

Sunday Sep. 3<sup>d</sup> '54

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

Pm With Minott Pratt into Carlisle.  
 Woodbine berries purple. X Even at this //  
 season I see some fleets of yellow butterflies //  
 in the damp road after the rain; as earlier.  
 Pratt showed me a tobacco-flower long &  
 tubular—slightly like a datura. In his yard  
 ap. a new variety of sweet briar which he took //  
 out of the woods behind his house—larger  
 bush & leaves—leaves less glandular & sticky  
 beneath—the principal serrations deeper &  
 much sharper—& the whole leaf perhaps less rounded.  
 Saw some winged ants silvering a circular space //  
 in the pasture grass about 5 inches in diameter—  
 some a few very large ones among them. Very  
 thick & incessantly moving—one upon another—  
 some without wings—all running about in  
 great excitement— It seemed the object of the  
 winged ones to climb to the top of the grass blades  
 one over another & then take to wing—which they  
 did. In the meadow SW of Hubbards Hill  
 saw white polygala sanguinea, not described. //

// Lambkill again in Hunt pasture. Close  
to the left hand side of Bridle road—about  
// 100 rods S of the Oak a bay-berry bush  
without fruit—prob. a male one. It  
made me realize—that this was only  
a more distant & elevated sea beech—and  
that we were within reach of marine in-  
fluences. My thoughts suffered a sea  
turn. N. of the oak (4 or 5 rods) on the  
left of the bridle road in the pasture next to  
Masons tried to find the white hardhack  
still out—but it was too late. Found the

sessile

// mt Laurel out again 1 flower close ^ on  
end of this years shoot— There were numerous  
blossom buds expanding & they may possibly  
open this fall. Running over the laurel  
// an amphicarpaea in bloom—some pods  
nearly an inch long—out prob. a week or 10 days at  
linear  
// most. Epilobium molle ^ still in flower in  
// the spruce swamp—near my path. A white hardhack  
out of bloom by a pile of stones on which I put  
another in Robbins' field & a little south of  
// it a clump of red huckleberries.

Monday Sep 4<sup>th</sup>

// A multiflorus XXX Observed the undersides of  
a shrub willow by the river lit by the rays  
of the rising sun—shining like silver or dew  
drops— Yet when I stood nearer & looked  
down on them at a different angle they  
were quite dull.

I have provided my little snapping turtle  
 with a tub of water & mud—& it is surprising  
 how fast he learns to use his limbs & this  
     with the yolk still trailing from him  
 world. He actually runs. ^ The insensibility &  
     as if he had got new vigor from contact with the mud.  
 toughness of his infancy—make our life with  
 its disease & low spirits ridiculous— He  
 impresses me as the rudiment of a man  
 worthy to inhabit the earth. He is born with  
 a shell— That is symbolical of his toughness.  
 His shell being so rounded & sharp on the  
 back at this age he can turn over without  
 trouble.

Climbing

Pm to Flowering<sup>1</sup> Fern—Polyg.  
 articulatum ap 3 or 4 days— In the //  
 wood paths I find a great many  
 of the cast-steel soap galls—more or  
     some are saddled on the twigs  
 less fresh—^ They are now dropping from  
 the shrub oaks. Is not Art itself a  
 gall? Nature is stung by God & the  
 seed of man planted in her— The artist  
 changes the direction of nature—& makes  
 her grow according to his idea. If  
 the gall was anticipated when the oak  
 was made—so was the canoe when  
 the birch was made. Genius stings nature  
 & she grows according to its idea.

7 1/2

To F. H. P by boat—full moon<sup>2</sup>—bats flying about.

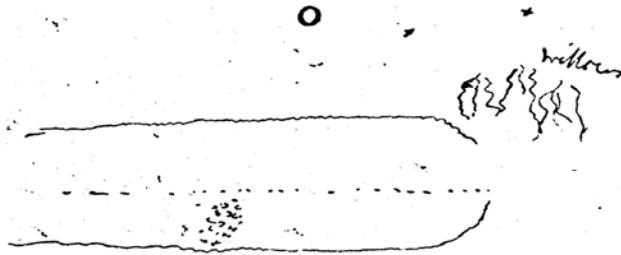
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<sup>1</sup>"Flowering" cancelled in pencil.

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through word (need better copy)

skaters &

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



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

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

NB

A fine transparent mist

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

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<sup>1</sup>Vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "moon &" (need better copy)  
<sup>2</sup>"in" blotted

distinct impression on the<sup>1</sup> eye—& if seen  
at all appears as the base of the dis-  
tant hills— Commonly a slight mist yet

low

more conceals it. The dim ^ shore but a few  
rods distant is seen as the base of the ^ hills  
whose distance you know— The low shore, if  
not entirely concealed by the low mist—is seen  
against the distant hills & passes for their  
immediate base. For the same reason  
hills near the water appear much more steep  
than they are. We hear a faint metallic  
chip from a sparrow on the button bushes  
or willows now & then. Rowse was struck  
by the simplicity of nature now—The sky the  
greater part<sup>2</sup>—then a little dab of earth—  
& after some water near you. Looking up  
the reach beyond Clam<sup>3</sup> Shell<sup>4</sup>—the moon on  
our east quarter—its sheen was reflected for  
half a mile from the pads & the rippled  
water next them on that side—while the  
willows lined the shore in indistinct black  
masses—like trees made with India ink—  
(without distinct branches) & it looked like  
a sort of Broadway with the sun reflected  
from its pavements. Such willows might  
be made with soot or smoke merely—lumpish  
with fine edges. Meanwhile Fair H. Hill<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line runs length of page (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "part" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"Clam" altered from lower case

<sup>4</sup>"Shell" altered from lower case

<sup>5</sup>horizontal pencil line under word runs into margin (need better copy)

transparent

NB seen blue through the<sup>1</sup> ^ mist—was as  
large & imposing as <sup>2</sup>Wachusett—&  
we seemed to be approaching the High-  
lands of the river. A mt pass. Where  
the river had burst through mts.  
A high mt would be no more imposing.  
Now I began to hear owls—screech? owls  
at a distance up stream—but we  
hardly got nearer to them as if they retreated  
before us— At length when off Wheelers  
grape & cranberry meadow we heard one  
near at hand. The rythm of it was  
this once or twice repeated  
pe-pe-ou ^ but more of a squeal—  
& somewhat human. Or do not all  
strange sounds thrill us as human—till  
we have learned to refer them to their  
proper source. They appeared to answer one  
another half a mile apart—could be  
heard from far woods a mile off.  
The wind has risen & the echo is poor—it  
does not reverberate up & down the river—

NB No sound of a bullfrog, but steadily

mole

// the ^ cricket (like—rana palustris) along shore.

// Rowse heard a whippoorwill at Sleepy

Hollow tonight. No scent of muskrats.

Sep 5<sup>th</sup> '54

? Were those plump birds which looked some-  
what like robins crossing the river yesterday Pm—

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<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through rest of day's entry (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>"W" retraced several times over other letters, possibly "the" (need better copy)

Golden plover—? I heard the upland plover note  
 at same time, but these were much stouter birds.  
 The dangle-berries—are<sup>1</sup> now the only Whortle  
 berries which are quite fresh. The feverwort berries  
 began to turn about a fortnight ago. Now quite //  
 yellow.

Pm Up Assabet<sup>2</sup> to Sam Barrets Pond.

The river rising {distinctly}

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

at first

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

so thick

The 1<sup>st</sup> { } contribution to the river wrack!

stood ^ in mid stream. ^ These ap. become rotten  
 or loose—(though they are still green) and  
 the wind & water wash them to one side.<sup>3</sup>

They form floating masses of wreck—

small siums & {I observe} that also

&<sup>4</sup> a few ^ pontederias are already mixed

The Potamogetons are much decayed & washed & blown into a snarl  
 with them. The stream must be fullest  
 & no longer cover the surface with a smooth green shield—nor do the heartleaf  
 of weeds & most verdurous—(Potamogetons  
 heartleaf—sparganium &c) when the //

brink is in perfection. <sup>5</sup>This is a fall

become rotten—though many are still green

phenomenon. The river weeds<sup>6</sup> ^ fall or are loosened.

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "began to" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "& a few" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"These . . . side." circled and cancelled in pencil (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>"&" cancelled in pencil

<sup>5</sup>pencil line begins over "phenomenon" on the next line and goes over "This is" through rest of line (need better copy)

<sup>6</sup>vertical pencil line through word (need better copy)

the water rises—the winds<sup>1</sup> come & they  
are drifted to the shore—& the water is  
cleared.<sup>2</sup>

During the drought I used to see Sam  
Wheeler's men carting hogsheads of  
water from the river to water his shrubbery.

They drove into the river—& naked all but  
a coat & hat—they dipped up the water  
with a pail—though a shiftless, it  
looked like an agreeable labor that  
hot weather— Bathed at the Swamp—

The water warmer again than I expected      larger  
white oak— ^ one of these ^ oaks is stript

// nearly bare by the caterpillars. Cranberry-  
raking is now fairly<sup>3</sup> begun. The very bottom  
of the river there is loose & crumbly with  
saw dust. I bring up the coarse bits  
of wood (waterlogged) between my feet.

// I see much thistle down without the seed

// floating on the river— Saw a humming  
bird about a cardinal flower—over  
the water's edge— Just this side the rock  
the water near the shore & pads is quite  
for 20 rods as with a white sawdust

white ^ with the exuviae of small insects

mixed with scum & weeds

about 1/8 of an inch long—^ ap. like the  
green lice on birches—though they want the  
long antennae of the last— —Yet I suspect

did not the rain destroy them?

they are the same—^ What others are so  
plenty? I see as often before, a dozen

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<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through following line (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>horizontal pencil line under this line runs width of page (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>pencil line through "fairly" (need better copy)

doves on the rock—ap for coolness—  
 which fly before me. Polyg amphibium  
 va terrestre ap. in prime. I find some //  
 Zizania grains ps almost black. //  
 See a chip bird. See many galls //  
 thickly clustered & saddled about the  
 twigs of some young swamp white oaks— //  
 hold on all winter  
 dome shaped  ^ (with grubs in middle)—  
 —reddish green A pretty large tupelo on a rock  
 behind Sam Barrets. some<sup>1</sup> of its leaves a  
 very deep & brilliant scarlet—equal to any leaves  
 in this respect. Some waxwork<sup>2</sup> leaves variegated  
 greenish yellow & dark green— His Pond has  
 been almost completely dry—more than he  
 ever knew—& is still mostly so— The muddy  
 bottom is exposed high & dry half a dozen  
 rods wide & half covered with great drying  
 yel— & white lily pads & stems— He improves  
 the opportunity to skim off the fertile deposit  
 for his compost heap— Saw some button  
 bush balls going to seed which were really  
 quite a rich red over a green base.—especially  
 in this evening light. They are commonly  
 greener—& much duller reddish— Barrett  
 shows me some very handsome<sup>3</sup> pear- //  
 shaped cranberries  not uncommon  
 which may be a permanent var. dif. from  
 the common rounded ones.

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<sup>1</sup>pencil line through "some" and "brilliant scarlet" on following line (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>pencil line through "waxwork" and "green" on following line (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "the common" (need better copy)

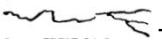
Saw two pigeons which flew about his pond  
& then lit on the elms over his house—he  
said they had come to drink from Brooks'  
// as they often did. He sees a blue heron  
there almost every morning of late— Such  
// is the place for them. A soapwort gentian  
by river—remarkably early?— The top has been  
// bitten off! I hear the tree-toad today.  
Now at sundown A blue heron flaps  
away from his perch on an oak over the  
river before me just above the rock—  
Hear locusts after sundown.

Sep 6<sup>th</sup>

6 Am to Hill—the sun is rising directly  
mag. E  
over the E ^ end of the street. Not yet the  
// Equinox. I hear a faint warbling vireo on  
the elms still—in the morning.  
My little turtle taken out of the shell Sep  
2<sup>nd</sup> has a shell  $1\frac{7}{40}$  inch long or  $\frac{4}{40}$   
longer than the diameter of the egg shell—  
to say nothing of head & tail— Warm weather  
// again & sultry nights the last 2. The  
last a splendid moon light & quite warm.  
// I am not sure that I have seen bobolinks  
for 10 days—nor blackbirds since aug. 28<sup>th</sup>  
9+ pm There is now approaching  
from the W. one of the heaviest thunder-  
showers—apparently—& with the most

incessant flashes that I remember to have seen. It must be 20 miles off at least for I can hardly hear the thunder at all.

The almost incessant flashes reveal the form of the cloud—at least the upper & lower edge of it—but it stretches N & S along the horizon further than we see— Every minute I see the crinkled lightning intensely bright dart to earth—or forkedly along the cloud— It does not always dart direct to earth but sometimes{-} very crookedly like

the bough of a tree  or along the cloud forkedly  — It seems

The forked thunderbolt of the poets like a tremendous dark battery bearing down on us, with an incessant fire kept up behind it. And each time ap— it strikes the earth or something on it with terrific violence. We feel the rush of the cool wind while the thunder is yet scarcely audible. The flashes were in fact incessant for an hour or more though lighting up dif. parts of the horizon—now the edges of the cloud—now far along the horizon—showing a clearer

beneath the cloud

golden space ^ where rain is falling. through which stream tortuously to earth the brilliant bolts. It is a visible striking or launching of bolts

on the devoted villages. It crinkles through  
the clear yellow portion beneath the cloud  
where it rains—like fiery snakes or worms  
—like veins in the eye. At first it was a  
small and very distant cloud in the  
SW horizon revealed by its own flashes

{th}

2 /but it gradually advanced & extended—  
itself & united with others N & S along  
and the thunder began to be heard—& wind came &c  
the horizon its rugged upper  
outline & its whole form revealed by  
& no thunder heard  
1 the flashes—^ It seemed like a ship firing  
broad-sides

At last came the rain, but not heavy,  
nor the thunder loud—but the flashes  
were visible all around us.

Before this in the Pm—to the Hol-  
lowell Place—via Hub— Bath crossing the  
// river. A very warm day one of the  
warmest of the year— The water is again  
say an average summer warmth  
// warmer than I should have believed—^  
yet not so warm as it has been. It  
makes me the more surprised that  
only that day & a half of rain should  
have made it so very cold when I last  
bathed here. Is not all our really hot  
weather always contained between the  
20<sup>th</sup> of May & the middle of September?

The checker berries are just<sup>1</sup> beginning to redden XXX //

The cinnamon ferns along the edge of

many

woods next the meadow are ^ yellow

or cinnamon—or quite brown & withered.

The sarsaparilla leaves<sup>2</sup>—green—or reddish

are spotted with yellow eyes centered with

or dull reddish eye with yellow iris

reddish.^ They have a very pretty effect

held over the forest floor—beautiful

in their decay. The sessile leaved bell-wort

is yellow green & brown all together or separately.

Some white oak leaves are covered with

dull yellow spots. Now ap. is the time

to gather the clusters of shrub oak acorns be- //

to adorn a shelf with

fore they drop. ^ some however are ready to fall

on account of the late drought— I see where

the squirrels have eaten them (the ilicifolia) &

left the shells on a stump. See galls on the //

chinquapin sessile on the stem spherical—

& in ap. between that<sup>3</sup> of yesterday on the swamp

white oak & the cast steel-soap galls. I think

I may say that large<sup>4</sup> sol— seal berries have begun //

to be red. I see no swallows now at Clam shell //

They have probably migrated. Still see

the cracks in the ground. and no doubt

shall till the snow comes. very few of the

A undulatus this year & they late.

Some large roundish or<sup>5</sup> squarish vib. nudum

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<sup>1</sup>pencil line through "just" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "is yellow" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"that" possibly altered from "the"

<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line through line (need better copy)

<sup>5</sup>vertical pencil line through line (need better copy)

// berries—by fence bet. Hosmer spring & Lupine Hill  
near foot of hill—but I see no dif— bet the  
leaves &c & the others.

// An A. longifolius like some days at Hosmer ditch

27 rayed

with smaller flowers ^—le smaller scales—leaves

rough

rough above & serrate & purple stem ^—I will call it A

A similar with flesh colored blossom & longer scales at ^ Heywood ditch.

? A carneus for present ^. It may<sup>1</sup> be a var of what  
I saw by Mill brook & called Tenuifolius—scales alike  
but that had smooth leaves.

Thursday Sep 7<sup>th</sup> 54

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

rose

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

male marsh hawk

// black tipt—^ white-rumped hawks  
skimming over the meadows with

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

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

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

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<sup>1</sup>"It may" altered from another word, poss. "I how"

libra the 23<sup>d</sup> inst.

The wind has gone down.<sup>1</sup> & it is a still warm night, & no mist.

the moon not yet risen

It is just after sundown ^ ^– One star–

{&} & many bats over & about our heads

Jupiter (?) visible. ^ There are many clouds

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

about & a beautiful sunset sky–~~whi~~

dunnish?

A yellowish golden sky between them ~~clouds~~

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

All & this is

in the horizon–looking up the river ^ –~~which~~

& A dark blue cloud extends into the dun golden sky–on which there is a little fantastic the point of

cloud like a chicken–walking up ^ it–with its neck outstretched

we see reflected in the water– The beauty

of the sunset is doubled by the reflection.

Being on the water we have double

dun-colored

the amount of lit & colored sky

~~in our west~~<sup>2</sup>–above & beneath– The

or reddish<sup>3</sup>

reflected sky is more dun ^ & richer than the

real one– This seems the first autumnal

sunset. The small skaters seem more active

than by day–or their slight dimpling is more

obvious in the lit twilight– A stray white

cat sits on the shore looking over the water.

This is her hour– A Night-hawk dashes

past low over the water–<sup>4</sup> Take a glorious

sunset sky & double it–so that it shall

extend downward beneath the horizon as

much as above it–blotting out the earth–

& the lowest half be <sup>of</sup><sup>5</sup> the deepest tint–

& every beauty more than before insisted

on–& you seem withal to be floating

directly into it–<sup>6</sup> This is what we had.

It was in harmony with this fair evening

<sup>1</sup>two vertical pencil lines run length of page (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>"in our west" cancelled in pencil

<sup>3</sup>or reddish cancelled in pencil

<sup>4</sup>"This . . . water–" set off with a vertical pencil line in left margin and marked with a pencilled "2" (need better copy)

<sup>5</sup>Caret written below inserted "of"

<sup>6</sup>"Take . . . it–" set off with a vertical pencil line in left margin and marked with "1" in pencil (need better copy)





which is ever lighted. C. thought that  
in the ever-lit sky            inconceivable  
these few faint lights ^-whose infinite dis-  
tance was enhanced by a few downy wispy wisps  
of cloud-surpassed any scene that earth  
could ~~show~~-show. When the moon was  
behind these small black clouds in the horizon  
they had a splendid silver edging- At length  
She rose above them & shone aslant like a  
ball of fire over the woods- It was re-  
markably clear tonight-& the water was  
not so remarkably broad therefore-and  
F Haven was not clothed with that blue  
veil-like a mt which it wore on the 4<sup>th</sup>

reflected

2 (The ^ shadow of the Hill was black as night  
& we seemed to be paddling directly into

a rod or two before us

1 | it ^ but we never reached it at all-(But  
it was not till we had past the bridge  
that the first sheen was reflected from the pads)

The trees & hills were distinctly black between  
us and the moon-& the water black or  
gleaming accordingly. It was quite dry  
& warm. Above the Cliffs we heard only one  
or 2 owls at a distance, a-hooting owl  
& a screech owl-& several whippoorwills.

The delicious fragrance of ripe grapes was  
by the night air

wafted to us ^ as we paddled by from every  
fertile Vine on the shore-& thus  
its locality was revealed more surely  
than by daylight- We knew their fragrance  
was better than their flavor- They perfumed  
thi whole river for a mile-by night.  
You might have thought you ~~were~~ had reached

the confines of elysium. A slight zephyr wafted  
 us almost imperceptibly into the middle of F. H. Pond—  
 while we lay watching & listening— The sheen of the  
 moon extended quite across the pond to us in a  
 long & narrow triangle—or rather with concave sides  
 like a very narrow Eddystone light house, with its  
 base in the SW shore & we heard the dis-  
 tant sound of the wind thro the pines on

the hill top. Or if we listened closely—we heard  
 still the faint & distant barking of dogs. They<sup>1</sup>  
 rule the night. Near the south shore disturbed some  
 ducks—in the water—which slowly flew away to  
 seek a new resting place—uttering a distinct  
 & alarmed quack—something like a goose.<sup>2</sup>  
 We walked up to the old Baker House—  
 In the bright moonlight the character of  
 the ground under our feet was not easy  
 to detect—& we did not know at first but  
 we were walking on sod and not on  
 a field laid down & harrowed. From  
 the upland the pond in the moon-  
 light was looked blue—as much so as the<sup>3</sup>  
 sky. We sat on the window sill of the  
 old house—^ saw our bandit shadows  
 down the cellar way—listened to each sound  
 & observed each ray of moonlight through  
 the cracks. Heard an apple fall in the  
 little orchard close by. while— a whippoorwill  
 was heard in the pines—

2

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<sup>1</sup>Horizontal pencil line extending to right edge of page from beneath "They" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>Horizontal pencil line extending to right edge of page from beneath "goose." (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>Horizontal pencil line extending to right edge of page from beneath "the" (need better copy)

1

C. had on f a red flannel shirt over  
his thin coat—since he expected it would

& looked like one

be cold & damp ^— Returning to the

// boat saw a glow worm in the damp  
path in the low ground. Returning later—

better

we experienced ^ the weird-like character of  
the night—especially perceived the fra-  
grance of the grapes—& admired the  
fair smooth fields in the bright moon-

reflections

light. There being no mist the shadows  
were wonderfully distinct—the whole  
of bittern cliff with its grove was seen beneath  
the waves—

Sep 8<sup>th</sup> 54

Pm to boat under Fair H. Hill via

// Hub Bath &c. &c. A-graping

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

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

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

The grapes would no doubt be riper  
a week hence but I am compelled to  
go now before the vines are stripped.  
I partly smell them out. I pluck splendid  
great bunches of the purple ones

with a rich bloom on them & the purple  
 glowing through it like a fire. Large  
 red ones also with light dots—& some  
 clear green. Sometimes I crawl under  
 low & thick bowers where they have run  
 over the alders only 4 or 5 feet high  
 & see the grapes hanging from a hollow  
 hemisphere of leaves over my head— At  
 other times I see them dark purple or black  
 against the silvery undersides of the  
 leaves—high overhead where they have  
 run over birches or maples—and either  
 climb—or pull them down to pluck them.  
 The witch-hazel on dwarf sumac Hill  
 looks as if it would beg. to blossom in a day or 2 //  
 Talked with Garfield who was fishing off  
 his shore— By the way that shore might  
 be named from him—for he is the genius  
 of it & I see ~~him~~ is almost the only man  
 I ever see on that part of the river  
 He says that the 2 turtles, of one of which  
 I have the shell, weighed together 89 lbs.  
                   which his father caught in F H Pond v n p b 1 x  
 He saw one when he was a boy ^ which  
 several who saw it thought would  
 have weighed 60 lbs— That the biggest  
 story he could tell— Referred to the years  
 not long since when so many were found  
 dead. There was one rotting right

on that shore where we were "as big as a tray". Once he & another man were digging a ditch in a meadow in Waltham –(he thought it was the last of September or first of October–and that we did not see them put there put their // heads out much later than this.) they found two mud turtles 3 feet beneath the surface–& no hole visible by which they entered. They lay them out on the grass–but when they went to look for them again–one was lost & the other had buried himself in the meadow all but the tip of his tail.

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

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

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

Island (The Island at mouth of F. H. Pond.)

{-} His father caught the great turtle while  
fishing-& sent him up to the house on Bakers farm

to cut his head off

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

I saw a muskrat cabin ap. begun on //

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

a small humock for a core. ^ Those fine mouth  
fulls-appear to be gathered from the river bottom  
fine pontederias-sium-fontinalis &c &c  
decayed-but somewhat adhesive. See

fresh<sup>1</sup> pontederia blossoms still- Started //  
up 10 ducks which had settled for the  
night below the bath-place-ap- wood ducks.

I doubt if I have distinguished the ?  
bidens cernua- It may be the one I have  
thought a small chrysanthemoides.

I find these last with smaller rays & larger  
outer involucres-& more or less bristly stems  
yet equally connate & as regularly serrate  
& it looks like a dif. produced by growing in  
a drier<sup>2</sup> soil.

That S. in Hubbards swamp-which I-  
~~have called virgata like<sup>3</sup>~~-which has been //

---

<sup>1</sup>Possibly "Fresh", altered from lower case

<sup>2</sup>"drier" altered from "dry"

<sup>3</sup>"which I...like" poss. cancelled in pencil (need better copy)

out about a week & which I will  
call the Hub swamp S. is quite peculiar—

is smooth &

It ^ has an erect narrow wandlike compound  
& dense raceme—about 14 to 17 rayed heads—  
— Leaves very entire thin peculiarly elliptic (?)  
lanceolate & pointed at both ends—not  
triple veined—only the lower slightly serrate  
—spatulate lanceolate with long slender  
partly clasping winged petioles.

Many green briar leaves are very agreeably  
thickly or pine green

^ spotted now with reddish brown ^ on a yellow  
or green ground—producing a wildly variegated  
leaf— I have seen nothing more rich.

Some of these curled leaves are 5 inches wide.

with a short point. It is a leaf now  
for poets to sing about—a leaf to  
inspire poets. Now while I am gathering  
grapes I see them. It excites me to  
a sort of autumnal madness—

They are leaves for Satyrus & Faunus

to make their garlands of— My

thoughts break out like them spotted

all over—yellow & green & brown— The

freckled leaf— Perhaps they should be

poison to be thus spotted— I fancied these

brown were blood red spots—by contrast—but they

are not— Now for the ripening year—

even leaves are beginning to be ripe—

Garfield says he found a hen-  
hawks nest near Holden's swamp—(the old  
ones had got his chickens) 60 feet up  
a white pine— He climbed up & set a  
trap in it<sup>1</sup> baited with a fish—^ The  
with a string 10 feet long attached

---

<sup>1</sup>"it" possibly written over "wit"

young but just hatched faced him—  
 & he caught the old one by the legs  
 thus—

I have brought home a half bushel  
 of grapes to scent my chamber with.  
 It is impossible to get them home in a  
 basket with all their rich bloom on them.  
 which, no less than the form of the clusters,  
 makes their beauty. As I paddled  
 home with my basket of grapes in the  
 bow every now & then their perfume was  
 wafted to me in the stern & I thought that  
 I was passing a richly laden vine on shore—  
 Some goldfinches twitter over while I am  
 pulling down the vines from the birch tops—  
 The ripest fall rattle off & strew the  
 ground before I reach the clusters—  
 or ~~the~~ while I am standing on tiptoe  
 & endeavoring gently to break the tough  
 peduncle—the petiole of a leaf gets en-  
 tangled in the bunch & I am compelled  
 to strip them all off loosely.

