nest in the dry grass under a shrub—remarka-
(June 11\textsuperscript{th}) it is a Maryland-Yel— Throat. runs & flies along bly concealed— the ground away just like a night-hawk—cant trace it off it goes so low in the grass &c at first. Found in this walk—of nest—one tanager— very shy it is— 2 baywing—1 blue-jay—1 catbird—& the last named.
June 9\textsuperscript{th}
Pm. to Wheeler azalea swamp—across meadow. Early primrose done—say 2 days XX  \\
An orchis—prob. yellowish will be common ? in Wheeler’s Meadow—Side saddle ap a day or 2 petals hang down— A song spar’s nest low  \\
in Wheeler meadow with 5 eggs—made of grass lined with hair. Rhus Toxicodendron ap. X on Island rock.  \\
The nest prob. of the small pewee—looking from the ground like a yel— birds showing reddish wool of ferns—against a small white birch on a small twig 18 feet from ground little
4 ^ eggs all pale cream color before blowing white after—fresh. A yel— bird’s nest 8 feet from ground in crotch of a very slender maple A chip bird in a white thorn on the Hill one egg.
A catbirds nest 3 eggs in a high blueberry 4 feet from ground with rather above assabet spring
more dry leaves than usual—^ Lambkill
ap. X. out. Catbirds nest 1 egg on a blueberry bush 3 feet from ground—of as usual sticks—leaves bark—roots
Another near1 same (also in V. Muhlenbergii swamp) on a bent white birch & andromeda 18 inch from ground 3 eggs stubble of weeds mainly instead of twigs otherwise as usual. A chewink’s nest sunk in ground under a bank covered with ferns dead2 & green & huckleberry bushes composed of dry leaves then grass very slender stubble & lined with a few reddish moss-stems 4 eggs—me rather fresh—merely enough moss stems to indicate its choice.
Fever root perhaps several days—
? See very few hawks for several weeks—
Found today of nests 1 song spar—1 small pewee (?) 1 yel—bird 1 chip bird—3 cat birds 1 chewink—1 robin (the last on a black willow 2 feet from ground 1 egg
I think I have hardly heard a bobolink for a week—or 10 days.
June 10th
Pm. to Owl’s nest—
A remarkably strong wind from the SW all day—wracking the trees very much & filling the air with dust—I do not remember such violent & incessant gusts3 at this season. Many eggs if not young must have been shaken

1“near” written over “is”
2“dead” written over “&”
3“gusts” possibly altered from “gusty”
out of birds nests—for I hear of some fallen. It is almost impossible to hear birds—or to keep your hat on–The waves are like those of march–on our bank red-top?? June grass

That **common grass** which was in blossom a fortnight since & still on riv bank–began a week ago to turn white here & there killed by worms. Veronica scutellata ap a day or 2 X Iris versicolor // also a day or 2 X A red maple leaf // those with ^ crimson spots Clintonia ap 41 or 5 // 4 days (not out at Hub’s close the 4th. // A catbirds nest of usual construction // 1 egg 2 feet high on a swamp pink. and old nest of same near by on same. Some viola cucullatas are now 9 inches high & leaves nearly 12 inches wide. Archangelica staminiferous umbellets say yest. X but some ap. only. pistilliferous ones look some days at least older–seed vessel pretty large.

Oven birds nest with 4 eggs 2/3 hatched // under dry leaves–composed of pine needles & dry leaves & a hair or 2 for lining about 6 feet S. W. of a white oak which is 6 rods SW of the Hawk pine. The young owls are gone // The Kalmia glauca is done before the lambkill is begun here–ap was done very some days ago. A ^ few rhodoras linger. wood

Nest of a king bird or ^ Peweee on a // prob. of Musicappa Cooperi or Pe-pe disc. by Nuttall (?) white spruce in the Holden2 swamp about V. May 15

15 feet high on a small branch near the top—of a few twigs & pine needles & an abundance of **pine usnea {——} {mainly}**
composing & lining & overflowing from it
Very open beneath & carelessly built—with
a small concavity with 3 eggs pretty
fresh—but ap. all-told—cream color
before blowing with a circle of brown
spots about larger end. The female (?)
looked darker beneath than a king bird &
uttered that clear plaintive till tilt like
a robin somewhat—sitting on a spruce.
C. finds an egg today somewhat like
a song sparow but a little longer
& slenderer or with less dif. between the
ends in form—and more finely & spotted all
over with pale brown. It was in a
pensile nest of grape vine bark—on the
low branch of a maple—prob. a cow-
bird’s.—fresh laid
He has found in nests {of} grass in
thick bushes near river—what he
thought red wing eggs—but they are
pale blue with large black blotches
one with a very large black spot on

{Prob red wings}

// one side—Can they be bobolinks? or what?
//
// My partridge still sits on 7 eggs.
//
The black-spruce which I plucked on the 2nd ult
expanded a loose {p} rather light brown cone on
the 5th say—can that be the pistillate flower—
The white spruce cones are now a rich dark
purple more than 1/2 inch long.

? Nuttall thus describes the Musicappa Cooperi
Olive-sided Flycatcher or Pe-pe
“Sp. Ch. Dusky-brown, head darker without
discolored spot; sides olive-grey; lateral
space beneath the wing white; lower man-
dible purplish horn color; tail nearly even, & extending but a little beyond the closed wings”.

No white on tail—2aries & coverts edged with whitish. “rictus bright yellow as well as the inside of the mouth & tongue.” chin white. “Sides dusky olive, a broad line down the middle of the breast, with the abdomen and rump yellowish white; a broadish white space on the side, beneath the wing towards the back,”—
“This species though of the size of the King bird, is nearly related to the wood pewee, yet perfectly distinct.”

Of note— – – –her “oft repeated, whining call of pu pu, then varied to pu pip, and pip pu, also at times pip pip pu, pip pip pip, pu pu pip, or tu tu tu, & tu tu. This shrill, pensive, & quick whistle sometimes dropped almost to a whisper, or merely pu. The tone was in fact much like that of the phu phu phu of the fish hawk. The male, however, besides this note, at long intervals, had a call of eh’phèbē, or h’phebēa, almost exactly in the tone of the circular tin whistle, or bird call,—”

June 11th
How’s Morus—staminate flowers ap only a day or 2 pollen—the pistillate a long time. //
The locust ap 2 or 3 days. open.  //
When I would go a visiting I find
that I go off the fashionable
street—not being inclined to change
my dress—to where man meets man
& not polished shoe meets shoe.

Ac to Holland’s Hist of Western
Mass— In Westfield “In 1721, it was voted
that the pews next the pulpit should be
highest in dignity. The next year it was voted that
persons should be seated in the meeting house
according to their age & estate, and that so
much as any man’s estate is increased by
his negroes, ‘that shall be left out.’ If a
man lived on a hired farm, ‘or hath ob-
tained his property by marrying a widow, it
shall be reckoned only one-third,’ that is,
he shall have only 1/3 as much dignity
as if he owned his farm, or had ac-
quired his money by his own industry.”

—What if we feel a yearning
to which no breast answers? I walk
alone— My heart is full—feelings
impede the current of my thoughts—
I knock on the earth for my friend—
I expect to meet him at every turn—
but no friend appears—& perhaps
none is dreaming of me.

I am tired of frivolous society—in
which silence is for ever the most
natural & the best manners. I
would fain walk on the deep waters
but my companions will only
walk on shallows & puddles.
I am naturally silent in the
midst of 20 from day to day–from
year to year– I am rarely reminded
of their presence– 2 yards of po-
liteness do not make society for
me.
One complains that I do not take
his jokes– I took them before he had
done uttering them & went my way.
One talks to me of his apples & pears
& I depart with my secrets untold.
His are not the apples that tempt me.

Now (Sep 16th 55) after 4 or
5 months of invalidity & worthlessness
I begin to feel some stirrings of life
in me–

Is not that Carex Pennsylvanica-like
with a long spike (1 inch long x 1/2 inch wide)
C. bullata? //

red wing

What a diff. between one ^ black bird’s egg
and another’s– C. finds one long as a
robins’ but narrow with large black spots
on larger end & on side on or bet. the bushes
by river side–like the red wings–another
much shorter with a large black spot
on the side. Both pale blue ground.

The early willows at the bridge
are ap. either S. discolor or Eriocephala
or both.
I have noticed the green oak balls
some days.– Now observe the dark

evergreen of June.
// The target leaf is eaten above
In order to get the deserted tanager’s nest at the top a pitch pine which was too weak to climb—we carried a rope in our pockets & took 31 rails 1/4 of a mile into the woods, & there rigged a derrick by which I climbed to a level with the nest—& could see if there were eggs in it. I have the nest. Tied the three tops together and spread the bottoms.

// Carex cephalophora?? on Heywood’s Peaks
That fine dry wiry wild grass in hollows in woods & sproutlands—never mown—is ap— the C. Pennsylvanica or early sedge.

// There are young blue-birds.

Tuesday June 12th 55
down River to Swamp E of Poplar Hill

// I hear the toad, which I have called spray frog falsely—still— He sits close to the edge of the water & is hard to find—hard to tell the direction though you may be within 3 feet. I detect him chiefly by the motion of the great swelling bubble on his throat— A peculiarly rich sprayey dreamer—now at 2 Pm— How serenely it ripples over the water! What a luxury life is to him! I have to use a little geometry to detect him— Am surprised at my discovery at last—while C. sits by incredulous— Had turned our prow to shore to search. This rich sprayey note possesses all the shore. It diffuses itself far and wide over the water—& enters into

1”3” written over another number or letter
2“with” written over “of”
every crevice of the noon—& you cannot tell whence it proceeds.

Young {bla} redwings now begin to fly feebly amid the button bushes—& the old ones chatter their anxiety. At mouth of Mill Brook—a red-wings nest tied on to that thick high grass & some low willow—18 inch from ground—with 4 eggs—variously marked—full of young.

In a hedge thicket by meadow near Peter’s path a Catbird’s nest—1 egg—as usual in a high blueberry—in the thickest & darkest of the hedge—& very loosely built beneath on joggle sticks.

In the ^ swamp behind the hill I look at the vireo’s nest which C found on the 10th ult. within reach on a red maple ^ twig—8 feet from ground

^ He took one cow bird’s egg from it & I now take the other which he left— There is no vireo’s egg—& it is said they always desert their nest when there are 2 cow birds eggs laid in it. I saw a red-eye lurking near. Have the nest. Near by in a part of the swamp which had been cleared & then burnt ap. by accident—we find the nest of a veery on a tussuck 8 inches high—which like those around has been burnt all off close & black— The nest is directly in the top the outside burnt— It contains 3 eggs which have been scorched discolored & cooked—1 cracked by the heat. though fresh. Some of the sedge has since sprung up green 8 inches high around here & there. All the lower part of the
nest is left—an inch thick with
lea dead leaves—maple &c & well lined
with moss stems (?){.} It is a dry swamp.

In a ^ blueberry bush—on the Poplar
Hill-side 4 ft from ground—a

// Catbirds nest with 4 eggs—40 feet
high up the hill. They even follow the
blue berry uphill.

// A Field sparrow’s nest with 3 young—on
a v. vacillans—rose & grass—6 inches from
ground—made of grass & hair.

// A C. Tomentosa Hickory on the hill well
out^{1}—& froth on the nuts—almost all
out & black—perhaps 3 or 4 days.

// A Hawthorn grows near by—just out
of bloom. 12 feet high. C. oxyacantha

? A veronica at Peetweet Rock—forget which

// kind. A crow b. bird’s nest high in
an elm by river side just below the Island.
C. climbed to it & got it. I have it
There were eggs. Bottom of mud & coarse
grass & sedge—lined with finer grass &

// dry weed-stems. Another in an elm rear
of Lorings—in a recess where a limb was
once broken off open^{2} on one side 18 ft
high—Young with heads out almost
ready to fly

Nuttall says—of the Cowbird’s egg—"If
the egg be deposited in the nest alone,
it is uniformly forsaken;"—has seen
“sometimes 2 of these eggs in the same
nest, but in this case one of them com-
monly proves abortive.”—“is almost
oval, scarcely larger than that of the blue bird.”

^{1} blotch or cancellation follows word (need better image)
^{2} “open” possibly written over “on” and some other characters
He says it is “thickly sprinkled with points & confluent touches of olive brown, of 2 shades, somewhat more numerous at the greater end, on a white ground tinged with green. But in some of these eggs the ground is almost pure white, and the spots nearly black.”

June 13th

C. finds a pigeon woodpecker’s nest in an appletree 5 of those pearly eggs about 6 feet from ground–could squeeze your hand in– Also a peetweets–with 4 eggs in Hubbards meadow beyond the old swamp oak site–& 2 kingbirds nests with eggs in an apple & in a willow by river side.

Thursday June 14th

Up river– See young redwings–like grizzly black vultures–they are still so bald– See many empty redwing nests now amid the Cornus sericea. The blue-birds nest high in the black willow at sassafras shore has 5 eggs. The gold robins nest which I could pull down within reach just beyond has 3 eggs. I have one. I told C to look into in old mortice hole in Wood’s bridge for a white bellied swallow’s nest–as we were paddling under–but he laughed incredulous– I insisted–& when he climbed up he scared out the bird.– 5 eggs– You see the feathers about do you not? yes said he.

Kalmiana lily several days. The little galium in meadow say 1 day– A song spar’s (?) nest in ditch bank under Clam Shell1 of coarse grass lined with pine–& 5 eggs nearly hatched & a

---

1Possibly “Clam shell” or “Clam Shell” altered from “Clam shell”
peculiar dark end to them—have one or more & the nest. The bird evidently deserted the nest when two eggs had been taken. Could not see her return to it—nor find her on it again—after we had flushed

// her—A king-birds nest with 4 eggs on a large horizontal stem or trunk of a black willow 4 feet high over the edge of the river—amid small shoots from the willow—outside of mikania, roots, & knotty sedge—well lined with root fibres

// & wiry weeds. Vib. dentatum ap not long—say 2 days & carrion flower the same.

// Looked at the Pewee’s nest which C. found yesterday. It was very difficult to find again in the broad open meadow—no nest but a mere hollow in the dead cranberry leaves the grass & stubble ruins—under a little alder. The old bird went off at last from under us—low in the grass at first & with wings up making a worried sound which attracted other birds. I frequently noticed others afterward flying low over the meadow—& alighting & uttering this same note of alarm. There only 4 eggs in this nest yesterday & today to C’s surprise—there are the 2 eggs which he left & a young pewee beside—a grey pinch of down with a black centre to its back—but already so old and precocious that it runs with its long legs swiftly off from squatting beside the 2 eggs & hide(s) in the grass—We have some
trouble to catch it. How came it here with these eggs—which will not be hatched for some days—C. saw nothing of it yesterday. J Farmer says that young peetweets run at once like partridges & quails & that they are the only birds he knows that do. These eggs were had not addled (I opened one C another) Did this bird come from another nest—or did it belong to an earlier brood.

A cherry birds nest & 2 eggs in an apple tree 14 feet from ground

black spots here & there all over & some dim at great end

1 egg round black spots & a few oblong about equally about equally but thinly dispersed over the whole—and a dim internal purplish tinge about the large end. It is difficult to see any thing of the bird—for she steals away early—and you may neither see nor hear anything of her while examining the nest—and so think it deserted—Approach very warily & look out for them a dozen or more rods off.

It suddenly began to rain with great violence—and we in haste drew up our boat on the Clamshell shore upset it & got quite under sitting on the paddles—and so were dry while our friends thought we were being wet to our skins. But we had as good a roof as they—It was very pleasant to be there a half an hour close to & hear the edge of the water & see the great drops patter on the river, each making
a great bubble—the rain seemed
much heavier for it—The swallows
at once & numerously began to
fly low over the water in the rain—
as they had not before—& the toads

spray rang in it—After it began to
hold up the wind veered a little to the
east & ap. blew back the sk rear of the

cloud & blew the rain somewhat in upon us—

As soon as the rain was over I
crawled out—straightened my legs—&
stumbled at once upon a little patch

of strawberries within a rod—the sward
red with them. These we plucked while
the last drops were thinly falling.

Silena antirrhina out on Clam Shell how long?

Friday June 15th ’55

To Moore’s Swamp. Robin’s nest in apple tree 12

feet high—young nearly grown—Hair birds
nest on main limb of an appletree—horizontal

10 feet high. Many polly-wogs an inch long.

In the swamp—a catbird’s nest in the darkest

& thickest part in a high blueberry. 5 feet
from ground—2 eggs—bird comes within 3
feet while I am looking.

Viburnum nudum how long? not long.

Wool (?) grass X

I see a strange warbler still in this swamp
A chestnut & grey backed bird 5 or 6 inches
long with a black throat & yellow
crown—note—chit chit chill le le—
(or) chut chut a-wutter chut a wut—
che che

Crimson frosting on maple leaves.

“They” possibly altered from “Then”
The swamp pyrus twigs are in some places curving over & swolen--& curling up at ends forming bunches of leaves.

Saturday June 16th
The cherry birds egg was a satin color or very pale slate--with an internal or what would be called black--& blue ring about large end.

Pm to Hub’s Grove on River--
a Sparrow’s nest with 4 grey eggs in bank beyond ivy tree-- Have one or more for she deserted them --nest low in ground. 4 cat-birds half fledged in the green-briar near bathing place--hung 3 feet from ground. Grape ap X

Examined a kingbirds nest found before ^ in a black willow over edge of river-- 4 feet from ground 2 eggs. W. of oak in Hubb’s meadow-- Catbird’s nest in an alder 3 feet from ground--3 fresh eggs.

See young & weak striped squirrels now a days with slender tails--asleep on horizontal boughs above their holes--or moving feebly about-- Might catch them. Red starts in the swamp there-- Also see there a blue-yellow-green backed warbler, with an orange breast & throat--white belly & vent--& forked tail--indigo blue head &c.

Ground nut how long? A painted tortoise just burying 3 flesh colored eggs in the dry sandy plain near the thrasher’s nest-- It leaves no trace on the surface-- Find near by 4 more--about this business-- When seen they stop stock still in whatever position & stir not nor make any noise--just as their
shells may happen to be tilted up—

June 18th to Hemlocks—

// Sparganium. A yellow-bird feigns broken
// wings— Woodcock—

At 3 p.m. as I walked up the bank
by the hemlocks I saw a painted tortoise

// just beginning its hole— Then another
a dozen rods from the river on the bare
barren field near some pitch pines—where
the earth was covered with a thin sod
mixed

covered with cladonias cinquefoil—sorrel
&c— Its hole was about 2/3 done. I stooped
down over it, and to my surprise after a
slight pause it proceeded in its work,
directly under & within 18 inches of my face.
I retained a constrained position for 3/4
of an hour or more for fear of alarming
it. It rested on its fore legs, the front part
of its shell about one inch higher than
the rear, & this position was not changed,
essentially to the last. The hole was oval
broadest behind, about 1 inch wide
& 1 3/4 long, and the dirt already re-
moved was quite wet or moistened. It
made the hole &

^ removed the dirt with its hind legs only, not
using its tail or shell,—which last of
course could not enter the hole—though
there was some dirt on it. It first scratched
2 or 3 times with one hind foot; then took
up a pinch of the loose sand & deposi-
ted it directly behind that leg—pushing
it backward to its full length & then
deliberately opening it—& letting the dirt
fall. Then the same with the other hind foot. This it did rapidly using each leg alternately with perfect regularity, standing on the other one the while, & thus tilting up its shell each time now to this side then to that. There was half a minute or a minute between each change. The hole was made as deep as the feet could reach, or about 2 inches. It was very neat about its work, not scattering the dirt about any more than was necessary. The completing of the hole occupied perhaps 5 minutes. It then without any pause drew its head completely into its shell, raised the rear a little, and protruded & dropt a wet flesh colored egg into the hole, one end foremost—the red skin of its body being considerably protruded with it. Then it put out its head again a little slowly—while it place the egg a one side with one ^ foot. After a delay of about 2 minutes it again drew in its head & dropt another, & so on to the 5th—drawing in its head each time—& pausing somewhat longer between the last. The eggs were placed in the hole without any particular care—only well down flat¹ & out of the way of the next, & I could plainly see them from above.

After these 10 minutes or more, it without pause or turning began to scrape moist the ^ earth into the hole with its hind legs and when it had half filled it it carefully pressed it down with the edges of its hind feet dancing

¹“f” of “flat” written over “&”
on them alternately, for some time, as on its knees—tilting from side to seed, pressing by the whole weight of the rear of its shell. When it had drawn in thus all the earth that had been moistened, it stretched its hind legs further back & to each side, & drew in the dry & lichen-clad crust, and then danced upon & pressed that down, still not moving the rear of its shell more than one inch to right or left all the while, or changing the position of the forward part at all. The thoroughness with which the covering was done was remarkable— It persevered in drawing in & dancing on the dry surface which had never been disturbed long after you thought it had done its duty—but it never moved its fore-feet nor once looked round—nor saw the eggs it had laid. There were frequent pauses throughout the whole— when it rested, or ran out its head & looked about circumspectly, at any noise or motion— These pauses were especially long during the covering of its eggs—which occupied more than half an hour— Perhaps it was hard work.

When it had done it immediately started for the river at a pretty rapid rate (The suddenness with which it made these transitions was amusing), pausing from time to time & I judged that it would reach it in 15 minutes.
It was not easy to detect that the ground had been disturbed there—An Indian could not have made his caché more skillfully. In a few minutes all traces of would be lost to the eye it

The object of moistening the earth was perhaps to enable it to take it up in its hands (?) & also to prevent its falling back into the hole. Perhaps it also helped to make the ground more compact & harder when it was pressed down. v. Sep 10th

Tuesday June 19th 55

Pm. up Assabet—
A Pewee’s nest (bird ap small Pewee—nest ap // wood Pewee’s) on a white maples nearly hori- zontal bough 18 feet above water op. Hem- & hemlock (?) twigs locks—externally of lichens ^ from the maple trunk—very inconspicuous—like a lichen covered
knot.^ I hear many wood pewees about here— Young song sparrows flutter about. // saddled or slanting down amid twigs
A yellow-bird’s nest ^ on a horizontal ^ branch of a swamp White oak within reach—6 feet high— of fern down & lint—a sharp cone bottom—4 eggs just laid—pale flesh color with brown spots—have one.

There are a great many glaucous & also // hoary & yellowish green puffs on the andromea paniculata now—some 4 inch in diameter. Wood tortoises united // with heads out of water—Did I enumerate the sharp shinned hawk among ours?

Mr Bull found in his garden this morning a snapping turtle about 20 rods from the //
brook—which had there just made
a round hole (ap with head) 2 1/2 inches
in diameter & 5+ deep in a slanting di-
rection. I brought her1 home & put her2
into a pen in the garden that she might
lay—(she weighed 7 lbs 5 oz.) but she
climbed over an upright fence of smooth stakes
22 inches high.

June 20
// A catbird’s nest 8 ft high on a pitch
pine in Emerson’s Heater Piece—partly of
saddled
// paper— A Summer yel— bird’s ^ on an apple
of cotton wool lined with hair & feathers
3 eggs white with flesh colored tinge.
// & purplish brown & black spots. 2 hair birds
nests 15 feet high on apple trees at R. W. E’s
// (one with 2 eggs.) A robins nest with young
which was lately in the great wind blown
down & somehow lodged on the3 lower part
of an evergreen by arbor—without spilling
the young{.}!

June 21st
// Saw a white lily in Everett’s Pond.
XXX deep
// Sparrow’s nest 4 eggs ^ in the moist bank
beyond cherry birds nest (have 3) of peculiar
color—she deserted the nest after one was taken.
Outside of stubble scantily lined with fibrous
// roots.— Clams abundant within 3
// feet of shore & bream nests— The early
grass is ripe or browned & clover is drying—
—Peetweets make quite a noise calling
to their young with alarm.
// On an apple at R. W. Es a small
pewee’s nest on a horizontal branch

1“her” written over “him”
2“her” written over “him”
3“the” written over “low”
7 feet high–almost wholly of hair–cotton without–not incurved at edge–4 eggs pale cream color.

June 22nd
A 6 Pm the temperature of the air 77° of River one rod from shore 72°. Warmest day yet //

June 23
Prob. a red starts nest? on a white //
oak sapling 12 feet up on forks against stem– Have it See young red starts about.

Hear of flying squirrels now grown. //

June 25th
Under¹ E Wood’s Barn–A phoebe’s nest with 2 //
barn birds ready to fly–also {barn}-swallow’s nest //
lined with feathers hemisphere a cone against side of sleeper–5 eggs–delicate as well as White bellied swallows.

June 26
C. has found a Wood pewee’s nest on a hori- //
small zontal limb of a ^ swamp wht oak 10 feet high with 3 fresh eggs cream colored with spots of 2 shades in a ring about large end– Have nest & an egg.

June 28
On River. 2 redwing’s nests 4 eggs & 3–one //
without any black marks– Hear² & see young gold robins which have left the nest–now peeping with a peculiar tone–shoals of minnows 1/2 inch long. Eel-grass washed up. //

June 30
2 Pm Thermometer North side of house 95°– in river where 1 foot deep 1 rod from shore 82°

¹“Under” altered from “E”
²“Hear” written over “See”
July 2nd 55

// Young bobolinks are now fluttering over the meadow--but I have not been able to find a nest--so concealed in the meadow grass.

At 2 Pm. Thermometer N side of house 93°
- Air over river at Hub's bath 88°
- Water 6 feet from shore & 1 foot deep 84 1/2°
  " near surface in middle where up to neck 83 1/2°
  " at bottom in same place--pulling it up quickly 83 1/2°

Yet the air on the wet body--there being a strong SW wind--feels colder than the water.

July 3d

4 Pm--air out of doors generally 86°
- On the sand between rails in the Deep Cut 103°-- Near the surface of Walden
- 15 rods from shore 80°--3 feet below the surface there & everywhere nearer shore (and prob further from it) 78°

July 4th

To Boston on way to Cape Cod with C. The Schooner Melrose was advertised to make her first trip to Provincetown this morning at 8-- We reached City (?) Wharf at 8 1/2. Well Capt. Crocker how soon do you start? To morrow morning at 9 o'clock-- But you have advertised to leave at 8 this morning. I know it--but we are going to lay over till tomorrow.!!

So we had to spend the day in Boston-- at Atheneum gallery--Alcott’s-- & at the regatta-- Lodged at Alcotts-- Who is about moving to Walpole
July 5th

In middle of the forenoon sailed in the Melrose—We hugged the Scituate shore as long as possible on account of wind—The great tupelo on the edge of Scituate is very conspicuous for many miles about Minotts Rock¹. Scared up a flock of young ducks on the Bay—which have been based hereabouts—Saw the petrel.

Went to Gifford's Union House—(the old Tailor's Inn²) in Provincetown—They have built a townhouse since I was here—the first object seen in making the port.

Talked with Nahum Haynes who is making fisherman's Boots there. He came into the tavern in the evening, I did not know him—only that he was a Haynes. He remembered 2 mud turtles caught in a seine with shad on the Sudbury meadows 40 years ago—which would weigh 100 lbs each—Asked me “Who was that man that used to live next to Bulls,—acted as if he were crazy or out—?”

V. story

Talked with a man who has the largest patch of cranberries here—10 acres—& there are 15 or 20 acres in all—The fishermen sell lobsters fresh for 2 cents apiece.

July 6th

Rode to N. Truro very early in the stage or covered wagon—On the new road just which is ^ finished as far as E. Harbor Creek—

¹“Rock” possibly written over “rock” or other letters
²“I” written over “i”
Passed black fish on the shore—Walked from P.O. to Light House—Fog till 8 or 9—& short grass very wet. Board at James Smalls—the light house—at $3 1/2 the week.

// Polygala polygama well out flat ray-wise
// all over the fields—Cakile Americana—
the large weed of the beach
Sea Rocket—^ Sometime & going to seed—on beach
Cirsium pumilum

// Pasture thistle ^ out some time. A great many white ones—

The boy Isaac Small got 801 bank swallow’s eggs out of the Clay bank—i.e above the clay—(V— story) Small says there are a few Great Gulls here in summer—

// I see Small (?) Yel legs—Many Crow. b. birds in the dry fields hopping about—Upland plover near the light house breeding—
wing
Small once cut off one’s legs when mowing in the field next the lighthouse as she sat on her eggs. Many seringo birds—ap like ours. They say mackerel have just left the Bay & fishermen have gone to the Eastward for them. Some however are catching cod & halibut on the backside.

Cape Measures 2 miles in width here on the great Chart.

July 7th

// Smilax Glauca in blossom running
// over the shrubbery—Honkenya peploides
sea sandwort just out of bloom on beach.
the thick leaved & dense tufted—upright plant
// Salsola Kali Saltwort—prickly & glaucous
// in bloom. Beach Pea (Lathyrus Maritimus) going out of bloom.

"0" added to “8"
C. says he saw in the Catalogue of the Mercantile Library N.Y. Peter Thoreau on Book-keeping
London–
The piping plover running & standing on the beach– & a few mackerel gulls skimming over the sea
& fishing. Josh pears (Juicy suggests Small) just begun XXX–few here compared with Provincetown.

S. Sempervirens
Seaside goldenrod ^ not nearly yet
Xanthium echinatum Sea Cockle-Burr
or Sea Burdock
^ not yet–(I saw its burrs early† in Oct. in New Bedford)
What that smilacina like plant very ??
common in the shrubbery–a foot high with now green fruit big as peas at end of spike
with reddish streaks– Uncle Sam calls it {it is smilacina racemosa}2
snake-Corn–^ brought home some fruit

Just south of the light house near the bank on a steep hillside the savory leaved
Diploappus linarifolius & mouse-ear G. plantaginifolia
aster ^ forms a dense sward–being short &
out July 10th X
thick–not yet out–^ Scarlet pimpernel
or Poor Man’s Weather Glass Anagallis arvensis
in bloom some time–very common on sandy fields & sands & very pretty–with a peculiar scarlet.

July 8th
A N. E. storm– A great part of beach
bodily removed & a rock 5 feet high exposed–before invisible op. light house–(V story) The black-throated bunting
common among the shrubbery– Its note much like the Maryland Yel– throats–Wittichee
te chea–tche te tchea–tche–
The Eupetrum Conradii Broom crowberry
Corema
is quite common at edge of higher bank just south

†“early” written over “in”
‡according to 1906 edition
of the light house—It is now full of small
Small pin head size—It spreads from a center raying out &
green fruit. ^ It forms peculiar handsome
rooting every 4 or 5 inches.
shaped mounds 4 or 5 feet in diameter—
x 9 inches or a foot high

—very soft ^ beds to lie on—A woodman’s
bed already spread.

I am surprised at the number or large
light colored toads every where hopping over
these dry & sandy fields.

Went over to Bay side—That pond at
Pond village 3/8 of a mile long & densely
filled with cattail flag 7 feet high—
Many red wing black birds in it. Small
says there are two kinds of Cattail there one
the barrel flag for coopers the other shorter
for chairs—he used to gather them.
// See the Kildeer a dozen rods off in pasture
anxious about its eggs or young—with its
shrill squeaking note—its ring of white
about its neck & 2 black crescents on breast—
They are not so common & noisy as in June.
// A milkweed out some days. For shells
see list—(For shells see story)
// Husonia Tomentosa the downy still lingering
& ericoides even yet up to 17th
The last is perhaps the most common—
// Euphorbia polygonifolia sea-side spurge—
small & flat on pure sand—Did nt notice flower
// Lemna Minor Duck weed—Duck-meat covering
the surface at the Pond—Scale-like—See a
night-hawk at 8 am sitting lengthwise on
a rail. Asked Small if 1/4 of the fuel
of N Truro was drift wood—He thought it
was—beside some lumber—
None of the mya arenaria on back side—but

Mesodesma arctata

a small thicker shelled clam—^ with a golden yel-low epidermis—very common on the flats—which S. said was good to eat. The shells washed up were commonly perforated—could dig them with your hands.

