At Brattleboro--VT

AM-- Climbed the Hill behind Mrs Addison

Brown's-- The leaves of the Tiarella Cordifolia

very abundant in the woods--but hardly

sharp-lobed--also observed the leaves of

the hepatica triloba. Was that Sium lineare

Oakes allows only S. latifolium to grow in VT

in the pool on the hill top?? "the seeds are ap--

ribbed like ours-- V. press. Found the lemma

mantling that pool. Mrs Brown has found

it in flower there. Flowering Dog wood on hill'

Pm Up the bank of the Connecticut

to West River--up that to a brook, and up that

nearly to Hospital. The Connecticut though(g)

unusually high (several feet more than usual)

looks {low}--there being 4 or 5 or 6 rods of

bare gravel on each side & the bushes &

weeds covered with clayey soil from a' freshet--

-- Not a boat to be seen on it. The Concord

is worth a hundred of it for my purposes.

It looks narrow as well as shallow--

No doubt it is dwarfed by the Mt

rising directly from it in front--which

as usual looking nearer than it is,

makes the opposite shore seem nearer--

The Solidago Canadensis--& the smooth

3 ribbed one--& nemoralis &c--the helianthus'
-- ap. Decapetalus--and Aster or Dip. linarifolius
-- Vitis cordifolius(?) now beginning to be ripe--
are quite common along the bank--
On a bank side on West River'-- Urtica
Canadensis ap in prime & going to seed--the
same that a Mr Whitlow since recommended
as a substitute for hemp. Near by the
Phryma or lopseed--with still a few small
rose white flowers-- I at first thought it a
circaea--plenty of hare bells there abouts--
& by the brook. Polygonum virginianum
3 feet high--mostly gone to seed. Apparently
C. stolonifera? by brook. v press--with the Sericea

// A. macrophyllus? much past prime

Sep. 8th

Brattleboro--rains
Frost gives me an aster which he thinks A--
concinnus or Wood'--grows in woods & yet longer
leaved

Pm-- Clearing up-- I went a' botan--
izing by the Cold-water Path. For the
most part along a steep wooded hill side
on Whetstone Brook--& through its interval.
In the last heavy rain 2 or 3 weeks
since there was a remarkable freshet
on this brook--such as has not been
known before--the bridge & road carried
away--the bed of the stream laid bare
a new channel being made--the interval
covered with sand and gravel--& trees
(buttonwood &c) brought down--several
acres thus buried. Frost escaped from
his house on a raft. I observed a stream'
of large bare white rocks 4 or 5 rods wide
which at first I thought had been washed
down--but it seems this was the former
bed of the stream, it having worn a ' new
channel further east.

Witch-hazel out maybe a day or 2 in some places

but the Browns\(^5\) do not think the fringed
gentian out yet-- There for the first time
I see growing indigenously the Dirca Palustris,--
Leather wood
"the largest on the low interval by the brook.
I notice a bush there 7 feet high-- In its
form it is somewhat like a quince bush--
though less spreading, its leaves broad like
entire sassafras leaves--now beginning to turn
yellow-- It has a remarkably strong thick
white
bark & soft "wood which bends like lead.
(Gray says it is brittle?)
"the different layers separating at the end.
I cut a good sized switch--which was
singularly tough and flexible--just like
a cow hide--& would answer the pur-
pose of one admirably. The color
of the bark is a very pale brown. I was
much interested in this shrub--since
it was the Indian's rope. Frost said
that the farmers of Vermont used

\(^{5}\) poss "stream--"
\(^{6}\) "f" cancelled
\(^{10}\) "B" written over "b"
it to tie up their fences with. Certainly
there can be no wood equal to it
as a withe. He says it is still strong
when dry-- I should think it would be
worth the while for the farmer's to
cultivate for this purpose. How often
in the woods & fields we want a string
or rope & cannot find one. This is the
plant which nature has made for this
purpose. The Browns gave me some of
the flowers, which appear very early in spring.

Gray says that in N. New England it is
%(Potter in Hist of Manchester says Indians sewed canoes with it)\[11\]
called Wicopy--%^ Beck says "The bark
has a sweetish taste, and when chewed excites a
burning sensation in the fauces." & ac. to Emerson
the bark of this
"taken into the stomach causes heat & vomiting, or
family
purging." ac. to the latter Cordage has been
made from the bark of this family--also paper
-- Emerson says of this plant in particular "The fresh
bark produces a sensation of heat in the stomach,
& at last brings on vomiting-- -- -- It has
such strength that a man cannot pull
apart so much as covers a branch of half
or a third of an inch in diameter. It is used
by millers & others for thongs." Indian
cordage. I feel as if I had discovered a more
indigenous plant than usual--it was
so peculiarly useful to the aborigines.

On that wooded hill side I find

\[11\] ac to 1906 edition
1 small flowered asters, a miser like,
2 hairy but very long linear leaves--possible
3 Dakes gives of A. miser, only the var. hirsuticaulis to Vt.
4 the var. hirsuta of A. miser-- "or else a
5 neighboring species--for they seem distinct.
6 v. press. There is the hobble bush with its
7 berries & large roundish leaves, now beginning
8 to turn a deep dull crimson red. Also mt
9 maples--with sharp lobed leaves & downy beneath--
10 the young plants numerous. The Ribes Cynosbati--
11 or prickly gooseberry--with its burr-like fruit dry &
12 still hanging here & there. Also the Ground hemlock
13 with its beautiful fruit like a red waxen cup
14 with a purple fruit in it. By the edge of
15 a ditch where it had been overwhelmed &
16 buried with mud by the late freshet--the
17 Solidago Muhlenbergii--in its prime--v. press--
18 Near by on the bank of the ditch leaves of
19 Colts' foot. I had cut across the interval--
20 but taking to the C. water path again near
21 its S. E. end--I found at an angle in it
22 near the canal beech drops under a beech
23 not yet out
24 "and the Equisetum scirpoides--also radical
25 leaves very broad--perhaps of a sedge--
26 some much longer--v. press Gathered flowering
27 raspberries in all my walks--& found them
28 large
29 a pleasant berry"--but never abundant.
30 In a wet place in the interval the Veronica
31 ac. to Frost
32 America^ (Beccabunga of some) not in
33 bloom. Along this path drained the

---

12 "linear" inserted
13 "the" poss written over "a"
Nabalus altissimus--flowers in a long panicle of axillary & terminal branches--small flowered--now in prime. Leaves ap of Oxalis acetosella--Large roundish rad. leaves on the moist wooded hill side--which the Browns' thought of the Round leaved Violet--Low flat topped very rough hairy ap. Aster acuminatus

//--Erigeron annuum--broad thin-toothed leaves

Also another perhaps hirsute A. miser with toothed leaves

I hear that $2000 worth of huckleberries have been sold by the town of Ashby this season.

Also gathered on this walk the Polypodium dryopteris--& Polystichum acrostichoides--an a short heavy odored (like stramonium) plant with aspect of lilac not in bloom v. press.

Tuesday Sep 9th 56

8 Am--Ascend the Chesterfield Mt. with Miss Frances & Miss Mary Brown.

The Connecticut is about 20 rds wide--bet.

Brattleboro & Hinsdale--This mt ac. to Frost 1064 ft high. It is the most remarkable feature here. The village of Brattleboro is peculiar for the nearness of the primitive wood & the mt. Within 3 rods of Browns house was excellent botanical ground on the side of a primitive wooded hill side--& still better along the Cold water Path. But above all this everlasting mt is forever

15 "B" poss written over "b"
towering\(^1\) over the village—shortening
the day—& wearing a misty cap each
morning—You look up to its top at a
A great part belongs to the Insane Asylum
steep angle from the village streets”. This
town will be convicted of folly if they ever permit
this mt to be laid bare. Francis B. says
its Ind." name is Wantastiquet—from the
name of West River above. Very abundant
in prime
about B. The Gerardia tenuifolia "which
I at first mistook for the purpurea. The latter
I did not see. High up the mt the aster Macrophyllus
as well as corymbosus. The ap. P. orbiculata?
leaves round & flat on ground v press (another by it
with larger & more oblong leaves—Pine sap—A tuft
5-divided
of ^leaves 15 or 18 inch high—slightly fern-like
v. press. G. circaezans var lanceolatum. Top
of the mt covered with wood—Saw Ascutney
bet. 40 or 50 miles up the river—but not
monadnock—on ac. of woods.
Returning observed on the island—by roadside—
an aster 4ft high with quite broad (1 foot) some—
what corymbose tops with flowers as large as
A. longifolius—rays about 30 white with a
tinge of bluish—v press leaves longer than in my
specimen. Ap in neighborhood op\(^1\) A Tenuifolius?? or
simplex?? or Longifolius.
\(^{op}^1\)
Up to & up a brook N of Brown’s
house—A large alternate cornel 4 or
5 inches in diameter a dark gray stem—The

---
\(^{15}\) "t" uncrossed
\(^{16}\) "I" written over "i"
\(^{17}\) "op" altered from "ap"
kidney shaped leaves of the asarum Canadense common
there. Panax quinquefolium with peculiar
flat scarlet fruit in a little umbel. Chino-
podium vulgare--or basil--ap flatted down by a freshet.
rather past prime & Spear mint in brook just above..

Close behind Brown's Liparis Lilifolia, or
twayblade--leaves & bulb.

A very interesting sight from the top of the
mt was that of the cars so nearly
under you apparently creeping along, you
could see so much of their course.
The epigaea was very abundant on the
hill behind Browns & elsewhere in B.
The Populus monolifera grows on West River'"
but I did not see it. The Erigeron
Philadelphicum I saw pressed with innumer-
able fine rays. Scouring rush was common
along the cold water path & elsewhere.
The most interesting sight I saw in
Brattleboro was the skin & skull of a Panther
Felis concolor
"(Cougar--Catamount--Painter--American
Lion--Puma) which was killed ac. to
a written notice attached--on the 15th of June
by the Saranac Club of Brattleboro--6
young men on a fishing and hunting excursion.
This paper described it as 8 feet in extreme
length & weighing 110 pounds--(The
Brattleboro newspaper says its body was
"4 feet 4" 11 inches in length, and the tail
2 feet 9 inches; the animal weighed 108
pounds." I was surprised at its great
size & apparent strength-- It gave me

a new idea of our American forests-- & the

glor of nature here. It was evident

that it could level a platoon of men

with a stroke of its paw. I was particularly

impressed by the size of its limbs, the size

of its canine teeth, and its great white claws.

I do not see but this affords a sufficient

foundation for the stories of the lion heard &

its skins seen near Boston by the first settlers

This creature was very catlike--though

the tail was not tapering--but as large at the

extremity as any where--yet not tufted like

the lions. It had a long neck--a wily

lean

thin body--like a cat--its fore feet were

about 6 inches long x 4 or 5 wide as set up--

I talked with the man who shot him--a

lawyer. Mr Kellogg. They were fishing on one of the

Saranac Lakes--their guide being the Harvey

Moody whom Hammond describes--when

they heard the noise of some creature threshing

about amid the bushes on the hill side. The

guide suspected that it was a panther

which had caught a deer-- He recon-

noitred & found that it was a panther which had got one fore paw

great double spring--long teethed

(the left) in one of his "bear traps"-- or hooked

He had several of these traps set (with-

out bait) in the neighborhood. It fell

to Kellogg's lot to advance with the
guide & shoot him. They approached within
6 or 7 rods--saw that the Panther was
held firmly--& fired just as he raised his
head to look at them. The ball entered
just above his nose pierced his brain & killed
him at once. The guide got the bounty
of 25 dollars--but the game fell to
his employers. A slice had been sheared
off one side of each ear to secure this with.
It was a male-- The guide thought it
an old one--but Kellogg said that as they
were returning with it, the inhabitants
regarded it as common--they only kicked
it aside in the road, remarking that
was a large one. I talked also with
the Mr Chamberlin who set it up-- He
drew me how sharp the ^grinders were
just behind the canine teeth-- They were zig-zag
thus {drawing} & shut over the under scraping
close like shears and as he proved
would cut off a straw clean.

This animal looked very thin as set up--& prob--
in some states of his body would have weighed
much more. Kellogg said that freshly killed
the body showed the nerves much more than
as set up-- The color &c were agreed very well
with the account in Thompson's Hist.
of Vermont except that there was (now at
least no yellow about the mouth

---

inserted

attached newspaper clipping tipped in MS between pgs 10-11
1 chin but whitish
2 or ^--- It was in the main
3 the universal color of this family--
4 or a little browner. Ac to Thompson
5 It is brown red on the back--reddish
6 gray on the sides, whitish or light ash
7 on the belly, tail like the back above except
8 its extremity, which is brownish black not
9 tufted. Chin, upper lip, & inside of ears
10 yellowish white. Hairs on back, short brownish
11 tipped with red, on the belly longer, lighter, tipped
12 with white. Hairs of face like back with whitish
13 hairs intermingled. Canines conical, claws
14 pearly white. Length nose to tail 4-8\12, tail
15 2-6, top of head to point of nose 10 inches--
16 width across forehead 8 inches. Length of
17 fore legs 1-2--hind 1-4. Weight usually
18 about 100 lbs. The largest he ever knew
19 was 7 feet in extreme length & weighed
20 118 lbs. One had been know to leap up
21 a precipice 15 feet high with a calf in
22 v. Lawson--Hunter--& Jefferson in Book of Facts. 24
23 Hunter when near the Rocky mts--says "So much were they to be apprehended--
24 his mouth,
25 that no one ever ventured to go out alone, even on the most trifling occasion"--25
26 "Found down RR. in B. a S. stricta like but short
27 with sharpe toothed rad leaves & entire cauline ones.
28 Emmons makes the extreme length of one
29 of the largest cougars--9 feet 4 inches
30 & the greatest length of the canine tooth of
31 the upper jaw from the gum 9/10 of an inch.
32 I think that the teeth of the one I saw
33 were much larger-- Says it is cowardly
34 (MS obstructed)27 "rarely if ever attacks man," That a

23 ^--- in superscript following "4-8"
24 p" written over "f"
25 "He makes 2 kinds." written vertically up the right margin
26 Horizontal lines in left margin frame two lines, from "Found down RR." to "with
27 sharpe".
28 MS obstructed by newspaper clipping waxed on here that has been folded back to
29 expose most of MS page. Clipping is titled "Local Intelligence. / Fishing Excursion
to Saranac Lake."
A hunter met five in St Lawrence County N.Y.

and with his dog & gun only killed 3 that day & the other 2 the next. Yet he will follow a man's track a great distance. Scream at evening heard for miles. Thinks about 45° V forward Oct 4th & 25th

its northern range.

Sep 10th 56

10 1/2 Am took the cars to Bellow's Falls 10

Thro--Dummerston--Putney--& West--minster. Looked at the falls & rocks.

River higher than usual at this season-- yet could cross all but about 20 feet on the rocks Some pot-holes of this form; (drawing) but com-
real pot-holes mony only several curves commingled--this (drawing) or the whole more rounded.

Found spreading prostrate on the rocks amid the potholes--ap. a small

%(Prunus depresa)% dark willow--with shining red stems & smooth spatulate¹ rather obtuse serrate leaves. v. press-- I read that salmon passed these falls, but not shad. When the water is lowest, it is contracts to 16 feet here--

& Peters an old Hist. of Connecticut says it was so condensed that you could not thrust a crow-bar into it. It did me good to read his wholesale hearty state-
ments--strong living human speech-- so much better than the emasculated modern histories-- Like Bancroft's, & the rest, cursed with a style.

¹ "p" written over "I"
² Possible misspelling of "spatulate"?
I would rather read such histories, though every sentence were a falsehood, than our dull emasculated reports which bear the name of histories— The former having a human breath—& interest behind them are nearer to nature & to truth after all. The historian is required to feel a human interest in his subject & to so express it.— President Dwight speaking of the origin of these pot-holes says "The river now is often fuller than it probably ever was before the country above was cleared of its forests: the snows in open ground melting much more suddenly, & forming much greater freshets, than in forested ground." vol 2nd p 92.

Ascended the Fall Mt with a heavy valise on my back—against the advice of the toll-man— But when I got up so soon & easily I was amused to remember his anxiety. It is 750 ft high. ac— to Gazetteer.

Saw great red oaks on this hill—particularly tall straight & bare of limbs for a great distance amid the woods. Here, as at Brattleboro—a fine view of the country immediately beneath you—but these views lack breadth— a distant horizon— There is a complete view of the falls from this height.

Saw a pair of mid sized black hawks hovering about this cliff—with some
white spots--with peculiar shrill snapping
notes like a gull--a new kind to me.

Descending the steep S end of this hill I
saw an ap. Corydalis Glauc'a mostly withered
broad &
3 feet or more & more than usually "stout"
in proportion--v press. My shoes were very
smooth & I got many falls descending
battering my valise. By the RR.

below the Solanum nigrum with white
flowers but yet green fruit. Also a pe-
culiar--low ap Solidago stricta 2 ft high
rad leaves quite like stricta--cauline only less
curled--racemes particularly fine loose &
spreading like an elm top-- Some dead last year
close
ones "by it taller & quite stricta-like.

Just after crossing Cold River bathed
Evidently not far from site of the old Kilbourn
in the Connecticut--"clay-muddy shore.

Near the site of the old Bellow's Fort"--saw
completely purple Polygala verticillata--abundant
in road-- Rode the last mile into Walpole
with a lumberer who said that when he
commenced operations at Bellows Falls22 he
thought that there was not more than
100,000 there--but they had already gots23
out 4 millions. He imported some of
those masts I had seen go through
Concord--from Canada West-- They
were rafted along Lake Erie--[A Mr
Dorr of Buffalo afterward told me that

21 "p" written over "f"
22 "Bellows Falls" possibly written over "bellows falls"
23 "got" altered from "gots"
he did this part with steamers--merely
running an inch chain through the
but of each log & fastening the ends to a
boom--which surrounded the whole--leaving
the small ends to play--\& in small
rafts by canal to Albany & thence by
RR. via Rutland to Portland--for
the navy. & it cost only 1/3 more to
get them from C. W than from Bellows
Falls. Remembering the difficulty in
old times of loading one of these sticks
in N. H. for the Kings' Navy--this seemed
the greatest triumph of the RR.
In Walpole, The Chenopodium betrys.

Sep. 11th
Pm Walked over what Alcott calls
Farm Hill E. of his house.
Erigeron Annuum 4 ft high by roadside.
also Ranunculus Pennsylvanicus or
bristly crowfoot still in bloom--v press. A
fine view of the Connecticut Valley from
the hill-top--4 of Ascutney mt, but not
of Monadnock-- Descended a steep side
of the hill" by a cow-path--made with great
judgement regularly" zig-zag thus (drawing) well
worn & deep-- Visited the grave-
yard--and Col. Ben. Bellows the founder's
Grave stone & more recent monument.

34 "F" written over "f"
35 "K" written over "k"
36 "A" written over "a"
37 Stray mark after "hill", or possibly ","
38 initial "r" written over "t"
In the evening read an interesting pamphlet account of the Bellows Family by Dr Bellows of N.Y.
of Walpole--prepared "on occasion of the family gathering & creation of the mon-
ument. A large part of the inhabitants of W. {are}'' descendants of Col. B. Bellows.
The writer quotes from a paper in "The Cheshire Gazette of ap 28, 1826"--"under-
stood to be prepared by our respected towns-
man, Dr Morse,"-- Dr B. saying first
"A Mrs Watson of Germantown Penn-
sylvania, was alive in 1826, who resided in Walpole in 1762, then only 8 years old," but she'' had a remarkable memory-- He then quotes Morse, who states that her father came & built a house in Walpole in 1762.
"The roof of the house was covered with bark,
and the gable ends remained open some time, which enabled them to hear the bark-
ing of foxes, the howling of wolves, and the cries of the panther, while sitting be-
fore the fire. The latter resembled the voice of a woman in distress, and {seemed}
tended to decoy people into the woods, where the salutations of these roving
gentry were apt to prove troublesome,
unless prevented by the presence of fire-
arms."--ac to this woman (& Morse) "a shad was taken near the falls which

--- obscured by bleedthrough
"she" inserted
had a rattle-snake's head in its stomach."

[Dr. B. states that there is a tradition that the founder Col. B. once killed on Fall\(^{11}\) Mt. 2 bears & a very large Panther-- which last alarmed him considerably.] Ac to\(^{12}\) Morse & the woman. "A large portion of pin money was derived from the sale of golden thread, ginseng, and snakeroot, which were procured from their [___ the ladies'] own hands". This should prob. be lands. or the preposition--by.

In Alcott's yard--sprung ap. from his bird's seed hemp like common except fragrant. %so is ours% These are the plants I obtained on this excursion--

Panicked elder **berries** Fitchburg.

A. concinnus? Frost Brattleboro

Solidago Canadensis

A. cordifolius

Urtica gracilis(?)

Pear hipped rose

Vitis cordifolia

Eupat. ageratoides

Helianthus decapetalus

Solidago arguta

A. Tenuifolius(?)\(^{13}\) Frost

Hepatica triloba (leaves Tiarella cordifolia leaves & dried stem

Sium lineare(?)

Urtica Canadensis

Phryma leptostachya

---

\(^{11}\) "Mt" written over text

\(^{12}\) "Ac to" inserted

\(^{13}\) faint close parenthesis following "?"
Campanula rotundifolia
Polygonum virginianum
Cornus stolonifera (?)
Dirca Palustris leaves
A. Miser var hirsuta (?)
Vib. lantamoides leaves
Acer spicatum leaves
Ribes cynosbati in fruit
Taxus Canadensis in fruit
Solidago muhlenbergii.
Tussilago farfara -- leaves
Epiphegus Americana --
Eq. Scirpoides
Veronica Americana not in flower
Nabalus altissimus
Oxalis acetosella leaves
Viola rotundifolia (?) rad leaves
Erigeron annuum
Polypodium dryopteris in fruit.
Heavy scented plant.
Gerardia tenuifolia
Platanthera orbiculata (?) out of bloom
Tufted and divided leaves on mt
Aster -- longifolius -- like on Island
Asaram Canadense leaves
Panax quinquefolium in fruit
Clinopodium Vulgare
Liparis lilifolia not in flower
Red stemmed willow at Bel Falls
Solanum nigrum Walpole --
Purple Polygala verticillata

" no "t" cross in "acetosella"
Panunculus "Pennsylvanicus Walpole

Cannabis--a fragrant kind %so is ours%

Also these were given me pressed

by the Browns

Dentaria diphylla

Vib. lantanoides %in flower%

Trillium erectum

Epigaea (fairer than ours)

Sanguinaria Canadensis

Erythronium Americanum

Arabis Laevigata

Viola rostratum

Panax trifolium

Pulsatilla patens leaves

Tussilago farfara with cut leaves

A Ribes

Hepatica triloba

" acutiloba leaves (flowers same?)

Mitella diphylla

---

**T misspells "Ranunculus"

** cancelled ditto mark
Sep 12 Return to Concord

Saturday Sep 13--at Concord

After all I am struck by the greater luxuriance of the same species of plants here--than up country--"though our soil is considered leaner-- Also I think that no view I have had of the Connecticut Valley--at Brattleboro--or Walpole is equal to that of the Concord from Nawshawtuc-- Here is a more interesting horizon--more variety & richness-- Our river is much the most fertile in every sense. Up there it is nothing but river--valley & hills-- Here there is so much more that we have forgotten that we live in a valley.

8 Am Up Assabet

// Gathered quite a parcel of grapes quite ripe--difficult to break off the large bunches without some dropping off-- Yet the best are more admirable for fragrance than for flavor-- depositing them in the bow of the boat--they filled all the air with their fragrance as we rowed along against the wind, as if we were rowing through an endless vineyard in its maturity.

The A. Tradescanti now sugars the since I left C a week ago //banks densely--^ Nature improves thus her last opportunity to empty her lap of flowers.

Ascended the hill-- The barberries are abundant there, & already handsomely turned. Was surprised at the profusion
of autumnal dandelions in their prime //
on the top of the hill--about the oaks--
never saw them thicker in a meadow--
a cool spring--suggesting yellow--They
reserve their force till this season--though
they begin so early--cool to the" eye, as the
creak of the cricket to the ear.

The Vib. lentago--which I left--not half
turned red--when I went up country a week ago--
like raisins
are now quite black purple & shrivelled "on
my table--& sweet to taste--though chiefly
seed.

Sep. 14th

Now for the A." tradescanti along low
roads--like the turnpike--swarming with
butterflies & bees-- Some of them are pink.
How ever unexpected are these later flowers.
You thought that nature had about wound
up her affairs--you had seen what she could
do this year--& had not noticed a few weeds
by the road-side, or mistook them for
the remains of summer flowers now hastening
to their fall--you thought you new every
twig & leaf by the road side--& nothing more
was to be looked for there--& now to your
surprise, these ditches are crowded with
millions of little stars--They suddenly
spring up & face you with their legions
on each side the way as if they had

"the" altered from "they"
"A." inserted
lain in ambuscade there. The flowering

of the ditches-- Call them traveller's

thoughts--numerous thoughts small, worth

a penny at least--which in the fall

sown in spring & summer--in the fall

unobserved at first--successively dusted & washed--mingled

spring up "as a highway harvest-- A starry

with nettles & beggar ticks

meteoric shower--a milky way--in the

flowery kingdom in whose aisles we" travel.

Let the traveller bethink himself elevate

& expand his thoughts somewhat--that

oftener hereafter

his successors may "be cheered by the

sight of an Aster Novae-Angliae or

to remind him that a poet or philosopher has passed this way.

spectabilis here & there. The gardener

with all his assiduity does not raise such

a variety, nor so many successive crops

on the same space--as nature in the very

road-side ditches-- There they have stood--

& the wash of the road

begrimed with dust "no long--& made

passing

acquaintance with sheep & cattle & swine--

gathering a trivial experience--& now at last

the fall rains have come to wash off some

of that dust--& even they exhibit these

dense flowery panicles as the result of all that

experience--as pure for an hour as if they

grew by some wild brook-side-- Successor to

may-weed & co. Is not may-weed by the

way--the flower furthest advanced into the

road rut or mid channel--like the

Kalmiana lily in the river? The mid--
channel--where the stream of travel
flows deep & strong--unless it is far
up the stream toward its fountain head--
no flower invades. May-weed! what a
mismomer! Call it rut-weed rather.

Goodyera pubescens ap. just done

Fringed gentian well out %&--& some withered
or frost bitten %?%)%"--say 1 week--though there
was none to be seen here Aug 27.12 At
Cardinal ditch the swamp S. stricta is very
for S. arguta%
fresh (while the upland one is done generally)
& I suspect it may be more than a var. It is
commonly more strict--v some in press. It begins
nearly as early and lasts considerably longer. S. puberula
in prime--stem both red & green. It has a very pretty
& regular flat circle of broad rays--12 to 16
in number. Very regularly & flatly rayed like little
sunflowers. I see the fruit & flowers of Polyg.
Careyi affected with smut like corn.

Monday Sep. 15
Sophia says--bringing company into my
sanctum--by way of apology--that I
regard the dust on my furniture like the
bloom on fruits--not to be swept off--
which reminds me that the bloom on
fruits and stems is the only dust which settles
on nature's furniture.

Pm to Hub. Swamp--
Aster longifolius & puniceus--and spiranthes
%& arguta%
cernua in prime. Early S. strictas %&% done.

1 pencilled question mark written over dash
12 "27" possibly written over "17"
but some (puttin) out again in the axils--
while dead at top

“maybe owing to the rains. Meadow

//sweet lingers yet! What I must call

Bidens cernua--like a small Chrysanthemoides--is bristly hairy--somewhat connate\(^7\)

//\& ap. regularly toothed. The hypericums
generally appear to be now about done. I see none.

Sep. 16th

Pm. To Harris' mill Acton--with Father--

//A. laevis ap. in prime, very handsome its
long slanting broad-topped wands by the road-
side even in dry soil--its rays longer & richer
purple than usual. See a flock of

// pigeons dash by--from a stout breast they taper
straightly & slenderly to the tail-- They have been
catching them awhile.

Wm. Monroe is said to have been the first who
raised teasels about here. He was very sly about
it & fearful lest he should have competition.
At length he lent his wagon to a neighbor,
who discovered some teasel seed on the bottom,
which he carefully saved & planted & so
competed with Monroe.

Sep. 18th--

// Pm by boat to Conantum--barberrying.

// Dip. linariafolius in prime. River gone
down more than I expected after the great
rise to within some 18 inches of low water mark.
--but on ac. of freshet I have seen no

B. Beckii--nor chrysanthemoides nor Polyg.

(an)

\(^7\) poss. "con-nate"
amphibium var. aquaticum in it--nor

elsewhere the Myriophyllums--this year--

the witch-hazel at Conantum just begun here //

& there, some may have been out 2 or 3 days-- It is

ap. later with us than the Fringed gentian--

Which I have supposed was out by Sep 7th--

Yet I saw the witch hazel out in Brattleboro

Sep 8th then ap. for a day or 2 while the Browns

thought the gentian was not out. It is still

a question perhaps--though unquestionably the

gentian is now far more generally out here than the

hazel. Lespedeza violacea--hirta--stuvei

&c at blackberry steep done**. Solidago //

Caesia in prime at Bittern Cliff wood. //

The barberries are not fairly turned, but

I gather them that I may not be anticipated

--{a} peck of large ones, I strip off a whole row

of racemes at one sweep--bending the

prickles & getting as few leaves as possible-- //

so getting a handful at once. The racemes

appear unusually long this season--& the berries

large, though not so thick as I have seen

them. I consider myself a dexterous barberry-picker, as if I had been born in the Barberry

states-- A pair of gloves would be convenient

for with all my knack, it will be some

days before I get all the prickles out

of my fingers-- I get a full peck from

about 3 bushes. Scared up the same

** Stray mark before "done"?
flock of 4 ap summer ducks—which
what with myself— the\" belated (in season)
haymaker—& a fisherman above—have
hardly a resting place left. The fisher-
man takes it for granted that I
am after ducks—or fishes, surely.
//I see no traces of frost yet along the
See no pontederia fall— for they are covered with water— The c. sericea is most
//river.\^ Smilacina berries of both kinds now
commonly ripe—but not so edible as at first
methinks.

Sep 19th
Am surprised to find the Polyg. Pennsylvanicum
//abundant by the roadside near the bank—first
saw it the other other day at Brattleboro
This makes, as I reckon, 20 Polygonums that
I know—all but cilinoide & virginianum
in Concord. Is not this a late kind? It
grows larger than the persicaria.

Observed an A. undulatus behind oak at
foot of hill on Assabet with lower leaves
? not heart shaped, but thus (drawing)
Gathered just 1/2 bushel of barberries on
hill—in less than 2 hours—or 3 pecks
today & yesterday in less than 3 hours. It is
singular that I have so few if any competitors.
I have the pleasure also of bringing them home
in my boat. They will be more valuable
this year since apples & cranberries are
scarce. These barberries are more than

\^ "the" pos. written over "a"
the apple crop to me--for we shall
have them on the table daily all winter--
while the 2 barrells of apples which we lay
up, will not amount to so much.

Also, what is the pear-crop to the huckle-
berry crop. They make a great ado about
their pears--those who get any--but how
many families raise or buy a barrel of pears
all told. The pear-crop is insignificant
compared with the huckleberry crop-- The one
does not concern me, & the other does. I do not
taste more than six pears annually--& I sus-
pect the majority fare worse than I--but nature
heaps the table with berries for 6 weeks or
more. Indeed the apple crop is not so
important as the huckleberry crop. Probably
the apples consumed in this town do not amount
to more than 1 barrel a family--but what
is this to a month or more of huckle-
berrying for every man woman & child--
& the birds into the bargain? They are not
unprofitable in a pecuniary sense. I hear
some of
that "the inhabitants of ashby have sold 2000
dollars worth the past season.

Sep 20

Melvin says that there are many teal
about the river now--

Rain in Pm.

Rain again in the night hard.
Sep 21

Pm to Cliffs.

As. cornuti discounting. The seeded
//
parachutes which I release soon came to earth--
but probably if they waited for a stronger
wind to release them they would be carried
//far. Solidago nemoralis mostly done.
//A. undulatus in prime, in the A. undulatus
dry woods just beyond Hayden's--large slanting
pyramidal panicles of some lilac tinged
others quite white flowers--size of D. linarifolius.
///Solidago altissima past prime. Prinos berries
I hear of late faint chewink notes in the
shrubbery--as if they were meditating their
strains in a subdued tone against another
/year. A Dumosus past prime.

Am surprised to see on top of Cliff where
Wheeler burned in the spring & had cut rye
perfectly fresh
--by a large rock--some very large ^Corydalis Glaucia
//still well in bloom--as well as gone to seed, 2 1/2
ft high & 5/8 inch thick at base-- There are
also many large tufts of its glaucous leaves
on the black burnt ground which have
not come to flower amid the rye stubble. The
bumble bees are sucking its flowers-- Beside
the young oak & other sprouts-- Poke weed
erechthites--& this corydalis even are common
there-- How far is this due to the fire aside
from the clearing-- Was not the fireweed
seed sown by the wind last fall--^56 blown
into the woods where there was a lull which
caused it to settle? Perhaps it is fitted to escape
or resist fire. The wind which the fire creates
may perchance lift it again out of harm's
way. //

The Asclepias Obtusifolius is turned yellow straw colored
often. It soon bursts in my chamber & shows its beautiful ^pearly lining
I see its ^perfectly upright slender pod 5 inches long
A fairy like casket shaped like a canoe—with its closely packed imbricated
Thus [drawing] On top of cliff—behind the big stump—
like finest unsold silk
brown seeds with their yet compressed silvery parachutes ^ in the
right position above them—ready to be wafted some dry
a yellow white—golden rod—var
& breezy day to their destined places.
concolor which Gray refers to Pennsylvania—
ap. with the common— That is a great place
for white golden rod, now in its prime &
swarming with honey-bees.
Scare up turtle doves in the stubble. Uva-ursi
berries quite ripe. Find for first time in
Concord Solanum nigrum—berries ripe—by
a rock NW of Corydalis— Thus I have within
a week found in Concord 2 of the new
plants I found up country. Such is the
advantage of going abroad to enable to detect
your own plants. I detected them first abroad
because there I was looking for the strange.
It is a warm and very hazy day—with wreathes
of mist in horizon.
Saw in the cow-killer on RR—a small mt
ash naturalized!

Sep 22
%I think a var of Longifolius%
A rainy day—Possibly^ my A. carneus? (once called.)
at Mill Brook some time. ap. a var
of A Longifolius—-or else it is A Ivori Belgii
Leaves lanceolate—less firm than longifolius
%V. Sep 25--& below%
& broader--serrate--rough on margin--stem
hairy above in lines, else smooth, flowers smaller
than Longifolius--mid-sized bluish or purplish
white-- Tried some pennyroyal tea--but
found it too medicinal for my taste. Yet
I collect these herbs--biding the time when

//their use shall be discovered. Cacalia
i.e. will in 2 or 3 days
suaveolens(?) almost "in Mrs B's yard.
Sep 23d
// Rainy day--

Sep 24
Fm to Saw Mill Brook--

// Not a sign of an artichoke flower yet
below Moore's! May they not be earlier else--
where? On the cross road beyond by the brook
(perhaps same with yesterdays)
// is common a longifolius-like aster "with narrow
&serrate leaves flowers mid size pale
blue or whitish but variable in size & color--v press"
Perhaps a var of Longifolius or of Carneus
Also on the ditch further along by road
side--toward Tuttles--ap a low red stemmed
(cut off?) a longifolius--with generally larger &
bluer flowers than the last. It is ap A. longifolius
%v Sep 25 & 28%
At brook-- Cohush & arum berries still fresh--
//Thelypteroides a large fern its under side covered
with linear fruit
Methinks it stands thus with Goldenrods
& asters now--

"v press" added
"It is ap A. longifolius" added
Early S. stricta done sometime
Swamp " prob. past prime
say" -- S. Gigantea? prob done
S. nemoralis about done
S. Altissima much past prime
S. odora not seen but prob. done
S. Puberula say in good condition (or in prime
S. Bicolor in prime
2 var. concolor
S. Lanceolata say done
S. Latifolia in prime
S. Caesia in prime
not quite out the 26th of sep
S. speciosa (say fairly begun?) (none the 15th)

Early meadow Aster say done longtime(e)"
Dip cornifolius, not seen of late
" Umbellatus still abundant
A. Patens some still fresh but not very common
A. macrophyllus not observed of late
A. Acuminatus not observed at all in C.
A. Radula Prob. about done
not seen of late--
A. Dumosus Considerably past prime
Dip. Linarifolius in prime--abundant--
A. Undulatus in prime "
A. corymbosus Still fresh--Though prob. past P.
A. Laevis Prob. still in prime
A. Tradescanti still in prime.
in
A. Puniceus still perhaps past prime??
A. Longifolius In prime
A. multiflorus none observed at all In prime
Oct 8) A miser (omitted) say still in prime or very common--
The river has risen again considerably (this I believe the 4th time) owing to
the late copious rains. This before the farmers have succeeded in their late
attempt to get their meadow hay after all.

It had not got down before this last rain but to within some 18 inches at least of the usual level in September.

Pm to Harrington road—

Gray does not speak of A miser varying to lanceolate linear leaves—like (to) this—
An aster with miser-like flowers—but little—
but as this also inclines to broader elliptic leaves in some specimens, & is quite serrate—& very long leaved—
hairy—perhaps A. Tradescantii var. fragilis??

I am inclined must regard it as the A miser "var divergens" of Pursh & Willd. It has the purple
v press S of Wood's bridge causeway on meadow edge—
disk. It is nearly smooth not var hirsuta

Some of the A. undulatus behind J. P. Brown's

is a very handsome flesh-color or lilac—

There are also a great many of the club-shaped
bunches of D. linarifolius—which is very broad-rayed;

Loves a dry soil—edge of a p. pine wood.

A. G. Cd. Thrush—runs off—a few feet at a
time on hill side on  

had a nest still! The haws of the common

(use) now very good eating & handsome. Some

of the— C. crus galli on the old fence line

bet Tarbell & T. Wheeler beyond brook—are smaller

//stale, and not good at all. The urtica just

beyond widow Hosmer's barn appears the same

with that I called U. gracilis (?) in Brattleboro.

Near the Clam Shell birch a " very large
// it is a Great A. miser ?

a—Miser like asters—first aspect between A. miser

32
(with very small flowers)

puinceus\^, \& undulatus. There is one 3 1/2 feet high spreading
2 1/2--but \( \text{small} \) slender-- Others very stout stemmed nearly as
much so as the punicus, The stem reddish quite rough
with short hairs-- Cauline leaves 3 or 4 inches long x 1
rather thick, roughish above
\( \text{or} \) 7/8 lanceolate serrate--"somewhat clasping
& somewhat pointed--the other leaves proportionate but
on some shoots larger  \& elliptic lanceolate \& pointed
quite small on the very diverging branches". Flowers flesh-
colored with \( \text{size of} \) a. dumosus, with disks
becoming purplish. Scales of involucre green-lanceolate
I think it only a very large A miser
more or less appressed.

Apparently the A longifolius varies from very
more or less toothed or entire
narrow long  \& tapering leaves "with white flowers
4" smooth stem, to lanceolate toothed leaves 7/8 inch
wide--bluish flowers--\& roughish stem--but always
the flowers are large & the scales recurved--
while those of A punicus are not recurved \& its
flowers are smaller-- The A. longifolius then varies
much.

Sep 26

The blue bird family revisit their box and warble
as in spring

\( \text{Pm to Clam shell by boat--} \)

Solidago speciosa not quite out!! Vib. nudum
berries are soon gone. I noticed none to speak of in
Hub. swamp Sep 15th-- Start up a snipe in the
meadow-- Bathed at Hub. bath--but found
the water very cold--bathing about over--
It is a very fine afternoon to be on the water--

somewhat Ind. summer like-- I do not know what

\( \text{" to" written over} \) 65
The broad water so smooth—not withstanding the slight wind—as if owing to some oiliness the wind slid over \(\uparrow\) without ruffling it. There is a slight coolness in the air—yet the sun is occasionally very warm—I am tempted to say that the air is singularly clear—yet I see it is quite hazy. Perhaps\(^{66}\) it is that—transparency it is said to possess when full of moisture—\(\uparrow\) before or after rain—Through this I see the colors of trees & shrubs beginning to put on their October dress—\(\uparrow\) the creak of the mole cricket sounds late along the shore.

The A. \textit{multiflorus} may easily be confounded with the A Tradescanti—like it, it whitens the roadside in some places—It has purplish disks—but a less straggling top than the Tradescanti.

\textbf{Sep 28th}

// I notice that the short red stemmed A longifolius like aster of the 24th in low ground—with lanceolate serrate leaves tapering both ways—has long & equal scales (evenly) recurved flat against the rays—Is it not distinct? no—\(^{47}\)

\(\uparrow\) to old Mill site behind Ponkwatasset—\(^{47}\) Poke berries in the sproutland //E of the red-huckleberry—still fresh & abundant perhaps a little past prime—I never saw so many.

The plants stand close together & their drooping purplish black racemes 3 to 5 inches long of black or \(\uparrow\) berries (ending in red & less \{moisture\}) almost crowd
one another--hanging around the bright purple now for the most part bare stems.

I hear some birds about, but see none feeding on the berries. I could soon gather bushels there.