"Yet once more — —<sup>1</sup> — — —

— — — — —

I come to pluck your berries harsh & crude:  
 And with forc'd fingers rude,  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:"

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here though line beginning "Shatter" (need better copy)

Sep 9<sup>th</sup>

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

I am affected by the thought that  
the earth nurses these eggs— They are  
planted in the earth—& the earth takes  
care of them—she is genial to them & does  
not kill them. It suggests a certain vi-

    & intelligence  
tality ^ in the earth—which I had not realized.  
This mother is not merely inanimate—& in-  
organic— Though the immediate mother  
turtle abandons her off spring—the  
earth & sun are kind to them— The old  
    earth  
turtle on which the ~~world~~ rests takes  
    while the other waddles off  
care of them ^— Earth was not made poison-  
ous & deadly to them. The earth has some virtue  
in it—when seeds are<sup>2</sup> put into it they  
germinate—when turtles' eggs they hatch.  
in due time— Though the mother turtle  
remained and brooded them—it would  
still nevertheless be the universal world  
turtle which through her cared for  
them as now— Thus the earth is the  
mother of all creatures—

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

---

<sup>1</sup>Correct spelling: "sternothoerus"  
<sup>2</sup>"are" possibly altered from "&"

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

Sep 10<sup>th</sup> 54

Yesterday & today the first regular //  
 rain storm—bringing down more leaves  
 elms button-woods & apple tree  
 ^ & decidedly raising the river—& brooks—  
 The still cloudy mizzling days Sep 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> the  
 thunder shower of eve of Sep 6<sup>th</sup> & this regular  
 storm—are the first fall rains after the  
 long drought. Aready the grass both in  
 meadows & on hills looks greener—& the  
 whole landscape this overcast rainy day  
 darker & more verdurous. Hills which have  
 been russet & tawny begin to show some green-  
 ness  
 On account of the drought one crop has

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

As for birds.

About 10 days ago especially I saw many  
large hawks—prob. hen hawks & young about—

Within a week several of the small  
slate-col— & black tipt hawks<sup>1</sup>—

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

Have not noticed blue-jays of late  
Occasionally hear the phe-be note of chickadees

Partridges prob. cease to mew for their young.  
For about 3 weeks have seen 1 or 2 small dippers  
For 10<sup>2</sup> days a few wood—& prob— black ducks  
Small flocks of bluebirds about apple trees  
Larks common—but have not heard them sing for  
some time

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

~~For~~ about 3 weeks ago a small flock of  
robins {&} pig. woodpeckers.

Robins common & still hear some faint notes

---

<sup>1</sup>Possibly "black-tipt-hawks"

<sup>2</sup>Blotched; possibly written over another number

of woodpeckers—

Saw a downy woodpecker as a rarity within a week.

Believe I hear no song sparrows sing now adays

See no F hiemalis—hear no quails.

Heard my last phoebe Aug 26

See no flocks of white in tails—

Hear the nuthatch as a novelty within a week about  
street—

Saw 1<sup>st</sup> tree sparrow about a week since  
in first rain

Have seen pigeons about a fortnight.

Have not distinguished rush sparrows for  
a long time—nor Savannah, nor  
yellowwinged.

Seen no snipe since Aug. 16

Turtle doves for more than a month—

A chip-sparrow seen within a few days

The warbling vireo still heard faintly in the morning.

For 3 weeks blue herons common on meadows  
& great—~~& green~~ bittern

Green bittern rather earlier for most part—

Have not heard king fisher of late, not for  
3 weeks methinks.

Methinks I heard a faint sound from a che-wink within  
a week?

Seen no barn swallows for a week

Heard no Catbirds nor brown thrashers sing  
for a long time—but saw the last at least  
within 10 days.

Whippoorwills still common.

Think I saw white-throated (?) sparrows on button bushes  
about a week ago—the mizzling day.

Hear no golden robins for the last fortnight  
Bats common

Not sure I have seen bobolinks since Aug— 20

Kingbirds seen within a day or 2

Hummingbird within a week  
Goldfinches common—  
Nighthawks still—but have not noticed the booming lately  
Cherrybirds common—  
Cuckoo not heard lately—  
Meadow hen?<sup>1</sup> seen Aug 30<sup>th</sup>

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

Diplopappus ~~und~~ linearifolia & A. undulatus

// ap. now in prime.

Sep. 11<sup>th</sup>

Measured today the little sternothaerus<sup>2</sup> odoratus  
which came out the ground in the garden Sep. 9<sup>th</sup>  
Its shell is 32/40 of an inch long, by 25/40 wide. It

flippers

has a distinct dorsal ridge & its head & ~~claws~~  
are remarkably developed— Its raised back  
& dorsal ridge—as in the case of the mud-  
turtle, enable it to turn over very easily.

It may have been hatched some time be-  
fore it came out—for not only there  
was no trace of the yolk (?) but its shell  
was much wider than the egg, when it  
first came out of the ground. I placed  
a sieve over it, & it remained in the hole  
it had made mostly concealed the 2 rainy  
days—the 9<sup>th</sup> & 10<sup>th</sup>—but today I found it

its head & legs drawn in & quite motionless

against the edge of the seive ^ . I put it

so that you would have said the pulses of life had not fairly begun to beat—  
into the {~~tob~~} tub on the edge of the mud.

---

<sup>1</sup>?" possibly inserted

<sup>2</sup>Correct spelling: "sternothoerus"

It seems that it does not have to learn to walk—but walks at once— It seems to have no infancy—such as birds have. It is surprising how much cunning it already exhibits. It is defended both by its form & color & its instincts. As it lay on the mud its fæ color made it very inobvious—but besides it kept its head & legs drawn in & perfectly still, as if feigning death. But this was not sluggishness. At a little distance I watched it for ten minutes or more. A length it put its head out far enough to see if the coast was clear—then with its flippers it launched itself toward the water (which element it had never seen before)—& suddenly & with rapidity turned itself into it & dove to the bottom— Its whole behavior was calculated to enable it to reach its

&

proper element safely ^ without attracting attention. Not only was it made of a color and form (like a bit of coal) ~~but~~ which alone almost effectually concealed it—but it was made, infant as it was to be perfectly still as if inanimate and then to move with rapidity when unobserved. The oldest turtle does not show more, if so much cunning. I think I may truly say

that it ~~meditates~~—uses cunning & meditates  
reach  
how it may {—} the water in safety— When  
I first took it out of its hole on the morn. of  
the 9<sup>th</sup> it shrunk into its shell & was motionless—  
feigning death— That this was not sluggishness  
I have proved. When today it lay within half an  
inch of the water's edge— It knew it for a friendly  
element—& without deliberation or experiment,  
but at last, when it thought me and all  
foes unobservant of its motions—with remarkable  
as if realizing a long cherished idea  
precipitation it committed itself to it ^ . Plainly  
all its motions were as much the re-  
sult of what is called instinct— as is  
the act of sucking in infants. Our own  
subtlest is likewise but another kind  
of instinct. The wise man is a wise infant  
& never failing—  
obeying his finest ^ instincts. It does not  
so much impress me as an infantile be-  
ginning of life—as an epitome of all the  
past of turtledom and of the earth.  
I think of it as the result of all the turtles  
that have been  
The little snap. turtle lies almost constantly  
on the mud with its snout out of water—  
It does not keep under water long. Yesterday  
in the cold rain, however, it lay buried in the  
mud all day!

Surveying this forenoon—I saw a small  
 round bright Some are red on one side //  
 ^ yellow gall— ^ as big as a moderate cran-  
 berry—hard & smooth—saddled on a white  
 oak twig— So I have seen them on  
 the swamp White—the chinquapin—& the  
 white. not to mention the cast steel-soap  
 one on the ilicifolia acorn edge—

This is a cold eve—with a white //  
 twilight—& threatens frost. The first in  
these respects decidedly autumnal evening.

It makes us think of wood for the  
 winter— For a week or so the evenings have //  
 been sensibly longer—& I am beginning to  
 throw off my summer idleness.

This twilight is succeeded by a brighter starlight  
 than heretofore—

Tuesday Sep 12

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

Pm to Hub. Bath— Methinks these  
 cool cloudy days are important to<sup>1</sup> show  
 the colors of some flowers—that with  
 an absence of light their own colors are  
 more conspicuous and grateful against

---

<sup>1</sup>Blotted.

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

---

<sup>1</sup>Correct spelling: "vallisneria".

<sup>2</sup>Possibly written over another word





I find the large thistle—*cirsium muticum* out //  
 of bloom 7 or 8 rods perhaps N of the potatoe  
 field & 7 feet W of ditch amid a clump of  
 raspberry vines.

Thursday Sep. 14<sup>th</sup> 54

6 Am to Hill— I hear a vireo still in //  
 the elms. The banks have now begun fairly to  
 be sugared with the *A. Tradescanti*. I get //

very near a small dipper behind Dods—which  
 sails out from the weeds fairly before me—then

crosswise the river

scoots over the surface ^ ~~through~~ throwing the //  
 water high—dives & is lost.—*A v. lanceolata*

out on the meadow— The sun soon after rising  
 has gone into a mackerel sky this morning—

and as I come down the hill I observe  
 a singular mirage (?) There is a large  
 dense field of mackerel sky with a straight

SE

& distinct edge—parrallel with the ^ horizon

& lifted above it ap. about double the

height of the highest hills there—beneath

this a clear sky—& lower still some level

bars of mist which cut off the top

of Pine hill—causing it to loom— The top

fringed with pines on account of the in-

tervening lower mist is seen as it were

above the clouds—appears much to high

being referred to a far greater distance

than the reality. Our humble scenery appears

on a grand scale— I see the fair  
forms of mighty pines standing  
along a mt ridge above the clouds  
and overlooking from a vast dis-  
tance our low valley— I think that the  
image is not really elevated, but the  
bars of mist below make me refer it  
to too great a distance & therefore it  
is seen as higher. The appearance of those  
fine edged pines—a narrow strip of a  
mt ridge half a mile in length, is  
stupendous & imposing. It is as if we  
lived in a valley amid the Himmaleh  
mts— A vale of Cashmere. There  
was a fog last night which I think  
prevented a frost.

8 Am to op. Pelham's Pond

by boat— Quite cool—with some wind from  
E & SE.

Took a watermelon for drink. I see  
upright

many new & perfect ^ cobwebs on the  
Sium gone to seed by the side of  
the river— Now instead of haying they  
are raking cranberries<sup>1</sup> all along the  
river. The raker moves slowly along with  
a basket before him into which he rakes  
(hawling) the berries—& his wagon stands  
// one side. It is now the middle of the

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through the rest of the page (need better copy)

cranberry season. <sup>1</sup>The river has risen about  
 a foot within a week—& now the weeds //  
 in mid stream have<sup>2</sup> generally disappeared  
 washed away or drowned— The ranunculus  
 stems & leaves are added to the floating wreck.<sup>3</sup>  
 Now our oars leave a broad wake of  
 large  
 ^ bubbles which are slow to burst— Methinks  
 they are most numerous large & slow to  
 burst near the end of a warm & dry spell—  
 & that the water loses some of this tenacity in  
 a rain. But now we have had rain—  
 At any rate on the 4<sup>th</sup> ult, just after the  
<sup>1st</sup> rains of the 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> they would not readily  
 form to the hand. There is such a dif. in the  
 state of the water. As we go up the Clam  
 Shell reach I see the reflections of oaks  
 very much prolonged—by the fine ripple  
 — Perhaps it is re-reflected from ripple to  
 ripple. The rain-bow portion of the  
 bayonet rush is just covered now by the  
 rise of the river— This cooler morning  
 methinks the jays are heard more  
 Now that the pontederias have mostly  
 fallen the polygonums are the most  
 common & conspicuous flowers of  
 the river. The smaller one has not  
 shown more before. I see a stream

---

<sup>1</sup>horizontal pencil line starts over "a foot" and runs over this line at "The river" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here though line beginning "stems &" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>horizontal pencil runs under this line for width of page (need better copy)

of small<sup>1</sup> white insects in the air over  
the side of the river— W. Wheeler is burning  
his hill by the Corner road.—just cut over—  
— I see the scarlet flame licking along  
not in a continuous rank—but upright individual tongues  
of flame

the ground—<sup>^</sup> undulating flashing  
erect

forked—narrow <sup>^</sup> waves about the  
size of a man or boy— Next the  
rising perpendicularly blue  
~~blue~~ smoke <sup>^</sup> against the pines—&  
~~fuseous~~ fuscous against the sky. Not  
till high in the sky does it feel the southerly  
wind— When I look<sup>2</sup> around for those  
light undersides of the crisped leaves  
which were so conspicuous in the  
drought 3 weeks & more ago— I  
see none<sup>3</sup>— Methinks they have not so  
much flattened out again since the  
rains—but have fallen—and that  
thus there are two falls every year—  
Those leaves which are curled by the  
drought of July & August—ap. fall

about

with the first fall rains—~~near~~ the  
first week of September—& those which  
remain are green as usual—& go on  
to experience their regular october change.  
The only dif. this year will be that there  
will not be so many leaves for the 2<sup>nd</sup>

// fall. The first fall is now over

e.g. (on the 17<sup>th</sup> I see that all those which had changed on Pine Hill have fallen  
& many tree tops maple & chestnut are bare)

---

<sup>1</sup>Either "of small" or "of Small": "of" definitely written over other letters and what looks like a capital "S" is either an alteration from "small" to "Small" or part of another letter whose stroke connected to the original characters T wrote before changing them to "of"

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through length of page (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"none" possibly altered from "no one"

Going by Lees Crossing F– H. the reflections were very fine—not quite distinct but prolonged by the fine ripples made by an east wind just risen— At a distance entering the pond we mistook some fine sparkles prob. of insects—for ducks in the water—they were so large  
 ^ which seem when we were nearer looking down more at a greater angle with the surface—wholly disappeared— Some large leaved willow bushes in the meadow SE of Lee's reflected the light from the under sides of a part of their leaves—as if frost covered—or as if white asters were mingled with them. We saw but two white lilies on this voyage—they are now done. //  
 about a dozen pontederia spikes—no Mikania—(that is now white or grey) The {1} 4 or 5 large yel. lilies & 2 or 3 small yel-lilies. The B. Beckii is drowned or dried up—& has given place to the Great Bidens the flower & ornament of the river sides at present—& now in its glory—especially at I. Rice's shore—where there are dense beds. It is a splendid yellow Channing says a lemon yellow—& looks larger than  
 more or less of {sø}  
 it is (2 inches in diameter ^-) of



–black mostly–which prob. came as soon as  
 the earliest– The great bittern too rises from  
 time to time slowly flapping his way along  
 at no great height above the meadow–  
 The small polygonum is first particularly  
 abundant in the bend above the coreopsis–  
 but it is greatest abundance & perfection  
 at 3/4 through the great meadow  
 –in great beds 1 to 3 rods wide very

//

or 8

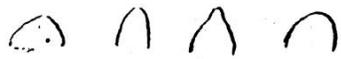
dense & now rising but 6 ^ inches or so above

See swallow like a barn swallow

//

the water. It is now ap. in perfection.

Counted 20 haycocks in the Great meadow  
 on saddles, of various forms–



tied round with hay ropes–

–they<sup>1</sup> are picturesque objects in the meadow–

Little as the river has risen these meadows

are already wet– ~~What is~~ The Phragmi-  
 tes is still green. Why does not that

It does. V July 31 59

large typha above the Causeway bear fruit?

Just above the Mill Village Bridge

there is an interesting view of Nobscot  
 clad with wood–up the broad meadows

on Larned Brook–which comes in

there– Above the Pelham Pond bridge

a short distance further we dined.

Then went over An interesting view &

part of the river–quite broad at the

Great Chestnut house–& a good

---

<sup>1</sup>"they" possibly altered from "these" or "there"

land just before on the left. Went half  
a mile or more above the chestnut

// house— Plenty of hibiscus out of bloom  
just above the Chestnut house on the  
W side—& some op. some elms where  
we had dined—all in Wayland.

// What is that large sharply 3 angular

v July 31 '59

hollow sided sedge about 4 feet high  
on the N edge of the river in mid of the  
great Meadow?—coarse grass like somewhat.

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

Sep 15

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

// Desmodium? or lespedeza ticks cover my clothes.

I know not when I get them. The Witch

// Hazel has opened since the 8<sup>th</sup> say 11<sup>th</sup> XXX.

It was abundantly out the 14<sup>th</sup> (yesterday) on Wachusett mt where it is prob. more exposed to the sun &  
drier. Sophia was there

Its leaves 1/3 or 1/2 of them are yel. and brown

// S. speciosa at Clam-shell out several days.

Goodwin the one-eyed fisherman is back again

at his old business—(& Haynes also) he

says he has been to Cape Cod a-haying.

He says that their "salt grass" cuts about  
the same with our fresh{-} Meadow."

// Saw a chewink.

Mrs Mowatt, the actress, describes a fancy  
ball in Paris, given by an American Millionaire,  
at which "One lady — — —wore so many

diamonds (said she valued at two hundred thousand dollars) that she was escorted in her carriage by gendarmes, for fear of robbery." This illustrates the close connexion between luxury & robbery—but commonly the gendarmes are further off.

Sep 16<sup>th</sup>

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

Pm. to Fringed gentian meadow over  
assabet & to Dugan Desert—

I see a wood tortoise in the woods. Why is it //  
there now? One man thinks there are not

so many pigeons as last week—that //  
it is too cold for them. There have been  
slight

a few ^ frosts in some places. The clematis is feathered  
the asclepias Cornuti begun to discount. I //

see many hardhacks in the lichen pasture //

by Tommy Wheeler's<sup>1</sup> which are leafing out again

conspicuously. I see little flocks of chip-  
birds along the roadside & on the ap-  
ple trees showing their light undersides when  
they rise. I find the mud turtle's eggs at the  
hole

desert all hatched. There is a small ^ by which //  
they have made their exit sometime before  
the last rain (of the 14<sup>th</sup>) & since I was here  
on the 4<sup>th</sup>. There is however one still left

eggs  
in the Nest— As they were laid the 7<sup>th</sup> of June, it

---

<sup>1</sup>"W" altered from "w"

makes about 3 months before they came out

The nest was full of sand & egg shells. I saw no tracks of the old one—  
of the ground. ^ I took out the remaining one—  
which perhaps could not get out alone—&  
it began slowly to crawl toward the brook about  
5 rods distant. It went about 5 feet in as

At this rate it would have reached the water in a couple of  
hours at most

many minutes. ^ Then being disturbed by my moving,  
stopped—& when it started again retraced its steps—crossed  
the hole which I had filled and got into a rut  
leading toward another part of the brook—

It climbed directly over some weeds & tufts of grass in its way  
about 10 rods dist. ^ Now & then it paused—stretched  
out its head looked round—& appeared to be  
deliberating—waiting for information or listening  
to its instinct. It seemed to be but a blunder-  
ing instinct which it obeyed—and as if it  
might be easily turned from its proper course

Whenever I took it up it drew in its head & legs ~~and so~~ shut its  
eyes & remained motionless

— Yet in no case did it go wholly wrong—^ It  
was so slow that I could not stop to watch  
it—& so carried it to within 7 or 8 inches of  
the water—turning its head inland. At length  
it put out its head & legs—turned itself round—  
crawled to the water, & endeavored as soon as it  
entered it to bury itself at the bottom—but  
it being sand it could not. I put it  
further into the stream—& it was at once  
carried down head over heels by the current.  
I think they come out in the night.

// Another little sternotherus has come out of the ground  
since ~~m~~ 8 this morning (It is now 11 Am)

Another the 18<sup>th</sup> bet 8 & 11 Am

Am

(Another Sep 17<sup>th</sup> found in morning.) another " " " 11 ^ & 1 Pm.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>This added material carries over to bottom of p. 47, separated from the rest of the page by a vertical  
pencilled line across the page (need better copy)

The first sternotherus has remained buried in the mud in the tub—from the first. & the snap. turtle also for the last few days.

The locust sounds rare now— I make the //  
oak at the S. E. corner of the Ag. Ground to be a scarlet //  
oak—not yellow barked—leaf more deeply cut—lighter  
upper  
green—narrower at point—acorn more pointed its ^ scales  
not recurved off from the acorn like the black—

Monday Sep 18<sup>th</sup> 54

Vib nudum in flower again XXX Fringed //  
Gentian near Peter's out a short time, but  
as there is so little and that has been  
cut off by the mowers & this is not the leading  
stem that blooms—it may after all be earlier

Frost bitten in Hub's close the 21<sup>st</sup> (or before)  
than the hazel. ^ I see the potatoes all  
black with frosts that have occurred  
within a night or 2 in Moore's swamp.

Tuesday Sep 19<sup>th</sup>1

Pm to Conantum<sup>2</sup>— ~~Ivy~~ V. Lentago //  
berries now perhaps in prime though there  
are but few blue ones—  
Thinking of this afternoon of the prospect  
of my writing lectures & going abroad to  
read them the next winter, I realized  
how incomparably great the advantages

---

Another bet 1 & 3 Pm the 18<sup>th</sup>— Another found out on the morning  
of the 19<sup>th</sup>—another was dug out the 25<sup>th</sup>, (All hatched then but one egg  
which I have)

A snap. turtle had come out on the morn. of the 20<sup>th</sup> one at least—  
"

another " " " on the morn of the 23<sup>rd</sup> sep.

another " " " " " " 26<sup>th</sup>3

---

<sup>1</sup>"19" altered from "18"

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through this and the following line (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>See p. 46, note 1

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

youth—

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

That drought was so severe that a  
few trees—here & there—birch—maple—chest-  
nut—apple—oak—have lost nearly all //  
their leaves. I see large flocks of robins //  
with a few flickers—the former keeping  
up their familiar peeping & chirping.

Many pignuts<sup>1</sup> have fallen— Hardhack //  
is very ~~generally~~ commonly putting forth //  
new leaves—where it has lost the old. They  
are half an inch or 3/4 long & green the  
stems well. The stone-crop fruit has for  
a week or more had a purplish or pinkish (?)  
tinge by the roadside—

Fallen acorns in a few days acquire

shining

that wholesome ^ dark chestnut (?)

color— Did I see a returned yellow<sup>2</sup> redpoll ?  
fly by?

I saw some nights ago a great  
deal of light reflected from a fog  
bank over the river upon Monroes  
white fence—making it conspicuous  
almost as by moonlight from my  
window.

Scarlet oak



acorn commonly

a broader cup—

V. another figure

with more shelf

Sep. 20<sup>th</sup> in fall of 58

Windy rainstorm last night.

<sup>1</sup>pencil line through "pignuts" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>"yellow" written over another word

// See to day quite a flock of what I think  
rusty  
must be ^ grackles—about the willows &  
button bushes.

Thursday Sep. 21<sup>st</sup> Pm to Flints P.

// The first frost in your yard last night—  
the grass white & stiff in the morning.  
The musk melon vines are now blackened—  
in the sun— There have been some frosts  
in low grounds about a week— The fore-  
noon is cold & I have a fire—but  
it is a fine clear day as I find when  
I come forth to walk in the afternoon  
—a fine grained air with a seething  
or shimmering in it, as I look over  
the fields—days which remind me  
of the Indian summer that is to  
come. Do not these days always suc-  
ceed the first frosty mornings?

The woods generally may now be  
// said to be fairly beginning to turn—  
(this with the first noticeable frost)  
the red maples especially at a distance  
begin to light their fires—some turning

yellow—& within the woods many  
e.g. scarlet & black  
oak ^ & chestnut and other leaves  
begin to show their colors.

Those leaves of the young white oaks which  
dull many incline to crimson  
have changed—^ salmon—crimson scarlet ^  
—are mostly within the tree & partially

They are handsomest looking  
 up from below— —the light  
 concealed by the green leaves. ^ through them

{chinquapins      some scarlet}

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

L.

Utricularia (the leafless) abundant & dort-      //  
 manna still out at F Pond. That      //  
 small erect milfoil is very abundant now  
 the pond is low near the bathing rock.  
 I hear many jays since the frosts began      //  
 The nuthatch is common in woods & on street—      //  
 Hear the chewink & the cluck of the thrasher      //

I sometimes seem to myself

all for which men commend me

to owe all my little ^ success to my  
 vices. I am perhaps more willfull than  
 others—and make enormous sacrifices  
 even of others' happiness it may be to gain

even

my ends— It would seem ^ as if nothing  
 good could be accomplished without  
 some vice to aid in it.

The leaves of the wild<sup>2</sup> cherry being sound & entire

handsome

are in some places a particularly ^ clear uniform  
 what you may call cherry red. perhaps  
 inclining to crimson (perhaps like the stain of cherry  
 juice. v Sep 30 V. Chestnut—

<sup>1</sup>pencil line through "acorn" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "inclining to" (need better copy)





horizon—the thin haze in the atmosphere  
north & south along the W. horizon ~~is lit~~  
reflects a purple tinge—& bathes the mts  
with the same—like a bloom on fruits—  
I wonder if this phenomenon is observed in warm  
weather—or before the frosts have come. Is it not  
another evidence of the ripe days? I saw it yesterday.

I am surprised to see balls on the scarlet  
oak. Its acorn & cup are peculiarly top  
-shaped—the point of the acorn being the bottom.  
The cup is broader than in the black oak—  
making a broader shelf about the acorn—&  
is more pear shaped or prolonged at top— The acorn  
is not so rounded but more tapering at point.  
And some scarlet oak leaves which I have  
their two main veins or diverging ribs nearly oppo-  
site—while in <sup>a</sup> the black oak <sup>leaf</sup> ^ these veins &  
<sup>nearly</sup> hence lobes are not ^ opposite Not general<sup>1</sup>

By moonlight<sup>2</sup> all is simple—  
we are enabled to erect ourselves—our  
minds on account of the fewness of objects—  
We are no longer distracted. It is simple  
as bread & water— It is simple as the rudiments  
of an art— A lesson to be taken before  
sun-light perchance—to prepare us for  
that.

Sep 23<sup>rd</sup> 54

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"Not general" written vertically in left margin in pencil, upward, forming right angle with line beginning "hence"

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through end of day's entry (need better copy)

seen from the ground—whitish—greenish—  
& fawn (?) colored— They look as if recently bared

The button woods are  
by the scaling off of the old bark. in a flourishing condition  
this year. The first time.

My pink azaleas which had lost their leaves //  
in the drought are beginning to leave out again.

The Helianthus tuberosus (Jerusalem Artichoke) //  
beyond Moore's shows a little yellow—but will not

Low  
open then for some days yet. ^ Blackberry vines  
generally red. There are many lice on birches //  
still notwithstanding the frosts. The high blue-  
berry bushes scattered here<sup>1</sup> & there—the higher islands—  
in Beck Stows swamp—begin to paint it bright  
red— Now look out for redness on the face  
of the earth—such as is seen on the cheek of  
the sweet viburnum—or as frosty morning  
walk imparts to a man's face— Very brilliant  
& remarkable now are the prinos berries—~~when~~  
so brilliant & pert—when most things  
flowers & berries have withered. I gather pretty //  
good wild pears near the New Road—now //  
in prime. The C. sericea bushes along the  
edge of the great meadows—are now turned  
mulberry—& here is an end of its berries then.  
The hard frosts of the 21<sup>st</sup> & 22<sup>nd</sup> have put an  
end to several kinds of plants & prob.  
berries for this year— This is the crisis when  
many kinds conclude their summer—.