S. said that 19 small yel– birds (prob. gold-finches) were found dead under the light in the spring early

July 9th—

Peterson brings word of black fish— I went over & saw them &c—(v. story.) The largest about 14 feet long. 19 yrs ago 380 at this (Great) Hollow in one school. Sometimes eat

Small says they generally come about the last of July

them— some yield 5 barrels—average {one barrel} by

A kind of Artemisia or sea wormwood near Bayside //
on sand hills—not out. Bay-wings here.

I find the edible muscle generally in bunches as they were washed off the rocks 30 or 40 together held together by their twine-like byssus. Many little mus-cles on the rocks exposed at low tide.

Uncle Sam¹ small half blind—66 years old—remembers the building of the Light house & their prophecies about the bank wasting. Thought the now overhanging upper solid parts might last 10 years. His path had some-times lasted so long (? ?— Saw him making a long diagonal slanting path with a hoe—in order to get up a small pile of stuff—-on his back— (There lay his hooked pike staff {on} the bank ready for immediate use)— But this path was destroyed before we left—told of a large rock which was carried along the shore half a mile. He gets all his fuel on the beach.

¹"S" written over "s"
At flood tide there is a strong inshore current to north—We saw some perhaps bales of grass or else dried bits of marsh 6 feet long carried along thus very fast 1/4 of a mile out. Told us of man eating sharks—one 14 feet long which he killed & drew up with his oxen—
No quahogs on this side
Now with a clear sky—& bright weather—we see many dark streaks & patches where the surface of the ocean is rippled by fishes mostly menhadden—far and wide—in countless myriads—Such—the populousness of the sea—Occasionally when near can see their shining sides appear—(& the mackerel gulls dive probably for brit?) Also see bass—whiting cod & c turn up their bellies near the shore. The distant horizon a narrow blue line from distance (?) like mts. They call peet weets shore birds here. Small thought the waves never ran less than 7 or 8 feet on the shore here—though the sea might be perfectly smooth. Speaks of mackerel gulls breeding on islands in Wellfleet Harbor—

July 10
The sea like Walden is greenish within half then blue. The purple tinges near the shore run far up or down a mile of shore—^—Walked to Marsh head
// of E. Har. Creek—Marsh Rosemary—
  Statice limosum “meadow root” says small out sometime with 5 reddish petals. Also see there
// Samphire of 2 kinds herbacea & mucronata.
// Juncus Gerardii Black Grass in bloom. The Pig weed about sea shore is remarkably white & mealy—Great Devils needles above the
// bank ap. catching flies. I see a brood
of young peeps running in the heath under
the sand hills.—ahead of me—Indigo out X
//
Heard a cannon—which from the sea
which echoed under the bank dully as
if a part of the bank had fallen—then
a distant out saw a pilot boat
standing down & the pilot looking through
his glass toward a distant outward
bound vessel which was putting back
to speak with him. The latter sailed
many a mile to meet her—She put
her sails {aback} & communicated along
side.

July 11th
piping
See Young ^ plover running in a troop on
the beach like peet-weets—Patches of
shruboaks bay-berry—beach plum & early
wild roses over run with woodbine—What
a splendid show of wild roses—whose sweetness
is mingled with the aroma of the bayberry!!

Small made 3000 shingles of a mast—worth
6 dolls. a thousand.

A bar wholly made within 3 months—
first exposed about 1st of May—as I paced
now 75 rods long & 6 or 8 rods wide at
high water—& bay within 6 rods wide—The
bay has extended 2c as far but is filled up.

An arenaria? still amid shrubbery.——/
Lespedeza Stuvei (?) or procumbens (?)——/

I see 5 young swallows dead on the
sand under their holes—fell out & died in the
storm?

The upland Plover hovers almost
stationary in the air with a quivering note
of alarm—Above dark brown interspersed with
darkest in rear
white ^–gray-spotted breast–white beneath
bill dark above–yellowish at base beneath & legs
yellowish. Totanus Bartramius–“Gray”–“grass”–“field” P.
Bank at light house–170 feet on the slope
perpendicular 110 say shelf slopes 4 & ordinary
tide fall¹ is 9–makes 123 in all. Saw
bank south 15 to 25 feet higher.

{for quintel}

Small says cantle. Mackerel fishing
not healthy like cod fishing– Hard work pack-
ing the mackerel–stooping over–
July 12

Peteron says he dug 126 dols– worth of
small clams near his house in Truro one winter–
25 buckets full at one time. One man
40. Says they are scarce because they feed
pigs on them. I measure a
horseshoe on the backside 22 inches
x 11. The low sand–down bet E Harbor
head & sea are thinly covered with beach
grass–seaside goldenrod & beach pea–
Fog wets your beard till 12 o clock.

// Long slender sea side plantain leaf? At E.
// Harbor head. Solanum (with white flowers)
// nigrum? in marsh. Spergularia rubra
great Many little shells by edge of marsh Auricula biden-
var. marina— tato? and Succinea avara?
Great variety of beetle dawbugs &c on beach. I²
have one green shining one. Also butterflies over bank
Small thought the pine land was worth
25 cts an acre. I was surprised to see
great spider holes in fine sand & gravel
with a firm edge–where man could not
make whole without the sand sliding
in—in tunnel form.

are
They ^ gone off for mackerel & cod–also

¹“fall” written over “is”
²“I” possibly altered from dash
catching mackerel, halibut & lobsters about here for the market.
The upland plover begins with a quivering note somewhat like a tree toad and ends with a long clear somewhat plaintive (?) or melodious (?) hawk-like scream. I never heard this very near to me--& when I asked the inhabitants about it they did not know what I meant. ^ It hovers on quivering wing & alights by a steep dive.

My pape so damp in this house I cant press flowers without mildew--nor dry my towel for a week--

Small thought there was no stone wall W of orleans. Squid the bait for bass. Small said the black-fish ran ashore in pursuit of it. Harden use pure salt at Smalls. Do not drink water-- S. repeates a tradition that the backside was frozen out 1 mile once in l680 (?) Often is on Bay--but never since on Atlantic.

July 13
About 33000 dols have been appropriated for the protection of Prov. Harbor. N. E winds the strongest-- Caught a box tortoise-- It appeared to have been feeding on insects--their wing cases &c in its droppings--also leaves. No undertow on the bars because the shore is flat.

July 14
The Sea has that same streaked look that our meadows have in a gale

Go to Bayside--stench of black fish. The lobster holds on to the pot himself. Throw away the largest-- Find French Crown-- {—} I was walking close to the water’s edg just after the {tide} had begun to fall--looking for shells & pebbles--& observed on the still wet sand--under the abrupt curving edge of the bank--this dark colored round flat--Old button?--

Frank Forester in Manual for Young Sportsmen '56 p 308 says "This bird has a soft plaintive call or whistle of 2 notes, which have something of a ventriloquial character, and possess this peculiarity, that when uttered close to the ear, they appear to come from a distance, and when the bird is really 2 or 3 fields distant, sound as if near at hand."^2

^1Thoreau refers to a quotation from The Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen by Frank Forester that he added vertically in the left margin of the page (see next note)
^2Four lines of text (Frank . . . hand."") written vertically in the left margin, across entire page
I cheated my companion by holding up round scuttella parmas on the bars between my fingers. High hill—where town house?—in Prov. ac to big map 109 feet high. When numerous you may count about 80 vessels at once. A little kelp & rock weed grow off shore // here. Nest of Grass? bird—grass stubble lined with grass & root fibers 3 eggs half hatched under a tuft of beach grass 1/4 mile inland Have an egg. Measured apple trees at Uncle Sam’s. They say the keeper of Billingsgate Light a few days ago put his initials in 1000 dols worth of black fish in one morning—& got that of Provincetown for them Another some years ago got 100 in a morning & sold them for 1500 dols Got a fox’s skull. 36 feet

Light from base to center of this light. ^ called in book 171 feet above sea? Found washed up & saw swimming in the cove where we bathed young1 mackerel 2 inches long. Uncle Sam says there is most drift in the spring—So in our river— He calls his apple trees he

July 16

Why not have one large reflector instead of many small ones—for a strong light. Uva ursi // berries begin to redden— Beach grass grows on the highest land here. Uncle Sam tells of sea turtles which he regarded as natives—as big as a barrel found on the marsh—of more than one kind. Call the fishing Captains skippers— The oak wood North of Rich’s or Dyer’s Hollow say 20 years old 9 feet high— Red? oaks &c Can see soil on edge of bank covered 5 feet deep with sand which has blown up—on the highest part of bank.

1“young” corrected from “yound” in pencil
See 3 black snakes on sand just behind edge of bank. Blue berrys only 1 inch high{?}

July 18
Leave Smalls. Corn cockle or Rose Campion a handsome flower by¹ East² Harbor marsh. Lychnis Githago—how long?—Perfect young horse shoe

Goose foot by marsh very spreading with entire obovate leaves

crab shells there. ^ Came up in the Olata Capt.

a fine yacht

Freeman—^ little wind—were from half past eight {into} candle light on water—Melrose & another which started with us were 10 miles astern when we passed light boat—kept pace awhile with a steamer towing one of Train’s ships far in the north—The steamer looked very far from ship & some wondered that the interval continued the same for hours—Smoke stretched perfectly horizontal for miles over the sea—& by its direction warned me of a change in the wind before we felt it

July 19th in Concord.

Young bobolinks—one of the first Autumnalish notes. The early meadow aster out. //

July 21st
A red-eyed vireo nest on a red maple on Island Neck—on meadow edge 10 ft from ground 1 egg half hatched and one cowbird’s egg nearly fresh! a trifle larger. The first white (the minute brown dots washing off—) sparsely black dotted at the large end. Have³ them.

July 22nd
I hear that many of those balls have been found small at Flints Pond within a few days. See ^ flocks of redwings—young & old—now over the willows. //
The pigeon woodpeckers have flown Dog-day weather begins.

¹Possibly altered from “in” or “on”
²“East” written over “east”
³“Have” written over “have”
July 25th

// Many little toads about

That piece of hollow kelp stem which
I brought from the Cape is now shrivelled
up & is covered and all white with crystal(s)
of Salt 1/6 of an inch long—like frost—on
all sides.

“Morrhua Vulgaris” is the cod of Europe &
Newfoundland. Those caught off our coast
are the M. Americana.

July 30

Saw the the lightning on the Telegraph battery
& heard the shock about sundown
from our window—an intensely bright
white light.

July 31st

Our Dog-days seem to be turned to a
rainy season. Mr. Derby whose points
of Compass I go to regulate tells me
that he remembers when it rained
for 3 weeks in haying time everyday but
Sundays—

Rode to J Farmers— He says that on
a piece of an old road on his land—
discontinued 40 years ago—for a
distance of 40 rods which he plowed 2²
or 3 dollars in small change— Among
the rest he showed me an old silver piece
about as big as a ten cent piece—with the
&c &c

word skilli ^ on it ap— a Danish Shilling?

// His boy has a republican swallow’s egg

Dove’s

long & much spotted—a pigeon’s egg

// Found a baywings nest & got an egg— 3 half

with dark spots not lines hatched

1“S” written over “s”
2“2” written over “3”
low in grass of stubble lined with root fibres & then horse-hair

in a dry field of his—He gave me what he
called the seringo’s egg (He calls it

{Does he mean whitliche—Maryland Yel throat}

chick-le-see—) Pointed\(^1\) out the bird
to me—Says that she enters to her nest
by a long gallery sometimes 2 or 3 feet
long under the grass—& the nest is very
hard to find. Gave me a small pure white

egg—(the boy thought it a small pewee’s?)

Farmer showed me that every wilted or dis-
eased pig weed had green lice on its root
He says he sometimes finds the marsh wren’s
nest in meadows hung to the grass & hole
on one side—Hears it almost every night
near the brook beyond Dr Bartletts.
Has found larks nest covered over.

Found lately on his sand 2 arrow heads & close
by, a rib,—& a shoulder blade & knee pan? he thinks
of an Indian.

His son Edward gave me a Bluejay’s egg
as well as the seringo’s above named—also
another rounder & broader egg—found in that
open field without any nest—may be the same
kind—somewhat similarly marked, but whiter
at one end & browner at the other.

Mr Samuel Hoar
tells me that about 48 years ago,
or some 2 or 3 years after he came to
Concord, when he had an office in the
yellow store—there used to be a great
many bull frogs in the mill-pond
which by their trumping in the night
disturbed the apprentices of a Mr
Joshua Jones who built & lived in
the brick house nearby—& soon after

\(^1\)“P” written over “p”
set up the trip-hammer. But as
Mr H. was going one day two or
from his office—(he boarded this side
the mill-dam) he found that the
apprentices had been round the pond
in a boat knocking the frogs on
the head got a good sized tub
nearly full of them. After that
scarce any were1 heard, and the
trip-hammer being set up soon after,
they all disappeared as if frightened away
by the sound— But perhaps the
cure was worse than the disease
For I know of one then a young min-
ister studying divinity—who boarded in
that very brick house—who was
so much disturbed by that trip ham-
mer that out of compassion he was
taken in at the old parsonage.
Mr H. remembers that blackfish
oil which was used at2 the tanyards—
was sold to put on horses & keep the flies off.

// Tree toads, sing more than
before Have observed the twittering
// over of gold-finches for a week
I am pleased to see that the lower & larger
leaves of the water andromeda

Aug 1st 55

// Pm. to Conantum by boat— Squirrels have eaten
& stripped pitch-pine cones— Small rough
// // sunflower a day or 23— Diplopappus Cornifolius how long?
// // at Conants Orchard Grove. In the spring there
which has not been cleared out lately I find

---

1"any were" altered from "anywhere"
2"at" written over "to"
3"a day or 2" inserted, with "day" written directly above the dash that originally followed "sunflower"
a hair-worm 8 or 9 inches long—& big as a pin wire—is biggest in the middle—& tapers thence to tail—at head is abruptly cut off—Curles in your fingers like the tendril of a vine. I spent half an hour overhauling the heaps of clamshells under the rocks there. Was surprised to find the anodon & the green-rayed clams there. Pennyroyal & Alpine enchanters night shade well out how long?

Young Adams of Waltham tells me he has been moose-hunting at Chesuncook—hunted with a guide in evening—without horse—it being too early to call them out—Heard the water dropping from their muzzles when they lifted their heads from feeding {on} the pads—as they stood in the river.

Aug 2nd
Silas Hosmer tells me of his going a spearing in Concord River up in Southboro once with some friends of his—It is a mere brook there & they went along the bank without any boat—One carrying a large basket of pine & another the crate—& a third the spear—It was hard work. He afterward showed them how they did here by going in midsummer with them & catching a great many.

Aug 4
Just after bathing at the rock near the Island this p.m.—after sunset— I saw a flock of thousands of barn-swallows1 & some white bellied & perhaps

---

1Followed by a mark (need better copy)
others, for it was too dark to distinguish them. They came flying over the river in loose\footnote{Need better image to check this word} array—wheeled & flew round in a great circle over the bay there about 80 feet high with a loud twittering as if seeking a resting place—then flew up the stream. I was very much surprised Hearing a buzzing sound at their numbers. Directly after \footnote{“8” written over “6”} we found them all alighted on the \footnote{“draw” written over “dray”} Golden Willow par. with the shore hedge at Shattuck’s shore— quite densely leaved & 18\footnote{“8” written over “6”} feet high. They were generally perched 5 or 6 feet from the top amid the thick leaves—filling it for 8 or 10 rods. They were very restless fluttering from one perch to another & about one another— & kept up a loud & remarkable buzzing, or squeaking—breathing or hum— with only occasionally a regular twitter— now & then flitting along side from one end of the row to the other— It was so dark we had to draw\footnote{“draw” written over “dray”} close to to see them.

At intervals they were perfectly still for a moment—as if at a signal— At length after 20 or 30 minutes of bustle & hum—they all settled quietly to rest on their perches— I supposed for the night. We had rowed up within a rod of one end of the row—looking up so as to bring the birds between us & the sky— but they paid not the slightest attention to us— — What was remarkable was 1st their numbers—2nd their perching on densely leaved willows—
they buzzing or humming like a hive of bees–even squeaking notes–& they disregarding our nearness.
I supposed that they were preparing to migrate–being the early broods

Aug 5–

4 Am on river to see swallows
They are all gone– Yet Fay saw them there last night after we passed. Probably they started very early. I asked Minott if he ever saw swallows migrating–not telling him what I had seen– & he said–that he used to get up & go out to mow very early in the morning on his meadow as early as he could see to strike–& once at that hour hearing a noise he looked up & could just distinguish high over head 50000 swallows– He thought it was in the latter part of august.

What I saw is like what White says of the swallows in the autumn roosting
“every night in the osier beds of the aits” of the river Thames.– & his editor Jessie says “Swallows in countless numbers still assemble every autumn on the willows growing on the aits of the river Thames”. And Jardine in his notes to Wilson says that a clergyman of Rotherham describes in an anonymous pamphlet their assembling
(in the words of the pamphlet)
^ “at the willow ground, on the banks of the canal, preparatory to their migration.–”
early in Sep. 1815–daily increasing in numbers until there were tens of thousands. Di- vided into bands every morning & sought their food. They finally left R. the 7th October.
As I was paddling back at 6 Am
// saw nearly ½ a mile off a blue heron
standing erect on the topmost twig of the
great buttonwood on the street in front
of Mr. Pritchard’s house— While perhaps
all within were abed and asleep— Little did
they think of it—& how they were presided over—
He looked at first like a spiring twig against
the sky— till you saw him flap his wings—
Presently he launched off—& flew away
over Mrs Brooks’ house.

It seems that I used to tie
a regular granny’s knot in my shoe-
strings. & I learned of my self—redis-
covered— to tie a a true square-knot or
what sailors sometimes call a reef-knot.
It needed to be as secure as a reef knot
in any gale— to withstand the wringing
& twisting I gave it in my walks.

// The common small violet lespedeza
out— elliptic leaved 1 inch long. The Small
// white spreading polygala 20 rods behind Wyman
site. sometime. Very common this year.
// It is the wet season— & there is a luxuriant
// dark foliage Hear a yellow legs flying
over— phé phé phé— phé phé phé.

8 Pm on river to see swallows.
At this hour the robins fly to high thick
oaks (as this swamp-wht oak) to roost for the
night. The wings of the chimney swallows
flying near me make a whistling sound like
a duck’s— Is not this peculiar among the
swallows. They flutter much for want of tail.
I see martins about. Now many swal-
lows in the twilight after circling 8 feet high come back 2 or 3000 feet high & then go down the river—

Aug 6th

Pm— Down river to Tarbel Hill—with C. Saw a sternothaerus odoratus¹ caught by the neck & hung in the fork bet a twig & main trunk of a black willow about 2 feet above water—ap. a month or two being nearly dry. Probably in its haste to get down² had fallen and was caught³. I have noticed the same thing once or twice before

Hear the autumnal crickets—At Balls Hill⁴ see 5 summer ducks a brood now grown⁵—feeding amid the pads on the opposite side of the river—with a whitish ring perhaps nearly around neck—a rather shrill squeaking quack when they go off— It is remarkable how much more game you will see if you are in the habit of sitting in the fields & woods. As you pass along with a noise it hides itself{,}—but presently comes forth again.

The Ludwigia Sphaerocarpa out may be a week I was obliged to wade to it all the way from the shore—the meadow grass cutting my feet above & making them smart— You must wear boots here. The Lespedeza with short heads—how long? These great meadows through which I wade have a great abundance of hedge hyssop now in bloom in the water—Small st John’s worts—& Elodeas⁶—lanceolate loose strife—arrowheads—small climbing bellflower—also horse mint on

¹“oderatus” written over “in”  
²“down” written over “to”  
³“caught” written over “to”  
⁴“H” written over “h”  
⁵“grown” written over “grew”  
⁶“E” written over “e”
the dryer clods— These all over the meadow.
// I see 7 or 8 night hawks together— dull 
buff breasts with tails short & black beneath
// The mole-cricket creaks along the shore
// Meadow haying on all hands.
Aug 7th to Tarbell Hill again 
with the Emersons a-berrying. very few 
berries this year—
// Aug 8. Blue curls how long? not 
long.
// Aug 9th Elecampane ap— 
several days. River is risen & fuller & the 
// weeds at bathing place washed away some-
what— Fall to them.
Dana says—A sprit is the diagonal boom 
or gaff & never a sprit sail. Most fore & 
aft sails have a gaff{b}1 boom.
Aug 10 Pm. to Nagog—
Middle of huckleberrying.
Aug 19
// – See painted tortoise shedding scales 
10th &
–1/2 off & loose. Again Sep. ^ 15th
Aug 22nd
// I hear of some young barn swallows in the 
nest still in R. Rice’s barn Sudbury.
Aug. 24 Scare up a pack 
// of grouse.
Aug. 25 In Dennis’ field
// this side the river I count about 150 cow 
birds about 8 cows.–running before their 
noses—& in odd positions awkwardly walk-
ing with a straddle—often their heads down 
& tails up along line at once—occasionally flying 
to keep up with a cow—over the heads of

1Need better image to be sure of cancelled letter.
the others--& following off after a single cow--they keep close to the cow's head & feet & she does not mind them.--but when all went off in a whirring (rippling?) flock at my approach (the1 cow (about whom they were all gathered) looked off after them for some time as if she felt deserted.

Aug. 29th

Saw 2 green-winged teal--some what pigeon-low like on a flat & rock in the Assabet.

Aug 31st

First frost in our garden. Passed in boat within 15 feet of a great bittern standing perfectly still in the water by the river side--with the point of its bill directly up--as if it knew that from the color of its throat &c it was much less likely to be detected in that position--near weeds.

Sep 2nd

Small locusts touched by frost--prob of the 31st aug.--nothing else in the woodland hollows.

Wednesday Sep. 5

A stream of black ants 1/6 inch long in the steep path beyond the Springs--Some going others returning--diagonally across the path 2 rods. & an inch or more wide--their further course obscured by leaves in the woods.

Sep 10

I can find no trace of the tortoise eggs of June 18th--though there is no trace of their having been disturbed by skunks. They must have been hatched earlier.

C. says he saw a painted tortoise 1/3 grown with a freshly killed minnow in his mouth as

"the" written over "a"
long as himself—eating it.

Thinking over the tortoises I gave these names
Rough tortoise—scented do—Vermillion
(rain-bow—rail?) Bla Yellow Box—
Black Box—& yel— spotted.

Sep 11
Loudly the mole-cricket creaks by mid
afternoon— Muskrat houses begun

Sep. 12
A few clams freshly eaten—some grapes ripe.

Sep. 14th
Pm to Hubbards Close— I scare from an
oak by the side of the Close a young hen hawk
launching off with a scream & a heavy flight
which ^ alights on the topmost plume of a large
p. pine in the Swamp—northward.—bending it
where it might be mistaken for a plume against the sky
the1 light makes all things so black.
down with its back toward me. ^ It has a red
tail black primaries—scapulars & wing coverts
gray-brown back showing much white & whitish
head. It keeps looking round—first this side
then that,—warily.

I see no fringed gentian yet
It costs so much to publish—would it
not be better for the author to put his
MSS in a safe?

Sep 15
Pm up Assabet
See many painted tortoise scales being shed—
half erect on their backs. An E. insculpta which
I mistook for dead—under water near shore—head
& legs & tail hanging down straight— Turned it
over & to my surprise found it coupled with
another. It was at first difficult to separate
them with a paddle.

I see many scales from the sternum of
tortoises

---

1"the" blotted
Three weeks ago saw many brown thrashers
catbirds—robin &c on wild cherries—They
are worth raising for the birds about you
though objectionable on ac. of caterpillars.

Sep 16.

As I go up the Walden road—at Breeds
Hubbard driving his cows through the weed
field—scares a woodchuck which comes
running through the wall & down the road
quite grey & does not see me in the road a
rod off—He stops a rod off when I move
in front of him. Short legs & body flat
toward the ground—i.e. flattened out at
sides.

Sep 19th

Up Assabet. Do I see Wood tortoises on
this branch only? About a week since
Mr Thurston told me of his being car-
ried by a brother minister to hear some music
on the shore of a pond in Harvard—produced
by the lapse of the waves on some stones.

Sep. 20

First decisive frost—killing melon’s
& beans—browning button bushes & grapes leaves
P. m. up mainstream—
The great bittern—as it flies off from near
the RR. bridge filthily drops its dirt—
& utters a low hoarse kwa kwa Then
runs & hides in the grass—& I land and
search within 10 feet of it—before
it rises—See larks in flocks on
meadow—see blackbirds (grackle or red
wing or crow b—bird?)—

Tried to trace by the sound a mole cricket
thinking it a frog—advancing from 2 sides—& looking where our courses intersect but1 in vain.

//

Opened a new & pretty sizeable muskrat house with no hollow yet made in it. Many tortoise scales upon it. It is a sort of tropical vegetation at the bottom of the river. The palm like potamogeton—or ostrich plume.

Sep 21st
Stopped at the Old Hunt House with Ricket of oak son & C. The rafters are very slender yet quite sound— The laths of split cedar (?) Yet & straight long & as thin or thinner than our sawed ones— Between the boards & plastering in all the lower story at least large sized bricks are set on their edges in clay— Was it not partly to make it bullet proof? They had—ap. been laid from within after boarding—(2from the fresh marks of the boards on the clay)
or frame

An Egyptian shaped fire place in the chamber & painted or spotted panels

Large & bolts to the door—& old fashioned latches black smith made? The upper story projects in front & at ends 7 or 8 inches over the lower—& the gables above a foot over this.

No weather-boards at the corners

Sep 22nd

//

Many tortoise scales about the river now Some of my drift wood floating rails &c one scented with muskrats—have been their perches.—and also covered with a thick clean slime or jelly.

Sep 23

//

Small sparrows—with yellow on one side above eye in front & white belly—erectile (?) crown

1"but" written over "yet"
2Paren added above and below dash (half above; half below)
divided by a light line. Those weeds &c on the
bared meadow came up spontaneously.

8 P. m. I hear from my chamber a
screech owl about Monroe’s house—this bright
moonlight night—a loud piercing scream much
like the whinner of a colt perchance—a rapid
trill—then subdued or smothered—a note or two.

A little wren like (or female gold finch)—bird on
a willow at Hubb’s causeway—eating a miller with
bright yel rump—when wings open—& white on tail.
Could it have been a yel– rump-warbler?

For continuation see other end of
this book.¹

¹Blank page in image of MS omitted in this transcript.
For beginning V. Other end.

Sep 24th 55
Pm up river to Conantum
with C. A very bright & pleasant
fall day– The button bushes pretty well
browned with frost—(though the maples
are but just beginning to blush—) their
pale yellowish season past. Now
a-days remark the more the upright
& fresh green phalanxes of bullrushes
mostly
when the pontederias are ^ prostrate.
The river is perhaps as low as it has
been this year— Hardly can I say
a bird sings except a slight warble
perhaps from some kind of migrating
{prob a song spar}
sparrow— was it a tree-sparrow not seen?
The slender white spikes—of the p.
hydropiperoides—& the rose-col— ones
of the front-rank kind—and rarely
of the P. amphibium—look late &
cool over the water— See some
Kalmiana lilies still freshly bloomed
Above the Hubbard Bridge we
see coming from the south in
loose array some 20 ap. black
ducks—with a silveriness to the
undersides of their wings ^– At first
they were in form like a flock of black
birds; then for a moment assumed the
outline of a fluctuating harrow.

Some still raking—others picking
cranberries.

I suppose it was the solitary sandpiper
(Totanus solitarius) which I saw feeding at the
waters edge on Cardinal shore—like a snipe— It was very tame—we did not scare it even by shouting— I walked along the shore to within 25 feet of it—& it still ran toward me in feeding—& when I flushed it, it flew round and alighted bet. me & C. who was only a fe 3 or 4 rods off. It was about as large as a snipe bluish
had a ^ dusky bill about 1 1/4 inches long ap. straight which it kept thrusting into the shallow water with a nibbling motion—a perfectly white belly—
& black dusky green legs—bright brown ^ above with duskier wings— When it flew its wings which were uniformly dark hung down much & I noticed no white above—& heard no note.
Brought home quite a boatload of fuel—1 oak rail—on which fishers had stood in wet ground at Bittern Cliff— a white pine rider (?) with a square hole in made by a woodpecker anciently so wasted the sap as to leave the knots projecting—several chestnut rails & I obtained behind Cardinal shore a large oak stumped which I know to have been bleching there for more than thirty years— —with 3 great gray prongs {co} sprinkled with lichens. It bore above the marks of the original burning.

There was a handful of hazel nuts under it emptied by the ground (?) squirrel—a pretty large hole in the rough & thin stem end of each—where the bur was attached.
Also at Clam Shell Hill shore a Chestnut boat post with a staple in it—which the ice took up last winter though it had an arm put through it 2 feet under ground—Some much decayed perhaps old red maple stumps at Hub. bath's place. It would be a triumph to get all my winter's wood thus. How much better than to buy a cord coarsely of a farmer—seeing that I get my money's worth—Then it only affords me a momentary satisfaction to see the pile tipped up in the yard—How I derive a separate & peculiar pleasure from every stick that I find—each has its history of which I am reminded when I come to burn it—& under what circumstances I found it.

C & I supped together after our work at wooding & talked it over with great appetites. Dr Aikin in his “Arts of Life” says that “the acorns of warm climates are fit for human food.”

Sep 25th
A very fine & warm pm after a cloudy morning. Carry Aun(t) & Sophia a-barberrying to Conantum—Scare up the usual great Bittern above the RR Bridge—whose hoarse qua qua as it flies heavily off ^ a pickerel fisher on the bank imitates—Saw 2 marshhawks skimming low over the meadows—& another or a hen-hawk(awk) sailing on high.
// Saw where the moles had been working in Conants meadow—heaps some 8 inches in diam. of fresh meadow mould ^ on the green surface—& now a little hoary. We got about 3 pecks of barberries from 4 or 5 bushes—but I filled my fingers with prickles to pay for them. With the hands well defended, it would be pleasant picking—they are so handsome—and beside are so abundant & fill up so fast. I take hold the end of the drooping twigs with my left hand raise them & then strip downward at once as many clusters as my hand will embrace—commonly bringing away with the raceme one or 2 green small ^ leaves or bracts—which I do not stop to pick out—When I come to a particular thick & handsome wreath of fruit I pluck the twig entire & bend it around the inside of the basket. Some bushes bear much larger & plumper berries than others—some also are comparatively green yet. Meanwhile the cat-bird mews in the alders by my side—& the scream of the jay is heard from the woodside.

When returning about 4 1/2 P. m. we observed a slight mistiness—a sea-turn advancing from the east—& soon
after felt the raw east wind quite
a contrast to the air we had before–
& presently all the western woods were
partially veiled with the mist. Aunt
thought she could smell the salt-
marsh in it. At home { } after sundown
I observed a long low & uniformly
slate-col.

level ^ cloud reaching from north to
south throughout the western horizon
which I supposed to be the sea turn
further inland. for we no longer
felt the east wind here.