The arum berries are still fresh & abundant

perhaps in their prime-- A large cluster is 2 1/2 inches long by 2--wide & rather flattish--

One which has ripened prematurely the stalk being withered & drooping resembles a very short thick ear of scarlet corn--

These singular vermilion colored berries about a hundred of them "surmount a purple bag on a peduncle 6 or 8 inches long-- It is one of the most remarkable & dazzling, if not the handsomest fruits we have These were by violet wood sorrel wall. How many fruits are scarlet now!--barberries--Prinos &c

A flock of vireo like--somewhat yellowish birds

very neat--white beneath & olive above--in garden--

Sep 29th The pea-vine fruit is partly ripe--little black dotted beans about 3 in a pod. I can hardly clamber along the Grape Cliff now without getting my clothes covered with Desmodium ticks--there especially the rotundifolium & paniculatum. Though you were running for your life-- They would have time to catch & cling to your clothes--often the whole row of pods of the (D. paniculatum) like a piece of a saw blade with 3 teeth-- You pause at a convenient place & spend a long time picking them off--which it took so short time to attach-- They will even cling to your hand as you go by. They cling like babes to the mother's breast--by instinct.
Instead of being caught & detained ourselves by bird-lime, we are compelled to catch these seeds & carry them with us. These almost invisible nets, as it were, are spread for us--& whole coveys of Desmodium & bidens seeds & burrs steal transportation out of us. I have found myself often covered as it were with an imbricated scaly coat of the brown desmodium seeds--or a bristling cheveaux de frise of beggar ticks--& had to spend a quarter of an hour or more picking them off at some convenient place--& so they got just what they wanted deposited in another place. How surely the Desmodium growing on some rough cliff-side--or the Bidens on the edge of a pool--prophecy the coming of the traveler--brute or human, that will transport their //seeds on his coat%!% I am late for grapes most have fallen-- The fruit of what I //have call V. aestivalis has partly fallen It dark is 'purple about 7/16 inch in diameter very acid & commonly hard. Stem & petiole smooth & purplish but leaf not smooth or green beneath-- Should not this be called Frost grape--rather than the earlier one I ate at Brattleboro? Grapes are singularly various for a wild fruit--like many cultivated ones. Dr. Reynolds told me the other day of a Canada Lynx(?) killed in Andover, in a swamp--some years ago, when he was teach-
ing school in Tewksberry--thought to be one
of a pair--the other being killed or seen in Derry--
Its large track was seen in the snow in Tewks-
berry--& traced to Andover and back. They saw where it had
leaped 30 feet%!! & where it devoured rabbits
Was on a tree when shot. skin stuffed some-
where. %V Sep --60%

Sep 30

Cattle-show-- An over-cast mizzling &
rainy day. Minott tells of a Gen. 69 Hull who
lived somewhere in this county--who, he re-
members called out the whole division once
or twice--to a muster. He sold the army
under him to the English in the last war
--(though Gen Miller of Lincoln besought
had no peace of mind
to let him lend them--) & never was happy
after it. It was said that his life was
in danger here in consequence of his treason.

Once at a muster in front of the Haden
house when there was a sham fight,
& an Indian party took a circuit round
a piece of wood, some put green grapes
into their guns, & he hearing one whistle
by his head thought some what wished
\%
 dismissed them%
to shoot him--& ordered them to disperse.

Speaking of the meadow hay
which is lost this year M. said--that
the little they had got since the last flood
before this--was good for nothing--would only

69 "G" poss written over "g"
poison the cattle--being covered with the
dried slime and filth of the freshet-- When you
mowed it--there arose a great dust. He
spoke of this grass thus left over winter to next
year--as "old fog". Said that Clarke
asked
(Daniel or Brooks) observed to him the other
day what made so many young alders &
birches & willows spring up in the river meadows
of late years. It did'nt use to be so 40
or 50 years ago--& he told him that
in old times when they were accustomed to
take some thing strong to drink they did'nt
stand for such shrubs but mowed all
clear as they went, but now not feeling
so much energy for want of the stimulant
when they came to a bush though no bigger
than a pipe stem they mowed all round it
& left it standing.

Sep 31st Oct 1st

Very heavy rain in the night
cooler now

Pm To Walden-- Examined an As. Cornuti

//Pod--already opening by the wall-- As they dry
the pods crack & open by the seam along the
convex or outer side of the pods revealing the
seeds with their silky parachutes closely packed
already right side up
in an imbricated manner," to the number
 & again 270
in one instance of 134 (as I counted)^ As
they lie they resemble somewhat a round
Children call them fishes
plump fish with the silk ends exposed at the
tail. The silk is divided once or twice by
their raised partitions of the "core around which
At the top of some more open & drier is already a little cloud of loosened seeds & down
2 or 3 inches in diameter--(held by the converging tips of the down like meridians)
they are arranged.
just ready to float away when the wind rises
It is cooler & windier & I wear 2 thin

coats--
I do not perceive the poetic & dra-
matic capabilities of an anecdote or story
which is told me--its significance till some-
time afterwards. One of the quali-
ties of a pregnant fact--is that it
does not surprise us--& we only perceive
afterward how interesting it is--& then
must know all the particulars. We
do not enjoy poets fully unless we know
it to be poetry.

Oct 2d '56
Pm to Cliffs," via Hub-meadow
Succory still with its cool blue here & there
& Hieracium" Canadense still quite fresh,
with its very pretty broad strap shaped rays--broadest
at the end--alternately long & short--with 5
very regular sharp teeth in the end of each--
The scarlet leaves & stem of the Rhedia
sometime out of flower makes almost as
bright a patch in the meadow now as the
flowers did--with its bristy leaves-- Its seed
vessels are perfect little cream pitchers
of graceful form. The "Sumach
now a dark scarlet quite generally--
The Prinos berries are in their prime--(↓) 7/16 of

"C" written over "F"... as in "FairHaven"
"H" poss written over "h"
"graceful" poss. altered from "grand"
an inch in diameter-- They are scarlet

--somewhat lighter than the arum berries

They are now very fresh & bright & "adds to"

their effect is the perfect freshness & green-

ness of the leaves amid which they are seen--

//--Gerardia purpurea still-- Brakes

//in Hub-swamp wood are withered, quite dry

//Solidago Speciosa completely out, though

not a flower was out Sep. 27th or 5 days

ago--say 3 or 4 days.

The river is still higher owing to the rain of

Sep 30th--partly covering the meadows-- Yet

they are endeavoring to rake cranberries--
in some places

After all I perceive that the greatest

injury done by the water to those berries has prob-

ably been that it prevented their ripening. They

carry them home spread & dry them & pick

but generally it has been by softening them-- One gets only 50 bushes where he would

have had 200

out the spoilt ones". Eupatorium purpureum

//is generally done. Now and then I see a

//Hypericum canadense flower still--" The leaves &c of this

//& the angulosum are turned crimson

I am amused to see 4 little Irish boys

only 5 or 6 years old getting a horse in a

pasture for their father apparently--who is

at work in a neighboring field. They have all

in a row got hold of a very long halter &

All wish to have a hand in it

are leading him--" It is surprising that he

obeys such small specimens of humanity-- --

but he seems to be very docile--a real family

17 "though" altered from "thought"

74 "still" inserted over "--"
horse. At length by dint of pulling & shouting
they got him into a run down a hill--& though
he moves very deliberately scarcely faster than a
walk--all but the one at the end of
the line, soon cut and run to right & left
without having looked behind expecting him
to be upon them. They haul75 up at last at
the bars which are down--& then the family puppy
a brown pointer(?76) about 2/3 grown comes bounding
to join them & assist. He is as youthful & about
as knowing as any of them. The horse marches
gravely behind obeying the faint tug at the
honestly
halter, or "stands still from time to time as if not
aware that they are pulling at all--though
they are all together straining every nerve to start
him. It is interesting to behold this faithful
beast the oldest & wisest of the company
youngest &
thus implicitly obeying the lead of the "weakest

The 2nd lechea rad-shoots are 1 inch long--
Solidago bicolor considerably past prime.--
Corydalis still fresh--
Saw ap. 2 phoebes in the tops of the dry mulleins
Why so rarely seen for so many months?
Oct 3d
The White pines are now getting to be pretty
generally particolored--the lower yellowing needles
ready to fall-- The sumachs are generally
crimson (darker than scarlet--& young trees
& general bushes by the water & meadows are

75 "haul" altered from "haul"
76 "(?)", "inserted
generally beginning to glow red & yellow--
Especially the hill sides about Walden begin
to near these autumal tints—in the cooler air.
These lit leaves—this glowing bright tinted
shrubbery—is in singular harmony with the
dry strong shore of this cool and deep well.
The frost keeps off remarkably—I have
//seen none—though I hear that there was some
2 or 3 mornings ago—
I detect the crotalaria behind the Wyman site
now
by hearing the rattling seeds in its pods as
I go through the grass—like the trinkets about an
Indian's leggins—or a rattle-snake.

Oct. '56 4th '56
Helianthus tuberosus, ap. several days, in
//
Reynold's yard—(the butcher's)
//
Wind from N. E. Some water milkweed flying
//
Its pods small slender straight & pointed perfectly
upright—seeds large with much wing. The Hibiscus
gone to seed & pods opened showing the red, op. Ostrya
Island %Burr's Island% or Rock below Battle Ground--
In an article on the Alligator in Harp—
Mag. for Dec 1854 it is said that mosquitoes
"surround its head in clouds; & we have heard the
negroes assert that the reptile opened its mouth
until its interior was fully lined, and suddenly
p 90 closing it up, would swallow the accumulated
marauders, & then set its huge jaws as a

"O" poss. written over "S"
This reminds me of the swarms of mosquitoes about frogs—& I think turtles(?)

In another art. of May '55 on "The Lion & his Kind"—the animals are placed in this order—

The Domestic Cat—

Wild cat

The Ocelot or tiger-Cat of Peru & Mexico

The Caracal of Asia & Africa—

The Lynx of N. A.

The Chetah of India & Africa—

The Ounce of India (perhaps a var of the Leopard)

The Leopard

The Jaguar

The Cougar

The Tiger

The Lion— "The Cougar is the American lion—at least it bears a closer resemblance to that noble brute than any other of the feline family, for it is destitute of the stripes of the tiger, the spots of the leopard, and the rosettes of the jaguar; but when full-grown possesses a tawny-red color, almost uniform over the whole body, & hence the inference that it is like the lion. % % "Cougar is a corruption of the Mexican name". Ranges bet. Paraguay & the Great Lakes of N. A. "In form it is less attractive than the generality of its species, there being an apparent
want of symmetry; for it is observable
that its back is hollow, its legs short &
 thick, & its tail does not gracefully taper;
yet nature has invested the cougar with other
qualities as a compensation, the most re-
markable of which is an apparent power
to render itself quite invisible; for so cun-
ningly tinged is its fur, that it per-
fectly mingles with the bark of trees--in
fact with all subdued tints--and stretched
upon a limb, or even extended upon the
floor of its dimly-lighted cage, you must
prepare your eye by considerable mental
resolution to be assured of its positive presence".

The flesh is eaten by some-- Mrs
Jane Swisshelm kept one which grew to
be 9 feet long--and ac. to her, in this writers words,
"If in exceeding good humor he would purr;
but if he wished to intimidate, he would raise
his back, erect his hair, & spit like a cat.
In the twilight of the evening the animal
was accustomed to pace back and forth to the
full extent of his limits, ever & anon
uttering a short, piercing shriek, which
made the valley reverberate for half a mile
or more in every direction. Mrs Swisshelm says
these sounds were the shrillest, & at the
same time the most mournful she
ever heard. They might, perhaps, be likened
to the scream of a woman in an agony of
terror." He once sprang at her but
was brought up by his chain-- When pre-
paring to spring "his eyes" were "green & blazing,
and the tip of his tail moving from side
to side."-- This paper describes "a Full
grown royal Tiger, measuring 4ft seven
inches from the nose to the insertion of the
tail-- -- -- -- -- Unlike the miserable wretches
we see in our menageries he was &c"
The Brattleboro paper makes the panther 4ft
11 inches so measured!!

I hear that a Capt. Hurd of Wayland
or Sudbury estimates the loss of river meadow
hay this season in those 2 towns--on
ac. of the freshet--at 1200 tons.

Sunday Oct 5th '56.

Pm To Hill and over the Pastures westward
Sally Cummings & Mike Murray are out
on the Hill collecting apples & nuts. Do they
not rather belong to such children of na-
ture--than to those who have merely bought
them with their money? There are few apples
for them this year, however, & it is too early
wall
for "nuts--(too late for hazel-nuts)--
The grapes are generally gone--& their
vines partly bare--& yellowed though
without frost. On the hill top, I amuse my
self on the hill top with pulling to
pieces & letting fly the now withered &
dry pasture thistle tops-- They have a
much coarser pappus than the milkweeds.
I am surprised, amid these perfectly withered
//& bleached thistles to see one just partly in flower.
//The autumnal dandelion is now compara-
tively scarce there. In the huckleberry
pasture by the fence of old barn boards--
I notice many little pale brown dome
puckered to a center beneath
//shaped--(drawing) "puff balls--which emit
their dust-- When you pinch them a smoke
like brown dust (snuff-colored) issues from
just
the orifice at their top "like smoke from
a chimney. It is so fine & light that it
rises in to the air & is wafted away like smoke.
(draw) They are low oriental domes or
mosques-- Sometimes crowded together in nests
like a collection of humble cottages on the
moor in the coal-pit or Numidian style
humble
--For there is suggested some "hearth--beneath
from which this smoke comes up-- As it
were the homes of slugs & crickets. They please
me not a little by their resemblance to rude
dome shaped turf built cottages on the plain--
wherein some humble but everlasting life
is lived. Amid the low & withering grass on
the stubble there they are gathered, & their
smoke ascends between the legs of the herds & the traveller. I imagine a hearth & pot
--& some snug but humble family--passing its Sunday evening beneath each one. Some when
you press them harder emit clear water-- (the relics of rain or dew) along with the dust--
which {last} however has no affinity for it but is quite dry & smoke like.

I locate there at once all that is simple
and admirable in human life-- There is no virtue which their roofs exclude. I imagine with what contentment and faith I could
come home to them at evening. I see some not yet ripe--still entire & rounded
at top {drawing}-- When I cracke them open they are found to be quite soggy--of a
stringy white consistency--almost creamlike --riper & yellowish at top--where they will
burst by & by-- Many are have holes eaten into This was a diff. species the white pig. egg--with that rough crystallized
them. one'\[one I find a slug feeding
surface
with a little hole beneath him--\] and a cricket
has eaten out the whole inside of another in which he is housed-- This {—} before they are
turned to dust. Large chocolate colored ones have long since burst and
wide are spread out ^like a shallow dish--
Crickets are seen now moving slowly about
in the paths--often with their heads only concealed
in a burrow--as if looking out from winter quarters.

\[79x75]"on" altered from "one\]
on my return
I saw "a dozen crickets of various sizes
gathered on an apple paring which I had
dropped in the bath when I came along.

// The sweet briar rose-hips are very handsome
now--but these hips do not deserve to be
coupled with haws as articles of food even
in extremities-- They are very dry hard--seedy &
//unpalatable. I see some fresh grown
Callitriche in some clear well filled leafy
pools which are commonly dry at this season

// The singular long pointed reddish bulbs
in the axils of the Lysimachia stricta
are one" of the signs of the season--cool
& late

It is well to find your employment & amuse-
ment in simple" & homely things-- These
wear best & yield most. I think I would
rather watch the motions of these cows in
their pasture for a day--which I now see
all headed one way & slowly advancing--
watch them & project their course carefully
on a chart--4 report all their behavior
faithfully-- -- -- --rather than wander to
Europe or Asia & watch other motions
there--for it is only ourselves that
we report in either case--4 perchance
we shall report a more restless & worth-
less self in the latter case than in the
first.

"one" written over text, poss "are"
"simple" altered from "simply"
Oct 6th '56

I notice the effect of *frost* this morning in garden. Some pumpkin vines drooping & black--

Pm Carried Sophia & Aunt up

the Assabet-- The reflections of the bright tinted maples very perfect-- The common notes of the chicadee--so rarely heard for a long time--& also one Phebe

(this again the 8th-- It. is an anticipation of Spring) strain from it *amid* the leaning hemlocks--

Pm Carried Sophia & Aunt up

they are more commonly seen-- The jays shrill note is more *distinct* of late about the edges of the woods--when so many birds have left us-- Were suddenly driven home by a slight thunder-shower!--

Oct 8th

Pm To Smith Chestnut Grove by Turnpike--& Sawmill--

At length I discover some white pine cones--a few--on Emerson Heater Piece Trees-- They are all open--and the seeds all the sound ones but one gone. So Sep-
tember is the time to gather them--

The tip of each scale is covered with fresh flowing pitch. The trees & weeds by the turnpike are all alive this pleas-
ant Pm with twittering sparrows--Emersons buckthorn hedge especially--& Watts' weeds adjoining-- I observe---White throated sparrows -- Song sparrows-- I think some P. junci &c--*may be* tree sparrows--?? They are
all together & the keep up a faint
warbling--ap. the White throats & tree-
sparrows--if the last are there. A song spar-
row utters a full strain--

Asters an G. rods are now scarce--

no longer that crowd along the low road sides

The following is the condition of the Asters & G. rods--judging from my observations on
this walk alone-- I will only refer to those which were not done Sep 24th-- I speak
of Swamp Stricitae their general condition
though a very few specimens here & there may present a dif. appearances

Swamp Stricitae--done--some hoary
S. nemoralis done," many hoary--though a very few flowers linger"
S. altissima " " "
S. puberula not seen
S. bicolor & var." prob. done--(none" seen out)
S. Latifolius far gone
S caesia much the worse for the wear, but freshest of any seen--
S. speciosa--not seen (It was in prime Oct 2nd)

Dip. Cornifolius not seen--prob done
Umbellatus not seen " "
A. Patens ap. done
A. macrophyllus not seen
A. Acuminatus not seen
A. Dumosus prob done

"done" inserted
"though a very few flowers linger" added
"& var." inserted
"none" written over "not"
Dip. linearifolius—ap nearly done
A. undulatus comparatively fresh
A. corymbosus looks fresh!
A. laevis—not noticed—prob. done generally
A. Tradescantia—a few still
A. Puniceus—hardly seen prob. nearly done
A. Longifolius—a few still
A. Multiflorus none observed—
A. miser—a very few left

Of Solidagoes I judge that only the last
& S. bicolor in some places
3 named & perhaps Puberula “are common
still—& of Asters only C. corymbosus—undulatus
Tradescantia—& Longifolius (know not of Multiflorus)
are common—

The Bidens cernuum is quite common & fresh yet
in” Everett’s meadow by Turnpike—A few chest-
u nut burrs“ are open & have been some
days before they could have felt frost—show-
ing that they would open without it—but
a stone will not jar them down—not a club
thrown into the tree yet— I get half a pocket
full out of slightly gaping burrs at the
expense of many prickles in my fingers—
The squirrels have cut off some burrs— I
see the marks of their teeth. Find many
checker berries on Smiths hill beyond the
date “chestnut grove—which appear to be just
ripe—a lighter pink color with 2 little white
The marks of what I suppose are the 2 outer calyx leaves
checks on the stem side (drawing)’—I wear by a

"in" followed by stray mark
"burrs" followed by stray mark
short fertile fern with large shelly capsules per-
Yes small botrychium v. 19th inst.
//haps a botrychium^-^-- A great deal--a great
//part of the Dicksonia fern at Saw mill
is now whitened or whitening-- I see as
I go through the hollow behind Brittons
\{//\}\shanty the already hoary tops of many
S. nemoralis and also the yellowish
\{//\}\spheres of the H. scabrum--amid the scarlet
(or crimson) sumach--& reddened comptonia
so fast the winter advances. I notice
a large toad amid the dead leaves in the
woods at Chimaphila maculata--colored
like the leaves a much darker brown than
usual--proving that they resemble the ground
they occupy. Meet Nealy--short & thick
in the woodland path--with his great silent
mastiff by his side--& his double barrelled
gun in his palm all dangerously cocked--
He is eager for partridges--but only
guilty of killing a jay--I judge--from
his report--once or twice I hear the report
of his fowling piece-- I heard partridges
//drum the 3d instant. Observed in these
woods a very large perhaps owl pellet
or possibly fox stercus of gray fur & small
bones-- the (jay) of a rodent--ap a wild
mouse.
The 23 hickory leaves are among the
handsomest now--varying from green--
through yellow more or less broadly green striped
on the principal veins (drawing) to pure yellow
at first almost lemon yellow—at last
browner & crisped—This mingling of yellow
& green on the same leaf—the green next
the veins where the life is most persistent,
is very pleasing—

Sophia brings home 2 or 3 clusters of
very large†† freshly ripe Thimble berries—with
some unripe—a 2nd crop—ap. owing to
the abundance of rain for the last 6 weeks.

Oct 10

These are the finest days in the year
--Indian summer—This Pm it was 80°+ bet—
3 & 4—and at 6 1/2 this evening my chamber
is oppressively sultry & the thermometer on the N
side of the house is at 64°+ I lie with window
wide open under a single sheet most of the
night—but I anticipate. The phebe
note of the chicadee is now often heard in
the yards—& the very Ind.†† summer itself is a
similar renewal of the year with the faint
warbling of birds & 2nd blossoming of flowers
Going to E. Hosmer’s by boat—saw quite
a flock of wild ducks in front of his house
close by the bridge. While moving the fence NB
today dug up a large reddish mummy—
like chrysalid or nymph. †i.e. of the Sphynx moth"
1 Oct 11th '56
2 // Pm to Cliffs--The Ind. summer continues
3 Solidagoes now generally show wooly heads along the fences & brooks--
4 E. Hosmer said yesterday that his father
5 No, it prob was not then"
6 remembered when there was but one store in
7 I remember the old shutters with names of grocers on them^
8 Concord and that the little office attached to
9 Perhaps then Jones was the only shop keeper in his day.
10 Dr. Heywood's house--kept by Beaton--^I
11 was speaking of it to Farrar the blacksmith
12 today--& he said, yes, he had heard his father
13 speak of Beaton as "The most honestest man
14 that ever was". When a child was sent
15 to his store & he could not make change
16 within half a penny--he would stick a
17 row of pins in the child's sleeve enough to
18 make all square. He said he had only
19 a keg of molasses and a bladder of snuff
20 when he began. Farrer thought that
21 the spirit manufactured a century ago
22 was not as adulterated & poisonous as that
23 now made. He could remember when
24 delirium tremens was very rare--There was Luke
25 Dodge--he could remember him a drunkard
26 for more than 40 years--yet he was now
27 between 80 & 90.
28 Farrar gave me a wing & foot of a hawk
29 which he shot about 3 weeks ago as he was
30 sitting on a wood pile by the RR. against
31 R. W. E's lot. He called it a Partridge

"Poss. "there". This line connected via inked line to caret following "them" two lines below.
Hawk--said he was about as big as a partridge & had not a white rump

\%{(I had reference to the sharp angle of the rear edge of the shin)}\%
short shin \%\% & stout claws--but the wing is much larger than that of the F. fuscus (or sharp-shinned hawk) being with the shoulder attached 16 inches long--which would make the alar extent some 33 inches--which is the size of F. Pennsylvanicus. This wing corresponds in its markings very exactly with the description of that--& I must do so consider it. Peabody \_________ not \________ describe any such bird. & Nutall describes it as very rare--ap--he has not seen one--ap says that Wilson had seen only 2 Bay wing sparrows numerous-- In the woods I hear the notes of the jay--a metallic clanging sound--sometimes a mew-- Refer any strange note to him. The scent of decaying leaves after the wet fall is a very agreeable fragrance on all sides in the woods now like a garret full of herbs. In the path as I go up the hill beyond the springs--on the edge of stows sproutland--I find a little snake which somebody has killed with his heel\" It is ap. Coluber Amaenus (the red snake) Brown above light red beneath--about 8 inches long--but the end of its tail is gone (only 3/4 of an inch of it left,)

I count some 127 plates. It is a conspicuous light red beneath--then a bluish gray line along the sides--\% above this brown--with a a line of lighter or yellowish brown down the middle of the back.

\"heel" altered from "heall"
The sproutland & stubble behind the Cliffs

are all alive with restless flocks of sparrows

of various species -- I distinguish --F. hiemae-
or may be tree sparrows prob not
//lis---song-sparrow--ap F. junciorm--& chip-
birds? They are continually flitting past

& surging upward, 2 or more in pursuit of
each other, in the air -- where they break like
waves, -- & pass along with a faint cheep.

On the least alarm many will rise from

a juniper bush -- on to a shrub oak above it -- &

when all is quiet return into the juniper -- perhaps

for its berries. It is often hard to detect them often as

they sit on the young trees now beginning to be bare

for they are very nearly the color of the bark -- & are

very cunning to hide behind the leaves. There

are ap. 2 other kinds one like purple finches

// another more like large savannah sparrows--

The shrub oak plain is now in the per-

// section of its coloring -- The red of young oaks

with the green of spring birches intermixed --

A rich rug.

It is perfect Indian Summer -- a thick

haze forming wreaths in the near horizon.
The sun is almost shorn of its rays now at

mid Pm -- & there is only a sheeny reflection

from the river--

The patches of huckleberries\(^7\) on Conantum

// are now red -- Here on the cliffs are fresh

// poke flowers -- & small snapdragon &

\(^7\) pencil cancelation marks preceding "huckleberries"
corydalis.-- The white G. rod is still com-
mon here, & covered with bees. Hieracium venosum
still. I see pretty dense spreading rad leaves
about the pin weeds--ap recent--

A Cuckoo is heard.

I find that the rough white crystallized surfaced
pigeon™ egg fungus (one was noticed in rep. of Oct 5th)
are puff balls. The outer thick white coat
I see it so now
peels off first. "but not in segments like the stellata

A pasture thistle with many fresh
flowers & bees on it.

Oct 12th--

It is interesting to see how some of the
few flowers which still linger are frequented
by bees & other insects. Their resources begin
to fail & they are improving their last chance
-- I have noticed them of late especially on" white-
G. rod--and pasture thistles &c--and today on
a small water melon cut open 10 days
ago in the garden-- I see half a dozen
honey-bees--many more flies--some wasps
-- a grass-hopper-- & a large handsome
snuff-colored
butterfly-- with dark "wings & a stripe of blue
eyes on them. The restless bees keep buzzing
toward the butterfly-- but it keeps them off
by opening & shutting its wings-- but does not
much mind the other insects. I did not suspect
such a congregation in the desolate garden.

Wasps for some time looking about for
winter quarters.
Oct 14th

// A sudden change in the weather-- After
remarkable warm & pleasant weather--
Your hands instinctively find their way to your pockets
rained in the night & fingers--cold today.

Leaves are fast falling--& they are already
past their brightness--perhaps earlier than
%no%%
usual %on ac. of wet--
Pm to Hub. Close-- Huckleberries\footnote{\textsuperscript{122}}

//perfectly plump & fresh on the often bare
bushes--(always (else, red leaved--)\footnote{\textsuperscript{121}})
The bare gray twigs begin to show-- The
leaves fast falling--the maples--are nearly
bare. The leaves of red maples still bright
strew the ground--often crimson spotted
on a yellow ground just like some apples.
//--Pine needles just fallen now make a
thick carpet-- Going to Laurel Glen in
the Hollow beyond Deep Cut woods-- I see
now withered erethites & epilobium standing
thick on the hill side where the hemlocks were
cut exposing the earth--though no fire has
been there. They seem to require only that the
earth shall be laid bare for them.

In laurel glen an aspen sprout which has
grown 7 to 8 feet high--its lower & larger
leaves already fallen & blackened--(a dark
slate) about-- One green & perfect leaf
measures 10 inches in length & 9 broad
heart-shaped-- Others less perfect are

\footnote{\textsuperscript{122}} "Huckleberries" altered from "Huckleberry"
\footnote{\textsuperscript{121}} close paren written over dash
\footnote{\textsuperscript{122}} "bare" inserted than cancelled
half an inch are more larger each way.

Any flowers seen now may be called late

ones. I see perfectly fresh succory--not

to speak of yarrow--a v. ovata--some Polygala

sanguinea--autumnal dandelions--tansy &c &c--

Oct 15th

Pm up Assabet--

A smart frost which even injured plants in house

Banks begin to wear almost a Novemberish aspect-- The black willow almost completely

Ground stiffened in morning--ice seen bare--many quite so-- It loses its leaves about same

time with the maples. The large ferns are now rapidly losing their leaves except the terminal tuft.

Other species about the edges of swamps were

turned suddenly dark--cinnamon color by the frost of yesterday. The water is very calm & full of reflections-- Large fleets of maple & other leaves are floating on its surface as I go up

the Assabet--leaves which ap. came down in a every motion of the turtles is betrayed by their rustling now shower with yesterday morning's frost)--Mikania is all whitish woolly now-- Yet many tortoises are still out in the sun-- An abundance of

checkerberries by the hemlock at V. Muhlen--

bergii brook-- A remarkable year for berries even this too is abundant like the rest-- They are tender & more palatable than ever now-- I find a little pile on them--may be 15 or 20 on the moss with each a little indentation or 2 on it--made ap-- by some bird or beast--

The chicadees are hopping near on the

103 "n" possibly written over "n"
104 large pencil caret following word
hemlock above--They resume their winter ways before the winter comes.
A great part of the hemlock seeds fallen
Oct 16th

Ground all white with frost--

Pm To chestnuts--down turnpike--

I notice these flowers on the way by the

road side--which survive the frost--i.e. a few of them

Hedge mustard--May weed--tall Crowfoot--

Autumnal dandelion--yarrow--some A Tradescanti &
cat nep Tansy next day & a very few meagre S. caesias & A (undulatuses)
some red-clover-- Polygonum orientale was

& on the 15--snap dragon--R. bulbosus--Shepherd's purse & chickweed of course
finished by yesterday's frost-- There was plenty of

the Front rank P. freshly open along river--on the 13th--

perhaps the frosts have nipped it.

I saw a farmer busily collecting his pumpkins
on the 14th--(Abel Brooks) rambling over his
corn field & bringing the pumpkins out to the
sides on the path--before on the side of the
field where he can load them-- The ground

was so stiff on the 15 in the morning that some
could not dig potatoes.

Bent is now making haste to gather his
apples-- I. Wright too is collecting some
choice barrels of Golden russels-- Many times
he turns it over before he leaves out a specked
one-- A poor story if the farmer cannot get
rich--for every thing he has is saleable--even
every load of mud on his farm. At the

Everett meadow a large flock of mewing

//& lisping goldfinches--with but little yellow,
pass over the turnpike. Many chestnut
burr are now open—yet a stone will not jarr
down many nuts yet—Burrs which were quite
green on the 8th are now all brown & dry—& the
prickles come off in your hand when you touch
them—Yet the nuts do not readily drop out—
Many nuts have fallen within 2 or 3 days—but
many squirrels have been busily picking them up—

Found amid the sphagnum on the dry bank
on the S side of the turnpike just below Everetts'
meadow—a rare & remarkable fungus—such
as I have heard of—but never seen before—

The whole height 6 3/4 inches
2/3 of it being buried in the sphagnum—
It may be divided into 3 parts
Pileus—Stem—& base or scrotum.
for it is a perfect \textit{phallus}—One
of those fungi: named impudicus
I think—in all respects a most
disgusting object—yet very sug-
gestive. It is hollow from top to bottom—
the form of the hollow answering to that of the
outside. The color of the outside white excepting
the \textit{Pileus} which is olive colored—& somewhat
coarsely corrugated—with an oblong mouth
at tip about 1/8 of an inch long—or measuring
the white lips 1/2 an inch—This cap is thin &
white within almost 1 3/8 inches high x 1 1/2
wide. The \textit{stem} (bare portion) is 3 inches

\footnote{\textit{The following written vertically in left margin:}
with that
This is very similar if not the same \textquotedblleft represented in Louden's Encyclopedia—
& called / "Phallus impudicus\textendash{} Stinking morel very fetid"
\footnote{\textit{Drawing 8 lines long. Caption written vertically to the left of drawing reads:
"This stem is drawn too long / by 1 space"}}
long--(tapering more rapidly than in the drawing)
horizontally viewed of an oval form-- Longest
diam. at base 1 1/2 inches--at top (on edge of Pileus)
15/16 of an inch-- Short diameters in both cases about
2/3 as (mucch)-- It is a delicate white cylinder
of a finely honey-combed & crispy material about
3/16 of an inch thick, or more--the whole very
straight & regular-- The base or scrotum--
is of
an irregular bag form--about 2 inch by

2 in the extremes--consisting of a thick'111 "gelatinous
mass surrounding the bottom of the stem--&
covered with a tough white skin of a darker
tint than the stem. The whole plant rather
frail & trembling. There was at first a very
(or volva?)
thin delicate white colar"--about the base
of the stem above the scrotum. It"112 was as
offensive to the eye as to the scent--the
cap rapidly melting & defiling what it touched
with a fetid (&) olivaceus semi-liquid matter.
In an hour or two the plant scented the whole
house wherever placed--so that it could not
be endured-- I was afraid to sleep in my
chamber where it had lain until the room
had been well ventilated. It smelled like
a dead rat in the ceiling--in all the
ceilings of the house. Pray what
was Nature thinking of when she made
this. She almost puts herself on a level
with those who draw in privies. The Cap

111 "of" inserted
111 "thick" possibly written over text
112 "It" written over "The"
had at first a smooth & almost dry surface--of
a sort of olive slate color--but the next day this colored
rather honey comb like cells
surface all melted out leaving deep corrugations or gills"
with a white bottom.

Oct 17th

noticed some ap.\*\* of the fungus called spunk very large--on the large White oak in Love Lane 8 or 9 feet from the ground on the E side on a protuberance where a limb was formerly cut off-- It is now green & moist of a yellowish color--composed of several flakes one above the other--the length of the shelf or chord of the arc 2/1 inches depth from the tree or width of shelf about 1 foot-- Frost has now within 3 or 4 days turned almost all flowers to woolly heads--their november aspect-- Fuzzy woolly heads now reign along all hedge rows & over many broad fields-- Some trees, as small hickories, appear to have dropped their leaves instantaneously as at a signal--as a soldier grounds arms.
The ground under such reflects a blaze of light from now crisped yellow leaves. Down they have come on all sides as if touched by fairy fingers.
Boys are raking leaves in the street, if only for the pleasure of dealing with such clean crisp substances-- Countless leafy skiffs are floating on pools & lakes & rivers often and in the swamps & meadows "concealing

\*\* "ap." inserted
the water quite from foot & eye--

each leaf still crisply curled up on its edges
makes as yet a tight boat--like the Indians

hide one, but ere long it will become

relaxed & flatted out--& sink to the bottom-- --
--i.e. if it is driven out to sea--but most are
drified toward the shore which is converted into
one long crowded haven where the water is con-
cealed--& they settle close to land.

// Many fringed gentians quite fresh yet--though

most are faded & withered. I suspect that

their very early & sudden fading & withering has

nothing or little to do with frost after all--

for why should so many fresh ones succeed still?

My pressed ones have all faded in like manner--!!

It would be too late to look for bees now

// at Wymans--the flowers are too far gone--

I go down the path through Charles Bart-

lett's land. The young white oak leaves

//are now generally withered in & on the

also the black scrub

sides of the hollows there'--while the

Red & black oaks are still commonly red--

& so far alive. As I stood looking

at Emerson's bound under the RR. embank-

ment--I heard a smart tche-day--day--day

close to my ear--& looking up saw 4 of

which had come to scrape acquaintance with me

amid the alders

these birds "hopping "within 3 & 4 feet of me--

I had heard heard them further off at first

& they had followed me along the hedge-- They

day day'd & lisped their faint notes alter-

"as yet" inserted
nately--& then as if to make me think they had some other errand than to peer at me, they pecked the dead twigs with their bills--the little top-heavy-black-crowned--volatile fellows.

Oct 18th--

Rain all night & half this day-- //

Pm a-chestnutting down turnpike //

& across to Britton's--thinking that the rain now added to the frosts would relax the burrs which were open & let the nuts drop.

The Sugar Maples are now in their glory--all aglow with yellow red & green-- They are remarkable deep for the contrast they afford of blushing red on one half--& green on the other--

The chestnuts are not so ready to fall as I expected--perhaps the burrs require to be dried more after the rain-- In a day or 2 they will nearly all come down--

They are a pretty fruit, thus compactly stowed away in this bristly chest--3 is the regular number--& there is no room to spare The two outside nuts having each one convex side without and a flat side within; the middle nut has 2 flat sides-- Sometimes there are several more nuts in a burr--but this year the burs are small, and then are not commonly more than 2 good nuts--very often only one

---

115 false start preceding "other"
116 "very" inserted
the middle one—both sides of which
would then be convex—each "bulging out
into a thin abortive mere reminiscence
beyond it
of a nut—all shell—" It is a rich
sight that of a large chestnut tree with
a dome-shaped top—where the yellowing
leaves have become thin—(for most
now strew the ground evenly as a carpet
throughout the chestnut woods—and so save some seed) all richly rough with
great brown burrs—which are opened
into several segments so as to show
the wholesome colored nuts peeping forth—
ready to fall on the slightest—
The individual nuts are very interesting and of
to the various form ac. to the season &
the number in a burr—The base of each
where it was joined to the burr
"is marked with an irregular dark figure
on a light ground—oblong or crescent
shaped—commonly—like a spider (or other)
Each nut stretches forth a little starry hand at the end of a slender
insect with a dozen legs—While the
arm—& by this when mature you may pull it out without fear of
upper or small end tapers into a little
prickles
white woolly spire crowned with a star—
& the whole upper slopes of the nuts are covered
with the same hoary wool—which reminds
you of the frosts on whose advent they
peep forth—Within this thick prickly
bur the nuts are about as safe until
they are quite mature, as a porcupine
behind its spines. Yet I see where

117 "that of" inserted
118 "so" written over "go"
119 "are" poss. written over "in"
the squirrels have gnawed through many
closed burrs—and left the pieces on
the stumps.
The Late golden-rod—S. latifolia is all gone
on ac. of frost—
Men commonly exaggerate the theme.
Some themes they think are significant—
& others insignificant. I feel that my life
is very homely—my pleasures very cheap—
Joy & sorrow—success—& failure—grandeur
& meanness, & indeed most words in the
English language—do not mean for
me what they do for my neighbors—
I see that my neighbors look with compassion
on me—that they think it is a mean &
unfortunate destiny which makes me
to walk in these fields & woods so much
& sail on this river alone—But so
long as I find here the only real elysium I
cannot hesitate in my choice—My work is
writing—& I do not hesitate though I know
that no subject is too trivial for me
—tried by {ordinary} standards—for
ye fools, the theme is nothing, the
life is every thing. All that interests the
reader is the depth & intensity of the life
excited—We touch our subject but by a
point which has no breadth—but the
pyramid of our experience or our interest in
it--rests on us by a broader or narrower
base. That is man is all in all-- Nature
nothing but as she draws him out & reflects
him. Give me simple--cheap--& homely themes.
I forgot to say that there are some-
times 2 meats within one chestnut shell
--divided transversely & each covered by its
separate brown ribbed skin.  (drawing)  
\(\text{As if Nature had smuggled the seed of one more tree into this}\)

I still see a yellow butterfly occasionally
zig-zaging by the roadside--
What a strong medicinal--but rich scent
now after the rain from decaying weeds,
perhaps ferns, by the roadside. The
rain falling on the fresh dried herbs & filling
the ditches into which they drooped has con-
verted them into tea.

Apple leaves are now pretty generally brown
& crisp.

I see where the chestnut trees have been sadly bruised
by the large stones cast against them in previous
years--& which still lie around--When I
climb them I even see
That was an interesting sight described on the
winged 12th the "insects of various kinds--gathered on
the last fragment of a watermelon in the garden
to taste the last sweets of the year-- In mid-
summer they are dispersed and not
observed--but now as in the spring they

\(\text{checked against 1906 version}\)
are congregated about the little sweet that is left.

Minott told me one of his hunting stories yesterday--how he saw a very large henhawk come sailing from over the hill, just this side of where Moore lives now. He didn't expect to reach him but he knew that he had a plaguey smart little piece--it was a kind of half stocked one (He always speaks of the gun he used on a particular occasion as if it were a new one--describing it minutely though he never had more than 3, perhaps not more than 2 in his life--I suspect--) so he thought he'd give her[^1] a try--& faith she pitched down into the little meadow on the N side the road there--& when he came up she bristled up to him so that he was obliged to give her another charge.

Oct 19th

Pm To Conantum.

The fall--now & for some weeks--is the time for flocks of sparrows of various kinds flitting from bush to bush & tree to tree (& both bushes & trees are thinly leaved or bare) & from one sere meadow to another. They are mingled together & their notes even, being faint--are, as well as their colors and motions much alike-- The sparrow youth are on the wing-- They are still further concealed by their resemblance

[^1]: "her" altered from "him"
gray

in color to the twigs & stems which are

now beginning to be bare. I have not
//noticed any kind of black-bird for a long time.

The most prominent of the few lingering
//solidagoes which I have noticed since the 8th

is the S. caesia--though that is very scarce

indeed now--hardly survives at all-- Of the

//Asters--which I have noticed since that date--

the A. undulatus is perhaps the only one of which

you can find a respectable specimen-- I see one

//so fresh that there is a bumble-bee on it.

Of lingering flowers which I have noticed

during the last 3 or 4 days [v list under 16th ult] not

including Fringed Gentian & witch hazel-- the

and at same time commonest

freshest *is the yarrow-- next perhaps

I noticed 2 or 3 days ago after one of those

frosty mornings a half and hour before sunset

of a clear & pleasant day--a swarm,--// they not of winter gnats?--between me & the

sun like so many motes--7 or 8 feet from the

ground by the side of a young cherry tree in the

yard. The swarm was some 3 feet in diameter

& seemed to have been revealed by the level rays of

the sun. Each insect was acting its part in an

ceaseless dance rising & falling a few inches

while the swarm kept its place-- Is not this

a forerunner of winter?

I go across Hubbard's land--& find that

I must go round the corners rye125 2 or 3

122 "which" written over "the"
123 comma written under dash
124 open paren cancelled
125 "of" poss. written over "rye"
new winter rye fields--which show very green
by contrast with the seared grass. I sit on
the old conantum door step--where the wind rattles
the loose clapboards above my head--though for
the most part only the horizontal rows of wrought
nails are left to show where the Clapboards have
been. It is affecting to behold a peach and apple
orchard just come to maturity by the side of
this house--which was planted since this house
was an uninhabited ruin--as if the first step
would have been to pull down the house.