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "in prime." (need better copy)

Bull says it is only the<sup>1</sup> miniature leaves of his  
new grape—which are crisped by the frost as yet.  
Here on the east edge of the great meadows—  
all the Flowering<sup>2</sup> fern is turned brown & with-  
ered—(I am not sure but it began before the frost)  
& the common Eupatoriums are a very  
dark brown or black for the same reason.

All along the river the upper half of the  
// button bushes is turned brown & withered  
in consequence of the frost—while many other  
plants in their midst are untouched— As  
it began late, it falls early. Its balls are  
// equally browned & may now be said to be ripened  
by frost— After those frosts a day's sun revealed  
what mischief the frost had done—by the  
withering & blackened leaves. Many plants  
fall with the first frosts<sup>3</sup>—Grapes—button-bushes  
what else? Prob. some asters & g. rods.

// Monroe has shot a loon today.  
Sunday Sep. 24.

6 Am to Hill.

// Low fog—like veil on meadows—  
On the large sassafras trees<sup>4</sup> on the hill—  
clubshaped  
I see many of the handsome red ^ pedicels  
left—with their empty cups which have held  
fruit—& I see one or 2 elliptical but  
// still green berries— Ap. the rest have ripened  
or been gathered by birds  
& fallen ^ already—unless the fell prematurely.  
Grey says that the berries are dark blue &  
ripen in September.  
// Catnip still in bloom. Hear the flicker note.  
// See a song-sparrow like bird singing

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through this and the following lines (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "withering &" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>pencil line through "first frosts" (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line from here through end of paragraph (need better copy)

low  
 a confused ^ jingle. Afterward hear from a willow by //  
 river—a clear strain from a song sparrow!

Man identifies himself with earth  
 Spirit is strange to him—he is afraid of ghosts  
 or the material—just as he who has the  
 least tinge of African blood in his veins  
 regards himself as a Negro—& is identified  
 with that race.

The vib. lentago berries<sup>1</sup> now turn blue black  
 last  
 in pocket as the nudum did—which ^ are now //  
 all gone—while the lentago is now just in season.

Pm

By boat to Grape Cliff<sup>2</sup>. These are the  
 stages in the river fall. 1<sup>st</sup> the 2 vars  
 of yel— lily-pads beg. to decay & blacken—  
 (long ago). 2<sup>3rd</sup> the first fall rains come  
 & cool  
 after dog days & raise ^ the river & winds wash  
 the decaying sparganium &c &c—to the  
 shores & clear the channel more or less—  
 4<sup>th</sup> when the first harder frosts come (as  
 this year the 21<sup>st</sup> & 22<sup>nd</sup> ult—) the button bushes  
 which before had attained only a dull mixed  
 yellow—are suddenly bitten—wither & turn  
 brown, all but the protected parts—  
 Our first fall is so gradual as not  
 to make so much impression—but the  
 last suddenly & conspicuously gives a  
 fall aspect to the scenery of the river—

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through paragraph (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through bottom of page (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"2" possibly altered from "1"

The button bushes<sup>1</sup> thus withered,  
covered still with the gray already withered  
suddenly  
mikania—<sup>^</sup> paint with a rich brown  
the river's brim— It is like the crust, the  
edging of a boy's turn over done brown—  
And the Black willows—slightly faded  
& crisped with age or heat—enhance my  
sense of the years maturity— There  
where the land appears to lap over  
the water—by a mere edging—these  
thinner portions are first done brown—  
I float over the still liquid middle.

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

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

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

side  
(white under <sup>^</sup> wings) which circled round 4 times  
middle times  
2<sup>^ce</sup> high in the air—a diameter of 100 rods—&  
finally alighted with a long slanting flight

near where it rose.

The sumach (though I have not observed

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through end of paragraph (need better copy)

the poison (venenat)<sup>1</sup> are now turned before  
trees. Green briar berries—ripe blue black or //  
purplish—ap with the frosts of 21st & 22<sup>nd</sup>

The red maple leaves along the river are  
much curled & show their whitish undersides  
even more than a month ago—owing prob.

to their age as well as the summer's drought  
(from which last they had partly recovered)  
a fortnight (?) ago

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

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

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

On the shruboak plain under Cliffs—the  
young wht oaks are generally<sup>2</sup> now tending to  
a dull inward red— The ilicifolia generally  
green still with a few yellowish or else

young

scarlet leaves— The ^ black oaks with many  
red—scarlet—or yellowish leaves— The  
chinquapin pretty generally a clear brilliant  
dark red— The same with ~~sea~~ a few twigs  
of the scarlet oak, but not brilliant i.e.  
glossy— The tupelo green—~~reddish~~<sup>3</sup> & brilliant  
scarlet all together—~~The brightest~~<sup>4</sup> hazel  
dim vermillion. Some red maple sprouts

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "to their" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "chinquapin" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"green—reddish" cancelled in pencil

<sup>4</sup>"together— The brightest" cancelled in pencil

clear scarlet deepening to purplish—  
The panicked cornel<sup>1</sup> green with a tinge of  
reddish purple—

Only these young trees & bushes are yet  
conspicuously changed—

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

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

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

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

Sep 25<sup>th</sup> 54

Pm to boat op Bittern Cliff via Cliffs.

I suspect that I know<sup>2</sup> on what the  
brilliancy of the autumnal tints will—  
depend— — On the greater or less drought  
of the summer— If the drought has been  
uncommonly severe, as this year, I should  
think it would so far destroy the vitality  
of the leaf that it would attain only to a  
dull dead color in autumn—that to  
produce a brilliant autumn the plant should  
be full of sap & vigor to the last.

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "conspicuously" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)



Clam Shell reach. All the lower edge  
of a very broad dark slate cloud  
which reached up backward almost to  
the zenith—was lit up through & through  
the sun being below the horizon  
with a dun golden fire ^—like a furze  
plain densely on fire—a short distance  
above the horizon—for there was a clear  
pale robin's egg sky beneath—& some  
on which the light fell  
little clouds ^ high in the sky but nearer—  
upper part of the  
seen against the ^ distant uniform  
dark slate one were of a fine greyish  
silver color—with fine mother o'pearl  
tints—unusual at sunset!?

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



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

Sep 26<sup>th</sup>

Took my last bath the 24<sup>th</sup>— Prob. shall //  
 not bathe again this year— It was chilling  
 cold. It is a warm & very pleasant after-  
 noon & I walk along the river side in  
 Merrick's pasture. I hear a faint jingle  
 from some sparrows on the willows &c  
 tree—or else song sparrows. Many<sup>1</sup> swamp-  
wht oak acorns have turned brown on the trees. //

maples

Some single red ^ are<sup>2</sup> very splendid now—  
 the whole tree bright scarlet—against  
 the cold green pines—now when very few  
 trees are changed a most remarkable  
 object in the landscape. Seen a mile  
 off. It is too fair to be believed—especially  
 seen against the light— Some are  
 a reddish or else greenish yellow—  
 others with red or yellow cheeks— I  
 suspect that the yellow maples had not  
 scarlet blossoms.

The bunches of panicked cornel are  
 purple—though you see much of the grey  
 undersides of the leaves. Vib. dentatum berries  
 still hold on.

Sep 28<sup>th</sup>

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

---

<sup>1</sup>pencil lines through "sparrows. Many" and "turned brown" in the following line (need better copy)  
<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "undersides" (need better copy)

The sassafras trees<sup>1</sup> on the hill are

wholly

now ^ a bright orange scarlet as  
seen from my window—& the small  
one elsewhere are also changed—

// Sweet briar hips<sup>2</sup> ripe X—

As I complain that the voyager  
to arctic regions—in his description  
of the scenery does not enough re-  
directly or indirectly of the peculiar dreariness of the scene or  
mind the reader ^—of the perpetual  
twilight of the arctic night—so he whose  
theme is moonlight—will find it

as he should

difficult to illustrate it ^ with the light

exclusively

of the moon alone—

Sep 29<sup>th</sup> '54

Pm— To Lees Bridge via Mt Misery &  
return by Conantum—

Yesterday was quite warm requiring  
the thinnest coat— To day is cooler. The

// elm leaves have in some places more than  
half fallen—& strew the ground with  
thick molting beds—as front of Hubbards—  
perhaps earlier than usual— *The dry year*<sup>3</sup>

// Bass berries dry & brown<sup>4</sup>— Now is the time to gather  
barberries—

Looking from the Cliffs—the young-oak plain  
is now prob as brightly colored as it will be.  
The bright reds appear here to be next the  
ground, the lower parts of those<sup>5</sup> young trees  
—& I find on descending—that it is com-  
monly so as yet with the scarlet oak

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through line beginning "seen from" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through line beginning "of the moon" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"The dry year" written vertically in right margin in pencil, upward, forming right angle with line ending "ground with" (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)

<sup>5</sup>"those" possibly "these"

which is the brightest<sup>1</sup>— It is the ~~the~~ lower  
 1/2 or 2/3 which have changed—and this  
 is surmounted by the slender still green  
 top. In many cases these<sup>2</sup> leaves have ~~b~~ only  
 begun to be sprinkled with bloody spots &  
 stains— Sometimes as if<sup>3</sup> one had cast  
 up a quart of blood from beneath—&  
 stained them. I now see the effect of that  
 long drought on some young oaks—especially  
 black oaks— Their leaves<sup>4</sup> are in many instances  
 all turned to a clear & uniform brown  
 having so far past their vitality—but still  
 plump & full veined & not yet withered—  
 Many are so affected & of course show  
 no bright tints— They are hastening to a pre-  
 mature decay— The tops of many young  
 white oaks which had<sup>5</sup> turned—are already  
 withered ap. by frost. Saw 2 either pig. or  
 sparrow hawks—ap male & female—the one  
 much larger than the other. I see in many  
places the fallen leaves quite thickly covering //  
 the ground in the woods. A large flock of //  
 crows wandering about & cawing as  
 usual at this season— I hear a very pleasant  
 & now unusual strain on the sunny side  
 of an oak wood from many—I think F.  
 hiemalis (?) though I do not get a clear view

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<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through line beginning "begun to" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>"se" added to "the"

<sup>3</sup>"if" possibly altered from "is" or another word

<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line through line beginning "withered" (need better copy)

<sup>5</sup>"had" altered from "are"

of them— Even their slight jingling strain—  
is

sounds remarkable at this still season.

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

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

When I look at the stars nothing  
which the astronomers have said  
attaches to them, they are so simple  
& remote— Their knowledge is felt<sup>1</sup>  
to be all terrestrial & to concern the  
earth alone— It suggests that  
the same is the case with every object  
however familiar—our so called knowledge  
of it is equally vulgar & remote.

One might say that all views  
through a telescope or microscope<sup>2</sup> were  
purely visionary—for it is only by his  
eye & not by any other sense—not  
by his whole man, that the beholder  
is there where he is presumed to be—  
It is a disruptive mode of viewing  
as far as the beholder is concerned.

---

<sup>1</sup>"felt" possibly altered from "fell"

<sup>2</sup>"scope" possibly underlined

Sep 30<sup>th</sup>

Pm– via Assabet to the Monarda road. I am surprised to see that some red maples which were so brilliant a day or 2 days ago have already shed their leaves– & they cover the land and the water quite thickly– I see a countless fleet of them slowly carried around in the still bay by the leaning hemlocks– I find a fine tupelo near Sam Barretts–now all turned scarlet–& find that it has borne much fruit–small oval bluish berries those I see–and a very little not ripe is still left– //

{?}

Grey calls it a blackish blue– It seems to be contemporary with the Sassafrass Both these trees are now particularly forward & conspicuous in their autumnal change. I detect the sassafrass by its peculiar orange scarlet 1/2 mile distant. Acorns are generally now turned brown //

The ground is strown with them & in paths they are crushed by feet & wheels

& fallen or falling. ^ The wht oak ones are dark & the most glossy– The clear bright scarlet leaves of the smooth sumach–in many places are curled & drooping–hanging straight down–so as to make a funeral impression–reminding me a red sash & a soldier's<sup>1</sup> funeral.

---

<sup>1</sup>Possibly "robber's"

They impress me quite as black crape—  
similarly arranged—the bloody plants.

The conventional acorn of art is  
of course of no particular species—but  
the artist might find it worth his while  
to study nature's<sup>1</sup> varieties again.

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

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

At present the river's brim is no longer browned  
of their

with button bushes—for those ^ leaves which the  
frost had touched have already fallen entirely—  
leaving a thin crop of green ones to take their  
turn.

Oct 1<sup>st</sup>

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

---

<sup>1</sup>Written over illegible letters beneath; also possibly upper case

Oct 7<sup>th</sup> 54

Went to Plymouth to lecture—& survey  
Watsons Grounds— Returned the 15<sup>th</sup>  
The decodon verticillatum—Swamp loosestrife  
very abundant forming isles in the pond on  
Town Brook on Watson's farm—now turned

&

methinks it was a somewhat orange ^ scarlet.

Measured a buck-thorn on land of  
N. Russell & Co, bounding on Watson—close  
by the ruins of the cotton factory—~~from~~  
in 5 places—from the ground to the first  
branching or as high as my head— The diam-  
eters were 4<sup>ft</sup> 8 inches—4-6—4-3; 4-2;

now quite ripe

4-6; It was full of fruit ^ which Watson  
plants. The birds eat it. {Ht}

small

Saw a ^ golden-rod in the woods with 4  
very broad rays—a new kind to me.

Saw also the English oak-leaf much like  
our white oak—but acorns large & long—  
with a long peduncle—& the bark of these  
young trees 20 or 25 feet high quite smooth.

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

Russell is not sure but Eaton has //  
described my rare Polygonum



With a glass you can see vessels in Boston Harbor—from the summit—just north of the Waltham hills.

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

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

a glowing obscurity

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

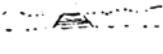
A little white fog marked the site of many a lake—& the course of the Nashua—& in the east horizon the Great Pond<sup>1</sup> had its own fog mark in a long low bank of cloud.

Soon after sunrise I saw the pyramidal shadow of the mt reaching quite across the state ~~to th~~ { }—its apex resting on the Green or Hossac<sup>2</sup> Mts—appearing as

---

<sup>1</sup>"P" altered from "p"

<sup>2</sup>Correct spelling: "Hoosac"

a deep blue section of a cone  
there—  It rapidly contracted  
& its apex approached the mt itself  
—& when about 3 miles distant the  
whole conical shadow was very distant—  
The shadow of the mt makes some  
minutes dif— in the time of sunrise to  
the inhabitants of Hubbardston within  
a few miles west.

// F hiemalis how long?

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

Our host had picked 34 bushels of  
// mt—(from a boat—) shag barks last year. For the most  
part they do not rattle out yet—but it  
is time to gather them on account<sup>1</sup> of squirrels  
now is the time.

Oct 22<sup>nd</sup> This & the last 2

// days—Ind— Summer weather—following  
sprinkling of Concord  
hard on that ^ snow west of us.

Pretty hard frosts<sup>2</sup> these nights—

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

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through this and following interlined line (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through line beginning "the redness" (need better copy)

Oct 25<sup>th</sup>

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

Oct 26<sup>th</sup> Pm to Conantum—

As warm as summer— Cannot wear a thick coat— (Sit<sup>1</sup> with windows open) I see considerable gossamer on the causeway & elsewhere— Is<sup>2</sup> it the tree sparrows whose jingle I hear?

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

ash

as well as bass ^—elm—maple—

Sat Oct 28— The<sup>3</sup> woods begin to look bare reflected in the water— & I look far in between the stems of the trees under the bank. Birches which began to change & fall so early are still in many places yellow.

29

Sunday ^—detected<sup>4</sup> a large Eng. cherry in Smiths woods beyond Saw Mill Brook by the peculiar fresh orange scarlet color of its leaves—now

//

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<sup>1</sup>"Sit" possibly altered from "Set" or another word

<sup>2</sup>"Is" altered from "is"

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through line beginning "the trees" (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line through bottom of page (need better copy)

that almost<sup>1</sup> all leaves are quite

The same in gardens

// dull or withered— ^ The gooseberry  
leaves in our garden<sup>2</sup> & in fields are  
equally & peculiarly fresh scarlet—

Oct 31<sup>st</sup>. Rain—still warm—

// Ever since Oct 27<sup>th</sup> we have had remarka-  
bly warm & pleasant Ind summer—  
with frequent frosts in the morning— Sat  
with open window for a week.

Oct Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> It is a little cooler.

Thursday Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup>

Pm by boat to Clam-  
Shell. I suspect the clams are partly  
gone down (?). May not this movement  
contribute to compell the muskrats to  
erect their cabins near the brink or  
channel in order still to be near their  
food. Other things being equal they  
would have to swim further than before  
to get the clams in the middle—but  
now in addition the water is beginning  
to rise & widen the river.

I see larks hovering over the meadow  
& hear a faint note or two—& a  
pleasant note from tree sparrows (?)

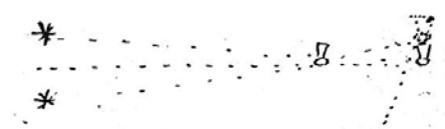
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<sup>1</sup>"lm" lost in dry strokes

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through this and following lines (need better copy)

## Sailing past the bank above the RR

a clear Close to the shore on the E side  
 just before ^ sundown— ^ I see a 2<sup>nd</sup>  
 fainter shadow of the boat sail myself  
 & upon  
 & paddle &c directly above ^ the first—  
 on the bank. What makes the 2<sup>nd</sup>?  
 I at length I discovered that it was  
 the reflected sun which cast a higher  
 shadow like the true one—



As I moved  
 to the west  
 side—the upper

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

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

on  
 already— This while surveying ^ the  
 old Colburn Farm.

Sunday Nov 5<sup>th</sup>— To White Pond  
 with Ch. Wheeler. Passing the mouth  
 of John Hosmer's hollow near the  
 river—was hailed by him & Anthony Wright

sitting there—to come & see where they had dug for money. There was a hole 6 feet square & as many deep—and the sand was heaped about over a rod square— Hosmer—said that it was dug 2 or 3 weeks before —that 3 men came in a chaise & dug it in the night— They were seen about there by day. Some body dug near there in June & then they covered up the hole again. He said they had been digging thereabouts from time to time for a hundred years. I asked him Why. He said that Dr Lee (who hid where Joe Barrett did)

Old<sup>1</sup>

told him that a<sup>2</sup> ^ Mr Wood, who lived in a house very near his (Hosmer's) told him that one night in Capt—Kid's day—3 pirates came to his house with a pair of old fashioned deer-skin breeches—both legs full of coin—& asked leave to bury it in his cellar. He was afraid & refused them. They then asked for some earthen pots & shovels & a lanthorn which he let them have. A woman

---

<sup>1</sup>"Old" possibly altered from "old"

<sup>2</sup>"a" possibly not cancelled but altered to "an"

in the house followed the pirates at a distance down the next hollow on the south-& saw them go along the meadow side & turn up this hollow-& then being alone & afraid she returned. Soon after the men returned with the tools and an old fashioned hat full of holding the coin (^ about a quart) which they gave to Wood. He being afraid buried it in his cellar but afterward becoming a poor man dug it up & used it. A bailiff mad some inquiry hereabouts after the pirates. Hosmer said that one thing which confirmed the diggers in their belief was the fact that when he was a little boy-plowing one day with his father on the hill-side they found 3 old fashioned bottles bottom upward but empty under the plow. Somebody consulted Moll-Pitcher-who directed to ð dig at a certain distance from an apple tree on a line with the bottles & there they would find the treasure.

I think it is the fox-col. sparrow  
I see in flocks-& hear sing now-  
by woodsides

//

Nov 6<sup>th</sup> Surveying on Colburn Place

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

Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> I can still rake

// clams near the shore–but they are chiefly  
in the weeds I think. I see a snipe-like  
bird by river side this windy Pm–which  
goes off with a sound like creaking  
tackle

Nov. 10 Pm Sail to Ball's

Hill–with W. E. C. See where the  
muskrats have eaten much pontederia

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

Nov. 11 Minott heard

// geese go over night before last

---

<sup>1</sup>Correct spelling: "donacia"



and the river is not nearly so high  
as last year. I see where they have  
begun to raise them another story. A  
few cranberries begin to wash up. And  
rails boards &c may now be col-  
lected by wreckers.

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

Nov 18<sup>th</sup>

// Saw 60 geese go over the Great Fields in one  
waving line broken from time to time by their  
crowding on each other & vainly endeavoring to  
form into a harrow-honking all the while.

To Philadelphia—

Nov 20<sup>th</sup> 7 Am—to Boston—

9 Am Boston to Phil New York—by express  
train land route— See the reddish soil  
(red sandstone?) all through Connecti-  
cut— Beyond Hartford a range of  
rocky hills crossing the state on each  
side the RR— The E one very precipitous  
& ap terminating at E rock at N. Haven.  
Pleasantest part of the whole route  
Between Springfield & Hartford along  
the river—perhaps include the hilly  
region this side of Springfield. Reached  
Canal Street at 5 Pm. or Candlelight.

Started for Philadelphia from foot  
of Liberty St— at 6 Pm—via Newark &c  
&c—Bordentown—&c &c Camden-ferry—to  
Phil—all in the dark— Saw only the  
glossy panneling of the cars reflected  
out into the dark like the mag-  
nificent lit facade of a row of edifices  
reaching all the way to Philad.—  
except when we stopped & a lanthorn  
or two showed us a ragged boy & the  
dark buildings of some New Jersey town—  
Arrive at 10 Pm—Time 4 hours from  
NY—13 from Boston—15 from Concord.

Put up at Jones' Exchange Hotel  
77 Dock Street— Lodgings 37 1/2  
per night—meals separate Not  
to be named with French's in NY.  
Next door to the fair of the Franklin  
Institute then open—& over against the  
Exchange—in the neighborhood of the  
printing offices.

Nov 21<sup>st</sup>

Looked from the Cupola of the State House  
where the Declaration of Ind. was declared.  
The best view of the city I got— Was interested

grey & black

in the squirrels ^ in Independence & Washing-  
ton squares— (Heard that they have or  
have had deer in Logan square—) The  
squirrels are fed and live in boxes in the  
trees in the winter.

Fine view from Fairmount waterworks—

hypothese on the

The line of the ^ gable end of Girard College  
was ap deflected in the middle 6 inches  
or more—reminding me of the anecdote  
of the church of the Madeline in Paris.

Was admitted into the Cha

Building of the Academy of Nat. sciences  
by a Mr Durand of the botanical depart  
ment— Mr Furness applying to him.  
The carpenters were still at work ad

!
   
ding 4 stories ^ (of galleries) to the top–
   
These 4–(Furness thought all of them) I
   
am not sure but Durand referred to one
   
side only) to be devoted to the birds.
   
It is said to be the largest collection of
   
birds in the world–. They belonged to the
   
son of Massena (Prince of Essling?) and
   
were sold at auction–& bought by
   
\$ all
   
a Yankee for 22000 over ^ the heads
   
crowned heads of Europe–& presented to
   
the Academy. Other collections also are added
   
to this. The Academy has received great
   
donations.

There is Mortons collection of Crania
   
with I suppose a cast from an Ind skull
   
found in an Ohio mound.

A Polar bear killed by Dr. Kane.

A male moose not so high as the fe-
   
male which we shot– A European
   
elk–(a skeleton) about 7 feet high–with
   
horns each about 5 feet long & tremen-
  
dously heavy.

Grinders &c of the mastodon giganteum
   
from Benton Co. Missouri. &c &c–
   
Zinzinger was named as of the geological
   
department.

In Phil & also N.Y. an orna-
   
mental tree with bunches of seed vessels

supplying the place of leaves now—I suppose it the Ailanthus—or Tree of Heaven<sup>1</sup>.

What were those trees with long black sickle-shaped pods? I did not see Steinhauser's Bird family—at St Stephen's Church. The Am Phil. Society is<sup>2</sup> described as a company of old women.

In the narrow market houses in the middle of the streets was struck by the neat looking women marketers with full cheeks—Furness described a lotus identical with an Egyptian one as found some-where down the river below Philadelphia—Also<sup>3</sup> spoke of a spotted chrysalis which he had also seen in Mass. There was a mosquito about my head at night.

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

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"Heaven" altered from "heaven"

<sup>2</sup>"is" altered from "as"

<sup>3</sup>"Also" possibly altered from "also", or vice versa

Was that James T. weed with a prickly burr?—  
 seen also in Connecticut?<sup>1</sup> Many Dutch  
 barns  Just after leaving Newark  
 bet the RR & the Kill  
 an extensive marsh ^ full of the arundo phrag-  
 mitis—I should say—which had been burnt over—

Went to Crystal Palace—admired  
 the houses on 5<sup>th</sup> avenue—the specimens of  
 coal at the Palace—one 50 feet thick  
 as it was cut from the mine—in the form  
 square  
 of a ^ column.—iron & copper oar &c—  
 sculptures

Saw statues & paintings innumerable—&  
 armor from the tower of London—some of the  
 8<sup>th</sup> century. Saw Greeley—Snow the com-  
 mercial editor of the tribune—Solon Robinson—  
 Fry the musical critic &c—and others

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

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

The body was only about 5 feet long.  
 stood about 15 feet high at most. (12  
 why has it horns but for ornament  
 or 13 ordinarily) ^ Looked through  
 his diorama—& found the houses  
 all over the world much alike—

Greely appeared to know & be known  
 by everybody—was admitted free to  
 the opera & were were led by a page  
 to various parts of the house at dif. times

---

<sup>1</sup>"Connecticut." altered from "Connecticut?" (top part of "?" cancelled, producing a period)

Saw at museum some large flakes  
// of cutting arrowhead stone made into a  
sort of wide cleavers—also a hollow  
stone tube prob from mounds.

6

Nov 27<sup>th</sup> 54

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

Nov. 28 Paddled to Clam Shell

Still very clear & bright as well as comfortable  
weather— River not so high as on the 16<sup>th</sup> ult

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

Nov 30<sup>th</sup> Pm Sail down river

No ice but strong cold wind—river slightly  
// over meadows— Was that large diver which  
was on the edge of the shore & scooted away down  
stream as usual—throwing the water about for a  
some time  
quarter of a mile—then diving—^ afterward

flying up stream over our head—the goosander  
or red-breasted merganser?<sup>1</sup> It was  
large with I should say a white breast—long  
reddish bill—bright red or pink on sides or  
beneath—reddish brown crest—white speculum  
—upper part of throat dark—lower white with  
breast—

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

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

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

Already the bird-like birch scales dot the snow

Dec 5<sup>th</sup>

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

---

<sup>1</sup>Question mark written above and below dash.