In the evening went to Welch’s (?)
Circus with C. Approaching I per-
ceived the peculiar scent which belongs–
to such places–a certain sour-ness
in the air–suggesting trodden grass
& cigar smoke.
The curves of the great tent–at least
8 or 10 rods in diameter–the main
it rested on
central curve & wherever ^ a post
suggested that the tent was the
origin of much of the oriental
architecture–the arabic perhaps.
–There was the pagoda in perfection.
It is remarkable what graceful
attitudes feats of strength & agility
seem to require–

Sep 26–
Went up Assabet for fuel
One old piece of oak timber looks as if
it had been a brace in a bridge.
I get up oak rails here & there

“of” written over “&”
and almost as heavy \& leave
them to dry somewhat on the bank.
Stumps partially burned which were
brought by the freshet from some
newly cleared field last spring—bleached
oak\textsuperscript{1}—trees which were once loped
for a fence—alders & birches which
the river ice bent & broke by its weight
last spring— It is pretty hard and
dirty work— It grieves me to see how
rapidly some great trees which have fallen
or been felled waste away when left
on the ground. There was the large
oak by the Assabet\textsuperscript{2}—which I remember
to have been struck by light—& afterward
blown over being dead— There is
It used to lie with its top downhill &
partly in the water & its but far up.
Now there is no trace of its limbs—
& the very core of its trunk is the only
solid part—concealed within a spongy
covering— Soon only a richer mould
will mark the spot.

Sep 2\textsuperscript{7}th.

Collecting fuel again this
\textbf{pm} up the Assabet. Yesterday I
 traced the note of what I have falsely
\textbf{NB} thought the rana palustris or cricket
frog to its true source— As usual
it sounded loud & incessant above
all ordinary crickets—\& led me
\&

at once to a base \& \textbf{soft} sandy
shore— After long looking &

\textsuperscript{1}“oak—” written over “oaks”
\textsuperscript{2}“a—” written over “a”
listening with my head directly over the spot from which the sound still came at intervals, (as I had often done before) I concluded as no creature was visible, that it must issue from the mud or rather shiny sand– I noticed that the shore near the water was upheaved & cracked as by a small mole track–& laying it open with my hand I found–A mole cricket Gryllotalpa brevipennis.

Harris says that their burrows “usually terminate beneath a stone or clod of turf”– They live on the roots of grass & other vegetables & in Europe the corresponding species does a great deal of harm. They “avoid the light of day, and are active chiefly during the night.” Have their burrows “in moist & soft ground, particularly about ponds,” “There are no house crickets in America.” Among crickets “the males only are musical.” The “shrilling” is produced by shuffling their wing coverts together lengthwise. French call crickets cri-cri. Most crickets die on approach of winter but a few survive under stones.

See furrows made by many clams now moving into deep water– Some single red maples now fairly make a show–along the meadow– I see a blaze of red reflected from the troubled water.
Sep. 29th
Go to Daniel Ricketson’s New Bedford–
At Nat Hist Lib. saw Dr Cabot
who says that he has heard either
else
the hermit, or ^ the olivaceous thrush,
sing,—very like a wood thrush but
softer— Is sure that the hermit thrush
sometimes breeds hereabouts.

De Kay in the New York Reports
thus describes the Black Fish–
“Family Delphinidae
Genus Globicephalus, Lesson.
The Social Whale,
Globicephalus Melas. De Kay.
Delphinus melas Trail, Nicholson’s Journal—
D. Globiceps Cuvier. Mem. Mas Vol 19
D. Deductor Scoresby, Arctic Regions
D. Intermedius Harlan.

Length 15 to 20 feet—
“shining bluish black above”—a narrow
light grey stripe beneath—“remarkable
for its loud cries when excited.”
“Black Whale-fish”—“Howling Whale”
“Social Whale” & “Bottle-head.” Often
confounded with the Grampus.— Not¹
known why they are stranded. In 1822
100 stranded in one herd at Wellfleet.
First described in a History of Greenland.

In the Naturalists’
Library—Jardine—I find—

¹“N” poss written over “n”
Globicephalus deductor or Melas
“The Deductor or Ca’ing Whale”– First accurately described by Trail in 1809. 16 to 24 feet long. In 1799 200 ran ashore on one of the Shetland Isles. In the winter of 1809-10 1110 “approached the shore of Hvalfiord, Iceland, & were captured.” In 1802 were used as food by the poor of Bretagne. They visit the neighborhood of Nice in May & June.

Got out at Tarkiln Hill or Head of the River Station 3 miles this side of the New Bedford– Recognized an old Dutch-barn. R’s sons Arthur & Walton were just returning from Tautog fishing in {Buf} Buzzard’s Bay & I tasted one at supper–Singularly curved from snout to tail.

Sep 30th Sunday– Rode with R. to Sassa-Cowens Pond–in the North part of New Bedford– So called from an Indian on the Taunton road. Called also Toby’s Pond from Jonathan Toby who lives famous close by–who has a ^ lawsuit about1 a road he built to Taunton2 years ago which he has not yet paid for– In which suit, he told us, he had spent 30000 dollars–employed Webster3–Tobey Toby said the pond was called from the last of the Indians who 100 or 150 yrs ago lived there ^–& that you can still see his cellar hole &c on the west side

---

1“about” written over “with”
2“T” written over “t”
3“W” written over “w”
of the pond. We saw floating in the pond the bottom of an old log-canoee—the sides rotted off, & some great bleached trunks of trees washed up—Found two quartz arrow-heads on the neighboring fields.

Noticed the Ailanthus¹ or Trees of Heaven about Toby’s house—giving it a tropical look.

Thence we proceeded to Long Pond stopping at the S end which is in Free-town about 8 miles from R’s—The main part is in Middleborough–It is about

{ } & 15 ft deep or 20 some places (a man nearby said 5) measuring on the map of Mid. and of the State 4 ^ miles long by 7/8 wide, ^ with at least 3 islands in it. This and the neighboring ponds were remarkably low soft

We first came out on to a fine ^ white 2 rods wide

sandy beach ^ near the SE end—&

It was very wild & not a boat to be seen.

walked westerly. ^ The sandy bottom in the shallow water from the shore to 3² or 4 rds out or as far as we could see, was thickly furrowed by clams—chiefly the common unio, & a great many were left dead or dying high & dry within a few feet of the water. These furrows

Though headed different ways—all ways—with each its clam at the end ^—described various figures on the bottom—some pretty perfect circles figure 6’s & 3’s whiplashes curling to snap—bow-knots—serpentine lines—& often crossing each others tracks—like the paths of rockets or bombshells—I never saw these furrows so numerous—Soon

¹"written over “a”
²"3" written over “4”
³“traces” written over “tracks”
we came to a stoney & rocky shore  
abutting on a low meadow fringed  
with wood—with quite a primitive  
aspect—with the stones the clams ceased—  
Saw 2 places where invisible inhabitants  
mak{e}s fires & do their washing on the shore.  
−some barrels or firkins &c still left.  

Some of the rocks at high water mark  
were very large & wild—which the water  
had undermined on the edge of the woods.  

Here too were some great bleached  
trunks of trees high & dry— Saw a box  
tortoise which had been recently killed on  
in all  
the rocky shore. After walking about 1/3  
or 1/2 a mile came again to a sandy shore  
where the sand bars lately cast up &  
saturated with water sank under us. There  

we saw, washed up, a pickerel 23  

inches long (we marked it on a cane)  
& there was projecting from its{ }mouth  
the tail of another pickerel. As I wished  
to ascertain the size of the last but could  
not pull it out without for I found  
it would part first at the tail it  
was so firmly fixed, I cut in to the  

though it was very offensive  
large one—, & found that the head  
& much more was digested—& that  
the smaller fish had been at least 15  
inches long. The big one had evidently  
been choked by trying to swallow too large  
a mouthful. Such was the penalty  
it had paid for its voracity— There  
were several suckers & some minnows  
also washed up near by.

\[^{1}“its” written over “his”\]
They get no iron from these ponds now
Went to a Place easterly from the S
end of this Pond called Joes Rock— just over the Rochester line— Where one
cousin of Marcus Morton told us that
one Joe Ashly secreted himself in the revolution
amid the fissures of the rocks—& being sup-
plied with food by his friends—could not
be found though he had enlisted in the
army. Returning we crossed the
Acushnet River where it took its rise
coming out of a swamp— Looked
for arrow heads in a field where were
many quahog, oyster, scollop—clam—
& winkle (pyrula) shells—prob. brought
by the Whites 4 or 5 miles from the salt
Also saw these in places which Indians had frequented

water— Went into an old deserted
house the—Brady House—where
some 2 girls who had lived in the
family of R. & his brother—had been
born & bred—their father Irish their
mother Yankee— R. said that
they were particularly bright girls—&
lovers of nature—had read my
Walden— Now keep school—
Have still an affection for their old
house. We visited the spring they had
used—saw the great Willow tree at
the corner of the house—in which one
of the girls an infant in the cradle
thought that the wind began
as she looked out the window & heard
the wind sough through it.— Saw

\*“of” written over “at”
\*“lovers” written over “fond”
how the chimney in the garret was eked out with flat stones—bricks being dear.

Arthur Ricketson showed me in his collection what was ap. (?) an Indian mortar—
which had come from Sampsons in dark Middleborough. It was a granite like stone some 10 inches long by 8 wide & 4 thick with a regular round cavity worn in it 4 inches in diameter & 1 1/2 deep—also a smaller one opposite on the other side.

He also shewed me the perfect shell of an Emys guttata—with some of the internal bones—which had been found between the plastering & boarding of a meeting house ^ which was 75 or 80 years old—and was torn down 15 or 20 years ago. Supposed to have crawled in when the meeting house was built—though it was not very near water. It had lost no scales—but was bleached to a dirty white—sprinkled with spots still yellow.

Oct 1st Among R's Books is Bewicks “Aesop’s Fables”. On a leaf succeeding the title page is engraved a fac-simile of B’s hand writing to the following effect—

---

¹“and” poss. written over “at”
²“not” possibly written over “was”
“Newcastle, January, 1824.
To Thomas Bewick & Son Dr.  L  S  d
To a Demy Copy of Æsop’s Fables  ”  18  ”
Received the above with thanks

Thomas Bewick  Robert Elliot Bewick.”

Then there there was some fine red sea moss adhering to the page just over the view of a distant church & windmill (prob. Newcastle) by moonlight–& at the bottom of the page–

“No 809
Thomas Bewick
his mark”

It being the impression of his thumb.

A cloudy somewhat rainy day. Mr. R. brought me a snail— Ap.¹
helix albolabris or possibly thyroidus.
which he picked from under a rock where he was having a wall built.
It had put out its stag or rather giraff-like head & neck out about 2 inches—the whole length to the point behind being about 3.— Mainly a neck of a somewhat buffish white or grayish buff or buff brown color ^ shining with moisture— with a short or tentacula head—deer like—& giraffe like horns ^ on

¹””” written over “a”
its top black at tip 1–5/8 of an inch long—& ap 2 short horns on snout. Its neck &c flat beneath—by which surface it draws or slides

^ itself along in a chair. It is surprisingly long & large to be contained in that shell—which moves atop of it— It moves at the rate of an inch or half an inch a minute over a level surface—whether horizontal or perpendicular—& holds quite tight to it—the shell like a whorled dome to a portion of a building. It’s foot (?) extends to a point behind—It commonly touches by an inch of its flat underside—flattening out by as much of its length as it touches.

Shell rather darker mottled (?) than body. The tentacula become all dark as they are drawn in—& it can draw them or contract them straight back to nought— No ob-vious eyes (?) or mouth.

Pm. Rod to New Bedford & called on Mr Green a botanist but had no interview with him. Walked through Mrs Arnold’s Arboretum. Rode to the beach at Clark’s Cove where Gen. Gray landed his 4000 troops in the Revolution. Found there in abundance—Anomia ephippium (?) their irregular golden colored shells—Modiola plicatula (rayed muscle) crepidula fornicata (?) worn— Pecten—Con-centricus alive & one or two more.

Returned by the ^ Point Road 4 miles long & R said 80 feet wide (I should think from recollection more) & cost $50 000. A magnificent Road—by which N B.

1"lip" in MS
2"light" in MS
has appropriated the Sea. Passed
salt works still in active operation—
    series of
windmills—going—A
frames with layers
of bushes one another another to a great
height—ap. for filtering.
Went into a spermaceti candle &
oil factory—

    Arthur R. has a soap stone pot (Indian)
about 9 inches long more than an inch thick

    with a kind of handle at the
ends.—or protuberances. A. says he uses

// fresh water clams for bait for perch &c

    I think it was today someone saw geese go over here

in ponds. so they said.

    Oct 2nd Rode to “Sampsons”
a cloudy day—
in Middleborough ^ 13 miles. Many
quails in road. Passed over a narrow
neck between the two Quitticus
Ponds—after first visiting Great
Quitticus on right of road—& gathering
clam shells there as I had done—
at Long Pond—& intend to do at Assawampset— These shells labelled will
be grand mementos of the ponds.
It was a great wild pond with large islands in it.
^ Saw a loon on Little or West Quitticus^2
cus from road. An old bird with a
black bill—The bayonet—or rain-
bow rush was common along the shore

    In Backus’s Ac. of Mid. Hist. Coll. Vol 3d 1st series. “Philip once sent an army to waylay
there Capt. Church in Assowamset Neck; which is in the South part of Mid.”
Perhaps this was it.

Just beyond this neck, by the road-
side—between the road & West Quitticus
Pond—is an Old Indian Burying
ground— R thought it was used before
the whites came—though of late

1”Quitticus” written over “Quittacus”
2=“Quitt-” written over “Quitta-”
by the prayeing¹ Indians— This was the old Stage road from New Bedford to Boston. It occupies a narrow strip between the road & the pond about a dozen rods wide at² the north end. & narrower at the S— is about 30 or 40 feet above the water— now covered with a middling growth of oak— birch hickory &c— Chestnut oaks— (perhaps Q Montana) grow near there. I gathered some leaves & one large acorn—from the buggy.

There were two stones with inscriptions R. copied one as follows— V scrap.

The purport of the other was that Lydia Squeen died in 1812 aged 75. The other graves were only faintly marked with rough head & foot stones—all amid the thick wood. There were one or two graves without any marks stones ap not more than 5 or 6 years old.

We soon left³ the main road & turned in to a path on the right leading to Assawampsett Pond a mile distant. There too— was a fine sandy beach the south shore of the pond 3 or 4 rods wide. We walked along the part called Betty’s Neck— At len This pond by The map of Middle borough a little more than is ^ 3 miles long & more in a straight line across Dockshire nearly NW⁴ & SE ^ & about 2 wide— We saw the village of Middleborough Four Corners far across it— Yet no village on the shore.

¹“prayeing” altered from “prayed”
²“at” written over “& th”
³“left” written over two cancelled items (need better image)
⁴“N” written over “S”
As we walked easterly the shore became stoney– On one large slate (?) rock–with a smooth surface sloping toward the pond at high water mark– were some inscriptions or sculptures– which R had copied about 10 years since–thus

1749 † B. Hill   Israel felix

comparatively

The B. Hill is ^ modern. R said that Israel Felix was an old Indian Preacher–

Ac. to Backus in Hist. Coll. vol 3d 1st series Thomas Felix was an Ind. teacher in Mid. once

The foot appeared very ancient, though pecked in only 1/2 an inch. It has squarish form & broad at the toes–& is like the representation of some sculptured in rocks at the West, For a long time we could discern only 1749 & B. Hill. At length we detected the foot–& after my companion had given up–concluding that the water & the ice had obliterated the rest within 10 years–I at last rather felt with my fingers than saw with my eyes the faintly graven & moss lichen1 covered letters of Israel Felix' name. We had looked on that surface full 15 minutes in vain–yet I felt out the letters after all with certainty.

In a Description of Middleborough in the Hist. Coll vol 3d 1810–signed

1“lichen” written over “&”
Nehemiah Bennet Middleborough 1793

it is said—“There is on the east-erly shore of Assawampsitt Pond, on the shore of Betty’s Neck two rocks which have curious marks thereon (supposed to be done by the Indians) which appear like the steppings of a person with naked feet, which settled into the rocks; likewise the prints of a hand on several places, with a number of other marks; also there is a rock on a high hill, a little to the eastward of the old stone fishing wear, where there is the print of a person’s hand in said rock”.

Perhaps we might have de-tected more on these same rocks had we read this before—for we saw that there was something on the next rock—– We did not know of the wear.
The same writer speaks of a settlement of Indians at “Betty’s Neck (which place took its name from an ancient Indian woman by the name of Betty Sase-more, who named that neck) where there is now eight Indian houses and eight families.” between 30 & 40 souls.
I was interested by some p masses of pudding stone further along the shore— There were also a few large flat sloping slate (?) rocks I saw a small Emys picta, and a young snapping turtle–ap hatched
this summer—the whole length when swimming about 3 inches—It was larger than mine last April & had 10 very distinct points to its shell behind.

I first saw it in the water next the shore—The same Bennet quoted above adds in a postscript—“In the year 1763, Mr Shubael Thompson found a land turtle in the northeast part of Middleborough, which by some misfortune had lost one of its feet, and found the following marks on its shell, viz. I. W. 1747—He marked it S. T. 1763, & let it go. It was found again in the year 1773, by Elijah Clap, who marked it E. C. 1773, & let it go. It was found again in the year 1775, by Captain Wm Shaw, in the month of May, who marked it W. S. 1775. It was found again by said Shaw the same year, in September, about one hundred rods distance from the place where he let it go. It was found again in the year 1784, by Jonathan Soule, who marked it J. S. 1790, & let it go.

It was found again in the year 1791, by Zeno Smith, who marked it Z. S. 1791 & let it go; it being the last time it was found; 44 years from the time the first marks were put on it”.

{Joseph Soule found it in 1790 by Haywards Gazetteer

—v. Hist. Coll. again}²
We saw 5 loons diving near the shore of Betty’s Neck—which instead of swimming off—approached as if to reconnoitre us—only one had a black bill & that not entirely so—an others was turning—Their throats were all very white— I was surprised to see the usnea hanging thick on many apple trees & some pears in the neighborhood of this & the other ponds—as on Spruce. Sheep are pastured hereabouts.
Returning along the shore we saw a man & woman putting off in a small boat—the first we had seen— The man was black—he rowed & the woman steered. R called to them— They approached within a couple of rods in the shallow water— “Come nearer” said R. “Don’t be afraid;” I aint agoing to hurt you”—
The woman answered “I never saw the man yet that I was afraid of.
The man’s name was Thomas Smith and in answer to R’s very direct questions he was of as to how much of the native stock said that he was 1/4 Indian. He then asked the woman who sat unmoved in the stern with a brown dirt colored dress on—a regular country woman with half an acre of face—(squaw like)—having first inquired of Tom if she was his wife woman—how much Indian blood she had in her— She did not
answer directly so home a question
–yet at length as good as acknowledged
to 1/2 Indian–& said the she came
from Carver–where she had an I sister–
the only–half breeds about here–
Said her name was Sepit but could not spell it

R. said “your nose looks rather Indiany.” Where will you find a Yankee
& his wife going a fishing thus. They
lived on the shore. Tom said he had
seen turtles in the Pond that weighed
between 50 & 60. had caught a
pickerel that morning that weighed
4 or 5 pounds–had also seen them washed
up with another in their mouths.
Their boat was of peculiar construction–
–& T said it was called a sharper1
–with very high sides & a very remarkable
run on the bottom aft–& the bottom
boards were laid across coming out flush
& the sides set on them– An ugly
model

Tom said that Assawampsett was 15 to 20
feet deep–in deepest part– A Mr Sampson
good authority told me 9 or 10 on an average
& the deepest place said to be 30 or more.

R. told the squaw that we were
interested in those of the old stock now
they were so few– “Yes” said she “& you d be
glad if they were all gone.” This
boat had a singular “wooden grapple”
as Tom called it made of a in the form
of a cross–  thus or

---

1Pencilled “x” by Walton Ricketson follows “sharper”; see note 2, below.
2To the right of this drawing, Ricketson’s son Walton wrote in pencil “Sharpie x / W. R.”
The stones on which we walked about all the ponds were covered now the water was {st} low with a hoary sort of moss—which I do not remember to have seen in Concord—very fine & close to the rock.

Great shallow lakes—the surrounding county hardly rising anywhere to more than 100 feet above them. Ac. to Bourne’s Map these are in Middleborough

\[
\begin{align*}
57.937 & \text{ 1/2 acres of land} \\
5.250 & \text{ " water} \\
63.187 & \text{ 1/2 total}
\end{align*}
\]

Backus says that Iron was discovered at the bottom of Assawampsett Pond about 1747 “Men go out with boats, & make use of instruments much like those with which oysters are taken, to get up the ore from the bottom of the pond.”—“it became the main ore that was used in the town.” Once one man got out 2 tons a day—in 1794 1/2 a ton. Yet there was then—in 1794 plenty of it in an adjacent pond which was 20 feet deep. Much of it was better than the bog ore they had been using.

Dr Thatcher says that Assawampsett Pond once afforded annually 600 tons of ore. {—} A man afterward discovered it in a pond in Carver—by drawing up some with a fishline accidentally.—& it was extensively used.
I did not hear of any being obtained now.

There were 3 Praying\textsuperscript{1} Indian villages in Middleborough—Namassekett—Assawomsit—& Ketchiquut (Titicut). The last in the NW part on Taunton R. where was an Ind. wear. Winslow & Co on a visit to Massasoit in June 1621 stopped at Nemasket before 15 miles—the 1\textsuperscript{st} night—“conceived by us to be very near, because the inhabitants flocked so thick upon every slight occasion amongst us.” &c &c q.v.

R. is a man of feeling—as we were riding by a field in which a man was shackling a sheep—which struggled—R. involuntarily shouted to him—& asked what would you do? We left our horse & buggy at John Kingman’s & walked by Sampsons to a hill called King Philip’s Lookout—From which we got a good view of Assawampsett & Long Ponds. There was a good sized sail boat at Sampson’s house now kept by a Barrow—\textsuperscript{2} The shores were now surrounded with now pale wine colored foliage—of maples &c—& inland were seen the very fresh green & yellow of pines contrasting with the red (rubus) blackberry. The highest land appears to be about the N. W. end of the Ponds.

I saw at Kingman’s long handled but small scoopnets for taking young\textsuperscript{3}

\begin{flushleft}\	extsuperscript{1}“P” written over “p”\	extsuperscript{2}Pencilled “x” follows “Barrow—−”, probably by Walton Ricketson (see next note)\	extsuperscript{3}Pencilled “Barrows x” written semi-vertically above “young”, probably by Walton Ricketson\end{flushleft}
alewives for pickerel bait--They think
the white perch one of the best fish like a
cod--
Elder's Pond--a little further north is said
{Not so deep as said}¹
to be the deepest & clearest. ^ Walking
along the N. end of Long Pond--while
R. bathed--I found amid the Rain-
bow rush--pipewort (eriocaulon &c) &c
on the now broad flat shore--a very
pinkish rose-color
beautiful flower ^ new to me--& still
quite fresh--the Sabbatia chloroides
10 stamens & petal divisions about 1 foot high
referred to Plymouth. ^ I also observed there
the very broad & distinct trail of an otter
in the wet sand to & from the water--with
the mark of its tail--though Kingman
did not know of any now hereabouts.

The arrowheads hereabouts are commonly
white quartz.
R. says gamble roof--this should be
gambrel--ap from the hind leg of a
horse--crooked like it.

Oct. 3d Copied the map of
Middleborough. Somewhat rainy--
Walked along shore of Acushnet
R pointed out to me the edible mushroom which he says
looking for shells. The shore was all
he loves raw even--It is common now--
alive with fiddler crabs, carrying their
fiddles--on one side--& their holes nearly
heaped up. The samphire was turned
Atkinson in his Siberian & Steppe travels speaks of the "Salsola plant" turned a
red in many places yielding to the
bright crimson--On the Kirghis Steppes he says "in the distance I could see salt lakes: I knew them to be
autumn--Got some Quahogs--&
salt lakes by the crimson margins which encircled them." p 425.

Modiola plicatula (rayed mussel) the
also some pyrulas which are dug up alive by {sand} diggers
last was very abundant--^ Gathered there

¹according to 1906
ap. Wild Germander (Teucrium) out of bloom & Iva frutescens—or high water shrub—do. Sailed back up the river in Arthur’s whale boat with 3 sails—Her side drank water through a crack—He gave 3 dollars for her & spent 10 more in repairs—20 feet long & worth originally perhaps $75.

If I had stayed longer we should probably have gone to Cutty hunk in this—P. m. Rode to see some old houses in Fair Haven &c &c How beautiful the evergreen leaf of the prinos glabra—slightly tooth toward end!

1/4 of a mile

The Old Woods Place ^ off the road looked like this

the end showed the chimney—all stone about hearth.

story overlapped about 18 inches with the ornamental points of timbers dropping from it.

above this in from the shingles were rounded

scale like—There was one half of a diamond window left in front—set in lead—very thin lead with a groove in each side.

{ for firing thro?}

for sash—& a narrow slit window—also another on farther end. Chimney Mortarred. The old latch to front door was primitive—ap. made by village blacksmith.

Also an old house in the village of Fair Haven said to have been standing a ten footer in Philip’s war—A small house ^ & chimney

with one end ^ wholly of stone—
The chimney quite handsome of this form looking down on it

Visited the studio in Fair Haven—of a young Marine painter—built over the water—the dashing & gurgling of it coming up through a grating in the floor. He1 was out, but we found their painting Van Best a well know Dutch painter of Marine pieces whom he has attracted to him— He talked & looked particularly Dutchman-like. Then visited Fort Nobscot2 on a rocky point.

Oct 4th Rode to Westport—where R wished to consult the Proprietor’s Records of Dartmouth to find the names &c of his ancestors. Passed through Smith’s Mills village—the older settlement—in Dartmouth on the stream which comes from Sassacowens Pond—then Westport3 about 3 miles beyond—& crossed the Westport River4 to Giffords a mile beyond, where the Records5 were. Returning lunched by Westport Pond in Dartmouth—{said} to contain 60 acres—but to only about 2 feet deep—Saw a blue heron in it some rods from the shore.—where the water did not come up to its body—perhaps it might have waded any where in it. It stood with the side of its head toward us being wary of us. When it moved walked with a peculiar stooping & undulating gait in the water—6At length thrust its bill in as if feeding.

1“He” written over “The”
2“Nobscot” is parenthesized in pencil and followed by “x” in pencil, probably by Walton Ricketson. In 1906, “Nobscot” is footnoted: “The fort at Fairhaven is called Fort Phoenix.”
3“W” written over “w”
4“R” written over “r”
5“R” written over “r”
6Pencilled “x Phoenix” written vertically in left margin from bottom of page up, probably by Walton Ricketson.
that must be a rare place for it
to catch frogs & perhaps minnows in{–}–
–though we were told that there only
turtle snakes–& pouts in it.
The vanes on this ride were often
a whale–rather a lumpish form, but
reminding us that the farmer had per-
haps been a whaler.

Oct 5th Rode to Plymouth with R in
his buggy– After pas In the north
part of Rochester went into an old
uninhabited house which once belonged
to John Shearman. It had the
date 1753 engraved on an oblong
square stone in the stone chimney–
–though the chimney top had been
rebuilt with the old stone. The
house had a singular musty scent

when we opened it. The bare ^ rafters
in the kitchen all black with smoke.
In the cellar grew the apple Peru
Nicandra physaloides–then in bloom.
A short datura like blossom with a
large fruit like capsule.

After passing the neck between the
2 Quitticus Ponds we turned to the right
& passed by the Point Road between
the Great quitticus & Pockshire Ponds
This was a mere bar 1/2 a mile long
2 or 3 rods wide & built up above
high water with larger stones. We
rode with one wheel1 in the water–
There was in one place a stream

1"wheel" written over "well"
crossing it—& 2 or more bridges prepared for high water—Scared up 5 ap. black ducks. Continued on towards Carver by small winding country roads—via {where} was once Nelsons’ Meetinghouse—& along the east side of Tispa-

This was the name of the old Sachem of Namaskett quin Pond ^—near which in a field R. picked up a young E picta’s (?) shell—which I have—Beyond this the country was almost uniformly level sandy—oak wood with few dwellings. Lunched near the boundary of Carver. Passed Johns Pond—& Wenham Pond{,}—& others in Carver—passing a mile or more S of Carver Green ^ & afterward Clear Pond in Plymouth.

We heard the blasting of at the Quincy Quarries—(so Watson told us) during this ride—I think even as far back as New Bedford Township—very distinctly.

Ac. to Bennet, writing 1793, (v Hist Coll) Snipatuet Pond in Rochester has one stream emptying into the sea at Matta poisett Harbor & another 3/4 of a mile long emptying into East Quitiquos Pond,—“So that the alewife fish come into Snipatuct pond from both streams.”

In a description of Carver in the IV vol. 2nd series of the Hist. Col.—I read—“The cast iron tea kettle was first cast at Plympton (now Carver) between 1760 & 1765. So modern is this very common utensil in New England.
Wrought iron imported tea kettles were used before a copper tea kettle was first used at Plymouth, 1702."

also “A place called ‘Swan Holt’ by the first planters, a little south-east of Wenham Pond, denotes the former visits of that bird, the earliest harbinger of Spring; for before the ice is yet broken up the swan finds an open resting place among the osier holts, while the kildee*, flying over the land from the sea shore, soon after confirms the vernal promise.” a note adds–

*“A species of plover, probably the ‘que ce qu’il dit? of the French. It may be added that Kildee is the Danish word for a spring.”

Lodged at Olney’s (the old Hedge) House in Plymouth.


De Kay calls the Pine Marten the American Sable.

Oct 8th

On River— Flocks of tree-sparrows— by river—slightly warbling— Hear a song-sparrow sing. See ap. White throated sparrows hopping under covert of the button bushes. Found my boat yesterday full of willow leaves after the rain. See no tortoises now on the rocks & boards It is too cold—
Oct 10th

A young man has just shown me a small duck which he shot in the river from my boat. I thought it a blue winged teal, but it has no distinct beauty spot. The bill broad & I would say from remembrance—bluish black as are the legs & not red or yellow or flesh-color—webbed thus & breast—Secondaries pale bluish edged with white. A little greenish perhaps on the scapulars.

Mr Wm Allen—now here—tells me that when some years ago a stream in E. Bridgewater near his house—emptying into the Taunton River was drained he found a plant on the bottom very similar to sponge—of the same form & color—say 6 inches wide.

Oct 12th Pm up Assabet—
The leaves fallen ap. last night now lie stuck on the water next the shore— Prob. maple chiefly—the Leaf Harvest call it, concealing it—fleets of dry boats—blown with a rustling sound. I see a painted tortoise still out on shore—Three of his back scales are partly turned up & show ready fresh black ones ^ beneath. When I try to draw these scales off they tear first in my hand. They are covered as are all the posterior ones—with a thick shaggy
& muddy fleece of moss (?) No wonder they must shed their scales to get rid of this. And now I see that the six main anterior scales have already been shed—They are fresh black & bare of moss. Ap. no fresh scales on the sternum. Is not this the only way they get rid of the moss &c which adhere to them?

Carried home a couple of rails which I fished out of the bottom of the river & left on the bank to dry about 3 weeks ago. One was a chestnut which I have noticed for some years on the bottom of the Assabet just above the spring on the E side—

in a ^ hole—It looked as if it had been there a hundred years. It was so heavy that C & I had as much as we could do to lift it covered with mud on to the high bank—It was scarcely lighter today—and I amused myself with asking several to lift one half of it after I had sawed it in two. They failed at first, not being prepared to find it so heavy, though they could easily lift it afterward. It was a regular segment of a log & though comparatively the thin edge was ^ firm & solid the sap wood on the broad & rounded side, now that it had been lying in the air was quite spongy—& had opened into numerous great

*C* written over another letter or letters
chinks 5/8 of an inch wide by an inch deep. The whole was of a rusty brown externally having imbibed some iron from the water. When split up—it was of a dark blue black if split parallel with the layers—or alternately black & light brown if split across them—There were concentric circles of black as you looked at the end coinciding nearly with the circles of pores—perhaps 1/16 of an inch wide—When you looked at these on the side of a stick split across the circles—they reminded you of a striped waistcoat—or sheepskin. But after a little while being exposed to the air ^ the whole turned to an almost uniform pale after a few weeks it became quite uniform slate color ^ the light brown turning slate & the dark stripes also paling into slate. It had a strong dye-stuff like scent. & {w}
The other was a round oak stick & though it looked almost as old as the first was quite sound even to the bark—& evidently quite recent comparatively—though full as heavy. The wood had acquired no peculiar color—will be loaded. Pieces of both of these sank at once in a pail of water.