See quite a flock of myrtle-birds--, which
I might carelessly have mistaken for slate-colored
snowbirds--flitting about on the rocky hill-
side under Conantum Cliff-- They show about 3
white or light colored spots when they--fly--commonly
no bright yellow--though some are pretty bright.
They perch on the "dead muleeins--on rocks--on
the ground--& directly dart off ap. in pursuit
of some insect. I hear no note from them.
They are thus near or on the ground there not"^{124}
as in spring

Both the white and black ash are quite done--
& some of the elms there-- The bass has lost ap. more
than half its leaves.

The \textit{botrychium lunarioides}--now shedding its pale
whitish dust when struck by the foot--but ap
generally a little past its maturity--is quite
common in the pasture near the wall where
I sat to watch the eagle-- At first you

^{124} Stray mark before "not"
notice only the stipe—4 to 7 or 8 inches
high—like a narrow hand partly closed—for
the small (now dull purplish) frond unites
with it below the surface.

Walking thro' the reddened huckle-berry bushes
--whose leaves are fast falling I notice the
birds nests already filling with withered leaves
// Witch hazel is in prime or prob a little
past--though some buds are not yet open--
Their leaves are all gone-- They form large
clumps on the hill-side there even 30 to fifty
stems from 1 to 2 or 3 inches in diameter & the
highest 12 feet high--falling over on every side.
The now imbrowned ferns around indicate
the moist soil which they like.

I have often noticed the inquisitiveness of birds
as the other day of a sparrow--whose motions
I should not have supposed to have any reference
to me, if I had not watched it from first to
last. I stood on the edge of a pine & birch wood--
It flitted from 7 or 8 rods distant to a pine
within a rod of me where it hopped about
stealthily & chirped awhile--then flew as many
rods the other side--& hopped about there
a spell--then back to the pine again as near
to me as it dared--& again to its first position
--very restless all the while-- Generally I should
have supposed that there was more than
one bird or that it was altogether acci-
dental—that the chipping of this sparrow
for I could see nothing peculiar about it
8 or 10 rods had no reference to me—^ But
when I brought my glass to bear on it—I
found that it was almost steadily eyeing me &
was all alive with excitement.

Foke weed has been killed by the severe frosts of the last 3 or 4 days—
The A. Cornuti pods are now ap. in the midst of dis-
counting—They point at various angles
with the stem like a flourish—(drawing) The pretty
brown fishes have loosened & lifted their
scales somewhat—are bristling a little—or—
further advanced—(drawing) the outer part
of the down of the upper seeds is
blown loose—while they are still retained
by the ends of the middle portion in loops
--attached to the core—These white bunches
--ready to burst & take to flight on the least jar—show afar as big as your fist.
There they dangle & flutter till they are quite dry & the wind rises—Others again are open & empty—except of the brown core—& you see what a delicate smooth white (slightly cream colored) lining this casket has.
The hypericums (the whole plant) have now generally been killed by the frost
A large pasture thistle bush close to the ground amid its leaves, as in spring.

"The" added
Among the dirty woolly heads of plants
now gone to seed I note for the first time
the peculiar matted woolly top of the tall anemone
rising above some red leaved huckleberries—I am
surprised to see to what length & breadth one of this little
compact conical heads has puffed out—Here are
5 which have flown & matted together into a mass 4 or
5 inches long perpendicularly x 2 wide—full of seeds
with their wool.

I return by the W side of Lee's Cliff hill—& sit
on a rounded rock there covered with fresh fallen
pine needles amid the woods—Whence I see
Wachusett. How little unevenness & elevation
is required for Nature's effects—An elevation
1000 or 1500 feet above the plain is seen from
all eminences—& level open plains within—
or from over the opening made by a pond—
within 30 miles—Nature is not obliged to lift her
mts very high in the horizon after all to make
them visible & interesting.

The rich sunny yellow of the old pitch
pine needles just ready to fall contrasting
& unmixed masses
with the new "green "above—makes a very
pleasing impression as I look down into the
hollows this side of Lee's Cliff— I noticed
the small woodpecker several days ago.

Oct 20th
pm to Hill—to look for ground squirrel
nests—The river banks have now assumed

128 "I" altered from "is"
129 "C" poss. written over "c"
almost their November\textsuperscript{130} aspect—the button bushes
are nearly bare— The water is smooth— the
sun warm— & the reflections particularly fine
& distinct— but there is reflected now ^ only gray—
twigs— and a few sere & curled brown leaves— wool—
grass— &c. Land at Hemlocks— in the eddy
there— where the white bits of saw dust keep boiling
up & down & whirling around as in a pot.

Amid the young pitch pines in the pasture
behind I notice, as elsewhere of late — a great
(many) brownish yellow— (and some pink) election
\textsuperscript{131} cake fungi (drawing) eaten by crickets. About
3 inches in diameter. Some of those spread chocolate
colored ones have many grubs in them though dry
& dusty— Think I heard the very faint gnah of
a Nuthatch— Thus of late, when the sea-
son is declining\textsuperscript{132}— many birds have departed—
& our thoughts are turned toward winter.
[began to have a fire more or less— say 10 days or
a fortnight ago —] We hear the jay again
more frequently— & the chickadees are more
numerous & lively & familiar— & utter their phebe
note & the nuthatch is heard again—
& the small woodpecker seen amid the bare
twigs.

Owing to the great height of the river— there
has been no bidens beckii\textsuperscript{133}— nor Polygonum amphib-
i um— to my knowledge this year— nor have I found
any myriophyllum.
I dig into 2 or 3 squirrel holes under
a black oak--& in a rotten stump--trace
them a foot or more & lose them or else they
came to an end? Though I saw a squirrel enter
the ground I dug & lost it. They are ap. very busy now
laying up their stores. I see a gray one making
haste with waving tail across the field from the
nut trees to the woods.

Looking up the side of the hill toward the
sun I see a little gossamer on the sweet
fern &c--and from my boat little flocks of
occasionally
white gossamer--3/4 of an inch long--in the
air or caught on twigs--as if where a spider
had hauled in his line.

I think that all spiders can walk on water--
for when last summer I knocked one off my
boat by chance--he ran swiftly back to the
boat & climbed up--as if more to avoid the
fishes than the water-- This would account for
those long lines stretched low over the water from
one grass stem to another--I see one of them
now 5 or 6 feet long & only 3 or 4 inches above the
surface--& it is remarkable that there is no
perceptible sag to it weak as the line must
//be. The pin-weeds are now bare--&
their stem & fruit turned a dark brown-- The
//Thorns on the hill are all bare.
& for some time
// There are fewer turtles now "out sunning.
// A very little S. nemoralis in one place from
the axil.

"turned" written over "a"
A very warm Ind. summer day--too warm for a thick coat. It is remarkably hazy too--but when I open the door I smell smoke--which may in part account for it. After being out awhile I do not perceive the smoke--only on first opening the door. It is so thick a blue haze that when going along in thrush alley path--I look through the trees into Abel Brooks' deep hollow I cannot see across it to the woods beyond--though it is only a stones throw--like a deep blue lake--at first glance--

Had a chat with Minot--sitting on a log by his door--He says he began to carry a gun when he was 15 or 16 years old--afterward he owned 3 at one time--one training piece and 2 fowling pieces--He lived at James Bakers 7 years--not till after he was of age--He used to range all over that neighborhood away down into Lexington--& knew every stone & stump--used to go chestnutting about Flints Pond--& a fishing there too--The fish & fowl were 10 times as plenty as they are now--Why he has been along the ridges (the moraine)
toward Ditch Pond) when the ducks rising
toward Ditch Pond) when the ducks rising
up on each side darkness the sky(--}was
up on each side darkness the sky(--}was
black with them. His training piece was
black with them. His training piece was
an Old King's\textsuperscript{135} Arm--taken from the
an Old King's\textsuperscript{135} Arm--taken from the
British sometime he supposed. It was
British sometime he supposed. It was
a capital piece, even for shot, & thorough-
ly made--made upon honor every part
of it-- There are no such guns made in
this country-- The lock was strong &
smart--so that when you snapped it
it(--}filled\textsuperscript{136} the pan chock full of fire
--& He could burn a single kernel of
powder in it. But it took a good deal
of powder to load it-- He kept its brass-
mountings burnished so bright that you
could see your face in them. He had
also owned a French\textsuperscript{137} Piece-- (One) too
he had a \textit{smart little English \textit{cocker piece}}--(i.e fowling piece) It was\textsuperscript{138} a plaguey
toward Ditch Pond) when the ducks rising
toward Ditch Pond) when the ducks rising
up on each side darkness the sky(--}was
up on each side darkness the sky(--}was
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ly made--made upon honor every part
of it-- There are no such guns made in
this country-- The lock was strong &
smart--so that when you snapped it
it(--}filled\textsuperscript{136} the pan chock full of fire
--& He could burn a single kernel of
powder in it. But it took a good deal
of powder to load it-- He kept its brass-
mountings burnished so bright that you
could see your face in them. He had
also owned a French\textsuperscript{137} Piece-- (One) too
he had a \textit{smart little English \textit{cocker piece}}--(i.e fowling piece) It was\textsuperscript{138} a plaguey
(One)--one Rice who lived in Lincoln
(One)--one Rice who lived in Lincoln
where Haden does now--made a turkey
where Haden does now--made a turkey

\textsuperscript{135} "k" written over "k"
\textsuperscript{136} "filled" written over text
\textsuperscript{137} "f" written over "f"
\textsuperscript{138} "was" inserted
\textsuperscript{139} "smart . . . the" and "word . . . lock" numbered for transposition
fowling piece-- He saw many on the road going to it-- Saw Dakin--Jonas
Minott (Capt Minott's son--who spent quite a fortune on shooting) They asked him\(^{131}\) one offering to take another down to the shooting for a mug of flip-- They asked him what he was going to do with that little thing. You paid four pence a shot at a live turkey--only 20 rods off-- Those who had rifles were not allowed to rest-- Amos Baker was there (who was at Concord Fight) The turkey was a large white one Minott rammed down his slug--& getting down behind a fence rested on it while the rest laughed at him. He told Amos to look sharp & tell him where his ball struck--& fired. Amos said the ball struck just above the Turkey-- Others were firing in the mean while. Minot loaded & tried once more--& this time his ball cut off the turkeys neck--\(^{131}\) was his--worth a dollar at least. You only had to draw blood to get the turkey. Another--a black one was set up-- ground & this time his ball struck the "just this side the turkey then scale up & passed right through its body lodging under the skin on the opposite side--& he cut it out.

Rice made his money chiefly by his liquor &c-- Some set up the turkeys they

\(^{131}\) strikeover includes dash preceding "They"
\(^{131}\) mark looks like a "t" cross
had gained--others “hustled” for liquor
or for a supper--i.e. they would
take sides & then putting 7 coppers
in a hat shake them up well & empty
them--& the part(y) that got the fewest
heads after 3 casts paid for the supper--
M says--that in all the time he
lived at Bakers--in fact in all his life
he never went to market--

Told me how they used to carry on on Concord
Common formerly--on great days-- Once when
they were shaking dice there in the evening for
money--round a table with 25 or 30 dollars
in cash upon it--some rogue fastened a
rope to one leg of the table & so at
a distance suddenly started off with the
table--at the same time upsetting & ex-
tinguishing the light. This made a great
outcry-- The ran up cry--Mister I'll help
you pick up your money--but they put
the half into their own pockets.

Father told me about his father
the other night--that he remembers
his father used to breakfast before the
family at one time on ac. of his business--
& he with him. His father used to eat
the under crusts of biscuits--& he the
upper--

His father died in 1801 aged 47.

"at" written over false start
When the war came on he was apprentice
or journeyman to a Cooper—who employed
many hands—He called them together &
told them that on ac. of the war his business
was ruined & he had no more work for
them. So, my father thinks his father went
privateering—Yet he remembers his telling
him of his being employed digging at
some defences—when a cannon ball came
& sprinkled the sand all over them.

After the water he went into business as
a merchant—commencing with a single
Hogshead of sugar—His ship was on Long
Wharf—He was a short man—a little
taller than my father—stout & very strong
a powerful man
for his size—Levi Melchier “who was
his clerk or tender—used to tell my father
that he did not believe he was so strong
a man as his father was—He would never
give in to him in handling a (hogshead) of
molasses.

Minott too sings the praises of Beaton—
the store keeper—though of course he does not
remember him. He was a Scotchman—and a
pedlar—and the most honest man that is
mentioned in Concord history. You might
send a child to the store and if there was
a fraction still due the child after making
change—he would give him a needle or a
large pin.

Friday Oct 24th 56

12 pm Set out for Eagles-wood Perth Amboy N. J.

Spent the pm in Worcester.

By cars in evening to Allyn's Point & steamer Commonwealth to N. Y.

Oct 25th

Oct 25th Saw at Barnum's museum the stuffed skin of a cougar that was found floating dead in the Hudson many years ago. The stuffed jaguar there looks rather the largest. Had seen a clergyman in Worcester the previous afternoon (at Higginson's) who told me of one killed near the head of the Delaware in NY state by an acquaintance of his. His dog had treed it or found it on a tree on a mt side, & the hunter first saw it as he came up from below stretched out on a limb & looking intently at him ready to spring--he fired & wounded it--but as usual it sprang as soon as struck in the direction it was pointing. It struck 70 feet down the mt from the tree--or 100 feet dist--tearing off the sleeve of the hunter's very thick & stout coat as it passed & marking his arm from shoulder to hand. It took to a tree & again & this time approaching it from above he shot it. The specimens I have seen were long-bodied. Looked into Dekays Report at the Astor Library--he describes one, the largest "of which we have any account", killed in
Lake Fourth Herkimer County "it had
a total length of 11 feet 3 inches"—He says
that Vanderdonk speaks of lions & their skins,
only the latter seen by christians, meaning
panthers. Ac to D. haunts ledges of rocks
called "Panther" ledges"—there is no well au-
thenticated account of their having attacked
a man—& it is not well established that
Ap. a panther was killed after this—this fall in
the N & S species are the same. Rhode Island.

Dekay describes the Sorex Dekayi
"nearly allied to brevicaudus, but is larger
& more robust in its form." From Massachusetts
to Virginia "Cheek teeth 16/10," instead of 18/10 in
S. brevicaudus. The color resembles the fur of
the star-nosed mole. Length of head & body
4.8 inches tail .8 to end of hairs .9. He never met
with S. brevicaudus in N. Y.—Is not this
my sorex of July 12th '56? or is mine possibly
the Sorex Fosteri,—whose cheek teeth are 18/10 & total
length 4. tail 1.5.

Arrived at Eagleswood Perth Amboy
Sat. 5 Pm Oct 25th

Sunday Oct 26th
An abundance of a Viburnum—making
thickets in dry woods & ravines & set out
about houses—now full of edible fruit
like that of V. nudum & also of leaves.
(adhered to this page is an etching with a caption that reads: "Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, N. J.")
At first I was inclined to call it V.

nudum--but beside that it bears an a--

long after the V. nudum berries have fallen with us

bundance of berries still''--(they hold on for

3 or 4 weeks afterward at least) it grows

generally in dry woods & ravines & uplands

now (redden) reddened

--The leaf is quite thin of various forms--

& the bush is quite thorny(!) in the woods making

almost impenetrable thickets in many places--

like a thorn bush--& gave me much trouble

to cut through in surveying--as did the cat-

briar. --I think it must be the V. prunifolium

or Black Haw--It is quite ornamental with

its abundance of purple fruit--which tastes

much like dates--I think I have never seen

it in Concord--& perhaps Emerson & others con-

found it with V. nudum. It is thorny

like a wild apple but of course much more

The privet was a very common shrub with its black berries

slender--

Flowers almost entirely done--(I see) apparently

the sea-side golden rod lingering still by

the Raritan--and a new aster

Diospyros Virginiana

The persimmon ``quite common-- Saw

some trees quite full of fruit--There was

a little left on the trees when I left Nov.

24th, but I should think it was in its prime

about the end of the 1st week of November--

i.e. what would readily shake off. Before

it was commonly puckery. In any case it

furrs the mouth just like the choke cherry.
1 It is not good for much-- They would
2 be more edible if it were not for the
3 numerous large seeds, & when you have
4 rejected them there is little but skin left.
5 Yet I was surprised that the fruit was not
6 more generally gathered.
7 The sassafras was common--
8 Saw & heard a Katydid about the 1st of November--
9 Monday Oct 27th
10 Began to survey along the shore and through
11 the woods-- One of the largest & commonest
12 trees the tulip in the moist ravines--its
13 dried tulip shaped relic of a flower--the
14 broad flat stamens still remaining. Noticed
15 a medicinal odor, somewhat like fever-bush, in the
16 bark of twigs-- It is said to be a valuable
17 tonic.
18 The liquidambar or sweet gum trees very
19 common & large--oak like-- The corky bark
20 on young trees & twigs was raised in to 2 ears so
21 as to form a channel--which would conduct
22 the rain down on the branches to the main stem I should
23 say. The fruit was a coarse rigid spherical
24 burr an inch or more in diameter--which opened
25 & dropped much fine seed in my trunk
26 Black walnut--& bay berry were pretty com-
27 mon though I noticed no berries on the last--

\["relic" altered from "relici"\]
Nov 2nd Sunday

Took a walk—2 miles W. of Eaglewood—

The Quercus palustris or Pin Oak very common there—much like the scarlet oak—Name said to be derived from the dead stub ends of branches on the trunk beneath—like pins or tree-nails. Its acorns subglobe—& marked with meridional lines A mile & a half W. of Springs—a new oak—with narrow & entire willow like leaves—ap Q. imbricaria—Laurel or shingle oak—or\(^1\) perhaps Michaux's Q. cinerea—which may be a var of it—Ac. to Michaux's plates I see that the leaves of the Q. phellos or Willow oak—are about 2 3/4 x 1/3+ inches—of the Laurel oak 3 1/2 x 7/8. His (uplan) willow oak—(Q. cinerea) leaf is about 3 x 3/4 & less tapering at base.

The Cornus florida\(^1\) was exceedingly com-

mon & large there. Conspicuous with its scarlet berries fed on by robins. The leaves red were turned a brown scarlet or orange—

About the 10th of November— I first noticed long bunches of very small dark purple or black grapes fallen on the dry leaves in the Ravine E of Spring's House— Quite a large mass of clusters remained hanging on the leafless vine 30 feet over head there till I left on the 24th November—

These grapes were much shrivelled—but they had a very agreeably spicy acid taste—evidently not acquired till after the frosts— I thought

\(^{1}\) "or" inserted
\(^{1}\) "p" written over "f"
them quite a discovery & ate many from

day\[^{152}\] to day swallowing the skins and stones--
& recommended them to Spring. He said that
they were very much like a certain French grape
which he had eaten in France. It is a true
frost grape--but ap. answeres to V. aestivalis(?)
One I opened has only 2 seeds--while one of the early ones at Brattle-
boro has 4--but "the late ones of Brattleboro has only 2--which also
v. fruit & leaves-- I have called V. aestivalis

Was interested by Pierce's Perpetual Calendar--
on a round stick (sometimes on a pencil case)
by which you tell the day of the week &c for any
date.

Visited the principal Antique book store in
Fulton street upstairs W. of Broadway--
also Tunison's Antique book store 138 Fulton
st.

May be worthwhile to get Oswald's Etymologi-
cal dictionary--\& if possible, Smiths (smaller)
(abridged)
Dictionary of antiquities-- He is the author of the
Lat. Dictionary.

var monticola of prinus
I suspect it is the Quercus montana "so

Common at Eagleswood with its large
acorns now sprouted--indeed almost every
acorn of white & chestnut oaks was sprouted.

Noticed plenty of chimaphila maculata
in the great Ravine.

Saw more rabbits & wild mice there than
The boys said the wild rabbits
here-- Game is\[^{153}\] protected. played with the tame ones in the yard.

The prevailing trees there are red\[^{154}\] cedar
chestnut oak
--tulip--white oak--pin-oak \&c Gum
tree--Pitch Pine--& of smaller trees the
Cornus Florida--bThere was no white pine &
but 2 or 3 small white birches.
The wire-fence was something new--&
the tongue used by an Irish woman to wipe
a cinder out of her son's eye-- The 4 feet
of flame issuing from one chimney of the
State of Maine Steamer after we passed
her--(the sun just set) not yellow
& fiery--but white like a lit cloud--or
her smoke reflecting the departing day.
A clayey soil at Eagleswood making
very bad walking even after a frosty night only--
--clay mixed with red-sandstone sand--
When I was washed my hands--though but little
soiled--the water was colored red--
Am glad to get back to N. England,
the dry sandy wholesome land--land of
& white pines
scrub oaks & birches--now in her russet
dress--reminding me of her flaxen-headed
children.
Saw some very large true horn beams--
The pastures &c at Eagleswood more densely over-
run with wild carrots--the commonest weed & a great
pest.
When I got back to N. England the grass seemed
bleached a shade or 2 more flaxen--more
completely withered.
Tuesday Nov. 25th 55

Get home again this morning--

Nov 27th

Pm Take a turn down the river-- A painted

//tortoise sinking to the bottom--& ap. tree sparrows

along the shore.

Nov. 28

Pm to Chestnut wood by Turnpike

to see if I could find my comb--probably lost out of my pocket when I climbed

& shook a chestnut tree more than a month ago.

Unexpectedly find many chestnuts in the

burrs which have fallen--some time ago--

Many are spoiled--but the rest being thus

moistened are softer & sweeter than a month

ago-- Very agreeable to my pallet-- The

burrs from some cause having fallen without drop-
ing their nuts--

As I stood looking down the hill over Emer-

sons young woodlot there perhaps at 3 1/2 Pm

the sun light reflected from the many ascending

twigs of bare young chestnuts--& birches--

very dense & ascendant with a marked

pararalellism--they reminded me of the lines

of gossamer at this season--being almost

exactly similar to the eye-- It is a true novem-

ber phenomenon.

Nov. 29th

Begins to snow this morning & snows

slowly & interruptedly with a little fine hail

//all day--till it is several inches deep

note that T’s date is a year off
--This the first snow I have seen--but they
say the ground was whitened for a short time
some weeks ago.
It has been a remarkably pleasant Novem-
ber--warmer & pleasanter than last year

Sunday Nov. 10

Pm to Cliffs via Hubbards Grove--

Several inches of snow--but a rather soft &
mild air still--Now see the empty chalices of
the blue curles & the rich brown-fruited pin weed
above the crust. (The very cat was full of spirits
this morning rushing about & frisking on the
snow crust which bore her alone--When I came
home from N.J. the other day--was struck with
the sudden growth & stateliness of our cat min--
his cheeks puffed out like a regular grimalkin
I suspect it is a new coat of fur against
the winter chiefly. The cat is a third bigger
than a month ago--like a patriarch wrapped
& a mouse a-day I hear is nothing to him now--
in fur.s.) This as I go through the Depot
field--where the stub ends of corn stalks
rise above the snow--I find half a dozen russetts
touched & discolored within by frost still

hanging on Wheelers tree by the wall.

I see the fine thin yellowish (stipule) of the
leaves what part are they?

pine (?) now on the snow by Hubbard's grove

& where some creature has eaten the resi-
pitch

nous terminal "pine buds"--In Hubbard's
bank wall field beyond the brook--see

156 cancelled open paren
157 "scales" cancelled in pencil
158 "(?)" cancelled in pencil
159 "h" written over "h"
the tracks of many sparrows that
have run from weed to weed—as if a
chain had dropped there. Not an apple is
left in the orchard or F. H. Hill—not a track
there of walker—Now all plants are withered
& blanched—except perhaps some V. vacillan's
red leaves which sprang up\*\* in the burning last
spring. Here & there a squirrel or a rabbit
has hastily crossed the path.

Minott told me on Friday—of an oldish
man & woman—who had brought to a muster
here once a great leg of bacon boiled, to turn
a penny with—The skin as thick as sole
leather was flayed & turned back—dis-
playing the tempting flesh—A tall raw
boned omniverous heron of a Yankee
came along & bargained with the
woman—who was awaiting a customer—
for as much of that as he could eat.
He ate & ate & ate making a surprising
hole—, greatly to the amusement of the
lookers on, till the woman in her
despair—unfaithful to her engagement—
appealed to the police to drive him off—

Sophia describing the first slight
whitening of snow a few weeks ago—said
that when she awoke she noticed a
certain bluish white reflection on the
wall & looking out saw the

\*\* "up" poss. written over "in"
ground whitened with snow--
My first sight of snow this year I got
as I was surveying about the 5th of November
in a Great wooded Gully snaking up
from the Raritan River in Perth Amboy N. J.
it was a few fine flakes in the chilly air--
which very few who were out noticed at all.

That country was remarkable for its
gullies--commonly well wooded--with
a stream at the bottom--One was called
Souman's¹¹ Gully--the only good name for
any feature of the landscape there abouts--
yet the inhabitants objected especially to
this word gully.

That is a great place for oysters--&
the inhabitants of amboy are said to be
very generally well off in consequence--
All are allowed to gather oysters on
the flats at low tide--& at such times
I saw 30 or 40 wading about with baskets
& picking them up--the indigenous ones.

Off the mouth of the Raritan I saw
about 75 boats one morning busily
taking up the oysters which they had laid
down--their usual morning's work.

I used to get my clothes covered with
beggar ticks in the fields there--& burrs
small & large--

Minott Pratt tells me that he watched

¹¹: poss "Sonman's"
the fringed gentian this year & it lasted
//till the first week in November.

Dec 1st

Fm by path around Walden--

With this little snow of the 29th ult there
pretty
is yet "good sledding, for it lies solid.

I see the old pale-faced farmer out again

on his sled now for the 5000th time.

Cyrus Hubbard a man of a certain N. E.

probity & worth--immortal & natural like
a natural product--like the sweetness of a
nut--like the toughness of hickory. He too
is a redeemer for me-- How superior actually
to the faith he professes! He is not an
office-seeker. What an institution--
what a revelation is a man! We are
wont foolishly to think that the creed which
a man professes is more significant than
the fact he is-- It matters not how hard
the conditions seemed--how mean the
world--for a man is a prevalent force
& a new law himself. He is a system whose
law is to be observed-- The old farmer condescends
to countenance still this nature & order
of things-- It is a great encourage-
ment that an honest man makes this
world his abode. He rides on the sled
drawn by oxen world-wise, yet compara%-%
young
tively so %%%, as if they had seen scores of
winters-- The farmer spoke to me, I can
swear, clean, cold, moderate as the snow
-- he does not melt the snow where he treads
-- Yet what a faint impression that encounter
may make on me after all! Moderate
natural, true--as if he were made of earth,
stone, wood, snow. I thus meet in this
universe kindred of mine--composed of these
elements. I see men like frogs, their
peeping I partially understand.

I go by Hadens to take A Wheelers wood path
to R. R. Slate-colored snow birds flit
before me in the path--feeding on the
seeds on the snow--the countless little
brown seeds that begin to be scattered
over the snow--so much the more ob-
vious to bird & beast-- A hundred kinds
of indigenous\textsuperscript{162} grain are harvested now
-- broad cast upon the surface of the snow.
Thus at a critical season these seeds
clean
are shaken down on to a (^) white napkin, un-
mixed with dirt & rubbish--& off this
the little pensioners pick them-- Their clean
table is thus spread a few inches or feet
above the ground. Will wonder become
extinct in me? Shall I become insensible as
a fungus?

A ridge of earth, with the red cocks comb-
lichen on it, peeps out still at the rut's

\textsuperscript{162} "I" dot cancelled
edge. The dear wholesome color of
shrub oak leaves--so clean & firm
not decaying, but which have put on a
kind of immortality--not wrinkled &
thin like the white oak leaves--but
full veined & plump as nearer earth--

Well tanned leather on the one side
--sun-tanned--color of colors--color of
the cow and the deer--silver downy beneath
turned toward the late bleached & russet
fields-- What are acanthus leaves
& the rest to this? Emblem of my winter
condition. I love & could embrace the
shrub oak with its scanty garment of
leaves rising above the snow--lowly whisper-
ing to me--skin to winter thoughts & sunsets
& to all virtue. Covert which the hare
& I too seek
& the partridge seek." What cousin of
mine is the shrub oak? How can
any man suffer long? for a sense of
want is a prayer, & all prayers are
answered.-- Rigid as iron--clean as the
atmosphere--hardy as virtue--innocent
& sweet as a maiden--is the shrub-oak.
In proportion as I know & love it--I
am natural & sound as a partridge.
I felt a positive yearning toward one
bush this afternoon. There was a match
found for me at last-- I fell in

\[\text{"R" written over "r"}\]
love with a shrub-oak. Tenacious of its
leaves--which shrivel not but retain a
certain wintry life in them--firm shields{--}painted
in fast colors a rich brown-- The deer mouse
too knows the shruboak--& has its{"C"} hole in
the snow by the shrub oak's stem.

Now too I remark in many places
ridges & fields of{"R"} fine russet or straw Colored{"J"}
grass rising above the snow-- --& beds
of empty straw colored heads of everlasting
& ragged looking Roman{"l"} wormwood.

The blue-curl's chalices stand empty--
& waiting evidently to be filled with ice.

I see great thimble-berry bushes rising
above the snow with still a rich rank
bloom on them as in July{"l"}--hypaethral
mildew--elysian fungus! To see the
bloom on a thimble-berry stem lasting
into mid winter! What a salve that
would make{,} collected & boxed!

No I am a stranger in your towns--
I am not at home at French's or Love-
joys--or Savery's-- I can winter more to
my mind amid the shrub oaks-- I have
made arrangements to stay with them.

The shrub-oak--lowly--loving the earth
& spreading over it--tough--thick leaved--
--leaves firm & sound in winter & rustling like
leaves{"l"} fair & wholesome

---

164 "i" written over "h"
165 "of" inserted
166 "C" poss. written over "c"
167 "R" written over "r"
168 "J" poss. written over text
169 "l" written over "F"
to the eye—clean to the touch. Tough
to support the snow—not broken down by it.
Well nigh useless to man. A sturdy phalanx
hard to break through—Product of New England's
surface. Bearing many striped acorns—

I have seen more chestnuts in the streets of N. Y.

than any where else this year—large & plump
ones—roasting in the street—roasting & pop-
ing on the steps of banks & exchanges. Was
surprised to see that the citizens made as much
of the nuts of the wild wood as the squirrels.
Not only the country boys—all New York
goes a-nutting. Chestnuts for cabmen & news-
boys—for not only are squirrels to be fed.

Well named shrub-oak. Low—robust—hardy.
Indigenous—Well known to the striped squirrel
& the partridge & rabbit. The squirrels nibbles
its nuts sitting upon an old stump of its larger cousins.

What is Peruvian bark to your bark!

How many rents I owe to you—how many
eyes put out! how many bleeding fingers!

How many shrub oak patches I have been
through—stooping—winding my way—bending the
twigs aside, guiding myself by the sun—over
hills & valleys & plains, resting in clear grassy
spaces. I love to go through a patch of shrub
oak in a bee line—where you tear your
clothes & put your eyes out

---

"old" inserted
I had got out & turned up on the bank. It made me sweat to wheel it home through the snow, I am so unused to the work of late.

Then walked up the RR-- The clear straw colored grass & some weeds contrasting with the snow it rises above-- Saw little in lank this walk-- Saw Melvins "bluish white black- spotted hound-- & Melvin with his gun near going home at eve-- He follows hunting, praises be to him--as regularly in our tame fields as the farmers follow farming. Persistent Genius-- How I respect him & thank him for him. I trust the Lord will provide us with another Melvin when he is gone. How good in him to follow his own bent-- & not continue at the Sabbath school all his days!

--What a wealth he thus becomes in the neighborhood. Few know how to take the census. I thank my stars for Melvin-- I think of him with gratitude when I am going to sleep-- grateful that he exists-- that Melvin who is such a trial to his mother-- Yet he is agreeable to me as a tinge of russet on the hill-side-- I would fain give thanks morning & evening for my blessings.

Awkward, gauky, loose-hung--dragging his
legs after him. He is my contemporary

& neighbor—he is one tribe, I am another

--& we are not at war--

I saw but little in my walk—saw

no bird—only a crow's track in the snow—

How quickly men come out onto the

highways with their sleds & improve the

first snow. The farmer has begun to play

with his sled as early as any of the boys—

See him already with mittens on & thick

been soaking in grease (all summer)\(^\text{171}\) perhaps

red

boots well greased ^& fur cap & ^comforter

about his throat—though it is not

yet cold—walking beside his team with

contented thoughts.— This drama every day

in the streets—! This is the theatre I

go to. There he goes with his venture behind

him—& often he gets aboard for a change.

As for the sensuality in Whitman's

Leaves of Grass—I do not so much wish that

it was not written—as that men & women were

so pure that they could read it without harm.

Dec 3d

// About as much more snow as fell on

the 29th Nov. has fallen in the night upon that

so stilly that we were not aware of it till we

looked out. It has not even lodged on the window

sashes—& I am first convinced it has fallen

by seeing the old tracks in the road covered.

& the roofs uniformly white. It is now

\(^{171}\) 1906 has "all summer"
somewhat misty or perhaps a fine rain beginning.

Fewer weeds now rise above the snow--

pinweed (or sarothra) is quite concealed--

It is a uniform white napkin in many fields.

-- But not yet are the great meadows fairly

whitened-- there as I look side ways at

them I see still the stretching acres of straw-

colored & brown grass & weeds-- The

pastures are uniformly white--but the meadows

are that rich wild brown straw color, or

only white in ridges where there is less grass--reminding

of the fall, & of water beneath.

The steam of the locomotive stretches low over the

earth--enveloping the cars--

The sight of the sedgy meadows that are not

yet mowed up while the cultivated fields & pastures

are a uniform white--fenny places which are

longer enabled to resist the aggressions of winter!

It takes a deep snow to blot out the traces

of Summer there, for the grass did not get

cut this year.

Mizzles & rains all day--making sloshy

walking--which sends us all to the shoe-

makers. Bought me a pair of cowhide

boots--to be prepared for winter walks.

The shoe maker praised them because they

were made a year ago. I feel like an

armed man now. The man who has
bought his boots feels like him who
has got in his winter's wood-- There they stand
beside me in the chamber--expectant--
dreaming of far woods & wood paths--
of frost bound or sloshy roads--or of
being bound with skate-straaps & clogged with
ice-dust.

For years my appetite was so strong that
I fed--I browsed on the pine-forest's edge
seen against the winter horizon. How
Dry
cheap my diet still--! "sand that has
fallen in rail-road cuts & slid on the
snow beneath is a condiment to my walk.
I ranged about like a gray moose
looking at the spiring tops of the trees
& fed my imagination on them--far
away ideal trees, not disturbed by the
axe of the wood cutter, nearer & nearer
fringes & eye lashes of my eye. Where was
the sap--the fruit--the Value of the forest
for me--but in that line where it was
relieved against the sky. That was my
woodlot--that was my lot in the woods.
The silvery needles of the pine straining the
light.

A man killed at the fatal Lincoln
Bridge died in the village the other night
The only words he uttered while he
lingered in his delirium--were "All right."
probably the last which he had uttered
before he was struck--Brave pro-
phetic words to go out of the world
with! Good as "I still live"--but on no razors

How I love the simple reserved country-
men--my neighbors--who mind their
own business & let me alone--who never
way-laid--nor shot at me, to my
knowledge--when I crossed their fields--
though each one has a gun in his house%
For nearly 2 score years I have
known, at a distance these long suffering
men--whom I never spoke to, who
never spoke to me--& now I feel a certain
tenderness for them--as if this long
probation were but the prelude to
an eternal Friendship--What a
long trial we have withstood--& how
much more admirable we are to each
other perchance than if we had been
bedfellows.

I am not only grateful--because
Veias, & Homer--& Christ, & shakespeare
have lived--but I am grateful for
Minot--& Rice--& Melvin--& Godwin
& Puffer even--I see Melvin all
alone filling his sphere--in russet suit
--which no other could fill or suggest.
He takes up as much room in nature as
the most famous.
Six weeks ago I noticed the advent of chicadees—& their winter habits. As you walk along a woodside—a restless little flock of them whose notes you hear at a distance—will seem to say—'O there he goes. Let's pay our respects to him! & they will flit after & close to you & naively peck at the nearest twig to you as if they were minding their own business all the while without any reference to you.

Dec 4th

Ceased raining & mizzling last evening—& cleared off—with a high N. W. wind which shook the house—coming in fitful gusts—but only they who slept on the w. sides of houses knew of it.

7 1/2 Am take a run down the river side—scare up a few sparrows which take shelter in Keyes' arbor vitae row. The snow has now settled owing to the rain—& presents no longer a level surface—but a succession of little hills & hollows—as if the whole earth had been a potatoe or corn field—& there is a slight crust to it.

Dark waves are chasing each other across the river from N. W. to SE. & breaking the edge of the snow ice which has formed for half a rod in width along the edge—and the fragments what arctic voyagers call "brash" of broken ice "carry forward the undulation"
I am pleased to see from afar the highest water mark of a spring freshet on Cheney's boat house—a level light colored mark about an inch wide running the whole length of the building where now several years old—where probably a thin ice chafed it.

2 Pm—

By Clam Shell & back over Hub's Bridge

I notice that the swallow holes in the bank behind Dennis', which is partly washed away, are flat elliptical—3 times or more as wide horizontally as they are deep vertically—or about 3 inches by one—

(drawing)

Saw & heard cheep faintly one little tree sparrow—the neat chestnut crowned & winged & white-barred bird—perched on a large & solitary white birch—So clean & tough—made to withstand the winter—

An F. hiemalis also

This color reminds me of the upper side of the shrub oak leaf— I love the few homely colors of nature at this season—her strong wholesome browns—her sober & primeval greys her celestial blue—her vivacious green her pure cold snowy white—

In the sproutland by the road in the woods this side of C. Miles'—much gray golden rod is mixed with the shrub-oak.

It reminds me of the color of the rabbits
which run there—Thus Nature feeds
her children cheaply with color. I have
no doubt that it is an important relief
to the eyes which have long rested on snow
brown
to rest on "oak leaves & the bark of trees—
We want the greatest variety within the
smallest compass—& yet without glaring
diversity, & we have it in the colors of the
withered oak leaves—The white so curled
and darker brown
'shriveled & pale--the black (?) more flat & glossy"
The red much like the black but perhaps less dark, & less deeply cut
"--The scarlet still occasionally retains
some blood in its veins
Smooth white reaches of ice—as long as the
river on each side are threatening to bridge
over its dark blue artery—any night—
They remind me of a trap that is set for
it—which the frost will spring. Each
day at present the wriggling river nibbles
off the edges of the trap which have
advanced in the night. It is a close
contest between day & night—heat &
cold.
Already you see the tracks of sleds leading
by unusual routs—where will be seen no
trace of them in summer—into far fields
'& woods—crowding aside & pressing down
to where some heavy log or stone has thought itself secure
the snow—& the spreading tracks also of
the heavy slow-paced oxen—of the well
shod farmer who turns out his feet

[172]"n" written over "n"
[173]"of" written over "in"
[174]"s" poss. added
Ere long when the cold is stronger
--these tracks will lead the walker
deep into remote swamps impassable
in summer-- All the earth is a highway
then.

birdlike
I see where the pretty brown "birch scales
winged
& "seeds have been blown into the numerous
hollows of the thin crusted snow-- So bountiful
a table is spread for the birds. For how
many thousand miles this grain is scattered
over the earth--under the feet of all walkers.
In Boxboro"175 & in Cambridge alike--and rarely an eye distinguishes it
Sophia says that just before

I came home Min caught a mouse &
it had got away from her once or twice & she had caught it again--& now
it was stealing off again as she lay complacently watching it with her paws tucked
under her
was playing with it in the yard"--"when
"but solitary% her friend Riordans Stout %%^cock--stepped
up inquisitively--looked down at it with
one eye turning his head--then picked
& gave it 2 or 3 whacks on the ground
it up by the tail ^ & giving it a ^
in the air
dexterous toss ^, caught it in its open mouth
& it went head foremost & alive down
in the twinkling of an eye
his capacious throat--"never again
to be seen in this world-- Min all the
while with paws comfortably tucked under
her--looking on unconcerned-- What
matters it one mouse more or less to
her? The cock walked off amid the currant
bushes--stretched his neck up & gulped
once or twice--& the deed was accomplished.
& then he crowed lustily in celebration of the exploit
It might be set down among the gesta

(if not digesta) gallorum. There
He soon after crowed It is a question whether Min ever under-
were several human witnesses. stood where that mouse went to

Min sits composedly sentinel, with paws
tucked under her--a good part of her days
at present--by some ridiculous little hole

175 "B" poss written over "b"
the possible entry way\footnote{"way" inserted} of a mouse.

She has a habit of stretching or sharpening her claws on all smooth hair bottomed chairs & sofas--greatly to my mother's vexation.

He who abstains from visiting another

for magnanimous reasons, enjoys better society alone--

I for one am not bound to flatter men.

That\footnote{"T" poss. written over "t" inserted} is not exactly the value of me

How many thousand acres are there

now of pitched blue curls & ragged wormwood rising above the shallow snow. The granary of the birds. They were not observed against the dark ground, but the first snow comes & reveals them. Then I come to fields in which the fragrant everlasting--straw colored--& almost dark odorless & the \footnote{"T" written over "t"}taller St johns-wort prevail.

When I bought my boots yesterday Hastings ran over his usual rigamarole--

Had he any stout old-fashioned cow hide boots Yes--he thought he could suit me. There's\footnote{"T" poss. written over "t"} something that'll turn water about as well as anything. Billings had a pair just like them the other & he said they kept his feet as dry as a bone-- But what's more than that they were made above a year ago upon honor-- They are just the
thing--you may depend on it. I had an
eye to you when I was making them.

But they are too soft & thin for me-- I
want them to be thick & stand out from my
foot-- Well there is another pair, may be a
little thicker-- I'll tell you what it is these
were made of dry hide.

Both were warranted single leather & not split
I took the last. But after wearing them round
this cold day--I found that the little snow which
rested on them & melted wet the upper leather
through like paper--& wet my feet--& I told
H. of it--that he might have an offset to
Billings' experience.