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

Dec 6<sup>th</sup> to Providence—to lecture—  
thick

I see ^ ice and boys skating all the  
way to Providence—but know not  
when it froze I have been so busy writing  
my lecture—prob. the night of the 4<sup>th</sup>.  
// In order to go to Blue Hill by Prov. RR—  
stop at Readville Station (~~ap~~. Dedham  
low Plain once) 8 miles: The<sup>1</sup> hill ap  
2 miles East. Was struck with  
the Providence depot—its towers & great  
length of brick— Lectured in it.

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

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"The" altered from "the"

become a successful lecturer—i.e. to  
 interest ~~the~~ my audiences. I am dis-  
 appointed to find that most that  
 I am & value myself for is lost  
 or worse than lost on my audience.  
 I fail to get even the attention of the  
 mass. I should suit them better if  
 I suited myself less. I feel that the  
 public demand an average man—  
 average thoughts & manners—not  
 originality—nor even absolute excellence.  
 You cannot interest them except as  
 you are like them—& sympathize  
 with them. I would rather that  
 my audience come to me—than  
 that I should go to them—and so  
 they be sifted—i.e. I would rather  
 write books than lectures— That  
 is fine—this coarse. To read to  
 promiscuous  
 an ^ audience who are at your  
 mercy—the fine thoughts you solaced  
 yourself with far away—is as violent  
 as to fatten geese by cramming—&  
 in this case they do not get fatter—  
 through

Dec 7<sup>th</sup> Walked to ^ Olney-ville in  
 Johnstone 2 1/2 or 3 miles west of Providence.

Harris tells me that since he exchanged a duplicate Jes. Relation for one he had not—with the Montreal men—All theirs have been burnt.

He has 2 early ones which I have not seen.

& meadow

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

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

How black the water where  
Very little smooth ice—

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

Dec 9<sup>th</sup> Surveying for T.

Holden—a cold morning— What is  
 that green pipes on the side-hill at Nut- //  
 about a dozen rods

It forms a dense bed ^ along the side of the bank in the woods, a rod in width rising  
 Meadow on his land—looking at first  
 to 10 or 12 feet above the swamp.

like green briar cut off. Equisetum hiemale  
 Scouring rush—Shave grass

White Pond mostly skimmed over. //

The scouring rush is as large round as  
 a bull-rush—forming dense green beds  
 conspicuous and interesting above the  
 snow—an evergreen rush.

C. says he saw 3 larks on the 5<sup>th</sup> ult. //

Dec 10<sup>th</sup>

Pm to Nut Meadow— Weather warmer  
 snow softened— Saw a large flock of  
 snow-buntings—(quite white against //  
 woods at any rate) though it is quite warm.

// Snow fleas in paths– First I have seen  
– Hear the small wood pecker's whistle–  
not much else–only crows & partridges  
else–& chickadees. How quickly the snow  
feels the warmer wind– The crust which  
was so firm & rigid–is now suddenly  
softend–& there is much water in the road.

Dec 11<sup>th</sup> Pm to Bare Hill.

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

// last Friday i.e. the 8<sup>th</sup> ^– I find Flint's  
frozen today–& how long?

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

first with her wing—making 5 or 6 as it were  
finger marks *///*

Dec 14<sup>th</sup>

Pm with C up N bank of Assabet to Bridge—  
Good sleighing still with but little snow—A warm  
thawing day. The river is open almost its whole  
length— It is a beautifully smooth mirror within  
an icy frame.. It is well to improve such a  
time to walk by it. This strip of water of irregular  
width over the channel between broad fields  
of ice looks like a polished silver mirror—or  
like another surface of polished ice—and often  
is distinguished from the surrounding ice only  
by its reflections. I have rarely seen any  
reflections—(of weeds willows & elms & the  
houses of the village) so distinct, the  
stems so black & distinct—for they contrast  
not with a green meadow but clear white  
ice—to say nothing of the silvery surface of  
the water. Your eye slides first over  
a plane surface of smooth ice of one color—  
to a water surface of silvery smoothness—  
like a gem set in ice—& reflecting the

& clouds

weeds & trees & houses ^ with singular beauty.  
The reflections are particularly simple & distinct  
These twigs are not referred to & confounded  
with a broad green meadow from which they

spring, as in summer—but instead of that dark green ground absorbing the light is this abrupt white field of ice. We see so little open & smooth water at this season that I am inclined to improve such an opportunity to walk along the river, and moreover the meadows being more or less frozen make it more feasible than in summer. I am singularly interested by the sight of the shrubs which grow along rivers rising now above the snow—with buds & catkins—the willows—alders—sweet-gale &c. At our old bathing place on // the Assabet Saw 2 ducks which at length took to wing— They had large dark heads—dark wings—& clear white breasts I think they were buffel-headed or spirit ducks.

Dec 15

Up river side via Hub. bath P. m.

// I see again a large flock of what I called buntings on the 10<sup>th</sup>—Also another flock surely not buntings—perhaps *F. linarias*. May they not all be these? How interesting a  
on the shore  
few clean dry weeds ^ a dozen rods off seen distinctly against the smooth reflecting water between ice. I see on the ice half a dozen rods from shore a small brown striped // grub—and again a black one 5/8 inch long. ~~How~~ The last has ap. melted quite

a cavity in the ice. How came they there?

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

Dec 18<sup>th</sup> 54

P. m. Down RR—via Andromeda Ponds to river— Snowed a little finely last night & this forenoon— I see a few squirrels tracks in the woods—& here & there in one or two places where a mouse's gallery approached the surface. The powdery surface is broken by it. I am surprised to find in the Andromeda ponds—especially the westernmost one N side an abundance of Decodon or swamp loose strife.

Where a partridge took to wing I find the round red buds of the high blueberry plucked about the swamps.

Dec 19<sup>th</sup>

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

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "of the drought" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>Exclamation mark written above and below dash

was so cold that the river closed up  
almost everywhere—and made good  
skating where there had been no ice to  
catch the snow of the night before.

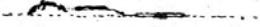
on the sides

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

thick

than usual a ^ fine grey ice—marbled—  
prob.

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

Near the island I saw a muskrat  
close by swimming in an open reach—  
He was always headed upstream  
a great proportion of the head out  
of water  and its

though the root of the tail is about level  
with the water.

whole length visible ^– Now & then it swimming  
& floated down stream still keeping its  
head pointed up with its tail. It is surprising  
how dry he looks—as if that back was  
never immersed in the water. It is apt  
to be melted at the bridges about the piers  
& there is a flow of water over the ice there.  
There is a fine smooth grey marbled  
ice on the bays—which ap. began to  
freeze when it was snowing night before  
last—there is a marbling of dark where  
there was clear water amid the snow.  
Now and then a crack crosses it &  
the water oozing out has frozen on each  
side of it 2 or 3 inches thick & sometimes  
as many feet wide—these give you a  
slight jolt. Off Clam Shell I heard  
& saw a large flock of *fringilla linaria* //  
over the meadow. No doubt it was these I  
saw on the 15<sup>th</sup> ult—(but I saw then & on  
the tenth a larger & whiter bird also—may have been  
the bunting.) Suddenly they turn aside  
in their flight & dash across the river to  
a—large White birch 15 rods off—which  
plainly they had distinguished so far—  
I afterward saw many more in the Potter  
swamp up the river— They were commonly

brown or dusky above streaked with yellowish white or ash and more or less white or ash beneath. Most had a crimson crown or frontlet & a few a crimson neck & breast, very handsome. Some with a bright crimson crown had clean white breasts— I suspect that these were young males. They keep up an incessant twittering varied from time to time with some mewling notes, and occasionally for some unknown scaring they will all suddenly dash a way with that universal loud note (twitter—) like a bag of nuts. They are busily clustered in the tops of the birches picking the seeds out of the catkins—and sustain themselves in all kinds of attitudes—sometimes head downwards while about this. Common as they are now—& were winter before last—I saw none last winter.

Dec 20<sup>th</sup>

7 Am to Hill. Said

to be the coldest morning as yet. The river appears to be frozen everywhere— Where was water last night is a firm bridge of ice this morning. The snow which has blown on to the ice has taken the form of regular star shaped crystals an inch in diameter— Sometimes these are arranged in a spear 3 feet long quite straight I see the mother o'pearl tints now at sunrise, on the clouds high over the eastern horizon before the sun has risen above the low bank in the east. The sky in

The eastern horizon has that same greenish  
     which it has at sundown—  
 vitreous gem-like appearance ^ —as if it were  
 of perfectly clear glass—with the green tint of a  
 large mass of glass. Here are some crows already  
 seeking their breakfast in the orchard—& I hear  
 a red-squirrel's reproof. The woodchoppers  
     far off  
 are making haste to their work ^—walking  
 fast to keep warm—before the sun has  
 risen—their ears & hands well covered—  
 the dry cold snow squeaking under  
 their feet. They will be warmer after  
 they have been at work an hour.

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

It has been a glorious winter day.  
 Its elements so simple—the sharp clear  
 air—the white snow every where covering  
 the earth—& the polished ice—  
 cold as it is—the sun seems warmer on  
 my back even than in summer—as if

its rays met with less obstruction.  
And then the air is so beautifully  
still—there is not an insect in  
the air—& hardly a leaf to rustle.

you are sure to detect it

If there is a grub out ^ on the snow or  
ice.

The shadows of the clam shell hills  
are beautifully blue as I look back  
half a mile at them. And in some  
places where the sun falls on it, the  
snow has a pinkish tinge.

I am surprised to find how fast the dog  
can run in a straight line on the ice.

I am not sure that I can beat him  
on skates—but I can turn much  
shorter—

It is very fine skating for the  
most part—all of the river that

before

was not frozen ^ & therefore not  
covered with snow on the 18<sup>th</sup>—is now  
frozen quite smoothly— But in some  
places for a quarter of a mile it  
is uneven like frozen suds—  
in rounded pancakes as when  
bread spews out in baking.

At sundown ~~it~~ or before, it begins

to belch. It is so cold that only in one place did I  
see a drop of water flowing out on the  
ice.

Dec 21<sup>st</sup>

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

I snowed slightly this morning so as to cover  
the 1/2 inch deep— Walden is frozen over ap. //  
about 2 inches thick— It must have frozen  
the whole of it since the snow of the 18<sup>th</sup> probably  
the night of the 18<sup>th</sup>. It is very thickly what C

those

calls ice-rosettes i.e. ^ small pinches of crystallized  
snow—as thickly as if it had snowed in  
that form— I think it is a sort of hoar  
frost on the ice. It was all done last  
night—for we see them thickly clustered  
about our skate tracks on the river  
—where it was quite bare yesterday.  
We are tempted to call these the finest days  
of the year. Take Fair Haven Pond for-  
instance—a perfectly level plain of white  
snow—untrodden as yet by any fisherman.  
surrounded by snow clad hills—dark  
evergreen woods—& reddish oak leaves—  
so pure & still— The last rays of the  
sun falling on the Baker Farm reflect  
a clear pink color— I see the feathers  
of a partridge strewn along on the  
snow a long distance. The work of  
some hawk perhaps for there is no  
track.

What a grovelling appetite  
for profitless jest & amusement  
our countrymen have! Next to a  
good dinner, at least, they love a  
good joke. to have their sides  
tickled—to laugh sociably—as in the  
east they bathe and are shampooed.  
Curators of Lyceums write to me

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

Dec 24<sup>th</sup>

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

Dec 25<sup>th</sup>

To New Bedford via Cambridge.  
I think that I never saw a denser growth  
than the young white cedar in swamps  
on the Taunton & New Bedford RR— In most  
places it looked as if there was not room  
for a man to pass between the young

trees— That part of the<sup>1</sup> country is re-  
 The evergreen prinus very common in the low ground.  
 markably level & wooded. ^ At N. B—saw  
 of oil

the ~~oil~~ casks ^ covered with seaweed to  
 prevent fire—the weed holds moisture.

Town not lively—whalers abroad at this  
 season.

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

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

Dec 26<sup>th</sup>

at Ricketsons

I do not remember to have ever seen  
 such a day as this in Concord. There is  
 no snow here (though there has been excellent  
 sleighing at Concord since the 5<sup>th</sup> ult) but  
 it is very muddy—the frost coming out of  
 the ground as in spring with us. I went  
 to walk in the woods with R. It was

& the cockerels crowed

wonderfully warm & pleasant ^ just  
 as in a spring day at home— I felt the  
 winter breaking up in me & if I had  
 been at home I should have tried to  
 write poetry. They told me that this

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<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page; note laid in reads "From Dec .26 to Dec. 27 Copied  
 by W. R. [Walton Ricketson] Feb 14th 1902" (need better copy)

was not a rare day<sup>1</sup> there—that they had little or no winter such as we have—& it was owing to the influence of the gulf stream which was only 60 miles from Nantucket at the nearest—or 120 miles from them In mid winter when the wind was SE or even SW they frequently had days as warm & debilitating as in summer— There is a dif. of about a degree in Lat. bet— C. & N. B.—but far more in climate. The American holly is quite common there with its red berries still holding on—and is now their christmas evergreen— I heard the larks sing strong & sweet & saw robins. R. lives in that part of N. B. 3 miles N of the town called The Head of the River—i.e. the Acushnet River. There is a Quaker meeting house there— Such an ugly shed, without a tree or bush about it—which they call their meeting house—(without steeple of course) is altogether repulsive to me— like a powder house or grave. & even the quietness & perhaps unworldliness of an aged quaker has something ghostly & saddening about it—as it were a mere preparation for the grave. R. said that pheasants from England (~~to which~~ where they are not indigenous) had been imported into Naushon=& were now

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<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)

killed there.

Dec 27<sup>th</sup>

To Nantucket via Hyannis in misty rain.  
 On Cape Cod saw the hills through the mist  
 covered with cladonias. A head wind  
 & rather rough passage of 3 hours  
 to Nantucket—the water being 30 miles  
 over— Capt. Edward W. Gardiner (where  
 I spent the evening) thought there was  
 a beach at Barnegat similar to that  
 at Cape Cod. Mr Barney (formerly a  
 Quaker minister there) who was at Gardiner's  
 told of one Bunker of Nantucket ~~who~~  
 in old times "who had 8 sons, & steered  
 each in his turn to the killing of a whale"—  
 Gardiner said you must have been awhaling  
 there before you could be married—& must  
 have struck a whale before you could  
 dance. They do not think much of crossing  
 from Hyannis in a small boat in pleasant  
 safely  
 weather—i.e. but they can ^ do it— A boy  
 was drifted across thus in a storm in a  
 row boat about 2 years ago— By luck  
 he struck Nantucket.  
 The outline of the island is continually  
 changing— The Whalers now go chiefly to  
 Behring's straits & everywhere bet 35 N & S  
 lat. & catch several kinds of whales.

It was Edmund Gardiner of N. B. (a relative of Edwards—) who was carried down by a whale— & Hussey of Nantucket who, I believe, was one to draw lots to see who should be eaten.

As for communication with the main land being interrupted Gardiner remembers when 31 mails were landed at once—which taking out sundays—made 5 weeks & one day.

The snow 10 days ago fell<sup>1</sup> about 2 inches deep—but melted instantly.

At the Ocean House I copied from W<sup>m</sup> Coffin's map of the town 1834.—this 30.590 acres including 3 isles beside 1.050 are fresh ponds—about 750 peat swamp. Clay in all parts—But only granite or gneiss boulders. ~~Population of island over 80~~

Dec 28<sup>th</sup>

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

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<sup>1</sup>"fell" possibly altered from "was"



I was surprised to hear that the Norway  
imported from France had  
pine seed without the wings ^ cost  
not quite \$200 a bushel delivered at  
New York or Philadelphia. He has  
ordered 8 hogsheads!!! of the last clear  
wingless seeds at this rate– I think he  
said it took about a gallon to sow an acre.  
He had trid to get White pine seed, but in vain.

cones

They had not contained any of late (?).

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

Half way to Siasconset I saw the old  
corn hills where they had formerly cultivated.

–the authorities laying out a new tract  
for this purpose each year. This  
island must look exactly like a prairie

the view in clear weather

except that ^ it is bounded by the sea–  
Saw crows–saw & heard larks frequently–  
& saw robins–but most abundant  
running along the ruts or circling  
about just over the ground in small  
flocks–what the inhabitants call  
snow birds a grey bunting like  
bird about the size of the snow bunting–  
Can it be the Sea-side finch–? or  
the Savannah Sparrow?–or the shore lark?

Gardiner said that they had

k

Pigeon-hen-& other haw<sup>s</sup>-but where there are no places for them to breed- also owls, which must breed, for he had seen their young. A few years ago some one imported a dozen partridges from the mainland-but ~~one had a~~ though some were seen for a year or 2 not one had been seen for some time & they were thought to be extinct. He thought the raccoons which had been very numerous, might have caught them. In Harrison's days some coons were imported & turned loose- & they multiplied very fast & became quite a pest killing hens &c-& were killed in turn- Finally they turned out & hunted them with hounds-& killed 75 at one time since which he had not heard of any. There were foxes once but none now- & no indigenous animal bigger than a "ground mole". The nearest approach to woods that I saw was the swamps where the blueberries maples &c are higher than ones head. I saw as I rode  
 & maple in the swamps  
 High blueberry bushes-^ huckleberries-  
 shrub-oaks-uva ursula (which he called  
 mealy plum) gaultheria-beach plum  
 -clethra-may-flower (well budded). Also

withered poverty grass—golden-rods—  
asters— In the swamps are  
cranberries & I saw one carting the  
vines home to set out.—which also  
many are doing. G. described what he  
made out to be "star-grass" as common.  
Saw at Siasconset perhaps 50 little houses  
but almost every one empty— Saw some  
peculiar horse carts for conveying fish up  
the bank—made like a wheel barrow—  
with a whole iron bound barrel for  
the wheel—a rude square box for  
the body resting on the shafts—&  
the horse to draw it after him— The barrel  
makes a good wheel in the sand. They may  
get sea weed in them. A man asked 37  
cents for a horse cart load of sea weed  
carried 1/4 mile from the shore. G.  
pointed out the house of a singular old  
hermit & genealogist Franklin Folger—  
over 70 years old  
^ who for 30 years at least has lived  
alone & devoted his thoughts to genealogy—  
He knows the genealogy of the whole island.  
& a relative supports him by making  
genealogical charts from his dictation for those  
who will pay for them. ~~G. he~~ He at last  
lives in a very filthy manner—& G. helped  
clean his house when he was absent about 2  
years ago— They took up 3 barrels of dirt

Ascended the light house at Sancoty head in his room. ^ The mist still prevented my seeing off-& around the island. I saw the eggs (?) of some creature in dry masses as big as my fist like the skins of so many beans-on the beach. G. told me of a boy who a few years since stole near to some wild geese which had alighted & rushing on them seized 2-before they could rise-& though he was obliged to let one go-h secured the other.

Visited the museum at the Athenaeum various south sea implements-&c &c brought home by whalers.

The last Indian-not of pure blood-died this very month-& I saw his picture with a basket of huckleberries in his hand.

Dec 29<sup>th</sup>

Nantucket to Concord at 7 1/2 Am-still in ~~in~~ mist. The fog was so thick that we were lost on the water-stopped & sounded

of {1}

many times. The clerk said the depth ^ varied from 3 to 8 fathoms bet the island & Cape. Whistled & ~~wait~~ listened for the locomotive's answer-but probably heard only the echo of our own whistle at first-but at last the

locomotive's whistle & the life boat bell.

I forgot to say yesterday that there was  
at one place an almost imperceptible  
rise not far west of Siasconset—to

or swell

a slight ridge ^ running from Tom Nevers

[John]

This conceals the town of Nantucket

Head northward to ^ Gibbs' Swamp— ^ (John Gibbs was  
the name of the Ind. Philip came after) This seen ~~throu~~  
a mile off through the mist which concealed the  
relative distance of the base & ~~sumit~~ summit  
appeared like an abrupt hill—though  
an extremely gradual swell—

At the end of Obed Macy's Hist of  
Nantucket are some verses signed

"Peter Folger 1676" as for the sin  
which God would punish by the Indian war

"Sure 'tis not chiefly for those sins

that magistrates do name,"

but for the sins of persecution & the like—the  
banishing & whipping of godly men—

"The cause of this their suffering

was not for any sin,

But for the witness that they bare

against babes sprinkling."

x

x

x

"The church may now go stay at home,

there's nothing for to do;

Their work is all cut out by law,

and almost made up too."

X

X

"'Tis like that some may think and say,  
 our war would not remain,  
 If so be that a thousand more  
 of natives were but slain.

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

Dec 31<sup>st</sup> 54

Pm on river to F. H. P.

A beautiful clear not very cold day— The  
 shadows on the snow an Indigo blue—

The pines look very dark. The wht oak leaves are a cinnamon  
 I see mice & rabbit & fox tracks on the  
 color—the black & red (?) oak leaves a reddish brown or leather  
 meadow Once a partridge rises from the  
 color—

alders & skims across the river at its widest  
 part just before me—a fine sight. On  
 the edge of A. Wheeler's cranberry meadow  
 I see the track of an otter track made since  
 yesterday morning.. How glorious the per-  
 fect stillness & peace of the winter landscape!

Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 55 P. m.

Skated to Pantry Brook with C.

All the tolerable skating was a narrow strip often only 2 or 3 feet wide—bet. the frozen  
 spew & the broken ice of the middle—

Jan 2<sup>nd</sup>

I see, on the path near Goose Pond, where

whistle

locomotives ^ & the life boat's bell.<sup>1</sup>  
the rabbits have eaten the bark of  
smooth sumachs<sup>2</sup> & young locusts—  
also barberry  
rising above the snow. ^ Yesterday  
we saw the pink light on the snow  
within a rod of us— The shadow  
of the bridges &c on the snow was  
a dark indigo blue—

Jan 4<sup>th</sup> 55

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

Saw after my lecture a young  
who introduced himself as  
negro ^ a native of Africa—Leo L.  
Lloyd—who lectures on "Young Afri-  
ca!!" I never heard of anything but  
old Africa before—

---

<sup>1</sup>This sentence also appears as the first sentence on p. 112. T probably accidentally skipped a page when turning over pp. 110-111, started writing, recognized his mistake, cancelled this line, and turned back to p. 112 to continue his thought.

<sup>2</sup>"sumachs" altered from "sumacs"

<sup>3</sup>"Rev" possibly altered from another word

Higginson told me of a simple strong-minded man named Dexter Broad who was at my lecture whom I should see—

Jan 5<sup>th</sup>

A. m. Walked to Quinsigamond Pond via Quinsigamond Vill. to southerly end & returned by Floating Bridge— Saw the straw-built wigwam of an Indian from St Louis (rapids?) Canada—ap a half breed— Not being able to buy straw he had made it chiefly of dry grass which he had cut in a meadow with his knife. ~~The~~ It was against a bank—& partly of earth all

or grass

round— The straw ^ laid on horizontal poles— & kept down by similar ones outside like our thatching—makes them of straw often in Canada Can make one—if he has the straw—in one day.

on hinges

The door ^ was of straw also put on perpendicularly— pointed at top to fit the roof <sup>↑</sup>

The roof steep—6 or 8 inches thick. He

~~The~~

was making baskets—~~Did not~~ wholly of

Sugar Maple—could find no black ash.

Sowed or bound the edge with maple also—

Did not look up once—while were there.

There was a fireplace of stone oven like

one side

running out ^ & covered with earth

It was the nest of a large meadow mouse—

Had he ever hunted moose—when he

was down at Green Island<sup>1</sup> (Greenland(?))<sup>2</sup>

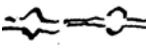
where was that oh far down—very

<sup>1</sup>Island: "I" altered from "i" in pencil

<sup>2</sup>"Greenland (?)" cancelled in pencil (parentheses enclosing the phrase not cancelled)

far-caught seals there-No books  
down that way."

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

At Quinsigamond Vill. a Mr Washburn  
showed me the wire rolling & drawing mill  
in which he is concerned. All sorts of scrap  
iron is first heated to a welding heat in  
masses of about 200 weight-then  
rolled between fast Iron rollers in successive  
grooves till it is reduced to long rods a little  
more than inch in diameter. These are  
cut up by powerful shears into lengths of  
about 3 feet-heated again<sup>1</sup> & rolled  
bet. other rollers in grooves successively  
of various forms square oval, round  
diamond &c  &c which part of the  
work only one man in the concern fully  
understood & kept secret- It was  
here rolled & reduced to a large sized  
wire may 3/8 inch in diameter-of which  
screws are made- At this stage first  
it begins to be drawn- Though it must  
be heated again in the course of the  
drawing to restore its ductility. Make  
a great deal of telegraph wire-&  
for pail ~~par~~ bails-&c About  
20 miles of Tel. wire in a day-of  
the best Swedish iron for strength-

---

<sup>1</sup>"again" written over "&"

Cannot make so good iron in this country  
 because we cannot afford to work it over so  
 much—labor being higher. Said they had but  
 few competitors now in making tel. wire—all the  
 mills in England being just now engaged in making  
 wire for telegraph bet. Eng. & Sevastopol. These  
 were the first wheels turned by the Blackstone.  
 Sometimes their great wheel breaks—yielding  
 to the centrifugal force—) though it is one  
 man's duty to watch it & immense masses are  
 thrown through the roof or sides of the building  
 They commonly hear premonitory symptoms  
 when all run. I saw a part of the glowing  
 mass which had been heated to a welding  
 heat—~~but~~ ready to be rolled but had dropt  
 on its way— I could still trace the outlines of  
~~old screws~~ of the various scraps which com-  
 posed it—screws—bolts—bar iron—an old  
 axe curiously twisted &c &c all which by mere  
 pressure would have been rolled into a homo-  
 geneous mass— It was now in the  
 condition of many a piece of composition  
 —which however mere compression would  
 weld together into a homogeneous mass.  
 —or a continuous rod. Washburn  
 said the workmen were like sailors  
 —their work was exciting & They drank

more spirit than other laborers—In hot

sometimes

weather would ^ drink 2 quarts of water an hour—& sweat as much—If they would not sweat left off work.

Showed me a peculiar coarse yellow sand which they imported from the shore of Long Island—whose quartz examined by a microscope was seen to be perfect crystals— This they used to on the floor of their furnace to repair & level it where

dark

In the cavernous furnace I saw the roof dripping with ^ stalactites from the mortar & bricks.

their iron bars had furrowed it.

In one place they boiled the wire in water & vitriol which cleaned it and ate out grease & other foreign particles.

drawn

Wire is hard ~~rolled~~—when it is rapidly reduced ie from one size to another much smaller.

Higginson showed me a new translation of the Vishnu Sarma—Spoke of the autobiography of a felon older than Stephen Burroughs—one Fitch—of Revolutionary days.