Oct 13th Pm. To Conantum

Some farmers load their wood with gunpowder to punish thieves—Theres no danger that mine peculiar color—will be loaded. On the 18th they floated after drying in my chamber—a pail of water.

The maples now stand like smoke along the meadows.—The bass is bare. A thick carpet of white pine needles lies now lightly—1/2 an
inch or more in thickness above the
dark reddish ones of last year. Larks
in flocks in the meadows—showing the
white in their tails as they fly—sing sweetly
as in spring. Methinks I have seen one or
two Myrtle birds—sparrow-like.

Oct 14.
Some sparrow-like birds—with yellow on
rump—flitting about our woodpile—One
flies up against the house—& alights
on the window sill within a foot of me
inside—black bill & feet—yellow rump—
brown above—yellowish brown on head—cream-
colored chin—2 white bars on wings—tail
// black edged with white—the Yellow rump
warbler or Myrtle bird without doubt—
They fly to several windows though it is not
cold.

Pm up Assabet—
// The muskrats eat a good many clams
now—& leave their pearly shells open on
the shore— Sometimes I find a little
one which they have brought ashore
in the night but left entire & alive.
The green-rayed ones are they not
a peculiar light blue within?
// I still see the E. insculpta coupled.
the upper holding with its claws under the
edge of the lower shell.

Oct 15
Pm. Go to look for white-pine cones
but see none. Saw a striped squirrel
on a rail fence with some kind
Was it milkweed seed?

of weed in his mouth— At length he scud swiftly along the middle rail past me{—}& instead of running over or around the posts—he glided through the little hole in the post left above the rails—as swiftly as if there had been no post in the way— Thus he sped through 5 posts in succession in a straight line—incredibly quick—only stooping & straightening himself at the holes.

The hornets’ nests are exposed, the maples being bare, I see one a very perfect like a pitch pine cone cone —uninjured by the birds—about 12 feet from the ground— 3 feet from the end of a maple twig—& upheld by it p alone passing through its top about A few sere maple leaves adorn & partly conceal the crown at an inch deep—7 1/2 inches wide by 8 the ends of slight twigs which are buried in it long. What a wholesome color—some-what like the maple bark—(& so again concealed) laid on in successive layers 1/10 of an inch wide in arcs of circles— eye-brow-wise—gray or even white or brown. of various shades.

With a few dried maple leaves sticking out the top of it.

Oct 16th

Pm to the White-pine Grove beyond Beck Stow’s. What has got all the cones? How evenly the freshly fallen pine needles are spread on the ground quite like a carpet throughout this grove—no square foot is left bare. I dug down with a stick & found that the layers of 3 or 4 years could be distinguished with considerable ease—& much deeper
the old needles were raised in flakes or layers still. The topmost or this years’ were faun colored—last years dark dull reddish—and so they went on growing darker & more decayed, till at the depth of 3 inches—where perhaps the needles were 15 or 20 years old they began to have the aspect of a dark loose lying virgin mould mixed with roots, (pine cones & sticks—a little higher). The freshly fallen needles lay as evenly strewn as if sifted over the whole surface—giving it a uniform neat faun color—tempting one to stretch himself on it. They rested alike on the few green leaves of pads—and the fallen cones—and the cobwebs between them. In every direction across one another like joggle sticks. In course of years they are beaten by rain & snow into a coarse thick matting or felt—to cover the roots of the trees with.

I look at a grass bird on a wall in the dry Great Fields— There is a dirty white or cream colored line above the eye & another from the angle of the mouth close beneath it & a white ring about the eye— The breast is streaked with this creamy white & dark brown in streams as in the cover of a book.

Oct 17th
Pm up River— A fine Ind. summer afternoon— There is much gossamer on the button bushes now bare of leaves and on the sere meadow grass

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1“Great Fields” possibly altered from “great fields”
looking toward the sun—in countless parallel lines—like the ropes which connect the masts of a vessel. I see the roots of the great yellow lily lying on the mud where they have made a ditch in John Hosmer’s Meadow gray-colored when old & dry for the sake of the mud. ^ Some are 3 1/2 inches in diameter with their great eyes on protuberant shoulders where the leaf-stalks stood in quincunx order around them What rank vigor they suggest—like serpents winding amid the mud of the meadow—You see where the ditcher’s spade has cut them into masses about as thick as long. What are those clusters of cuplike cavities between the eyes—some nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter with a pistil like prominence within—?

I saw behind m (or rather in front of) me as I rowed home a little dipper appear in mid river as if I had passed right over him. It dived while I looked—and I could not see it come up anywhere—

Oct 18th

Last night I was reading Howitt’s account of the Australian gold diggings—and had in my mind’s eye the numerous valleys with their streams—all cut up with deep foul pits 10 to 100 feet deep & half a dozen feet across as close as they can be dug—and half full of water—where men furiously rushed to probe
for their fortunes. Uncertain where they shall break ground—not knowing but the gold is under their camp itself. Sometimes digging 160 feet before they strike the vein—or then missing it by a foot—Turned into demons & regardless of each others rights in their thirst after riches—Whole vallies for 30 miles suddenly honey-combed by the pits of the miners so that hundreds are drowned in them. Standing in water & covered with mud & clay they work night and day—dying of exposure & disease—Having read this—and partly for-

{I say}

gotten it—I was thinking ^ of my own doing as others do unsatisfactory life—My eye but fixed

{& not keeping my star constantly in sight}

without any fixed star habitually in my eye—my foot not planted on & any blessed isle—Then^ with that vision still

of the diggings ^ before me I asked myself why I might not be washing some gold daily—though it were

or {Why I}

only the finest particles—^ might not sink a shaft down to the gold ^ within me & work that mine.

There is a Ballarat or Bendigo for you—What though it were {solitary &}

Pursue some path—however ^ narrow & a "Sulky Gully".

crooked—in which you can walk with love & reverence—Wherever a^ man separates from the multitude & indeed

goes hi{d} own way—there ^ is a fork in {ordinary} may

the road—though the travellers along the high way see only a gap in the paling—V 5 ps forward

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^"Then" cancelled in pencil
^2"At any rate—" written vertically in left margin, downward, forming right angle with "within"
^3"a" altered from "an"
Pm. To Great meadows

to observe the hummocks left by the ice. They are digging the pond at the New Cemetery. I go by Peter’s path—How charming a foot path—Nihil humanum &c— I was delighted to find a new foot path crossing this toward Garfields. The broad & dusty roads do not remind me of man so much as of cattle & horses. There are a great many crows scattered about on the meadow— What do they get to eat there. Also I scare up a dozen larks at once— A large brown marsh-hawk comes beating the bush along the river—& ere long a slate col. one (male) with black tips is seen circling against distant woodside. I scare up in midst of the meadow a great many dark colored sparrows—one or 2 at a time—which go off with a note somewhat like the lesser redpoll’s

{prob—what I think must be these larks in fall of ‘58}—Some migrating kind I think, //

There is a hummock—in the lower part of the meadow near the river—every 2 or where they appeared so thick last year 3 rods—sometimes consisting of that coarse meadow grass or sedge—but quite as often of the commoner meadow sod—Very often it has lodged on one of those the yellowish circles of sedge—it being higher. — Last winters hummocks are not much flattened down yet. I am inclined to think that the coarse sedgy

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1.”G” written over “g”
2. poss. “roods”
3. Paren written over dash
4.”but” possibly altered from “as”
5.”of” altered from “as” or “or”
hummocks do not fall so round
at first but are wont to grow or
spread in that wise when a fragment
Perhaps the sedge is oftenest lifted because it is so coarse
has been dropped. ^ There is no life
perceptible on this broad meadow ex-
cept what I have named– The crows
are very conspicuous–black against the
green– The maple swamps bare of
leaves here & there about the meadow
look like smoke blown along the
edge of the woods. Some distinct
maples wholly stripped–look very whol(e)-
some & neat–nay even ethereal.

Today my shoes are whitened with the
gossamer which I noticed yesterday on
the meadow grass. I find the white
fragments of a tortoise shell in the
30 or 40 pieces–straight sided polygons
meadow ^–which ap. a hay cart
passed ove{r}– They look like broken
crockery. I brought it home & amused
myself with putting it together.
It is a painted tortoise. The variously
formed sections or component parts
of the shell are not broken but
only separated– To restore them
to their places is like the gam(e) which
children play with pieces of wood com-
pleting a picture. It is surprising to ob-
serve how{–}these different parts are knitted
together by countless minute teeth on their
edges– Then the scales which are
& therefore larger commonly
not nearly so numerous ^ are so placed
over the former as to break joints
always, as appears by those\(^1\) indented lines at their edges—& the serrations of the shell. These scales too slightly over lap each other—i.e. the foremost over the next behind—so that they may\(^2\) not be rubbed off. Thus the whole case is bound together like a very stout band-box— The bared shell is really a very interesting study. The sternum in its natural position looks so like a drag—turned up at the sides where it is in one solid piece.

Noticed a single wreath of a blood red black berry vine on a yellow sand slope very conspicuous by contrast.

When I was surveying for Le Gross as we went to our work in the morning we passed by the Dudly family tomb. & Le Gross remarked to me all in good faith— “Would’n’t\(^3\) you like to see old Daddy Dudley— He lies in there—I’ll get the keys if you’d like— I sometimes go in and look at him.

The upper shell of this tortoise is formed of curved rafters or ribs which are flatted out to half an inch or 5/8 in width—but the rib form appears in an elevated ridge along the middle & in a spine at the lower end fitting firmly into a deep hole in the edge or process?

\(^1\)“those” poss written over “the”  
\(^2\)“may” poss written over “can”  
\(^3\)Possibly “wouldn’t”
considering the innumerable sharp serrations than any child's wooden sections of a picture—Yet it is impossible to put the whole together again—so perfectly do the plates interlock & dovetail into each other at different angles—and they could only have grown together & shrunk apart. It is an admirable system of breaking joints both in the arrangement of the parts of the shell & in that of the scales which overlap the serrations of the former—

The sternum consists of 9 parts—there being an extra triagonal or pentagonal piece under the head or throat. The two middle pieces on each side curve upward to meet the edge bones—without any serration or joint at the lower edge of the sternum there.

Nor is there any joint in the scales there.

In the upper shell there appear to be 8 or 9 small dorsal pieces—about 16 rib pieces, & or lateral marginal about 22 edge ^ pieces—But of the parts of the upper shell I am not quite certain.

The sternum of the box turtles & the stink pot—are much flatter i.e. not so much curved up at the sides & are nearer to the upper shell—the2 Painted tortoise has the flattest back—the Carolina the highest & fullest (with a ridge) the stinkpot the sharpest—the Blandingii is very regularly arched—The E insculpta—is of moderate elevation (with a ridge).

Those bright-red marks on the

---

1"curve" altered from "curves"
2Possibly “The” (compare this with “They” in “They look like broken” on p. 123)
marginal scales of the painted tortoise remind me of some Chinese\textsuperscript{1} or other oriental lacquer work—on waiters (?)—This color fades to a pale-yellow—The color is wholly in the of the brightest colors, the yellow marks on tortoise shells are the fastest.

scale above the bone.

How much beauty in decay—I pick up a white oak leaf—dry & stiff but yet mingled red & green—october-like—whose pulpy part some insect has eaten beneath—exposing the delicate network of its veins. It is very beautiful held up to the light—such work as only an insect eye could perform—Yet perchance to the vegetable kingdom such a revelation of ribs is as repulsive as the skeleton in the animal kingdom—In each case it is some little gourmand working for its own another end—that reveals the

There are countless oak leaves in this wonders of nature. condition now—& also with a sub-marginal line of network exposed.

Men rush to California & Australia as if there chiefly the true gold was to be found in that direction—but that is to go to the very opposite extreme to that where it lies—They go prospecting further & further away from the true lead—& are most unfortunate when {they think themselves}

\textsuperscript{1}most successful—Is not our native soil auriferous—Does\textsuperscript{2} not a stream from the golden mountains flow through our native valley—& has it\textsuperscript{3} this not for more than geologic ages

\textsuperscript{4}been bringing down the shining particles

\textsuperscript{1}“C” written over “c”

\textsuperscript{2}Possibly “Dee”

\textsuperscript{3}“it” cancelled in pencil

\textsuperscript{4}“been” written over other characters
and ^ the nuggets–{?} Yet strange
to tell if a digger steal away prospecting
for this true gold into the unexplored
solitudes, there is no danger alas

any

that^1^ will dog his steps–& endeavor
to supplant him– He may claim &
undertake the whole valley even

both the cultivated & uninhabited portions

the whole world

of his whole life long in peace–&^2 no
one will ever dispute his claim^3–
They will not mind his cradles or
his toms. He is not confined to a
claim 12 feet square as at Ballarat–
but^4–but may mine anywhere &
wash the whole wide world in his tom. V 5 ps

forward

To rebuild the tortoise shell
is a far finer game than any geographical or other puzzle–for the pieces
not
do ^ merely make part of a plane surface
–but you have got to build a roof

the connecting walls

& a floor & connect them – These
are not only thus dovetailed & braced &
knitted & bound together–but also
held together^5 by the skin & muscles within.
It is a band-box.

Oct 19th

Pm. To^6 Pine Hill for chestnuts.
It is a very pleasant afternoon–
quite still & cloudless–with a thick
haze concealing the distant hills– Does
// not this haze mark–the Indian Sum-
mer? I see Mrs Riorden & her
little boy coming out of the woods

---

^1“that” poss written over “than” or other letters
^2“&” cancelled in pencil
^3Altered from “claims” (“s” cancelled)
^4“but” cancelled in pencil
^5Altered from “by”
^6“T” poss. altered from “t”
with their bundles of faggots on their backs— It is surprising what great bundles of wood an Irishwoman will contrive to carry— I confess that though I could carry one—I should hardly think of making such a bundle of them. They are first regularly tied up & then carried on the back by a rope—somewhat like the Indian women & their straps. There is a strange similarity—& the little boy carries his bundle proportionally large. The sticks about 4 feet long. They make haste to deposit their loads before I see them for they do not know how pleasant a sight it is to me— The Irishwoman does the squaw’s part in many respects.

Riorden also buys the old railroad sleepers at 3 dolls a hundred— but they are much decayed & full of sand. Therien tells me—when I ask if he has seen or heard any large birds lately—that he heard a cock crow this morning—a wild one in the woods— It seems a dozen fowls (chickens) were lost out of the cars here a fortnight ago. Poland has caught some & they have one at the shanty—but this cock at least is still abroad & cant be caught. If they could survive the winter I suppose we should have had wild hens before
now– Sat and talked with Therien at the Pond—by the RR— He says that James Baker told the story of the perch leaping into a man’s throat &c. of his father or Uncle (Amos?)

The woods about the pond are now a perfect October picture—Yet there have been no very bright tints this fall. The young white & the shrub-oak leaves were withered before late the frosts came.—perhaps by the ^ drought after the wet Spring.

Walking in E’s path West of the pond—I am struck by the conspicuous wreathes of waxwork leaves about the young trees—to the height of 12 or 15 feet. These broad & handsome leaves are still freshly green though drooping or hanging more closely about the vine—but contrast remarkably with the bare trunks & the changed leaves above—& around.

I hear many crickets by this path & see many warily standing on the qui vive in awkward positions—or runing their heads under a chip—or prying into a hole—but I can see none

// creaking. I see at last a few

open white pine cones ^ on the trees—but almost all appear to have fallen. The chestnuts

// are scarce & small—and ap. have but just begun to open their burs—

---

^Altered from "shrub-oaks"
That globular head of pale yellow
spheres—of seed parachutes ^ (down)
is seems to be the rough hawkweed
The single heads of savory leaved aster
are of the same color now—

at 5 o clock

When returning ^ I pass the pond in
the road I see the sun which is about
entering the grosser hazy atmosphere
above the western horizon—brilliantly
reflected in the pond—a dazzling sheen
—a bright golden shimmer—his broad
sphere extended stretches the whole
length of the pond—toward me— First
in the extreme distance I see a few sparkles
of the gold on the dark surface—then
begins a regular & solid colum of shimmering
gold—straight as a rule—but at
one place—where a breeze strikes the
surface—from one side it is remarkably
spread or widened—then recovers its straight
ness again—thus Again† it is
remarkably curved—say thus —then broken into
several pieces—then straight
Then spread and blown aside at the point like smoke from

a chimney

thus if there were eyes enough to oc-
cupy all the east side of the pond the
shore whole pond would be seen a{s} one dazzling

shimmering lake of melted gold. adorns our walks.

I measured the depth of the needles
under the pitch pines E of the RR—
(behind the old shanties) which as I remem
ber are about 30 years old—in

†“Again” possibly written over “of”
one place it is $3/4$ of an inch in all to the soil—in another $1 & 1/4$—& in a hollow under a larger pine about 4 inches. I think the thickness of the needles old and new is not more than 1 inch there on an average. These pines are only 4 or 5 inches thick.

// See slate col. snow birds.

Talking

Arguing with Bellew this evening about Fourierism & communities—I said that I suspected any enterprise in which 2 were engaged together. But said he it is difficult to make a stick stand unless you slant 2 or more against it—Oh no, answered↑ I, you may split its lower end into 3—or drive which the last is the best way{—}
it single into the ground ^—but most men when they start on a new enterprise not only figuratively but actually really pull up stakes. When↓ The sticks prop one another none or only one—stands erect.

He showed me a sketch of Wachusett—spoke of his life in Paris &c—I asked him if he had ever visited the Alps & sketched there—He said he had not. Had he been to the White Mountains—“No” he answered, “the highest mountains I have ever seen were the Himalayas. Though It seems that he

I was only 2 yearl old then”—↑ I was born in that neighborhood.”↓

He complains that we Americans have attained to bad luxuries, but have

↑“answered” written over “said”
↑“W” possibly written over “w”
no comforts.

Howitt says of the man who found the great nugget which weighed 28 pounds at the Bendigo diggings in Australia “He soon began to drink; got a horse and rode all about, generally at full gallop, and when he met people, called out to inquire if they knew who he was, and then kindly informed them that he was ‘the bloody wretch that had found the nugget’. At last he rode full speed against a tree, and nearly knocked his brains out.”

In my opinion there was no danger for
\{of that though\}
He is a hopelessly ruined man;—” ^ He added Howitt
\{had already knocked his brains out against the nugget— But he is a type of the class— They are all fast men.

Hear some of the names of the places where they dig—“Jackass Flat—“Sheep’s-head Gully.”—“Sulky Gully” “Murderer’s Flat” &c Bar
\{Is there no permanent satire in these names.— Let them carry their ill-gotten wealth where they will—Whether to Beacon St. or Broadway it will still be Jackass flat &c &c where they live.\}

Oct 20th

P. m.
To Nawshawtuck. Agreeable withered & to me is the scent of the ^ decaying leaves pontederias & pads ^ on each side as I paddle up the river this still cloudy day—with the faint twittering or chirping of a sparrow still amid the bare button bushes—It is the scent of the year passing away like a decaying fungus—but leaving a rich mould I trust.
On the 18th ult I found the Great

\*“for” cancelled in pencil
Meadows wet—yet Beck stow’s was remarkably dry— Last summer the case was reversed.

I find here & there on the hill apples sometimes 3 or 4—carried to the mouth of 4 or 5 rods from the tree a striped squirrel’s hole ^—with the marks of his teeth in them—by which he carried them{—}

and the chankings or else fragments of the skin of others there. There is no heap of sand to betray these little holes but they but they descend perpendicularly in the midst of a clean sod.

I was at first admiring the beauty of the wild apples—now is the time—some freckled & ^ with bloodred spots—other & perhaps also touched with a greenish rust here & there like a fine lichen or fungus.

I see on the dead top of a hickory twittering very much like swallows—18 & more blue-birds—perhaps preparing to migrate

I have collected & split up now quite a pile of drift wood—rails—& riders—& & stumps stems ^ of trees—perhaps 1/2 or 3/4 of a tree.

It is more amusing not only to collect this with my boat & bring up from the river on my back—but to split it also—than it would be to speak to a farmer for a load of wood—& to saw & split that. Each stick I deal with has a history & I read it as I am handling it—and last of all I remember my adventures
in getting it while it is burning in
the winter evening— That is the most
interesting part of its history— It has made
part of a fence or a bridge perchance
or has been rooted out of a clearing &
bears the marks of fire on it. When
I am splitting it I study the effects of
water on it—and if it is a stump the
curiously winding grain—by which it
separates into so many prongs—how
to take advantage of its grain—&
split it most easily. I find that
a dry oak stump will split pretty ea-
sily in the direction of its diameter—but
not at right angles with it—or along
its circles of growth.— I got out
some good knees for a boat—

Thus one half the value of my wood
is enjoyed before it is housed—and the other
half is equal to the whole value of an
equal quantity of the wood which
I buy.

Some of my acquaintances have been
wondering why I took all this pains
—bringing some nearly 3 miles by water—&
have suggested various reasons for it.
I tell them in my despair of making
them understand me, that it is a

which it has proved
profound secret—yet I did hint to
them that one reason was that I
wanted to get it.

I take some satisfaction in eating my
food, as well as in being nourished by it.
I feel well at dinner time as well as after it. The world will never find out why you don’t love to have your bed tucked up for you—why you will be so perverse.

I enjoy more drinking water at a clear spring, than out of a goblet at a gentleman’s table— I like best the bread cake which I have baked—the garment which I have made—the shelter which I have constructed—the fuel which I have collected gathered—

It is always a recommendation to me to know that a man has ever been poor—has been regularly born into this world—knows the language. I require to be assured of certain philosophers that they have once been bare-footed—foot sore—have eaten a crust because they had nothing better—& know what sweetness resides in it.

I have met with some barren accomplished gentlemen who seemed to have been to school all their lives & never had a vacation to live in. Oh If they could only have been stolen by the Gypsies! & carried far beyond the reach of their guardians! They had better have & been buried under the leaves died in infancy—^ their lips besmeared with blackberries & cock-robin for their sexton—
Oct 21st

It began to rain about 10 o’clock
last evening after a cloudy day—&
it still rains gently but steadily this
The wind must be east— for I hear the church bell very plainly—
morning. ^ Looking into the yard I see

Yet I sit with an¹ open window it is so warm.
the currant bushes all bare of leaves,
as they have been sometime—but the
the goose berries at the end of their row are
covered with reddened leaves. This grad-
ualness in the falling & changing of
the leaves produces agreeable effects
& contrasts. The currant row is bare
but the goose berries at the end are full of

scarlet
red leaves—still.

I have never liked to have many rich
fruits ripening at the same season—
When porter apples, for instance, are
ripe—there are also other early apples
& pears & plums & melons &c— Nature
by her bounteousness thus disgusts us
with a sense of repletion—and un-
cleanness even— Perhaps any one of
these fruits would answer as well as
all together. She offers us too many
good things at once.

I enjoyed getting that large oak stump
from Fair Haven some time ago & bringing
it home in my boat. I tipped it in with
the prongs up & they spread far over the
sides of the boat. There was no passing
amid ships— I much enjoyed this easy
carriage of it floating down the Musket-
aquid² from far— I enjoyed every stroke

¹ “an” possibly altered from “&”
² “M” altered from “m”
of my paddle every rod of my progress
so easily
which advanced me nearer to my port–
It was a great stump & sunk my
boat considerably & its prongs were
so in the way that I could take
but a short stroke with my paddle.
It was as good as to sit by the best
still
oak wood fire. I enjoy such a convey-
ance–such a victory–as much as boys
do riding on a rail. All the upper-
part of this when I came to split it—I
found to be very finely honey-combed—a
coarse cellular mass ap. by shrinkage
& wasting—but it made excellent fuel
never the less—as if all the combustible
part remained. Only the earthy had returned to earth

When Allen was here the other day I
found that I could not take 2 steps
with him. He taught school in Concord
171 years ago & has not been here since–
—He wished much to see the town again
but nothing living & fair in it—He
had I should say a very musty recollection
of it. He called on no living creature among
all his pupils—but insisted on going into
the New2 Burying Ground & reading all
the epitaphs. I waited at the gate
that ground
telling him that it did not smell
good I remembered when the first
body was placed in it. He did however
ask after one or two juvenile scamps
& one idiotic boy
who came to school to him—how they
had turned out—and also after a

1“17” written over “13”
2“N” written over “n”
certain caged fool—since dead since he was here—who had lived near where he boarded—also after a certain ancient tavern since pulled down—this at odd intervals, for he improved all the rest of his time while he was here in attending a sabbath school convention.

I have been thinking over with father the old houses on this street—There was the Hubbard (?) house at the fork of the roads—The Thayer (Boe house—(now Garrisons) The Sam Jones’s now Channings—Willoughby Prescots (a bevel roof—which I do not remember) where Lorings is—(Hoars was built by a Prescott)—Ma’m Bond’s. The Jones Tavern (Bigelow's) The old Hurd (or Cumming’s?) house—The Dr Hurd House—The Old Mill—& The Richardson Tavern (which I do not remember—On this side—The Monroe-house in which we lived—The Parkman House which Wm Heywood told me ^ that he helped raise the rear of 60 years before—(it then sloping to one story behind) & that then it was called an old house ^. The Merrick house—A rough-Betty?
cast house where Bates’ is ^—& all the S side of the mill dam—Still further from the center—the old houses & sites are about as numerous as above—Most of these houses—slanted to one story behind—Pm up Assabet.

A damp cloudy day only after all & scarcely any rain—A good day for all Hunters to be out—especially on the water.
The yellowish leaves of the black oak incline soon to a decayed & brown–look–
The red oak is more red. But the scarlet is very bright & conspicuous–
How finely its leaves are cut against
with sharp points
the sky– especially near the top of the tree– They look somewhat like double or treble crosses. The squirrels appear to have stript this tree entirely & I find the fragments of nut shells beneath it– They have also eaten the white–& red–& black oak acorns very generally–but there are more of the last left– Further up on the big red maple in Wheelers swamp I see 2 gray squirrels chasing each other round & round the trunk of the tree–now close to each other–now far apart–one stealing off behind a limb–& now resting on opposite sides of the trunk–where they might not be noticed being of the same color with the bark–indifferently with their heads down or up. Then away goes one out on a twig & leaps into the next tree & the other swiftly follows & sometimes when the twig is slight or chiefly leaves they leap into–they have to make a swinging somerset of it to save themselves while they cling to it.

At length they separate to feed & I see them running up to the very tops of the Swamp White oaks & out to the extremities of the bows & jumping
at the extreme twig which bears acorns
which they cut off & devour--sitting on
a firmer limb. It is surprising how rapidly
they devour one after another dropping
the cups & scales--& bits of the meat.
It is surprising also to observe when one
wishes to reach a certain part of a neigh-
boring {tree} how surely he runs back to the
trunk & then selects the right limb by
which to reach it--without any hesitation
as if it new the road.

You see around the muskrat houses
a clear spaces where they have cut off
the pontederias of which they are built--&
now after last nights rain--the river
is risen some--& the pontederia roots &c
which have been eaten by them are washed
up together next the shore.

That ap. shell-less snail or slug which
is1 so common this damp day under
apple trees--eating the apple--is evidently
the division gasteropoda
one of the naked Mollusca ^--a limax.
perhaps the limax tunicata of Gould
--he describes but one other species.

Almost all wild apples are handsome
or on the stem side
Some are gnurly & peppered all over ^ with fine
crimson spots--oth on a yellowish white
ground--others have crimson blotches or
eyes more or less confluent & fiery when wet
--for apples like shells and pebbles are
handsomest in a wet-day. Taken from
under the tree on the damp sward
they shrivel & fade--some have these

1"i" written over "I"
spots beneath a reddened surface with obscure rays. Others have hundreds of fine bloodred rays running regularly though broken from stem to the blossom dimple like meridian lines—on a straw colored perfect spheres ground—^ Others are a deep dark red with very obscure yet darker rays—others a uniform clear bright red approaching to scarlet.

**Oct 22**nd

Another cloudy day without rain. P. m. to Fair Haven Hill via Hubbards Grove—

How welcome this still cloudy day—an inward sunniness more than makes up for the want of an external one. As I pass this grove open I see the ^ ground strewn & colored with the yellow leaves which have been wafted from a large black birch 10 rods within the wood. I see at a distance the scattered birch tops like yellow flames amid the pines—also in another direction the red of oaks in the bosom of a pine wood—& in sproutlands & uniform on Fair Haven the deep ^ red of young oaks.

I sat on a bank at the brook crossing be- yond the grove to watch a flock of seringos perhaps savannah sparrows—which with some F hiemalis & other sparrows were actively flitting about amid the alders & dogwood
At last I saw one resting a moment to prune himself—& in this operation he opened his plumage very thoroughly to me—Distinct yellow eyebrows extending round beneath the bill—tail blackish or dusky—primaries bay or chestnut—2ndaries?1 edged with white—some white lines on shoulders—pale—flesh col—bill & legs—toward vent

{Was I sure?}

beneath pure white. Suddenly a pigeon—hawk dashed over the bank very low & within a rod of me & striking its wings against the twigs with a clatter close

sparrow
to a bird which escaped—it alighted amid the alders in front within 4 rods of me—It was attracted attracted by the same objects which attracted me. It sat a few moments balancing itself & spreading its tail and wings—a chubby little fellow. Its back appeared a sort of deep chocolate brown. Every sparrow at once concealed itself apparently deep in the bushes next the ground—Once2 or twice he dashed down there amid the alders & tried to catch one. In a few minutes he skimmed along the hedge by the path—& disappeared westward—But presently hearing the sound of his wings amid the bushes I look up & saw him dashing along through the willows & then out & upward high over the meadow in pursuit of a sparrow (perhaps a seringo)—the sparrow flew pretty high & kept doubling

1Question mark possibly inserted
2“O” poss written over “o”
within a dozen or 15 rods of me.

When it flew direct the hawk gained and

When it doubled it gained on the hawk—

so the latter soon gave up the chase

& the little bird flew off with high

over my head with a panting breath &

a rippling ricochet flight toward the high pine grove— When I passed the path

along ^ 10 minutes after I found that all those sparrows were still hid under the bushes by the ditch side close to the ground—& I saw nothing of them till I scared them out by going

No doubt they warned each other within 2 or 3 feet. by a peculiar note.

What a corsair the hawk is to them!— A little fellow hardly bigger than a quail.

Birds &c certainly are afraid of man—they all other creatures cows & horses &c—excepting only or or 2 kinds birds or beasts of prey to come near them, but not man— What does this fact signify? Does it not signify that man too1 is a beast of prey to them? Is he then a true lord of creation whose subjects are afraid of him & with reason? They know very well that he is not humane, as he pretends to be.

In Potters pasture as you go to F. H. Hill—where he had grain in the summer—{ }2 the great mullein leaves are strewn as thick as planted turnips that have been sown— This the first year. The next I suppose they will blossom.