Well you can't expect a new pair of boots
to turn water at first. I tell the farmers
that the time to buy boots is at midsummer
or when they are hoeing their potatoes--& the
pores have a chance to get filled with dirt.

It is remarkably good sleighing today con-
sidering the little snow & the rain of yesterday
--but it is slippery & hobbly for walkers.

My first botany as I remember--
was Bigelow's plants of Boston & vicinity
which I began to use about 20 years
ago--looking chiefly for the popular names
& the short references to the localities of plants
even without any regard to the plant. I also
learned the names of many--but without
using any system—I forgot them soon.
I was not inclined to pluck flowers—preferred to leave them where they were, liked them best there.

I was never in the least interested in plants in the house.

But from year to year we look at Nature with new eyes. About half a dozen years ago—
I found myself again attending to plants with more method—looking out the name of each one & remembering it. I began to bring them home in my hat, a straw one with a scaffold lining to it—which I called my botany box

I never used any other. & when some whom I visited were evidently surprised at its dilapidated look as I deposited it on their front entry table—I assured them it was not so much a "hat" as a "botany box--

I remember gazing with interest at the swamps about those days—& wondering if I could ever attain to such familiarity with plants that I should know the species of every twig & leaf in them—that I should be acquainted with every plant (excepting grasses & cryptogamous ones) summer and winter that I saw—Though I know most of the flowers & there were not in any particular swamp more than half a dozen shrubs that I did not know—yet these made it seem like a maze

179 "a" cancelled in pencil
180 "a" poss cancelled in pencil
to me--of a thousand strange species--&
I even thought of commencing at one
end & looking it faithfully & laboriously through
till I knew it all. I little thought that
in a year or two I should have attained to
that knowledge without all that labor.

Still I never studied botany--& do not today
systematically--the most natural system
is still so artificial.

I wanted to know my neighbors--if possible, to
get a little nearer to them--

I soon found myself observing when plants
first blossomed & leafed--& I followed it
up early & late--far & near several years
in succession--running to different sides of the
town & into the neighboring towns often between
20 & 30 miles in a day. I often visited a particular
plant 4 or 5 miles distant half a dozen times
within a fortnight, that I might know
exactly when it opened--besides attending to a
great many others in different directions
& some of them equally distant, at the
same time. At the same time I had
an eye for birds & whatever else might offer.

Dec 5th

Clear cold winter weather--what a
contrast between this week & last when
I talked of setting out apple trees!

Pm walked over the Hill

The Indians have at length got a regular
load of wood. It is odd to see a pile
of good oak wood beside their thin
cotton tents in the snow-- the woodpile
which is to be burnt within is so much
more substantial than the house. Yet
they do not appear to mind the cold--though
one side the tent is partly open & all are
flapping in the wind-- & there is a sick child
in one-- The children play in the snow in front
as before more substantial houses.

// The River is well skimmed over in most places
though it will not bear---wherever there
is least current as in broad places--or where
there is least wind as by the bridges. The
ice trap was sprung last night.
As I walk along the side of the hill
//a pair of nuthatches flit by toward a walnut
flying low in mid course & then ascending
ones
to the tree. I hear faint tut tut or
gnah gnah--(no doubt heard a good
way by its mate now flown into the next tree)
or branch
--as it is ascending the trunk "of a
hitching along
walnut in a zig zag manner "prying into
the crevices of the bark--& now it has
found a savory morsel--which it pauses
to devour--then flits to a new bough
It is a chubby bird--white--slate color & black.
It is a perfectly cloudless & simple
winter sky-- A white moon half full

111: "The" inserted
in the pale or dull blue heaven--

a whiteness like the reflection of the

snow, extending up from the horizon all

around 1/4 the way up to the zenith-- I can

imagine that I see it shooting up like

an aurora-- this at 4 pm. About the

sun it is only whiter than elsewhere-- or

there is only the faintest possible tinge of

yellow there.

There are a great many walnuts on the

trees-- seen black against the sky-- the

wind has scattered many over the snow

crust-- It would be easier gathering them

now than ever--

{drawing} The johnswort & the larger

pinweed are conspicuous

above the snow-- Some fine

straw colored grasses as delicate as

the down on a young man's cheek still

rise above this crusted snow-- even

a recess is melted around them-- "ao gently

has it been deposited.

The sun goes down & leaves not a blush in

the sky.

As I saw

Riordan's cock thrust out the window

onto the snow-- to seek his sustenance--

& now as I go by at night he is waiting

on the front door step to be let in.

182 drawing continues for three lines overall
183 "--" poss written over "."
My themes shall not be far fetched
--I will tell of homely everyday phenomena
& adventures--! Friends--! society--! It
seems to me that I have an abundance
of it-- there is so much that I rejoice &
sympathize with--& men too that I never
speak to but only know & think of.
What you call bareness & poverty--is to
me simplicity: God could not be un-
kind to me if he should try. I love the
winter with its imprisonment & its cold--for
it compels the prisoner to try new fields &
resources-- I love to have the river closed up
for a season & a pause put to my boating
to be obliged to get my boat in--
^I shall launch it again in the spring
with so much more pleasure-- This
is an advantage in point of abstinence
and moderation compared with the sea-
side boating--where the boat ever lies
on the shore.-- I love best to have each
thing in its season only--& enjoy doing without
it at all other times. It is no great
the greatest of all advantages to enjoy no
advantage at all. I find it invariably true
the poorer I am the richer I am.
Whatever you consider my disadvantage,
I consider my advantage-- While you are
pleased to get knowledge & culture in
many ways I am delighted to think that
I am getting rid of them.

I have never got over my surprise that

I should have been born into the most

estimable place in all the world--& in

the very nick of time too.

Sat Dec 6

2 Pm to Hub Bridge & Holden Swamp--

& up river on ice to P Pond crossing--just below

pond--back on E side of river--

Skating is fairly begun-- //

The river is pretty generally frozen over--though

it will bear quite across in very few places

Much of the ice in the middle is dark

& thin having been formed last night--

%trembling%

& when you stamp you see the water rippled

in it"" here & there.

I can walk through the Spruce swamp

now dry shod--amid the water andromeda185

& Kalmia glauca. I feel an affection

for the rich brown fruit of the panicled

andromeda growing about the swamp--

--hard, dry, inedible--suitable to the sea-

son-- The dense panicles of the berries are

of a handsome form--made to endure--

lasting often over 2 seasons--only becoming

darker--& grey.

How handsome every one of these leaves

that are blown about over the snow crust--
or lie neglected beneath--soon to turn to mould!

184 "it" cancelled in pencil
185 "andromeda" written over "&"
Not merely a matted mass of fibres
like a sheet of paper--but a perfect organ-
ism--& system in itself--so that no mortal
has ever yet discerned or explored its beauty.

Against this swamp I take to the river
side where the ice will bear-- White
snow ice it is, but pretty smooth--but
it is quite glare close to the shore & wherever
the water overflowed yesterday. On the
meadows where this overflow was
so deep that it did not freeze solid
it cracks from time to time with a
threatening squeak. I see here & there
very faint tracks of muskrats or minks
made when it was soft & sloshy leading
from the springy shore to the then open middle.
the faintest possible vestiges which are only
seen in a favorable light.

Just this side of Bittern’s Cliff I see
the very remarkable track of an otter
made undoubtedly Dec 3d when this
snow ice was mere slosh-- It had come up
through a hole--(now black ice) by the stem
of a button bush--and ap. pushed its way through
the slosh as through snow on land, leaving a
track 8 inches wide more or less--with the
now frozen snow shoved up 2 inches high on
each side (i.e. 2 inches above the general
level). Where the ice was firmer are

186 "b" written over "b"
187 "the" written over "An"
seen only the track of its feet-- It had crossed the open middle (now thin black ice) & continued its singular trail to the opposite shore--as if a narrow sled had been drawn bottom upward.

At Bittern cliff I saw where they had been playing--sliding or fishing ap. to day on the snow covered rocks--on" which for a rod upward and as much in width--the snow was trodden & now quite smooth as if 20 had trodden & slid there for several hours. Their a mass of droppings are ap. chiefly fishes & bones--loose scaly black masses--A this point the black ice approached within 3 or 4 feet of the rock & there was an open space just there a foot or 2 across--which appeared to have been kept open by them. I continued along up that side & crossed on white ice just below the Pond-- The river was all tracked up with otters From Bittern Cliff upward-- Sometimes one had trailed his tail ap. edgewise--making a mark like the tail of a deer[-]mouse--sometimes they" were moving fast & there was an interval of 5 feet between the tracks. I saw one place where there was a zig-zag piece of black ice 2 rods long & 1 foot wide in the midst of the white which I was surprised to

---

"on" inserted
"they" written over "there"
find had been made by an otter
pushing his way through the slosh—He
had left fishes scales &c at the end.
These very conspicuous tracks generally
commenced & terminated at some button
bush or willow, where a black ice now
masked the hole of that date. It
is surprising that our hunters know no
more about them.

I see also what I take to be rabbits
tracks made in that slosh—shaped
like a horses track only rather longer &
larger—(drawing) (drawing)—They had set out
to cross the river but coming to open water
turned back!

Each pinweed &c has melted a little
hollow or rough cave in the snow in
which the lower part at least snugly hides.
They are never more interesting than now
on Lechea plain—since they are perfectly
relieved—brown on white.

//Far The greater part of the shrub oak leaves
are fallen.

When I speak of the otter to our oldest village
Dr—who should be ex. officio our naturalist
he is greatly surprised not knowing that such
an animal is found in these parts—& I
have to remind him that the Pilgrims sent
home many otter skins in the first vessels
that returned together with beaver, mink, & black-fox skins--& 1156 pounds of otter skins in the years 1631-2-3-4-5 & 6 which also 125(.3)0 lbs of beaver skin brought 14 or 15 shillings a pound. V. Bradford's History.

Though so many oak leaves hang on all winter--you will be surprised on going into only a short time the woods at any time after a fall of snow-- to see how many have lately fallen on it & are driven about over it--so that you would think there could be none left till spring.

When I crossed the river on the roughish white ice--there were coarse ripple marks or up stream 2 or 3 feet apart & convex to the south & extending quite across & drawing\textsuperscript{111} and many spots of black ice a foot wide more or less in the midst of the white--where prob. was water yesterday. The water ap. had been blown southerly on to the ice already formed & hence the ripple marks.

In many places the otters appeared to have gone floundering along in the slushy ice & water.

On all sides in swamps & about their edges bare & in the woods--the shrubs are sprinkled with buds more or less noticeable & pretty --their little gemmae or gems--their most vital & attractive parts now--

\textsuperscript{110} "&" inserted

\textsuperscript{111} T writes captions: "black ice" and "white ice" within drawing
-- almost all the greenness & color left--
salads
greens & rabbits for the birds & rabbits.
Our eyes go searching along the stems for
what is most vivacious & characteristic--
the concentrated summer gone into winter quarters.
For we are hunters pursuing the summer--
on snow shoes & skates all winter long. There
is really but one season in our hearts.

What variety--the pinweeds--clear brown
seedy plants give to the fields which are
yet but shallowly covered with snow! You
were not aware before how extensive these grain
fields. Not till the snow comes are the beauty & variety--& richness of vegeta-
tion even fully revealed-- Some plants
are now seen more {simply} & distinctly--&
to advantage. The pin weeds &c have been
for the most part confounded with the
russet or brown earth beneath them, being
seen against a back ground of the same color
--but now being seen against a pure white
back ground they are as distinct as if held
up to the sky.

Some plants seem then in their prime or per-
fection when supporting an icy burden in their
empty chalices.

Sunday Dec 7th
Pm Take my first skate to
Fair Haven P. It takes my feet a few

192 "are" written over "is"
moments to get used to the skates. I see the
track of one skater who has preceded me--
this morning-- This is the first skating--
I keep mostly to the smooth ice about a rod wide
next the shore commonly--where there was an over-
flow a day or 2 ago-- There is not the slightest
over flow today & yet it is warm (thermometer
at 25+ at 4 1/2 Pm). It must be that the
river is falling. Now I go shaking over hobbly
places--now shoot over a bridge of ice only
a foot wide between the water & the shore at
Hub. Bath--always so at first there
a bend.-- Now I suddenly see the trembling
surface of water where I thought (were) black
spots of ice only--around me-- The river
is rather low--so that I cannot keep the
river above the Clam Shell bend--I am
confined to a very narrow edging of ice on
the meadow--gliding with unexpected
ease through withered sedge--but slipping
some times on a twig-- Again taking to
the snow to reach the next ice--but this
rests my feet--Straddling the bare Black
willows--winding between the button bushes
--& following narrow threadings of ice amid
the sedge--which bring me out to clear
fields unexpectedly-- Occasionally I am obliged
to take a few strokes over black & thin
looking ice where the neighboring bank is
springy--& am slow to acquire confi-
connexion in it--but returning how bold I am!
Where the meadow seemed only sedge & snow
I find a complete ice connexion:"
At Cardinal shore--as usual there is
a great crescent of (hobby) ice where
2 or 3 days ago the N. W wind drove the
waves back up stream & broke up the
edge of the ice-- This crescent is 8 or 10
rods wide & 2ce as many long--& consists
(drawing) of cakes of ice from
a few inches to
half a dozen feet
in diameter--
all around
with each a raised edge--where
occasionally the raised edge is 6 inches high!
apparently the floating
sludge has been caught & accumulated.
& is not yet safe
This is mottled black & white". It is like
skating over so many rails--or the edges
of saws-- Now I glide over a field of white
air cells close to the surface--with
coverings no thicker than egg-shells--cutting
crackling
tho' with a sharp "sound. There are many
of those singular spider shaped dark places amid
the white ice--where the surface water has run
tho' some days ago--
As I enter on F. H. Pond I see already 3
pickerel fishers retreating from it
drawing a sled thro the Baker Farm--
& see where they have been fishing, by

\*connexion" written over "connecion"
the shining chips of ice about the holes--
Others were here even yesterday--as it appears
The pond must have been frozen by the 4th at least
Some fisherman or other is ready with his reels
& bait as soon as the ice will bear--whether
it be Saturday or Sunday. Theirs too is a
sort of devotion--though it be called hard
names by the preacher, who perhaps could
not endure the cold & wet any day. Perhaps
he dines off their pickerel on Monday at the
hotel-- The ice appears to be but 3 or 4
inches thick.
That grand old poem called Winter is round again without any conni-
   vance of mine--
As I sit under Lees Cliff where the snow
is melted--amid sere penny royal & frost--
bitten catnep--I look over my shoulder
upon an arctic scene. I
see with surprise the pond a dumb
white surface of ice speckled with snow,
just as so many winters before,--where
so lately were lapsing waves or smooth
I see the holes which the pickerel fisher has made--& I see him too retreating
over the
reflecting water. It seemed as if
hills drawing his sled behind him. The water is already skimmed over again there.
water had come without any in-
I hear too the familiar belching voice of the pond.
terval since mid-summer & I was pre-
pared to see it flit away by the time
I again looked over my shoulder. It
was as if I had dreamed it. But I
see that the farmers have had time to
gather their harvests as usual, and the
seasons have revolved as slowly as in the
first Autumn of my life. The winters
come now as fast as snow-flakes-- It

"which" poss. written over "why"

123
is wonderful that old men do not lose
their reckoning. It was summer--
now again it is winter. Nature loves
this rhyme so well that she never tires of
repeating it. So sweet & wholesome is
the winter--so simple & moderate--so
satisfactory & perfect--that her children
will never weary of it. What a poem!
An epic, in blanc verse--enriched with
a million tinkling rhymes. It is solid
beauty. It has been subjected to the vicissitudes
of millions of years of the gods & not a
single superfluous ornament remains-- The
severest & coldest of the immortal critics
have shot their arrows at & pruned it
till it cannot be amended.
The swamp white oak leaves
are like the shrub-oak in having 2 colors
above & beneath. They are considerably
so as to show their silvery lining
curled "though firm. Hardy & handsome
with a fair silver winter lining.
Am pleased to see the holes where men
have dug for money--since they remind me that
some are dreaming still like children--though
of impracticable things--dreaming of finding
money--& trying to put their dream in practice.
It proves that men live Arabian nights
& days still. I would they should have
have even that kind of faith, than none at
all. If any silly or abominable or super-
stitious practice ever prevailed among any
savage race--just that may be re-
peated in the most civilized society today.
You will see full grown woods
where the oak & pines are separated by right'\' lines--growing
in squares or other rectilinear figures--
because different lots were cut at different
times.

Dec 8th
Thermometer at 8 Am 8' + above zero--
Probably the coldest day yet.
Bradford in his History of the Plymouth
Plantation--remembering the condition
of the Pilgrims on their arrival in Cape
Cod Bay the 11th of Nov. 1620 O. S. (p 79)
"which way soever they turned their eyes (save
upward to the heavens) they could have little
in respect
solace or content of any outward objects.
For summer being done, all things stand
upon them with a weather-beaten face;
and the whole country, full of woods
& thickets, represented a wild & savage
a N. E.
hue." Such was "Nov. in'' 1620 to Bradfords
eyes--& such no doubt it would
be to his eyes in the country still.
However it required no little courage to
found a colony here at that season
of the year.

possibly "sight"
"in" inserted
The earliest mention of anything like a glaze in N. E. that I remember is in *Bradford's Hist. of the Plymouth Plantation* p 83 where he describes the 2d expedition with the shallop from Cape Cod Harbor in search of a settlement the 6th of Dec. O. S. "The weather was very cold, and it froze so hard as the spray of the sea lighting on their coats, they were as if they had been glazed." Bradford was one of the 10 principal ones. That same night they searched the bottom of the Bay & saw the Indians cutting up a black fish. Nature has not changed one iota.

Dec 9th

Pm. RR to Lincoln Bridge & back by road. There is scarcely a particle of ice in // Walden yet--& that close to the edge ap. on the W & NW sides-- Yet Fair Haven was so solidly frozen on the 6th that there was fishing on it--& yesterday I met Goodwin bringing a fine lot of pickerel // from Flint's which was frozen at least 4 inches thick-- This is no doubt owing solely to the greater depth of Walden.

As I stand on the RR against Heywoods meadow--the sun now getting low in the W-- the leaves of the young oaks in Emerson's

---

201 "in" poss. written over "the"
202 "10" preceded by canceled false start
203 "Bay" written over "bay"
sproutland on the side of the hill--make
a very agreeable thick rug-like stuff
for the eye to rest on. The white-oak leaves
are a very pale brown, but what I take

5  
be the scarlet oaks are quite red
Near at hand they are conspicuously ruddy in any light--the scarlet oaks
now in the sun.^ (Those black oaks which
afterward somewhat yellowish
I notice examine near at hand "are a pure"

brown.) This slight difference of shading
makes a very pleasing variety on this densely
covered hill side, like a rich embroidered
stuff. One species does not stand by itself--
but they are dispersed & intimately mingled.
distinct
These oak leaves have more "characters now
at this distance than in summer-- It is
as if a rich rug with stuff 6 or 8 feet deep--
had been dropt over this hill opening the stuff
on the {brow}--dyed of various shades of enduring
brown--the (wholesome) & strong color which
Nature^124 loves--& here & there the now dark
green of a pine is seen-- When the wind
rises the leaves rustle their content.

The sun light reveals no redness in
the white oak leaves. The bright colors
of autumn are transient--these browns
are permanent. These are not so much
withered leaves, for they have a wintry life
in them still, & the tanned or browned color
of assured health. They are a sort of
epidermis or bark-- not at once thrown

^124 "Nature" written over "nature"
off--serving perhaps to protect the trees
as well as the quadruped & birds.

Coming thru the Walden Woods I
see already great heaps of oak leaves
collected in certain places on the snow crust
by the roadside--where an eddy deposited
them. It suggests that a certain law has
attended their movements, which appeared
so lawless, even as with the iron filings
under the influence of music. The greater
part that have fallen are deposited in
clear & crispy
"heaps in particular places. They are
beds which invite the traveller to repose
on them even in this wintry weather.

From a little E of Wyman's I look over
the pond westward. The sun is near setting
away beyond Fair Haven""-- A bewitching still-
ness reigns through all the woodland
& over the snow-clad landscape-- Indeed
the winter day in the roads or fields
has commonly the stillness of twilight.
The pond is perfectly smooth & full of
light-- I hear only the strokes of a
lingering wood chopper at a distance--
& the melodious hooting of an owl,
marked
which is as common "a sound as the axe
or the locomotive whistle--yet where
does the ubiquitous hooter sit & who
sees him? In whose woodlot is

"Haven" written over "haven"
he to be found? Few eyes have rested on
him hooting, few on him silent "even.
-- Yet cut away the woods never so
much year after year--though the
chopper has not seen him & only a
grove or two is left, still his aboriginal
voice is heard indefinitely far & sweet.
-- mingled oft in strange harmony with
the newly invented din of trade--like a
sentence of (Allegri) sounded in our
Hooting from invisible perch at his foes the woodchopper's who
streets-- As the earth only a few inches
are invading his domains
beneath the surface is undisturbed
& what it was ancietly--so are heard still
some primeval sounds in the air-- Some
of my townsmen I never see and of a great
proportion I do not hear the voices in a
year--though they live within my horizon loud
--but every week almost I hear the "voice
of the hooting owl--though I do not
more than
see the bird once in 10 years.

I perceive that more or other things
are seen in the reflection than in the
substance-- As I look now over the pond
westward I see in substance the now
bare outline of F. H. Hill a mile beyond
--but in the reflection I see not this--
only the tops of some pines which stand
but are invisible against the dark hill beyond
close to the shore "& these are indefinitely
prolonged into points of shadow--

[224] "h" written over "h"
[239] inserted
The sun is set, & over the valley
which looks like an outlet of Walden
toward Fair Haven—I see a burnished
bar of cloud stretched low & level—as
if it were the bar over that passageway
to elysium—the last column in the
train of the sun.

When I got as far as my bean field
the reflected white in the winter horizon
of this perfectly cloudless sky—is being condensed
at the horizons edge—who its hue deepening
with a dun golden—against which
the tops the trees—pines—& elms are seen
with beautiful distinctness—who a slight
blush begins to suffuse the Eastern horizon
& so the picture of the day is done & set in a gilded frame.
Such is a winter eve—

Now for a merry fire—some old poets
pages—(ore) else serene philosophy—or even
to last
a healthy book of travels—far into the
the
night—eked out perhaps with walnuts
which we gathered in November.
The worker who would accomplish much
these short days—must shear a dusky
slice off both ends of the night—The
chopper must work as long as he can see,
home
often returning ^by moon light
& set out for the woods again by candle-
light.

In many parts of the river the ice
has been formed with remarkably

237 "Such" poss. written over "This"
coarse crystallization--the surface being
starred with great raised rays--as high
thick as your thumb & several feet long--
-- as it were the beginning of a bony system
-- as if under the action of a strong wind which
rippled the water while it was freezing.
(drawing) All covered with these
rounded plaits.

Soon** where there is much current
** even in pretty cold weather, the ice
is worn thin during the day--and when
you are following the tracks of one who
has preceeded you by half a dozen hours--
over the black ice--you are surprized
by seeing the trembling water reveal itself
otherwise not noticeable
at numerous holes "close about you.
The N. W. wind meeting the current
in an exposed place produces that hobbly
ice which I described at Cardinal Shore
is the case
day before yesterday. This Phenomenon occurs
in this place every year--and no doubt
this same phenomenon occurred annually
at this point on this river--a thousand
years before America was discovered. This
regularity & permanence make these phenome-
na more interesting to me.

Dec 10th 56

A fine clear cold winter morning--with
a small leaf frost on trees &c-- The thermometer

**possibly "Saw"
at 7 1/4 & at 7 1/2 3'+ Going to the P.O.
at the former hour--I notice those
level bars as it were of frozen mist against
the Walden Wood. When I return the sun
is rising & the smokes from the chimneys
which slant from NW to SE, though it seems
quite still, blush like sunset clouds.

It is remarkable how suggestive the slightest
drawing as a memento of things seen-- For a
few years past I have been accustomed to
make a rude sketch in my journal of
plants, ice & various natural phenomena--
& though the fullest accompanying descrip-
tion may fail to recall my experience--
these rude outline drawings do not fail
to carry me back to that time & scene--
It is as if I saw the same thing again. And
I may again attempt to describe it in words
if I choose

Yesterday I walked under the murderous Lincoln
Bridge where at least 10 men have been
swept dead from the cars within as many
years. I looked to see if their heads had
indented the bridge--if there were sturdy
blows given as well as received, and if their
brains lay about. But I could see
neither the one nor the other. The bridge
is quite uninjured even & straight--not
even the paint worn off or discolored--
The ground is clean—the snow spotless—and the place looks as innocent as a

bridge of exactly the same character on the other side of the town, which has killed one at least to my knowledge. Surely the approaches to our town are well guarded. These are our Modern Dragons of Wantley—Boucaniers of the Fitchburg RR. they lie in wait at the Narrow passes & decimate the employées. The Company has signed a bond to give up one employée at this pass annually. The Vermont mother commits her son to their charge—and again*** she asks for him—the Directors say—"I am not your son's keeper. Go look beneath the ribs of the Lincoln Bridge."

It is a monster which would not have minded Perseus with his Medusa's head. If he could be held back only 4 feet from where he now crouches all travellers might pass in safety & laugh him to scorn— This would require but a little resolution in our legislature but it is preferred to pay tribute still. I felt a curiosity to see this famous Bridge—naturally far greater than my curiosity to see the gallows on which Smith was hung—which was burned in the old Court.
House**"H"**--for the exploits of this bridge are 10 times as memorable-- Here too**"h"** they are killed without priest---*the bridge* unlike the gallows--is a fixture. Beside the gallows bears an ill name & I think, deservedly.

No doubt it has hung many an innocent man-- but this Lincoln bridge--long as it has been in our midst--*is busy as it has been*--no legislature--no body indeed has even seriously complained of--unless it was some **bereaved mother, who was naturally preju-** To my surprise **diced against it.** I found no difficulty in getting a sight of it--*it stands right* out in broad daylight(--*)in the midst of the fields--*no sentinels--*no spiked fence--*no crowd about it,* & you have to pay no fee for looking at it. It is perfectly simple & easy to construct--*it does its work silently. The days of the gallows are numbered--*The next time this county has a Smith to dispose of--they have only to hire him out to the Fitchburg RR Company. Let the priest accompany him to the freight train--*pray with him--*take leave of him there--*Another advantage I have hinted at--*an advantage to the morals of the community--*that *no crowd ever assembles at this spot*--there are no morbidly curious persons--*no hardened
Does it not make life more serious? I feel as if these were stirring times—as good as the days of the Crusaders—the Northmen—or the Boucaniers.

Gathered this 

walnuts on the hill. It has not been better picking this season there. They lie on the So too the shag-barks hang on the trees on the Souhegan where snow or rather sunk an inch or two into it. the have not been gathered— See the squirrel And some trees hang quite full. tracks leading straight from tree to tree. It has been a warm clear glorious winter

day—the air full of that peculiar vapor.

How short the afternoons! I hardly got out a couple of miles before the sun is setting. The nights are light on account of the snow—and there being a moon there is no distinct interval between the day & night. I see the sun set from the side of Nawshawtuct & make haste to the P. O, with the red sky over my shoulder—when the mail is distributed.— & I come forth into the street on my return— The apparently full moon has fairly commenced her reign & I get home by her light.

Bradford in his History of the Plymouth Plantation written bet 1630 & 1650 uses on p 235 the word “kilter” speaking of guns being
out of kilter--proving that this is an
old word-- Yet it is not in my diction--
aries--

Dec 11th '56
Minott tells me that his & his sisters
woodlot together contains about 10 acres
& has, with a very slight exception at one time--
supplied all their fuel for 30 years &
he thinks could constantly continue to do
so-- They keep one fire all the time
& 2 some of the time--& burn about
8 cords in a year. He knows his wood-
lot & what grows in it as well as
an ordinary farmer does his cornfield--
for he has cut his own wood till within
2 or 3 years--knows the history of every
stump on it & the age of every sapling--
knows how many beech trees & black birches
there are there--as another knows his
pear or cherry-trees. He complains that
the choppers make a very long carf\[27\] now
a-days--doing most of the cutting on one
side--to avoid changing hands so much--
It is more economical, as well as more
poetical--to have a woodlot & cut & get
at\[28\] your own wood from year to year--than
to buy it at your door. Minott may say
to his trees "Submit to my axe-- I cut
your father on this very spot--" How

\[27\] OED defines "carf" as "Cutting, a cut, incision; a wound; a fissure."
\[28\] 1906 has "cut"
many sweet passages there must have
been in his life there chopping all alone
in the short winter days--! 215 How many
rabbits, partridges, foxes--he saw--! 216 A rill
runs through the lot where he quenched his
thirst--& several times he has laid it bare.
At last rheumatism has made him a
prisoner & he is compelled to let a stranger
--a vandal it may be go into his lot
with an axe. (It) is fit that he should be
buried there.

Dec 12th 56

Wonderful--wonderful is our life
and that of our companions--! That
there should be such a thing as a
brute animal--not human--? 217 & that it
should attain to a sort of society with
our race!! Think of cats, for instance;
they are neither Chinese nor Tartars--;
they do not go to school, nor read the
Testament-- Yet how near they come
to doing so--how much they are like
who do so% What sort of philosophers are
we who know absolutely nothing of
the origin & destiny of cats?--
At length--without
having solved any of these problems, we fatten & kill & eat ^our cousins!!
As soon as the snow came I naturally
began to observe that portion of the plants
that was left above the snow--not
only the weeds--but the withered leaves
which before had been confounded with
the russet earth. Yesterday after
noon--after a misty forenoon it began
/to rain by degrees--& in the course of
the night more than half the snow has
disappeared--revealing the ground here &
there--& already the brown weeds & leaves at-
tract me less--

This morning it is fair again.

Pm to Saw Mill Brook & back
by red-chokeberry path & Walden

Large oaks in thick woods have not so
many leaves on them--as in pastures me-
thinks--(?!) At the wall between Saw Mill
Brook falls & red-chokebery path I see
where a great many chestnut burrs have
been recently chew up fine by the squirrels
to come at the nuts. The wall for half
a dozen rods & the snow is covered with
them-- You can see where they have dug
the burrs out of the snow & then sat
on a rock or the wall & gnawed them in
pieces. I too dig many burrs out of the snow
with my foot--and though many of these
nuts are softened & discolored they have a pecu-
liarily sweet and agreeable taste--

Yesterday morning I noticed that several
people were having their pigs killed, not fore-
seeing the thaw. Such warm weather as this
the animal heat will hardly get out before night—"I saw Peter, the dexterous pig-
butcher—busy in 2 or 3 places—& in
the Pm I saw him with washed hands & knives
in sheath—& his leather overalls drawn off
—going to his solitary house on the edge
of the Great Fields—carrying in the
rain a piece of the pork he had slaughtered
with a string put through it. Often he
carries home the head, which is less prized
taking his pay thus in kind—& these
supplies do not come amiss to his out-
cast family.

I saw Lynch's dog stealthily feeding at
a half of his master's pig which lay dressed
on a wheelbarrow at the door— A little
yellow brown dog--with fore feet braced
on the ice—& out-stretched neck—he (\----)
eagerly browsed along the edge of the meat
half a foot to right & left— with incessant
short & rapid snatches which brought it away
as readily as if it had been pudding.
He evidently knew very well that he was
stealing—but made the most of his time.
The little brown dog weighed a pound
or 2 more afterward than before.

Where is the great natural historian—? Is
he a butcher or the patron of butchers? As well
look for a great anthropologist among cannibals.
New Zealanders.

Dec 13 '56

PM to Hill & round by J. Hosmer

woodland & Lee House--

I see some of those great Androme-
da puffs still hanging on the twigs behind
Assabet--spring--black & shrivelled
//bags-- The river is generally open again--
The snow is mostly gone-- In many places
it is washed away down to the channels made
by the mice--branching galleries. I go
through the lot where Wheelers Irishmen
cut last winter. Though they changed
hands, they did not cut twice in a place
& the stump instead of having a smooth
surface is roughly hacked.

There is a fine healthy & handsome
scarlet oak--between Muhlenbergii Brook220
& the Assabet River watering place--in the
open land. It is about 35 feet high
& spreads 25--perfectly regular. It is very
full (drawing) of leaves--excepting a
of bare twigs
crescent "at" the summit about
3 feet wide in the middle--the
leaves have a little redness in
them.

There is a dense growth of young
birches from the seed--in the sproutland
lot just beyond on the river side--now

220 "Muhlenbergii Brook" written over "muhlenbergii brook"
1 ap 2 or 3 years old—& they have a peculiar
2 pink tint seen in the mass.

3 Dec 14th
4 This morning it begins to snow—& the
5 ground is whitened again—& but in an hour
6 or two it turns to rain & rains all the rest
7 of the day—& at night clears up—& in
8 the night—a strong & gusty NW wind blows
9 --which by morning has dried up almost all
10 the water in the road. It still blows hard
11 at 2 Pm—& but it is not cold.
12
13 3 Pm to Walden--
14 The high N. W. wind of the morning
15 with what of cold we have—has
16 made some of those peculiar rake-
17 toothed icicles—on the dead twigs &c
18 about the edge of the Pond at the
19 E end. To produce this phenomenon
20 is required only open water—& a high wind
21 --& sufficiently cold weather—& to freeze
22 the spray. I observe Bower’s boat
23 left out at the pond as last winter.
24 When I see that a man neglects
25 his boat thus, I do not wonder
26 that he fails in his business. It
27 is not only shiftlessness—& unthrift—
28 but a sort of filthiness to let things
29 go to wrack and ruin thus.
I still recall to mind that character-
istic winter eve of Dec. 9th-- The cold
dry & wholesome diet my mind & senses
necessarily fed on--oak leaves--bleached
& withered weeds that rose above the
snow--the now dark green of the pines--
and perchance the faint metallic chip
of a single tree-sparrow. The hushed still-
ness of the road at sundown--aye all
the winter day--the short boreal twilight--
the smooth serenity & the reflections of
the pond--still alone free from ice--
--the melodious hooting of the owl--heard
at the same time with the yet more distant
whistle of a locomotive--more aboriginal,
& perchance more enduring here than that--
heard above the voices of all the wise
men of Concord\textsuperscript{221}, as if they were not. Now
little he is Anglicized\textsuperscript{222}! the last strokes
of the woodchopper--who presently bends
his steps homeward--the gilded bar
of cloud across the apparent outlet
of the pond--conducting my thoughts
into the eternal west--the deepening
horizon glow--& the hasty walk home-
ward to enjoy the long winter evening.
The hooting of the owl--! That is a
sound which my red predecessors heard
here more than a thousand years ago--

\textsuperscript{221} "C" possibly written over "c"
\textsuperscript{222} "A" written over "a"
It sings far & wide occupying the spaces
rightfully--grand--primaeval, aboriginal
sound. There is no whisper in it of the
Buckleys--the Flints--the Hosmers who re-
cently squatted here--nor of the 1st parish
nor of the Concord Fight**--or of the last
town-meeting.

Mrs Moody very properly calls eating
nuts--"a mouse-like employment"--
It is quite too absorbing--you can't read
at the same time, as when you are eating
an apple.

Dec 17

\[ {\text{Fm}} \] Cold with a piercing N. W. wind &
bare ground still-- The river which was
raised by the rain of the 14 & ran partly over
the meadows, is frozen over again--6 I
go along the edge of the mead under Clam-
Shell & back by Hubbards bridge. At
Clam-shell to my surprise scare up either
a (wood's-cock) or a snipe. I think the
former--for I plainly saw considerable
red on the breast--also a light stripe
along the neck. It was feeding alone
close to the edge of the hill where it
is springy & still soft--almost the
only place of this character in the
neighborhood--6 though I startled it
3 times, it each time flew but little

---

** "F" written over "E"
way round to the hill side again--perhaps the same spot it had left a moment before—as if unwilling to leave this unfrozen open & comparatively warm locality. It was a great surprise this bitter cold day—when so many springs were frozen up—to see this hardy bird loitering still. Once alighted—you could not see it till it arose again.

In Saw mill brook—as I crossed it— I saw the tail disappearing of some muskrat or other animal—flapping in the cold water—where all was ice around—A flock of a dozen //or more tree sparrows flitting through the edge of the birches &c by the meadow front of Puffer's—They make excursions into the open meadow & as I approach take refuge in the brush. I hear their faint cheep—a very feeble evidence of their existence—and also a pretty little suppressed warbling from them.

To day though so cold—there is much of the frozen over flow—a broad border of it along the meadow—a discolored yellowish & soft ice—(It prob—ran out yesterday or last night)—the river still rising a little.
The wind is so cold & strong—that
the Indians that are encamped in 3 wig-
wams of cloth in the (RR) wood-yard
have all moved into 2--& closed them up
tight.

That feeble cheep of the tree-sparrow
like the tinkling of an icicle—or
the chafing of 2 hard shrub oak
twigs—is prob.—a call to their mates
by which they keep together. These birds
when perched look larger than usual
this cold & windy day—they are puffed
up for warmth—have added a porch
to their doors.

It is pretty poor picking out of doors
to day—there is but little comfort
to be found—you go stumping over
bare frozen ground—sometimes clothed
with curley yellowish withered grass like
the back of half starved cattle late
in the fall—now beating this ear
now that to keep them warm.

It is comparatively summer-like
under the S. side of woods & hills.

When I returned from the south the other
day—I was greeted by withered shrub oak
leaves which I had not seen there—
It was the most homely & agreeable
object that met me. I found that
I had no such friend as the shrub-oak hereabouts. A farmer once asked me what shrub oaks were made for—not knowing any use they served. But I can tell him that they do me good. They are my parish ministers regularly settled. They never did any man harm—

Yesterday I was running a line through the woods. How many days have I spent thus sighting my way in direct lines through cat-briar & viburnum in N. Jersey—through shrub oak in N. E. requiring my axeman to shear off twigs & bushes & dead limbs—masses of withered leaves that obstruct the view.—then set up a freshly barked stake exactly on the line—looking at these barked stakes from far & near as if I loved them—knowing where I shall come out—my duty then & there perhaps merely to locate a straight line between 2 points.

Now you have the foliage of summer painted in brown—Go thro' the shrub oaks—All growth has ceased—greenness meets the eye—except what there may be in the bark of this shrub—the green leaves are all turned to brown little—quite dry & sapless—the buds are sleeping at the base of the slender

"—" written over "."
shrunken petioles-- Who observed when
they passed from green to brown--? I do
not remember the transition-- It was
very gradual. But these leaves still
have a kind of life in them. They are ex-
ceedingly beautiful in their withered state--
If they hang on--it is like the persever-
ance of the saints. Their colors are
as wholesome--their forms as perfect
as ever. Now that the crowd & bustle of
summer is passed I have leisure to ad-
mire them. Their figures never weary my
eye-- Look at the few broad scallops in
their sides--when was that pattern first
cut?-- With what a free stroke the curve
was struck! With how little--yet just
enough variety in their forms! Look at
the fine bristles which arm each pointed lobe
--as perfect now as when the wild bee
or the chewink scratched beneath them
humed about them^ What pleasing & har-
monious colors within & without--above
& below! The smooth delicately brown tanned
acorn color  some silvery or ashy
upper surface^ the very pale
ribbed under side. How poetically--how
like saints--or innocent & beneficent beings
they give up the ghost. How spiritual!
though they have lost their sap, they have
not given up the ghost-- Rarely touched
by worm or insect--they are as fair as ever--
These are the forms of some--

When was it ordained that this leaf
should turn brown in the fall?

Dec 18th '56

12 M. Start for Amherst NH.

The ground A very cold day-- Thermometer

at 8 Am 8°- (I hear of others very much
//lower at an earlier hour--) 2°- at 11 3/4

I find the first snow enough to whiten the
ground beyond Littleton--& it deepens all
the way to Amherst. The steam of the
gine hugs the earth very close. Is it
because it a very clear cold day?

The last (half) the route from Groton Junction
to Nashua is along the Nashua river mostly.

This river looks less interesting than

---

232 drawing covers approximately 1/3 page
233 T cancels and redraws the minus sign here
the Concord-- It appears even more open
--i.e less wooded--(?) at any rates the banks
are more uniform & I notice none of our
meadows on it. At Nashua hire**
a horse & sleigh & ride to Amherst 11 miles
against a strong NW wind this bitter
cold Pm. When I get to S. Merrimack
about 3 1/4 Pm they tell me the thermometer
is 3'-- Warm myself there in the shop
against my body under the buffalo,
of a tub & pail maker--who does his
work by hand--splitting out the staves with
a curved knife--& smoothing them with
curved shaves. His hoops are white ash{--}
shaved thin. After entering Amherst
territory--near the Souhegan--{notice}
many shag bark-trees--which they
tell me the owners value as they do
a good apple tree, getting a dozen
bushels of shelled nuts sometimes from
a tree. I see the nuts on some still.
At my lecture the audience
attended to me closely--& I was satis-
fied--that is all I ask or expect generally.
Not one spoke to me afterward--
nor needed they. I have no doubt that
they liked it, in the main, though
few of them would have dared say so
--provided they were conscious of it.
Generally--if I can only get the ears

**"hire" preceded by stray mark
of an audience, I do not care whether
they say they like my lecture—or not.
I think I no as well as they can tell—
At any rate it is none of my busi-
ness—and it would be impertinent for
me to inquire. The stupidity of
most of these country towns—not to
include the cities—is in its innocence
infantile. Lectured in basement (vestry)
of the orthodox church—and I trust
helped to undermine it.

I was told to stop at the U. S. Hotel—
but an old inhabitant had never
heard of it & could not tell me
where to find it—but I found the
letters on a sign without help—
It was the ordinary the ordinary un-
pretending (?) desolate looking country
tavern. The landlord apologized to
me because there was to be a ball
there that night which would keep
& it did. me awake." He & others there, horrible
to relate, were in the habit of blowing
their noses with their fingers & wiping
them on their boots! Champney’s
U. S. Hotel was an ordinary team tavern
& the letters U. S. properly enough not
very conspicuous on the sign.