R. W. E told Mr Hill his classmate of Banger who was much interested in my Walden—but relished it merely as a captital satire & joke—& even thought that the survey & map of the pond were (not real ) but) a caricature of the ~~€~~ Coast surveys.

Also of Mr. Frost the botanist of Brattle-  
 boro—who has found 5 or 6 new species  
 of lichens thereabouts— Geo. Emerson—  
 is aware that he has confounded 2  
 black oaks—one is found on Nantuck-  
 et. Is it not the *Q. nigra*—& have we not //  
 got it in C.?

Jan 6<sup>th</sup>

Pm to Great Meadows

Saw one of those silver-gray cocoons  
 which are so securely attached—by the  
 silk being wound round the leaf stalk  
 and the twig. This was more than a  
 year old and empty—& having been  
 attached to a red-maple shoot a foot  
 or more above the meadow—it had  
 girdled it just as a wire might, it

& the wood had overgrown it on each side  
 was so unyielding—^

What is that small insect with large  
 slender wings which I see on the  
 snow or fluttering in the air these  
 days? Also some little black beetles  
 on the ice of the meadow ten rods from  
 shore

In many places near the shore  
 the water has overflowed the ice to  
 a great extent—and frozen again  
 with water between of a yellowish tinge—  
 in which you see motes moving about  
 as you walk.

The skating is for the most part  
spoiled by a thin crispy ice on top  
of the old ice—which was frozen  
in great crystals & crackles under  
your feet— This is ap. the puddles  
produced by the late thaw & rain—which  
froze thinly while the rest of the water  
was soaked up. A fine snow  
is falling—& drifting before the  
wind over the ice & lodging in  
shallow drifts at regular intervals

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

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

Sunday Jan 7<sup>th</sup>

Pm JP Brown Road & Hub— Bridge.

Cloudy & misty—

On opening the door I feel a very warm

South westerly wind contrasting with the cooler air of the house—& find it

& the manure is being washed off the ice into the gutter unexpectedly wet in the street ^— It is in fact a Jan. thaw— The channel of the river is quite open in many places, & in others I remark—that the ice & water alternate like waves & the hollow between them— There are long reaches of open water where I look for muskrats & ducks, as I go along to Clamshell Hill. I hear the pleasant sound of running water— I see that black scum on the surface of water above the ice. The delicious soft spring-suggesting air—how it fills my veins with life — Life becomes again credible to me— A certain dormant life awakes in me—& I begin to love nature again. Here is my Italy—my heaven—my New England. I understand why the Indians hereabouts placed heaven in the SW— The Soft South. On the slopes the ground is laid bare & radical leaves revealed—crowfoot—shepherds purse—clover &c a fresh green & in the meadow the skunk cabbage buds—with a bluish bloom—& the reddish

leaves of the meadow saxifrage & these  
& the many withered plants laid bare

^ remind me of spring & of botany.

On the same bare sand is revealed a  
new crop of arrowheads— I pick up  
2 perfect ones of quartz, sharp as if  
just from the hands of the maker.

Still birds are very rare— Here comes  
a little flock of titmice plainly to keep  
me company—with their black caps &  
throats—making them look top heavy—rest-  
lessly hopping along the alders. with a  
sharp clear—lispings note— There begin  
to be greenish pools in the fields  
where there is a bottom of icy-snow—  
I saw what looked like clay-colored  
snow fleas on the under side of a stone.

The bank is tinged with a most del-  
icate pink or bright flesh color—where  
the *beomyces rosaeus* grows. It is a  
lichen day. The ground is covered with  
*cetrariae* &c under the pines. How  
full of life & of eyes is the damp bark—  
It would not be worth the while to die  
& leave all this life behind one.

The hill sides covered with the bear scrub  
oak—methinks are of the deepest red at  
a distance. The p pine tops were much

broken by the damp snow last month— I see where the birches which were weighed down & lay across the road have been cut off—& all their scales & seeds shaken off by the sleighs in one spot color the snow like thick saw-dust. The sky seen here & there through the wrack—bluish—& greenish—& perchance with a vein of red in the west—seems like the inside of a shell—deserted of its tenant into which I have ealle crawled.

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

Jan 8<sup>th</sup> 55

7 1/2 Am to river

Still warm & cloudy—but with a great clear crescent of clear sky increasing in the north by west— The streets are washed bare down to the ice. It is pleasant to see the sky reflected in the open river reach—now perfectly smooth—

10 Am. To Easterbrooks place via Old mill site. It is now a clear warm

The willow osiers by the Red Bridge decidedly are not bright now—were too old //  
& sunny day— There is a healthy earthy sound of cock-crowing— I hear a few chicadees near at hand—& hear & see jays further off—& as yesterday—a crow

sitting sentinel on an apple tree— Soon  
he gives the alarm & several more take  
their places near him. Then off they flap  
with their "caw" of various hoarseness. I see  
various caterpillars & grubs on the snow—  
& in one place a reddish ant about 1/3 of  
an inch long walking off. In the swamps  
you see the mouths of squirrels' holes in the  
snow—with dirt & leaves & perhaps pine scales  
about them— The fever bush is betrayed by  
its little spherical buds.

Jan 9<sup>th</sup> '55

Pm to Conantum—

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

I am attracted at this season by  
the fine bright red buds of the privet an-  
couchant

dromeda sleeping ^ along the slender light  
brown twigs— They look brightest against

a dark ground. I notice the pink shoots of low blueberries  
where they are thick

How handsome now the fertile fronds  
of the sensitive fern standing up  
a foot or more on the sides of

or stipe?

causeways—the neat pale brown rachis  
clothed with rich dark brown fruit

pinnae

at top— The / divisions of the frond/ on  
"a one sided spike or raceme"

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

or pink

tinge of salmon color ^ in it. The black shrub  
oak is particularly dark reddish & firm.

~~I think it is the red oak or maybe the black~~  
whose leaves are such a pale brown verging

some times reddish

on yellowish—but well preserved.

This winter I hear the axe in almost every  
wood of any consequence left standing  
in the township.

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

very little to be seen above the snow—

// It is I have little doubt—the *Kalmia glauca*  
var *Rosmarinifolia* (?)—with very delicate  
opposite

evergreen ^ linear leaves—strongly revolute—

as it were slightly weather beaten imbrowned or ripened by the winter  
its cheeks made ruddy by the cold.

somewhat reddish green above ^—white glaucous

beneath—with a yellow midrib—(not veined

nor mucronated nor alternate like the *Andromeda*

on the ends of the twigs which are

polifolia) ^ ~~The twigs~~ sharply 2-edged. The

blossom buds quite conspicuous. The whole

aspect more tender & yellowish than the *And.*

and ~~for~~ green while that is mulberry now V Jan. 10

*Polifolia*. ^ The pretty little blossom buds—arranged

cross-wise in the axils of the leaves as you

look down on them.

What a strong & hearty—but reckless, hit-or-  
miss style had some of the early writers

of New England—like Josselyn—& W<sup>m</sup> Wood—

and others elsewhere in those days— As if

they spoke with a relish making their

lips—like a coach whip—caring more to

speak heartily than scientifically true.

They are not to be caught napping by the

wonders of nature in a new country &

perhaps are often more ready to appreci-

ate them than she is to exhibit them.

They give you one piece of nature at any

Cotton Mather too was a rich phrase

rate, & that is themselves. They use a strong

homely

coarse ^ speech which cannot always

be found in the dictionary—nor some-

times be heard in polite society—but which

brings you very near to the thing itself

described. The strong new soil speaks thro'  
 them. (I have just been reading some  
 in Woods "New England's Prospect.") He  
 speaks a good word for NE—indeed  
 will come very near lying for her—& when

justness

he doubts the truth of his praise he brings it  
 out not the less soundly—as who cares  
 if it is not so<sup>1</sup>—we love her not the  
 less for all that. Certainly that gene-  
 ration stood nearer to nature, nearer  
 to the facts than this, and hence their  
 books have more life in them.

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

Expressions he uses which you now hear  
 only in Kitchens & bar-rooms—which  
 therefore sound particularly fresh & telling  
 —not book worn. They speak like men  
 who have backs & stomachs & bowels—with  
 all the advantages & disadvantages that  
 attach to them— Ready<sup>2</sup> to find lions here—  
 some having "heard such terrible roarings"—  
 —"which must be either Devils or<sup>3</sup> Lions<sup>4</sup>; there  
 being no other creatures which use to roar."  
 What a gormandizing faith (or belief) he  
 has ready to swallow all kinds of portents & prodigies

---

<sup>1</sup>"so" altered from "see"

<sup>2</sup>"y" added in pencil

<sup>3</sup>"or" reformed in pencil (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>"L" either reformed or altered from "I"

Says the wolves have no joints from head to tail. ^  
Most admirable when—they most are outrage  
common taste & the rules of composition. Of  
Mosquitoes he says—those "that swell with  
their biting the first year, never swell the  
second." v forward

Jan 10<sup>th</sup> 55

Pm to Beck Stow's.

The swamp is suddenly frozen up again—& they  
are carting home the mud which was dug out  
last fall—in great frozen masses—

The twigs of the andromeda polifolia  
with its rich leaves turned to a mulberry  
color above by the winter—with a bluish

a delicate

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

of a rake

standing up on the upper side like teeth—^

The intermingling shades of mulberry brown (?)  
& bluish bloom—& glaucous white make  
it peculiarly rich—as it lies along the ice  
frozen in. The leaves uninjured by insects—

Then there is the Andromeda Calycu-  
lata—its leaves (now (?)) appressed to the  
twigs—pale brown beneath—reddish above—  
with minute whitish dots— As I go toward  
the sun now at 4 Pm the translucent leaves  
are lit up by it and appear of a soft red

like cathedral windows

more or less brown—^ but when I look back from the sun the whole bed appears merely gray & brown.

The leaves of the lambkill, now recurved, are more or less reddish.

The great buds of the swamp pink—on the central twig clustered together are more or less imbrowned and reddened.

At Europ. Cranberry Swamp—I saw great quantities of the seeds of that low 3 celled rush or sedge—about

*Scheuchzeria palustris*

the edge of the pool—^ on the ice black & elliptical looking like the droppings of mice this size 〇〇

So thick in many places that by absorbing the sun's heat they had melted an inch or more into the ice. ~~wh~~ No doubt they are the food of some creatures. Saw a ~~whi~~ thorn with long thorns and its peculiarly shining varnished ~~ste~~ twigs.

Cold & blustering as it is the crows are flapping & sailing about—& buffeting one another as usual. It is hard to tell what they would be at.

Jan 11<sup>th</sup> P. m.

Skated to Lee's bridge & Farrar's swamp— Call it otter swamp— A fine snow had just begun to fall—So we made haste to improve the skating before it was too late— Our skates made tracks often nearly an inch broad

in the slight snow which soon covered  
the ice— All along the shores and about  
the islets the water had broadly overflowed  
the ice of the meadows—& frequently we  
had to skate through it making it fly—  
The snow soon showed where the water  
was. It was a pleasant time to skate  
so still & the air so thick with snow  
flakes that the outline of near hills  
was seen against it—& not against  
the more distant & higher hills. Single  
pines stood out distinctly against it  
in the near horizon— The ground which  
was 2/3 bare before—began to gray  
about Fair Haven—Pond—as if it  
were all rocks. There were many of  
those grubs & caterpillars on the  
ice half a dozen rods from shore—  
some sunk deep into it— This air thick  
with snow flakes making a back-  
ground enabled me to detect a  
very picturesque clump of trees on  
an islet off at pole brook—A  
red (?) oak in midst with birches on  
each side.

Jan 12<sup>th</sup> Pm

To Flints Pond via Minott's meadow.

After a spitting of snow in the fore-  
 I see the blue sky here & there &  
 noon—^ the sun is coming out— It is  
 still & warm— The earth is 2/3 bare—  
 I walk along the Mill-Brook below  
 Emerson's looking into it for some life—  
 Perhaps what most moves us in winter  
 is some reminiscence of far off sum-  
 mer— How we leap by the side of the  
 open brooks— What beauty in the run-  
 ning brooks—! What life! What society!  
 The cold is merely superficial—it is sum-  
 mer still at the core—far far within—  
 It<sup>1</sup> is in the cawing of the crow—the crowing  
 of the cock—the warmth of the  
 sun on our backs. I hear faintly the  
 cawing of a crow far far away—echoing  
 from some unseen woodside—as if  
 deadened by the spring-like vapor which  
 the sun is drawing from the ground—  
 It mingles with the slight murmur  
 of the Village—the sound of children  
 at play—as one stream empties  
 gently into another—& the wild & tame  
 are one— What a delicious sound. It  
 is not merely the crow calling to  
 crow—for it speaks to me too. I am  
 part of one great creature with  
 him—if he has voice I have ears.

---

<sup>1</sup>"It" altered from "it"

I can hear when he calls—& have engaged  
not to shoot nor stone him.—if he will

one

caw to me each spring. On the ^ hand it may  
be is the sound of children at school saying  
their a.b. abs—on the other far in the  
wood-fringed horizon—the cawing of crows

out at their long recess

from their blessed eternal vacation.<sup>1</sup> Children  
who have got dismissed! While the vapor-  
ous incense goes up from all the fields  
of the spring—(if it were spring). Ah bless  
the Lord O my soul, bless him for  
wildness—for crows that will not  
alight within gunshot—& bless him  
for hens too that croak and cackle  
in the yard.

Where are the shiners now & the trout—?

I see none in the brook— Have the for-

Ah may I be there to see when they go down— Why can they not tell me?  
mer descended to the deep water of the river ^?  
or gone into the mud? There are few or no in-  
sects for them now—

The strong scent of this red oak—just split  
& corded is a slight compensation for the  
loss of the tree.

How cheering the sight of the evergreens  
now—on the forest floor—the various  
pyrolas &c—fresh as in summer.

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

---

<sup>1</sup>caret written below dash



For color—perhaps all may be  
called brown—& vary into each other more or less  
The 1<sup>st</sup>—as both sides are seen—pale brown with a  
salmon tinge beneath—

- Leather like    often paler
- 2<sup>nd</sup>    clear reddish brown ^ above ^—whitish or very  
light beneath—silveryish  
[not always]
- 3<sup>d</sup>—    Dusky brown above ^—clear tawny (?) brown  
beneath
- 4<sup>th</sup>    clear pale brown—(except the unfaded red ones)  
very generally reddish  
leather-like—nearly the same both sides  
or slightly reddish
- 5<sup>th</sup>    Quite pale brown ^—nearly the same both sides  
Some prematurely dead are yellowish—
- 6<sup>th</sup>    Deep rusty-colored brown often bright leather red—  
silveryish white beneath—  
Leaves on ground
- 7<sup>th</sup>    Quite ^ Pale brown much like a withered red. but  
whitish beneath like bear scrub.

The oak leaves now resemble the dif. kinds.

leather

of calf–sheep–& Russia<sup>1</sup> ^ {le} [& Morocco–a  
few Scarlet oaks] of different ages–

Jan 13<sup>th</sup>

Warm & wet with rain threatening clouds  
drifting from SW–muddy–wet–& slippery.

Surprised to see oak balls on a red oak.

//

Picked up a pitch pine cone which had evi-

successive

dently been cut off by a squirrel. ~~There were~~ The<sup>2</sup> ^  
grooves made by his teeth–while probably he bent  
it down–were quite distinct– The woody stem was  
1/4 of an inch thick–& I counted 8 strokes of his  
chisel.

14 ±5

Jan ~~14~~ Skated to Baker Farm

with a rapidity which astonished myself  
–before the wind, feeling the rise and  
fall (the water having settled in the  
suddenly cold night) which I had not  
time to see. Saw the intestines of ap–  
a rabbit–(betrayed by a morcel of fur–)

left on the ice–prob. the prey of a  
fox. A man feels like a new creature

a deer perhaps

^ moving at this rate–he takes  
new possession of nature in the  
name of {the} his own majesty–  
There was I, & there & there, as  
mercury went down the Idaen<sup>3</sup>

mts.

---

<sup>1</sup>"R" written over "r"

<sup>2</sup>"The" altered from "the"

<sup>3</sup>"a" is smeared

I judged that in a quarter of an hour I was 3 1/2 miles from home—without having made any particular exertion.—à la volaille.

Jan 15<sup>th</sup> Pm. Skated to Bedford  
It had just been ~~s~~howing<sup>1</sup>—& this

on the Grt meadows  
lay in shallow drifts, or waves ^ of al-  
ternate snow & ice— Skated into a  
crack & slid on my side 25 feet—

~~fragmen~~ & rough  
The river channel dark ^ ice~~\~~—with frag-  
ments of old ice cemented togethe—not  
strong. polygons of various forms.

Jan 16—to Cambridge & Boston.  
Carried to Harris the worms—brown light-  
striped—& fuzzy black cater-pillars— He  
calls the first also caterpillars. Also  
2 black beetles, all which I have found

ice &  
within a week or two on ^ snow; Thickest  
in a thaw.

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

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

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<sup>1</sup>"snowing" altered from "showing" (top of "h" cancelled)  
<sup>2</sup>"leggins" possibly written over "&"

Saw a Nantucket man—who said that their waters were not so good as the South side of Long Island to steer in by sounding. Off Long Island it deepened 1 mile every fathom for at least 40 miles—as he had proved. Perhaps 80. But at Barnegat it was not so.

Jan 19<sup>th</sup> 7 Am

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

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

we may still have the hue of heaven in us.

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

damp

Pm. The ^ snow still drives from the NW nearly horizontally over the fields—while I go with C—toward the Cliffs & Walden— There is not a single fresh track on the Back road & the aspect of the road & trees & houses is very wintry. {M}uch considerable snow has fallen it lies chiefly in drifts under the walls. We went through the Spring woods—over the Cliff—by the wood path at its base to Walden & thence by the path to Bristers Hill—& by<sup>2</sup> road home— It was worth the while

damp

to see what a burden of ^ snow lay on the trees not withstanding the wind— Pitch pines were bowed to the ground with it—and birches also—and white oaks— I saw one of<sup>3</sup> the last

---

<sup>1</sup>"a" possibly altered from "or"

<sup>2</sup>"by" possibly altered from "to"

<sup>3</sup>"of" possibly inserted

splintered  
 at least 25 feet high ~~broken~~ near the  
 ground past recovery. All kinds of ever-  
 oaks  
 greens—and ~~trees~~ which retain their  
 leaves—and birches which do not ~~were~~  
~~bent to~~ up to 25 feet or more in height  
 were bent to the earth—and these novel  
 but graceful curves were a new feature  
 in  
 of the woodland scenery. Young white  
 veiled  
 pines often stood draped in the robes of purest  
 like a maiden that has taken the veil  
 white—emblems of purity ^—with their heads  
 main  
 slightly bowed & their ^ stems slanting to one  
 side, like travellers bending to meet the  
 storm with their heads muffled in their  
 cloaks<sup>1</sup>— The windard side of the  
 wood & the very tops of the trees every-  
 where—for the most part—were com-  
 paritively bare—but within the woods  
 the whole lower 2/3 of the trees were  
 laden with the snowy burden which  
 had sifted down onto them. The snow  
 a little damp had lodged ~~on every~~  
~~but~~ not only on the oak leaves & the  
 evergreens—but on every twig &  
 branch—~~but~~ & stood in upright walls  
 like miniature chinese walls zig zag over hill & dale  
 or ruffs 5 or 6 inches high ^, making  
 more conspicuous than ever the ar-

---

<sup>1</sup>"cloaks" probably altered from "cloth"

rangement & the multitude of the twigs  
& branches, & the trunks also being plastered  
with snow—a peculiar soft light  
very unlike the ordinary darkness of the forest  
was diffused around, as if you were

This was when you stood on the windward side  
inside a drift or snow house— In  
most directions you could not see  
more than 4 or 5 rods into this labyrinth

This is to be insisted on—on every side it was like a snow drift that lay loose  
to that height.

or maze of white arms— They were  
so thick that they left no crevice through  
which the eye could penetrate further.  
The path was for the most part blocked  
up with the trees bent to the ground  
which we were obliged to go round by  
zig zag paths in the woods—or carefully  
creep under at the risk of getting our  
necks filled with an avalanche of  
snow— In many places the path was  
shut up by as dense a labyrinth high  
as the tree tops & impermeable to vision  
as if there had never been a path there.  
Often we touched a tree with our foot—  
or shook it with our hand—& so relieved  
it of a part of its burden—& rising a  
little it made room for us to pass  
beneath— Often singular portals &  
winding passages were left between  
the pitch pines—through stooping—& grazing  
the touchy walls, we made our way—

Where the path was open in the midst  
of the woods—the snow was about 7 or  
8 inches deep. The trunks of the trees  
so uniformly covered on the northerly

as happens frequently every winter & sometimes continuing so  
for weeks

side—^ suggested that this might be  
a principal reason why the lichens watered  
by the melting snow flourished there  
most. The snow lay in great contin-  
uous masses in the pitch pines & the  
white—not only like napkins but  
great white table-spreads and  
~~carpets~~ counterpains—when you  
looked off at the wood from a little  
distance—Looking thus up at the  
Cliff. I could not tell where it  
lay an unbroken mass on the smooth

It was so massed on the last also  
rock—& where on the trees. ^ White  
pines were changed into firs by it—  
& the limbs & twigs of some large ones  
were so matted together by the

like immense

weight—that they looked ^ solid fungi  
on the side of the trees—or those  
nests of the social grossbeak (?) of  
africa which I have seen represented.  
Some White pine bows hung down  
like fans or the webbed feet of  
birds— On som pitch pines it lay in

~~frigit~~ fruit-like balls as big as one's

like cocoanuts

head. ^ Where the various oaks were bent down—the contrast of colors—of the snow & oak leaves—& the softened tints through the transparent snow—often<sup>1</sup> a delicate fawn color—were very agreeable.

As we returned over the Walden road the damp driving snow flakes when we turned partly round & faced them hurt our eye balls as if they had been dry scales.

It may be that the linarias {seek} the come into the gardens now—not only because all nature is a wildeness today—but because

were the wind has not free play

the woods ^ are so snowed up—the twigs are so deeply covered that they cannot readily come at their food— In many places

drooping &

single trees or clumps of two or 3 ^ massed together by the superincumbent weight—made tent like

a sort of roof ^ under which you might

Under one pitch pine which shut down to the ground on every take shelter. We saw only one in-

side you could not see the sky at all—but sat in a gloomy light

distinct snow covered trail of an animal.

as in a tent.

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"often" written over "a"

side are broad dirty or yellowish green strips of water slosh. Where comes this green color?

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

"s" of "birches" cancelled with two vertical lines

or creeping

You went winding between {&} stooping ^ under–  
them–fearing to touch them–lest yœu they  
should relieve themselves of their burden &  
let fall an avalanch or shower of snow on to

Ever & anon the wind shook down a shower from high trees  
you. ^ You would not have believed there  
were so many twigs & branches in a  
wood as were revealed by the snow resting  
on them–perfect walls of snow–no place

V 20<sup>th</sup>–& 26<sup>th</sup> instant–

for a bird to perch.

Jan 20 '55

Our lesser redpoll is said to be the  
same with the European which is called

This in Bewick

Le Sizerin by Buffon. ^ I heard its mew  
about the house early this morning before  
sunrise.

In many instances the snow had lodged on  
~~the~~ trees yesterday in just such forms  
as<sup>1</sup> a white napkin or counterpain dropped  
on them would take–protuberant in the  
middle with many folds & dimples– An  
ordinary leafless bush supported so much snow

like a whirligig

on its twigs–a perfect maze ^–though not  
in one solid mass–that you could  
not see through it– We heard only a few  
chic-a-dees. Some times the snow on the  
bent P. Pines made me think of rams' or  
elephants' heads ready to butt you

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"as" possibly altered from "is" or "in"

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

A fine clear day not very cold.—

P. m.

To Conantum & C. Miles place—with  
 Tappan. There was a high wind last night which  
 relieved the trees of their burden—almost entirely.  
 —but I may still see the drifts. The surface  
 of the snow every where in the fields where it is

grain

hard blown—has a fine ^ with low shelves  
 like a slate stone that does not split well

————— We cross the fields behind  
 Hubbard's—& suddenly slump into dry

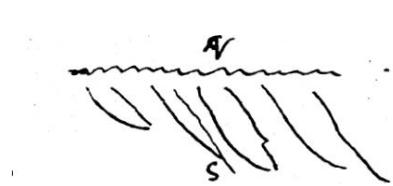
concealed by the snow<sup>1</sup>

ditches ^ up to the middle—& flounder out  
 again— How new all things seem— Here  
 is a broad shallow pool in the fields  
 which yesterday was slosh—now converted  
 into a soft white fleecy snow ice—like  
 bread that has spewed and backed  
 outside the pan. It is like the be-  
 ginning of the world. There is nothing

---

<sup>1</sup>poss "snow,"

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



i.e. the common drift  
 or plaits  
 is divided into ridges ^ {in} this

direction —frequently down to the  
 ground between— Which separate drifts  
 are of graceful outlines somewhat  
 like fishes with a sharp ridge<sup>3</sup> or fin  
 gracefully curved both as you look

Their sides curving like waves about to break  
 from one side & down on them. ^ The

at the wall end  
 thin edge of some of these drifts ^, where  
 the air has come<sup>4</sup> through the wall  
 & made an eddy, are remarkably curved

like some shells even thus  —I would  
 not have believed it. more than once round.

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

<sup>1</sup>"of" possibly altered from "on"

<sup>2</sup>Possibly "when"

<sup>3</sup>"ridge" possibly altered from "side"

<sup>4</sup>"come" possibly altered from another word

bell in the distance.

As there was water on the ice of the river  
which the snow converted into slosh—  
now frozen it looks like fleece.

The snow still adheres conspicuously to  
the NW side of the stems of the trees  
quite up to their summits—with a re-  
markably sharp edge in that direction  
in a horizontal section like this  It  
would be about as good as a com-  
pass to steer by in a cloudy day or by  
night. You see where the trees have  
deposited their load on the snow beneath.  
making it uneven. Saw suddenly di-  
rectly over-head a remarkable mackerel  
sky with ~~singul~~ peculiarly soft large  
flakes—polyhedrons—showing the  
celestial blue between them—soft  
& duskyish like new steam— This covered  
the greater part of the sky. In the  
zenith a more leaden blue in the crevices  
on the sides a more celestial. This  
was just beyond the Holden swamp—  
We admired the C. Miles elms—  
Their strong branches now more conspicuous  
zigzag or gracefully curved.  
We came upon the tracks of a man

& dog—which I guessed to be channing's. Further  
still a mile & a half from home

^ as I was showing to T. under a bank  
the single flesh colored or pink ~~bee~~ apo-  
thecia of a baeomyces which was not covered  
by the snow—~~when~~ I saw the print  
of C's foot by its side & knew that his  
eyes had rested on it that afternoon—  
It was about the size of a pin's head.

Saw also where he had examined the lichens on

& all was clear again

the rails. Now the mackerel sky was  
gone ^ & I could hardly realize that  
low dark stratus far in the east was  
it, still delighting perchance some  
sailor on the Atlantic in whose zenith  
it—was—whose sky it occupied.