1“too” possibly altered from “to”

2A single downstroke written above the dash following “summer”
They have felled & carted off that middling sized
white oak just beyond– I count about 120
rings of growth. In potters maple swamp–
where the red maple leaves lie in thick
beds on the ground what a strong–
mustiness—even sourness in some places–
Yet I like this scent– With the present
associations sweet to me is the musti-
ness of the grave itself. I hear a hyla
The swamp pyrus–Amelanchier–is leafing
again– One opening leaflet is an
inch long while the reddish yellow
leaves still hold on at the end of
Its
the twig above– These green swolen
buds are generally conspicuous curving
round the stems. There is a twig full of those
dead black leaves on one. It is a
new spring there. I hear the sound
of the first flail from Wm Wheeler’s
barn. I mark the gray diverging
stems of the dogwood which is now
bare–topped with the long recurved
dry panicles like loose barbs.

I think that the trees generally have not
worne very brilliant colors this month–
but I find today–that many small
shrubs in the which have been protected by
the forest–are remarkably fair & bright.
– They perhaps have not felt the drought
They are the best preserved and the most delicately tinted
nor been defaced by insects– ^ I see the
maple viburnum leaves a dark dull
^ spotted
^ crimson toward the edges–like some
wild apples– I distinguish it from the red-
maple at first only by its downy feeling beneath & the simple form of some leaves
These have also a short petiole & not a sharp sinus

Then there is the more or less crimson
nudum viburnum—passing from scarlet 1
through crimson—to black spotted 2
The blackness spreads very fast in one night
glossy crimson in its decay. ^ The ^ scarlet
blueberries & the redder huckleberries—
—the scarlet choke berry or vermillion
some red maples which are yellow
with only scarlet eyes. But still in
the shade & shelter of the woods as
fair as anything the leaves of the
so clear of injury from insects

wild cherry—^ passing from green
cherry red
through yellow or a ^ reddish yellow
to the palest & purest imaginable

The palest fawn with a mere (ch)^1 tinge of cherry—with their fine over-lapping serrations

cherry color ^— Those great ^ yellow
leaves of hickory sprouts—yellow &
green from which I used to drink—
& here is^2 a very handsome orange
red high blackberry leaf with its 5
all perfect—most are dark red

leaflets—^ But all these like shells
& pebbles must be seen on their own
seashore. There are 2 seasons
when the leaves are in their glory
their green & perfect youth in June
& this their ripe old age. Some of
the very young oak leaves have the deepest
lustreless or inward scarlet of any.

Brought home the 3 kinds of Lechea
whose pretty whorls of radical shoots or branches
are now methinks more conspicuous than

1Possibly “ch”
2“is” possibly written over “a”
before. I should distinguish the 2 lesser
by the one having larger pods—& being
more slender taller & more simple every-
way—the other low bushy—spreading—the
Branches¹ making a larger angle with the
stems—fine leaved, small & few pods—&
the radical shoots (alone of the 3 specimens
I have) very densely branched & leaved. Those
of the other two are simple. All have a
part of the radical leaflets above recurved.

The Plymouth fishermen have just come home from the Banks except one

Oct 23d

Pm to Saw Mill Brook.
The streets are strewn with buttonwood
leaves—which rustle under your feet
and the children are busy raking
them into heaps—some for bonfires—
The large elms are bare—not yet
the buttonwoods— The sugar maples on
the common stand dense masses
of rich yellow leaves with a deep scarlet
far more than blush— They are remarkably brilliant this year
blush ^ on the exposed surfaces. The last
are as handsome as any trees in the
street. I am struck with the hand
some form & clear though very pale
say lemon yellow of the black birch
leaves on sprouts in the woods—finely
serrate—& distinctly plaited—from
the mid rib. I plucked 3 leaves from

{an underwood}

the end of a red maple shoot ^ each
successively smaller than the last—the
brightest & clearest scarlet that
I ever saw— These & the birch attracted
universal admiration when laid on

¹“B” written over “b”
& passed round the supper table
a sheet of white paper & several in-
I never saw such colors painted{.}
quired particularly where I found them.
–They were without spot–ripe leaves
Yet some spots appeared & they were partly wilted the next morning.
{so delicate are they}
The small willows 2 or 3 feet high
by the roadside in woods–have some
chrome with a gloss
The sprouts are later to
rich deep ^ yellow leaves ^– ripen & richer colored.
The pale whitish leaves of hore hound
in damp grassy paths with its spicy fruit
in the axils–are tinged with purple or lake
more or less
Going through what was E{.} Hosmers
Muck hole pond now almost entirely
dry–the surface towards the shore
is covered with a dry crust more
or less cracked–which crackles
under my feet– I strip it up
like bark in long pieces 3/4 of an
inch thick & a foot wide & 2 long–
It appears to be composed of fine mosses
& perhaps utricularia & the like such as
grow in water. A little sphagnum is
quite conspicuous erect, but dry, in it.
//
Now is the time for chestnuts.
A stone cast against the tree shakes
them down in showers upon ones head
& shoulders– But I cannot excuse
myself for using the stone– It is
not innocent–it is not just so to
maltreat the tree that feeds us.
I am not disturbed by considering that
if I thus shorten its life I shall
not enjoy its fruit so long–but
am prompted to a more innocent
course by motives purely of humanity—I sympathize with the tree—Yet I heaved a big stone against the trunk, like a robber—not too good to commit murder—I trust that I shall never do it against
These gifts should be accepted not merely with gentleness but with a certain humble gratitude. The tree whose fruit we would obtain should not be too rudely shaken even—It is not a time of distress when a little haste & violence even might be pardoned—It is worse than boorish it is criminal to inflict an unnecessary injury on the tree that feeds or shadows us—Old trees are our parents—& our parents' parents perchance. If you would learn the secrets of Nature¹ you must practise more humanity than others.

Faded white-ferns now at Saw Mill brook—
The thought that I was robbing they press—yellow or straw color—myself by injuring the tree did not occur to me—but I was affected as if I had cast a rock at a sentient being with a duller sense than my own it is true—but yet a distant relation. Behold a man cutting down a tree to come at the fruit—! What is the moral of such an act?
Ah we begin old men in crime—would that we might grow innocent at last as the children of light.!

A downy woodpecker on an apple tree utters a sharp shrill rapid—tea te t, t, t, t t t t t.

¹"N" possibly written over "n"
Is that tall weed in Mrs Brook’s
Cacalia Suaveolens? Nabalus Cropidinous?
Yet stem more angled than grooved. 4 or 5 feet high – Some time ago.
Cousin Charles writes that his horse
drew 5286 pounds up the hill
from Hales’ Factory at Cattle show
in Haverhill the other day.

Oct 24th
Rained last night & all this day
for the most part – bringing down
the leaves – button woods & Sugar
maples in the street. The rich yellow
& scarlet leaves of the sugar maple
on the Common – which now thickly
cover the grass in great circles about
the trees – 1/2 having fallen – look
like the reflection of the trees in
water – & light up the common reflect-
surrounding
ing light even to the common houses.
The gentle touch of the rain brings
down more leaves than the wind.

Looked at the old picture
of Concord at Mrs Brook’s – she says
by a Minott an uncle (or grand uncle?)
of hers –

There are the British marching into
town in front of the meeting house – &
facing about in front of where the
Tavern now stands – Scattered Britons
going up the Main street & about the
town – & 2 officers on the Burying Hill
looking N with a spy glass –
The meeting house stands as I
remember it – but with 3 stories of windows
doors in front toward common –
and no porches or spire—^ The Jarvis house then Wrights tavern very plain— A Bevel roofed house endwise to the road where the Middlesex House¹ is—which Mrs B— calls Yes & Pres. Langdon lived there the Dr{.} Minot House??² then a little hut then the same altered was the tavern I knew—the Old Courthouse about where the brick school house is— (This the extreme right)—

Left of the bevel roofed house is a small house where the stable & sheds are, some say Betty Harts-horne’s Then a small building on the Milldam³— then the Old mill— The Vose House plain 3 stories, another house just beyond & ap. in front of it— E. Hubbards plain & a small house back & towards the Vose House & a dozen or 15 provincials there— Then some houses prob Peter Wheeler 3 or 4 Store Houses— Whence Redcoats⁴ are rolling barrells in to the pond—& may be partly from E Hubbard’s— & Perhaps that is the Timothy & after Peter Wheeler House seen a little further east—

Where Stow’s house is now— A large house ap. where the brick house is—& a row seen behind it up the street— Dr Hurd house & 4 small buildings far behind it. & others seen up street behind Hurd house— But we see no further up in the street than where N. Brooks now lives— Beyond the town appears well wooded— Lee’s Hill also on this side— Great & Little Wachuset are seen in the horizon & Nobscot.

¹“H” written over “h”
²“??” cancelled in pencil
³“M” written over “m”
⁴“R” written over “r”
Oct 25th

Quite cold it has cleared up after the rain—Pm. I row up the river which has risen 8 or 9 inches—After those pleasant & warm days it is suddenly cold & windy—and the risen waters have an angry look—It is uncomfortable rowing with wet hands in this wind—The muskrats must now prepare for winter in earnest—I see many places where they have left clam shells recently. Now gather all your apples—if you have not before—or the frost will have them. The willows along the river now begin to somewhat look faded & bare and wintry.

The dead wool-grass &c characterizes the shore—The meadows look sere & straw colored.

Oct 26 Pm to Conantum.

Another clear cold day—though not so cold as yesterday. The light & sun come to us directly & freely as if some obstruction had been removed—the windows of heaven had been washed.

The old house on Conantum is fast falling down. Its chimney laid in clay measures on the lower floor—across the hearth oven & a small fireplace 12 1/2 feet in breadth & parallel with the end of the house—On a level with the chamber floor it measures on the front side 8 feet. The mantle

1“those” possibly written over “the”
tree of a small fire place in the a chamber is an oak joist with the inside corner sloped off thus ☺. That of the great kitchen fire place is a pine timber 10 inches by 13 also with a great sloped surface within showing traces of fire. ☹ The small girders (?) of the roof overlap a foot or more on the rafters—(?). I see some farmers now cutting up their corn. The sweet viburnum leaves hang thinly on the bushes and are a dull crimsonish red. What apples are left out now I presume that the farmers do not mean to gather— The witch-hazel is still freshly in flower—& near it I see a houstonia in bloom The hill side is slippery with new fallen white pine leaves— The leaves of the oaks & hickories have begun to be browned—lost their brilliancy. I examine some frost weed there near the hazel. It is still quite alive—indeed just out of bloom{—}& its bark at the ground is quite light & entire— Pulling it up I find bright pink shoots to have put forth 1/2 an inch long—& starting even at the surface of the sod. Is not this as well on its second blossoming, somewhat peculiar to this plant—? & may it not be that when at last the cold is severe the sap is frozen & bursts the bark & the breath of the dying plant is frozen about it?

1Paren written over dash
2"P" written over "p"
I return by way of the Mockernut
trees—The squirrels have already begun
trees on them, though they^ are still covered
& the nuts do not fall
with yellow & brown leaves. ^ It is sur-
prising to see how they have gnawed
in two & made wrecks of the great hard
nuts—not stopping to take any advantage.
A little this side I see a red squirrel
dash out from the wall—snatch an apple
from amid many on the ground, &
swiftly
running ^ up the tree with it proceed
proceed^1 to eat it—sitting on a
smooth dead limb with its back to
the wind—& its tail curled close over its
back. It allows me to approach within
8 feet—It holds up the apple between its
two fore paws & scoops out the pulp
mainly with its lower incisors making
a saucer-like cavity—high & thin at the
edge where it bites off the skin & lets
it drop. It keeps its jaws going very fast—
from time to time turning the apple
round & round with its paws—(^as it eats)
like a wheel in a plane at right angles
to its body. It holds it up & twirls
it with ease. Suddenly it pauses—having
taken alarm at something—then drops
the remainder of the apple in hollow3 of
the bough & glides off by short snatches
uttering a faint sharp bird-like
note.

//  The song sparrow still sings on
a button bush.

^“proceed” possibly altered from “to”
1Paren written over dash
2“h” possibly written over “a”
A columbine leaf curiously marked by the eating of an insect—a broad white trail corresponding mainly to the lobes of the leaf—

That little grayish green & rigid moss-like plant on top of Lee’s Cliff now dropping fine orange colored pellets or spores (?) seems to be the Selaginella rupestris.? //

I sometimes think that I must go off to some wilderness where I can have a better opportunity to play life—where can find more suitable materials to build my house with—and enjoy the pleasure of collecting my fuel in the forest.

I have more taste for the wild sports of hunting fishing—wigwam building—making garments of skins & collecting wood wherever you find it—than for butchering—farming—carpentry—working in a factory—or going to a wood market.

Oct 27 Pm—
A-chestnutting down the Turnpike—
There are many fringed gentians, now considerably frostbitten, in what was E. Hosmer’s meadow between his dam & the road. It is high time we came a-nutting for the nuts have nearly all fallen—and you must depend on what you can find on the ground & cannot shake down any more to speak of. The trees are nearly all bare of leaves as well as burs. The wind comes cold from the N. W. as if there were snow on the earth in that di-

1"n" inserted
I try one of the wild apples in my desk—

reaction. Larches are yellowing

It is remarkable that the wild apples
which I praise as so spirited & racy when
eaten in the fields & woods—when brought
into the house have a harsh and crabbed
taste— As shells and pebbles must be
beheld on the sea shore, so these October
fruits must be tasted in a bracing walk
amid the somewhat bracing airs of late
October— To appreciate their wild & sharp
flavors it seems necessary that you

or November

be breathing the sharp October ^ air—
The outdoor air & exercise which the
walker gets give a different tone to his
palate—& he craves what the fruit
which the sedentary would call harsh
and crabbed even. The palate rejects
a wild apple eaten in the house—(so
of haws & acorns)—and demands
a tamed one—for here you miss that
October air which is the wine it is
eaten with. I frequently pluck wild apples
of so rich & spicy a flavor that I wonder
all orchardists do not get a scion from
them—but when I have brought home
my pockets full & taste them in the house—

unexpectedly

they are ^ harsh crude things. They must
be eaten in the fields when your sys-
tem is all aglow with exercise— The
frosty weather nips your fingers (in Novem-
ber) the wind rattles the bare boughs &
rustles the leaves—& the jay is heard
screaming around.
So there is one thought for the field, another for the house. I would have my thoughts—like wild apples, to be food for walkers—and will not warrant them to be palateable if tasted in the house. To appreciate the flavor of those wild apples requires vigorous & healthy senses—papillae firm & erect on the tongue & palate—not easily tamed & flattened. Some of those apples might be labelled:—“To be eaten in the wind.” It takes a healthy out-doors appetite—to relish the apple of life—the apple of the world.

Oct 28th
P. m. By boat to Leaning hemlocks— I think it was the 18th ult that I first noticed snow fleas on the surface of the river amid the weeds at its edge— Green leaves are now so scarce that the polypody at the Island rock—is more conspicuous. & the terminal shield fern (?) further up

As I paddle under the hemlock bank this cloudy afternoon—about 3 o’clock—I see a screech owl sitting on the edge of a hollow hemlock stump about 3 feet high, at the base of a large hemlock. It sits with its head drawn in eyeing me with its eyes partly open—about 20 feet off— When it hears me move—it turns its head toward me—^ one eye only open—with its great glaring golden iris— You see 2 whitish triangular lines above the eyes meeting at the bill—and ace with a sharp reddish brown triangle between & a narrow curved hue of black under each eye— At this distance & in this light you see

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1“is” written over “are”
2“this” written over “the”
only a black spot where the eye is
& the question is whether the eyes are
open or not. It sits on the lee side
of the tree this raw & windy day– You
would say that this was a bird with-
short
out a neck– Its ^ bill which rests upon
its breasts scarcely projects at all–but
in a state of rest the whole upper part
of the bird from the wings is rounded off
smoothly excepting the horns–which
stand up conspicuously or are slanted
back. After watching it 10 minutes from
the boat I landed 2 rods above
& stealing quietly up behind the hem-
lock–though from the windard–I looked
carefully round it & to my surprise saw the
owl still sitting there–so I sprang round
quickly with my arm outstretched and
caught in my hand– It was so sur-
prised that it offered no resistance at
first–only glared at me in mute
astonishment with eyes as big as saucers
– But erelong it began to snap its bill
–making quite a noise–& as I rolled it
up in my handkerchief & put it in
my pocket–it bit my finger slightly.
– I soon took it out of my pocket
it
& tying the handkerchief left ^ on the
bottom of the boat
So I carried it home & made a
small cage in which to keep it for
a night. When I took it up it clung
so tightly to my hand as to sink its

1“from” written over “is”
claws into my fingers & bring blood.

When alarmed or provoked most it
snaps its bill and hisses– It puffs
up its feathers to nearly twice its usual
size stretches out its neck–& with
wide open eyes stares this way & that
moving its head slowly & undulatingly
from side to side—with a curious
motion. While I write this evening
I see that there is ground for much
superstition in it. It looks out on me
from a dusky corner of its box with its
great solemn eyes–so perfectly still{.}
its self. I was surprised to find that
I could imitate its note as I remember
it–by a guttural whinnering.
A remarkably squat figure–being very
broad in proportion to its length–with a
short tail–& very catlike in the face
with its horns & great eyes. Remarkably
thickly
large feet & talons–legs ^ clothed with
whitish down down to the talons– It brought
blood from my fingers by clinging to them.
It would lower its head–stretch out its
neck & bending it from side to side
peer at you with laughable circum-
spection–from side to side as if to catch
or absorb into its eyes every ray of light
strain at you with complacent yet
earnest scrutiny
Raising & lowering its head & moving it
from side to side in a slow & regular manner
after at the same time snapping its bill
smartly perhaps–& faintly hissing—and
puffing itself up more & more—Catlike—turtle-like—both in hissing & swelling. The slowness & gravity—not to say solemnity of this motion are striking. There plainly is no jesting in this case.

(I saw yesterday at Saw Mill brook a common salamander on a rock close to the water—not long dead—with a wound in the top of its head.)

General color of the owl & pale reddish

the feathers centered with black brown. ^ Perches with 2 claws above & 2 below the perch. It is a slight body covered with a mass of soft & light lying feathers. Its head muffled in a great hood—It must be quite comfortable in winter.

Dropped a pellet of fir ^ in his cage. He sat not really moping but trying to sleep in a corner of his box all day—yet with one or both eyes slightly open all the while—I never once caught him with his eyes shut. Ordinarily stood rather than sat on his perch—

Oct 29th

P. m. Up Assabet—Carried my owl to the hill again—Had to shake him out of the box—for he did not go out of his own accord—(He had learned to alight on his perch—& it was surprising how lightly & noiselessly he would hop upon it.) There stood on the grass at first bewildered—with his horns pricked up & looking toward me. In this strong light the pupils of his eyes suddenly contracted & the iris expanded till they were two great

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1“Dropped” possibly altered from “dropped”
2“Had” altered from “had”
brazen orbs with a centre spot merely—
His attitude expressed astonishment
more than anything—I was obliged
to toss him up a little that he might
feel his wings & then he flapped away
low & heavily to a hickory on the hill
side 20 rods off, I had let him out
in the plain just (east of the hill)
Thither I followed & tried to start him again.
He was now on the qui vive—yet
would not start—He erected his head
showing some neck—narrower than the
round head above—His eyes were broad
brazen rings around bullets of black—
His horns stood quite an inch high
—as not before—As I moved around
him he turned his head always toward
me till he looked directly behind himself
—as he sat cross-wise on a bough—
He behaved as if bewildered & dazzled
gathering1 all the light he could
and ever straining his great eyes
toward to make out who you are—
—but not inclining to fly. I had to
lift him again with a stick to make
him fly—& then he only rose to a higher
perch—where at last he seemed to
seeck the shelter of a thicker cluster
of the sere leaves—partly crouching there.
He never appeared so much alarmed
as surprised and astonished.

When I first saw him yesterday he
sat on the edge of a hollow hemlock

1”gathering” altered from “gathered”
stump about 3 feet high at the bottom of a large hemlock—amid the darkness of the evergreens that { —— } cloudy day. – (It threatened to rain every moment). At the bottom of the hollow or 18 inches beneath him—was a very soft bed of the fine green moss ^ which grows on the bank close by—probably his own bed. It had been recently put there. When I moved him in his cage he would cling to the perch though it was in a perpendicular position—one above foot above another—suggesting his habit of clinging to & climbing the inside of hollow trees. his eyes—as in those of the cat. I see many aphides very thick & long tailed // // on the alders. Soap wort gentian // & Pasture thistle still. There are many fresh election cake toadstools amid the pitch pines there—& also higher very regular ^ hemispherical ones with a regularly warted or peppered surface. As I was passing Merricks Pasture¹ I saw & counted about a hundred crows // advancing in² a great rambling flock from the SE & crossing the river on high—& cawing. There is a wild apple on the hill which has to me a peculiarly pleasant bitter tang—not perceived till it is 3/4 It remains on the tongue. As you cut it it smells like a squash-bug tasted. ^ I like its very acerbity— It is a sort of triumph to eat & like it— an ovation— In the fields alone

¹“P” written over “p”
²“in” possibly altered from “a”
are the sours & bitters of Nature appreciated— Just as the woodchopper basks in a sunny day eats his meal in a sunny glade in middle of a winter day— with contentment— in a degree of cold which experienced in the house would make the student miserable— Basks in a sunny ray and dreams of Summer— in a degree of cold which felt in a chamber would make a student wretched. They who are abroad at work are not cold— It is they who sit shivering in houses. 

As with cold & heat so with sweet & sour—

This natural raciness— sours & bitters &c which the diseased palate refuses

^— are the true castors— and condiments.

What is sour in the house a bracing walk makes sweet. Let your condiments be in the condition of your senses— Apples which the farmer neglects & leaves out as unsaleable— and unpalatable to those who frequent the markets— are choicest fruit to the walker.

When the leaves fall the whole earth is a cemetery pleasant to walk in— I love to wander & muse over them in their graves returning to dust again. Here are no lying nor vain epitaphs The scent of their decay is pleasant to me. I buy no lot in the cemetery which my townsmen have just consecrated— with a poem & an auction— paying so much for a choice— Here is room enough for me—
The swamp White oak has a fine firm leathery leaf with a silver underside—now half of them now turned up.

// Oaks are now fairly–brown–very few
// still red– Water Milkweed discounts.

I have got a load of great hard-wood stumps. For sympathy with my neigh-
bors I might about as well live in China—they are to me barbarians—
with their committee-works—& gregar-
iousness.

// Returning I scare up a blue heron from the bathing rock this side the Island— It is whitened by its droppings in great
splashes a foo{t} or more wide. He has evi-
dently frequented it to watch for fish there. Also a flock of black of
// black birds fly eastward over my head from the top of an oak—either red-wings
or grackles.

Wednesday¹ Oct 30th

Going to the New Cemetery—I see that
// the Scarlet oak leaves have² still some brightness
–perhaps the latest of the oaks.

Thursday Nov³ 1st

Pm– Up Assabet—a-wooding

After a rain-threatening morning
// it is a beautiful Indian summer
day—the most remarkable hitherto—
& equal to any of the kind. Yet we kept fires in the forenoon—the warmth not having got into the house— It

¹“Wednesday” written over “Tuesday”
²“have” altered from “has”
³“Thursday Nov” written over “Weds Oct”
is akin¹ to sin to spend such a day in the
house– The air is still & warm– This
too is the recovery of the year– As if the
year having nearly or quite accomplished
its work–and abandoned all design
were in a more favorable and poetic
mood–and thought rushed in to fill the
Whole schools of little minnows leap from the surface
vacuum– The ^ river perfectly smooth– The
at once with a silvery gleam.
wool-grass² with its drooping head & the
slender withered leaves dangling about its
stem–stands in in little sheaves upon its
tussucks–clean dry straw–and is thus
reflected in the water– This is the novem-
ber shore– The maples and swamp oaks
& willows are for the most part bare
but some of the oaks a partly clothed
Yet with withered ones–I see one wht–
maple quite thick & green–& some
black willows are thinly clad with green
leaves–& many yellowish leaves are
seen on the sallows rising above the
bare button bushes– Yet I see no
painted tortoises out–& I think it is

about a fortnight since I saw any ^.

As I pushed up the river past Hil-
dreths I saw the blue-heron, probably of
last tuesday Monday–arise from the shore
with heavily flapping wings
& disappear ^ around a bend in front–
The greatest of the bitterns (ardeae)
with heavily undulating wings low over
the water–seen against the woods
–just disappearing round a bend in front.

¹"akin" possibly altered from "a sin"
²"wool" altered from "wood"
With a great slate-colored expanse
of wing–suited to the shadows of the stream
– A tempered blue–as of the sky & dark
water commingled. This is the aspect
under which the Musketaquid
might be represente at this season
– A long smooth lake–reflecting
the bare willows & button bushes–
the stubble & the wool-grass1 on its
tussuck– A muskrat cabin or
two conspicuous on its margin–
amid the tops of unsightly of pontederia
–& a bittern disappearing on undu-
lating wing around a bend–

The wood I get is pretty rotten–
of an oak
The under sides ^ which have lain for years
on the miry bank is turned almost2
in this I find ants.
to mould ^ while the upper–is hard
& dry– Or else it is stumps whose fangs
have so rotted off that I can kick
them over at last–but then I must
then I must shake out a half a
peck or more of mould. I made
out to get one great & heavy stump
to the water–20 rods distant–by ant
like–turning it over & over laboriously
– It sunk my craft low in the water.
Others are boughs which in the winter
fell or were dragged down by the
ice–their tops in the water & their
butts on shore. These I saw off where
they dip into the water, though the
saw pinches.

1"wool" altered from "wood"
2"almost" altered from "to"
Returning in the twilight I see a bat over the river--

Nov 4th
Pm. to Hill by Assabet

This forenoon the boys found a little ^ kitten about 1/3 grown on the Island or Rock--but could not catch it. We supposed that some one had cast it in to drown it-- This P. m. as I was paddling by the Island I saw what I thought a duck swimming down the river diagonally to the S shore just below the grassy island opposite the rock--then I thought it two ducks--then a muskrat. It passed out of sight round a bend. I landed & walked along shore & found that it was the kitten--which had just got ashore-- It was quite wet excepting its back-- It swam quite rapidly the whole length of its back out--but was carried down about as fast by the stream. It had probably first crossed--from the rock to the grassy island--& then from the lower end of this to the town side of the stream--on which side it may have been attracted by the noise of the town. It was quite rather weak & staggered as it ran--from being wet starvation or cold ^ or both-- A very pretty little black kitten.

It is a dark almost rainy day. Though the river appears to have risen considerably it is not more than 9 or 10 inches above the lowest summer level--as I see by the bridge. Yet it brings along a little drift wood-- Whatever rails

1“A” possibly written over “a”
2“&” written over “—”
or boards have been left by the waters edge—the river silently takes up & carries away.

The Winter is approaching—the
Much small stuff from the pail factory.
birds are almost all gone— The note
of the dee de de sounds now more
distinct—prophetic of winter—as I go
amid the wild apples in Nawshawtuct.– The autumnal dandelion shelterd
by this apple tree trunk—is drooping &
half closed–& shows but half its yellow
this dark late wet day in the fall.

Gathered a bag of wild apples— A great
part are decayed now on the ground—
The snail slug is still eating them. Some
have very fiery crimson spots or eyes on
a very white ground. Returned & went

// up the Main stream— Larches are now
quite yellow—in the midst of their fall

The river brink—at a little distance at
least) is now all sere & a rustling—
except a few yellowed sallow leaves
though beyond in the meadows there
fresh
is some ^ greenness—but cattle seem
They are turned into the meadows now where is all the greenness
to stray wider for feed than1 they did—^ New
fences are erected to take advantage of
all the fall feed— But the rank
—herbage of the rivers’ brink was2 more
tender & has fallen before the frosts.
Many new muskrat houses have been
erected this wet weather—& much
gnawed root is floating— When I look
away to the woods—the oaks have a
dull dark red now—without brightness
tops
—the willow3 ^ on causeways have a pale bleached
silvery—or wool-grass like look—

1“t” written over “–”
2“was” written over “is”
3“willow” altered from “willows”
See some large flocks of F. hiemalis which fly with a clear but faint chinking chirp—and from time to time you hear quite a strain half warbled from them. They rise in a body from the ground & fly to the trees as you approach—There are a few tree sparrows with them—These and one small soaring hawk are all the birds I see.

I have failed to find white pine seed this year though I began to look for it a month ago—The cones were fallen & open. Look the first of September.

From my experience with wild apples I can understand that there may be reason for a savage preferring many kinds of food which the civilized man rejects. The former has the palate of an outdoor man.

It takes a savage or wild taste to appreciate a wild apple. I remember 2 old maids to whose house I enjoyed carrying a purchaser to talk about buying their farm—because they offered us wild apples—though with an unnecessary apology for their wildness.

Nov. 5th

I hate the present modes of living & getting a living—Farming & shopkeeping and working at a trade or profession are all odious to me—I should relish getting my living in a simple primitive fashion.

The life which society proposes to me to live—is so artificial and complex bolstered up on many weak supports.
and sure to topple down at last—that no man surely can ever be inspired to live it—and only “old fogies” ever praise it. At best some think it their duty to live it—I believe in the infinite joy & satisfaction of helping myself—and others to the extent of my ability—But what is the use in trying to live simply raising what you eat—making what you wear—building what you inhabit—burning what you cut or dig—when those to whom you insanely are allied want & will have a thousand other things which neither you nor they can raise & nobody else perchance will pay for—The fellow-man to whom you are yoked is a steer that is ever bolting right the other way.

I was suggesting once to a man who was wincing under some of the consequences—of our loose & expensive way of living—but you might raise all your own potatoes—&c &c—At which he We had often done it at our house & had some to sell—At which he demurring—I said setting it high you could raise 20 bushels even. But said he I use 35. How large is your family—a wife & 3 infant children—This was the real family I need not enumerate those who were hired to help eat the potatoes & waste them. So he had to hire a man to raise his potatoes.
Thus men invite the devil in at every angle and then prate about the garden of Eden & the fall of man.

I know many children to whom I would fain make a present on some one of their birth days—but they are so far gone in the luxury of presents—have such perfect museums of costly ones—that it would absorb my entire earnings for a year to buy them some thing which would not be beneath their notice.

Pm to foot of F. H. Hill—via Hubbard’s Grove—I see the shepherds purse hedge-mustard & red clover—November flowers—Crossing the Depot Field Brook I observe the downy fuzzy globular tops of the aster puniceus—they are slightly tinged with yellow—compared with the hoary grey of the gray golden rod—The distant willow tops are yellowish like them in the right light.—At Hubbards Crossing I see a large mail hen harrier skimming over the meadow—its deep slate somewhat sprinkled or mixed with black—perhaps young—It flaps a little. & then sails straight forward. So low it must rise at every fence—But I perceive that it follows the windings of the meadow over many fences— I pass a great white pine stump—half a cord in it & more turned up out of a meadow— I look upon it with interest—and wish I had it at my door—for there are many warm fires in that.

"N" written over "n"
You could have many thoughts & tell many stories while that was burning. 
Walked through Potter's swamp—That white birch fungus—always presents its face to the ground—parallel with it—
For here are some in an upright dead birch whose faces or planes are at right angles with the axis of the tree as usual—looking down—but others attached to the top of the tree which lies prostrate on the ground have their planes parallel with the axis of the tree—
Where the epidermis is cracked ap. as they grew they are watered handsomely tree—as if looking round the birch.
with white streams 1/8 an inch wide above.
They have remarkably thick necks.
They protrude through a rent in the bark carrying it along with their necks a little way.