A paper called the Farmer's Cabinet
is published there-- it has reached its
55th volume. I rode back to Nashua
in the morning of
Dec 19
Knew the road by some yellow birch trees
in a swamp--& some rails set on end
around a white oak in a pasture.
These it seems were the objects I had noticed
in Nashua (observed), as I thought,
some elms in the distance which had been
white-washed. It turned out that they
were covered from top to bottom on one
side with the frozen vapor from a fall
on the canal. Walked a little way
along the bank of the Merrimack
which was frozen over--& was agreeably
reminded of my voyage up it. The
night previous, in Amherst, I had been
awaked by the loud cracking of the ground
which shook the house like the explo-
sion of a powder mill. In the morning
there was to be seen a long crack across
the road in front. I saw several of
these here in Nashua, & ran a
bit of stubble down into them but in no
place more than 5 inches-- This is a
sound peculiar to the coldest nights.

Observed that the Nashua in Pepper=13
ell was frozen to the very edge of the
fall--& even further in some places.
Got home at 1 1/2 Pm--

Pm to Walden

//

Walden froze completely over last night

-- This is very sudden--for on the evening of

the 15th ult there was not a particle of

ice on it. In just 3 days then it has been

completely frozen over & the ice\(^1\) is now from 2 1/2

to 3 inches thick--a transparent green ice--

through which I see the bottom where it is 7 or

8 feet deep. I detect its thickness by looking

at the cracks which are already very numer-

ous--but having been made at different

ages of the ice, they indicate very various thick-

nesses-- Often one only an inch deep crosses

at right angles another 2 1/2 inches deep

-- The last having been recently made & indi-

cating the real thickness of the ice. I ad-

vance confidently toward the middle--keep-

ing within a few feet of some distinct

crack 2 inches or more deep--but when

that fails--me & I see only cracks an

inch or 1 1/2 inches deep--or none at all

--I walk with great caution & timidity--

though the ice may be as thick as ever--but

I have no longer the means of determining

its thickness. The\(^1\) ice is so transparent

that it is too much like walking on water

by faith.

The portion of the pond which was last

\(^1\) "& the ice" written over "--&"

\(^2\) "The" written over "I"
frozen is a thinner & darker ice stretching about across the middle from SE to NW i.e. from the shoulder of the deep cove to nearly mid-way between the bar--& ice-fort cove cape. Close to the north west end of this there is a small & narrow place 20" feet long E & W which is still so thin that a small stone makes a hole. The water, judging" from my map, may 70 or 75 feet deep there. It looks as if this had been the warmest place on the surface of the pond & therefore" last to yield to the frost-king. Into this--or into the thinner ice at this point there empties, as it were, a \*narrow\* meandering creek from near the western shore--which \*"\* was nearly as late to freeze as any part-- All this, I think, I have noticed in previous years. About the edge of all this more recent & darker ice--the thicker ice is white with a feathery frost which seems to have been produced by the very fine spray or rather the vapor--blown from the yet unfrozen surface onto the ice by the strong & cold wind-- Here is where, so to speak, its last animal heat escaped-- the dying breath of the pond frozen on its lips. It had the same origin with the frost about the mouth of a hole in the ground whence warm vapors had escaped. The fluid timid pond was encircled within an ever

---

241 "20" poss. written over text
242 "g" inserted
243 "therefore" altered from "the"
244 "a" written over "thin"
narrowing circle by the icy grasp of
winter--& this is a trace of the last vaporous
breath that curled along its trembling surface.
Here the chilled pond gave up the ghost.

As I stand here, I hear the hooting of
my old acquaintance the owl in Wheeler's
wood. Do I not oftenest hear it just
before sundown? This sound heard near
at hand is more simply animal & guttural--
without resonance or reverberation--but
heard here from out the depths of the
wood--it sounds peculiarly hollow &
drum-like--as if it struck on a tense skin
drawn around--the tympanum of the
wood--through which all us denizens of
nature hear . Thus it comes to us
an accredited and universal or melodious
sound--is more than the voice of the owl--
the voice of the wood as well-- The owl only
or rather wakes the reverberations
touches the stops". For all nature is a musical
instrument on which her creatures play--"singing
their joy or grief unconsciously often.-- It
very fast
sounds now hoo/hoor hoo/hoorer/ho

Withered leaves! this is our frugal
winter diet--instead of the juicy salads of
spring & summer-- I think I could write
a lecture on "Dry leaves"--carrying of a
specimen of each kind that hangs on
in the winter into the lecture room as

"Dry" altered from "dry"
the heads of my discourse. They have long hung
to some extent in vain & have not found
their poet yet-- The pine has been sung--
but not to my knowledge--the shrub oak--
Most think it is useless-- How glad I am
that it serves no vulgar use-- It is never seen
on the woodman's cart-- The citizen who
has just bought a sproutland on which
shrub oaks alone come up--only curses it.
But it serves a higher use than they know--
Shrub-oak! how true its name! Think first
what a family it belongs to-- The oak the
King of trees is its own brother only of ample
dimensions. The oak so famous for grandeur
--& picturesqueness--so prized for strength
by the builder for knees--or for beams--
& this is the oak of smaller size--the
Esquimaux\(^\text{246}\) of oaks--the Shrub-oak!-- The
oaken shrub! I value it first for
the noble family it belongs to--
It is not like brittle sumach or venomous
dog wood--which you must beware how you
touch--but wholesome to the touch though
rough--not producing any festering sores--only
honest scratches & rents.

Dr Kane says in his Arctic Explorations p
21--that at Fiskernaes in Greenland "the
springs, which well through the mosses, fre-
quently remain unfrozen\(^\text{247}\) throughout the year".

\(^{246}\) "p" written over "e"
\(^{247}\) stray mark above word, poss i dot
Dec 20th

// Rain more or less all day

Sunday Dec 21st 56

Think what a pitiful kind of life ours is--

eating our kindred animals! & in some

places one another. Some of us (the

Esquimaux") half whose life is spent in

the dark--wholly dependent on one or

2 animals *** not many degrees removed

from themselves--for food--clothing,

& fuel--& partly for shelter.-- making

their sledges "of small fragments of porous

[of whale]

bones ^admirably knit together by thongs

of hide";--(Kane's last book V1 p 205).

Thus getting about sliding about on

the bones of our cousins

Where Kane wintered in the Advance

in '53-4 on the coast of Greenland almost

N

78° 1/2^-^ Lat. or further N than any navigator

had been excepting Parry at Spitzbergen--he

meets with Esquimaux & "the fleam-shaped

tips of their lances were of unmistakable steel"--

"the metal was obtained in traffic from the more

southern tribes"-- Such is trade

Pm to Walden

The pond is open again in the middle owing

// to the rain of yesterday"". I go across to

the Cliffs by way of the andromeda ponds--

How interesting & wholesome their color--now--

---stray marks after word

---"p" written over "e"
A broad level thick stuff--without a crevice
in it--composed of the dull brown red andromeda
--Is it not the most uniform & deepest red
that covers a large surface now? No withered
oak leaves are nearly as red at present.

In a broad hollow amid the hills, you
have this perfectly level red stuff--marked
here & there only with grey streaks or patches
bare
of 'high blueberry bushes &c and all surrounded
by a light border of straw-colored sedge &c.

Even the little red buds of the vac. pennyl-
vanicum & vacillans on the now bare &
dry looking stem attracts me as I go through
the open glades--between the 1st andromeda
pond & the well-meadow field-- Many twigs
of the vac. vacillans appear to have been nibbled
off--& some of its buds have unfolded ap. in
the fall.-- I observe sage willows
with many leaves on them still. Apparently
the red-oak retains much fewer leaves
than the white--scarlet--& black-- I notice
the petioles of both the black & red twisted in
that peculiar way.

The red-oak leaves look thinner--& therefore
flatter &
perhaps show the more than those of
the black.

The white oak leaves are the palest & most
shrivelled--the lightest perhaps a shade of buff--
but they are of various shades--some pretty dark
with a salmon tinge--

The swamp white oak-leaves--(which I am surprised to find Gray makes a var ((quercus) discolor) of the Q. Prinus) are very much like the shrub oak--but perhaps more curled. These 2 are the best preserved--though they do not hang on so well as the white & scarlet. Both remarkable for their thick leathery--sound leaves uninjured by insects & their very light downy undersides.

The black oak leaves are the darkest or deep brown--with clear yellowish brown undersides obovate in outline

The scarlet oak leaves, which are very numerous still--are of a ruddy color--having much blood in their cheeks--they are all winter the reddest on the hill sides--They still spread their ruddy fingers to the breeze. After the shrub & swamp-white, they are perhaps the best preserved of any I describe

The red oak leaves are a little lighter brown than the black oak--less yellowish beneath--Their lobes methinks are narrower & straighter sided--They are the color of their own acorns

Dec 22nd

To Boston & Cambridge

Dec 23d

Some savage tribes must share the experience of the lower animals in their relation to man.

With what thoughts must the Esquimaux
manufacture his knife from the rusty hoop
not a natural but an artificial product--the work of man's hands
of a cask drifted to his shores--the waste of
the commerce of a superior race, whom per-
chance he never saw--!

The cracking of the ground is a phenom-
emon of the coldest nights. After being awaked
by the loud cracks the night of the 18th--at
Amherst--(a man told me in the morning
that he had seen a crack running across the
plain--(I saw it) almost broad enough
to put his hand into. This was an exaggeration.
It was not 1/4 of an inch wide--) I saw
a great many the same forenoon
running across the road in Nashua
--every few rods--and also by our house
in Concord the same day when I got home.
-- So it seems the ground was cracking
all the country over-- Partly, no doubt,
because there was so little snow--or none.
None at Concord.

If the writer would interest readers--
he must report so much life--using
a certain satisfaction always as a point
d'appui. However mean & limited, it must
be a genuine & contented life that he
speaks out of. They must have the
essence or oil of himself--tried out of
the fat of his experience & joy.

Pm Surveying for Cyrus Jarvis
Shows more or less all day making an inch or 2
Dec 24th

More snow in the night & today--making
9 or 10 inches—
PM To Walden & Baker Farm
with Ricketson, it still snowing a little.
Turned off from RR—& went thro Wheeler
or Owl wood-- The snow is very light--so that
sleighs cut thro it & there is but little sleighing.
It is very handsome now on the trees by the
main path in Wheeler wood--also on the
& twigs
weeds "that rise above the snow--resting
on them just like down--(drawing) light towers
of down with the bare extremity of the twig
peeping out above. We push thro' the
light dust thorough throwing it before
our legs as a husbandman grain which
he is sowing. It is only in still paths
in the woods that it rests on the trees
much. Am surprised to find walden still
open in the middle-- When I push aside
the snow with my feet the ice appears
quite black by contrast-- There is
considerable snow on the edge of the pine
woods where I used to live-- It rests on the
successive tiers of bows--perhaps weighing
them down--so that the trees are
opened into great flakes from top to bottom.
The snow collects & is piled up in little columns
like down about every twig & stem--& this

--- Vertical pencil line for all of Dec 24th, the letter "R" written here--for Richardson
is only seen in perfection--complete to the last flake
while it is snowing, as now.

Returned across the pond & went across to
Baker farm.

Noticed at E end of westernmost Andromeda Pond
the slender spikes of Lycopus--with half a
dozens distant little spherical dark brown whorls
of pungently aromatic fragrant--or spicy
seeds--somewhat nutmeg-like or even like
flagroot (?) when bruised. I am not sure that
the seeds of any other mint are thus fragrant
now-- It scents your handkerchief or pocket-
book finely--when the crumbled whorls are
sprinkled over them.

It was very pleasant walking thus
before the storm was over--in the soft sub-
dued light. We are also more domestica-
ted in nature when our vision is confined
to near & familiar objects-- Did not
see a track of any animal--till return-
ing near the Well-Meadow Field--where
many foxes (?), one of whom I had a glimpse

[diagram]
of--had been coursing back & forth
in the path & near it for 3/4 of a
mile-- They had made quite a path.
I do not take snuff-- In
my winter walks I stoop & bruise between
my thumb & finger the dry whorls of the
Lycopus, or water horehound--just rising
above the snow--stripping them off--
& smell that-- That is as near as
I come to the Spice Islands. That is
my smelling-bottle--my ointment.
Dec 25th '56
Pm To Lee's Cliff.
A strong wind from the NW is
gathering the snow into picturesque
drifts behind the walls-- As usual
they resemble shells more than any-
thing--sometimes prows of vessels--also
the folds of a white napkin or coun-
terpain dropped over a bonetted head.
There are no such picturesque snow-
drifts as are formed behind loose
& open stone walls. Already yesterday
it had drifted so much--i.e. so
much ground was bare that there
were as many carts as sleds in the
streets.
Just beyond Hub's Bridge, on
Conant's Brook meadow I am sur-
prised to find a tract of ice
some 30 x 7 or 8 rods blown quite bare.

It shows how unstable the snow is—

Sanborn got some white spruce & some
usnea for christmas in the swamp.

I thought the last would be the most
interesting & weird.

On the north sides of the walls we go
over boots & get them full—then let
ourselves down into the shell bank on
the S. side—so beyond the brows of hills.

At Lee’s Cliff I pushed aside the
snow with my foot & got some fresh
green Catnep for Min.

I see the numerous tracks there
too of foxes or else hares—that
have been running about in the
light snow—

Called at the Conantum House— It
grieves me to see these interesting rel-
ics—this & the house at the Baker
Farm going to complete ruin.

Met Wm. Wheelers shaggy gray
terrier or Indian dog going home—
He got out of the road into the
fields & went round to avoid us.

Take long walks in stormy
weather—or through deep snows in
the fields & woods if you would
keep your spirits up.
Deal with brute nature—be cold & hungry—& weary—

Sat Dec 27th

Walden is still open in one place of considerable extent—just off the E. cape of long Southern bay.

Sunday Dec 28th

Am surprised to see the F. hiemalis here—Walden completely frozen over again last night. Goodwin & Co—s are fishing there to day. Ice about 4 inches thick—occasionally sunk by the snow beneath the water—They have had but poor luck One middling sized pickerel & 1 large yellow perch only since 9 or 10 Am—It is now nearly sundown—The perch is very full of spawn. How handsome with its broad dark transverse bars, sharp narrow triangles broadest on the back!

The men are standing or sitting about a smoky fire of damp dead wood—near by the spot where many a fisherman has sat before—& I draw near hoping to hear a fish-story. One says that Louis Menan The French Canadian who lives in Lincoln fed his ducks on the fresh-water clams which he got
at Fair Haven Pond. He saw him open
the shells;--& the ducks snapped them up
out of the shells very fast.

I observe that some shrub-oak leaves have but
little silveriness beneath--as if they were a variety--
the color of the under approaching that of
the upper surface somewhat.

Since the snow of the 23d the days
seem considerably lengthened owing to the
increased light after sundown\(^{11}\)--

The fishermen sit by their damp fire of
rotten pine wood--so wet & chilly that
even smoke in the eyes is a kind of comfort
--there they sit--ever & anon scanning
their reels to see if any have fallen--
& if not catching many fish--still getting
what they went for--though they may
not be aware of it--i.e. a wilder ex-
perience than the town affords.

There lies a pickerel or perch on the
waving a fin or
ice "lifting its gills from time to time gasping
its life away.

I thrive best on solitude. If I have
had a companion only one day in
a week--unless it were one or 2 I could
name--I find that the value of
the week to me has been seriously
affected--It dissipates my days

\(^{11}\) "sundown" poss. written over text
& often it takes me another week

to get over it. As the Esquimaux

of Smith's Straight in North Greenland

laughed—when Kane warned them

utter

of their (silent) extermination—cut off as

they are by ice on all sides from their

race—unless they attempted in season

to cross the glacier southward—

So do I laugh—when you tell me

of the danger of impoverishing myself

by isolation—It is here that the walrus

& the seal—& the white bear—& the

eider ducks & auks on which I

batten, most abound—

Dec 29th ’56

The snow is softened yet more—& it thaws

somewhat—The cockerels crow & we are

reminded of Spring.

Pm to Warren Miles' Mill—

We must go out and re-ally ourselves

to Nature every day—We must make

root—send out some little fibre at least

even every winter day—I am sensible that

I am imbibing health when I open my

mouth to the wind. Staying in the

house breeds a sort of insanity al-

257 "n" written over "n"
258 "We" written over text
ways. Every house in this sense a
hospital-- A night & a forenoon is as
much confinement to those wards as I
can stand. I am aware that I recover
some sanity which I had lost--almost the
instant that I come abroad--

Do not the **numerous** F. hiemalis--
lingering yet--& the **numerous** tree spar-
rows foretell an open winter?

The fields behind Dennis' have but little
snow on them--the weeds rising above it
imbrown them-- It is collected in deep banks
on the SE slopes of the hills--(the wind having
been NW--) & there no weeds rise above
it.

By Nut-meadow Brook--just
beyond Brown's fence Crossing--I see
a hornets nest about 6 inches in diam-
eter on a thorn bush--only 18 inches
from the ground-- Do they ever return
to the same nests?

White oaks standing in open ground
will commonly have more leaves now than
black or red oaks of the same size
also standing exposed.

Miles--is sawing pail-stuff-- Thus
the full streams & ponds--supply the
farmer with winter work-- I see

2 trout 4 or 5 inches long
in his brook a few rods below the
mill--the water is quite low he having
shut it off--Rich copper brown
fish--darting up & down the fast shoal-
ing stream.

When I return by clam-shell hill--the
sun has set--& the cloudy sky is reflected
in a short & narrow open reach at the bend
there--The water & reflected sky are a dull
dark green--but not the real sky--

Dec 30th 56

Surveying the S. G. Wheeler Farm--
Parker--the Shaker that was, my assistant
says that the first year he came to live
with Wheeler, he worked on the farm--&
that when he was digging potatoes
on that jog of about an acre) next to
the site of the old Lee-house, he found
snakes eggs in many hills--perhaps half
a dozen together--he thinks as many as
70 in all--He did not perceive that
they were united as he hoed them out--
but may have separated them--When he
broke the eggs--the young snakes 2 or
3 inches long wriggled out & about.

Had the experience of losing a pin
& then hunting for it a long time in vain.
What an evidence it is after all
of civilization—or of a capacity for improve-
ment—that savages—like our Indians
who in their protracted wars stealthily
slew—men, women & children without
mercy—with delight—who delight to
burn torture & devour one another—
Proving themselves more inhuman
in these respects even than beasts—What
a wonderful evidence it is, I say, of their
capacity for improvement—that even they
can enter into the most formal compact
or treaty of peace—burying the hatchet &c
&c—& treating with each other with as
much consideration as the most enlightened
states. You would say that they had a
genious for diplomacy as well as for war—
Consider that Iroquois, torturing his cap-
tive—roasting him before a slow fire—
biting off the fingers of him alive—&
finally eating the heart of him dead—
betraying not the slightest evidence
of humanity—& now behold him
in the council chamber—where
he meets the representatives of the hostile
nations to treat of peace—conducting
with such perfect dignity & decorum—
betraying such a sense of justness—
These savages are equal to us civilized
men in their treaties--& I fear
not essentially worse in their wars--

Jan 1st '57

I observe a shelf of ice--what arctic
voyagers call the Ice-belt or Ice foot
(which they see on a very great scale)
sledging upon it) adhering to the
walls & banks--at various heights--
the river having fallen nearly 2 feet
since it first froze. It is often 2 or
3 feet wide & now 6 inches thick.

Am still surveying the Sam Wheeler
or Lee Farm-- Wheeler cleared out
like a cat & left this faithful servant "in some
corner of this great house-- but
without enough to buy him a pair
of boots, I hear. Parker was once
a Shaker at Canterbury. He is now
Capt. Elwell's right hand man-- He
found him in the house. P. does the
chores--complains that as they dine
at fashionable hours-- he does'nt
get enough to support him when
he goes home at noon from helping
me-- When he sees how much
dead wood there is on the farm
he says they ought to have a gun-
meaning a large square kind of boat
dalo "to cart it off with--

Elwell having lent Wheeler money was obliged
to take the farm to save himself--but he
is nearly blind, and is anxious to get rid of
it-- Says that the buildings are either
new or in excellent repair-- He understands
that in Wheeler's day they mixed paint
by the hoghshead. Parker has told him of
logs cut 2 years ago--which lie rotting
in the swamp--& he is having them hauled
out & to mill.

Jan 2d '57

To day I see Parker is out with
horse & cart collecting dead wood
at the Rock--& drawing it home over
the meadow-- I saw the English servant
with one of the children flat on the ice
girl "hard at work on the river cutting
a hole with a hatchet--but as the
ice was thick & the water gushed up
too soon for her--I saw that she would
fail & directed here to an open place--
She was nearly beat out. The hole
she said--was to drown a cat in--
probably one which the Wheelers left
behind as they did Parker-- Elwell
is resolved on a general clearing up.
It is singular that the nuthatch and the creeper should be so rare, they are so regular.

Jan 3d--

// Snows all day--falling level without wind, a moist & heavy snow-- Snowed part of the night also-- But to my surprise a high wind arose in the night & that & the cold so dried the snow that this morning the snow it is a good deal drifted. It did not freeze together or crust as you might have expected-- You would not suppose it had been moist when it fell."

About 8 inches have fallen--yet there is very little on the river It blows off-- unless where water has oozed out at the sides or elsewhere--& the rough flowing scaly mass is frozen into a kind of batter--like mortar, or bread that has spewed out in the oven. Deep & drifted as the snow is I found when I returned from my walk some dry burrs of the burdock adhering to the lining of my coat-- Even in the middle of winter--aye in mid-
dle of the Great Snow Nature does not forget these her vegetable econ-
omies.-- It does look sometimes as
if the world was on its last legs-- How many
there are whose principal employment it
is now-a days--to go to eat* their meals
& go to the post office!

After spending 4 or 5 days surveying
& drawing a plan--incessantly--I especially
feel the necessity of putting myself in
communication with nature again--to
recover my tone--to withdraw out of the weary-

ing & unprofitable world of affairs The
things I have been doing have but a
fleeting & accidental importance--however
much men are immersed in them--& yield
very little valuable fruit-- I would fain
have been wading through the woods
& fields--& conversing with the same snow.
Having waded in the very shallowest
now
streams of time--I would "bathe my
temples in eternity-- I wish again to
participate in the serenity of nature,--
--to share the happiness of the river & the
woods.

I thus from time to time break off
my connexion with eternal truths & go
with the shallow stream of human affairs--
grinding at the mill of the Phillistines--
But when my task is done, with never
failing confidence I devote my-

* & "eat" written over "the"
self to the infinite again-- It would
be sweet to deal with men more, I
can imagine--but where dwell they? not
in the fields which I traverse.

Jan 5th

A cold cutting NW wind.

Jan 6th

Still colder" and perhaps windier.

The river is now for the most part covered
with snow again--which has blown
from the meadow & been held by the
water which has oozed out. I slump
through snow into that water for
20 rods together--which is not frozen
though the thermometer says 8\degree-
I think that the bright yellow wood
of the barberry--which I have occasion
to break in my surveying--is the most
interesting & remarkable--for its color of
any. When I get home after that
slumping walk on the river--I find that
the slush has balled & frozen on my boots
2 or 3 inches thick & can only be thawed
off by the fire it is so solid.

I frequently have occasion in surveying
to note the position or bearing of the
edge of a wood--which I describe as
edge of wood-- In such a way

"colder" corrected from "coldier"
apparently the name Edgewood originated.

Beaton the old Scotch storekeeper

used to say of one Dea (Jo?) Brown

a grandfather of the milkman--who used
to dine at his house on sundays & praise his
wife's dinners, but yet prevented her being ad-mitted to the church—that his was like
(cow's)
a "coo's tongue—rough one side &
smooth the other."

A man asked me the other night
whether such & such person were not
as happy as anybody—being conscious
as I perceived of much unhappiness himself
& not aspiring to much more than an
animal content—Why said I—speaking
to his condition—the stones are happy
--Concord river is happy—& I am happy
too. When I took up a fragment of
a walnut shell this morning, I saw
by its very grain & composition—its form
& color—&c that it was made for
happiness. The most brutish and inani-mate objects that are made suggest
an everlasting & thorough satisfaction
—they are the homes of content—wood
--earth—mould—&c exist for joy—
Do you think that Concord
River would have continued to flow
these millions of years—by Clam shell
hill & round Hunt's Island--if it
had not been happy--if it had
been miserable in its channel--tired
of existence--& cursing its maker &
the hour that it sprang.

Though there is an extremely cold cutting
north west wind--against which I see"'
many travellers turning their backs--&
so advancing--I hear & see an unusual
number of merry little tree sparrows
about the few weeds that are to be
seen-- They look very chipper flitting restlessly
about & jerking their long tails.

    Jan 7th '5[6]

    Pm to Walden down RR--& return over
Cliffs.

    I should not be ashamed to have a shrub
    oak for my coat of arms.

    It is bitter cold with a cutting N. W. wind
The pond is now a plain snow-field--but
there are no tracks of fishers on it-- It
is too cold for them. The surface of
the snow there is finely waved and grained--
giving it a sort slaty fracture--the
appearance which hard dry blown snow
assumes-- All animate things are re-
duced to their lowest terms. This is
the fith day of cold blowing weather
--all tracks are concealed in an

---

265 false start following word
266 brackets are "T"s
hour or 2—Some have to make their paths
2 or 3 times over in a day. The fisherman
is not here for his lines would freeze in.
I go through the woods toward the Cliffs
along the side of the Well-Meadow field.
There is nothing so sanative—so poetic
as a walk in the woods & fields even
now—when I meet none abroad for
pleasure. Nothing so inspires me—& excites
such serene & profitable thought—The
objects are elevating. In the street—
& in society, I am almost invariably cheap
& dissipated—my life is unspeakably
mean—no amount of gold or respectibility
would in the least redeem it—dining
with the governor—or a member of congress!!
—but alone in distant woods or
in unpretending sproutlands or pastures tracked by rabbits
fields “even in a bleak—& to most cheer—
less day like this—when a villager would
be thinking of his inn—I come to myself
once more & that
—I “feel myself grandly related—“cold &
solitude are friends of mine— I suppose
that this value, in my case, is equivalent
to what others get by church going
and prayer— I come to my solitary wood-
land walk as the homesick go home—
I thus dispose of the superfluous, &
see things as they are, grand &
beautiful—I have told many
that I walk everyday about half the
day light--but I think" they do
not believe it. I wish to get the Concord
--the Massachusetts-- the America
a part of everyday
out of my head & be sane-- ^ I wish
If there are missionaries for the heathen--why not send them to me?
to forget a considerable part of every
I wish to know something--I wish to be made better.
day--all mean--narrow--trivial
men (--" & this requires usually to forego
& forget all personal relations so
long--) & therefore I come out to these
solitudes where the problem of existence is
simplified. I get away a mile or 2
from the town--into the stillness & sol-
itude of nature--with rocks--trees--weeds
--snow--about me-- I enter some glade
in the woods perchance--where a
alone
few weeds & dry leaves lift themselves
above the surface of the snow-- & it
is as if I had come to an open
window--I see out & around myself--
Our sky-lights are thus far away
from the ordinary resorts of men--
I am not satisfied with ordinary windows
--I must have a true sky-light.
My true sky-light--is on the outside of the village
I am not thus expanded--recreated--
enlightened--when I meet a company
of men-- It chances that the
sociable--the town & country--or

267. "think" preceded by false start
268. paren written over dash
the farmer's club--does not prove a sky-light to me-- I do not invariably find myself translated under those circumstances--^ The man I meet with is not often so instructive as the silence he breaks. This stillness--solitude, wildness of nature--is a kind(--)of thoroughwort-- or boneset to my intellect-- This is what I go out to seek--

It is as if I always met in those places some grand, serene, immortal-- infinitely encouraging though invisible companion--& walked with him. There at last--my nerves are steadied-- my senses & my mind do their office. I am aware that most of my neighbors would think it a hardship to be compelled to linger here one hour--especially this bleak day--& yet I receive this sweet & ineffable com-
pensation for it-- It is the most a-
Truly, my coins are greeable thing I do. uncurrent with them. I love & celebrate nature--even in detail-- merely because I love the scenery of these interviews & translations--I love to remember every creature that was at this club. I thus get off a certain social scurf & scaliness-- I do not consider the other animals--brutes in the
common sense. I am attracted toward
them undoubtedly because I never heard
any none sense from them. I have
not convicted them of folly--or vanity--
or pomposity--or stupidity in dealing with
me. Their voices, at any rate, do not inter-
ference with me. My fairies invariably take
to flight when a man appears upon
the scene. In a caucus, a meeting-house--
a Lyceum--a club-room--there is nothing
like it in my experience. But away
out of the town--on Brown's
scrub-oak lot which was sold the
other day for 6 dolls. an acre--
I have company--such as England cannot
buy
nor afford. This society is what
I live--what I survey for--I subscribe
generously to this--all that I have
& am.

There, in that Well meadow Field perhaps--I feel in my element again, as
when a fish is put back into the water.
I wash off all my chagrins--all
things go smoothly as the axel of
the universe. I can remember
that when I was very young

**[Note: "F" written over "I"]**
I used to have a dream night after
night over & over again—which might
have been named Rough & Smooth. All
existence—all satisfaction & dissatisfaction—
all event—was symbolized in this way—
Now I seemed to be lying & tossing perchance
on a horrible—a fatal—rough surface—
which must soon indeed put an end to
my existence—though even in the dream I
knew it to be the symbol merely of my misery—
—& then again suddenly—I was lying on
a delicious smooth surface—as of a summer
sea—as of gossamer or down—or softest
plush—as life was such a luxury to live—
My waking experience always has been
and is—such an alternate Rough &
Smooth—In other words it is Insanity &
Sanity,
Might I aspire to praise the moderate
Nymph Nature! I must be like her—
moderate.
This snow which fell last Saturday
so moist & heavy is now surprisingly dry
& light—& powdery—In the wood path
between the Well-meadow Field & the Cliff—
it is all scored with the tracks of
leaves that have scurried over it—
Some might not suspect the cause
& delicate
of these fine traces—for the cause

270 "delicious" poss written over text
271 "r" written over "r"
272 "ly" poss inserted
is no longer obvious here & there
in the snow covered path-- The myriads
which scampered here are now at rest
perhaps far on one side. I have listened
dry

On the top of the Cliff--I am again
exposed to the cutting wind-- It has blown

Going down path to the spring--

I see where some fox apparently has passed
down it--& though the rest of the broad
path is else perfectly (unspotted) white--
each track of the fox has proved a trap

which has caught from 3 or 4 to 8 or 10 leaves
each--snugly packed--& thus it is reprinted.

NB Jan 8th

I find by hanging Smith's thermometer
on the same nail with ours that it stands
5° below ours.

It was 18° at 3 Pm by ours when
I went out to walk--I picked up

on the bare ice of the river opposite the oak

in Shattucks land--on a small space blown

bare of snow--a fuzzy caterpillar black at

the 2 ends & red-brown in the middle rolled

into a ball or close ring--like a woodchuck--

I pressed it hard between my fingers & found it

frozen. I put it into my hat--& when I took

it out in the evening--It soon began to stir

and at length crawled about. but a

portion of it was not quite flexible. It

took some time for it to thaw. This is the

5th cold day, & it must have been frozen

so long--It was more than inch long.

Miss Minott tells me that

she does not think her brother George

has ever been to Boston more than once--

he since tells me once

(though he says he has been twice(%) & certainly

not since 1812--He was born in the

%(ie that in which C. lived)%

Casey house--the 2d of 3 that stood beyond

the old black house beyond Moores--

Casey was a Guinea Negro--Casey used to

weep in his latter days when he thought

of his wife & 2 children in Africa from whom

he was kidnapped. Minott went only to

the E. Quarter schools. The house he now

lives in is about 60 years old--was moved

Minott says he has lived where he now does as much as 60 years

from beside Casey's to where it now stands before

it was roofed. He has not been up in town

---

273 "Q" written over "q"

274 "Guinea" altered from "guinea"

275 "put" written over "t"
for 3 years on account of his rheumatism—
-- Does nothing whatever in the house but
read the newspapers--6 few old books they have--
the Almanack especially--6 hold the cats--6
very little indeed out of the house-- Is just able
6 to saw & split the wood.

Jan 11th-- 57

Began snowing yesterday afternoon--6
// it is still snowing this forenoon--

Mother remembers the Cold Friday--very well--
She lived in the house where I was born--
The people in the kitchen Jack Garrison--Father
Ester--6 a Hardy"' girl drew up close to the
fire--but the dishes which the Hardy girl
was washing froze as fast as she washed them
close to the fire. They managed to keep warm in
the parlor by their great fires.

The other day a man came "just

to get me to run a line in the woods",
This is the usual request-- Do you
know where one end of it is," I asked--
(It was the Stratton lot) No said he,
I don't know either end—that is what I
want to find. Do you know either of the
next sides of the lot-- Thinking a moment
he answered no-- Well do you know
any one side of the whole lot--or
any corner. After a little hesitation
he said that he did not-- Here
then was a wood-lot of half a dozen
acres--well enough described in

\[278 \text{ "h" written over "h"} \]
a deed dated 1777--courses & distances
given--but he could not tell exactly
in what part of the universe any particular
part of it was--but he expected me to
find out-- This was what he understood
by running. On the strength of this deed
he had forbidden a man to chop wood
somewhere.

Frequently--when my employer does not
know where his land lies--and has put into
my hands an ancient & tattered piece of
paper--called his deed--which throws no
light at all on the question, he turns
away--saying "I want you to make it
all right--give me all that belongs
to me."

In the deed of the Stratton ^lot--(dated) 1777279--there
is no mention any building on to be conveyed
--so that probably there was only a cellar
80 years ago
hole there then ^as now-- For so long at
least it has been a mere dent in the
earth there--to which from time to time
dead horses or hogs were drawn from
the village & cast in-- These are our
Nineveh's & Babylons-- I approach such
a cellar hole--as Layard the scene of his
labors-- & I do not fail to find there
relics as interesting to me as his winged
bulls.
For some years past I have partially offered myself as a lecturer--have been ad-
vertised as such several years--Yet I had had but 2 or 3 invitations to lecture in a year--
& some years none at all. I congratulate myself on having been permitted to stay at home
thus, I am so much richer for it-- I do not see what I should have got of much
value--but money--by going about--but I do see what I should have lost. It seems to me that I have a longer & more liberal lease of life thus. I cannot afford to be tel-
ing my experiences, especially to those who per-
haps take no interest in it-- I wish to be getting experience. You might as well recommend to a bear to leave his hollow tree & run about all winter scratching at all the hollow trees in the woods-- He would be leaner in the spring than if he had stayed at home and sucked his claws. As for the lecture-goers, it is none of their business what I think.

I perceive that most make a great ac-
count280 of their relations more or less per-
sonal & direct to many men--coming before them as--lecturers--writers--or public men-- But all this is im-
pertinent & unprofitable to me.-- I never yet recognized--nor was recognized by a crowd of men. I was never assured of their existence, nor they of mine.
There was wit--& even poetry in the negro's answer to the man who tried to per-
suade him that the slaves would not be
obliged to work in heaven-- "Oh, you g'way
Massa. I know better. If dere's no work for
cullud folks up dar, dey'll make some fur
'em, and if dere's nuffin better to do, , dey'll
make 'em shub de clouds along. You
can't fool dis chile, Massa."

I was describing the other day
my success in solitary & distant woodland
walking--outside the town--I do not
go there to get my dinner--but to get that
sustinance which dinners only preserve me
to enjoy--without which dinners are a vain
repetition. But how little men can
help me in this--only by having a kindred
experience. Of what use to tell them of
my happiness. Thus if ever we have any thing
important to say, it might be introduced
with this remark--It" is nothing to you
in particular. It is none of your business,
I know. That is what might be
called going into good society-- I never
chanced to meet with any man so
cheering & elevating & encouraging--
so infinitely suggestive as the stillness
& solitude of the well-meadow field.
Men even think me odd & perverse
because I do not prefer their society to this
nymph or wood God rather-- But I
have tried them. I have sat down with
a dozen of them together in a club--and in-
stantly--they did not inspire me-- One
or another abused our ears with many
words--& a few thoughts which were
not theirs. There was very little genuine
goodness apparent. We are such hollow
pretenders. I lost my time.

But out there! Who shall criticise
that companion--? it is like the hone
to the knife. I bathe in that element
and am cleansed of all social im-
purities. I become a witness with un-
prejudiced senses to the order of the uni-
verse. There is nothing petty or impertinent.
none to say-- "See what a great man I
am!"-- There chiefly and not
in the society of the wits--am I cognizant
of Wit. Shall I prefer a part--an
infinitely small fraction--to the whole?

There I get my underpinnings laid &
repaired--cemented--levelled-- There is
my country club-- we dine at the
sign of the shrub oak--the New
Albion House.
some evidence
I demand of my companion "that he
has travelled further than to" the sources of
the Nile"--- that he has seen something--
---that he has been out of town---out of the
house-- Not that he can tell a good
story--but that he can keep a good silence.
Has he attended to a silence more significant than any story?
Did he ever get out of the road which
all men & fools travel? You call your-
self a great traveller perhaps--but can
you get beyond the influence of a certain
class of ideas?
I expect the time when there will be founded
hospitals for the founders of hospitals--
Jan 13th '57
I hear one thrumming a guitar [below] stairs. It reminds me of moments that I
have lived. What a comment on our life
in the least strain of music! It lifts me up
above all the dust and mire of the universe
--I soar or hover with clean skirts over the
field of my life. It is ever life within life
in concentric spheres-- The field wherein I
toil or rust at any time is at the same'"
time the field for such different kinds
of life!! The farmer's boy or hired man has
an instinct which tells him as much in-
distinctly--& hence his dreams & his restlessness--
hence even, it is, that he wants money to
realize his dreams with. The identical
field where I am leading my hum-drum life
--let but a strain of music be heard there--is
seen to be the field of some unrecorded cru-
sade or tournament the thought of which
excites in us an extacy of joy. The way
in which I am affected by this faint thrum-
ing--advertises me that there is still
some health and immortality in the springs
(of) me. What an elixir is this sound!

I who but lately came & went & lived
under-- a dish cover--live now under
the heavens-- It releases me it bursts
my bonds. Almost all, perhaps all
our life is, speaking comparatively,
a stereotyped despair, i.e. we never at
full
any time realize the grandeur of our
destiny. We forever & ever--& habitually
underrate our fate. Talk of in-
fidels! Why all of the race of man--
except in the rarest moments when they
are lifted above themselves by an extacy--
are infidels. With the very best dis-
position--what does my belief amount
to? This poor timid unenlightened
thick-skinned creature--what can it
believe? I am of course hopelessly
ignorant & unbelieving until some
divinity stirs within me.
99/100ths of our lives we are mere hedgers &
ditchers—but from time to time we meet
with reminders of our destiny.

We hear the kindred vibrations—music!—& we
put out our dormant feelers—unto the limits of the
universe—We attain to a wisdom that passeth
understanding—The stable continents undulate.
The hard & fixed becomes fluid. "Unless
above himself he doth erect himself how poor a
thing is man!" When I hear music I fear
no danger—I am invulnerable—I see no
foe. I am related to the earliest times &
to the latest.

There are infinite degrees of life—from
that which is next to sleep and death,
to that which is forever awake & im-
mortal. We must not confound man
with man. We cannot conceive of a
greater difference than between the life
of one man and that of another. I am—
constrained to believe that the mass
of men are never so lifted above them-
selves that their destiny is seen to
be transcendentally beautiful & grand.

Pm On the river to Bittern Rock—The river is now
completely concealed by snow—I come
this way partly because it is the best

"99" possibly "into"
walking here--the snow not so deep--

wild

The only "life I notice is a crow on

distant oak-- The snow is drifted

& much deeper about the button bushes &c--

It is surprising what an effect a thin

barrier of bushes--has on it--causing

it to lodge there until often a very large

drift is formed more or less abrupt

on the S. Wool grass still rises

above the snow along the sides

{drawing} In a very few places

for half a dozen feet the snow is

blown off--revealing the dark transparent

ice--of generous th in which I see

numerous great white cleavages

which show its generous thickness, a

foot at least. They cross each other

at various angles & are frequently

curved vertically reflecting rain-

bow tints from within-- Small triangles

only a foot or 2 over are seen to be

completely cracked around--at the

points of convulsion--yet it is as

firm there as anywhere-- I am
proud of the strength of my floor &
love to jump & stamp there & bear my
as transparent as glass yet you might found a house on it
whole weight on it." Then there are little
feathery flake like twisted cleavages with
extend not more than an inch into it--
I see no tracks but of mice--& ap. of foxes
which have visited every muskrat-house--& then
turned short away.
Am surprised to see returning how much
it has drifted in the Corner road-- It has
been blown from the northern fields & lodged behind
the N-- wall forming drifts as high as the wall
which extend from 1/3 to 2/3 across the road--
for 2 long reaches driving the traveller
into neighboring'' field--having taken down the
fence-- It must be pleasant to ride along
in the narrow path against the untouched
& spotless edge of the drift which curves
over sharp like the vizor of a cap. Sometimes
this edge is bent down till it is almost ver-
tical--yet a foot or two wide & only a few inches
thick.

Jan 14th
Pm up Assabet on ice--
I go slumping 4 or 5 inches in the snow
on the river--and often into water above
the ice breaking through a slight crust
under the snow which has formed in
the night-- Each cold day this

---"neighboring" written over "the"
concealed

*overflow mixing with the snow beneath is con-

verted into ice & so raises it, makes the

surface snow shallower--& improves the

walking--but unless it is quite cold--this

snow and water is apt to get a slight

crust only--through which you sink.