T. admired much the addition to the  
red-house—with its steep bevelled roof—

Thought he should send Mr. Upjohn to see it.

The whole house methought was well planted  
—rested solidly on the earth—with its  
great bank (green in summer). &  
few stately elms before—it so much  
simpler & more attractive than a front  
yard with its knick-knacks. To contrast  
with this pleasing structure—which is  
painted a wholesome red—was a modern  
addition in the rear—perhaps no  
uglier than usual—only by contrast  
such an outline alone as our—carpen-  
ters have learned to produce—. I see  
that I cannot draw any thing so bad

so you will often see an ugly new barn beside  
a pleasing old house.

as the reality. ^ Causeways are no sooner  
made—than the swamp white oak  
springs up by their sides—its<sup>1</sup> acorns  
prob. washed there by the freshets—

In Sagard's Hist. I read—"the villager  
did not wish to hear the Huguenot min-  
ister, saying that there was not yet  
any ivy on the walls of his church,  
and that ours were all grey with  
age" [chennes de vieillese.] The walls

of the Protestant church <sup>in their turn</sup> ^ have now  
got some ivy on them—& the villager  
does not wish to hear the preacher of any  
newer church which has not.

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"its" possibly altered from another word

which in some places, it is called the  
Wheel bird;"—"It is seldom seen in the  
daytime." This last sound is ap. the same  
which I hear our whip-poor-will make  
& which I do not remember to have heard

????

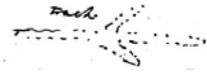
described.

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

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

You see where yesterdays snowy billows

have broken at last in the sun or by their own weight—their curling edges fallen & crumbled in the snow beneath—

I see the tracks of countless little birds—prob. red-polls, where these have run over broad pastures & visited every weed—johns-wort—& coarse grasses—whose oat-like seed-scales ~~they~~ or {culms} they have scattered about—  
 they did not  It is surprising sink deeper in the light snow— Often the impression is so faint that they seem to have been supported by their wings.

The Pines & oaks in the deepest hollows in the woods still support some snow—but especially the low swamps are half filled with snow to the height of 10 feet resting on the bent underwood—as if affording covert to wolves—

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

I doubt if I can convey an idea of the appearance of the woods yesterday—as you stood in their midst—& looked round on their boughs & twigs laden with snow— ~~There~~ It seemed as if there could have been none left to reach

the ground—these countless zigzag white arms crossing each other at every possible angle completely closed up the view like a light drift within 3 or 4 rods on every side—The win-  
triest prospect imaginable. That snow which sifted down into the wood paths was much drier & lighter than elsewhere.

Jan 21<sup>st</sup>

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

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

The snow is turning to rain through a  
fine hail.

Pines & oaks seen at a distance—say 2 miles  
off—are considerably blended & make  
one harmonious impression—the former  
the former if you attend are seen  
or misty  
to be of a blue ^ black—and the latter<sup>1</sup>  
form commonly a reddish brown ground  
out of which the former rise— These  
colors are no longer in strong contrast  
with each other—

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<sup>1</sup>"latter" possibly altered from "a"



torrents through the commonly dry  
     under  
 channels ^ of the causeways—to hear  
 only the rush & roar of waters & look  
 down on mad billows where in summer is  
 commonly only dry pebbles—great cakes  
 of ice ~~tilt~~ lodged & sometimes tilted up  
 against the causeway bridges over which  
 the water pours as over a dam. After  
 their passage under these commonly dry  
 bridges the crowding waters are at least  
 6 or 8 inches higher than those<sup>1</sup> of the  
 surrounding meadow— What a tumult  
 at the Stone Bridge—where cakes of  
     a foot  
 ice a rod in diameter & ~~10~~ inches thick are  
 carried rounded & round by the eddy  
     or 10  
~~only~~ by in circles ~~6 or 8~~ ^ rods in ~~eir~~  
 diameter, & rarely get a chance to go  
 down stream—while others are seen  
 coming up edgewise from below in  
 the midst of the torrent. The musk-  
     of  
 rats driven out by their holes by the  
     yet many of their cabins are above water on the S branch here there are none  
 water are exceedingly numerous—^ We saw  
 15 or 20 at least bet Derby's bridge  
 & the Tarbel spring—either swimming  
 with surprising swiftness up or down or across  
 the stream—to avoid us—or sitting at  
     resting  
 the waters edge—or ^ ~~on~~ the edge

---

<sup>1</sup>"those" altered from "the"

One refreshed himself there after his cold swim regardless of us—probed its fur with its nose & scratched its ear like a dog—

of the ice ^ —or on some alder bough just on the surface— They frequently swam toward an apple tree in the midst of the water—in the vain hope of finding a resting place & refuge there. I saw one—looking quite a reddish brown busily feeding on some plant just at the water's edge—thrusting his head under for it— But I hear the sound of Goodwin's gun up stream—& see his bag stuffed out with their dead bodies. The radical leaves of the yellow thistle are now very fresh & conspicuous in Tarbel's meadow—the rain having suddenly carried off the snow.

Jan 23<sup>d</sup>

Pm— The water is still higher than yesterday—I found just over the red-bridge road—near the bridge. The willow row near there is not now bright—but a dull greenish below—with a yard at the ends of the twigs red. The water in many hollows in the fields has suddenly fallen away run off or soaked up—leaving last night's ice to mark its height around the edges & the bushes— It has fallen 2 feet in many cases—leaving some-

times a mere feathery crystallization to supply its place— I was pleased to see the vapor of Sam. Barrett's fall—and after—the icy cases of the alder & willow stems below— But the river is higher than ever— especially the N. river. I was obliged to after crossing Hunt's Bridge to keep on round to the<sup>1</sup> RR bridge at Loring's before I could recross—it being over the road with a roar like a mill dam this side the further stone-bridge—& I could not get over dry for the feebleness of the and incontinuity of the fence— In front of G— M. Barretts was a great curving bay—which crossed the road bet him & Heywoods—and by Fort Pond bridge at Lorings it had been over for 10 rods in the night. A great cake a foot thick stands on end against the RR bridge— I do not quite like to see so much bare ground in mid winter— The rad. leaves of the shepherd's purse seen in green circles on the water-washed plowed grounds—remind me of the internal heat & life of the globe—anon to burst forth anew—

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"the" possibly altered from "to"

such as were close to the shore where he could  
get them—for he had no dog—the water  
being too cold he said. I saw one poor

reddined with its blood

rat lying on the edge of the ice <sup>^</sup> ~~4-0x~~ half  
a dozen rods from the shore—which he  
had shot but was unwilling to wade for.

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

Jan 24<sup>th</sup> '55

I am W<sup>m</sup> Wood's N. E.'s Prospect—  
He left NE. Aug 15<sup>th</sup> 1633—and the last Eng. Edition  
referred to in this Am. one of 1764 is that of Lond. 1639.

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

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)

as gooseberries–raspberries<sup>1</sup>–& also especially  
currants–which last so many old writers  
speak of but so few moderns find wild.

We can perhaps imagine how the primitive  
wood looked from the samples still left  
in Maine– He says "The timber of the country  
grows straight, & tall, some trees being  
20, some 30 foot high before they spread  
forth their branches; generally the trees  
be not very thick, tho' there be many  
that will serve for mill-posts, some  
being 3 foot & a half over." One  
would judge from accounts that the  
woods were clearer than the primitive wood

on ac. of Ind. fires

that is left<sup>2</sup> for he says you might  
ride a hunting in most places– "There is  
no underwood saving in swamps" which  
the Ind. fires did not burn. v. Ind. book.  
"Here no doubt might be good done with  
saw mills; for I have seen of these

[he is speaking of pines] particularly]

stately high grown trees, ^ ten miles together

[prob. Charles R.]

close by the river ^ side,"– He says at first  
"fir & pine" as if the fir once grew in this  
part of the state abundantly as now in  
Maine & farther west. Of the oaks he says  
"These trees afford much<sup>3</sup> mast for

<sup>19</sup> hogs, especially every third year,"– Does not  
this imply many more of them than now–

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "speak of" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>Caret written below dash

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through this and the following lines (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>"19" refers to the page number in the source

"The hornbound tree is a tough kind of wood,  
that requires so much pains in riving as <sup>20</sup><sup>1</sup>  
is almost incredible, being the best to make  
bowls & dishes, not being subject to crack or  
leak." & speaks, both in prose & verse, of the  
vines being particularly inclined to run over this tree.

If this is the true hornbeam it was probably  
larger then—but I am inclined to think it the  
tupelo—& that it was both larger & more abundant

for he says it<sup>2</sup> was good for bowls & it has been so used since  
than commonly now. ^ Of the plums of the  
country he says "they be black & yellow, about  
the bigness of damsons, of a reasonable  
good taste." Yet Emerson has not found  
the Yellow plum i.e. Canada—growing wild  
in Mass.

Of quadrupeds no longer found in Concord he—

"which some affirm that they have seen"

names—the Lion—that Cape Ann Lion ^—which  
may have been a cougar for he adds—"Plimouth  
men have traded for lions skins in former times".—

Bear, Moose—Deer—Porcupines—"The grim fac'd

a verse<sup>3</sup>

Ounce<sup>4</sup>,<sup>4</sup>—& rav'nous howling wolf," & Beaver. Martens.

"For bears they be common, being a black  
kind of bear, which be most fierce in strawberry  
time, at which time they have young ones; at which  
time likewise they will go upright like a man,  
& climb trees, & swim to the islands;" &c v Ind. book.  
In the winter they lie in "the clifts of rocks & thick

The wolves hunt these in packs & "tear ~~one~~ as him as a  
swamps"— dog will tear a kid."

<sup>1</sup>"20" refers to the page number in the source

<sup>2</sup>"it" possibly altered from "its"

<sup>3</sup>This quote appears in verse form in the source

<sup>4</sup>"O" written over "o"

–"they never prey upon the English cattle,  
or offer to assault the person of any man,"  
unless shot. Their meat "esteemed— — —above venison."

For moose & deer see Ind. book.

Complains of the wolf as the great devourer of  
Bear–Moose–& deer—which kept them from  
multiplying more. "Of these deer; [i.e the small]  
there be a great many, & more in the Massachu-  
setts-Bay, than in any other place," – "Some have  
killed 16 deer in a day upon this island," so called because the deer swam thither  
to avoid the wolves.

For Porcupine & Raccoon v. Ind Book–

Grey squirrels were evidently more numerous than now–  
or wild cat

I do not know whether his Ounce ^ is the

He calls it wild cat–& does not describe the little wild cat.

Canada lynx (or wolverene??)– ^ v Ind Book.

prob. this.

Says they are accounted "very good meat. Their skins  
be a very deep kind of fur, spotted white &

Aud & Bach. make the Lynx rufus black & white beneath.

black on the belly." ^ For wolf v. Ind. Books

He says "These be killed daily in some places or other,  
– – – – – Yet is there little hope of their utter de-  
struction,–" "travelling in the swamps by kennels".

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

– – – – –

Eagles are probably less common–Pigeons

v. Ind. B.

price "4 pence"

good cock "4 shillings"

of course–^ heath cocks all gone–^ & Turkeys ^– Prob more owls  
of humilities he "killed 12 score at 2 shots."

then–& cormorants &c &c seafowl generally ^–& Swans.

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

& then for turkeys tracking them in winter–or  
shooting them on their roosts at night.

Of the Crane "almost as tall as a man"

possibly the Whooping? C. or else the Sand-hill?

prob blue heron ^—he says "I have seen many of these fowls, yet did I never see one that was fat, though very sleeky;" neither did I. "There be likewise many swans, which frequent the fresh ponds & rivers, seldom consorting themselves with ducks & geese; these be very good meat, the price of one is 6 shillings".

Think of that. They had not only

brant & common grey wild geese—but

"a white goose"—prob the Snow-Goose

"sometimes there will be 2 or 3000 in a flock"—

continue 6 weeks after Michaelmas & return

again N in March. Peabody says of the Snow

Goose "They are occasionally seen in Mass. Bay".

Sturgeon were taken at Cape Cod & in the Merrimack especially "pickled & brought to England"

↘↘ some of these be 12, 14 & 18 feet long:"

An abundance of Salmon shad & bass

"The stately bass, old Neptune's fleeting post,

That tides it out & in from sea to coast;"

"One of the best fish in the country," taken "sometimes

"Some 4 foot long"—left on the sand behind 2 or 3000 at a set," the seine. Sometimes used for manure.

"Alewives— — — —in the latter end of April come up to the fresh rivers to spawn, in such multitudes as is almost incredible, pressing up in such shallow waters as will scarce permit them

to swim, having likewise such longing desire after the fresh water ponds, that no beatings with poles, or forcive agitations by other devices, will cause them to return to the sea, till they have cast their spawn."

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

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

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

These obstructed the

& of another—in the ~~mystie~~ Mistick. navigation of both rivers.  
v. Book of facts.

Pm. to Walden & Andromeda Ponds.

The river is remarkably high for this season.

Meeks the carpenter said that he could not get home to night if he could not find

Rhodes with whom he road into town—for the water was more than a foot deep over half the causeway—this was at 8 Pm—

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

prob. because it being spread over the meadows

there is not so much current there now.

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



very handsome. I saw a

meadow full of lambkill turned reddish—  
the other day which looked quite handsome  
with the sun on it. Those Andromeda  
ponds are very attractive spots to me

They are filled with a dense bed of the  
small andromeda—a dull red mass

brighter—or translucent red looking toward the sun, greyish looking from it  
as commonly seen ^ ~~about~~ 2 feet or more  
high—as thick as a moss bed—spring-  
ing out of a still denser bed of sphag-  
num beneath— Above the general level  
rise in clumps here & there the pani-

with its ~~fruit~~ brown clustered fruit  
cled andromeda ^ & the high blueberry—  
But I observe that the Andromeda  
does not quite fill the pond—but  
there is an open wet place with coarse  
grass,—swamp loosestrife & some button bush—  
about a rod wide surrounding the whole.

Those little hummocks or paps of

sphagnum—out of which the androme-  
 da springs—as bouquets are tied up in  
 the same to keep them fresh—   
 are very beautiful— Now where the frost  
 has touched them they are hoary protuberances  
 perhaps inclining to ridges—now frozen firmly now  
 ^—green beneath & within—general aspect ^ perhaps  
 the green only driven in a little deeper spotted  
 pale withered brownish ^—with more or less bright  
 reddish stars—where drier frequently beautiful  
 crimson stars amid the hoary portions—a  
 beautiful soft bed—of a myriad swelling bosoms  
 out of which the andromeda springs. I got  
 the chinks in  
 a load once to shift into ^ a well I was ~~building~~  
 to keep the sand out it being covered it died &  
 —^ but ^ I believe I only filled the water with moats  
 & worms ever after— A beautiful—pale  
 brown & hoary—red & crimson—ground  
 of swelling bossoms— Dr Harris spoke of  
 this andromeda as a rare plant in  
 Cambridge— There was one pond hole wher{e}  
 he had found it but he believed they had  
 destroyed it now getting out the mud.  
 What can be expected of a town where  
 this is a rare plant? Here is nature's  
 {—} parlor—here you can talk with her  
 if you can speak it—if you have anything to say  
 in the lingua vernacula— —^ her ^\little  
 back sitting room—her with-drawing—  
 her keeping room.  
 I was surprised to find the ice in the

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

//

another in same state has an oak ball on it!

Saw a young ap. red oak ^ [it did not taste bitter.] 10 feet high the ends of whose twigs looked at first sight as if they had been twisted off, by some hungry browsing bird, leaving the fibres streaming— These I found were the strong woody fibres of last years leaf stalk—standing  
 white  
 out ^ in some cases 2 inches in all directions—from the ends of the twigs—in others rolled together like strong twine—& commonly this twine of dif. leaf stalks with the flapping of the leaves twisted together—Sometimes 4 or 5 leaf stalk fibers as—with wonderful regularity as if

braided—like braided horsetails. On other oaks the leaves still remained with their leaf-stalks thus reduced to fibers & twisted together. It was wonderful how they could have become so wonderfully knotted or braided together— but Nature<sup>1</sup> had made up in assiduity for want of skill. In one instance 4 leaf stalks reduced to fine white fibres & rolled & twisted into strong twine, had afterwards been closely braided together for 1/2 an inch in length—& in the course of it tied twice round the twig. I think it must be

that these leaves—died [perhaps in the <sup>great</sup> ^ drought of last year] while ~~still~~ their fibres were still strongly united with their twigs—& so preserving their flexibility without losing their connexion & so the wind flapping the leaves ~~has twisted~~ which hang short down  has twisted them

together—and commonly worn out the leaves entirely—without loosening or breaking the

Here is self registered the flutterings of a leaf in this twisted, knotted, & braided twine. tough leaf stalk. So fickle & unpredictable, not to say insignificant a motion does yet get permanently recorded in some sort. Not a leaf flutters—summer or winter,

Old Wood in his NE's Prospect—says

but its variation & dip & intensity are ——<sup>2</sup> registered in The Book.

Englishmanlike—"It is thought there can be no better water in the world, yet dare I not prefer it before good beer, as some have done, but any man will chose it before bad beer, whey, or butter-milk. Those that drink it be as

---

<sup>1</sup>"Nature" altered from "nature"

<sup>2</sup>T drew a line to link "are" and "registered": he had written "registered" some distance away from "are" because the space was partially occupied by the open double quotation mark on the next line

healthful, fresh, & lusty, as they that drink beer."

Jan 25<sup>th</sup> 55

Pm. To Andromeda Ponds

This morning was a perfect Hunters morn—for it snowed about 3/4 of an inch  
 Is not good skating a sign of snow?  
 last even—covering land and ice ^— In the swamps however where there was water ~~one~~ oozed out over the ~~old~~ ice, there is no snow but frozen slosh today—i.e a rotten roughish dull white ice. It is a rare day for winter—clear & bright yet warm—

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

I see mice tracks in the fields & meadows like this  4 together rabbit like 4 or 5 inches apart  & 1 1/4 broad—are they the same with the  I think so. I see rabbit tracks pretty large maybe white ones  2 feet apart— I suspect that in each

Yes  
 case they are coming down the page. ^  
 toes

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

partridge track looks like this 

I see the tracks ap. of many hunters that hastened out this morning.

I have come with basket & hatchet  
to get a specimen of the rose-colored ice.  
It is covered with snow— I push it away  
with my hands & feet— At first I  
detet no rose tint & suspect it may  
have disappeared faded or bleached  
out—or it was a dream— But the  
surrounding<sup>1</sup> snow & the little body  
of the ice I had laid bare—was what  
hindered— At length I detect a faint

young

tinge—I cut down a ^ white oak &  
sweep bare a larger space— I then  
cut out a cake. The redness is  
all about an inch below the surface—

for 1/2 an inch vertically

—the little bubbles in the ice there ^ being  
interruptedly

coated ^ within—or without with what looks  
like a minute red dust when seen through  
a microscope—as if it had dried on—

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

It has no beauty nor brightness thus  
seen more than brick dust. And  
this it is which gave the ice so  
delicate a tinge—seen through that  
inch of clear white ice. What is it?  
Can it be blood?

I find an abundance<sup>2</sup> of the seeds of sweet  
gale frozen in in windrows on the ice of  
the R. meadows as I return—which were washed  
out by the freshet— I color my fingers

---

<sup>1</sup>"surrounding" written over "surrounded"

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through end of page (need better copy)

with them. & thus they are planted<sup>1</sup> there—Some-  
 what perhaps in waving lines—as they wash up.  
 Returning over the fields—the shallow  
 pools made by the rain & thaw—whose  
 water has almost entirely settled away—and  
 the ice rests on the ground—where they are  
 bare of snow—now that the sun is about  
 1/4 of an hour high—looking East are quite  
 green. For a week or two the days  
 have been sensibly longer—& it is quite light  
 now when the 5 O'clock train comes in—

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

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

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through this and the following lines (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)

rays—thus

There are just

13 rays in each—

of the 3 I have!!!

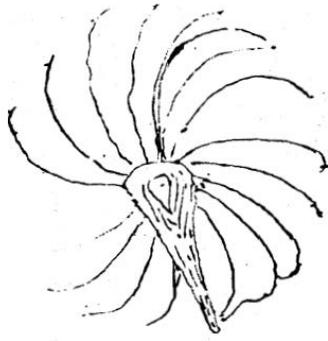
These vary in their

or the flatness of the cone—

So the Wht. P. cones in their length

a Larch cone has five rows

4 hemlock cones have 5 each like wht pine—but little



only far more regular

end of scale

on side of cone.

roundness I find just 5 such rays—(the no' of the needles in a fascicle) in each Wht.—pine cone I have, & each goes round once.

twisted

Jan 26—55 This morning

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

What a Proteus<sup>1</sup> is our weather— Let me try to remember its freaks— We had remarkably steady sleighing ~~frø~~ on a little snow some 6 inches deep from the 5<sup>th</sup> of December all through the month—& some way into Jan. It came damp & froze up solid—

Yet there was none in Boston the while. There was however a little rain near the end of December—& occasional slight flurries of snow.

Jan 6<sup>th</sup> After some comparatively pleasant days— there was a raw northerly wind & fine drifting or driving snow in the P. m. as I walked over the Great Meadows—forming shallow drifts on the ice—but it soon stopped.

Jan 7<sup>th</sup> I was surprised when I opened the door in the P. m. by the warm south wind—& sudden softening & melting of the snow— It was a Jan. thaw without rain—the manure beginning to wash off the ice in the streets. The winters back was broken & I dreamed of spring &c &c

<sup>1</sup>"P" written over "p"

- Jan 8<sup>th</sup> the same– The ice in roads washed bare–the  
brooks full of melted snow– But it is still  
clear weather & warm.
- Jan 9 A cloudy day–wet underfoot–threatening snow–dif.  
yet  
to get on to the river ^–water many rods wide each side over the ice  
& blustering
- Jan 10 Suddenly cold again. ^ All waters frozen up–  
go onto the swamps–keeping ears covered.
- Jan 11<sup>th</sup> Make haste to improve the skating in the Pm–though it  
is beginning to snow– –& the is soon covered 1/2 inch. Then it stops  
at night.
- Jan 12 After a nother slight spitting of snow in the fore noon, it  
clears up very pleasant & warm in the Pm & I walk by the  
brooks–looking for fish–hearing the crows caw in the horizon &  
thinking of spring.
- Jan 13 still warm– In roads both muddy–wet–& slippery  
where ice–thick & misty air threatening rain.
- Jan 14 Clear & cold– All things frozen again. excellent skating  
on Meadows. skated to Baker Farm.
- Jan 15 In the fore noon spit a little snow making shallow drifts  
on the ice–through which I skated in the Pm to Bedford.  
stopped snowing.
- Jan 16 snowed a little again. spoiling the skating.
- Jan 17 forget
- Jan 18 Rained hard all day–washed off the little snow left down  
to the ice– Staid in all day– Water over shoes in the  
mid. of the road– The gutters turned to mill brooks.  
Few go out.
- Jan 19 In the night rain turned to damp snow–which at  
first made slosh–then for most part prevailed over  
the water which ran off underneath–Stuck to the houses  
& trees & made a remarkable winter scene.  
A driving damp snow with a strong NW wind all  
day–lodging on the trees within the woods be-

- yond all-account- Walked in woods in midst of it  
to see the pines bent down & the white oaks &c & broken-  
Snow birds i.e. linarias in yard. Making drifts by walls.
- Jan 20 Still higher wind in night-(<sup>1</sup>snow over) shaking  
the snow from trees-Now almost bare-snow 7 or 8  
inches on level in woods-but almost all in drifts under the  
walls in fields. The sudden-frozen slosh ponds-  
partly run off-like spewed bread. Hardly bear yet.  
Not very cold. Go studying drifts. Fine clear weather.
- Jan 21<sup>st</sup> Becomes over cast at noon- A<sup>2</sup> fine snow spits  
then turns to fine-hail then rain glazing a little.
- Jan 22<sup>d</sup> Rained all night. Walking now worse than ever this  
year-mid-leg deep in gutters. Lakes in the street-River  
risen-a freshet-breaking up ice a foot thick-flows  
under dry causeway bridges a torrent-muskrats driven out by hundreds  
& shot-dark angry waves where was lately ice and snow-Earth  
washed bare-radical leaves appear & russet hills-still  
rains a little.  
Fair weather
- Jan 23 ^ Water still rising ove the Redbridge road-though  
thin  
suddenly fallen in many hollows in fields leaving ^ ice 2 feet  
above it around-& by clumps-  - Great work done  
by brooks last night by brooks- Have to go round 2 or 3 miles  
to find a dry causeway. not strong enough for skating.
- Jan 24 Not strong enough to skate on meadows went  
to Walden. At dark-snowed 3/4 inch & spoiled pros-  
pect of skating.
- Jan 25 Clear bright & mild-Water still higher than  
before-over the causeways
- Jan 26 -A fine snow falling-spoiling all prospect  
of skating on this broad ice- Is not good  
skating the surest sign of snow or foul weather?

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<sup>1</sup>Paren written over dash  
<sup>2</sup>"A" altered from "a"

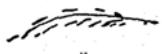
To Continue the 26<sup>th</sup>

Pm to Walden—

Something like—but less than that of the 19<sup>th</sup>

A thick driving snow—^ There is a strong easterly wind—  
 & the snow is very damp— In the deepest hollows  
 on the Brister-Hill path it has already lodged  
 handsomely— Suppose you descend into the deepest  
 circular one—far beneath the sweep of the  
 blustering wind—where the flakes at last drop  
 gently to their resting places— There is a level white  
 circular floor—indicating ice beneath—&  
 all around the white-pines under an accumu-  
 lating snowy burthen are hung with  
 drooping white wreathes or fans of snow  
 The snow on Pitch pines takes the forms

of large balls, on, <sup>great</sup> White pines often of ^ rolling-  
 pins— Already the trees are bending in all  
 directions into the paths & hollows as here—  
 The birches here are bowed inward<sup>1</sup>  
 to the open circle of the pond hole—their

tops ap. buried in the old snow 

Nothing can be prettier than the snow  
 on the leafless shrub oaks—the twigs  
 are so small & numerous—little  
 snowy arms crossing each other at  
 every imaginable angle—like a whirligig.

It is surprising what a burden of snow  
 already rests on little bare twigs hardly  
 bigger than a knitting needle—both as  
 they stand perpendicularly & horizontally.

---

<sup>1</sup>"inward" written over "into"



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

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

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"Master" altered from "master"

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

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

& you are stepping over them.

the snow. ^ The P— pines are most round

young

headed— —& the ^ White oaks are most leaved  
at top—& hence suffer most—

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

Methinks that after any great storm  
in winter whether of snow or rain—the equi-  
librium of the air is again disturbed & there

comes a high wind shaking down the snow  
& drying up the water.