// The brightness of the foliage ^ ceased pretty exactly with october— The still bright leaves which I see as I walk along the river edge of this swamp are—birches clear yellow at top—
high blueberry—some very bright scarlet red still—Some sallows—Vib. nudum fresh dark red—Alder sprouts large green leaves Swamp pink buds
// now beg. to show— The late growth of the pyrus is now checked by the frost.—
// The bark of many frostweeds is now cracked or burst off & curled backward in 5 or 6 strips for about an inch leaving the woody part bare at or an inch above the ground sometimes 5 or 6 inches above
I suspect the frost is the dying breath of the weed—congealed the ground.
// I am pleased to see that the lower & larger 4 or 5 leaves of the water andromeda on the edge of the meadow next the swamp—are pretty commonly

1"P" written over "p"
turned a dark &#931;scarlet now confirm ing my old impression. I have not observed for some years.

A nest made very thick of grass & stubble & lined with finer grass & horse hair as big as a kingbirds on an alder within 18 inches of ground close to the water at cardinal shore The alder had been broken down at & the nest rested on the stub ends that height by the ice. ^ I took a few dead leaves out & to my surprise found an egg.—very pale greenish-blue—Probably the Wood thrush ^ if not the Olivaceous one—whose eggs I have not seen described. Not quite so big as a blue birds. This egg popped & burst suddenly with a noise or like a pop gun about as loud as popping corn ^—while I held it in it had been addled when new my hand in my chamber—^ I had another {pot} in the chamber some months ago— So you must blow them before you bring them into a warm room—

I am puzzled with the lecheas are there not 4 kinds. 1st there is the L. Major with broad leaves & then the least with fine spreading branches—& with branched shoots at base. 3d there is the very common one intermediate in size—with large fruit and 4th (?) linear lanceolate leaves now commonly fallen— But I see ^ this p. m. one 15 inches high (half a dozen rods from Cardinal shore) & stout with leaves like the 3d but fruit but fruit very small & abundant. There is ap. a little recent growth opening of leaves at the extremities of it—^ & 5th close by a slender one a foot high with leaves elliptic pointed 1/2 inch x 1/6 & generally & larger fruit than last, at top ^ (May be a var. of L. Major?) it has some leaves like it

It is perhaps the 3d kind which when only 3 or 4 inches high now has such dense linear leaves 1/2 inch plus long—pine tree like & spreading branches just above rad. shoots.

V. Nov 13

1Caret written below dash
2”pine” written over “&”

V July 30 56
I find that one of my old oak logs which was
lying on the damp bank of the river half rotted
through below—contained many great black
ants gone into winter quarters in those great eaten cells
Yet this would have been covered with water in the winter.
of the rotten wood. Those with wings were 3/4 inch or
more long. They move but slowly when exposed.
In one I stump on splitting in the yard I find a clam shell carried in by a muskrat
Nov. 6th

A mizzling rain from the east drives me
home from my walk. The gnawel
in the sand on the R. R. causeway grows
in dense green tufts like the hudsonia 6 or
8 inches in diameter & 1 or 2 high. It is
still in bloom— The gooseberry leaves
at the end of the currant row—being wet
are a still more brilliant scarlet.

A great many rainy days the last fortnight—
yet not much rain.
Pennyroyal has a long time stood withered a
dark-blackish brown in the fields—yet scented.
I can hardly resist the inclination to collect
drift-wood—to collect a great load which
will sink my boat low in the water, &
paddle or sail slowly home with it— I love
this labor so much that I would gladly
collect it for some person of simple habits
who might want it.

Men ordinarily do not have the pleasure—
of sawing & splitting their wood ever—for
while they are buying it an Irishman
stands by with his saw horse on his
back—the next thing I see him
in their yards him & his understrapper
sawing for dear life & 2 shillings a
cut.

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1"Nov." written over "Aug."
2"8" written over "10"
When I think too of the many decaying stumps & logs—which the coming freshets will carry off to sea perchance to sea—Rails & posts & bits of boards and boughs are carried far into the swamps.

Nov 7th
Another drizzling day—as fine a mist as can fall.
P. m. Up Assabet I see a painted tortoise swimming under water & to my surprise another after ward out on a willow trunk this dark day. It is long since I have seen one—of any species except the insculpta. They must have begun to keep below & go? Come out again— V. Nov. 11 into winter quarters (?) about 3 weeks ago.

—Looking west over Wheelers' Meadow I see that there has been much gossamer on the grass & it is now revealed by the dewy mist which has collected on it. Some green briar leaves still left a dull red or scarlet—others yellowish—also the silky cornel is conspicuously dull red—and others yellowish red—And the sallow on rivers brink (not cordata) with a seen narrow leaf pointed at both ends—shows some clear chrome yellow leaves a-top. The White birches lose their lower leaves first & now their tops show crescents or cones of bright yellow—(spiring flames) leaves—some of the topmost even green still.
The black willows almost every where entirely bare— Yet the color of their twigs

1”W” written over “w”
2”Y” written over “y”
gives them the aspect of the crisp brown weeds of the rivers brink—How completely crisp & shrivelled the leaves & stems of the polyg- onum amphibium var terrestre—still standing above the water & grass.

The river has risen a little more—the North Branch especially—& the pail-stuff which has drifted down it has been carried a few rods up the main stream above the junction. It rises & falls very suddenly—& I was surprised to see the other day a line of saw dust more than a foot above the water’s edge—showing that it had risen to that hight & suddenly fallen without my knowledge. Opened a muskrat house nearly 2 feet high—but there was no hollow to it. Apparently—they do not form that part yet.

I find it good to be out this still dark mizzling afternoon—My walk or voyage is more suggestive & profitable than in bright weather. The view is contracted by the misty rain—the water is perfectly smooth & the stillness is favorable to reflection. I am more open to impressions more sensitive—(not callused or indurated by sun & wind) as if in a chamber still. My thoughts are concentrated—I am all compact—

The solitude is real too for the rain weather keeps other men at home. This mist is like a roof & walls over & around

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"ly" in "suddenly" possibly inserted
& I walk with a domestic feeling— The sound of a wagon going over an unseen bridge is louder than ever—& so of other sounds. I am compelled to look at near objects— All things have a soothing effect—the very clouds & mists brood over me. My power of observation & contemplation is much increased. My attention does not wander. The world & my life are simplified.— What now of Europe & Asia?

Birds are pretty rare now. I hear a few tree sparrows in one place on the trees & bushes near the river a clear chinking chirp & a half strain— a jay at a distance—& see a nuthatch flit with a ricochet flight across the river & hear his {gnah} half uttered when he alights.

A gray squirrel—(as day before yesterday) runs down a limb of an oak and hides behind the trunk—& I lose him— A red one runs along the trees to scold at me boldly or carelessly—with a chuckling bird like note—& that other peculiar sound at intervals between a purr & a grunt. He is more familiar than the grey—& more noisy— What sound does the gray make?

Some of my drift wood is the burnt timbers of a mill—which the swolen river has gleaned for me.

which has been burned over to get rid of the weeds before digging—

Found dead in Wheeler’s potatoe2 field ^ near the hemlocks by river—a little mouse dead.3 Whole length // 3 inches (minus) tail hardly 7/8 of an inch so short (less than half the body) I thought at first it had been bitten off by some animal. General color above

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1Dash possibly altered from period
2“potatoe” possibly altered from “potatoe’s”
3“dead.” possibly inserted
or tawny brown

a rust of brown^ with mouse color seen through it—beneath rather hoary mouse color, but nowhere white—The fur dark slate. Snout & head blunt—the latter large. Hind legs longest. Ears quite concealed in the fur. It answers to Emmon’s Arvicola hirsutus or Meadow1 Mouse—except that it is smaller—It is a young one? tips of incisors partly Hemlock cones all closed—but open^ next day in

// light yellow.

//

Nov. 8th

A quite warm & foggy morning. I can sit with my window open—& no fire—Much warmer than this time last year—Though there is quite a fog over the river—& doubtful weather behind—the reflection of the wool grass &c is quite distinct—the reflection from the fog or mist making the water light for a background.

Nov 9th³

9 AM⁴ With Blake up Assabet

A clear & beautiful day after frost

Looking over the meadow westward from Merrick’s Pasture shore—I see the alders beyond Dodd’s—now quite bare & grey (almost maple-like) in the morning sun (The frost melted off though I found a little // ice on my boat seat)—that true Novem-

ber⁵ sight—ready to wear frost leaves{.} & to transmit (so open) the tinkle of tree sparrows— How wild & refresh{ing} to see these old Black Willows of the river brink—unchanged from the first—which no man has neve cut for fuel or for timber. Only the muskrat tortoises—blackbirds & bittern swallows

³“Nov 9th” possibly added
⁴“AM” written over “Pm”
⁵“N” written over “n”
use them.

2 black birds fly over pretty near with a chuck (either redwings or grackles) but I see no red. See a painted tortoise & a wood tortoise in different places out on the bank! still!

Saw in the pool at the hemlocks what I at first thought was a brighter leaf moved by the zephyr on the surface—but it was a splendid male summer duck which allowed us to approach within 7 or 8 rods—sailing up close to the shore, & then rose & flew up the curving stream—We soon over hauled it again, and got a fair & long view of it still near—It was a splendid bird—a perfect flating gem—& Blake who had never seen the like so was greatly surprised—not knowing that such splendid a bird was found in this part of the world. There it was constantly moving back & forth by invisible means & wheeling on the smooth surface—showing now its breast—now its side now its tail—rear It had a large rich flowing green burnished crest—a most ample headdress—2 crescents of dazzling white on the side of the head & the black neck (the white where the black is) a pinkish? red bill (with black tip) & similar irides—& a long white mark under & at wing point on sides—the side as if the form of wing at this distance light bronze or greenish brown—but above all its breast when it turns into the right
light all aglow with splendid purple?
reflections—like the throat of the humming bird. It might not ap-
pear so close at hand. This was the most surprising to me. What an
ornament to a river—to see that glowing gem floating in con-
tact with its waters—as if the humming bird should recline its ruby
throat & its breast on the water—like dipping a glowing coal in
water—It so affected me—
It became excited—fluttered or flapped its wings with a slight whistling noise, & then arose
& flew 2 or 3 rods and alighted—It sailed close up to the edge of a rock—by which it lay pretty still—& finally sailed fast
up one side of the river by the willows—
now & then turning & sailing back a foot or 2 &c off the duck swamp beyond the spring, ^ while we paddled up the opposite side a rod in
for 20 or 30 rods
the rear—^ At length we went by it—& it flew back low a few rods—to where we roused it. It never offered to dive. We came equally near it again on our return.

Unless you are thus near & have a glass the splendor and beauty of its colors will not be discovered.

Found a good stone jug—small size—floating stopple up—I drew the stopple & smelled {____} as I expected molasses and water or something stronger (black strap?) which it had con-
tained—Probably some Meadow hay-makers jug left in the grass which the

1“the” possibly underlined
2"&" written over “—”
recent rise of the river has floated off—It will do to put with the white pitcher—
I found & keep flowers in—Thus I get my furniture.

Yesterday I got a perfectly sound oak timber 8 inches square & 20 feet long which had lodged on some rocks—It had probably been the sill of a building. As it was too heave(r) to lift aboard I towed it.

As I shall want some shelves to put my Oriental books on—I shall begin to some boards now—

I deal so much with my fuel, what with finding it loading it—conveying it home—sawing & splitting it—get so many values out of it, am warmed in so many ways by it—that the heat it will yield when in the stove—is of a lower temperature & a lesser value in my eyes—(though when I feel it I am reminded of all my adventures)

I just turned to put on a stick—I had in the box gray

my choice of chestnut rail—black & brown snag of an oak stump—dead White pine top grey & sound with stubs of limbs—Or else old bridge plank—& chose the last.—Yet I lose

“lose” possibly altered from “loose”
this except a mere vulgar &
perhaps stupefying warmth.

I feel disposed–to this extent–to do
the getting a living & the living–for
any 3 or 4 of my neighbors–who
really want the fuel–& will ap-
preciate the act–now that I
have supplied myself– There was a
fat pine plank heavy as lead–I gave
to Aunt L.–for kindling.

That duck was all jewels com-
bined shewing different lustres as it turned
on the unrippled element in various lights–
Now–brilliant glossy green–now dusky violet
now a rich bronze–now the reflections
that sleep in the ruby’s grain.

I see floating just above the Hemlocks
the large sliding door of a RR car burnt
to a cinder on one side–& lettered in
large bright yellow letters on the other
“Cheshire 1510”. It may have been cast
over at the RR Bridge.

I affect what would commonly
be called a mean & miserable way
of living– I thoroughly sympathize
with all savages & g(u)psies in as far
as they merely assert the original
right of man–to the productions of
nature & a place in her– The Irish¹
man moves into the town–sets up
a shanty on the RR-land–& then gleans
the dead wood², from the neighboring
forest–which would never get to

¹“I” possibly written over “i”
²“wood” possibly written over “of”
market– But the so called owner forbids it & complains of him as a trespasser. The highest law{s} gives a thing to him who can use it.

Nov. 11th {–}55

P. m. Up Assabet– As long as the sun is out it is warm & pleasant– The water is smooth– I see the reflections, not only of the wool-grass, but the bare buttonbush–with its brown balls beginning to crumble & show the lighter inside–and the brittle light brown twigs of the black willow–& the coarse rustling sedge–now completely withered–(& hear it pleasantly whispering) & the brown & yellowish sparganium blades curving over like well tempered steel–& the gray cottony mikania.

The bricks of which the muskrat builds or wads

his house are little masses ^ of the dead weedy rubbish on the muddy bottom which it probably takes up with its mouth– It consists of various kinds of weeds–ag now agglutinated together by the slime & dried confervae threads utricullaria, hornwort¹, &c–a streaming tuft-like wad. The building of these cabins appears to be coincident with the commencement of their clam diet–for now their vegetable food² excepting roots is cut off. I see many small collections of shells already left along the rivers brink³– Thither they resort with their clam to open & eat it– But if it is the edge of a meadow which is being over-flowed, they must make

raise

¹“h” possibly written over “&”
²“d” possibly written over “t”
³“k” written over “g”
it & make a permanent dry stool there.
– For they cannot afford to swim far
with each clam– I see where one has
drop left 1/2 a peck of shells–on
perhaps the foundation of an old stool
which or a harder clod–which the
water is just about to cover–& he has
begun his stool by laying 2 or 3 fresh
wads upon the shells–the foundation
of his house. Thus their cabin is
first ap. intended merely for a stool–
& after ward when it is large is perforated
as if it were the bank! There is no
cabin for a long way above the
hemlocks where there is no ^ meadow
bordering the stream.

// The clamshells freshly opened are hand-
somest this month (bef or rather are most
observable–before the ice & snow
conceal them) & in the spring–
I am surprised to see quite a
// number of painted tortoises out
on logs & stones & to hear the wood-
tortoise rustling down the bank.
& sluggish
// Frogs are rare ^ as if going into winter
// quarters. A cricket also sounds rather
rare & distinct. At the hemlocks I
see a narrow reddish line of hemlock leaves
& half an inch below a white line of sawdust
both mathem 6 inches above the ^ surface–on
upright
the ^ side of a rock–both mathematically
level– This chronicles the hemlock fall
which I had not noticed we have so
few trees—& also the rivers rise— The1 north branch must have risen suddenly before
the South—for I see much pail stuff from
the Fort Pond brook—which has been carried
18 rods up the latter stream above the Rock—
or as far as it runs extends immedia-
tely due west there— By pail stuff I mean
the curved & groved pieces which form the
sides & the flat ones for the bottom & their
trimmings— High blueberry leaves
still conspicuous bright scarlet— also
duller & darker green briar leaves hold
on on the Island.

I hear gray squirrels coursing about
on the dry leaves pursuing one another
& now they come in sight coursing from
pine to pine on their winding way—on their
unweariable legs— On their undulating
& winding course— It is a motion interme-
diate between running & flying— I hear
but a tree sparrow & a chicadee this
voyage.

Nov 13

10 3/4
In mid forenoon 70 or 80 geese in3 harrows successively smaller, flying S West—
pretty well west a completely overcast occasionally drizzling forenoon
^ over the house2 I at once heard their clangor
& rushed to & opened the window— The three harrows
were gradually formed into one great one
before they {were} out of sight— The geese shifting
their places without slacking their progress.

Pm to Cardinal shore3
Going over Swamp bridge brook at 3 Pm

1“T” written over “1”
2Caret written below dash
3possibly “S” written over “s”
I saw in the pond by the road side a few rods before me—the sun shining bright a mink swimming—the whole length of his back out—It was a rich brown fur glowing internally as the sun fell on it—like some ladies boas—not black as it sometimes appears especially on ice—It landed within 3 rods showing its long some what cat-like neck & I observed was carring something by its mouth—dragging it over land—At first I thought it a fish—maybe an eel—& when it had got half a dozen feet—I ran forward & it dropped its prey & went into the wall. It was a muskrat the head & part of the forelegs torn off & gone—but the rest still fresh & quite heavy including hind legs & tail—It had probably killed this muskrat in the brook—eaten so much & was dragging the remainder to its retreat in the wall.

A fine clear afternoon—after the misty morning & heavy rain of the night. Even after all this rain—

I see the streaming lines of gossamer from trees & fences—From Fair Haven Hill the air is clear & fine-grained—russet & now it is a perfect ^ November landscape—(including the reddish brown of the oaks) excepting where the winter rye-fields & some low meadows show their green—the former quite
bright—& also the evergreen patches
of pines— Edged in the N. W. by the
blue mt ridges.

Got the Wood thrush’s (?) nest of Nov 5 It is about
5 inches diam. from outside to outside—& 2 1/2 with-
in. Outside of some weedy tufts (beneath) weedy
stems & stubble—(some dry galium stems, small—if)
& a little
lined with ^ fine grass & horse hair— I found the egg
partly concealed by some dry alder leaves which had
fallen into the nest.

Nov. 14th

Minott hears geese to day—  //

Heard today in my chamber—about 11
Am—a singular sharp crackling sound
by the window—which made me think of
the snapping of an insect (with its wings
or striking some thing)— It was produced
by one of 3 small pitch-pine cones
which I gathered on the 7th ult & which
lay in the sun on the window sill. I noticed
a slight motion in the scales at the
apex—when suddenly with a louder

crackling it burst or the scales separated
with a snapping sound on all sides of
it. It was a general & sudden bursting
or expanding of all the scales with a sharp
crackling sound & motion of the whole cone—
as by a force pent up within it. I suppose
the strain only needed to be relieved in
one point for the whole to go off.

I was remarking today to
Mr Rice on the pleasantness of this
November—thus far— When he remarked

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"N" written over "n"
that he remembered a similar
season 54 years ago—& he
remembered it because on the 13th
of November that year he was en-
& saw wild geese go over
gaged in pulling turnips ^ when one
came to tell him that his father
was killed by a bridge giving way
when his team was crossing it & the
team falling up on him walking
at its side.

Pm—
Up Assabet with Sophia—

A clear bright warm after noon—
A painted tortoise swimming under water—
// & a wood tortoise out on the bank—
The rain has raised the river an
additional foot or more & it is creeping
// over the meadows— My boat is 2/3
full & hard to come at. The old
weedy margin is covered & a new
grassy one acquired. The current
is stronger though the surface is
pretty smooth— Much small rubbish
is drifting down & slowly turning
in the eddies. The motion of my boat
sends an undulation to the shore—
which rustles the dry sedge half
immersed there—as if a tortoise were
tumbling through it. Leaves & sticks
& billets of wood come floating down
in middle of the full still stream
turning round in the eddies—&
I mistake them for ducks at
first. See 2 red wing black birds alight on a black-willow.

Nov 15. The river rising I see a spearer’s light tonight

Nov 16

Minott speaks of the last fortnight—as good weather to complete the harvesting—corn—potatoes—turnips carrots &c

It seemed late for harvest but some of the above crops were not gathered.

A part of today & yesterday I have been making shelves for my oriental books which I hear today are now on the Atlantic in the “Canada”—

Mr{.} Rice asked me tonight if I knew how hard a head a goat had. When he lived in Roxbury a man asked him to kill a goat for him. He accordingly struck the goat with a hatchet hard enough as he supposed to dash his brains out—but the goat instantly, with a bleat, leaped on to a wall & ran 20 rods on the wall faster than they could on the ground after him—and he saw him as much as a month afterward none the worse for the blow—

He thinks that muskrats have always even in the winter a dry bed in the bank—as well as the wet place to eat in their cabins. Told me again the story of the muskrat which he saw resting under the ice—he himself lying flat and still upon the ice—and the muskrat
having a long way to go from the bank to his cabin. As soon as he stopped with his nose against the ice a bubble issued from his mouth & flatted out to 3 inches in diameter against the ice—& he remained for half a minute with his mouth in it. Then drew it in all but a little—& proceeded.

He spoke of the mud-turtle resting on the “river-bush” (meaning the button-bush)—in the spring so near the top of the water that he could put his snout out when he pleased—

Has¹ taken them in April—formerly—on Fast day.
I think that by the “swamp robin” he means the veery
I see many more nests in the alders now than I suspected in the summer—

Nov 17th 55

// Just after dark the first snow is falling after a chilly afternoon with cold grey clouds—when my hands were uncomfortably cold.

It is interesting to me to talk with Rice he lives so thoroughly & satisfactorily to himself— He has learned that rare art of living—the very elements of which most professors do not know. His life has been not a failure but a success— Seeing me going to sharpen some plain irons—

¹“H” possibly written over “h”
and hearing me complain of the want of tools he said that I ought to have a chest of tools—But I said it was not worth the while I should not use them enough to pay for them—"You would use them more, if you had them, said he. When I came to do a piece of work I used to find commonly that I wanted a certain tool, and I made it a rule first always to make that tool, I have spent as much as $3000 thus on my tools." Comparitively speaking, his life is a success—not such a failure as most men’s. He gets more out of any enterprise than his neighbors, for he helps himself more—& hires less. Whatever pleasure there is in it, he enjoys. By good sense & calculation he has become rich—& has invested his property well—Yet practices a fair & neat economy—dwells not in untidy luxury. It costs him less to live & he gets more out of life than others. To get his living or keep it is not a hasty or disagreeable toil. He works slowly but surely enjoying the sweet of it He buys a piece of meadow at a profitable rate—works at it in pleasant weather he & his son when they are inclined—goes a fishing or a bee-hunting or a-rifle-shooting—quite as often
& thus the meadow gets redeemed & po-
toes get planted perchance—& he is very
sure to have a good crop stored in his
cellar in the fall—& some to cell. He
always has the best of potatoes there.

In the same spirit in which he & his son
tackle up their Dobbin (he never keeps
a fast horse) & go a-spearing or
a-fishing through the ice—they also tackle
up & go to their Sudbury\textsuperscript{1} farm to
hoe or harvest a little—& when
they return they bring home a load of
stumps in their hay-rigging which impeded
their labors—but perchance supply them
with their winter wood— All the wood-
chucks they shoot or trap on\textsuperscript{2} the bean-
field are brought home also—&
thus their life is a long sport & they
know not what hard times are.

Rice says there are no bees
worth hunting about here now—
he has sometimes been to a large
wood in the W. part of Sudbury & also
to Nagog—Yet there was little honey there.

Saw Goodwin this p. m.

// returning from the river with 2 minks
one trapped the other shot, & half a
dozens muskrats.— Mink seem to be
more commonly seen now—& the
rising of the river begins to drive out
the muskrats.

Labaume says that he wrote his
journal of the Campaign in Russia

\textsuperscript{1}“S” written over “s”
\textsuperscript{2}Possibly “in”
each night in the midst of incredible
danger & suffering with “a raven’s quill, &
a little gun-powder, mixed with some melted
snow, in the hollow of my hand,”–the quill
cut & mended with “the knife with which I had
carved my scanty morsel of horse-flesh”–

Such a statement promises well for
the writers qualifications to treat such a
theme.

Nov. 18

About an inch of snow fell last night //
–but the ground was not at all frozen
or prepared for it–a little greener grass
& stubble here & there seems to burn its
way through it this forenoon–
It clears up at noon & at
2 Pm I go to
Fair Haven Hill via Hub’s Grove.

As I sat in the house I was struck
with the brightness & heat of the sun re-

tected from this1 our first snow– There
was an intenser light in the house & I
felt an uncommon heat from the
sun’s rays on my back. The air is
very clear & the sky heavenly with a
few floating downy clouds– I am pre-
pared to hear sharp screaming notes
rending the air, from the winter birds. I do in
fact hear many jays–and the tinkling
like rattling glass from chicadees & tree
sparrows– I do not detect any pe-
culiar brightness whatever in the
osiers on the Hubbard causeway– They

1“this” possibly written over “–”
are scarcely if at all brighter than the tops of the trees. Now first mark the stubble & numerous withered weeds rising above the snow. They have suddenly acquired a new character. Tansy still shows its yellow disks—but yarrow is particularly fresh & perfected cold & chaste—with its pretty little dry-looking rounded white petals & green leaves. Its very color gives it¹ a right to bloom above the snow—as level as a snow crust on the top of the stubble. It looks like a virgin wearing a white ruff.

The snow is the great track-revealer—
I come across the tracks of persons who at a different hour from myself have crossed—& perhaps often cross some remote field on their errands—where I had not suspected a predecessor—& the track of the dog or staff are seen too.

The cattle have tracked their whole pasture over.—as if there had been a thousand

    I have thus silent but unerring evidence of any who have crossed the fields since last night— It is pleasant to see tracks leading towards the woods to be reminded that any have engagements there. Yet for the most part the snow is quite untrodden— Most fields have no tracks of man in them— I only see where a squirrel has leaped from the wall. I now remark how the perfectly leafless alder thickets are much darker than the maples

¹“it” possibly written over “as”
—now that the ground is whitened. The past-
ture directly under my face is white—
but seen aslant a few rods off mostly
russet. Gathered a bag-full of fair
apples on F. H. showing their red cheeks
above the snow—

    in spirit

    I was so warmed ^ in getting my wood
that the heat it finally yielded when burnt
was coldness in comparison. That first
is a warmth which you cannot buy.

    These apples which I get now adays
—russetts & baldwins— are the ripest of all
—being acted on by the frost— & partly left
because they were slightly over ripe for keeping—

    I come home with a heavy bag-ful & rob
no one.

Instead of walking in the wood-market
amid sharp visaged teamsters— I float
over dark reflecting waters— in which
I see mirrored the stumps on the bank—
& am dazzled by the beauty of a summer
duck. Though I should get no wood, I
should get a beauty perhaps more val-
uable— The price of this my wood however
high is the very thing which I delight
to pay. What I obtain with the most labor
—the most water-logged & heaviest wood
which I fish up from the bottom warm &
split & dry warms the most— The greater
too the distance from which I have conveyed
it the more I am warmed by it
in my thought— All the intervening
shores glow & are warmed by it
as it passes—or as I repass them in
my mind.—& yet men will cut
& burn it with lucifer matches
their wood with sorrow. ^ This was where
I drove my team afield—& instead
of the gray fly—I heard the wood-
tortoises even yet rustling through
the sedge to the water—or the gray-
squirrel coursing from maple to maple—

One man thinks that he has a
right to burn his 30 cords in a year
because he can give a certain sum
of money in exchange for them—but
that another has no right to pick
up the faggots which else nobody
would burn. They who will remember
only this kind of right—do as if they stood
under a shed & affirmed that they were
under the unobscured heavens. The shed
has its use, but what is it to the heavens
above?
So of the warmth which food shelter &
clothing afford or might afford—
if we used economical stoves— We
might burn the smoke which now puts
our eyes out— The pleasure, the warmth
is not so much in having—as in a
true & simple manner getting these
necessaries.
Men prefer foolishly the gold to that of which
it is the symbol.—simple—honest—independent
labor— Can gold be said to buy food, if
it does not buy an appetite for food?
It is fouler & uglier to have too much
than not to have enough–

Nov. 19

A cold gray day—once spitting snow—Water
froze in tubs enough to bear last night. //

had 2 cats on his knee—one given away without his knowledge a

Minot ^ says he would not kill a cat

fortnight before had just found its way back—He^ for 20^ dollars—no, not for 50—finally

he told his women folks that he would not

He thought they loved life as well as we—Johnny Vose wouldn’t do it.
do it for 500 or any sum— He used to carry down

milk to a shop every day for a litter of kittens.

Speaking of geese—he says that Dr Hurd
told a tough story once— He said that
when he went out to the well there
came a flock of geese flying so low
that they had to rise to clear the well-sweep. M. says that there used to be
a great many more geese formerly
—he used to hear a great many flocks
in a day go “yelling” over. Brant too he used to see

Told me of his fishing for pickerel
once—in the brook when a mink leaped
into the water toward his bait (a frog)
but seeing the end of his pole he dived &
made off. Some years ago he saw
a mink steal out of the brook—which
being disturbed dropt a pout half grown
which it had caught—this was in his rye
then 5 or 6 inches high— Presently it returned
& carried the pout to the wall by the
elm at R4. W. E’s bound. He followed looked
under a rock & saw 2 young minks.

He has taken the jackets off many a
one—but they smell so rank—it is un-

pleasant work.

''H'' written over “h”
“2” written over “5”

A shorter horizontal line appears above the dash (could be caused by nib of pen)
“R” written over “E”
Rice says that that brook which crosses the road just beyond his brother Israel’s is called Cold Brook—It comes partly from Dunge Hole—When the river is rising it will flow up the brook a great way.

Rice told his turtle story the other night—“One day I was going through Boston Market & I saw a huddle of men around something or other. I edged my way between them & saw that they had got a great mud turtle on a plank—& a butcher over him

stood ^ with a cleaver in his hand. Eh said, I, what are you trying to do?—We are waiting for him to put out his head so that we may cut it off—Look out, they said, dont come so near—or he’ll bite you—Look here, said I, let me try—I guess I can make him put his head out.—Let him try—Let him try they said, with a laugh—So I stepped into the ring & stood astride of the turtle while they looked on to see the sport—After looking at him a moment I put down my hands & turned him over onto his back—whereupon he immediately ran out his head & pushed against the flank to turn himself back——but as they were not ready to cut at once—his neck was not in a good position—I
seized his head in both hands & putting my feet against his breast bone drew his head out the full length of his neck—and said now cut away—only take care you dont cut my fingers. They cut & I threw the head down on the floor. As I walked away—some one said, I guess that fellow has seen mud-turtles before today”.

Nov 20th 55
Again I hear that sharp crackling snapping sound & hastening to the window find that another of the p. pine cones gathered Nov. 7th—lying in the sun or which the sun has reached—has separated its scales very slightly at the apex— It is only discoverable on a close inspection—but while I look the whole cones opens its scales with a smart crackling—& rocks & seems to bristle up—scattering the dry pitch on the surface— They all thus fairly loosen & open though they do not at once spread wide open— It is almost like the disintegration of glass— As soon as the tension is relaxed in one part, it is relaxed in every part.

A cold day—the snow that fell Nov 17 in the evening—is still seen on the ground.

Nov 24th
Geese went over on the 13th & 14—on the 17th the first snow fell—& the 19th it began to be cold & blustering— That first slight snow has not yet gone off!—& very little has been added— The last 3 or 4
days have been quite cold—the side walks
a glare of ice & very little melting—
To-day has been exceedingly blustering &
disagreeable—as I found while surveying
for Moore. The farmers now bring
the apples they have engaged—(& the cider)
it is time to put them in the cellar
& the turnips—\textsuperscript{1}Ice\ has frozen pretty thick
in the bottom of my boat—

Nov 26\textsuperscript{th}
Bottom of boat covered with ice—
The ice next the shore bore me & my
boat.

Nov 27\textsuperscript{th}
Pm—by river to J. Farmers—
He gave me the head of a gray rabbit
which his boy had snared. This rabbit
is white beneath the whole length—
reddish brown on the sides—& the
same spotted with black above—the
hairs coarse & homely—Yet the fur
beneath thick & slate-colored as usual.
well defended from the cold.