I notice on the black willows--& also

on the alders & **white** maples over-
hanging the stream--numerous (dirty) white
coccoons attached about an inch long attached
by their sides to the base of the recent twigs
& disguised by dry leaves curled about them

a sort of fruit which these trees bear

now-- The leaves are not attached
to the twigs--but artfully arranged about
and fastened to the cocoons-- Almost

every little cluster of leaves contains a
cocoon--apparently of one species.-- So

that often when you would think that

the trees were retaining their leaves, it
I do not see a cluster of leaves on a maple, unless on a dead twig--but it conceals
is not the trees--but the caterpillars
a cocoon--yet I cannot find one alive--they are all crumbled within--

that have retained them. The black

narrow curled
willows retain very few of their "leaves
like the terminal leaflet of a fern
here & there" (the alders & maples scarcely

any ever) yet these few are just enough
to withdraw attention from those which

surround the cocoons-- What kind

of understanding was there between

the mind that **stranger** determined
that these leaves should hang on during the
winter, and that of the worm that fastened
a few of these leaves to its cocoon in or-
der to disguise it? I thus walk along
the edge of the trees & bushes which over
hang the stream--gathering the cocoons
which probably were thought to be doubly
secure here-- These cocoons of course
were attached before the leaves had fallen.
Almost every one is already empty or con-
tains only the relics of a nymph-- It has
been attacked & devoured by some foe.

These numerous cocoons attached to the
twigs overhanging the stream in the still &
biting winter day--suggest a certain fertility
in the river borders--impart a kind of
life to them--& so are company to me

There is so much more life than is suspected
in the most solitary & dreariest scene. They are
as much as the lisping of a chicadee--

Hemlock seeds are scattered over the
snow-- The birch (white) catkins ap-
pear to lose their seeds first at the base
though that may be the uppermost.
they are blown or shaken off leaving a
bare thread like core (drawing)

\footnote{290. "me" followed by canceled false start}
\footnote{291. stray marks under "bare"}
Mr. Wild tells me that while he
lived on Nantucket he never observed the
thermometer lower than 2° above zero.

Jan 15th

To Fair Haven Pond—and across to RR
As I passed the S shed at the
depot—observed—what I thought at first
a tree sparrow on the wood in the shed—a mere
roof open at the side—under which several
men were at that time employed sawing wood
with a horse-power. Looking\(^1\) closer I saw, to
\(//\) my surprise that it must be a song-sparrow
it having the usual marks on its breast &
no bright chestnut crown—The snow
is 9 or 10 inches deep & it appeared to have
taken refuge in this shed where was much
bare ground exposed by removing the wood.
When I advanced, instead of flying away, it
concealed itself in the wood, just as it often
dodges behind a wall. \(\%V. \ Jan 22d\)%

What is there in music that it should
so stir our deeps? We are all ordinarily
in a state of desperation—such is our life—
oft times it drives us to suicide. To how
many—perhaps to most—life is barely tolerable
& if it were not for the fear of death or
of dying, what a multitude would
immediately commit suicide— but\(^2\)

let us hear a strain of music—

\(^1\) "L" written over "1"
\(^2\) "B" poss. written over "b"
We are at once advertised of a life
which no man had told us of which
no preacher preaches-- Suppose I try to
describe faithfully the prospect which a
strain of music exhibits to me-- The field
of my life becomes a boundless plain--
glorious to tread--with no death nor dis-
appointment at the end of it. All
meanness & trivialness disappear-- I
become adequate to any deed-- No particulars
survive this expansion--persons do not
survive it. In the light of this strain
there is no thou nor I. We are actually
lifted above ourselves--

The tracks of the mice near the
head of well-meadow were particularly
interesting. There was a level surface
of fine snow there--unbroken by bushes
or grass--about 4 rods across--&
here were 9 tracks of mice running across
it from the bushes on this side to those
on the other--the tracks quite near together
but repeatedly crossing each other at
very acute angles--but each particular
course was generally quite direct. The
snow was so light that only one distinct
5 or 6 inches apart
track was made by all four of the feet--

--but the tail left a very distinct mark
A single track thus stretching away almost straight sometimes half a dozen rods over unspotted snow--is very handsome like a chain of a new pattern, & then they suggest an airy lightness in the body that impressed them. Though there may have been but one or 2 here--the tracks suggesting quite a little company that had gone gadding over to their neighbors under the opposite bush-- Such is the delicacy of the impression on the surface of the lightest snow--where other creatures sink--and night too being the season when these tracks are made--they re-mind me of a fairy revel. It is almost as good as if the actors were here-- I can easily imagine all the rest--hopping is expressed by the tracks themselves--

Yet I should like much to see by broad day light a company of these revellers hopping over the snow-- There is a still life in America that is little observed or dreamed of-- Here were possible auditors & critics which the lecturer at the Lyceum last night did not think of. How snug they
are somewhere under the snow
now, not to be thought of—if it were
not for these pretty tracks—and for a
week or fortnight even of pretty still
weather the tracks will remain to tell
nocturnal
of the "adventures of a tiny mouse—{wo} was
not beneath the notice of the Lord. So
it was so many thousands of years before
Gutenberg invented printing with his
types—and so it will be as many thousands
of years after his types are forgotten—perchance.
—the deer-mouse will be printing in the
snow of Well-meadow to be read by a new
race of men.
Cold as the weather is & has been—almost
all the brook is open in the meadow
there—an artery of black water in the
midst of the snow—& there are many
sink holes where the water is exposed at
the bottom of a dimple in the snow—
Indeed in some places these little black
spots are distributed very thickly—The snow
in swells covering the intervening tussucks.

Jan 16

Pm up Assabet
This morning was one of the coldest. It improves
the walking on the river—freezing the overflow be-
neath the snow. As I pass the Island
(Egg Rock) I notice the ice foot adhering
to the rock about 2 feet above the surface
of the ice generally--the ice there for a
few feet in width slants up to it & owing
to this the snow is blown off it. This edging
of ice revealed is peculiarly green by contrast
with the snow methinks. So, too, where
the ice settling has rested on a rock which
has burst it & now hold it high above the
surrounding level--The same phenomena
no doubt on a much larger scale occur at
the north.

I observe that the holes which I bored in
the white maples last spring were nearly
grown over last summer--commonly to within
a quarter or an eighth of an inch--but
in one or 2 instances in very thriftily growing
trees--they were entirely closed.

When I was surveying Shattuck's Merrick's
pasture fields the other day--McManus who
was helping me said that they would be
worth 1 or 200 dollars more if it were not
for the willow rows which bound them & sep-
arate them--for you could not plough
parallel with them within 5 rods on
account of the roots--you must plough
at right angles with them. Yet it is not
many years since they were set out, as I remember.
However there should be a great amount
of root to account for their wonderful
vivaciousness--making 7 or 8 feet in a
year when trimmed.
Jan 18th

A very cold day-- Thermometer at 7 1/2

Am 14’- (Smith's hanging on same nail 20’-)

at 1 1/4 Pm 3’- 2 1/4 Pm 4’- 3 3/4 Pm

0’ It is cloudy & no sun all day--&

considerable wind also. There was no sabbath

school on account of the cold--could not

warm the room.

We sometimes think that the inferior

animals act foolishly--but are there

any greater fools than mankind? Consider

Chinese--Japanese--Arabs--Mussulmen (generally)--Russians

how so many--perhaps most races ^treat the

traveller--what fear & prejudices he has

to contend with-- So many millions believing

that he has come do them some harm--

Let a traveller set out to go round the

world--visiting every race--and he shall meet

with such treatment at their hands, that

he will be obliged to pronounce them in-
corrigible fools-- Even in Virginia a

naturalist who was seen crawling(..) through

a meadow catching frogs--&c was seized

and carried before the authorities.

3 little pigs were frozen to death in an Irishmans pen last night

at the Green Store--

Began to snow in the evening--the

thermometer at 0.

Jan 19th

A snow storm with very high wind all

last night & today-- Though not much snow

(Perhaps 7 or 8 inches)

falls ^ it is exceedingly drifted--so that
the first train gets down about noon &
none gets up till about 6 Pm!

There is no vehicle passing the house before
2 Pm-- A fine dry snow--intolerable to face

Jan 20th 57

There probably is not more than 12 to
18 inches of snow on a level--yet the
drifts are very large-- Neither milkman
nor butcher got here yesterday--& to-
day the milkman came with oxen
partly through the fields. Though the
snow is nowhere deep in the middle of
the main street--the drifts are very large
especially on the N side--so that as
you look down the street it appears as uneven
as a rolling prairie.

Heard in the Dennis swamp by the RR
this Pm the peculiar goldfinch like mew
--also like some canaries--of I think the
lesser red-pole?-- saw several. Heard
// the same a week or more ago.

I hear that Boston harbor froze over
on the 18th down to Fort Independence--
The river has been frozen everywhere
// except at the very few swiftest places since
about Dec 18--& everywhere since about
Jan 1st

At R. W. Es this evening--at
about 6 Pm I was called out to
see Eddie's cave in the snow. It was a hole about 2 1/2 feet wide & 6 feet long into a drift—a little winding—& he had got a lamp at the inner extremity. I observed in a course at right angles with the length of the cave as I approached 'that the mouth of the cave was lit as if the light were close to it, so that I did not suspect its depth— Indeed the light of this lamp was remarkably reflected & distributed—the snowy walls were one universal reflector with countless facets—I think that one lamp would light sufficiently a hall built of this material. The snow about the mouth of the cave within had the yellow color of the flame to one approaching—as if the lamp were close to it. We afterward buried the lamp in a little crypt in this snow drift & walled it in—it found that its light was visible even in this twilight through 15 inches thickness of snow— the snow was all aglow with it. If it had been darker probably it would have been visible through a much greater thickness. But what was most surprising to me when Eddie crawled in to the extremity of his cave & shouted at the top of his voice—it sounded ridiculously faint as if he was a quarter of a mile off—and at first I could not believe that he spoke loud—but we all
of us crawled in by turns & though
our heads were only six feet from those
outside--our loudest shouting only
amused & surprised them-- Apparently the
porous snow drank up all the sound--
the voice was in fact muffled by the surrounding
snow walls---& I saw that we might
lie in that hole screaming for assistance
in vain, while trackers were passing along
20 feet distant. It had the effect of
ventriloquism. So you only need
make a snow house in your yard &
pass an hour in it, to realize a good
deal of Esquimaux life.

Jan 21st

Pm up river to W. Wheeler's bridge & back
by road--
The roads are perhaps more blocked up
than last winter--yet with hardly more
than 1/2 as much snow--
The river is now so concealed that a
common eye would not suspect its existence--
It is drifted on it exactly as on the
successive meadow--i.e. ^low drifts with a
bluff head toward the wind.
It is remarkable how many tracks of
foxes you will see quite near the
village--where they have been in
the night—& yet a regular walker will
not glimpse one oftener than once in 8 or
10 years. The overflow, under the snow,
is generally at the bends, where the
river is narrower—& swifter—

I noticed that several species of birds
lingered late this year— the P. hiemalis,
—& then there was that woodcock—& song-
sparrow—!—what does it mean?

As I flounder along the Corner road—
against the root-fence a very large flock
wheeling
of snow buntings alight with a rising above the snow
flight—amid the weeds ^in Potters heater
heater-piece—a hundred or 2 of them.
They run restlessly amid the weeds—so that
I can hardly get sight of them thro' my
glass—then suddenly all arise & fly only
2 or 3 rods alighting within 3 rods of me—
(—they keep up a constant twittering—) It was
as if they were any instant ready for a
longer flight, but their leader had not
so ordered it— Suddenly away they
sweep again & I see them alight in
a distant field where the weeds rise above
the snow—but in a few minutes they
have left that also & gone further
north— Beside their rippling note,
they have a vibratory twitter—& from
the loiterers you hear quite a tender
peep as they fly after the vanishing flock--

What independent creatures! They go
seeking their food from north to south--
deeply
If New"h" Hampshire & Maine are covered "with
snow--they scale down to Massachusetts
for their breakfasts-- Not liking
the grain in this field away they
dash to another distant one--attracted
by the weeds rising above the snow
Who can guess in what field--by"
what river or snowstorm they break--
fasted this morning-- They did not
seem to regard me so near--but as
they went off their wave actually broke
over me as a rock. They have the
pleasure of society at their feasts--a
hundred dining at once--busily talking
while eating--remembering what oc-
curred at Grinnell Land.

As they flew past me they presented a
pretty appearance--somewhat like broad
bars of white alternating with bars
of black--

Jan 22d 57

// Snows all day--clearing up at night--a
remarkably fine & dry snow, which looking
out you might suspect to be blowing
snow merely--yet thus it snows all
driving
day-- "almost horizontally--but it

\*\*\* "n" written over "n"
\*\*\* "by" possibly written over "in"
I never knew it to make such a business of snowing--& bring so little to pass--the air is filled, so that you cannot see far against it--i.e. looking NNW--yet but an inch
or 2 falls all day----there is some drifting however--
You wonder how the tree sparrows can seek their food on the RR-causeway--
fly in the face of such a fine-cold driving snow storm-- Within the woods it is com-
paratively still. In the woods by Abel Brooks' Rye-Hollow I hear a faint note--& see undoubtedly--a brown creeper--
inspecting the branches of the oaks. It has white & black bars on the head--uttering from a wiry
time to time a fine ^screeching tse-tse
or tse-tse-tse
Minot tells me that Sam. Barrett once when he went to mill told him--"that a song sparrow took up its quarters in his grist mill & stayed there all winter-- When it did not help it--
for he was glad of its company self he used to feed it with meal--"so what with the dashing water & the crumbs of meal--it must have fared well.

I asked M. about the cold Friday--
he said "It was plaguey cold--it stung
like a wasp"-- He remembers seeing

them toss up water in a shoemaker's

shop--usually a very warm place--

when it struck the floor, it was frozen

Old Sam Nutting

& rattled like so many shot. used to say--

'When it is cold it is a sign its going to be warm'-- "when its warm

its a sign its going to be cold.'

Jan, "23 '57

Ink froze--had to break the ice in my pail

with a hammer

The coldest day that I remember

recording--clear & bright--but very high

wind--blowing the snow-- Thermometer

at 6 3/4 Am 18°- (Smith's on same nail)

at 10 1/2 14°- Smith's 20°- Wild's 7°-

the last being in a more sheltered place--

at 12 3/4 9°- at 4 Pm 5 1/2°- at

7 1/2 Pm 8°- I may safely say

that 5°- has been the highest temperature

today by our thermometer.

Walking this Pm I notice that the

face inclines to stiffen-- & the hands & feet

got cold soon-- On first coming out

in very cold weather I find that I

breathe fast, though without walking

closer or exerting myself any more than

usual.

Jan 24th

// Thermometer about 6 1/2 Am in the bulb!!

Wild's early--16°- (Emersn's) the same

but Smiths on the same nail 30°-

at 9 1/4 Am ours 18°- Smiths 22°-

which would indicate that ours would have

stood at 26°- at 6 1/2, if the thermometer had been

long enough-- At 11 1/2 Am ours was 1°- at

"J" poss written over "S"

"Pm" written over "pm"

So the cold spell that began the evening of the 22d ended to-day noon. (no v. {below}

Jan 25

Still another very cold morning-- Smith's thermometer over ours at 29°-- ours in bulb--but about 7 ours was at 18°-- & Smith's at 24-- ours therefore at first about 23°--

Pm to Bittern Rock--on River--

The road beyond Hubbard's bridge has been closed by snow for 2 or 3 weeks--only the walls show that there has been a road there--

--Travellers take to the fields.

I see the track of a fox or dog across the meadow--made some time ago--

each track is now a pure white snow

ball rising about 3 inches above the sur-
rounding surface--and this has formed a lee behind which a narrow drift has formed extending a foot or 2 S. easterly.

Jan 26

Another cold morning-- None looked early--

but about 8 it was 14°--

Saw Boston Harbor frozen (for some times) over ^ . Reminded me of, I think, Parry's Winter Harbor--with vessels frozen in. Saw thousands on the ice--a stream of men reaching down to Fort Independence where they were cutting a channel toward the city-- Ice said to reach 14 miles

At 10 Pm 14°+ Ice did not finally go out till about Feb 15th

Jan 27

Thawing a little at last Thermometer 35°+
The most poetic & truest account
of objects is generally by those who first
observe them or the discoverers of them--
whether a sharper perception & curiosity
in them led to the discovery--or the
greater novelty more inspired their
report-- According I love most to
read the accounts--of a country--
its natural productions & curiosities
by those who first settled it--and
also the earliest though often un-
scientific writers on natural science.

Hear the unusual sound of pattering

//rain this P.m. though it is not yet in earnest.

Thermometer today commonly at 38°++ Wood in the
stove is slow to burn often goes out with
this dull atmosphere--but it is less needed.

10 P.m-- Hear music below-- It
washes the dust off my life--& every thing I look at.

Was struck today with the admirable
simplicity of Pratt--he told me not only
of the discovery of the tower of Babel""--which
from the measures given he had calculated
could not stand between the roads at
the mill pond--but of the skeleton of
a man 20 feet long. Also of the eye-
stone which he has--bought of Betty
Nutting--about as big as half a pea--
Just lay it in your eye--bind up your eye with
a handkerchief & go to bed--It will not pain
you--but you will feel it moving about, & when
it has gathered all the dirt in the eye to itself
it will always come out, you will probably
find it in the handkerchief--It is a little thing
& you must look sharp for it. He often
lends his.

Jan 28

Am again surprised to see a song sparrow sitting
for hours on our woodpile in the yard in the
midst of snow in the yard--It is unwilling to move
people go to the pump--& the cat & dog walk
round the woodpile without starting it. I ex-
amine it at my leisure thro a glass--Remarkable
that this coldest of all winters these summer
birds should remain--Perhaps it is no more
comfortable this season further south where
they are accustomed to abide.

In the Pm this sparrow joined a flock of tree
sparrows on the bare ground W of the house--It was
Minot says they wade in to where it is an inch deep--& then "splutter splutter"
throwing the water over them.
amusing to see the tree sparrows wash them selves
standing in the puddles & tossing the water over them--
They have had no opportunity to wash for a month perhaps there having been no thaw
selves--^The song spar--did not go off with them.

Pm to Walden

Notice many heaps of leaves on snow on the hill
side S. W. of the pond--as usual. Probably the
rain & thaw have brought down some of them.
Jan 31st
//Snows fast--turning to rain
at last--

Feb 1st
3 Pm Down RR-- Thermometer
at 42°+ Warm as it is I see
//a large flock of snow-buntings on
the RR-- causeway-- Their wings are
white above next the body--but black
or dark beyond and on the back--
This’ produces that regular black
& white effect when they fly past
you--

A laborer on the RR-- tells me
it is Candlemas day--(Feb 2d) to
morrow--& the winter half out--half
your wood & half your hay--&c &c--
& as that day is so will be the rest of
the winter.

Feb. 2nd
The snow crust on all hills &
knowls is now masked by the
streams of water that have flowed down
it, like a coarsely combed head--
the unbroken crust is in alternate
ridges & furrows from the tops of the
hills to the bottoms--
Feb 3d '57

To Fitchburg—to Lecture—

Observed that the Nashua at the bridge beyond Groton Junction was open for 20 rods—as the Concord is not anywhere in Concord—This must be owing to the greater swiftness of the former—

Though the snow was not deep—I noticed that an unbroken snow crust stretched around Fitchburg—& its several thousand inhabitants had been confined so long to the narrow streets—some of them a track only 6 feet wide—Hardly one individual had anywhere departed from this narrow walk—and struck out into the surrounding fields & hills. If I had had my cow hide boots, I should not have confined myself to those narrow limits—but have climbed some of the hills. It is surprising to go into a N.E. town in mid winter & find its 5000 inhabitants all living thus on the limits, confined at most to their narrow moose-yard in the snow—Scarcely here & there has a citizen stepped aside one foot to let a sled pass. And almost as circumscribed is their summer life—going only from house to shop—& back to house again—If Indian—like one examined

---

1 Groton
2 *the* altered from "this"
3 surprising
4 Indian
the dew or bended grass—he would be
surprised to discover how little trodden or fre-
quented the surrounding fields were—
to discover perhaps large tracts wholly
untrodden—which await as it were
for some caravan to assemble—before
any will traverse them—It is as if some
vigilance Committee had given notice that
if any should transgress those narrow limits
he should be out-lawed &
his blood should be upon his own head."
You don’t see when the inhabitants get
sufficient exercise—unless they swing dumb
bells down cellar.
Let a slight snow come & cover the earth,
how
& the tracks of men will show a little those
woods & fields are frequented—
I was pleased to see several loads
entirely of beech-wood in the street at
Fitchburg—It had a peculiarly green solid
sappy look—coasting down the hills into
Fitchburg.

Feb 4th
Met Theo. Parker in the cars—who told
me that he had recently found in Lake
Michigan a single ball 5 inches in
diameter, like those I presented to the
Nat—Hist—Soc. though he did not
observe the eriocaulen. It was late
in the season—

212"the" altered from "they"
213those] possibly these
214those] possibly these
Yet along that sled track—(v. the 3d ult)

they will have their schools—& Lyceums &

like the snow heaps crowded up by the furrow

Churches —— & and consider themselves liberally

educated—notwithstanding their narrow

views & range— And the bare track

that leads to the next town and sea-board

, only 6 inches breadth of iron rails!

& a 1/8th inch wire in the air.

I sometimes hear a prominent

but dull-witted worthy man say—

or hear that he has said, rarely—

that if it were not for his firm be-

lief in "an overruling power"—or a "perfect

Being"—&c. &c— But such poverty—

striken expressions only convince me of

his habitual doubt—and that he is

surprised into an transient belief—

Such a mans expression of faith—moving

solemnly—in the traditional furrow—

& casting out all freethinking & living

souls—with the rusty mould-board

of his compassion or contempt—thinking

that he has Moses & all the prophets

in his wake.——discourages & saddens

me as an expression of his narrow

& barren want of faith. I see that

the infidels & skeptics have formed them-

selves into churches—and meekly gather

together at the ringing of a bell.
Sometimes when in Conversation or

a lecture I have been grasping at--
or even standing & reclining upon the
serene & everlasting truths that under-
ly and support--our vacillating life--

I have seen my auditors standing on
the quaking earth crowded together on their Lisbon Quay.
their terra firma ^--& compassionately
or timidly watching my motions as if they
were the antics of a rope-dancer or
mountebank pretending to walk on air--
or here & there one creeping out upon
an overhanging but cracking bough--
unwilling to drop to the adamantine
floor--beneath--or perchance even venturing
out a step or 2--as if it were a dange-
rous kitty-benders--timidly sounding as he
goes-- So the other day as I stood
on walden--drinking at a puddle on
the ice which was probably 2 feet
& thinking how lucky I was that I had not got to cut through all that thickness
an
thick-- ^ I was amused to see 2222 Irish-
laborers on the R. R. who had come down
to drink--timidly tiptoeing toward me in his
cow-
his

hide boots--lifting feet nearly 2 feet
at each step--fairly trembling with fear--
as if the ice were already bending beneath
his

their ponderous body --& they were about
to be engulfed-- "Why my man ----
called out

I beckoning to him, this ice will bear
a loaded train
^ half a dozen locomotives side by side

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suggesting whatever would be a weighty argument with him.

-- a whole herd of oxen-- & so at last he fairly straightened up & quenched his thirst. It was very ludicrous to me who was thinking, by chance, what a labor it would be to get at the water with an axe there--& that I was lucky to find some on the surface.

So when I have been resting & quenching my thirst on the eternal plains of truth where rest the base of those beautiful columns that sustain the heavens & beauty, I have been (amused) to see a traveller who had long confined himself to the quaking shore (falesly called terra-firma) which was all covered with the traces of the deluge, come timidly tiptoeing toward me trembling in every limb.

I see the crowd of materialists gathered together on their Lisbon Quay for safety--thinking it a terra firma--

Though the farmer has been all winter teaming wood along the river--the timid citizen that buys it but who has not stept out of the road--thinks it all Kittlybenders there & warns his boys (not) to go near it.

Minott says that Dr. Heywood used to have a crazy hen--(he too has had one) she went about by herself uttering a peevish "craw-craw" and did not lay. One day he was going along on the narrow peninsula of Goose Pond looking for ducks--away
in Walden woods a mile & a half from
Heywoods—when he met this very hen
which passed close by him uttering as usual
a faint *craw* *craw*—He knew her perfectly
well—and says that he was never so
surprised at anything in his life. How
she had escaped the foxes & hawks was more
than he knew.

Told a story about one Josh Piper a
hair-lipped man—who lived down east
awhile—Whose wife would not let him
occupy her bed—but he used to catch
ducks there in a net on the shore
as they do pigeons—& so got feathers
enough to fill the bed—& therefore
thought he had a right to lie on it.

Feb. 5th—

// Mizzling rain—

Feb. 6th ’57

9 Am Down RR to see the Glaze—the
// but not a very good one
first we have had this year—^ It is about
1/5 or 1/6 of an inch thick on the NE sides
of twigs &c—not transparent—but of
an opaque white granular character—

The woods—especially wooded hill-
sides half a mile or more distant—
still & stiff
have a rich hoary frosted look)—yet
it is not so thick., but that the
green of the pines & the yellow of
& the leather color of oak leaves
\textsuperscript{219} \textsuperscript{219} the willows shows through it -- These colors
are pleasantly toned down-- The pines transmit
some pitch pines a livelier grass green
a subdued green --deepest in the recesses--
and a delicate buff (?) tinge is seen through
the frosty veil of the willow-- The birches
of their trunks
owing to the color -- are the most completely
hoary-- The elms perhaps are the most
distinctly frosted--revealing their whole out-
like ghosts of trees
lines -- even a mile off when seen against
a dark hill side. The\textsuperscript{222} ground is encased
in a thin black glaze (where it chances
to be bare) & the iron rails & the telegraph
wire-- Insignificant weeds & stubble along
the RR. causeway--and elsewhere are
now made very conspicuous, both by their
bristling whiteness
increased size & \textsuperscript{221} stiffness & their hoary color --
Each wiry grass-stem is become a stiff wand.
The wind that begins to rise does not stir them
hear --you only \textsuperscript{22} a fine crackling sound when it
Behind each withered vegetable plant
blows hardest. Each plant is far more than
stands a stout vegetable ice plant overlapping & concealing it
doubled, stem answers to stem, & fruit to fruit.
The heads of tansy are converted in to \textsuperscript{223}
confectionary somewhat like sugared almonds.
& regularly roughened (like orange peel)
& those of evening primrose, & mullein--
& hardhack--& Lespedeza bear a still
coarser kind. \textsuperscript{223} The bird’s nest of The wild-
carrot’s \textsuperscript{223} umbel--now contracted above--
is converted into almost a perfect hollow
sphere--composed of contiguous thickened me-

\textsuperscript{219} "bark" inserted
\textsuperscript{220} The \textsuperscript{1} In
\textsuperscript{221} "stiffness" altered from "stiffness"
\textsuperscript{222} "overlapping": second "p" inserted
\textsuperscript{223} "bird’s nest" encircled and marked with a caret to follow "carrot’s"
ridional ribs--which remind me of the
fingers of a star-fish (or 5 finger)
Each plant preserves its character, though
exaggerated-- Pigweed & Roman worm--
on a larger scale
wood are ragged as ever "--& the Butter-
weed as stifly upright, " Tall golden rod
You naturally avoid running against the plant which you did not notice before
still more recurved. " Standing on the SE
side I see the fine dark cores which the
stems make--on the opposite side only the
white
pure " ice plant is seen--
When I reach the woods I am surprised
to find that the twigs &c are bristling
with fine spiculae which stand on a
I do not remember to have seen them previous winters
thin glaze. " They are from 1/4 to 5/8 inch
long x 1/25 to 1/50 inch wide at base & quite
sharp--commonly on the stem side of
the twig only & within pointing in all
directions horizontally & even vertically--within
an arc of 90°--but sometimes
on opposite sides of the twig-- They answer
actly to prickles or spines--especially
to those of the locust-- I observe them
on the locust itself by chance--an icy
spine at right angles on a rounder vege-
table one--making such a branch as
species
is seen on some " thorny trees-- There are
often 10 or 12 within an inch along the
twigs--but they are most like thorns
when fewer. All the twigs &

""Check MS--what is going on here with punctuation?
weeds & leaves--even the pine needles
are armed with them. The pine needles
especially--beside their hoary glaze are bristling
fine
with countless of these spiculae which appear to
point in almost all directions-- It is also
interesting to meet with them by accident
on the edges of oak-leaves--answering
exactly to the spines vegetable spines there--
(though they are commonly at right angles with
& often almost as thick as a comb
the plane of the leaf &') and on pine cones--
suggesting that there should be something
favorable
in that soil especially to promote the
growth of spines-- As far as I observed
these spines were chiefly confined to the
woods--at least I had not noticed them
on the causeway--as if a fog might have
collected in the former place--but not in the
last-- They were then--built in the mist--
by a more delicate accretion. Thus it
seems that not leaves only--but other
forms of vegetation are imitated by frost--
Already the white pine plumes were
drooping--but the p. pines stood stiffly erect--
I was again struck by the deep open cup
at the extremity of the latter formed by
the needles standing out very regularly
around the red-brown buds at the
bottom. It is very warm & by 10 o'clock
this ice is rapidly falling from the trees
& covering the ground like hail.
and before noon all that jewelry was dissolved.

Rice tells me that there was a lark on his
//
place in Sudbury about the 1st of January--

One who has seen them tells me

that a covey of 13 quails daily visits Haden’s
almost
yard & barn—where he feeds them—and can put
his hands on them.

// Thermometer at noon 52° +

Winckelmann says in his Hist. of Ancient
Art. vol 1 p 95 “I am now past 40, and

therefore at an age[1] when one can no longer

sport freely with life. I perceive, also, that

a certain delicate spirit begins to evaporate,

with which I raised myself, by powerful soar-

ings, to the contemplation of the beautiful.”

Feb. 7th 57

Another warm day—The snow fast

going off—

I am surprised to see over Walden’s
pond—which is covered with puddles—

that seething or shimmering in the

air which is observed over the fields

in a warm day in summer—close

over the ice for several feet in height.

notwithstanding that the sky is completely over-cast

The thermometer was at 52 1/2°+ when

I came out at 3 Pm—The water

on the ice is for the most part

several inches deep—& trees reflected

in it appear as when seen through

a mist or smoke—ap. owing to

---

[1]“yard” added in margin
[2]“,” comma canceled
[3]“w” written over “w”
the color of the ice. It is so warm that
I am obliged to take off my greatcoat
& carry it on my arm-- Now the hollows
are full of those greenish pools.

As I was coming through the woods from
Walden to Hadens--I heard a loud--or
tumultuous warbling or twittering of birds
coming on in the air--much like a flock
of redwings in the spring.--& even expected
to see them at first--but when they came in
sight & passed over my head I saw that
they were probably--red-polls-- They fly rather
slowly--

Hayden the elder--tells me that
the quails have come to his yard every
day for about a month--& are
just as tame as chickens, they come about
his wood shed--he supposes to pick up
the worms that have dropt out of the wood--
& when it storms hard gather together
in the corner of the shed. He walks within
say 3 or 4
2 or 3 feet of them without disturbing
them. They come out of the woods by the
graveyard, & sometimes they go down toward
the river. They will be about his yard
the greater part of the day--were there
yesterday though it was so warm,
but now probably they can get food
enough elsewhere-- They go just the same
to Poland's across the road. About 10
years ago there was a bevy of 15
that used to come from the same woods
--& one day they being in the barn &
scared by the cat--4 ran into the
hay--& died there. The former do not
go to the houses further from the woods.
Thus it seems in severe winters the quails
venture out of the woods--& join the
poultry of the farmer's yard--if it be
near the edge of the wood. It is remark-
able that this bird which thus half
domesticates itself--should not be found
wholly domesticated before this.

Several men I have talked with--froze
their ears a fortnight ago yesterday--
the cold Friday--one who had never
frozen his ears before.

Many of the roads about the town
which for long distances have been com-
pletely closed by the snow for more than
a month, are just beginning to be open--
The sleighs &c (whare) have all this
while gone round through the fields
are now trying to make their way through
in some places-- I do not when they have
been so much obstructed.
Debauched & worn-out senses require
the violent vibrations of an instrument to excite
them but sound & still youthful senses, not
enervated by luxury--hear music in the wind
& rain & running water-- One would think
from reading the critics that music was in-
termittent as a spring in the desert--depen-
dant on some Paganini--or Mozart--
or heard only when the Pierians or Euter-
pians drive through the villages--but
music is perpetual & only hearing is inter-
mittent. I hear it in the softened air of
these warm February days which have broken
the back of the winter-- For 2 nights past
it has not frozen--but a thick mist
has overhung the earth--& you awake to
the unusual & agreeable sight of water
in the streets-- Several strata of snow
have been washed away from the drifts,
down to that black one formed when
dust was blowing from plowed fields.

Riorden's solitary cock standing on such
an icy snow heap feels the in-
fluence of the softened air, and the steam
from patches & bare ground here & there
and has found his voice again-- The
warm air has thawed the music in
his throat--& he crows lustily & unweariedly

"these" altered from "this"
his voice rising to the last-- Yesterday morning our feline Thomas also feeling the spring-like influence stole away along the fences & walls, which raise him above the water--and only returned this morning reeking with wet-- Having got his breakfast he already stands on his hind legs looking wishfully through the window--& the door being opened a little he is at once off again in spite of the rain.

Again & again I congratulate my-

self on my so called poverty. I was almost disappointed yesterday to find 30 dollars in my desk which I did not know that I possessed--though now I should be sorry to lose it-- The week that I go away to lecture however much I may get for it is unspeakably cheapened-- The preceeding & succeeding days are a mere sloping down to & up from it.

In the society of many men--or in the midst of what's called success I find my life of no account--and my spirits rapidly fall-- I would rather be a pasture the barrenest pasture laying fallow than cursed with the compli-
mens of kings--than be the sul-
I would rather hear a single shrub oak leaf
of its own accord
at the end of a wintry glade rustle ^ at
my approach, than receive a ship-load of
stars & garters--from the strange kings &
peoples of the earth.

By poverty--i.e simplicity of life & fewness
of incidents--I am solidified & crystallised\

as a vapor or liquid by cold-- It is a
singular concentration of strength & energy
& flavor-- Chastity is perpetual acquain-
tance with the All^{332}

My diffuse & vaporous life becomes as
the frost leaves & spiculae radiant
as gems on the weeds & stubble in
a winter morning.

You think that I am impoverishing myself
by withdrawing from men--but in my solitude
I have woven for myself a golden a silken
web or chrysalis & nymph-like shell
ere long burst forth a more perfect
creature-- fitted for a higher society.

By simplicity--commonly called poverty--
my life is concentrated--and so becomes or-

---
inorganic and lumpish.

The otter must roam about a great deal—for I rarely see fresh tracks in the same neighborhood a 2nd time the same winter—though the old tracks may be apparent all the winter through. I should not wonder if one went up & down the whole length of the river.

Hayden senior (68 yrs old) tells me that with his team every day this winter, inspite of snow & cold, even that cold Friday① about a fortnight ago—he did not go to a fire from early morning till night—

As the thermometer even at 12 3/4 Pm was at 9° with ② a very violent wind from the NW—this was as bad as an ordinary arctic day. He was hauling logs to a mill & persevered in making his path through the drifts—he alone breaking the road. However he froze his ears that Friday—Says he never knew it so cold as the past month.

He has a fine elm directly behind his house divided into many limbs

①"P" written over "F"
②"with" written over "a"
near the ground-- It is a question which
is the most valuable this tree or the
house-- In hot summer days it shades
the whole house. He is going to build a
shed around it enclosing the main portion
of the trunk.

Pm To Hub-- Bath.

Another very warm day-- I should think
warmer than the last-- The sun is rising from
time to time promising to show itself through
the mist, but does not-- A thick steam is
everywhere rising from the earth & snow--
and ap-- this makes the clouds which
conceal the sun-- the air being so
much warmer than the earth-- The snow
is gone off very rapidly in the night
& much of the earth is bare-- & the
It is exciting to walk over the moist bare pastures-- though
ground partially thawed. ^ This vapor
slumping 4 or 5 inches-- & see the green mosses again--
from the earth is so thick that I
can hardly see a quarter of a mile--
& ever and anon it condenses to rain
drops which are felt on my face--
The river has risen & the water is
pretty well over the meadows-- If
this weather holds a day or 2 longer--
the river will break up generally.

I see one of those great ash-
colored puff balls with a tinge of
purple-- open like a cup 4 inches in

"B" written over "b"
diameter-- The upper surface is (as it were bleached) quite hoary--

Though it is but just brought to light from beneath the deep snow--& the last 2 days have been misty or rainy without sun--it is just as dry & dusty as ever--and the drops of water rest on it--at first undetected being coated with with its dust--looking like unground pearls. I brought it home & held it in a basin of water.

To my surprise when held under water it looked like a mass of silver or melted lead, it was so coated with air & when I suffered it to rise, for it had to be kept down by force--instead of being heavy like a sponge which has soaked water it was as light as a feather, and its surface perfectly dry--& when touched it gave out its dust the same as ever--

It was impossible to wet. It seems to encase in a silvery coat of air which is water tight-- The water did not penetrate into it at all--& running off as you lifted it up, it was just as dry as before --& on the least jar floating in dust above your head.

The ground is so bare that I gathered
a few Indian relics.
And now another Friendship is ended-- I do not know what has made my friend doubt me--"but I know that in love there is no mistake--& that every estrangement is well-founded.

But my destiny is not narrowed, but if possible the broader for it. The heavens withdraw & arch themselves higher--

I am sensible not only of a moral-- but even a grand physical pain--such as gods may feel--about my head and breast--a certain ache--fullness--

This rending of a tie-- It is not my work nor thine-- It is no accident that we mind-- It is only the awards of fate that are affecting. I know of no aeons or periods, no life & death, but these meetings & separations. My life is like a stream that is suddenly dammed and has no outlet-- But it rises the higher up the hills that shut it in-- & will become a deep & silent lake.

Certainly there is no event comparable for grandeur with the eternal separation (if we may conceive it so) from a being that we have known. I become in a degree sensible of the meaning of finite & infinite-- What a grand signifi-
cance the word "never" acquires!

---Dash written over period
---"of a" inserted
---"thine" poss. altered from "theirs"
With one with whom we have walked
on high ground we can not deal
on any lower ground\textsuperscript{240} ever after--
We have tried for so many years
to put each other to this immortal use--
and have failed. Undoubtedly our good
genii have mutually found the ma--
terial unsuitable. We have\textsuperscript{241} hitherto
paid each other the highest possible
compliment--we have recognized each
other constantly as divine--have afforded
each other that opportunity to live
that no other wealth or kindness can
afford-- And now for some reason
inappreciable by us--it has become ne-
cessary for us to withhold this mutual
aid-- Perchance there is none beside
who knows us for a god, and none
whom we know for such. Each man
& woman is a veritable god or goddess--
but to the mass of their fellows disguised.
There is only one in each case who sees
through the disguise. That one
who does not stand so near to any
man as to see the divinity in him
is truly alone. I am perfectly sad at
parting from you. I could better have
the earth taken away from under my

\textsuperscript{240}“ground” flourish on “d”
\textsuperscript{241}“We have” altered from “We chose”
feet, than the thought of you from my mind.
The while I think that some great in-
jury has been done--with which you are
implicated--again that you are no party
to it-- I fear that there may be incessant
tragedies--that one may treat his
fellow as a god--but receive somewhat
less regard from him. I now almost
for the first time fear this. Yet I be-
lieve that in the long run there is no
such inequality.

Here we are in the backwoods of America
repeating Hebrew prayers & psalms in which
the meaning of some of which we do not quite understand.
occur such words as Amen & selah "--" remind
It seems it%
ing me of Moslem prayers in which ^ the
How Mormon-like!^ same or similar words are used--
Feb 10th

The thaw which began on the 4th lasted through the 8th
//
When I surveyed Shattucks Merrick's pasture

fields--about Jan. 10th I was the more
pleased with the task because of the 3
willow rows about them-- One trimmed a
year before had grown about 7 feet--
a dense hedge of bright yellow osiers.

But Mac-Manus who was helping
me--said that he thought the land would
be worth 200 dollars more if the willows
were out of the way--they so filled the
ground with their roots. He had found
that you could not plow within 5
rods of them--unless at right angles
with the rows-- Hayden senior tells me
that when he lived with Abel Moore--
Moore's son Henry one day set out
a row of willow boughs--for a hedge--
But the father who has just been erad-
icating an old willow row at great
labor & expense--asks Hayden who had
done that--& finally offered him a dollar
if he would destroy them which he agreed
to do. So each morning as he went to &
some of
from his work he used to pull ^ them up
a little way, & if there were many roots
formed he rubbed them off on a rock--
And when at the breakfast Table
Henry expressed wonder that his
willows did not grow any better--being
set in a rich soil--The father would
look at Hayden & laugh--

Burton--the traveller--quotes an Arab
saying "Voyaging is a victory"--which he
refers to the feeling of independence on over-
coming the difficulties & dangers of the
desert-- But I think that commonly
voyaging is a defeat. a rout--
to which the traveller is compelled by want of
valor-- The travellers peculiar valor
is commonly a bill of exchange--
He is at home any where but at home.

--Petitioning some Sir Joseph Banks-- or other representative of a Geographical society to avail himself of his restlessness.

& if not receiving a favorable answer-- necessarily going off some where next morning. It is a prevalent disease both men & women which attack Americans especially--

the opposite to Nostalgia. Yet it does not differ much from Nostalgia-- I read the story of one voyagerers round the world--who it seemed to me having started had no other object but to get home again--only she took the longest way round. Snatching at a fact or 2 on'\textsuperscript{13}'' behalf of science--as he goes-- just as a panther in his leap will take off a man's sleeve & land 20 feet beyond him--when travelling down hill--being fitted out by some Sir Joseph Banks.