Jan 27 '55

Yesterdays driving Easterly snow storm  
turned to sleet in the evening & then to  
rain—& this morning it is clear & pretty

the wind Westerly

cold ^—the snow settled to 3 or 4 inches on a level  
with a frozen crust & some water beneath in  
many places. It seems as if the sky could  
not bear to look down on smooth ice—&  
so made haste to cover it up.

One is educated to believe—& would rejoice  
if the rising generation should find no occa-  
sion to doubt that the state & the Church  
are on the side of morality—that the  
voice of the people is the voice of God.  
Harvard College was partly built by a  
lottery—my father tells me he bought  
a ticket in it—perhaps she thus laid  
the foundation of her Divinity school—  
Thus she teaches by example. New  
England is flooded with the  
"Official schemes of the Maryland State  
Lotteries" and in this that state is no  
less unprincipled than in her slave-holding  
Maryland and every fool who buys a  
ticket of her is bound straight to the

bottomless pit. The state of Maryland  
is a moral fungus. her offence  
is rank—it smells to heaven. Knowing  
that she is doing the devils work—  
& that her customers are ashamed to  
be known as such—she advertises—  
as in the case of private diseases—that  
"the strictest confidence will be observed."  
"Consolidated" Deviltry!

P. m. up meadow to Cliffs  
& Walden Road.

A cold cutting s.'Westerly wind. The crust  
bears where the snow is very shally—but  
lets you through to water in many places  
on the meadow. The river has not yet fallen  
much— The muskrats have added to their  
houses in some places. So they still use them.  
Started a hare among shrub oaks—it  
had been squatting in a slight hollow—  
rather concealed than sheltered. They al-  
ways look poverty stricken.

Some ice organ-pipes at the Cliffs. They  
appear to be formed of successive rings  
about 1/2 inch thick & diameters lessening

with more or less regularity sometimes the point split in two.

^ to the point:  ^Then the rocks are  
incased with ice under which water  
flows—thin sheets of rippling water

frozen as it flowed—& with the sun again ap. thawing beneath & giving room to a new sheet of water—for under the south side of the rocks it melts almost every day.

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"3/4" altered from "1/4"

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

    Their tracks are larger than you would  
expect—as large as those of a much heavier  
dog, I should think. What a  
life is theirs—venturing forth only  
at night—for their prey—ranging  
a great distance—trusting to pick up  
a sleeping partridge or a hare—  
& at home again before morning.  
With what relish they must relate  
their midnight adventures to one another  
there in their dens by day—if they have so-  
I had never associated that rock with a fox's<sup>1</sup> den though perhaps I had sat on  
it many a time  
ciety—<sup>^</sup> They are the only outlaws—the  
    There are more things in heaven & earth Horatio &c &c  
only Robinhoods<sup>2</sup> here now-a days.  
Do they not stand for Gipseys &  
all outlaws? Wild dogs, as Indians  
are wild men.  
People will tell you of the Cold winter  
~~when~~ clear bright days—when for  
6 weeks the eves did not run once.

---

<sup>1</sup>"fox's" possibly altered from "foxes"  
<sup>2</sup>"R" written over "r"

As I went through the woods toward  
 the RR—the sun setting—there were  
     small                      i.e. lilac tinted  
 many ^ violet colored ^ clouds scattered  
 along the otherwise clear Western horizon.

I often see the mincing tracks of a skunk.

I came upon the track of a woodchopper  
 who had gone to his work early this  
 morning across Fair Haven Pond.

It suggested his hard work—& little  
 pecuniary gain—but simple life & health  
 & contentment— As I took the back  
 track on his trail—comparing his

& stride

foot ^ with mine—I was startled to  
 detect a slight aberration, as it

or

were sliding in his tread ^ as if he  
 had occasionally stopped ~~& taken~~  
~~a fresh~~ & made a fresh impress not  
 exactly coincident with the first.

In short I discovered ere long that

perchance they were 2 thieves trying to pass for one, thought

he had had a companion ^—~~who~~

I, but the truth was the 2<sup>nd</sup>

^ to save his strength in this long walk  
 to his work through the crusty snow  
 had stepped with more or less precision  
 in the tracks of his predecessor— The  
 snow was 3 or 4 inches deep— I afterwards  
 used the track of a horse in like manner  
 to my advantage—So that my successor  
 might have thought that a sleigh had

man

gone along drawn by a horse<sup>1</sup>.

Jan 28<sup>th</sup> 55 Sunday

Grew warmer toward night & snowed  
But this soon turned to heavy rain in<sup>2</sup>  
the night—which washed all the snow off  
the ice—leaving only bare ground & ice the  
country over—by next morn.

Jan 29<sup>th</sup>

Not cold—Sun comes out at noon.

Jan 30

Clear & not cold & now fine skating—the  
river rising again to the height it had  
// attained the 24<sup>th</sup> ult which (with this) I  
think remarkable for this season. It  
(it had fall only 18 inches since then)  
is now about 1 ~~inch~~ lower than on the 24<sup>th</sup> ^ but  
foot

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

Minott to day enumerates—the  
red—gray—black—& what he calls the  
Sampson fox— He says "its a sort of yaller  
fox—but their pelts aint good for  
much." He never saw<sup>3</sup> one but the

---

<sup>1</sup>"horse" cancelled in pencil

<sup>2</sup>"in" written over "&"

<sup>3</sup>"saw" written over "say"

hunters have told him of them. He never saw  
 a grey nor a black one. Told how Jake  
 Lakin lost a dog—a very valuable one—by a  
 fox leading him onto the ice on the Great Meadows  
 & drowning him. Said the Raccoon made  
 a track ~~just~~ very much like a young child's foot.  
 He had often seen it in the mud of a ditch.

Jan 31<sup>st</sup> 55 Wednesday—

A clear cool beautiful day—Fine skating—  
 an unprecedented expanse of ice.

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

At 8. A. m. the river rising—the thin yellowish  
 ice of last night—next the shore—is as  
 usual much heaved up in ridges—as<sup>1</sup>  
 if beginning to double on itself—and here  
 & there at 9 o'clock—being cracked thus  
 in the lowest parts the water begins  
 to spurt up in some places in a stream



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

edging of

soon reestablished an ^ shallow yellowish

water

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"as" written over "&"

noon

By ~~night~~ though it was a pretty cool day—the water had generally burst through & overflowed the ice along<sup>1</sup> the shore<sup>2</sup> & once more stood at a level there.

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

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

The country thus almost completely bare of snow—only some ice in the roads & fields—& the frozen freshet at this remarkable height— I skated up as far as the boundary between Wayland<sup>3</sup>

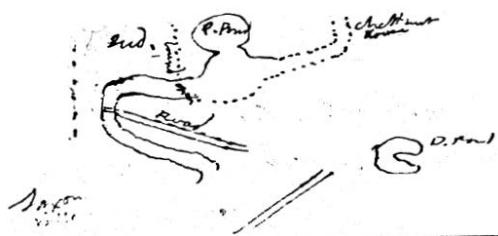
to a point which a woman called about 1 1/2 miles from Saxonville & Sudbury—just above Pelhams' Pond <sup>^</sup> about 12 miles—bet 10 Am & 1 —quite leisurely—. There I found the river open unexpectedly—is if there were a rapid there—& as I walked<sup>4</sup> up it some 3/4 of a mile it was still open before

<sup>1/2</sup> at least me—a <sup>^</sup> mile further <sup>^</sup> or probably to the falls.???

like this

All the open part

1 1/2 miles at last—was<sup>5</sup>



Somewhat

pretty closely

<sup>1</sup>"along" written over "at"

<sup>2</sup>The line starts from the right of the drawing and goes upward between "level" and "there"

<sup>3</sup>"W" written over "w"

<sup>4</sup>"ed" added to "walk"

<sup>5</sup>"was" possibly altered from "were"

hemmed in by highlands. I skated about 12

or 9 in all

mile & walked  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile further.

I skated past 3 bridges above Sherman's ^-& walked to the 4<sup>th</sup>. The next or 5<sup>th</sup> would prob be that  
in mid of Saxonville

It was all the way that I skated a chain

viz Causeway bridges-Mill village Bridge at Larned Brk-Pelham P. bridge-& that on road from Dudley P. to Southboro

of meadows-with the muskrat houses still

& Marlboro

commonly on

rising above the ice-~~over~~ the bank of

& marking it like smaller hay cocks amid the large ones still left.

the river ^ As I skated near the shore

under Lee's Cliff I saw what I took to

be some scraggs or knotty stubbs of a dead

limb lying on the bank beneath a

white oak-close by me- Yet while

I looked directly at them I could not but

admire their close resemblance to partridges.

I had come along with a rapid whirr

& suddenly halted right against them

-only 2 rods distant-and as my eyes

watered a little from skating against

the wind-I was not convinced that they

were birds till I had pulled out my

glass & deliberately examined them. They

sat & stood 3 of them perfectly still

with their heads erect-some darker feathers

like ears methinks-increasing their

resemblance to scraggs-as where a

small limb is broken off



. I was much surprised at the remarkable

stillness they preserved instinctively rely-

ing on the resemblance to the ground for

their protection—ie—withered grass—dry oak  
 leaves—dead scraggs & broken twigs. I thought  
 at first that it was a dead oak  
 limb with a few stub ends or scraggs  
 sticking up—and for some time after  
 I had noted the resemblance to birds standing  
 only 2 rods off I could not be sure  
 of their character on account of their  
 & their necks & every muscle tense with anxiety  
 perfect motionlessness ✕ & it was not  
 till I brought my glass to bear on them  
     steadily glaring on me  
 & saw their eyes ✕ distinctly ^ that I was  
 convinced. At length—on some sig-  
 nal which I did not perceive—they went  
     as if shot off  
 off with a whirr ^ over the bushes.  
 It was quite an adventure getting over  
 the bridgeways or causeways—for on  
 every shore there was either water or  
 thin ice which would not bear— Some-  
 times I managed to get on to the timbers  
 of a bridge—the end of a projecting "tie" (?)  
     Thus      over the bridges & the gulf of  
 and off the same way—straddling ^ ~~over~~  
     about them      onto              thick  
 the open water ^ ~~from~~ the edge of the ^ ice—  
 or else I swung myself onto the  
 cause ways by the willows—or crawled  
     catching at a tree which stood in the water  
 along a pole or rail—^ or got in.  
 At the bend above The Pantry there

was sort of canal or crack quite  
across the river & meadow—~~which~~ excepting

As I passed the mouth of Larned Brook—off Wayland ~~1-pu~~ {M.} H. I pulled out my glass

& saw that it was 12 1/2 o'clock

a slight bridge of ice— In each town

I found one or 2 trappers come forth

As a regular thing they turned out after dinner—buttoning up their

to shoot muskrats.<sup>-1</sup> All along the

greatcoats—

river their cabins had been torn to

pieces by them—& in one place I

men

saw 2 ^ sitting over the hole where they

had just demolished one—one with

a pistol ready pointed to the water

where he expected the rat to come up

—the other with a gun. In this 12 miles

of the river there would be 2 or 3 at least

pretty sure to turn out such a day—& take

to the ice for muskrats. I saw again

an abundance of sweet gale seed on the

ice—frozen in—near Pelham's Pond. This seed

is thus dispersed regularly on a large scale. It

lies as it was washed<sup>2</sup> along the edge of

an overflow  Beside a dilapidated

muskrat's house lay the wretched carcass

on the ice

of its former occupant—^ stripped of its

black, even without its skin, with veins of red.

hide ^ Returning I saw a large hawk

flapping & sailing low<sup>3</sup> over the meadow. //

There was some dark color to its wings.

You were often liable to be thrown<sup>4</sup> when

skating fast by the shallow puddles on the ice formed

in the mid of the day—& not easy to be distinguished. These

detained you feet while your unimpeded body fell forward

<sup>1</sup>Caret written below dash

<sup>2</sup>"washed" possibly altered from "washes"

<sup>3</sup>"low" written over "over"

<sup>4</sup>"thrown" possibly altered from another word

Feb 1<sup>st</sup> 55

As usual these broad fields of ice  
could not be left uncovered over the  
3<sup>d</sup> day— It began to spit a little snow  
at noon—just enough to show on the  
ice—the thickness of a blanket—  
though not on the ground—dissipated  
there both by the warmth & irregularity—

A 4 Pm—I find that the river

// rose last evening to within 8 1/2 inches  
of the rise of Ap 23<sup>d1</sup> '52—& then began  
to fall. It has now fallen about 4  
inches—Accordingly, the river falling all  
day,— No water has burst out through the  
ice next the shore—& it is now one  
uninterrupted level white blanket of  
snow quite to the shore on every side—  
This then is established—that the river falling  
4 inches during the day—though it has been  
as warm as yesterday, there has been no  
overflow along the shore. Ap the thin re-  
cent ice of the night which connects the  
main body with the shore bends & breaks  
especially in the morning  
with the rising of the mass ^ under the  
influence of the sun & wind—And the water  
establishes itself at a new level.

---

"23d" written over "24th"

As I skated up the river so swiftly  
 yesterday—I now here now there—past  
 the old kingdoms of my fancy—I was reminded  
 of Landor's Richard the First—"I sailed  
 along the realms of my family"; on the  
 right was England, on the left was

Nine Acre Corner—Lincoln—

France; [on the right was Sudbury, on  
 the left was Wayland;] little else could  
 I discover than sterile eminences & extensive  
 shoals. They fled behind me; so pass away  
 generations; so shift, and sink, and die away  
 affections." — — — "I debark in Sicily"

That was Tall's Island. "I sail again,  
 an hour or 2?

& within a day or two I behold, as the sun

That was Nobscot surely

is setting, the solitary majesty of Crete, "mother of  
 a religion, it is said, that lived 2000 years." ^ Onward &c

"Onward, and many specks bubble up  
 along the blue AEgean;" These must  
 have been the muskrat houses in the Great  
 Meadows. "Every one" — — — — — I have no doubt  
 being?

"the monument of a greater man than  
 I am"— The swelling river was  
 belching on a high key from ten to eleven—  
 Quite a musical cracking—running like  
 a chain lightning of sound athwart my  
 course—as if the river squeezed thus gave  
 its morning's milk with music— A certain  
 congealed milkiness<sup>1</sup> in the sound, like the

---

<sup>1</sup>"milkiness" altered from "milkyess" (bottom part of "y" stricken and i-dot added)



Brown is again filling his ice house—  
which he commenced to do some weeks ago.

I got another skate this P. m. in  
spite of the thin coating of snow— This then  
is the 4<sup>th</sup> day of this rare skating—though  
since yesterday noon the slight whitening of  
snow has hurt it somewhat—

The river at 4 Pm has fallen some 8 or 10  
inches— In some places there are thin flakes  
of ice standing on their edges within an  
inch or two of each other—Over more than  
1/4 of an acre—eithe ice blown into that  
position (—which in this case is not likely—since  
there is a great deal too much for that sur-  
face) or crystalized so while the water  
suddenly ran off below. There are large  
tracts of thin white ice, where the water  
ran off before it had time to freeze hard  
enough to bare.

This last 1/2 inch of snow which fell in the  
night is just enough to track animals on  
the ice by. All about the Hill & Rock  
I see the tracks of rabbits which have  
run back & forth close to the shore repeatedly  
since the night. In the case of the rabbit  
the fore-feet are further apart than the  
hind ones.—<sup>1</sup>the first say 4 or 5 inches to the  
outside—the last 2 or 3. They are generally

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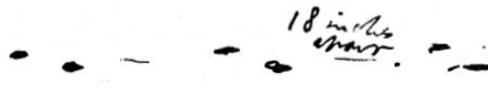
<sup>1</sup>dash written above period

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

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

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

 / Anothe track puzzled me  
as if a hare had been running like

a dog-  and touched  
its tail-if it had any-This in several places.

Snowed again 1/2 inch more in the eve-  
the moon still obscured  
ning-after which at 10 o'clock ^ I  
skated on the river & meadows-

The water falling, the ice on the meadow  
occasionally settles with a crack under  
our weight- It is pleasant to feel  
these swells & valleys occasioned  
by the subsidence of the water-in some  
cases pretty abrupt-also to hear

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

Feb 3<sup>d</sup>

This morning it is snowing again—as if  
 a squall. The snow has thus spit on the  
 ice 4 times since this last skating began

on Tuesday the 30<sup>th</sup>—viz—Thursday noon  
—Thursday eve—Friday eve—& now Sat. morn—  
This will deserve to be called the winter  
of Skating— The heavens thus spit  
on the ice as if they had a spite  
against it— I even suspect that  
the account of the matter may be—  
that when an atmosphere containing  
more moisture than usual is wafted  
over this brøa chain of broad ice-  
especially  
lakes (^ the rest of the country being bare  
of snow) its moisture is suddenly con-  
densed & frozen—and there is a  
spitting of snow. This last flurry  
lasted an hour or more—& then  
it grew colder & windy.

P. m.

Skating thro Snow—  
Skated up the river with T— n—  
in spite of the snow—& wind. It had  
cleared up but the snow was only  
a level strong 3/4 of an inch deep—  
(seemingly an inch) but for the  
most part blown into drifts

3 to 10 feet wide & much deeper  
 (with bare intervals) under a  
 strong N westerly wind. It was  
 a novel experience this skating  
 through snow—sometimes a mile  
 without a bare spot—this blus-  
 tering day. In many places a crack  
 ran across our course<sup>1</sup> where  
 the water had oozed out &  
 the driving snow catching in it had  
 formed a stiff thick batter with  
 a stiffish crust in which we were  
 tripped up—& measured our lengths  
 on the ice. The few thin places  
 were concealed & we avoided them  
 by our knowledge of the localities.

Though we some times saw the air bubbles of the mid channel through the thin

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

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"course" possibly altered from "coarse"

from its undersides 5 or 6 inches deep—or double that of the ice—looking like  
15 or 18 inches above the general level.

lace work on the side—& showing all kinds of angular geom. figures  
Sometimes we had to face a head wind

when you look down on it turned bottom up— ~~AAA~~ as if  
& driving—or blowing snow which concealed  
the water had sunk away faster than it could freeze solidly—  
the prospect a few—rods a head—& we

I think that in my ice-flakes of the 2<sup>nd</sup> ult the thin crust  
made a tedious progress— We<sup>1</sup>

of the horizontal ice was blown off & had left these exposed.

went up the Pantry Meadow above  
the old W<sup>m</sup> Wheeler House—& came  
down this meadow again with the  
wind & snow dust—spreading our  
coat tails—like birds—though  
somewhat at the risk of our necks  
if we had struck a foul place. I  
found that I could sail on a

trimming with my skirts

tack pretty well ^ . Sometimes we had

which the snow had concealed before

to jump suddenly over some obstacle ^ to  
save our necks— It was worth the  
while for one to look back against  
the sun and wind & see the other  
60 rods off coming—floating  
down like a graceful demon  
in the midst of the broad meadow  
all covered & lit with the curling

between which you saw the ice in dark waving streaks

snow-steam ^ like a ~~bra~~ mighty

river Orellana

^ braided of a myriad steaming  
currents—Like the demon of  
the storm driving his flocks &

---

<sup>1</sup>"We" altered from "we"

before him  
 herds ^– In the midst of this tide  
 of curling snow steam—he sweeps  
 & surges this way & that & comes  
 on like the spirit of the whirlwind.

At Lees' Cliff we made a fire—  
 kindling with white pine<sup>1</sup> cones, after  
 & twigs,

oak leaves—^ else we had lost it. &

These saved us, for there is a resinous drop at the point of each scale.

there we forgot that we were out  
 doors in a blustering winter day—

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



some what like the shallow snow drifts.

Looking toward the sun & wind you  
 saw a broad river half a mile or more  
 in width its whole surface lit & alive

in form

with flowing streams of snow ^ like the

along

stream which curls ~~up from~~ a river's surface  
~~in the snow~~ at sunrise—& in midst  
 of this moving world sailed down  
 the skater majestically—as if on the surface  
 of water while the stream curled as high  
 as his knees—

Several

~~Many~~ broad bays open on to this

---

<sup>1</sup>"pine" altered from "pines" ("c" of "cones" written over "s" of "pines" to cancel it)

some of them like the Pantry &

more

Larned Brook 2 or 3 miles deep.

You scarcely see a bird such a  
day as this

Flash go your dry leaves like powder—  
& leave a few bare & smoking twigs— Then  
you sedulously feed a little flame—until

takes hold of the solid wood & What an uncertain & negative  
the fire ^ establishes itself— ^ ~~How uncertain~~

thing

^ when it finds ~~its~~ nothing to suit its appe-

what a positive &

tite after the first flash—^ ~~how in-~~

thing

expugnable ^ when it begins to devour  
the solid wood with a relish ~~eating~~ burn-

ing with its own wind. You must study

as long at last how to put it out, as

you did how to kindle it.— Close

up under some upright rock—when<sup>1</sup>

you scorch the yellow sulphur lichens.

Then cast on some creeping juniper

or hemlock boughs

wreathes ^ to hear them crackle—realizing  
scripture.

Some little boys 10 years old are as hand-  
some skaters as I know— They sweep along

with a graceful floating motion leaning

now to this side then to that—(like a

marsh-hawk beating the bush.)

I get my impulse in skating not by striking  
out much & shoving—& a certain forward im-

pluse or snapping of the body like a whip-lash.

---

<sup>1</sup>poss. "where"

I still recur in my mind to that  
skate of the 31<sup>st</sup>— I was thus enabled  
to get a bird's eye view of the river to  
survey its length & breadth within a few—  
hours—connect one part on the shore  
with another in my mind & realize what

from end to end

was going on upon it—^ to know the  
whole as I ordinarily knew a few miles  
of it only— I connected the Chestnut  
tree house—near the shore in Wayland

There is good skating from the mouth to Saxonville—measuring in a straight  
Atkinsons?

with the Chimney House in Billerica—

line some 22 miles—by the river say 30 now Concord midway.

Nutting's

Pelham's Pond—with ^ the Pond in Billerica.

It is all the way of one character—a  
meadow river—or dead water stream— Musket-  
-icook—the abode of muskrats—pickerel  
&c—Crossed within these dozen miles

30

each way—or 25 in all—by some 20  
~~bridges~~ low wooden bridges—sublicii pontes  
connected with the main land by willowy  
causeways. Thus the long shallow lakes  
divided into reaches. These long causeways  
all under water & ice now only the bridges

from time to time

peeping out ^ like a dry eyelid— You must  
look close to find them in many cases.

—mere islands are they to the traveller in the  
waste of water & ice. Only 2 villages  
lying near the river—Concord & Wayland  
& one at each end of this 30 miles.

Haycocks commonly stand only in the Sudbury meadow— You must beware when you cross the deep dark channel—  
~~distinguish~~ between the sunken willow rows  
where the current is seen eating its way thro'  
distinguishing it from the meadowy sea<sup>1</sup>else  
you may be in over head before you know  
used

it. I ~~made~~ some bits of wood with a groove in them for crossing the causeways & gravelly places—that I need not scratch my skate-irons. Minott says that the White rabbit does not make a hole—(sits under a bunch of

v n p b 1

dry ferns & the like—^ ) but that the grey one does— They and the fox love to come out & lie in the sun.

Feb 4<sup>th</sup>—

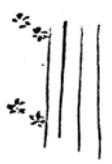
Clear & Cold—& windy—much colder than for some time

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

---

<sup>1</sup>Line crossing dash is positioning line, not cancellation line

was on one side of its foot tracks—thus



and there was about 9 inches bet  
the fore & hind feet. Close by  
the Great Aspen I saw where  
it had entered or come out of

the water under a shelf of ice left adhering  
to a maple— There it apparently played  
& slid on the level ice making a broad  
trail as if a shovel had been shoved along

foot

just 7 8 inches wide without a ^ track  
in it for 4 feet or more. And again

was

the trail ~~appeared~~ only 2 inches wide—& bet-  
ween the foot tracks—which were side by side  
& 22 inches apart  It

had left much dung on the ice soft yellow  
bowel like—like a gum that has been chewed  
in consistency. About the edge of the hole  
where the snow was all rubbed off was  
something white which looked & smelt exactly like

Minot tells of one shot once while eating an eel.

bits of the skin of pouts or eels.

Vance saw one this winter in this town by a brook eating a fish.

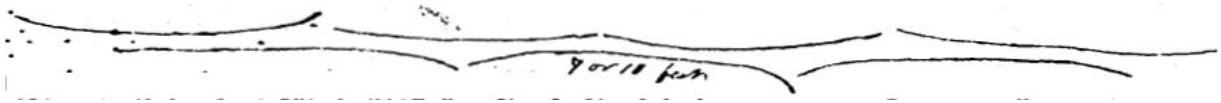
The water has now fallen nearly 2 feet  
& those ice shelves I noticed yesterday—when  
you go into a swamp and all along the  
shore amid the alders birches & maples  
look just like ample pic-nic tables ready

else

set 2 feet high—with often a leaf down or ^ a  
table cloth hanging. Just like camp tables—

around the tent poles—now covered with  
snowy napkins.

I notice my old skate tracks like this



It is better skating today than yesterday—this is the 6<sup>th</sup> day of some kind of skating.

Feb 5<sup>th</sup> 55

Cold weather—no sleighing—mere whitening.

It was quite cold last evening—& I saw the

scuttle window reflecting the lamp from a

when I went up to bed—<sup>it sparkled</sup> as if<sup>1</sup> we lived inside of a cave—  
myriad brilliant points—<sup>^</sup> but this morning  
it has moderated considerably & is snowing.

Already 1 inch of snow has fallen.

NB Ac. to Webster in Welsh A hare is "furze or gorse-cat"  
v. skate. That is the meaning of the W. name.

Also "Chuk, A word used in calling swine. It is the original name of that animal, which our ancestors brought with them from Persia, where it is still in use. Pers. chuk" &c —"Sans. sugara. Our ancestors while in England adopted the Welsh hwc, hog; but<sup>2</sup> chuck is retained in our popular name of wood chuck, that is, wood hog."

In a journal it is important in a few words to describe the weather or character of the day as it affects our feelings. That which was so important at the time—cannot be unimportant to remember.

Day before yesterday the fine snow blowing over the meadow in parrallel streams between which the darker ice was seen

---

<sup>1</sup>"if" inserted

<sup>2</sup>"but" possibly underlined

looked just like the steam curling along

In the midst of this mid leg deep at least you surged  
along

the surface of a ~~mea~~ river. ^ It was surprising  
how in the midst of all this stationary  
& drifting snow the skate found a  
smooth & level surface ~~of~~ over which  
it glided so securely—with a muffled  
rumble— The ice for the last week  
has reached quite up into the village—  
so that you could get onto it just in  
the rear of the Bank & set sail on skates  
for any part of the Concord River valley.