— Sides I might say pale-brick color
—the—brown part—The fur under the
feet dirty yellowish as if stained
by what\textsuperscript{2} it trod upon—He makes
no use of their skins or fur—The
The tail short & curled up is white on the

skin is very tender.\textsuperscript{3} inside like that of the deer described by
Loskiel q.v. Ind. book

He showed me the preserved skin of
the heads of a double headed calf—
still-born—also the adjoining portion
of the spine—where 2 short spinal columns
2 or 3 inches long merged in one—

\textsuperscript{1}“ce” added to “I”
\textsuperscript{2}“what” written over “it”
Only one body & other organs. 
I told him I saw a mink—
He said he would have given me 
$1.50 & perhaps something more for him 
I hear that he gives 1.75 and sells them 
again at a profit– They are used to 
trim ladies coats with–among other things. 
A mink skin which he showed me 
was a darker brown than the one I 
saw last– (He says they changed 
\[//\]
? suddenly to darker--about a fortnight 
since.) And\(^1\) the tail was nearly all 
black.

He said that his grandfather, who could 
remember 125 years before this--told him 
that they used to catch wolves in what 
is now Carter's Pasture by the North River 
(E of Dodge's Brook) in this manner-- 
They piled up logs cob-house fashion 
beginning with a large base 8 or 10 
feet square & narrowing successively each 
tier so as to make steps for the 
wolves to the top--say ten feet high-- Then 
they put a dead sheep within. A wolf 
soon found it in the night, sat down 
outside & howled till he called his 
comrades to him--& then they\(^2\) ascended 
step by step & jumped down within-- 
—but when they had done they could not 
get out again. They always found one 
of the wolves dead--& supposed that 
he was punished for betraying the 
others into this trap.

\(^1\)“A” possibly written over “&”
\(^2\)“they” possibly altered from “then”
A man in Brighton whom he fully believes told him that he built a bower—near a dead horse—& placed himself within to shoot crows— One crow took his station as sentinel on the top of the tree—and 30 or 40 alighted upon the horse. He fired & killed 7 or 8— But the rest instead of minding him immediately flew to their sentinel & pecked him to pieces before his eyes. Also Mr Joseph Clark¹ told him that as he was going along the road he cast a stick over the wall & hit some crows in a field—whereupon they flew directly at their sentinel on an apple tree & beat and buffeted him away to the woods as far as he could see.

There is little now to be heard along the river but the sedge rustling on the brink— There is a little ice along most of the shore throughout the day.

Farmer told me that some one told him he found a pickerel washed up in the river choked by a bream which it had endeavored to swallow.

Nov 30

& elsewhere

// River skimmed over behind Dodd’s—got in my boat. River remained iced over all day—

This evening I received Cholmondeley’s gift of Indian books—44 vols

¹“C” written over “c”
in all—which came by the Canada
reaching Boston on the morning
of the 24th ult. Left Liverpool
the 10th—

Goodwin & Farmer think that a dog will not
touch the dead body of a mink it smells so
strongly. The former after skinning them throws
the carcass in to a tree for the crows.
He has got 11 this fall—shot 2 & trapped the rest.

On the 27th when I made my
last voyage for the season— I found
a large round pine log about 4 feet
long— Off floating & brought it home.
Off the larger end I sawed 2 wheels
about a foot in diameter & 7 or 8 inches
thick— And I fitted to them an axel-
tree made of a joist which also
I found in the river—& thus I had
a convenient pair of wheels on which
to get my boat up & roll it about.

called me into their office &
The Assessors1 asked me this year
if I had & said they wished to get
an inventory of my property—asked
if I had any real estate— No—
any notes at interest or R R shares
— No— any taxable property—
None that I knew of— I have own
a boat—I said—& one of them
thought that that might come under
the head of a pleasure carriage—which
is taxable— Now that I have wheels to
it—it comes nearer to it.
I was pleased to get my boat in by
this means rather than on a borrowed

1“A” written over “a”
wheelbarrow– It was fit that the river should furnish the material– & that in my last voyage on it when the ice reminded me that it was time to put it in winter quarters.

I am waiting for colder weather to survey a swamp, now inaccessible on ac. of the water.

I asked aunt L to-night why Scheeter Potter was so called— She said, because his neighbors who regarded him as a so small a man that they said in jest—that it was his business to make mosquito’s bills. He was accused of catching his neighbors hen’s in a trap & eating them— But he was crazy.

Wm Wheeler says that he went a-spearing on the 28th (night before thanksgiving–& besides pouts & pickerel caught 2 great suckers He had one of the last stuffed & baked for Thanksgiving & made himself sick by eating too heartily of it.

Monday Dec 3d
A pleasant day– No snow yet (since that first whitening which lasted so long) nor do I see any ice to speak of.

Hear & see of birds only a tree sparrow in the willows on the turnpike.

Met Goodwin going out with his
gun—He shot (evidently) some cross-bills once in Roxbury—He sometimes gets a skunk—drowned in his muskrat or mink traps & so can get at their secretion without being disturbed by the scent. He too has heard that it is a sure cure for the phthisick.

The fields & woods seem now particularly empty & bare—Now cattle in pasture—only here & there a man casting or spreading manure.

Every larger tree which I knew & admired is being gradually culled out & carried to mill— I see one or 2 more large oaks in E. Hubb’s wood lying high on stumps waiting for snow to be removed. I miss them as surely and with the same feeling that I do the old inhabitants out of the village street. To me they were something more than timber—to their owner not so.

Dec 4th

Melvin says that he shot a shelldrake once in the act of swallowing a perch 7 or 8 inches long. He had got nothing today for he forgot his caps.

A pleasant day & yet no snow nor ice. The younger osiers on Shattuck’s row do shine.

Dec 6th

10 Pm Hear geese going over
Sat. Dec. 8th

Still no snow—(nor ice noticeable). I might have left my boat out till now I have not worn gloves yet

This P. M. I go to the woods down the RR—seeking the Society of Some flock of little birds, or some squirrel—but in vain. I only hear the faint lisp of prob— a tree sparrow— I go through empty halls—ap. unoccupied by bird or beast— Yet it is cheering to walk there while the sun is reflected from far through the aisles with a silvery light from the needles of the pine. The contrast of light or sunshine & shade, though the latter is now so thin—is food enough for me. Some scarlet-oak leaves on the forest floor when I stoop low, appear to have a little blood in them still— The shrivelled Sol-seal berries are conspicuously red amid the dry leaves— I visited the door of many a rabbit's burrow & cone scales & saw his nutshells & tracks in the sand—but a snow would reveal much more. Let a snow come & clothe the ground & trees & I shall see the tracks of many inhabitants now unsuspected & the very snow covering up the withered leaves will supply the place of the green ones which are gone. In a little busy flock of lisping birds—chicadees or

---

1"covering" altered from "covered"
lesser redpolls—even in a nuthatch
or downy woodpecker—there would
have been a sweet society for me
—but I did not find. Yet I had the
sun penetrating in to the deep hollows
through the aisles of the wood—&
the silvery sheen of its reflection from
whit
masses of ^ pine needles—

Met Therien coming from Lincoln
on the RR. He says that he carried
a cat from Jacob Bakers to Riordens
shanty—but she in a bag in the night,
but she ran home again. Had they
not a cat in the shanty, I asked.
Yes said he, but she was run over
by the cars & killed,—they found her
head on the track separated from her
body—just below the pond. That cat of
Bakers used to eat eggs, & so he wished
to get rid of her. He carried her in a
bag to Waltham1, but she came back.

Therien had several times seen where
tortoises had been run over— They lie just
under the rail & put their heads out
upon the rail to see what is coming
& so their heads are crushed. Also he has
seen snakes cut in two. The men on
the road told him that small birds
were frequently run over.? 

Jacob Farmer brought me
the head of a mink tonight—&
took tea here. He says that par-
tridges sometimes fly against a house

---

1"W" written over "w"
in the night—he thinks when started by a fox—His man found one in his barn this fall which had come in in the night—and caught it before it could get out.
The mink has a delicate pard-like nose—catlike—The long hairs are black or blackish—yet the gen. aspect is brown.

Farmer says he can call a male quail close to him by imitating the note of the female—which is only a single faint whistle.
He says—if you take eggs out of a partridge nest—^ you will find just as many cast out afterwards—as you took out.

Dec. 9th
A still completely gray overcast chilly morning. at 8 1/2 a fine snow
// begins to fall increasing very gradually perfectly straight down till in 15 minutes the ground is white—the smooth places first—and thus the winter landscape is ushered in. And now it is falling thus all the land over—sifting down through the tree tops in woods—and on the meadow & pastures where the dry grass & weeds conceal it at first—and on the river & ponds in which it is dissolved—But in a few minutes it turns to rain—& so the wintry landscape
is postponed for the present—
Dec 10th to Cambridge.
Dec 11th
Pm to Holden Swamp Conantum
For the first time I wear gloves, but //
I have not walked early this season—
I see no birds—but hear methinks 1 or 2 tree sparrows. No snow—scarcely any ice to be detected it is only an aggravated Novem-
ber– I thread the tangle of the spruce swamp admiring the leafets¹ of the swamp pyrus which had put forth again now frost{-}
bitten—the great yellow buds of the swamp pink—the round red buds of the high blue-
berry & the fine sharp red ones of the panniced Andromeda– Slowly I worm my way amid the snarl, the thicket of black alder—& blueberry &c See the forms ap. of rabbits at the foot of maples—& cat birds’ nests now exposed in the leafless thicket.

Standing there though in this bare november landscape— I am reminded of the incredible phenomenon–of small birds in winter. That ere long amid the cold powdery snow—as it were a fruit of the season will come twittering a flock of delicate crimson-tinged birds (lesser red-polls) to sport & feed on the seeds & buds now just ripe for them on the sunny side of a wood—shaking down the powdery snow there in their cheerful social feeding–as if it were high

¹“leafets” altered from “leaves”
mid summer—to them. These crimson aerial creatures have wings which would bear them quickly to the regions of summer, but here is all the summer they want. What a rich contrast—tropical colors—crimson breasts—on cold white snow.

Such etherealness such delicacy in their forms—such ripeness in their colors in this stern & barren season—It is as surprising as if you were to find a brilliant crimson flower—which flourished amid snows—They greet† the chopper & the hunter in their furs. Their maker gave them the last touch & launched them forth the day of the Great Snow. He made this bitter imprisoning cold before which man quails—but he made at the same time these warm & glowing creatures to twitter & be at home in it. He said not only let there be linnets in winter—but linnets of rich plumage—& pleasing twitter bearing summer in their natures.

The snow will be 3 feet deep—the ice will be 2 feet thick—and last night perchance—the mercury sank to 30 degrees below zero—All the fountains of nature seem to be frozen sealed up—The traveller is frozen on his way—But birch will be under the edge of yonder wood—is a little flock of crimson breasted lesser red polls—busily feeding on the seeds of the birch & shaking down the powdery snow!

†"greet” possibly written over “great"
As if a flower were created to be now in bloom
a peach to be now first fully ripe on its stem—
I am struck by the perfect confidence
& success of nature— There is no question
about the existence of these delicate creatures
— their adaptedness to their circumstances— There is
is superadded superfluous paintings & adorn-
ments. A crystalline Jewel-like health & soundness
like the colors reflected from ice crystals—

When some rare northern bird like the
Pine gross-beak, is seen thus far south
in the winter— he does not suggest
poverty— but dazzles us with his
beauty.— There is in them a warmth akin
to the warmth that melts the
icicle. Think of these brilliant warm-
colored & richly warbling birds— birds of
paradise— dainty-footed— downy-clad— in the
midst of a New England— a Canadian

now somewhat solitary
winter. The woods and fields ^ being de-
serted by their more tender summer residents
are now frequented by these rich but
delicately tinted & hardy northern immigrants
of the air— Here is no imperfection
to be suggested. The winter— with its snow
& ice— is not an evil to be corrected. It
is as it was designed & made to be— for the artist has had leisure to add
beauty to use. My acquaintances—
angels from the north— I had a
vision thus prospectively of these birds
as I stood in the swamp^2. I saw this
familiar— too familiar— fact at a
different angle— & I was charmed &
haunted by it. But I could only at{ }
tain to be thrilled & enchanted—as 
by the sound of a strain of music 
dying away— I had seen into para{ }
disaic regions—with their air & sky— 
& I was no longer wholly or merely a
denizen of this vulgar earth— Yet had 
I hardly a foot-hold there—I was only 
sure that I was charmed, & no mistake—
It is only necessary to behold thus the least 
fact or phenomenon—however familiar—
from a point a hair’s breadth aside 
from our habitual path or routine 
to be overcome—enchanted by its Beauty &
significance— Only what we have 
touched & worne is trivial our scurf— 
—repetition—tradition—conformity—
To perceive freshly—with fresh senses is 
to be inspired. Great Winter it-
self looked like a precious gem—reflecting 
rainbow colors from one angle.

My body is all sentient—as I go 
here or there I ge am tickled by 
this or that I come in contact 
with—as if I touched the wires of a 
battery— I can generally recall—have 
fresh in my mind several scratches last 
received— These I continually recall—to 
mind—reimpress—& harp upon. The 
age of miracles is each moment thus 
returned— Now it is wild apples—now 
river-reflections—now a flock of 
lesser red-polls. In winter too resides
immortal youth—& perennial summer
its head is not silvered—its cheek is not
blanched—but has a rusty tinge to it.

If any part of nature excites our pity—it
is for ourselves we grieve—for there is ete-
nal health & beauty. We get only transient
& partial glimpses of the beauty of the
world. Standing at the right angle
we are dazzled by the colors of the rain
bow in colorless ice— From the right point
of view every storm & every drop in it is a
rain-bow. Beauty & music are not
mere traits & exceptions— They1 are the
rule & character. It is the exception
that we see & hear. Then I
try to discover what it was in the vision
that charmed & translated me— What
if we could daguerreotype our thoughts
& feelings! For I am surprised &
enchanted often by some quality which
I cannot detect. I have seen an attri-
bute of another world & condition of
things. It is a wonderful fact
that I should be affected—& thus deeply
& powerfully—more than by aught else
in all my experience—that this fruitt
should be borne in me sprung from
a seed finer than the spores of fungi—
floated from other atmospheres!—finer
than the dust caught in the sails of
vessels a thousand miles from land—
—here the invisible seeds settle & spring
& bear flowers & fruits of immortal
beauty.

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1"I" written over "T"
Dec 13th

This morning it is snowing & the ground is whitened—The countless flakes seen against the dark evergreens—like a web that is woven in the air—impart a cheerful & busy aspect to nature—It is like a grain that is sown, or like leaves that have come to clothe the bare trees—Now by 9 ‘o clock it comes down in larger flakes for & I apprehend that it will soon stop.—— It does How pleasant a sense of preparedness for the winter—plenty of wood in the shed—& potatoes & apples &c in the cellar—& the house banked up—Now it will be a cheerful sight to see the snows descend & hear the blast howl.

Sandborn tells me that he was waked up a few nights ago in Boston about midnight by the sound of a flock of geese passing over the city—prob. about the same time night I heard them here—They go honking over cities where the arts flourish—waking the inhabitants ^ over state-houses & capitols where legislatures sit—over harbors, where fleets lie at anchor.—Mistaking the city perhaps for a swamp or the edge of a lake—about settling in it. not suspecting that (it is preoccupied Dec 14 by) greater geese than they have settled there

It began to snow again last evening // but soon ceased—& now it has turned with half an inch of snow on the ground out a fine winter morning—^ the air
full of mist through which the
smokes rise up perfectly straight &
the mist is frozen in minute leaflets on the
fences & trees--& the needles of the pines sil-
vering them.

   I stood by Bigelow the Blacksmith’s forge
yesterday & saw him repair an axe-- He
burned the handle out--then with a chisel
cut off the red hot edge even--there being
some great gaps in it--& by hammering
drew it out & shaped it anew-- All
in a few minutes-- It was interesting to
see performed so simply & easily by the
aid of fire & a few rude tools, a work which
would have surpassed the skill of a tribe
of savages.

   Pm. to Pink azalea woods--
The warm sun has quite melted the thin
snow on the south sides of the hills--
but I go to see the tracks of animals
that have been out on the north sides--
First getting over the wall under the
wallnut trees on the south brow of
the hill I see the broad tracks of
squirrels, probably red, where they
have ascended & descended the
trees--and the empty shells of wal-
nuts which they have gnawed left
on the snow-- The snow is so very
shallow that the impression of their
toes is the more distinctly seen--
It imparts life to the landscape
to see merely the squirrels track in the
snow at the base of the walnut tree
You almost realize a squirrel at every tree. The attractions of nature are thus condensed or multiplied. You see not merely bare trees & ground which you might suspect that a squirrel had left—but you have this unquestionable & significant evidence of that a squirrel has been there since the snow fell—as

    had seen

conclusive as if you saw him

A little further I heard the sound a downy woodpecker tapping a pitch pine in a little grove—and saw him inclining to dodge behind the stem—He flitted from pine to pine before me. Frequently when I pause to listen I hear this sound in the orchards or streets—This was in one of these dense groves of young pitch pines.

    Suddenly I heard the screwing mew

& then the whirr of a partridge on decaying or beneath an old apple tree which the pines had surrounded. There were several such—and another partridge burst away from one—They shoot off swift & steady showing their dark edged tails—almost like a cannon-ball.

I saw one’s track under an apple tree & where it had pecked a frozen thawed apple.

Then I came upon a fox track made last night—leading toward a farm house—(Wheeler’s—where there are many hens)—running over the side of the

---

1"T" written over "I"

2"cannon" altered from "cannot"
hill parallel with Wheeler’s\textsuperscript{1} new wall—He was dainty in the choice of his ground for I observed that for a mile he had adhered to a narrow cowpath, in which the snow lay level—for smoothness. Some times he had cantered—& struck the snow with his foot beneath between his tracks—Little does the farmer think of the danger which threatens his hens.

In a little h\^ow I see the sere gray penny-royal rising above the snow which rubbed reminds me of garrets full of herbs.

Now I hear half a mile off the hollow sound of wood-chopping—the work of short winter days begun—which is gradually laying bare & impoverishing our landscape. In two or three thicker woods which I have visited this season I was driven away by this ominous sound.

Further over toward the river I see the tracks of a deer mouse on a rock which suddenly came to an end where ap. it had ascended a small pine by a twig which hung over it. Sometimes the mark of its tail was very distinct. Afterwards I saw in the pasture westward where many had run about in the night. In one place many had cross the cowpath in which I was walking—in one trail—or the same one had

\textsuperscript{1}"W" written over "w"
come & gone many times. In the large
hollows where rocks have been blasted–
& on the sides of the river–I
see irregular spaces of dark ice bare
of snow–which was frozen after the
snow ceased to fall. But this
ice is rotten & mixed with snow–
The river I am surprised to see the
river frozen over for the most part
thin & rotten snow
with this ice–& the drooping or bent
alders are already frozen in to this
slush–giving to the stream a very
wintry aspect.
I see some squirrel tracks about a
hole in a stump.

At the azalea meadow or swamp–
the red tops of the osiers which are
very dense & of a uniform height
are quite attractive in the absence
of color at this season. Any brighter
& warmer color catches our eye at
this season. I see an elm
there whose bark is worn quite
smooth & white & bare of lichens
showing exactly the height at which
the ice stood last winter.

Looking more closely at the light
snow there near the swamp–I found
that it was sprinkled all over with
(as with pellets of cotton) with regular
star-shaped cottony flakes with 6
points–about 1/8 of an inch in
diameter & on an average 1/2 an

"see" altered from "seen"
inch apart. It snowed geometry.

How snug & warm a hemlock looks in the winter—That by the azalea looks thus—

There is a tendency in the limbs to arrange themselves ray-wise about a point 1/3 from the base to the top—What singular regularity in the outline of a tree!

I noticed this morning successively banks of frost on the windows—marked by their irregular waving edges—like the successive 5 10 & 15 fathom lines which mark the depth of the shores on charts.

Thus by the snow I was made aware in this short walk of the recent presence there of squirrels—mice a fox & countless mice whose trail I had crossed—but none of which I saw, or probably should have seen before the snow fell.

Also I saw this P. m. the track of one sparrow—prob— a tree sparrow which had run among the weeds in the road.

Dec 15

This morning it has begun to snow ap. in earnest—The air is quite thick & the view confined—It is quite still yet some flakes come down from one side & some from another crossing each other like woof & warp—ap—as they are falling in different eddies & currents of air.
In the midst of it I hear & see
a few little chicadees\(^1\) prying about
the twigs of the locusts in the grave-
yard. They have come into town with
the snow. They now & then break forth into a short sweet
strain & then seem suddenly to check themselves
as they had done it before they thought.

// The boys have skated a little within
2 or 3 days—but it has not been
thick enough to bear a man yet—

How like a bird of ill omen
the crow behaves! Still holding its ground
in our midst like a pow-wow that is
not to be exterminated! Sometimes when
I am going through the Deep\(^2\) Cut—
I look up & see half a-dozen black
crows flitting silently across in front
& ominously eyeing down—passing from
one wood to another—yet as if their
passage had reference to me.

The snow turned to rain—&
this Pm I walk in it Down the RR—
& through the woods— The low grass &
weeds bent down with a myriad little
crystaline drops—ready to be frozen perhaps
are very interesting but wet my feet
through very soon. A steady but gentle
warm rain.

Dec 16th
warm

Steady gentle rain all the
forenoon & mist & mizzling in
the afternoon—. When I go round
by Abel Hosmers & back by the RR.
The mist makes the near trees
dark & noticeable like pictures

\(^1\)“chicadees” revised (need better image)

\(^2\)“D” written over “d”
and make the houses more interesting
revealing but one at a time— The
old apple trees are very important
to this landscape—they have so much body
and are so dark. It is very pleasing
to distinguish the dim outline of
the woods more or less distant through
the mist— Sometimes the merest
film & suspicion of a wood— On\(^1\) one
  ^plump & but soft
side it is the ^ rounded ^ masses of pitch
pines—on anothe\(r\) the brushy tops of
maples—birches &c Going by Hosmer’s
the very heaps of stones in the pasture
are obvious as cairns in one of
Ossian’s landscapes— Saw two red squirrels
on the fence—one on each side of his
house—particularly red along their backs
& top of head—& tail. They are remark-
ably tame. One sits twirling ap. a
dried apple in his paws with his tail
  as if to keep it warm
curled close over his back ^—fitting its
curve—\(^2\) How much smothered
sun-light in their wholesome brown red
this misty day— It is clear New England
Nov-anglia—like the red sub-soil.
It is spring-like—
As we go over the bridge admire
the reflection \(^3\) of the trees & houses
from the smooth open water over the
channel—when the ice has been dissolved
by the rain.

Dec. 17
9 1/2 Am. to Hill— A remarkably

\(^1\)“On” altered from “One”
fine spring-like morning. The earth all bare– The sun so bright & warm– the steam curling up from every fence & roof & {carried} off at angle by the slight N westerly air– After these rainy days the air is ap. uncommonly clear & hence (?) the sound of cockcrow is so sweet– & I hear the sound of the sawmill even at the door– also the cawing of crows. The is a little ice which makes it as yet good walking in the roads. The peculiar brightness & sunniness may be partly owing to the sun being reflected through the cleansed air from the more than russet– the bleached surfaced of the earth. Methinks every squirrel will be out now– This is the morning. Ere long the wind will rise & this season will be over. There will probably be some wrack in the P. m. sky.

Columella says you must be careful not to carry out seeds in your manure & so have segetes herbidas weedy crops.

Dec 18th
Saw today a dark colored spider of the very largest kind on ice– the Mill pond at E. Woods in Acton.

J. Farmer says that he once tried to kill a cat– by taking her by the legs & striking her head against a stone– but she made off– & in a week was about again
ap. as well as ever—& he did not meddle with her again.

Dec 20

Still no Snow—& as usual I wear no gloves—

Pm—to Hubb’s skating meadow—

A few chicadees busily inspecting the buds at the willow row—ivy tree—for insects—with a short clear chink from time to time, as if to warn me of their neighborhood.

Boys are now devoted to skating—after school at night—far into evening—going without their suppers—It is pretty good on the meadows which are somewhat overflown—& the sides of the river—but the the greater part of it is open— I walk along the side of the river on the ice beyond the Bath-Place—Already there is dust on this smooth ice—on its countless facets—revealed by the sun. How warm the dull red cranberry vine rises above the ice here & there.

I stamped & shook the ice to detect the holes & weak places where that little brook comes in there— They were plainly revealed—for the water beneath being agitated proclaimed itself at every hole far & wide or for 3 or 4 rods.

— The1 edge of the ice toward the channel is either rubbed up or edged with a ridge of frozen foam.

— I see some gossamer on the weeds above the ice. Also in now hard dark ice

1“T” written over “I”
the tracks ap of a fox made when it 
was saturated snow—so long his trail 
is revealed—but over the pastures no 
hound can now trace him. There 
has been much overflow about every 
tussuck in the meadow—making 
that rough opaque ice—like yeast 
I mark the many preparations 
for another year which the farmer has 
made—his late plowings—his muck 
heaps in fields perhaps of grass which 
he intends to plow & cultivate—his ditches 
to carry off the winter’s floods—&c. 
How placid—like silver or like steel 
in different lights—the surface of the 
still living water between these borders 
of ice—reflecting the weeds & trees— 
& now the warm colors of the sunset 
sky! The ice is that portion of the 
flood which is congealed & laid up in 
our fields for a season.  

Dec 21st

Going to the P. O. at 9 AM this very
pleasant morning—I hear & see 
tree sparrows on Wheildon’s pines—& just 
beyond scare a downy woodpecker & a brown 
creep in company from near the base 
of a small elm within 3 feet of me— The 
former dashes off with a loud rippling 
of the wing—& the creeper flits across the 
street to the base of another small elm 
whither I follow—At first he hides behind 
the base—but ere long works his way

---

"in" altered from "on"
upward & comes in sight– He is a gray{-}brown.  
A low curve from point of beak to end of tail

resting flat against the tree–  
Pm–  

Via Hubbs grove & river to FH Pond– Return by Andromeda Ponds– See only a jay? flying high over the fields & chicadees. The last rarely seem to mind you keeping busy at work–yet hop nearer & nearer– Hubb’s barren pasture under Fair H. Hill whose surface is much broken–alternate sod & bare sand– is now tinged with the pale leather or cinnamon color of the 2nd sized pin-weed– which thickly covers it.

I hear take to the river side. The broader places are frozen over–but I do not trust them yet– Fair Haven is entirely frozen over prob some days. Already some eager fisherman has been here this morning or yesterday–& I hear that a great pickerel was carried through the street. I see close under the high bank on the E. side a distinct tinge of that red in the ice for a rod.

I remark the dif pale colors to which the grasses have faded & bleached–  
Those Some coarse sedges amid the button bushes–are bleached particularly light– Some more slender in the pleasant meadow is quite light with singular reddish or pinkish radical blades making a mat at the base– Some dense sedge or rushes in tufts in the Androme
ponds have a decided greenish tinge somewhat like well-cured hay.

A few simple colors now prevail—even the apples on the trees—have assumed the brown color of the leaves.

I do not remember to have seen the Andromeda Ponds so low—the weedy & slimy bottom is for the most part exposed. The slime somewhat clay colored is collected here & there into almost organic forms—swamalike\(^1\) with a skin to it—

I make a nosegay of the sphagnum which must suffer from this unusual exposure—\(^\wedge\) What rugged castelled forms it takes at the base of the andromeda which springs from it—Some is green or yellowish-green—, Some bright crimson—some brown—some quite white—with dif. shades of all these colors—Such are the temples & cheeks of these soft crags What a primitive & swampy wilderness for the wild mice to run amidst—the andromeda Woods!

// Walden is skimmed over all but an acre in my cove. It will prob. be finished no, it proved too warm—tonight.

No doubt the healthiest man in the world is prevented from doing what he would like by sickness.

Dec 22\(^\text{nd}\)

Dull over cast morning so warm that

\(^1\)Context suggests that T meant “swamplike”; research turns up no meanings for “swama” or “swamalike”. Consider emending (BW, 4/30/10)
it has actually thawed in the night—&
there is a wet space larger than the ice
on the side-walk. It draws forth crowing
from cockerels—as spring does rills from
glaciers.

Pm warm rain & frost coming out & muddy
walking.

In reading Columella
I am frequently reminded not only
by the general tone by but even by the
particular warnings & directions—of the
our agricultural journals & reports of
farmers’ clubs— Often what is last &
most insisted on among us, was¹ most
insisted on by the Romans.

As when he says it is better to cultivate
a little land well than a great dill deall ill.
& quotes the poet—“laudato ingentia rura
—Exiguum colito.”—

“Modus ergo, qui in omnibus rebus, etiam parandis
agris adhibetur: tantum enim obtainendum est, quanto
est opus, ut emisse videremur quo potiremur,
non quo onerarenur ipsi, atque aliis fruendum
eripemus, more praepotentium, qui possident fines
Gentium², quos ne circumire equis quidem valent,
sed proculcandos pecudibus, et vastandos, ac populandos
feris derelinquunt, aut occupatos nexu civium, et
ergastulis tenent.”

There fore, as in all things, so in buying
land moderation will be used; for only
so much is to be obtained as there³ is
necessary to make it appear that we
need of, so that we may be seen to⁴
have bought what we can possess⁵,

¹“was” written over “is”
²“G” written over “g”
³“there” cancelled in pencil
⁴“need . . . to” cancelled in pencil
⁵“possess” cancelled in pencil
not\(^1\) what we may be burdened with, \& hinder
{over}
others from enjoying, like those very powerful
{possess?}
ones who who\(^2\) possess occupy \(?\) the
{nations?}
territory of a tribe, which they can not
go round even with horses, but leave to be
trampled by herds, \& to be laid waste \& depopu-
lated by wild beasts, or keep occupied by\(^3\) nexu
civium \&\(^4\) prisons.

This reminds me of those extensive
debt–
said to belong to the Peter Piper estate
tracts—^ running back a mile or
more \& absorbing several old farms
but almost wholly neglected \& run out.
^ which I often traverse \& am better
acquainted with than their so called
owners— Several times I have had to
show such the nearest way out of
their woodlots— Extensive woodlots \&
cranberry meadows perhaps—\& a rambling
old country house on one side—\& you
cant by an acre of land for a houselot—
—“Where wealth accumulates \& men decay.”

Dec. 23\(^d\)
P. m. to Conantum End

A very bright \& pleasant day with a
remarkably soft wind from a little N of
W. The frost has come out so in the rain
of yesterday—that I avoid the muddy
plowed fields—\& keep on the grass
ground which shines with moisture.
I think I do not remember such \& so much
pleasant spring-like weather as this \&
some other days of this month.
I admire those old root fences
which have almost entirely disappeared
from tidy fields— White pine roots

\(^{1}\)“not” possibly written over “nor”

\(^{2}\)Possibly “also” (but I think T wrote a second “who” by accident)

\(^{3}\)“by” possibly written over “on”

\(^{4}\)“&” altered from “or” in pencil
got out when the neighboring mead was
a swamp—the monuments of many
a revolution. These roots have not penetrated
into the ground but spread over the
surface—and having been cut off 4 or 5
feet from the stump were hauled off
& set up on their edges for a fence
The roots are not merely interwoven
but grown together into solid frames
—full of loopholes like gothic windows
of various sizes & all shapes, triangular
and oval & harp-like—and the slenderer
parts are dry & resonant like harp strings.
— They are rough & unapproachable
with a hundred snags and horns—which
bewilder & balk the calculation of the
walker who would surmount them. The
part of the trees above ground present
no such fantastic forms. Here is
one 7 paces or more than a rod
long—6 feet high in the middle
—and yet only 1 foot thick—and 2 men
could turn it up—and in this case the
roots were 6 or 9 inches thick at the
extremities—The roots of pines growing
in swamps—grow thus in the form
of solid frames or rackets—and
those of different trees¹ are inter-
woven with all so that they stand
on a very broad foot—and stand or
before the blasts
fall together to some extent—as
herds meet the assault of beasts
of prey with serried front—

¹“trees” poss written over “are”
You have thus only to dig into
the swamp a little way—to find your
fence—Post—rails & slats already
solidly grown together—and of material
more durable than any timber—
How pleasing a thought that a
field should be fenced with the roots
of the trees got out in clearing the
land a century before— I regret
them as mementoes of the primitive
forest—The tops of the same trees
made into fencing stuff would have
decayed generations ago. These roots
are singularly unobnoxious to the effects
of time, moisture

I detect the Irishman where the elms
& maples on the causeway are cut off
at the same height with the willows
to make pollards of!
The swamp is thus covered with a complete
web of roots—Wild trees—such as are
fitted to grow in the uncultivated
swamps.