It seems that in Arabia as well as in N.E. they have the art of springing a prayer upon you-- The Madani or\textsuperscript{14}'' inhabitants of El Medinah--are ac. to Burton notwithstanding\textsuperscript{15} an assumed austerity & ceremoniousness--not easily matched in volubility & personal abuse--"When a man is opposed to more than his match in disputing or bargaining, -- -- -- -- --he in-
terrupts the adversary with a

'Sall' ala Mohammed,'--bless the

Prophet.

Every good Moslem is

obliged to obey such requisition by responding,

'Allahumma Sall alayh',--O Allah bless

him! But the Madani curtails the

phrase to 'A'n,' supposing it to be an

equivalent, and proceeds in his loquacity.

Then perhaps the baffled opponent will

shout out 'Wahhid,' i.e. 'Attest the unity

of the Deity;' when, instead of employing

the usual religious phrases to assert

that dogma, he will briefly ejaculate,

'Al', and hurry on with the course

of conversation." p 283

Feb 11th 57. Wednesday

The meadows flooded by the thaw

of the last half of last week--and Sunday

are now frozen hard enough to bear

it is excellent skating.

Near the other swamp-white-oak on

Shattuck's piece I found another

caterpillar on the ice-- From its

position I thought it possible that

it had been washed from its winter

quarters by the freshet--& so left
on top of the ice-- It was not frozen in
& may have been blown from the oak.
It was of a different species from that
of Jan. 8--about 1 1/10 inches long--with
but little fuzziness--black with 3 longitudi-
      buff
nal stripes--& a black head--the
^
fore most feet black--the others lighter
colored. It was frozen quite stiffly--as many
tested--being curled up like the other\footnote{check MS--is this “others”?} & I
did not dare to bend it hard for fear of
breaking it--even after I took it out in
the house. But being placed on the mantle-
piece it soon became relaxed and in 15 min-
utes began to crawl.

Feb. 12 '57

7 1/2 Am-- The caterpillar which I placed
last night on the snow beneath the thermometer
is frozen stiff again--this time not being curled
up--the temperature being 6°-- now-- Yet being
placed on the mantelpiece it thaws & begins
to crawl in 5 or 10 minutes--before the
rear half of its body is limber. Perhaps they
were revived last week when the thermometer
stood at 52 & 3+
\footnote{still}
Feb 12\footnote{“2” written over “3”} 57

To Worcester-- I observe that
the Nashua in Lancaster has already fallen
about 3 feet--as appears by the ice on the trees
walls--banks--is--though the main stream
of the Concord--has not begun to fall at all. (It is hardly fallen perceptibly when I return on the 14th-- Am not sure it has.) The form is ap. mostly open--the latter all closed.

When I skated on the 11th I saw several pretty large open spaces on the meadows-- notwithstanding that the boys had begun to skate on the meadow the 10th--& it had been steadily growing colder--& the ice was on the 11th from 2 1/2 to 3 inches thick generally-- These open spaces were evidently owing to the strong wind of the night before--& which was then blowing--but I neglected to observe what peculiarity there was in the locality-- Perhaps it was very shallow with an uneven bottom.

Feb 14

Higginson told me yesterday of a large tract near Fayal--v near Pico (mt) as I suggested & he assented covered with the rein-deer (?) lichens--very remarkable & desolate extending for miles----the effect of an earthquake--; which will in course of time be again clothed with a larger vegetation. Described at length remarkable force of the wind on the summit of Pico. Told of a person in West-Newberry--who told him that he once saw the moon rising out of the sea--from his house in that place--and on the moonlight in his room the distinct shadow of a vessel which was some-
where on the sea between him & the moon!!

It is a fine somewhat spring-like day.

The ice is softening so that skates begin
to cut in--& numerous caterpillars are
crawling about on the ice & snow--
the thermometer in the shade N of house stand-
ing 42°+ so it appears that they must
often thaw in the course of the winter & find nothing
to eat."

Feb 15th

About the 1st of Jan. when I was surveying
the Lee Farm--Capt. Elwell--the proprietor--
asked me how old I thought the house was--
I looked into Shattuck’s History--& found
that ac to him--“Henry Woodhouse,” or
Woodis, as his name was sometimes written, came
to Concord from London, about 1650, freeman
1656. His farm, estimated at 350 acres, lay
between the 2 rivers, & descended to his son-in-
law, Joseph Lee, whose posterity successively
held it for more than 100 years. -- -- -- -- --
-- -- -- -- He died June 16 1701;”--v. p 389

Shattuck says that the principal sachem
Tahattawan
of our Indians ^ lived “near Nahshawtuck hill.” p. 3
Shat. p 28 says that the celebrated Waban originally lived in Concord--& he
describes Squaw Sachem and John Tahattawan--son of Tahattawan as Musketaquid Indians
In 1684 "Mantatukwet, a Christian Indian
of Natick, aged 70 or thereabout” ac. to the
Register at Cambridge Deposed “that about
50 years since he lived within the bounds of
that place which is now called Concord,
at the foot of an hill, named Nahshaw--
tuck, now in the possession of Mr. Henry Woodis,"--
&c--p 7.

Under date 1666 Shattuck finds
in the S quarter--among the names of the
town at that time--"Henry Woodhouse 1 [Lot]
360 [acres]" &c

When I returned from Worcester yesterday
morning--I found that the Lee House
--of which 6 weeks ago I made an accurate
plan--had been completely burned up
the evening before i.e. the 13th
while I was lecturing in Worcester. [It
took fire & came near being destroyed in the
early in morning
night of the previous Dec. 18th--'' I was the
first to get there from town] In the
course of the forenoon of yesterday I walked
up to the site of the house--whither many
people were flocking on foot & in
carriages-- There was nothing of the house
left but the chimneys--brick & stone &
cellar walls. The Eastern chimney had fallen
in the night. On my way I met Abel
Hunt--To whom I observed that it was
perhaps the oldest house in town-- "No
said he--they saw the date on it during
the fire 1707"!! When I arrived
I inquired where the date had been seen--
& read it for myself on the chimney.

"''caret written under dash
--but there was too much smouldering
fire to permit of my approaching it nearly.

I was interested in the old elm
near the SE corner of the house--which
I found had been a mere shell a few years
since--now filled up with brick. Flood
who has lived there told me that Wheeler
asked his advice with regard to that tree--
whether he could do better than lay the axe
at its root-- F. told him that he had seen
an ash in the old country--which was
in the same condition--& is a tenderer tree
than an "elum"--preserved by being filled
up & with masonry & then cemented over--
So the next soon after the mason was
set to work upon it under his directions--
Flood having scraped out all the rotten
wood first with a hoe-- The cavity was full
3 feet wide & 8 or 10 high commencing
at the ground. The mason had covered
the bricks & rounded off with mortar
which he had scored with his trowel
so that did not observe but it was
bark. It seemed an admirable plant
and not only improved the appearance
but the strength durability of the tree.

This morning (the 15th) it having
rained in the night--and thinking the
fire would be mostly out--I made
haste to the ruins of the Lee house to read
that inscription--By laying down boards
on the bricks & cinders, which were quite
to hot to tread on--& covered a smothered
fire--I was able to reach the chimney.
The inscription was on the east side of
the east chimney (which had fallen) at
the bottom--in a cupboard on the west--
which was on a level with the ground on
the East--and with the cellar on the west--
the cellar kitchen on the N. There
was a narrow lower (milk) cellar S & SE
under the parlor of it & an equally lower & narrower cellar E of it
This side of the chimney was perhaps 15 feet
from the E side of the house & as far from
the N side. The inscription was in a slight
recess in the chimney about 34/12 feet
wide & a little more in height & up
& down--as far as I could see into the pile
of bricks--thus (drawing)

"4/12" pos. inserted
It appeared to have been made\(^4\) by the
or a stick
finger -- in the mortar when fresh--which
had been spread an inch to 1 1/4 inches thick
over the bricks--and where it was too dry & hard
to have been pecked with the point of a trowel.

The first 3 words & the 16 were perfectly
plain--the 5 was tolerably plain--though
some took it for a three--but I could feel it
yet more distinctly--The mortar was partly knocked
the rest
off " ap-- by this fire--but the top of some capital
letter like a C--\(^4\) the letters\(^5\) were about as
plain as\(^6\) represented--\(^6\) the rest looked like
Henry [Woodhouse?] or l (t?) Kinry (?) the
y (?) at end being crowded for want of room next the
These last 2 words quite uncertain
side-- The surface of this recess was
slightly swelling or bulging--somewhat
like the outside of an oven--\(^4\) above it the
chimney was sloped & rounded off to the narrower
shaft of it.\(^8\) The letters were from 2 1/2
to 3 inches long--\(^6\) ( )\(^4\) to 1/2 inch deep--
as well as the more recent W one -- with
This chimney had been built chiefly \(^7\) clay mortar--
some 9
I brought away a brick--of a soft kind 8 7/8 inches ^\(^1\)\(^\)\(^7\) varying 1/4
long--4 1/4 + wide ^\(^4\)\(^7\) & 2 1/2 thick--though there
prob. not so old--
were some much smaller near it-- The clay (for mortar)
was about as hard as mortar on it. The mortar
in which the inscription was made contained con-
siderable straw (?) & some lumps of clay now
crumbling like\(^7\) sand--with the lime & sand. The
outside was white but the inside interior ash
colored--

\(^4\) made] extra letter or two at the end of the word
\(^6\) as" written over "(da)"
\(^7\) it.] followed by extra space
\(^8\) \(\) ink blot
\(^1\) line drawn from caret to "some 9"
\(^4\) line drawn from caret to "varying 1/4"
\(^7\) like] wit [check MS]
I discovered that the mortar of the inscription was not so old as the chimney—for the bricks beneath it—over which it was spread to the height of 7 or 8 feet were covered with soot uniformly & the mortar fell off with an eighth of an inch thickness of this soot adhering to it—as if the recess had been a fire place—mortared over--

I have just been reading the account of Dr. Ball’s suffering’s on the White Mountains—Of course, I do not wonder that he was lost— I should say—Never undertake to ascend a mt or thread a wilderness where there is any danger of being lost— partly Indian rubber without taking thick clothing ——if not a tent or material for one—the best map to be had and a compass—salt-pork & hard bread and salt—fish-hooks & lines if not a hatchet a good-jack-nife at least & perhaps a gun— matches in a vial stopped water tight— some strings & paper— Do not take a dozen steps which you could not with tolerable accuracy protract on a chart— I never do otherwise— Indeed you must have been living all your life in some such methodical & assured fashion, though in the midst of cities, else you will be lost in spite of all this preparation.

---

"the] altered from "this"
"least] line drawn from caret to "if not a hatchet"
How to Catch a Pig--

If it is a wild Shoat--do not let him
get scared--shut up the dogs--& keep
mischievous hogs & men out of the way-- Think
of some suitable enclosure in the neighbor-
hood--no matter if it be a pretty large field--
with the aid of
if it chances to be lightly fenced--& get another
prudent person--give the pig all possible
opportunities to enter it-- Do not go very
near him nor appear to be driving him--
only let him avoid you--persuade him
to prefer that inclosure-- If the case is
desperate & it is necessary--you may make
him think that you wish him to any where
else but into that field--& will it be
pretty sure to go there-- Having got
him into that enclosure & put up the fence
--you can contract it at your leisure.

When you have him in your hands--if
he is obstinate, do not try to drive him with
a rope round one leg-- Spare the neighbors
ears & your pigs feelings--& put him into
a cart or wheelbarrow--

The brick above described--appears to be
of the same size with those of Gov. Craddock's
house in Medford said to have been built in 1634
It is remarkable that though Elwell
the last occupant of this house never
has seen this inscription--it being in this

"will" preceded by tear in paper
obscure nook in the cellar—the inscriber’s purpose is served—for now nothing stands but the other chimney & the foundation of this—& the inscription is completely exposed to the daylight—& to the sun—& far more legible even a rod or 2 off—than it could have been when made—There it is staring all visitors in the face—on that clear space of mortar just lifted above the smouldering ruins of the chimney around it.

Yesterday—you could not get within a rod of it—but distinctly read it over the furnace of hot bricks & coals.

I brought away a brick—& a large flake of the mortar with letters on it—but it crumbled in my hands, & I was reminded of the crumbling of some of the slabs of Nineveh in the hands of Layard as soon as brought to light—& felt a similar grief because I could not transport it entire—to a more convenient place than that scorching pile—or even lay the crumbling mass down, without losing forever the outlines & the significance of those yet undecyphered words—But I laid it down—of necessity—& that was the end of it. There was our sole Nineveh slab—Perhaps the oldest Engraving in Concord. No some grave stones are undoubtedly older—
Webster prided himself on being the first farmer in the S parish of Marshfield--but if he was the first--they must have been a sorry set--for his farming was a complete failure--it cost a great deal more than it came to--He used other people's capital, & was insolvent when he died--so that his friends & relatives found it difficult to retain the place--if indeed they have not sold it. How much cheaper it would have been for the town or county to have maintained him in the almshouse--than as a farmer at large! How many must have bled annually to manure his broad potato fields--who without inconvenience could have contributed sufficient to maintain him in the almshouse!

Feb. 16

8 Am to Lee House site again--It was a rough cast house when I first knew it. The fire still glowing among the bricks in the cellar--Richard Barrett says he remembers the inscription & the date 1650--but not the rest distinctly. I find that this recess was not in the cellar--but on the west side of the Parlor (which was on the same level with the upper cellar at the west end of the house--) It was on the back side of a cupboard (in that parlor) which
was a few inches deep at the bottom & sloped
or on the brick jog 3 inch at bot & 5 1/2 at top
back to a foot perhaps at top\textsuperscript{271}* -- & had shelves--

The sitting room of late was on the same
level the W side of this chimney.

The old part of the chimney--judging from
the clay and the size of the brick--was 7 feet
wide E & W & about 10 N & S-- There
was the back side of an old oven visible on
the S side (late the front of the house) under
the stairs (that had been) which had been filled
up with the large bricks in clay--

The chimney above & behind the oven & this recess
had been filled in with great stones many
much bigger than one's head packed in clay
mixed with the coarsest meadow hay--
sometimes there were masses of pure clay & hay
a foot in diameter-- There was a very great
proportion of the hay--consisting of cut grass
3 sided \textit{carex}--ferns--& still stouter
woody stems--apparently a piece of corn husk
1 inch wide & several long. And impressions
in the clay of various plants--grasses ferns
&c--exactly like those in coal, in character--
These are perhaps the oldest pressed plants
in Concord. I have a mass 8 or 9 inches
in diameter which is ap. 1/3 vegetable.

About these stones there is generally
only the width (4 1/4 inches] of one brick
so that the chimney was a mere shell--

\textsuperscript{271}*line drawn from caret to "top" (above)
Though the inscription was in a coarse mortar mixed with straw—the sooty bricks over which it was spread—were laid in a better mortar without straw—& yet the mass of the bricks directly above this recess, in the chimney—were all laid in clay, plastering. Perhaps they had used plastering there instead of clay because it was a fire place. A thin coating of whiter & finer mortar without straw had been spread over the sloping & rounded and below it chimney above the recess & on each side this covered many small bricks mingled with the large ones—& though this looked more modern—the straw mixed mortar of the inscription over lapped at the top about a foot—proving the coarser mortar the more recent.

The inscription then was made after the chimney was built when some alteration was made—& a small brick had come to be used—yet so long ago that straw was mixed with the mortar—If that recess was an old fire place—then ap— the first house fronted East—for the oven—was on the S side. A boy who was at the fire said to me—This was the chimney in which she ran into a stove & the cat was burned up—^ we heard Parker says there was no cat her cries in the midst of the fire. ^ she was drowned.

Ac. To Shattuck Johnson having the
period from 1645 to 1650 in view says of Concord
that it had been more populous "The number
of families at present are about 50. Their
buildings are conveniently placed, chiefly in one
straite street under a sunny-banke in a
low level."--&c-- Hist p 18

Ac to Shattuck p 14 Governor Winthrop--"selected (ju-
diciously, I think,) a lot in Concord [ap in 1638], which
"he intended to build upon', near where Captain Humphrey
Hunt now lives."

I was contending some time ago that
our meadows must have been wetter once than
they are now--else the trees would have got
up there more-- I see that Shattuck says
under 1654 (p. 33) "the meadows were somewhat
dryer, & ceased to be a subject of frequent com-
plaint."

Ac. to Woods. N.E. Prospect--the first settlers
of Concord--for meat bought "venison or
rockoons" of the Indians-- The latter must
have been common then. The wolves robbed them
of their swine.

A wonderfully warm day (the 3d one)

//about 2 Pm thermometer in shade 58+

I perceive that some, commonly
talented, persons, are enveloped & confined
by a certain crust of manners--
which though it may sometimes be
a fair & transparent enamel, yet
only repels & saddens the beholder--since by
its rigidity it seems to repress all further
They are viewed as at a distance, or like an insect under a tumbler
expansion ^ -- They have as it were prematurely
hardened both seed & shell--& this has severely
taxed--if not put a period to the life of the
plant-- This is to stand upon your dignity.
Genius has evanescent boundaries--like an
altar from which incense rises.
The former are after all but hardened sinners
The pearl is a hardened sinner
in " a mild sense. Manners get to be human
parchment--in"" which sensible books
are often bound & honorable titles engrossed
--though they may be very stiff & dry.

Feb. 17th

Thermometer at 1 Pm 60°+

The river is fairly breaking up--& men
are out with guns after muskrats.
& even boats
Some are apprehending loss of fruit from
It is as open as the 3d of April
this warm weather. last year--at least--
Pm to the old Hunt house-- The
bricks of the old chimney which has the date on
it--vary from 8 to 8 1/2 inches in length--
but the oldest in the chimney in the rear
part--are 9 to 9 1/4 long x 4 1/4+ wide & 2 1/4 to
This the size of the bricks in clay behind the boarding of the house
also
2 1/2 thick-- " There is straw in the clay & also
in the lime used as plastering in both
these chimneys. That on the 1st has a
singular blue color""-- This House
is about 49 feet on the front x 20-- The
mid of door about 25 1/2 feet from E end--
House from 14 to 15 feet high."""
There was a door on the west end within Abel Hunt’s remembrance—you can see
where

The rear part has a wholly oak
frame—while the front is pine—But
I doubt if it is older because the boards
on the main part are feather edged even
within this part—as if they had once been on
the outside. Lee told him that he put on the whole upper
i.e. 3d story of the Lee house. Says his old house where
Everett lives was dated 1736

Feb. 18—

Another remarkably warm & pleasant day—
The nights of late nearly as warm as the
day—When I step out into the yard I
hear that earliest spring note from some
bird—perhaps a pig—woodpecker—(or can—
it be a nuthatch—whose ordinary note I hear?)

//the rapid what what, what what, what
what, which I have so often heard before
any other note. v Mar. 18th

The snow is nearly all gone & it is so warm
& spring-like that I walk over to the hill—
listening for spring birds. The roads are
beginning to be settled. I step excited over the
moist mossy ground—dotted with the green
stars of thistles—crowfoot &c the outsides
of which are withered—

Amid the pitch pines by the hemlocks I
am surprised to find a great mildew
on the ground—3 or 4 feet long by 2 1/2 wide
& 1/4 to 1 inch thick—investing the pine
needles of grass stubble & fallen hemlock
twigs—like a thick cobweb—or veil
through which the ground &c is seen
Like

It has a regular vegetable or
lichen-like border--creeping outward from a
center--& is more cottony & fibrous there--
Like" the ground generally thereabouts, it has
an inspiring sweet musty scent--when I
stoop close to it-- I was surprised to find how sweet
the whole ground smelled when I lay flat & ap-
plied my nose to it--more so than any cow--as
it were the promise of the perfect man & new
springs to eternity. This mildew ap. occupied
the place where a mass of snow ice rested yesterday--
(---it was not yet wholly gone on one side) It was
the snow-bank's footprint--or rather its Plan-
tain-- One of the first growths of the new year
surely. Further in the pines there was more--
of it wherever the snow had but just disappeared--
--a great many square rods of it all put to-
gether-- But also there was, very similar
to it, yet only a thin veil the ap. gossamer
of spring & fall close to the edge of the melting
snow--and I saw a spider or 2-- This had only
the thickness of a cobwed & was covered with dew--
yet was rather hard to distinguish from the
mildew-- These" cobwebs were very widely dis-
persed in the meadows--where the snow had
Just melted.
I thought at one time that I heard a
blue bird-- Hear a fly buzz amid some willows
Thermometer at 1 Pm 65+
Sophia says that Mrs Brook's spiraeas have started--
considerably!

\[Like\] like
\[open paren written over dash\]
\[These\] This
\[Sophia \ldots considerably!] added at bottom of page
I hear that geese went over Cambridge last night & evening
I sit all this day without a fire & some even have windows open--
Pm
to Hubbard’s Bath--
The frost out of the ground & the ways settled in many places. I see much more of that gossamer (?) of the morning--still regarding the large mildew as different. It abounds in all low grounds where there is a firm pasture sod--where the a snow bank has just melted--or on the edge of one that is fast disappearing. I observe some remarkable ones on Hub- bard’s land just below the mt sumacks--They are thin webs over the grass just laid bare close to the snow commonly--& over the icy edge of the snow-- They are not under--the snow-- I thought at first it had been formed on the surface of the snow--& where it melted rested lightly on the stubble be-neath--but I could detect none extending more than 3 or 4 inches over the icy edge of the snow.--““ Though every stubble half exposed amid the snow even was the source or point d’appui of some.

Sometimes to my surprise it was an
extremely thin, but close woven (?) perhaps air-
light veil--of the same color but still thin-
or membrane
ner than the Thinnest tissue paper--^ in patches
1 to 3 feet in diameter--resting lightly on the
stubble" altered from "stubbly"
stubble which supports it in the form of little
tents-- This is now dry & very brittle yet
I can get up pieces an inch across. It sug-
gests even a scum on the edge of the melting
snow which has at last dried &" hardened
into a web-- Here is one which as commonly
springs from 3 or 4 inches within the melted
snow, partly resting close & flat upon it--^ extends thence several feet from its edge
over the stubble. None" of these have the thick-
ness of mildew--& for cobwebs--I see but 2
or 3 spiders about--^ cannot believe that
they can have done all this in one night--
or do they make a close web. It lies lightly upon
the stubble & the edge of the snow--as if it had
settled in the night from the atmosphere. Can
it be a scum formed on the melting snow
captured last on the stubble like the pap
of paper taken up in a sieve?
Farther off on every side I see the same now
fretted away--like a coarse & worn out sieve--
where it was perfect perhaps yesterday.
Thus it lasts all day--conspicuous many
rods off-- I think there must be a square
mile of this at least in Concord. It is after
but fair
a very warm muggy ^ night--the last snow
going off--& the thermometer at 50°+

"stubble" altered from "stubbly"
"&" inserted
"None" altered from "I"; "N" written over "I"
Thinnest, frailest gossamer veils dropt
from above on the stubble—as if the
fairies had dropt their veils or handkerchiefs
after a midnight revel—rejoicing at the
melting of the snow—

What can it be—? Is it animal or vege-
table? I suspect it is allied to mould—
or is it a scum?—or have the spiders any-
thing to do with it? It suggests even
a nebulous vegetable matter in the air—
which under these circumstances in a muggy
night is condensed into this primitive
vegetable form—

Is it a sort of flowing of the earth—
A waste fertility anticipating the more regular
growths of Spring?
Has not some slightly glutinous substance been
deposited from the atmosphere on the snow—
which is thus collected into a thin sort of paper—
—-even like the brown-paper conferva—
Is it a species of conferva—?
I am excited by this wonderful air—
go listening for the note of the blue-bird—
or other comer— The very grain of the air
seems to have undergone a change— is
ready to split into the form of the blue-
bird’s warble. Methinks if it were visible
or I could cast up some fine dust which
would betray it, it would take a correspond-
ing shape. The blue bird does not
come till the air consents— his wedge
will enter easily. The air over these fields
is a foundry full of moulds for casting
blue-birds’ warbles. Any sound uttered
now would take that form—not
of the harsh—vibrating—rending scream of
the jay—but a softer—flowing curling warble
—like a purling stream—or the lobes of flowing
sand and clay. Here is the soft air &
the moist expectant apple trees—but
not yet the blue-bird. They do not quite
attain to song.

What a poem is this of spring—so often
repeated! I am thrilled when I hear it spoken
of—as the Spring" of such a year—that
Fytte of the glorious epic.

Picked up a mouse nest in the stubble
at Hubbards at sumacks—left bare by the
melting snow—it is ap 5 inches wide & 3 or 4
high with one if not 2 small round indistinct
entrances on the side, not very obvious till you thrust your finger through them & press
aside the fine grass that closes them—ready
to yield to the pressure of the mouse’s body. It
is made very firmly & round—far more so than
an oven birds nest—of the rye & grass stubble
which was at hand under the snow—gnawed off
to convenient lengths—A very snug & warm nest
where several might have lain very cosily under
the snow in the hardest winter. Near by were

"Spring" spring
collected (?) many large green droppings of
the usual form--as if for cleanliness--several
feet off-- Many galleries were visible close
to the ground in the withered grass under
the snow-- Is it not the nest of a dif. mouse
from the M. Leucopus of the woods?
Mr Pritchard says that when he first
came to Concord--woods was $2.50 per
cord-- Father says that good wood
was $3.00 per cord & he can remember
the longest--white pine $2.00 maple--16 shillings
When I approached the bank of a ditch
this P.m. I saw a frog diving to the bottom.
The warmer water had already awaked him--
& perhaps he had been sitting on the bank--
The above described gossamer--often
has small roundish spots on it, 2 or 3 inches
in diameter--which are whiter & much thicker--
even like the silvery scales under which some
kinds of insects lurk--somewhat. I see
none of this over sand or in the road--
as I suppose would be the case if it were a
mere scum on the snow--or a deposition from
the atmosphere. Must it not be of the
nature of mildew-- It is as if it were a
thin & tender membrane that envelopes the
infant earth in earliest spring--at once
rent & dissipated.
Feb 19th
Cloudy & some what rainy-- The thermometer
at last fallen to 32 & 33°+ //

I have often noticed that the surface of the snow was rippled or waved like water-- The dust from plowed ground collects on the ridges which bound these waves--& there it becomes very conspicuous as the snow melts--the ridges standing out more & more for the dirt ap. protects the snow from the sun. Why do water & snow take just this form? //

Some willow catkins have crept 1/4 of an inch from under thin scales & look very red--prob. on ac. of the warm weather.

A man cannot be said to succeed in this life--who does not satisfy one friend.

An old man, one of my neighbors, is so demented that he put both legs into one leg of his pantaloons the other morning,!

Mr Cheney tells me that Godwin brought him a partridge to sell in the midst of the late severe weather-- C. said it was a pity to kill it--it must find it hard to get a living-- "I guess she didn’t find it any harder than I do" answered G.

It would be pleasant to recall to mind the different styles of boats that have been used on this river from the first--beginning with the bark canoe--& the dug-out or log canoe or pirogue. Then perhaps some simple log canoe--or such a boat as now prevails--which prob. has its prototype on English rivers--call it dory--skiff--or whatnot--made as
soon as boards were sawed here-- The smaller
puntlike ones for one man-- The round-bottomed
boats from below--& the half-round--or lap-
streaked--sometimes with sails-- The great
canal-boats--& the hay-boats of the Sudbury
meadows--& lastly what the boys call “shell-
boat” introduced last year in imitation of the
Esquimaux kayak.

At evening it begins to snow--and

Feb. 20th

This morning the grounds’ once more covered
about 1 inch deep--
Minot says that the house he now lives in
was framed & set up by Capt. Isaac Hoar--
just beyond the old house by Moorees--this side
his mothers (?) house
the one he was born in ^ --("whose well is that
M helped a man take down its chimney when he was a boy--it was very old laid in clay
buried by Alcott on the side walk) And there
the frame stood several years--Hoar
having gone off he thinks to Westminster.
He was quite a lad & used to climb up on
the frame--& with a tea-spoon take the
eggs of the house-wren out of the mortice
holes. At last his Grandfather Dr Abel
"an eminent physitian"
Prescott ^ bought it & moved it to where it
now stands--& died in in 1805 aged 88. born 1717199
Said he died exactly where I sat & the bed stood so & so N & S from the clock--
probably
This Dr Prescott--had once ^ lived with his nephew
Willoughby Prescott--where Lorings is-- After
when married lived in the old rough-cast house
near the poor house where Minott’s mother
It was Dr Aabel P’s son Abel (Minott’s uncle) who rode into
was born. before the British. Minotts ^ Father was rich
& died early in the army--Aunt says--
Minott always sits in the corner behind

199 Line drawn from “one” to “whose”
198 Open paren written over dash
197 “born 1717” inserted in pencil
the door--close to the stove--with commonly
the cat by his side--often in his lap-- Often he
sits with his hat on-- He says that Frank--
Buttrick (who for a great many
years worked at carpentering for John
Richardson) told him that he was working
for him when he died) told him that Rich-
ardson called him when he was at the
point of death & told him that he
need not stop working on & account of his
death--but he might come in to the
prayer if he wished to. R. is spoken of
as a strong & resolute man--

I wish that there was in every town
in some place accessible to the traveller--
instead or beside the common directories &c
a list of the worthies--of the town--i.e.
of those who are worth seeing.

Miss Minott has several old pieces of furniture that
belonged to her grandfather Prescott--one a desk
made for him & marked 1760-- She said the looking
glass was held oldest furniture she thought-- It has
the name John scratched on the middle--by a mad--
cap named John Bulkley from college--who
had got so far with a diamond before he was
stopped.

Beverley after describing the various
kinds of fowl--that frequented the shores
of Virginia--"Not to mention beavers, otters
muskrat, minxes," &c &c--says "Altho'
the inner lands want these benefits, (which, however, no pond or plash is without),"--&c
I admire the off-hand way of describing the superfluous fertility of the land & water--

What is the relation between a bird & the ear that appreciates its melody--\(\text{\textsuperscript{401}}\) to whom perchance it is more charming & significant than to any else? Certainly they are intimately related--\(\text{\textsuperscript{403}}\) the one was made for the other-- It is a natural fact.
If I were to discover that a certain kind of stone by the pond shore was affected--say partially disintegrated by a particular natural sound, as of a bird or insect--I see that one could\(\text{\textsuperscript{402}}\) not be completely described without describing the other. I am that rock by the pond-side.

What is hope--what is expectation--but a seed-time whose harvest cannot fail--an irresistible expedition of the mind at length to be victorious--?

Feb. 21

The puff-ball is used by Drs to stop bleeding. Some have now almost entirely lost their dust leaving a dry almost moisture? Am surprised to see this \(\text{\textsuperscript{403}}\) a boy collecting red\(\text{\textsuperscript{403}}\) maple sap from some trees behind Geo. Hubbards. It runs freeley.
The earliest sap I made to flow last year was Mar. 14th It must be owing to the warm weather we have had.
The river for some days has been open & its sap visibly flowing--like the maple--

Feb 22

---

Pm To Dugan Desert--

The Tomy Wheeler house--like the Hunt's house

has the sills projecting inside-- Its bricks are about the same size with those of the Lee chimney--

they are 8 3/4 to 9 inch long x 4 1/2 but not in clay--

A part at least of the back side has bricks on their edges in clay--as at the Hunt's house--& there are bricks in 4" clay flat on the plate close under the roof at the eaves-- I think that by the size of the bricks you cannot tell the age of an old house within 50 years--

Feb. 23d

---

Pm see 2 yellow spotted tortoises in the ditch S. of Trillium wood. You saunter expectant in the mild air along the soft edge of a ditch--filled with melted snow--& paved with leaves--in some sheltered place--yet (perhaps) with some ice at one end still-- & are thrilled to see stirring amid the leaves at the bottom--sluggishly burying themselves from your sight again--these brilliantly spotted creatures--

There are commonly 2 at least-- The tortoise is stirring in the ditches again. In your latest spring they still look incredibly strange when first seen & not like cohabitants & contemporaries of yours.

I say, in my thought to my neighbor, who was once my friend, it is of no use to speak the truth to you, you will not hear it. What then shall I say to you?
At the instant that I seem to be saying farewell forever to one who has been my friend—I find myself unexpectedly near to him—and it is our very nearness & dearness to each other that give depth & significance to that forever—Thus I am a helpless prisoner—and these chains I have no skill to break—While I think I have broken one link—I have been forging another.

I have not yet known a friendship to cease—
I think—I fear I have experienced its decaying—
Morning, noon, & night, I suffer a physical pain—an aching of the my breast which unfits me for ordinary tasks—It is perhaps most intense at evening. With respect to Friendship I feel like a wreck that is driving before the gale—with a crew suffering from hunger & thirst—not knowing what shore if any they may reach—So long have I breasted the conflicting waves of this sentiment—my seams open—my timbers laid bare—I float on friendship’s sea—simply because my specific gravity is less than that of its waves—but no longer that staunch & graceful vessel that careened so boyantly over it. My planks & timbers are scattered.

At most I hope to make a sort
of raft of Friendship--on which with
a few of our treasures--we may float
some firm land.
That aching of the breast--the grandest
pain that man endures--which no ether
can assuage--

You cheat me--you keep me at a dis-
tance with your manners--I know of no
other dishonesty--no other devil. Why this double-
ness--these compliments? They are the worst of
lies. A lie is not worse between traders, than
a compliment between friends. I would not--
I cannot speak--I will let you feel my
thought--my feeling.

Friends!--They are united for good & for
evil--They can delight each other as none
other can--They can distress each other as none
other can. Lying on lower levels is but
a trivial offence--compared with civility
& compliments on the level of Friendship.

I visit my friend for joy--not for dis-
turbance--If my coming hinders him in the
least conceivable degree--I will exert myself
to the utmost to stay away--I will get the
Titans to help me stand aloof--I will labor
night & day to construct a rampart between us--

If my coming casts but the shadow of a shadow
before it--I will retreat swifter than
the wind--& more untrackable. I will
be gone irrevocably--if possible before he
fears that I am coming.

[friendly] cancelled in pencil
If the teeth ache they can be pulled--
what then?
If the heart aches--^ shall we pluck
it out?

Must friends then expect the fate of those
oriental twins--that one shall at last
bear about the corpse of the other--by
that same ligature that bound him to
a living companion?

Look before you leap

Unless let the isthmus be cut through

--unless sea meets sea--at exactly the
same level--unless a perfect understand
ing & equilibrium has been established
from the beginning around Cape horn--&
the unnamed northern Cape-- What a tumult!
It is Atlantic & Atlantic--or it is At-
lantic & Pacific.

What mean these turtles--these
coins of the muddy mint issued in early
spring--!"" The bright spots on their backs are
vain unless I behold them. The spots seem brighter
than ever when first beheld in the spring,
as does the bark of the willow.

I have seen signs of the spring-- I have seen
a frog swiftly sinking in a pool--or when
he dimpled the surface--as he leapt in-- I have
seen the brilliant spotted tortoises stirring
at the bottom of ditches-- I have seen
the ma clear sap trickling from the
red maple.
Feb. 24

A fine spring morning. The ground is almost completely bare again—There has been // a frost in the night—now at 8 1/2 it is melted and wets my feet like a dew—The water on the meadow this still bright morn- ing is smooth as in April—I am surprised to hear the strain of a song-sparrow from // the river side, & as I cross from the causeway to the hill—thinking of the blue-bird—I that instant hear ones note from deep in the // softened air. It is already 40°+ by noon is bet. 50 & 60°—As the day advances I hear more blue birds—and see their azure flakes settling on the fence posts. Their short rich crispy warble curls through the air Its grain now lies parallel to the curve of the blue birds warble—like boards of the same lot. It seems to be one of those early springs of fabulous of which we have heard—but have never experienced --Perhaps they are fabulous—I have seen // the probings of skunks for a week or more—I now see where one has pawed out the worm dust or other chankings from a hole in base of a walnut—& torn open the fungi &c there exploring for grubs or insects-- They are very busy these nights-- If I should make the least concession my friend would spurn me. I am obeying
his law as well as my own.

Where is the actual friend you love?

Ask from what hill the rainbow’s arch

springs? It adorns & crowns the earth--

Our friends are our kindred--of our species.

There are very few of our species on the globe

Between me & my friend what unfathomable
distance-- All mankind--like notes & insects--
are between us.

If my friend says in his mind I will never
see you again--I translate it "of necessity into
ever"-- That is its definition in love’s lexicon

Those whom we can love, we can hate--
to others we are indifferent.

I'm to Walden--

The R. R. in the Deep Cut--is dry as in
spring--almost dusty--the best of the
sand foliage is already gone-- I walk

//without a greatcoat-- A chicadee

with its winter lisp flits over--& I think

it is time to hear its Phoebe note--& that

instant it pipes it forth-- Walden is

still covered with thick ice--though melted

a foot from the shore.

The French--(in the Jesuit Relations) say

fil de l’eau for that part of the
current of a river in which any floating

think would be carried--generally--about
equidistant from the 2 banks-- It is a covenient
got my boat out the cellar--
Feb 25

I hear of lilac buds expanding, but have  //
not looked at them-- I go through the
woods behind the Kettle place-- The leaves
ruffle & look all dry on the ground in the
woods; as if quite ready to burn-- The flies  //
buzz out of doors. Though I left my out-
side coat at home this single thick one is
too much. I go across the great fields to
but can see no ducks on the meadows--I suspect they have not come yet
in spite of the openness--
Peters-- ^ The fragrant Everlasting has
retained its fragrance all winter. That
mildew--or gossamer like scum of the 18th
ult--is still visible here & there-- It is like
very thin & frail isinglass. Goodwin says
he saw a robin this morning. The therm-
ometer is at 65°+ at noon--
Feb 26  //
Cold & windy-- The river fast going down
Paint the bottom of my boat.

What an accursed land--methinks unfit
for the habitation of man, where the wild
animals are monkeys!

I saw Mrs Brook's spiraeas today grown 1/2 inch!!  //
whose starting I heard of on the 18th v mar. 4th
Feb 27th

Before I opened the window this cold morning
I heard the peep of a robin--that sound  //
so often heard in cheerless or else rainy weather.
So often heard first--borne on the cutting
March forty-third wind--or through sleet--or rain--
as if its coming were premature--
---Pm to the Hill--
The river has skimmed over again in many places-- I see many crows on the hill side
with their sentinel on a tree-- They are picking the cowdung--scattered about--
ap. for the worms &c it contains-- They have done this in so many places that
it looks as if the farmer had been at work with his maul-- They must save
notice the like extensively Early in March--60%
him some trouble thus ^.
sp. burnt clap boards
I see cinders 2 or 3 inches in diameter ^ on the bank of the North River--which came from the burning Lee House! Yet
it was quite a damp night--after rain rather
in the pm--^ still. They are all curled by the heat, so that you can tell which
The grain is more distinct than ever side was first exposed to it.^ Nature so
abhors a straight line that she curls each cinder as she launches it on the fiery whirlwind. All the lightness & ethereal spirit
of the wood is gone--^ this ---- black earthy residuum alone returned. The russet hill side is spotted with them. They suggest some affinity with the cawing crows.
I see some of those large purplish chocolate

"March] march"
colored puff-balls-- They grow in dry pastures--

They are in various states-- I do not understand their
%See both these & L. (stellatum) when ground is laid bare in spring (no account)%
%as (watty as waw)! about mar. 1-60% changes--some are quite pulverulent--& emitting a
every
cloud of dust at each touch. Others present

a firm very light-ash colored surface above--in a

shallow saucer--with a narrow wrinkled crenate border.

& beneath this firm skin is a perfectly dry spongey

less ashy--more reddish than the last & fibrous

mass ^ with very little dust in it--but many small

ribbed grubs-- The surface often looks as if it had

been pecked by birds in search of these grubs--

Some times there is above the white skin of the saucer--

considerable pulverulent substance--as if in the

other case, this had been dissipated. Some times

2 large ones are joined at the root.

Was there any portion (now dissipated) above this

light-colored skin?

Did the portion beneath the skin originally contain more
dust which has escaped?--or will it yet come to dust?

Are not fungi the best hygrometers?

Feb. 28th

Nearly 2 inches of snow in the night. //

Pm to Lee's Cliff-- I see the

track ap. of a muskrat (?)"1"-(about 5 inch wide

with very sharp & distinct trail of tail) on the snow

& thin ice over the little rill in the Miles meadow--

It was following up this rill, often not more

than thrice as wide as itself, and sometimes

its percise locality concealed under ice & snow

--yet he kept exactly above it on the snow

---read against 1906 Journal

""""("(?))"" inserted; close paren written over dash
through all its windings--where it was open
occasionally taking to the water--& sometimes
swimming under the ice a rod or 2-- It is
interesting to see how every little rill like
this will be haunted by muskrats or minks.

Does the mink ever leave a track of its tail--

At the cliff--the tower-mustard--early
crowfoot--& perhaps buttercup--appear to have
started of late-- It takes several years
faithful search to learn where to look
for the earliest flowers.

It is a singular infatuation that leads
men to become clergymen in regular--or
even irregular standing. I pray to be introduced
to new men--at whom I may stop short--
& taste their peculiar sweetness. But in the
clergyman of the most liberal sort--I see
no perfectly independent human nucleus--
but I seem to see some indistinct scheme
hovering about--to which he has lent him-
self--to which he belongs. It is a very
fine cobweb in the lower stratum of the air
which stronger wings do not even discover--
Whatever he may say he does not know that
one day is as good as another-- Whatever
he may say--he does not know that a
man’s creed can never be written--that
there are no particular expressions of beliefs
that deserve to be prominent. He dreams
of a certain sphere to be filled by
him something less in diameter than a great
circle--may be not greater than a hogshead--

All the staves are got--out--& his sphere
is already hooped-- What’s the use of talking
to him?--"' when you spoke of sphere-music he
thought only of a thumping on his cask.
If he doesn’t know something that no-
body else does--that nobody told him--
Then he’s a tell-tale-- What great in-
terval is there between him who is caught
in Africa & made a plantation slave of
in the south--& him who is caught in
New England & made a Unitarian Min-
ister of--? In course of time they will abolish--
the one form of servitude--& not long after,
the other.
I do not see the necessity for a man’s getting
into a hogshead--& so narrowing his sphere--
or for his putting his head into a halter.

Here’s a man who cant butter his own bread--
& he has just combined with 1000 like him
to make a dipt toast for all eternity!

Nearly one 3d the channel is open
in F. H. Pond. The snow lies on the ice in
large but very shallow drifts--shaped methinks
much like the holes in ice--broad crescents
(apparently) convex to the N. W.

"' question mark written over dash
March 2d

At Cambridge-- Very gusty day--an inch or 2 of snow falls--all day about it--& strangely away.

Mar 3d

Pm to F. W. Hill--

3 pm 24°+ in shade The red maple sap which I first noticed the 21st of Feb. is now frozen up in the auger holes & thence down the trunk to the ground--except in one place where the hole was made on the S side of the tree--where it is melted & is flowing a little. Generally then when the thermometer is thus low--say below Freezing point--it does not thaw in the auger holes. There is no expanding of buds--of any kind--nor early birds to be seen--

Nature was thus premature--anticipated her our revolutions--with respect to the sap--of trees--the buds (spiraea at least) & birds.

The warm spell ended with Feb. 26th--

The crust of yesterdays snow has been converted by the sun & wind in to flakes of thin ice from 2 or 3 inches to a foot in diameter--scattered like a mackerel sky over the pastures--as if all the snow had been blown out from beneath--Much of this thin ice is partly opaque & has a glutinous look even--reminding me of frozen glue. Prob. it has much dust mixed with it.

I go along below the N end of the Cliffs.

The rocks in the usual place are buttressed with icy columns, for water in almost imperceptible quantity is trickling

[19518]Very . . . away. I added

[21541]“Freezing” written over “Frozen”
down the rocks-- It is interesting to see how
dry black or ash colored
the "umbilicaria which get a little moisture
when the snow melts and trickles down along a
become relaxed &
seam or shallow channel of the rock-- ^ turn
olive green--& enjoy their spring--while a few
inches on each side of this gutter or depression
in the face of the rock--they are dry & crisp as
ever-- Perhaps the greater part of this puny
rill is drunk up by this herbage on its brink.

These are among the consequences of the
slight robin-snow of yesterday. It is already
mostly dissipated--but where a heap still
lingers--the sun on the warm face of this
cliff leads down a puny trickling rill moistening
the gutters on the steep face of the rocks
where patches of umbilicaria lichens grow
--of rank growth--but now thirsty & dry
as bones & hornets nests--dry as shells--which
crackle under your feet-- The more
fortunate of these which stand by the moistened
seam or gutter of the rock--luxuriate in
the grateful moisture--as in their"spring--
their rigid nerves relax--they unbend--& droop
like limber infancy--& from dry ash & leather
color turn a lively olive green-- You can
trace the course of this trickling stream over
the rock--through such a patch of lichens
by the olive green of the lichens alone--
-- Here & there too the same moisture refreshes &
brightens ap the scarlet crown of some
little cockscomb lichen--& when the rill
reaches the perpendicular face of the cliff--
its constant drip at night builds great organ
pipes--of a ringed structure which run together
buttressing the rock.

Skating yesterday & today
Mar. 5th

Pm to Hill.
in the sand heap
See the tracks of a woodchuck-- ^ about the
mouth of his hole--where he has cleared out
his entry-- The red ground under a large
pitch pine is strewn with scales of the ashy
brown bark--over a diameter of 10 or 12
feet--where some woodpecker has searched
and hammed" about the stem.

I scare up 6 ^ shell-drakes with their
black heads--in the assabet. The first
ducks I have seen-- Methought I heard a
slight frog-like croak from them before--
The sap of the button wood flows--how long?

The lilac buds cannot have swollen any
since the 25th of Feb"-- on ac. of the cold-- On
examining--they look as if they had felt the
influence of the previous heat a little-- There
are narrow light green spaces laid bare
along the edges of the brown scales--as
if they had expanded so much.
This & the last 4 or 5 days very
gusty--most of the warmth of the fire

"hammed" possibly hamered
"F" written over "f"
is carried off by the draft—which consumes
the wood very fast—faster than a much colder
but still day in winter—My kindlings spend
very fast now—for I do not commonly keep
fire at night.

Thomas Morton in his N. English Canaan has this epitaph
on an infant that died ^ as soon as born without being
baptised—

"Underneath this heap of stones
Lieth a parcel of small bones,
What hope at last can such imps have,
That from the womb go to the grave?"

Winckelmann in his Hist of Ancient Art Vol 2 d p 27—says of Beauty—"I have meditated long
upon it, but my meditations commenced too
late, & in the brightest glow of mature life
its essential has remained dark to me; I
can speak of it, therefore, only feebly &
spiritlessly—" Lodge's Translation.

Flagg in his "Studies in the Field & Forest" states
that the later flowers being fewer are more easily discovered
by insects—& so need not be so fragrant to attract them—
p. 77— Also—says "Plants which have a medicated leaf
are more common in the later summer, when grass-
hoppers & locusts are numerous, by which they might
be devoured." p. 78 Says "the Sweet Pyrola"—has "the
delicious odor of cinnamon." p 79 "The most gaudy
flowers have . . . the least odor."—83"
"The flowers of most of the fruit trees are white, mixed with shades of crimson; but as white forms a more conspicuous contrast with green than with the naked bunches of the trees, those trees & shrubs that produce their flowers before the leaves are usually pink or crimson."

Finds some violets—& the 2 leaved Sol. seal—99 to have odor when collected into bunches.

Makes the following table—after the manner of Daines Barrington—20 being "supposed to be the point of perfection"

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Mellowness of tone</th>
<th>Sprightly notes</th>
<th>Plaintive notes</th>
<th>Compass notes</th>
<th>Execution</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mocking Bird</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red Thrush</td>
<td>18</td>
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<td>14</td>
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123 lines drawn to place numerals within a table.
The leaves of nearly all the trees & shrubs that are brightly colored in autumn, present a similar variety of tints in their tender-plaited foliage in May."

"In May the prominent colors were white & the lighter shades of purple & lilac, in which the latter were but faintly blended. In June the purple shades predominate in the flowers, except those of the shrubs which are mostly white. The scarlet hues are seldom seen until after midsummer-- The yellows seem to be confined to no particular season,"  

"The birds of the sea-shore have no song"--for it would not be heard.  

"The nocturnal grass hoppers, sometimes called August pipers, commence their chirping about the 2d week in August."-- -- -- "They always vary their key-note according to the temperature of the atmosphere, within certain degrees." He even gives the key note of insects corresponding to different degrees of heat--v p 235  

Speaks of the Eupatorium or trumpet flower bearing at regular distance "a whorl of leaves, which by their peculiar curvature give the plant a fancied resemblance to a trumpet."
Mar 8th

Pm to Hill-- When I cut a white pine twig the crystalline sap instantly exudes-- How long has it been thus?

Get a glimpse of a hawk, the 1st of the season--

The tree sparrows sing a little on this sheltered still & sunny side of the hill--but not elsewhere--

where-- A partridge goes off from amid the pitch pines-- It lifts each wing so high above its back & flaps so low--& withal so rapidly that they present the appearance of a broad wheel--almost a sphere as it whirrs off--like a cannon ball shot from a gun.

Minott told me again the reason why the bushes were coming in so fast in the river meadows--

Now that the mower takes nothing stronger than molasses & water they dars’nt meddle with anything bigger than a pipe stem--

Mar 11th

I see & talk with Rice--sawing off the ends of clapboards which he has planed--

to make them square--for an addition to his house--

He has got a fire in his shop & plays at house building there. His life is poetic--

He does the work himself. He combines several qualities & talents rarely combined. though he owns houses in the city
whose repair he attends to--finds tenants
for them---& collects the rent--he also has
his Sudbury’s farm & beanfields. Though he
lived in a city he would still be natural--
& related to primitive nature around him--
though he owned all Beacon street--you
might find that his mittens were made
the skin of
of a woodchuck’s that had ravaged his bean
field--which he had cured-- I noticed
a woodchuck’s skin tacked up to the inside
of his shop-- He said it had fattened on
his beans & Wm had killed--& expected
to get another to make a pair of mittens
of--one not being quite large enough--
It was excellent for mittens-- You could
hardly wear it out--
Spoke of the cuckoo--which was afraid of the
birds--was easily beaten--would dive right
into the middle of a poplar--then come out
on to some bare twigs & look round for a nest
to rob of young or eggs--
Had noticed a pig, woodpecker go repeatedly
in a straight line from his nest in an apple
tree to a distant brook side in a meadow--dive
down there--& in a few minutes return--
Mar 12
Pm to Hill-- Observe the waxwork
twining about the smooth sumach-- It winds
against the sun. It is at first loose about
the stem— but this ere long expands to & over-
grows it— Observed the track of a
squirrel in the snow under one of the

apple trees on the SE side of the Hill— a
red squirrel with a nut or piece of frozen apple? in his mouth

looking up saw ^ within 6 feet--sitting in a
partly
constrained position ^ crosswise on a limb over my

head—perfectly still, and looking not at me,

but off into the air—evidently expecting
to escape my attention by this trick— I stood

& watched & chirruped to him ^ about 5
minutes so near— & yet he did not once
to look at me
turn his head ^ or move a foot or wink— The

only motion was that of his tail curled
over his back in the wind. At length he
did change his attitude a little & look at
me a moment— Evidently this is a trick they often
practice. If I had been farther off he might

have scolded at me.

// Snowed again last night— as it

has done once or twice before within 10
days— without my recording it—robin snows

which last not a day or 2—

Mar 13th

Thermometer this morning about 7 Am 2°+ & the

same yesterday— This month has been

windy & cold— a succession of snow’s 1 or 2

inches deep— soon going off— the spring

birds all driven off— it is in strong contrast

with the last month.
Capt. E. P. Dorr of Buffalo tells me that there is a rise and fall daily of the lakes about 2 or 3 inches—not accounted for. A difference between the Lakes & Sea—is that when there is no wind the former are quite smooth—no swell—Otherwise he thought that no one could tell whether he was on the Lakes or the Ocean. Described the diver’s descending 168 feet to a sunken steamer & getting up the safe after she had been sunk 3 years—Described the breeding of the Capelin at Labrador—a small fish about as big as a sardine—They crowd along the shore in such numbers that he had seen a cartload crowded quite on to the shore high & dry by those in the rear—

Elliot (t?) the Botanist says p 184 that the Lechea villosa—(major of Mich.) "if kept from running to seed would probably form a very neat edging for the beds of a flower garden; the foliage of the radical branches is very handsome during the winter, & the size of the plant is well suited to such a purpose."

Phas[173] Toxicodendron p 363 "The juice which exudes on plucking the leaf-stalks from the stem of the R. radicans is a good indelible dye for marking linen or cotton."

Of the Drosera rotundifolia p 375—"This fluid never appears to fall from the hairs, but is secreted nearly in proportion to its evaporation, & the secretion is supposed to be greatest in dry clear weather;"—hence called Sundew
Howitt in his Boys' adventure's in Australia p 293 says--"People here thought they had discovered large numbers of the graves of the blacks, lying lengthways, as amongst the whites, but these have turned out to be a natural phenomenon, & called Dead Men's Graves."

The natives generally bury--(when they do not burn) in a sitting posture. Perhaps there are these mounds to have been made by the ice? Mar 14th

// A warmer day at last-- It has been steadily cold & windy--with repeated light snows--since Feb. 26th came in This Pm is comparatively warm & the few signs of spring are more reliable.

I go down the bank of the river in the great meadows-- Many of these small slender insects--with long narrow wings--(some ap. of same species without) are crawling about in the sun on the snow & bark of trees &c-- The maples aple trees &c have been barked by the ice & show light colored bands one or 2 feet from the ground about their trunks. I find on examination that in these cases the bark floating has not been worn off by the ice rubbing against them, as happens when they are directly on the edge of the stream--for this light and barked surface occurs often--when

["B" written over "b"
"ap." inserted]
the trunk is surrounded by a hedge of sprouts
or of other twigs only 6 inches distant which
show no marks of attrition--& the inner or true
bark of the tree is not injured--only the thick epider-
min or scaly outer bark has been detached though
that may have been very firmly attached to
the trunk-- The ice has evidently frozen to this
& when the water fell has taken it off with
itself--but the smaller twigs appear to
have been & recovered again-- Tough outer scales
nor begin to detach
which you could not possibly detach ^ with your
hands--will be taken off quite clean leaving
exposed the yellowish surface of the inner bark.

I see that some white maple buds
apparently opened a little in that warm spell
before the 26th of February--for such have
now a minute orifice at the apex through which
you can even see the anthers.

Mar 15

Pm to Hub’s Close & Walden--
I see in the ditches in Hub’s Close--the ^ tips of
green spires of grass just rising above the surface
of the water in one place--as if unwilling
to trust itself to the frosty air-- Favored by the
warmth of the water--& sheltered by the banks
of the ditch--it has advanced thus far--
But generally I see only the flaccid & float-
ing frostbitten tops of grass which ap. started
that warm spell in February. The

//
surface of the ditches is spotted with these
pale & withered frostbitten bladelets.
    nay it is purple or lake often & a true blush
    It was the first green blush ^, as it were, of
    of that Indian spring we had in Feb.
    spring. ^ An early dawn & premature blush
    of Spring. at which I was not present--
    To be present at the instant when the
springing grass at the bottoms of ditches lifts
its spear above the surface & bathes in
the spring air. Many a first faint
crop mantling the pools thus early is mown
down by the frost before the villager sus-
ppects that vegetation has reawakened.
%//% The trout darts away in the puny
brook there so swiftly in a zigzag course
that commonly"" I only see the ripple that he
in this brook only 1 foot wide
makes--in proportion ^ like that made by
a steamer in a canal-- Of if I catch a glimpse
of him before he buries himself in the mud--
it is only a dark film without distinct out-
line-- By his zigzag course he bewilders
the eye & avoids capture perhaps--

At Heywood's peak-- As usual at this
date & earlier--there are a few square
rods of green grass tufts at Bristers springs
like a green fire under the pines & alders--
& in one place an apparent growth of
// golden saxifrage.
// At Heywood's Peak-- I start partridges
from the perfectly bare hill side. Such the spots they
frequent at this season. I cross one of the
bays of Walden—& might the middle.  //

By Thrush Alley—where they have been cutting
more wood this winter—I see one of those
beetles made of an oak excrescence—such
as I have heard of—left by the chopper—
The whole is a little over 4 feet long—The
head 9 or 10 inches & the handle about 3 1/2
feet—& all one piece. It was apparently a
young tree or perhaps a limb—about 4 inches
in diameter with a regular excrescence about
it still 8 or 9 inches in diameter—This
head had been smoothed or trimmed & made
more regular by the axe—cut off rather
square at the end—& the lower part cut
down to a handle of convenient size.
And thus the chopper had made in a few mo-
ments in the woods a really efficient beetle
implement with his axe only—out of some
A natural beetle
of the very wood he wished to split. There was no
danger that the handle would come off
or the head crack—It needed no ringing
—& thus he saved the head of his axe.
We are singularly pleased & contented—when
a mere excrescence is thus converted into
a convenient implement. Who was it—
what Satyr—that invented this rustic beetle?

An indispensable piece of woodcraft
Mar. 16th

To Cambridge & Boston.

Mar. 17th

These days beginning with the 14th ult--more
spring like-- Last night it rained a little
carrying off nearly all the little snow that re-
mained--but this morning it is fair & I
from the elms
hear the note of the woodpecker-- ^ (that early note)
& the blue-bird gain Launch my boat

No mortal is alert enough to be present
at the first dawn of the spring--, but he will
presently discover some evidence that vegetation
had awaked some days at least before. Early as I
have looked this year--perhaps the first un-
questionable growth of an indigenous plant
detected was the fine tips of grass blades which
the frost had killed. floating pale & flaccid--though
still attached to their stems--spotting the pools
like a slight fall or flurry of dull
colored snow flakes. After a few mild & sunny
days even in February, the grass in still
muddy pools or ditches--sheltered by the
surrounding banks--which reflect the heat
upon it--ventures to lift the points of its green
phalanx into the mild & flattering atmosphere
advances rapidly from the saffron even to
the rosy tints of morning-- But the following
night comes the Frost which with rude &
ruthless hand sweeps the surface of the pool
& the advancing morning hales into the dim light
of earliest dawn.
I thus detect the first approach of Spring--
by finding here & there its scouts & vanguard
rearguard of
which have been slain by the ^ retreating winter.

It is only some very early--still warm & pleasant
morning in Feb-- or March--that I notice that--
woodpecker like whar=whar=whar whar whar whar-
earliest spring sound. v. bot of next p.

Mar 18
9 Am up Assabet--
A still & warm but overcast morning--threatening
rain-- I now again hear the song sparrow’s tinkle
along the river side--prob to be heard for a day or
2--& a robin--which who has been heard a
day or 2-- The ground is almost completely
bare--& but little ice forms at night along
the river side. I meet Goodwin paddling up the
dark
still ^ river--on his first voyage to Fair Haven
for the season--Looking for muskrats &
from time to time picking drift wood, logs &
boards &c out of the water & laying it up to
dry on the bank--to eke out his woodpile
with He says that the frost is’nt out so that
he can lay wall, & so he thought he go &
see what there was at Fair Haven-- Says--
that when you hear a woodpeckers rat-tat-
rat-tat-tat on a dead tree it is a sign
of rain. While Emerson sits writing his study
this still over cast moist day--Goodwin is paddling
up the still dark river Emerson burns 25 cords of
wood & 14 (?) tons of coal--Goodwin perhaps

a cord & a half much of which he picks out of
the river-- He says he’d rather have a boat
leak some for fishing. I hear the report of
his gun from time to time for an hour--
heralding the death of a muskrat & reverbe-
rating far down the river.

Goodwin had just seen Melvin disappearing
up the North River--& I turn up thither after
him. The ice-belt still clings to the bank
on each side a foot or more above the water--
& is now fringed with icicles of various lengths
only an inch or two apart--where it is melting
by day & dripping into the river. Being distinctly
reflected--you think you see 2--2 feet apart
the water line not being seen.

I land & walk half way up the hill.
A red squirrel runs nimbly before me along
the wall--his tail in the air at a 45° angle with
his body--leaps into walnut & winds up his clock.
The rein-deer lichens on the p. pine plain
are moist & flaccid-- I hear the faint
fine notes of ap. nuthatches coursing up
the pitch pines--a pair of them one answering
to the other, as it were like a vibrating watch
spring. Then at a distances that what what
NB what what what what—which after all
I suspect may be the note of the Nuthatch
& not a woodpecker--
& now from far southard coming on through
the air the chattering of black-birds--prob--
redwings--for I hear an imperfect conqueree

Also I hear the chill lill or tchit a tchit of the slate-colored sparrow--& see it--

On the p-- pine plain--nearly the whole of a small turtles egg--by the sid of its excavated nest--

Save with my boat--the dead top of ap. a pine--divested of its bark--& bleached-- Before the bark fell off--it was curiously etched by worms in variously curved lines & half circles--often with regular short recurving branches--thus (drawing)

Pere Buteux going on a mission to the Attikamegues in 1651 describes a fall away up there where a river falls into a sort of trough or cradle a hundred paces long "In this cradle the river boils (bouillonne) in such a fashion, that if (baston) you cast a stick ^ into it, it remains some time without appearing, then all at once it stands up the elevates itself thus (il s'eleve en haut) to the height of 2 pikes, at 40 or 50 paces from the place where you cast it in."

It is to be observed that in the old Deed of the Hunt Farm written in 1701 though the whole consisting of something more than 150 acres is minutely described in 13 different pieces, no part is described as woodland or wood lot--only one piece as partly un-improved. This shows how little account was made of wood. Mr Nathan Brooks reminds me that not till recently--(ie not till within 40 years) have woodlots begun to be taxed for a nything like their full value.

Mar 19

"n" inserted
Heavy rain in the night & to-day i.e. Am
This as usual rapidly settles the ways--for taking the frost out the water that
stood on the surface is soaked up--so that it is even drier & better walking
before this heavy rain is over than it
was yesterday before it began--It
is April weather. I observed yesterday
//a dead shiner by the river side--& today
//the 1st sucker

Mar 20th
Dine with Agassiz at R. W. E's
He thinks that the suckers die of
asphyxia--having very large air bladders
& being in the habit of coming to the surface
for air--But then he is thinking of a dif
ferent phenomenon from the one I speak
of--which last is confined to the very earliest
spring or winter--
He says that the Emys Picta does not
copulate till 7 yrs old--& then does not lay
till 4 years after copulation--or when 11 years old--
The Cistuda Blandingii (which he has heard of in
Massachusetts only at Lancaster--) copulates at 8 or
9 years of age--He says this is not a Cistuda
but an Emys. He has eggs of the serpen---
tina from which the young did not come forth till
the next spring. He thinks that the Esquimaux
dog is the only indigenous one in the U.S.
He had not observed the silvery appearance and
the dryness of the Lycoperdon fungus
which I showed—He had broken caterpillars
& found the crystals of ice in them but had not thawed
them—When I began to tell him of my experiment
on a frozen fish—he said that Pallas had
shown that fishes were frozen & thawed again—
but I affirmed the contrary & then Agassiz
agreed with me—Says Aristotle describes
the care the pouts take of their young. I told
him of Tanner’s account of it—the only one I
had seen—
The river over the meadows again—nearly
as high as in Feb. on ac. of rain of the 19th
Mar 24

Pm Paddle up Assabet—
The water is fast going down—See a small water—
bug—It is pretty still & warm—As I round the Island
rock—a striped squirrel that was out the steep
poly polypody Rock—scampered up with a chuckle.
On looking close I see the crimson White-maple
v 27th
stigmas here & there & some early alder catkins are
relaxed & extended & almost shed pollen. I see many
of those narrow 4 winged insects (perla (?)) of
the ice now fluttering on the water like ephemerae
They have 2 pairs of wings indistinctly spotted dark
light Humphrey butttrick says he

---

"that" altered from "about"
"A" written over "a"
uncrossed "t"s
saw 2 or 3 fishawks down the river by
Carlisle Bridge yesterday--also shot 3 black
ducks & 2 green-winged teal--though
the latter had no green on their wings--it was
rather the color of his boat But we soon
assured him that so they looked in the spring.

Buttrick had a double-barreled gun
with him--which he said he bought off
a Broker in Boston for $5.00!! Thought
it had cost $18.00. He had read Frank
Forester--and believed him--ac. sent
to New York & got one of Mullins
guns for 60 dollars It was the poorest
gun he ever had. He sold it for 40.

As for cheap or old fashion guns bursting--
-- There was melvin he had used his
long enough & it had not burst yet--
He had given 35 dollars for it say 30--
years ago-- Had had but one--or no--other since.
If you are describing any occurrence--
or a man--make 2 or more distinct
reports--at different times. Though you
may think you have said all--you
will tomorrow remember a whole new
class of facts which perhaps interested
most of all at the time--but
did not present themselves to be reported.

If we have recently met & talked with

"I" written over "i"
"or no--] lots of stray marks; check MS
a man & would report our experience
we commonly make a very partial report
at first--failing to seize the most
significant--picturesque & dramatic points--
we describe only what we have had time
to digest & dispose of in our minds without
being conscious that there were other things
really more novel & interesting to us--which will
not fail to recur to us & impress us suitably
at last. How little that occurs to us in any
way--are we prepared at once to appreciate.
We discriminate at first only a few features--
& we need to reconsider our experience from
many points of view--& in various moods,
to preserve the whole fruit of it.

Melvins (& Minot’s still more) is such a gun
as Frank Forester says he would not fire for
100 dollars--& yet Melvin has grow gray
with using it. i.e He thinks that it would
not be safe to fire a 2 barrelled gun offered
new for less than 50 dollars

Mar. 26th 57

Fm to Walden & Fair Haven--

Though there has been quite a number of light
snows--we have had no sleighing fairly since //
about Feb. 14th-- Walden is already on the //
point of breaking up-- In the shallow bays
it is melted 6 or 8 rods out & the ice looks
dark & soft-- As I go through the woods
though it is rather cool & windy in exposed places
by Andromeda Ponds ^ I hear a faint
//stertorous croak--from a frog in the open
swamp--at first one faint note only which
I could not be sure that I had heard--but
after listening long one or 2 more suddenly
4 all was silent again
croaked in confirmation of my faith ^--^--^--^ When
first in the spring--as you walk over the
rustling leaves amid bare & ragged bushes--
at first
you hear this ^ faint--hard dry--& short sound--
it hardly sounds like the note of an animal--
The next day at 2 1/2 Pm--or about the same time--& about the same weather our
It may have been heard some days--I lay
thermometer is at 48°+
down on the fine dry sedge in the sun--in
the deep & sheltered hollow a little further
on ^--^-- when I had lain there 10 or 15
from over the windy ridge between
minutes--I heard one fine faint peep ^ --
the hollow in which I lay & the swamp
which at first I referred to a bird--& looked
round at the bushes which crowned the
basin of this hollow to find it--but ere
long a regularly but faintly repeated phe-
//phe phe phe--revealed the Hylodes.
Pickeringii--It was like the light reflected from the mt
ridges within the shaded portion of the moon--forerunner & herald
of the spring.
At well-meadow head am surprised to find
though the flower is very little exposed yet
the skunk cabbage in flower ^ --& some still
// earlier have been killed by frost-- The buds of
Some of these cabbage buds are curved & slant like the beak of a bird.
the cowslip are very yellow--& the plant
is not observed a rod off it lies so low &
close to the surface of the water in the meadow
It may bloom & wither there several times before
villagers discover or suspect it.
// The chrysosplenium is very conspicuous & pretty now

^caret written under dash
^ on] only
This can afford to be forward it lies so flat & unexposed

Fair Haven is Open--there is only a little

may have been open several days

ice on the S. E. shore. I sit on the high eastern

bank the. Almost every Cistus stem has

had its bark burst off & left hanging raggedly

for one inch or more next the ground by

the crystals which formed round it in the

fall & winter--but some have escaped.

As I come out of the Spring Woods

I see Abiel Wheeler planting peas & covering

them up on his warm sandy hill side--in the

hollow next the woods. It is a novel sight

that of the farmer distributing manure

in the field the earth looks

with a shovel & planting again-- warm & genial again.

The sight of the earliest planting, with carts in the field so lately occupied with

snow

Stopped at Farrars little stithy. He

is suggestive of the genialness of nature. I could almost lie down in the furrow

is making 2 nuts to mend a mop with--4

& be warmed into new life & growth.

& filed

when at length he has forged ^ them & cut the

thread--he remarks that it is a puttering

job--4 worth a good deal more than he\textsuperscript{11} can

charge-- He has sickness in the house

--a daughter in consumption--which he says

is a flattering disease--up one day & done

the next-- Seeing a monstrous horse shoe

nailed against his shop inside with a little

one within it--I asked what that was for--

He said that he made the big one when

he was an apprentice (of 3 months standing)

for a sign & he picked up the little one

the other day in the road & put it within

it for the contrast. But he thought

one of

that the big one was hardly to\textsuperscript{11} big for ^ the forefeet

of the horse Columbus which he had seen.

\textsuperscript{11}he\textsuperscript{11} interlined above

\textsuperscript{11}to\textsuperscript{11} check MS--could it be “too”?
The first croaking frogs—the hyla the white maple blossoms—the skunk cabbage & the alder catkins are observed about the same time—

I saw one hazel catkin much elongated & relaxed. It is surprising always to see this on dry plains or banks where there is so little evidence of life beside.

Farrar spoke of horses driven "tantrum".

You take your walk some pretty cold & windy—but sunny March day—Through rustling woods perhaps—glad to take shelter in the hollows or on the S side of the hills or woods—When ensconced in some sunny & sheltered hollow with some just melted pool at its bottom as you recline on the fine withered sedge in which the mice have had their galleries leaving it pierced with countless holes—

and are perchance dreaming of spring there single a "dry hard croak like a grating twig" comes up from the pool. Such is the earliest voice of the pools—where there is a small smooth surface of melted ice bathing the bare button bushes or water-andromeda—or tufts of sedge such is the earliest voice of the liquid pools—

hard & dry & grating—Unless you watch long & closely not a ripple nor a bubble will be seen—& a marsh hawk will have to look sharp to find one—The notes of the croaking frog & the hylodes are not only contemporary with but analogous to the blossom of the skunk cabbage & white maple. —

Are not March & November gray months?
Men will hardly believe me when I tell them of the thickness of snow and ice of this time last year--

Mar 27th 57

There is no snow now visible from my window except on the heel of a bank in the swallow hole behind Den--

nisers.

A sunny day but rather cold air--

8 1/2 Am up Assabet--in boat-- At last I push myself gently through the smooth & sunny water sheltered by the Island woods & hill--where I listen for birds &c-- There I may expect to hear a woodpecker tapping the rotten aspen There I pause to hear the faint voice of some early bird amid the twigs of the still woodside. You are pretty sure to hear a woodpecker early in the morning--over these still waters-- But now chiefly there comes borne on the breeze the tinkle of the song-sparrow along the river side """" I push out with wind & current-- Leave the boat & run down to the white maple wht by the bridge-- The "" maple is well out with its white stamens on the Southward boughs--& prob. began about the 24th-- That would be about 15 days earlier than last year-- I find a very regular elliptical rolled stone--in the freshly "" ploughed low ground there evidently brought from some some pond or seaside. It is about 7 inches long. The Indians prized such a stone & I have found many of them where they haunted-- Commonly one or both ends will be worse showing that they have used it as a pestle or hammer--

As I go up the Assabet I see 2 Emys in--
They are all rather sluggish & I can paddle up
& take them up--
Found on the edge of Dodge's Brook--about
midway--in the Cedar field--what I did not
hesitate to regard as an Emys insculpta
but thickly spotted with rusty yellowish spots
Was it a variety
on the scales above & the back was singularly
depressed-- It looked like a very old turtle though
not unusually large--the shell worn pretty smooth
beneath I could count more than 30 striae above.
rusty
When it dropt into the brook--I saw that the yellow
spots served admirably to conceal it--for while the
shell is bronze colored--(for a groundwork"
the rusty yellow spots were the color of the sandy
& pebbly bottom of the brook. It was very differently
shaped from the shell I have & Storer does not
mention yellow spots. Heard a lark in that
//twittering over it on quivering wing & awakes the slumbering life of the meadow
the turtle & the frog peep stealthily out & see the 1st
meadow Farmer was plowing lark go over.
Farmer was plowing a level pasture--unplowed
for 14 years--but in some places the frost was
//not quite out.
Farmer says that he heard geese go over 2 or 3 nights
ag"
I would fain make 2 reports in my
journal--1st the incidents and observations
of today--& 2ndly tomorrow I review the
same & record what was omitted before
which will often be the most significant
and poetic part-- I do not know at first
what it is that charms me. The
men & things of today are wont to lie
I saw quail tracks some 2 month's ago—much like smaller partridge tracks—

Farmer describes a singular track in the snow the past winter from near his house traced it in all 5 or 6 miles to Anursnack—^ to a hemlock on the W side & there he lost it—It travelled like a mink—

made a track with all its 4 feet together about as big as that of a horse's foot—18 inches apart more or less—Wondered if it was a pine marten.

Men talk to me about society as if I had none & they had some—as if it were only to be got by going to the sociable or to Boston.

Compliments and flattery oftenest ex-cite my contempt by the pretension they imply—for who is he that assumes to compliment flatter me? To flatter often implies an assumption of superiority in the complimenter.

It is in fact a subtle detraction.

Pickerel begin to dart in shallows

Mar 28th 57

8 1/2 Am up river to Fair Haven by boat—

A pleasant morning— the song of the earliest birds ie tree-spars & song do— & blue bird in the air—

A red-wing’s gurgle from a willow—

The Emys picta now pretty numerous— when yound & fresh— with smooth black scales without moss or fret or other imperfection— unworn— & with
claws perfectly sharp—is very handsome—When
the scales are of this clear—though dull—black
the six middle ones counting from side to side
are edged forward with broad dull greenish
yellow borders—the others with a narrow
whitish border—And the singular vermilion
& yellow marks of the marginal scales extend
often onto the lateral scales—The concentric
lines of grow are indistinguishable. The fore &
hind legs & tail are slashed or streaked hori-
zontally with ^ clear vermilion an also a fine
yellow line or 2—answering to those on the hinge
scales continued—showing the tenant to be one
with the house he occupies. He who painted the
tortoise thus, what were his designs? Beneath
it is a clear buff.
At Lee’s Cliff & this side I see half of dozen
v. antiopa
//buff-edged butterflies & pick up 3 dead
or dying—2 together—the edges of their wings
gone. Several are fluttering over the dry rock
in whose crevices probably they have wintered
debris under the cliff—^ 2 of the 3 i pick up
are not dead—though they will not fly—Verily
their day is a short one—what has checked their
Within the half edge is black with bright ^ blue spots—
& the main part within is a purplish brown—
frail life?
Those little ^ spots on the black ground are light as you look directly
down on them but from one side they vary through violet to a crystalline
rose purple.
I can remember now some 30 years, after
a fashion—of life in Concord—and every
spring—there are many dead suckers
floating belly upward on the meadows—
This phenomenon of dead suckers is as constant
as the phenomenon of living ones—nay as a phenomenon
it is far more apparent—
Farmer thinks pickerel may have been frozen through half a day & yet come to-- Instances pickerel he caught a very cold day on Bate-man's pond--which he brought home frozen & put in a pail of water in his cellar--& after found them alive-- A mr. Parkhurst of Carlisle as- sured him that though minnows put into a half hogshead of water will die in 48 hours unless you change the water--if you put with it a piece of granite a foot square they will live all winter--& that he keeps his min- nows in this way. 

A pleasing sight this of the earlier painted tortoises flooded which are seen along the edge of the meadows-- often 3 or 4 suddenly dimpling the smooth surface of a ditch--which had been running on a tussuck--slug- gish moving flakes of clear black--soon they rise again & put their heads out warily looking about-- showing the yellow stripes on their necks-- They seem to feel the very jar of the ground as you approach-- They rest with their shells at an angle in the water their heads out & their feet outstretched-- --or partly bury themselves in the grassy bottom --often hindered by the bushes between which their shells are caught--^ The very earliest--I see moving along the bottom on the meadows--but soon after they begin to lie out in the sun on the banks & tussucks as I have mentioned--

The E-- guttata is found in brooks & ditches
cunningly
I passed 3 today lying \^ quite motionless with
heads & feet drawn in on the bank of a little
grassy ditch--close to a stump in the
on the russet flattened grass
sun--^ like snails or rather scales under which
some insects might lurk--with their high
arched backs-- When out of water they are
the less exposed to observation by their”“ shells
drying and their spots being dimmed.
Do I ever see a yel-spot turtle in the river?
” ” ” wood tortoise in the South Branch?

There is consolation in the fact that
a particular evil, which perhaps we suffer--
is of a venerable antiquity--for it proves
its necessity & that it is part of the order
not disorder of the universe. When I realize
that the mortality of suckers in the spring
is as old a phenomenon perchance as the race
of suckers itself--I contemplate it with
serenity & joy even as one of the signs of Spring.
Thus they have fallen on fate. And so, many
a fisherman is not seen on the shore who
the last spring did not fail here.

Flood tells me today that he finds no
//frost to trouble him in Monroe’s garden--
He can put his spade or fork in anywhere
Chestnut--evidently because it is packed as in
a little chest.
The maple sap has been flowing well for 2 or
3 weeks.

""their] the
When I witness the first plowing & planting--
I acquire a long lost confidence in the earth—that
it will nourish the seed that is committed
to its bosom-- I am surprised to be reminded that there
is warmth in it. We have not only warmer skies
then but a warmer earth-- the frost is out of it
& we may safely commit these seeds to it in some
places--. Yesterday I walked with farmer
beside his team & saw one furrow turned
quite round his field-- What noble work
is plowing--with the broad & solid earth
for material--the ox for fellow laborer
& the simple but efficient plow for tool--
Work that is not done in any shop--
in a cramped position--work that tells--
that concerns all men--which the sun
shines & the rain falls on & the birds
sing over-- You turn over the whole vegetable
mould--expose how many grubs--
& put a new aspect on the face of
the earth-- It comes pretty near to making
a world-- Redeeming a swamp does at any rate.
A good plow-man is a terrae-filius-- The
plowman we all know, whistles as he drives
his team afield.

The broad buff edge of the vanessa antiopa's
wings harmonizes with the russet ground it flutters
over-- And as it stands concealed in the winter with
its wings folded above its back-- in a cleft in the

---"is" altered from "it"
---Check MS: could this be a stray mark, not a cancellation?
rocks—the gray-brown under side of its wings
prevent its being distinguished from the rocks themselves—

Often I can give the truest & most interesting
account of any adventure I have had after
years have elapsed—for then I am not
confused only the most significant facts
surviving in my memory. Indeed all that
continues to interest me after such a lapse
of time is sure to be pertinent—& I may
safely record all that I remember.

Farmer tells me that his bees are killing
% (Probably) a mistake %
o one another nowadays—i.e as he supposes
and he is prob. right—the workers are killing
the drones.

Mar 29th-- 57

Pm to Walden & River--

Walden open say today—though there is still
// a little ice in the deep southern bay & a very
narrow edging **edging** along the southern shore.

Cross through the woods to my boat under
F.H. hill How empty & silent the woods now
before leaves have put forth or thrushes &
warblers are come—deserted halls floored
with dry leaves—where scarcely an insect stirs
as yet.

Taking an average of 8 winters, it ap-
pears that Walden is frozen about
98 days in the year--
When I have put my boat in its harbor I hear that sign squeaking blackbird--& looking up see half a dozen on the top of the elm at the foot of Whiting's lot. They are not red wings & by their size they make me think of crow-birds--yet on the whole I think them v April 1st grackles (?) "Possibly those I heard on the 18th were the same?? Does the red-wing ever make a noise like a rusty sign?

Mar. 31st 57

A very pleasant day--spent a part of it in the garden preparing to set out fruit trees. It is agreeable once more to put a spade into the warm mould-- the victory is ours at last--for we remain and take possession of the field-- In this climate in which we do not commonly bury our dead in the winter on account of the frozen ground we find ourselves exposed on a hard bleak crust--the coming out of the frost & the first turning up of the soil with a spade or plow is an event of importance--

Pm to Hill

As I rise the E side of the hill I hear the distant faint peep of hylodes & the tut of croaking frogs from the W of the hill. How gradually & imperceptibly the peep of the hylodes mingles with & swells the volume of sound which makes the

"question mark written over dash"
voice of awakening nature! If you
do not listen carefully for its first note
you probably will not hear it—and not
having heard that your ears become used
to the sound—so that you will hardly no-
tice it" at, last however loud & universal.
I hear it now faintly from through
& over the bare gray twigs & the sheeny
needles of an oak & pine wood—and from over
the russet fields beyond—and it is so inti-
mately mingled with the murmur or roar
of the wind as to be well nigh inseparable
from it—It leaves such a lasting trace
on the ear's memory that often I think
I hear their peeping when I do not. It
is a singularly emphatic & ear-piercing
proclamation of animal life, when
with a very few & slight exceptions vegeta-
tion is yet dormant. The dry croaking
& but cut of the frogs (a sound which
ducks seem to imitate—& kind of quacking—
& they are both of the water!) is plainly e-
nough down there in some pool in the
woods—But this shrill peeping of the
hylodes locates itself nowhere in particular—
but seems to take its rise at an indefinite
distance over wood & hill & pasture
from clefts or hollows in the March wind. It is a wind-born sound.

Today both croakers & peepers are pretty numerous /*
heard--& I hear one stertorous faint*'' (bull frog like??) /*
this (must be) Rana (halecina) v. Apr 3d 58% sound on the river meadow

What an important part to us the little peeping
hyloides acts--filling all our ears with sound
in the spring afternoons & evenings--While the
existence of the otter, our largest wild animal, is
not betrayed to any of our senses (or at least
not to more than 1 in a thousand.)

The voice of the peepeers is not so much of the
earth--earthy--as of the air airy. It rises at
once on the wind--& is at home there & we are
incapable of tracing it further back.

The earliest gooseberry in the garden begins to
show a little green near at hand--
Irish
An*''^ man is digging a ditch for a founda-
tion wall to a new shop--where James Adam's
shop stood. He tells me that he dug up 3 can-
non balls ^ just in the rear of the shop
lying within a foot of each other & about 18
inches beneath the surface. I saw one of them which
was about 3 1/2 inches in diameter & somewhat
eaten with rust on one side. These were prob-
through into the pond by the British on the 19th April
1775-- Shattuck says that 500 lb of ^ cannon
balls were thrown into the pond & wells. These may
have been dropped out the back window.
The tortoises now quite commonly lie
out sunning on the sedge or the bank
--as you float gently down the stream you hear
a slight rustling and looking up see the dark
shining back of a \textit{a} picta sliding off some
little bed of straw colored coarse sedge
which is up held by the button bushes or
willows above the surrounding water-- They
are very wary & as I go up the assabet
will come rolling & sliding down a rod or
2 though they appear to have but just climbed
up to that height.

Ap. 1st

8 Am up Assabet-- See an Emys guttata
sunning on the bank-- I had forgotten whether
I ever saw it in this river-- Hear a \textit{phoebe}
& this morning the tree sparrows sing very
sweetly about Keyes Arbor vitae & Cheney's
//pines & apple trees-- Crow black-birds
I think it must have been these I saw the 29th
of March-- Checkerberries very fair & abundant
now near Muhlenbergii brook--contrasting
with the red brown leaves-- They are not
commonly touch by the frost-- I see children
picking spring cranberries in the meadows.
It is a true April evening--feeling
& looking as if it would, & already I
//hear a robin or two singing their eve-
ning song.

\textit{a} written over "one"
if that is Lycopus at S end of W

Dec. 24th

v sap of pines &c

snail tracks

Grackles when

bay wings

Crows [ ]

[ ] early skunk cabbage

vireo nest at Walden

warblers nest at [Stattle] Meadow

If beaked hazel just below pine near blackberry st[ ]

Get leaves of 2 double willows by RR--%