I sit on the hill side, near the wall
corner, in the further Conantum
field—as I might in an Ind.
summer day in Nov. or Oct. These
are the colors of the earth now—
All land that has been some time
cleared—except it is subject to the
plow is russet, the color of withered
herbage & the ground finely commixed—
a lighter straw color where are rank grasses next water

1“got” possibly altered from “you” or “out”
–sproutlands the pale leather color
of dry oak leaves—Pine woods green
–deciduous woods (bare twigs & stems & withered
leaves commingled) a brownish—or reddish gray
–Maple swamps smoke color—
Land just cleared dark brown & earthy—
Plowed land dark brown or blackish—ice
& water slate color—or blue—Androme-
da swamps dull red & dark gray—Rocks
gray.

At Lee’s Cliff I notice these
radical (?) leaves quite fresh—Saxifrage
sorrel—polypody—mullein—columbine—
veronica—Thyme-leaved sandwort—
spleenwort—strawberry—buttercup—radical
johnwort—mouse-ear—rad— pinweeds—
cinquefoils—checkerberry—winter green—
thistles—catnep—Turritis stricta especially
fresh & bright—& what is that fine very
minute plant thickly covering the
ground—like a young arenaria?

Think of the life of a kitten—ours for-
instance—last night here eyes set in
a fit—doubtful if she will ever come out
of it & she is set away in a basket—& sub-
mitted to the recuperative powers of
Nature—This morning running up the
clothes pole & erecting her back in frisky
sport to every passer.

Dec 25th

9 Am Snow driving about horizontally
from the NE—& fast whitening the ground—
& with it the first tree sparrows I have
noticed in the yard. It turns partly to rain &
hail at mid day.

Dec 26\textsuperscript{th}

After snow rain & hail yesterday
& last night—we have this morning

// quite a glaze—there being at last an inch
the most we have had
or 2 of crusted snow on the ground—\textsuperscript{^} The
sun comes out at 9 Am & lights
up the ice\textsuperscript{1}-incrusted trees—but it
is pretty warm & the ice rapidly
melts.— I go to Walden via
the almshouse & up the RR—
Trees seen in the west against the
dark cloud the sun shining on them
are perfectly white as frost work and
all their outlines very perfectly & distinctly
revealed—great wisps that they are—&

with recurved twigs

ghosts of trees—\textsuperscript{^} The walls & fences are
encased—and the fields bristle with
a myriad of crystal spears— Already the
wind is rising & a brattling is heard
over head in the street. The sun
shining down a gorge over the woods
at Bristers Hill—reveals a wonderfully
brilliant as well as seemingly solid & di-
versified region in the air— The ice is
from 1/8 to a quarter of an inch thick
about

on the sides of the twigs & pine needles—only
half as thick commonly on one side—
Their heads are bowed—their plumes
& needles are stiff—as if preserved under
glass for the inspection of posterity—
\{This\} is our now especially slow footed

\textsuperscript{1}“ice” poss written over “in”
river laid up not merely on the
meadows—but on the twigs & leaves
of the trees—on the needles of the pines.

The pines thus weighed down are sharp
pointed at top & remind me of firs &
even hemlocks—their drooping boughs
being wrapped about them—like the folds
of a cloak or a shawl. The crust
is already strewn with bits of
the green needles which have been
broken off. Frequently the whole
top stands up bare while
the middle & lower branches
are drooping & massed together resting on
one another—But the low & spreading
weeds in the fields and the woodpaths
are the most interesting. Here are asters
savory-leaved
^ whose flat imbricated calyxes 3/4 of an
inch over are surmounted & inclosed
in a perfectly transparent ice button
like a glass knob—through which
you see the reflections of the brown
calyx— These are very common—Each
little blue curl calyx has a spherical button
like those brass ones on little boy’s jackets
—little sprigs on them—& the pennyroyal
has still smaller spheres more regularly
arranged about its stem—chandelier-wise—&
still smells through the ice. The finest
grasses support the most wonderful
burdens of ice & most branched on their
minute threads. These weeds are
spread & arched over into the snow
again—countless little arches a few inches a few inches high each cased in ice—which you break with a tinkling crash at each step.

The scarlet fruit of the cock spur lichen seen more opaque whitish or snowy glowing through the crust of a stump—is on close inspection the richest sight of all—for the scarlet is increased & multiplied by reflection through the bubbles & hemispherical surfaces of the crust—as if it covered some vermilion grain thickly strewn—and the brown cup lichens stand in their midst—the whole rough bark too is encased—

Already a squirrel has perforated the crust above the mouth of his burrow here & there by the side of the path & left some empty acorn shells on the snow—He has shovelled out this morning—before the snow has frozen in his door step—Now at 10 am there blows a very strong wind from the NW. & it grows cold apace.

Particularly are we attracted in the winter by greenness and signs of growth—as the green & white shoots of grass & weeds pulled—or floating on the water—& also by color—as cockspur lichens & crimson birds—and. Thorny bushes looked more thorny than ever—each thorn is prolonged & exaggerated—
Some boys have come out to a woodside hill to coast—It must be sports to them lying on their stomachs to hear their sled cronching the crystalled weeds when they have reached the more weedy pasture—below.

4 P. m.

Up R. R. Since the sun has risen higher & fairly triumphed over the clouds—the ice has glistened with all the prismatic hues—On the trees it is now considerably disipated— but rather owing to the wind than the sun. The ice is chiefly on the upper & on the storm side of twigs &c—The whole pine top of the ^ forest—as seen miles off in the horizon—is of sharp points—the leading shoots with a few plumes—even more so than I have drawn on the l. p. b². 1.

It has grown cold—& the crust bears The weeds & grasses being so thickened by this coat of ice appear much more numerous in the fields—It is surprising what a bristling crop they are. The sun is gone before 5—Just before I looked for rain-bow flecks in the west small but saw none—only some pink-dun? east clouds—In the west³ still larger ones—which after sunset—turned to pale slate.

In a true history or biography of how little consequence those events of which so much is commonly made—E. G. How difficult for a man to remember in what town or houses he has lived or when—! Yet one

1“i” inserted
2“b” possibly altered from “1”
3Need better image to confirm that mark following/across “west” is cancellation line
4Exclamation mark written above and below dash
of the first steps of his biographer will be to establish these facts—and he will thus give an undue importance to many of them. I find in my journal that the most important events in my life—if recorded at all, are not dated—

Dec 27th
Recalled this evening—with the aid of Mother the various houses (& towns) in which I have lived—and some other events of my life. Uncle David d. when I was 6 weeks old—I was baptized in old M. H. by Dr Ripley when I was 3 months & did not cry

Born July 12th 1817 in the Minott House, on the Virginia Road
Where Father occupied Grandmother’s carrying on the farm Si Merriam next neighbor 3ds—^ The Catherines the other half†
Bob. Catherines & John threw up the Turkies of the house—Lived there about Si. Merriam the neighbor

2 months.

The Red House, Where Grandmother Lived—^ till Sep or Oct. (?) 1818—hiring of Josiah Davis
There were cousin Charles agent for Woodards— (& uncle C more or less)
Ac. to *Day Book Father hired of Proctor Oct 16th 1818—& shop of Spaulding Nov 10th 1818

Chelmsford till March 1821
Aunt Sarah taught me to walk there when 14 months old.—Lived next the M. H. where they kept the powder in the garret. Father kept shop—& painted—signs &c

5 or

Popes House at South End in Boston ^ 6 (?) months
Moved from Chelmsford through Concord a 10 footer & may have tarried in Concord a little while.

Day book says “Moved to Pinkney Street Sep 10th 1821 on Monday”.

Whitwell’s House Pinkney St. Boston to Mar. 1823 (?)
Brick House—Concord—to spring of 1826
Davis House—(next to S. Hoars) to May 7th ’27


† “half” written over “part”
‡ “8” written over “2”
³ Hyphen written over “&” or vice versa
Shattuck House (now Wm Monroe’s) to Spring of ’35– (Hollis. Cambridge. ’33)

Aunts House to Spring of ’37–at Brownson’s Hollis Hall & while teaching in winter of ’35– Went to N. York with Father peddling in ’36


Wm Emersons Went to Staten Island June ’43–& returned in Dec ’43– Made Pencils in ’44–

Staten Island {or to Thanksgiving}

Texas House to Aug 29th ’50. At Walden

Walden July 45 to fall of ’47–then at R. W. E’s to fall of 48 or while he was in Europe.

R. W. E’s

Yellow-House reformed till present³

¹“F” written over “f”
²“of” written over “on”
³Followed by one blank line
Dec 28th

Pm Hollowel Place & back over Hub bridge—

To-day & yesterday the boys have been skating

on the crust in the streets—it is so warm—

the snow being very shallow— Considerable ice

still clings to the rails & trees & especially

though much attenuated

weeds ^— The birches were most bent

& are still—in hollows on the N sides

of hills —Saw Some rabbits fur

on the crust & som ap bird? droppings

since the sleet fell—a few pinches of fur

the only trace of the murder— Was it a hawk’s

work? Crossed the river on the ice in front

of Puffer’s. What do the birds do1 when

the seeds & bark are thus encased in

ice?

Dec 29th

Down RR—to Andromeda Ponds—

I occasionally see a small snow-flake

in the air against the woods— It

is quite cold—& a serious storm seems

to be beginning. Just before reaching

// the cut I see a shrike flying low

beneath the level of the RR which rises

& alights on the topmost twig of an elm

within 4 or 5 rods. All ash or bluish slate

above down to mid wings—dirty white breast

broad

& a ^ black mark through eyes on side of

head—primaries (?) black—& some white

appears when it flies. Most distinctive

its small hooked bill—(upper mandible).

It make no sound—but flits to

the top of an oak further off—

Prob. a male.

1“do” possibly written over “?”

2Paren written over dash
Am surprised to find 8 or 10 acres of Walden still open not withstanding the cold of the 26th—7th & 8th & of to day. It must be owing to the wind partly. If quite cold—it will prob. freeze tonight. not quite—say The night of the 30th

I find in the andromeda bushes in the Andromeda ponds a great many nests ap. of the red-wing (?) I count 21 suspended after their fashion amid the twigs of the andromeda—each now filled with ice— I count 21 within 15 rods of a center—& have no doubt there are a hundred in that large swamp—for I only looked about the edge part way. It is remarkable that I do not remember to have seen flocks of these birds there— It is an admirable place for them, these swamps are so impassable & the andromeda so dense It would seem that they steal away to breed here—are not noisy here as along the river— v. n p.

I never knew—or rather do not re-memory the crust so ^ hard as it is now and has been for 3 days— You can skate over it as on ice in any direction— I see the tracks of skaters on all the roads—& they seem hardly to prefer the ice— Above Abiel Wheelers on the back road the crust is not broken yet—though many sleds & sleighs have passed—the tracks of the skaters are as conspicuous any there But the snow is but 2 or 3 inches

"of" altered from "to"
deep. Jonas Potter tells me that
has known the crust on snow 2 feet
deep to be as strong as this, so that he
could drive his sled anywhere over the walls.
So that he cut off the trees in jennie’s
lot 3 feet from the ground, & cut
again after the snow was melted.

When two men, Billings & Pritchard
were dividing the stock of My father
& Hurd—the former acting for Father—
P. was rather tight for Hurd
They came to a cracked bowl at which
P, hesitated and asked well what shall
we do with this. Bo took it in haste
& broke it & presenting him one1 pice—said
ours
“There, that is your half & this is mine.”

A good time to walk in swamps
there being ice but no snow to speak of—all
crust. It is a good walk along the
edge of the river the2 wild side amid the button
bushes & willows. The eupatoreum3 stalks
still stand there with their brown hemispheres
of little twigs
The nests of last p.
between 8 or 10 andromeda stems about
half way up them made of more or less
coarse grass or & fine
1/2 inch of dense ^ now frozen sphagnum—then
fine wild grass or sedge very regularly & sometimes another
layer of sphagnum? of fine grass above these the
whole an inch thick—the bottom commonly
rounded– The outside grasses are well
twisted about whatever andromeda stems stand
at or near the river. I saw the traces of mice in some of them

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1“one” altered from “a”
2“the” altered from “a”
3Possibly “eupatorium”
Dec 30

The snow which began last night has continued to fall very silently but steadily–and now it is not far from a foot deep–much the most we have had yet. When I come down{–} I see it in miniature drifts against the panes alternately streaked dark & light as it is more or less dense. A perfectly regular a foot high remarkable ^ conical peak ^ with concave sides stands in the fire place under the sink-room chimney. The pump has a regular conical Persian1 (?) cap & every post about the house a similar one– It is quite light but has not drifted. About 9 Am– It ceases & the sun comes out, & shines dazzlingly over every neighbor is shovelling out–& hear the white surface– the sound of shovels scraping on door steps

Winter now first fairly commenced–I feel–

Columella says de aqua p 170
Sit autem vel intra villam, vel extrinsecus inductus fons perennis, lignatio pabulum que vicinum. Si deerit fluens unda, putealis quae-ratur in vicino, quae non sit haustus profundi, non amari Saporis, aut salsi. Haec quoque si deficient, et spes arretior aquae manantis coegerit, vastae cisternae hominibus, piscinaeque pecoribus instruantur, colligendae aquae tandem pluviali, quae salubritati corporis est accommo-datissima: sed ea sic habetur eximia, si fic-tilibus tubis in contectam cisternam deducatur. huic proxima fluens aqua e montibus oriunda, si per saxa praeceps devolvitur, ut est in Guarceno Campaniae. Tertia

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1“P” written over “p”

2“(?)” possibly inserted
putealis, vel collina, vel quae non imfima
valle reperitur. Deterrima palustris, quae
pigro lapsu repit. Pestilens quae in palude
semp er consistit.”–
But let there be either within the villa or
introduced from without a perennial fountain,
wood & fodder near. If running water
is wanting let a well (or pool¹) be sought
in the neighborhood, which is not deep to draw
from, nor of a bitter or salt taste. If these also
are wanting & the narrower hope of dropping
water compels, let vast cisterns be constructed
for the men, & ponds for the cattle (flocks
trans says “the small hopes of spring water force you”
& herds), for collecting rain water (¹ by degrees?) whole sentence”
which is most suitable for the health of
first rate or particularly good
the body: but this is esteemed | excellent | if it
is conducted by earthen tubes into a covered cistern:
next to this running water springing (or
rising) from mountains, if it is whil{red} down
prep precipitously (or head-long) over rocks, as in
Guarcenum (?) in Campania. Third the water
of a well, either on a hill, or which is not
found in the lowest part of a valley— Worst
is marsh water, which creeps with a
slow lapse. Pestilent that which always
stands still in a marsh.”–
Varro had already said p 67 Villam
aedificandam potissimum, ut intra septa villae habeat
aquam: si non, quam-proxime. Primum quae ibi
sit nata: secundum, quae influat perennis. Si
omnino aqua non est viva, cisternae faciundae sub
tectis, et lacus sub dio, ex altero loco ut homines,
ex altero ut pecus uti possit.”

¹“or pool” cancelled in pencil
Especially a villa is to be built so that it may have water within its limits; if not, as near as possible. First that which is born there, 2nd that which flows in perennially (or all the year round). If living water is not at all, (to be had) cisterns are to be made under the roofs, & lakes in the can open air, ut that men may use the one & cattle the other."

The places which are slowest to freeze in our river are first–On ac–of warmth–as well as motion–where a & also prob. where are springs in brooks–at bottom brook comes in ^–& under bridges–Then, on ac. of shallowness & rapidity, at bends. I perceive that the cold respects the same places every winter–In the dark or after a heavy snow I know well where to cross the river most safely–.

broad Where the river is most like a lake ^–with a deep & muddy bottom there it freezes{t} first & thickest. The open water at a bend seems to be owing to the swiftness of the current–& this to the shallowness–& this to the sands taken out of the opposing bank–& deposited there–

There was yesterday 8 or 10 acres of open water at the west end of Walden where is depth & breadth combined.

What a horrid shaggy & stiff low wilderness were the Andromeda ponds yesterday! What then must they have been on the 21st? – As it was–it was as if I walked through a forest of glass (with a tough woody core)
up to my middle—That dense tufted
grass with a greenish tinge was still stiffly
coated with ice—as well as everything
else—and my shoes were filled with the
fragments, but here and there the crimson
sphagnum blushed through the crust
beneath. Think of that dense grass
a horrid stiff crop each stem as big as your
finger firm but brittle—and about 2 feet
high—and the countless birds nests filled
even with ice.

P. m.—across River & over hill.
The wind has been blowing & the
snow drifting—the paths are filled up
again. The surface of the snow is
coarsely waved & rough now—as if
it caught at every straw & faced its windy
foe again. It appears a coarser grain
now—By the river are conspicuous
the now empty & spread pods of the
water milk weed—gray brown without
    silky white within—in some
a seed or 2 left still
Also the late rose
corymbs of red hips—

Also the Eupatoreum &
drawn at venture 4 ps
back or more erect—thus some with brown
fuzz & seeds still.
The sium sometimes with its very flat cymes & that light brown sedge or rush

− Some black ash keys
poor−still hang on amid the black {abrtions} (?)−

For a few days I have noticed sprinkled with alder & birch
go now through the birch SW of the Rock− The high

ing them over the snow there− See one Downy (?) woodpecker−& 1 or 2 chicadees

The track of a squirrel on the Island1 neck−tracks are altered by the depth of the snow− Looking up over the top of the hill now SW at 3 1/2 Pm I see a few mother o’ pearl tints2. & methinks the same or rainbow tints in the drifting snow there against the bright light of the unseen sun. Only in such clear cold air as this have the small clouds in the {s} west−that fine evanishing edge− It requires a state of the air that quickly dissipates all moisture− It must be rare in summer− In this bare atmosphere all cloud is quickly dissipated & mother o’ pearl tinted as it passes away. The snow is too deep & soft yet for many tracks− No doubt the mice have been out beneath it.

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1 "I" written over "i"
2 "lints" in MS
Recrossing the river behind Dodd’s now at 4 Pm—the sun quite low—the open reach just below a vitreous green is quite green, As if seen through a junk bottle—Perhaps I never observed this phenomenon but when the sun was low—

He who would study birds’ nests must look for them in November—& in winter—as well as in mid summer—for then the trees are bare & he can see them—& the swamps and streams are frozen & he can approach new kinds. He will often be surprised to find how many have haunted where he little suspected, & will receive many hints ac. which he can act upon in the summer—

I am surprised to find many new ones—(i.e. not new species) in groves which I had examined several times with particular care in the summer—

This was not a lodging snow—and the wind has already blown most of it off the trees—Yet the long limbed oak on the N of the hill still supports a ridge of its pure white as thick as its limbs—they lie parallel like the ulnus & radius & one is a bare white bone.

Beside the other weeds on the last page I might have drawn the tall rough golden-rod still conspicuous

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1“R” written over “r”
2“A” poss written over “a”
As for the villa. Columella says—p 170 that the best position is half way up a hill medius collis (‘or can it mean on a moderate hill?) on a swell of ground, loco tamen ipso paululum intumenscente, lest water from the top wash away the foundations—He warns not place it next to a military way—because among other evils that begets stingings insects in {hot} weather which fly towards us in dense swarms—and also the affairs of the family are interrupted by attentions shown to travellers (or hospitality)—It must front toward the equinoctial rising—orientem equinoctialem—

Found in the Wheeler meadow SW of the Island a nest in the fork of an alder about 8 feet from ground partly saddled on—made ap. chiefly of fine grass & bark fibres quite firm & very thick bottomed—and well bound without with various kinds of lint. This is a little oval 3 by 3 1/2 inches within & 7/8 deep with a very firm smooth rim of fine grass & bark shreds—lined with the same & some lint. A few alder leaves dangle from the edge—& what is remarkably the outer edge all around is defiled—quite covered with black & white caterpillar like droppings of the young birds. It is broader & shallower than a yel. birds & larger than a wood pewee’s can it be a red start’s?? I should think it too large

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1Paren possibly cancelled in pencil
2“or can...hill” cancelled in pencil
3Paren possibly cancelled in pencil
4“next to” written over “near a”
5“hot” possibly altered from “wet”
Dec 31st

It is one of the mornings of creation, & the trees shrubs &c &c
are covered with a fine leaf frost– as if they had their morning robes on
seen against the sun– There has been a mist in the night– Now\(^1\)
at 8 1/2 Am I see collected
over the low grounds behind Mr.
\(//\) Cheneys a dense fog (over a foot of snow) which looks rather dusky
like smoke by contrast with the snow. Though limited to perhaps 20 or 30
acres, it as dense as any in august. This accounts for the frost on the twigs.
It consists on minute leaves–the longest 1/8 of an inch–all around the twigs
but longest commonly on one side– in\(^2\) one instance the S. W. side.

Clearing out the paths which the drifting
snow had filled–I find already quite crust
–from the sun & the plowing making it compact–
but it is soft in the woods–

9 A{.} m to Partridge Glade–
I see many partridge tracks in the
light snow–where they have sunk deep
amid the shrub oaks–also gray rabbit
& deer mice tracks–for the last ran
over this soft surface last night.
In a hollow in the glade a gray
rabbits tracks ap. leading to & from
a hole in the snow–which following
& laying open I found to extend curving

\(^1\)“N” written over “n”
\(^2\)“i” poss written over “I”
about this pit & under the snow to a small hole in the earth—which ap. led down deep—

At 10—the frost leaves are nearly all melted—

It is invariably the E. track on the RR-cause-way which has the least snow on it. Though it is nearly all blown off elsewhere on the causeway. Trillium woods has prevented it, being blown off opposite to them.

The snow plow yesterday cast the snow one
6 feet each side the edge of the cars—and it fell thick & rich—evenly broken like well plowed land— It lies like a rich tilth in the sun with its glowing cottony white ridges & its shadowy hollows—

Jan 1st 1856

Speaking of foxes J. Farmer told me last evening that Some time ago Sherman Barrett’s folks heard a squeaking & running up saw a fox leap out of the pen with a sucking pig in his mouth & escape with it. Farmer says they commonly take the dead lambs from the fields—though most dogs will not.

Pm to Walden—

Walden is covered with white snow ice 6 inches thick
—^ for it froze while it was snowing though commonly there is a thin dark beneath. This is now therefore bare while the river which was frozen before
is covered with snow—A very small patch of\(^3\) Walden frozen since the snow—looks at a little distance exactly like open water by contrast the trees being reflected in it with the snow ice \(^-\) & indeed I am not certain but a very small part of this patch was water.

The track repairers have shovelled 4 little paths by the sides of the rails all the way from the Depot to Walden—As I went by the Engine house I saw great icicles 4 feet long hanging from the westerly eaves—like slender pointed spears—–the last half blown aside by the wind— & still more—

By the side of the
Deep cut are the tracks of prob tree sparrows about the weeds—& of partridges—

On the ice at Walden are very beautiful great leaf crystals in great profusion. The ice is fre-

quently thickly covering\(^2\) with them for They seem to be connected with the rosettes—a running together of them many rods— They look like a loose web of small white feathers springing from a tuft of down—for their shafts are lost in a tuft like the down about the shaft of a feather of fine snow— They are on a as if a feather bed had been shaken over the ice. close examination surprisingly perfect leaves like ferns—only very broad for their length & com-

monly more on one side the mid

\(^{1}\)"of" written over "on"

\(^{2}\)"ing" cancelled in pencil
rib than the other. They are from an inch to an inch & a half long & 3/4 wide—and slanted where I look from the SW—\[\text{\underline{\text{\textdegree}}:\text{\textdegree}}\] They have 1st a very distinct mid rib—though so thin that they cannot be taken up—then distinct ribs branching from this—commonly opposite—and minute ribs springing again from these last as in many ferns—the last running to each creation in the border—

\[\text{\underline{\text{\textdegree}}:\text{\textdegree}}\] How much further they are subdivided the naked eye cannot discern—They are so thin & fragile that they melt under your breath while looking closely at them. A fisherman says they were much finer in the morning. In other places the ice is strown with a dif. kind of frost work in little patche{s} like as if oats had been spilled—like fibres of asbestos rolled—1/2 or 3/4 inch long & 1/8 or more wide Here and there patches of them a foot or two over—like some boreal grain spilled.

Here are two fishermen—& one has preceded them. They have not had a bite & know not why—It has been a clear winter day.

On the north shore near the RR\[1\]—I see the tracks ap. of a white rabbit afterward many tracks of gray rabbits

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\[1\text{first “R” written over “r”}\]
& where they had squatted under an or rather by the side of an alder stem or the like—& left many balls in the pure snow—Many have run in one course—

In the midst of them I see the track of a large rabbit prob—a white one—which was evidently on the full spring—its tracks are 4 feet apart & unlike the others which are on the surface even of this light snow—these break through deep making a hole 6 inches over—Why was this one in such haste— I conclude to trace him back & find out. His bounds grow greater & greater as I go back—now 6 feet quite—& a few rods further are the tracks of a fox (possibly a dog but¹ I think not) exactly on the trail!² A little further where the rabbit was ascending a considerable slope through this snow nearly a foot deep, the bounds measure full 7 feet—leaving the snow untouched for that space between—It appeared that the fox had started the rabbit from a bank on which it was resting young near a ^ hemlock—& pursued it only a dozen rods up the hill & then gave up the chase—& well he might methought.

¹“but” altered from “)”, ²“all doubtful” written vertically in margin in pencil, upward, extending from “where the rabbit” up to “in such haste”
Goodwin says that the white rabbit
never burrows—but the grey regularly—
Yet he once knew a white one to earth itself.

In a rabbit's track the two forefeet
thus are the furthest apart—

This chase occurred probably in the
night, either the last or night before, when
there was not a man within a mile—but
treading on these very deep & distinct
tracks—it was as if I had witnessed
it—& in imagination I could see the
sharp eyes of the crafty fox & the
palpitating breast of the timorous rabbit—
listening behind. We unwittingly traverse
the scenery of what tragedies! Every
square rod perchance—was the scene
of a life or death struggle last night.

As you track the rabbit furthest off
you follow a its bounds becoming
shorter & shorter—you follow also surely
its changing moods from desperate
terror till it walks calmly & reassured
over the snow with out breaking
perchance till it gnaws some twig composedly
its very slight crust. & in the other
direction you trace the retreating steps
of the disappointed fox until he has
forgotten this—& scented some new game.

maybe dreams of partridges or wild mice
Your own feelings are fluttered proportion-
ably. V. n. p.

Jan 2nd '56
Probably the coldest morning yet—our
thermometer {a} 6° below zero at 8 am. Yet
NB This mist for several mornings after first deep snow
there was quite a mist in the air.

The neighbors say it was 10° below zero at 7 Am
Pm to Walden—

As for the fox & rabbit race des—yesterday—I find that the rabbit was going the other way—& possibly the fox was a rabbit—for tracing back the rabbit I found that it had first been walking with alternate steps fox-like

There were many white rabbit¹ tracks in those woods—& many more of the gray rabbit. but the former broke through & made a deep track While the latter made but a faint impression on the surface. The latter run very much in the same path—which is well trodden & you would think you were in the midst of quite a settlement of them.

Crossing the RR. at the Heywood Meadow

// I saw some snow buntings rise from the side of the embankment & with surging rolling flight wing their way up through the cut. I walked through the westernmost Heywood swamp—There are the tracks of many rabbits both gray & white which have run about the edges² of these swamps since the snow came—amid the alders & shrub oaks—& one white one has crossed it. The cattails rise high above the snow in the swamp their brown heads bursting on one side into creamy (?) billows & {wreaths} or partly bare.

¹“rabbit” altered from “rabbits”
²“the edges” written over “these swam”
also the rattlesnake grass is still
gracefully drooping on every side with the
weight of its reeds—a rich wild grain.
And other wild grasses & rushes rise above
the snow—There is the wild looking
remnant of a white pine quite dead
rising 15 or 20 feet—which the wood-
peckers have bored—& it is still clad with
sulphur lichens—& many dark-colored
tufts of certraria in the forks of its branches.

Returning I saw near the back road
& RR—a small flock of 8 snow buntings
feeding on the seeds of the pig weed—picking
ap. flat on the snow their legs so short
them from the snow & when I approached
a lighting on the rail-fence—They were pretty black
with white wings & a brown crescent on their
breasts. They have come with this deeper snow
& colder weather—

Jan 3d '56

Snows again—about 2 inches have
fallen in the night—but it turns
to a fine mist. It was a damp snow—

P. m. to Hill

The snow turned to a fine mist or mizzling
—through which I see a little blue
in the snow—lurking in the ruts.

In the river meadows & on the
(perhaps moist) sides of the hill how
common and conspicuous the brown spear
heads of the hard-hack above the snow
& looking black by contrast with it!
Just beyond the Assabet spring I
see where a squirrel—gray or red—

1“how” altered from “I”
dug through the snow last night
in search of acorns. I know it
was {least} night, for it was while
the last snow was falling & the
tracks are partly filled by it—they are
like this— . This squirrel
has burrowed to the ground in
many places within a few yards
probing the leaves for acorns in various
directions—making a short burrow
under the snow—sometimes passing
under the snow a yard & coming
out at another place—for
though it is somewhat hardened
on the surface by the nightly freezing
& the hail it is still quite soft
& light beneath next the earth—
& a squirrel or mouse can1 burrow
I am surprised to find how easily I can pass my hand through
very fast indeed there— ^ In many it there
places it has dropt the leaves
&c about the mouth of the hole.
(The whole2 snow about 10 inches deep)
I see where it sat in a young
oak & ate an acorn dropping
the shells on the snow beneath—
for there is no track to the shells
but only to the base of the oak—
How independently they live—not
alarmed. Though the snow be3 2 feet
deep!

Now when all the fields & meadows
are covered deep with snow—the
warm colored shoots of osiers

1“can” altered from “cans”
2“whole” altered from “hole”
3“be” written over “is”
It is astonishing how far a merely well-dressed & good looking man may go without being challenged by any sentinel. What is called good Society will **high** bid high for such.

The man whom the state has raised to high office, like that of Governor for instance–from some it may be honest but less respected calling–cannot return to his former humble but profitable pursuits–his old customers will be so shy of him–his ex-ship stands seriously in his way–whether he is a lawyer or a shop keeper–^ So he becomes a sort of state pauper–an object of charity on its hands which the State is bound in honor to see through & provide still with offices of similar respectability—that he may not come to want.

A man who has been president becomes the ex-president. It is cruel to remember his deeds so long—When his time is out Why cant they let the poor fellow go? & cant travel ^ any where but men will persist in paying respect to his ex-ship.

1"he" possibly written over "his"