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

Feb 6<sup>th</sup>

The coldest morning this winter—our thermome-  
ter stands at 14°— at 6 Am stood at 18°—  
at Gorham N.H. 30°—  
loiterers in the street. & the wheels of wood wagons  
squeak as they have not for a long time ^ actually shriek  
Frost work—keeps its place on the window within 3 feet  
of the ~~snow~~.<sup>1</sup> A 4 Pm the thermometer is at  
10°— at 6 it is at 14°—  
stove all day in my chamber—

//

---

<sup>1</sup>"snow" cancelled in pencil

I was walking at 5 & found it stinging  
 cold—It stung the face— When<sup>1</sup> I look  
 out at the chimneys I see that  
 the cold & hungry air snaps up the  
 smoke at once— The smoke is<sup>2</sup> clear  
 & light colored & does not get far into  
   {as-at-whole} condensed  
 the air before it is dissipated ^ (.)The setting  
 sun no sooner leaves our west windows  
 than a solid but beautiful crystalliza-  
   except perhaps a triangularish bare spot at one corner  
 tion coats them.   which perhaps the sun has warmed & dried.  
 (I believe the saying is that by the 1<sup>st</sup>  
   & grain for a horse  
 of February the ~~wood~~ & meal ^ are half  
 out.) A solid sparkling field in  
 the midst of each pane—with broad flowing  
 sheaves surrounding it. It has been  
   as well as  
 a very mild ^ &<sup>3</sup> open winter up to this. At  
 9 o'clock P. m. thermometer at 16°—  
 They say it did not rise above 6°— today—  
   Feb 7<sup>th</sup>  
 The Coldest night for a long long time  
 was last— Sheets froze stiff about the faces.  
   Cat mewed to have the door opened—but was at first disinclined to go out.  
 When she<sup>4</sup> ~~eat~~ came in at 9—she smelt of  
   We all took her up & smelled of her it was so fragrant  
 meadow hay ^—had cuddled in some  
   People dreaded to go to bed.  
 barn ^ . The ground cracked in the night  
 as if a powder mill had blown up &  
 the timbers of the house also— My pail  
 of water was frozen in the morning so

---

<sup>1</sup>"When" altered from "I"

<sup>2</sup>"is" written over "&"

<sup>3</sup>"&" cancelled by large caret written over it

<sup>4</sup>"she" written over "the"

Must leave many buttons unbuttoned—owing to numb fingers  
     iron was like fire in the hands  
 that I could not break it—<sup>^</sup> Thermometer  
 at about 7 1/2 Am gone into the bulb—19°—  
     The cold has stopped the clock    in the street  
 at least—<sup>^</sup> Every bearded man <sup>^</sup> is a gray-beard  
 Bread—meat—milk—cheese &c &c  
 See the inside of your cellar door all covered & sparkling with frost like Golconda  
 all frozen—<sup>^</sup> Pity the poor who have not  
 a large woodpile. The latches are white with  
     & every nail-head in entries &c has a white cap  
 frost. <sup>^</sup> The chopper hesitates to go to the woods.  
 Yet I see S. Wetherbee stumping past 3/4 of a  
 mile for his morning's dram— Neighbor Smiths  
 thermometer stood at 26°— early this morning—  
     But this day is at length more moderate  
 than yesterday.

R Rice says that alewives used to go  
     that you may go up Larned Brk & so into the Pond by a ditch  
 into Pelham Pond—<sup>^</sup> His Brother James  
 skated from Sudbury to Billerica & by  
 canal to Charleston & back. He used  
 to see where the Otter had slid at  
 Ware (Weir?) Hill, a rod down the  
     a thousand  
 steep bank—as if many hundred times—  
     it was so smooth  
 After a thick snow had been falling  
 in the river & formed a slosch on the surface  
 he could tell whether otter had been at work  
 —by the holes in this slosch or snowy water where  
 they had put up their heads while fishing  
 — The surface would be all dotted with  
 them. He had known musquash to make  
 a canal & keep the water from

foot

freezing a ~~rod~~ wide. Thinks otter make  
their track by drawing themselves along  
by the fore feet obliterating the track

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

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

2 frog hawks (white rump—& slaty wings—rather  
small hawk) have their nest regularly at his  
place in Sudbury— He once saw one the male  
he thinks—come along from the meadow with

& over

a frog in his claws. As he flew up toward ^ the  
wood where the other was setting—he uttered  
a peculiar cry & the other darting out  
he let the frog drop 2 or 3 rods through  
the air which the other caught—.

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

Showed me a bunching up of the twigs  
of a ~~large~~ larch from his swamp—perfectly  
thick 2 feet in diameter—40 feet up  
a tree. This principle extends ap. to all  
the evergreens. You could not begin to see  
through this though all the leaves of course

are off. Though<sup>1</sup> the cold has been moderate  
today compared with yesterday—it has got  
more into the houses & barns & the farmers

ie yesterday the 6<sup>th</sup>

complain more of it while attending to their

This ^ will be remembered as the cold Tuesday. The old folks still refer to  
cattle. the cold Friday—when they sat before great fires of wood 4 ft long  
with a fence of blankets behind them & water froze on the mantel piece.

Feb 8<sup>th</sup>

But they say this is<sup>2</sup> as cold as that was.

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

Feb 9<sup>th</sup>

Snowed harder in the night & blowed  
considerably. It is somewhat drifted  
this morning. A very fine & dry snow  
about a foot deep on a level.  
It stands on the top of our pump  
about 10 inches deep almost a perfect  
hemisphere or half of an ellipse 

It snows finely all day—making about  
2<sup>ce</sup> as much as we have had on the //  
ground before this winter. Tree sparrows //  
2 or 3 only at once come into the  
yard—the first I have distinguished this  
winter. I notice that the snow drifts  
on the windows—as you see the  
light through them are stratified—showing  
undulating equidistant strata—ap.

---

<sup>1</sup>In "Though" a single stroke is written for the downstroke for "t" and "h"  
<sup>2</sup>"is" written over "was"

parently as more or less dense—(may be  
more or less coarse & damp.) Alternately  
darker & lighter strata. I was sure  
this storm would bring snow birds  
into the yard that I went to the window

early at 10

^ to look for them & there they were. Also  
a downy woodpecker—(perhaps a hairy)  
flitted high across the street to an elm  
in front of the house & commenced ~~eat~~

his head going like a hammer

assiduously tapping. ^ The snow is so light  
& dry that it rises like spray or foam  
before the legs of the horses. They  
dash it before them upward like water.

It is a ~~ple~~ handsome sight—a span  
of horses at a little distance dashing

especially coming toward you

thro' it—^ it falls like ~~sud~~ suds

around their legs.  Who do birds come  
in to the yards  in storms almost alone?  
Are they driven out of the fields & woods  
for their subsistence—or is it that all  
places are wild to them in the storm?

It is very dark in cellars the windows being covered with snow—

Pm Up river to Hub's  
swamp & wood.

The river & meadow  
are concealed under a foot of snow—

It would be dangerous for a stranger to travel across the country now  
I cannot tell when I am on it. ^ The  
snow is so dry that though I go

through drifts up to my middle—it falls off at once & does not adhere to & damp my clothes at all. All over this swamp I find that the ice upheld by the trees & shrubs—stands some 2 feet above the ground—the water having entirely run out beneath, & as I go along the path not seeing any ice in snow a foot deep, it suddenly sinks with a crash for a rod around me—snow and all—and stooping I look ~~under this level~~ through a dry cellar from 1 to 2 feet deep—in some places pretty dark—extending ove the greater part of the swamp—with a perfectly level ceiling composed of ice 1 to 2 inches thick surmounted by a foot of snow—& from the under side of the ice there depends from 4 to 6 inches a dense mass of crystals—So that it is a most sparkling grotto. You could have crawled round under the ice & snow all over the swamp —quite dry—& I saw where the rabbits &c had entered there. In another swamp where the trees were larger & further apart—only about 1 half the ice

was held up in this manner—in tables  
from a few feet to a rod in diameter—  
so that it was very difficult walking—

I should think this ice by its strain & fall would injure the young trees & bushes

In the first place—as I was walking

many are barked by it.— And so it melts & wastes away tumbling down from time to time  
along the path—the first I knew

with a crash—

down went the whole body of the snow  
for a rod ~~about me~~, & I saw into a  
dark cavern yawing about me.

Those crystals were very handsome—and  
tinkled when touched, like bits of tin.

The snow is so dry that but little lodges on the trees.

I saw a similar phenomenon Feb 4<sup>th</sup> on a smaller  
scale— I saw very few tracks<sup>1</sup> today—

It must be very hard for our small wild  
animals to get along while the snow is  
so light— Not only the legs but the whole

of some—a ~~sun~~ skunk e.g. I think,

body ^ sinks in it & leaves its trail— They  
must drag themselves bodily through it.

// Saw F. linarias.

Elsewhere we hear the snow has been  
much deeper than here

Feb 10<sup>th</sup> Pm to Walden—

A fine clear day— There is a glare  
of light from the fresh unstained  
surface of the snow so that it pains  
the eyes to travel toward the sun.

I go across Walden. My shadow is  
very blue— It is especially blue when

---

<sup>1</sup>"tracks" altered from "trails"

there is a bright sun light on pure  
white snow– It suggests that there  
may be something divine–something  
celestial in me.

wild

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

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

☞ –reflecting a blue color ^–like blue-  
tinted shells

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

It would be a pity to have these weeds burned in the fall

tract these winter visitors ^ . Of the ~~larger~~ former  
commonly

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

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

Feb 11<sup>th</sup>

Pm to J. Dugan's via Tommy Wheeler's–  
The atmosphere is very blue tinging the  
distant pine-woods. The dog scared

up some partridges out of the soft  
snow under the apple-trees in the<sup>1</sup> Tommy  
Wheeler orchard.

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

Feb 12<sup>th</sup>

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

Pm to Walden

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

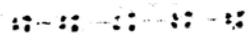
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<sup>1</sup>"the" altered from "The"

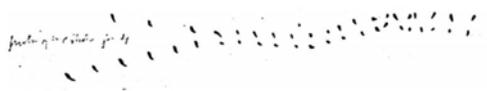
underneath—& I see in the fields here &  
 there a little hole in the crust where they  
 have come to the surface. In trillium woods  
 I see, as usual, where a squirrel has  
 scratched along from tree to tree. His  
 tracks cease at the foot of a pine  
 up which he has ascended within these  
 few hours—He may be concealed now  
 amid the thickest foliage. It is  
 very pleasant to stand now in a high  
 pine wood—where the sun shines in amid  
 the pines & hemlocks & maples—as in a warm  
 apartment. I see at Warren's Crossing  
 where ~~within~~ las night perhaps some partridges  
 rested in this light dry deep ~~sow~~ snow.  
 They must have been almost completely  
 buried—They have left their traces at the bottom.  
 They are such holes as would be made by  
 crowding their bodies in back wards slanting-  
 wise—while perhaps their heads were left out.  
 The dog scared them out of similar holes yester-  
 day in the open orchard. I watched for  
 a long time 2 chicadee-like birds—only I  
 thought a good deal larger—which kept  
 ascending the pitch-pines spirally from the  
 bottom like the nuthatch. They had the markings  
 & the common faint note of the chicadee

yet they looked so large & confined themselves so  
to the trunk that I cannot but feel still some  
doubt about them. They had black chins—as well as  
top of head—tail black above—back slate  
—sides dirty white or creamy—breast &c white.

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

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

As if they had hopped along 2 3 or 4 in company  
The whole trail would be 5 or 6 inches

 wide.

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

Feb 13<sup>th</sup>

10 Am to Walden woods  
Not cold—sky somewhat overcast.

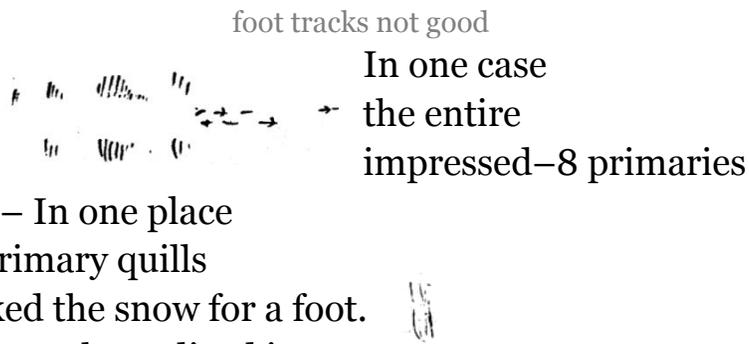
The tracks of partridges are more remarkable in this snow than usual—it is so light—being at the same time a foot deep. I see where one has waddled along several rods making a chain-like track about 3 inches wide or (2 1/2) <sup>at</sup> and at the end has squatted in the snow making a perfectly smooth & regular oval impression like the bowl of a spoon 5 inches wide—then 6 inches beyond this are the marks of its wings where it struck the snow on each side when it took flight. It must have risen at once without running. In one place I see where one after running a little way—has left 4 impressions of its wings on the snow on each side extending 18 or 20 inches {ten} & 12<sup>1</sup> or

15<sup>2</sup> in width—almost

wing was distinctly

& 5 or 6 secondaries— In one place wher alighting the primary quills 5 of them have marked the snow for a foot.

I see where<sup>3</sup> many have dived into the snow ap last night on the side of a shrub oak hollow. In 4 places they have passed quite underneath it for more than a foot—in one place 18 inches

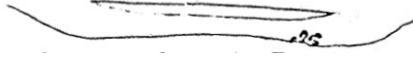



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<sup>1</sup>"2" written over "0"  
<sup>2</sup>"5" written over "4"  
<sup>3</sup>"where" possibly altered from "ap"

They appear to have dived or burrowed into it then passed along a foot or more underneath-& squatted there perhaps with their heads out-& have invariably left much dung at the end of this hole. I scared one from its hole only half a rod in front of me now at 11 Am. These holes

seen side wise look thus



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

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

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

Hurts is an old<sup>1</sup> English word used in heraldry—where according to Bailey it is "certain balls resembling hurtleberries."

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<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through bottom of page (need better copy)

One of these pig weeds in the yard last the snow birds all winter-& after every new storm they revisit it. How inexhaustible their granary!

To resume the subject of partridges-looking further in an open place or glade amid the shrub oaks & low pitch pines, I found as

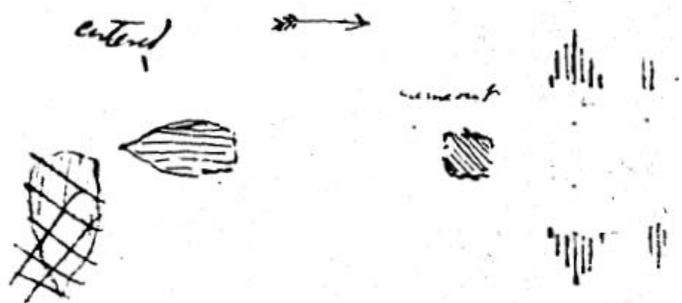
20 or 30

many as ~~40 or 50~~ places where partridges had lodged in the snow ap. the last night or the night before. You could see commonly where their bodies had first struck the

& 6 inches wide

snow & furrowed it for a foot or 2 ^ then entered & gone underneath 2 feet & rested at the further end, where the manure is left. Is it not likely that they remain quite under-the snow there & do not put their heads out till ready to start? In many places they walked along before they went under the snow- They do not go under deep-and the gallery they make is mostly filled up behind them-leaving only a thin crust above. Then invariably just beyond this resting place you could see the marks made by their wings when they took their departure-

These distinct impressions made by their wings, on<sup>1</sup> the pure snow, so common on All hands-



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<sup>1</sup>"on" written over "so"

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

← ← ← ← ← ← ← About 5 inches apart—

In one place I saw where one had evidently  
trailed the tips of the wings making 2 distinct  
lines 5 or 6 inches apart, one on each side the  
foot tracks. Probably made by a male.

In the same place were many great tracks  
of the white rabbit— The earliest made while  
the snow was very soft were very large &  
shapeless somewhat like the marks made  
by snow falling from the trees— More  
recent ones had settled & broke the slight  
crust around them—leaving a large inden-  
tation. The distinct tract was

like this  the front tracks which  
are the largest being about 2 1/2  
inches in diameter & the whole track of the

These impressions so slight (though distinct) it is hard  
4 feet often 1 foot long. to realize that so heavy an animal made them.

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

Feb 14

Another rather warm morning—still more  
overcast than yesterday's— There is also  
another leaf or feather frost on the trees //  
weeds & rails—slight leaves or feathers  
1/4 to 1/2 inch long x 1/8 wide standing out around  
the slightest core— I think it<sup>1</sup> is owing to the  
warmer nights. A 9 last evening & at 9  
this morning the thermometer stood at 20°+  
These ghosts of trees are very handsome &  
fairy-like—but would be handsomer still  
with the sun on them— The thickened clubbed

golden

tansy & the golden rods &c—& the ^ willows  
of the RR causeway with spiring tops shaped  
like one of the frost leaves—& the white telegraph  
wire—& the hoary sides of pine woods.

That cold weather of the 6<sup>th</sup> & 7<sup>th</sup> was preceded

2 days (the 4 & 5<sup>th</sup>)

by ^ much colder weather than we had been having— It moderated  
sufficiently to snow again on the eve of the ~~11<sup>th</sup>~~ 7<sup>th</sup>—& the  
8<sup>th</sup> & 9<sup>th</sup>—on the morn of the 11<sup>th</sup> was down to 22°—

---

<sup>1</sup>"it" written over "is"

Aunt Louisa says that her cousin  
Nahum Jones, son<sup>1</sup> to that Nathan Jones  
whom her Mother & sisters visited with her  
down east,—carried a cat to the West  
Indies, sold his vessel there, & though the  
same vessel did not return, & he came  
back in another vessel without the cat—

to Gouldsboro

the cat got home ^ some how unaccountably  
about the same time that he did.

Capt. Woodard told her that he carried  
the same cat 3 times round the world.

I said to Therien—You did'nt  
live at Smiths last summer—Where did  
you live?—at Bakers? Yes, said he—  
Well is that a good place— O. Yes. Is that  
a better place than Smiths? O—a change  
of pasture makes a fatter calf.

Feb 15

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

All day a steady warm imprisoning

---

<sup>1</sup>"son" possibly altered from "some"

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

Feb 16<sup>th</sup>

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

Pm to Cliff via Spanish Brook—  
 A thick fog—without rain— Sounds  
 sweet & musical through this air—  
 as crows cocks—& striking on the rails  
 at a distance. In the woods by the

cut—in this soft air under the pines  
draped with mist—my voice & whistling  
are peculiarly distinct & echoed back to me  
as if the fog were a ceiling—which made  
this hollow an apartment— Sounds are  
not dissipated & lost in the immensity  
of the heavens above you—but your  
voice being confined by the fog y is  
distinct & you hear yourself speak.

It is a good lichen day— Every crust is  
colored & swollen with fruit—& C— is  
constantly using his knife—& filling his pockets  
with specimens. I have caught a mouse

where were tracks like those of Feb. 12

at last—^ but it is eaten half up—

All the flesh is eaten out & part of the skin—one fore foot eaten off—but the entrails left  
ap. by its fellow?— ^ No wonder we do not

The rest of the trap is not moved or sprung

find their dead bodies in the woods.

& there is no track of a large animal or bird in the snow— It may have been a weasel

The sand is flowing fast—in forms  
of vegetation in the deep cut. The fog  
is so thick we cannot see the engine  
till it is almost upon us—& then its  
own steam hugging the earth—greatly  
increases the mist. As usual it  
is still more dense over the ice  
at the pond.

goes on melting {~~den~~} till there is only a little ice snow

left on N. of hills in woods on the 10—of Mar

& then is whitened again.

// The ground is more than half bare—es-  
pecially in open fields and level evergreen  
woods— It is pleasant to see there the

bright evergreens of the forest floor—un-  
dimmed by the snow— The winter green—the  
great leaved pyrola—the shin leaf—the rattle-  
snake plantain & the Lycopodiums— I see where  
probably rabbits have nibbled off the leaves of

It is pleasant to see elsewhere in fields & on banks so many green radical  
the winter green— ^ Are those little scratches  
leaves only half killed by the winter

across pallescent lichens which C. notices  
made by squirrels. I find in the leavings  
of the partridges numer ends of twigs—they are  
white with them—some 1/2 inch long &  
stout in proportion—perhaps they are apple?  
twigs— The bark (& bud if there was any) have  
been entirely digested leaving the bare white hard  
wood of the twig— Some of the ends of apple  
twigs looked as if they had been bitten off.  
It is surprising what a quantity of this wood  
they swallow with their buds— What a  
hardy bird—born amid the dry leaves—  
of the same color with them—that grown  
up lodges in the snow—& lives on  
buds & twigs! Where apple buds are  
just freshly bitten off they do not seem  
to have taken so much twig with them—

The drooping oak leaves show more  
read red amid the pines this wet  
day—agreeably so—& I feel as if I stood  
a little nearer to the heart of nature.

The mouse is so much torn that I cannot get the length of the body & its markings exactly.

Entire	Length of?	=	8 inches	Prob an inch too much
	"	of head to <u>base</u> of ears	1 inch	
		body	3 ?	
		tail	3 1/2	

Brown or reddish brown above—White beneath—fur  
above & beneath

slate. ^ tail also darker above light beneath—feet  
long

white—hind legs longest say 1 1/4 inches ^—fore 3/4.  
3/4

hind foot more than 5/8 inch long—5 toes on hind feet  
with rudiment of thumb—without claw

4 on front—^ with little white protuberances on the  
almost bare

soles of all—ears large ^ thin slaty colored—  
5/8 inch long on outside. Upper jaw 1/4+ inch longer  
than lower—tail ~~round~~ round, hairy, gradually  
tapering—dimly ringed. Longest moustachios 1 3/8

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

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

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

Feb 17

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

---

"?" following "moles" possibly inserted; if so; the "?" following "mice" may also be added

the Swamp Bridge on Back<sup>1</sup> road. Muskrats driven out— Heard this morn at the new Stone bridge from the hill that singular spring-like

one year

note of a bird which I heard once before ^ about this time (under F. H. Hill—) The jays were uttering their unusual notes—& this made me think of a wood-pecker— It reminds me of the pine warbler—vetter vetter vetter vetter // vet—except that it is much louder—& I should say had the sound of l<sup>2</sup> rather than t veller &c perhaps— Can it be a jay?—or a pig. woodpecker?— Is it not the earliest spring {—} ward note of a bird? In the damp misty air.

~~Wask~~ Was waked up last night by the tolling of a bell about 11 o clock— as if a child had hold of the rope ^ dressed & went abroad in the wet<sup>3</sup> to see if it was a fire— It seems the town clock was out of order & the striking part ran down & struck steadily for 15 minutes. If it<sup>4</sup> had not been so near the end of the week it might have struck a good part of the night.

Pm

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

<sup>1</sup>Possibly "back" altered from "Back"

<sup>2</sup>This is the letter "l", not the numeral "1"

<sup>3</sup>"wet" possibly altered from "to"

<sup>4</sup>"it" altered from "if"

over the channel of this stream—but  
is lifted up & also for a good distance  
over the meadows—but for a broad  
space of over the meadows on each side<sup>1</sup>  
the freshet stands over the ice which  
is flat on the bottom. It rains  
but a trifle this afternoon but the  
snow which is left is still melting—  
The water is just beginning to be over the road  
beyond this stone bridge— The road beyond  
the opposite or Wood's Bridge is already  
impassable to foot travellers—  
I see no muskrats in the Assabet from  
the Tommy Wheeler bank—perhaps they  
provided themselves holes at the last freshet—  
It is running over both side of Derby's  
bridge for a dozen rods (each side)  
as<sup>2</sup> over a dam— The ice in the middle  
of this stream is for the most part  
broken up— Great cakes of ice  
are wedged against the RR bridge  
there & still threaten its existence.  
They are about 20 feet in diameter  
& some 20 inches thick of greenish  
ice—more or less tilted<sup>3</sup> up &  
if not 2 more  
commonly another ^ of equal size  
forced directly underneath the first

---

<sup>1</sup>"side" possibly underlined in pencil

<sup>2</sup>"as" possibly altered from "at" or another word

<sup>3</sup>First "t" possibly crossed in pencil (need better copy)

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

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

Waded through water in the road for 8 or

---

<sup>1</sup>"some . . . all" written vertically in right margin, upward, forming right angle with line ending "moved"

10 rods, beyond Lorings little bridge–  
It was a foot deep this morning on  
the short road that leads to Heywood's  
house–I had to go 1/4 of a mile up the  
meadow there & down the college road–  
Sam Barrett's Bridge is entirely covered  
a broad bay  
& has slumped– They cross ^ in a boat  
there– I went over on the string piece  
of the dam above. It is within 8 or  
9 inches of the top of the little bridge this  
side of Flint's Bridge at 5 1/2 Pm. So  
though it is within 5 1/2 inches of where  
it was 3 years ago in the spring at the  
New Stone bridge–it is not so high com-  
paratively here. The fact is the water is  
in each case dammed not only by the  
bridges & causeways–but by the ice  
~~which lodges there~~–so that it stands  
at as many levels as there are cause-  
ways. It is perhaps about a foot  
lower at Flint's Bridge now, than it  
~~was 3 years ago at the same moments that~~  
~~it was~~–when it stood where it does  
now at the new stone Bridge 3 years ago.  
So that a meter at one point above  
will not enable you to compare the  
absolute height or quantity of water

at dif. seasons & under dif, circumstances.

Such a meter is the more to be relied  
on, in proportion as a river is free from  
obstructions—such as ice—causeways—  
bridges &c— Everywhere now in the

a green

fields you see ^ water standing over ice<sup>1</sup>  
in the hollows. Sometimes it is a very delicate

would this water look green on any white ground? ~~No—I think not for it~~  
is corn-yellow on meadows in spring

tint of green. ^ The highway surveyor is  
on the alert to see what damage  
the freshet has done— As they could  
not dig in the frozen ground, they  
have upset a cartload of p. pine  
boughs into the hole at the swamp  
bridge.

Feb 18<sup>th</sup>

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

It may have risen 1 inch higher during the day—then went down  
2 inches higher than yesterday at 2 Pm ^— Surface of  
ground & snow slightly frozen—no flowing now—

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

Pm to Grt Mead's & around Beck  
stow's. A clear bright day, though  
with passing clouds—(the clouds darker  
by contrast with the bright sky—) the  
first since the evening of the 14<sup>th</sup> ult—

---

<sup>1</sup>"ice" possibly altered from "Lee"

Now for the first time decidedly there  
// is something spring-suggesting in the air &  
light—Though not particularly warm  
the light of the sun (now travelling so  
much higher)—on the russet fields  
—the ground being nearly all bare—& on the  
sand—& the pines, is suddenly yellow.

It is the earliest day-breaking of the  
year— We now begin to look decidedly  
forward & put the winter behind us.

We begin to form definite plans for the

spring & summer

approaching ~~season~~ year. I look over  
a particolored landscape of russet fields  
& white snow patches—as in former spring  
days— Some of the frost has come out  
& it is very wet & muddy crossing

As filthy waking as any in the year— You have the  
plowed fields. ^ The legions of light

experience of wading birds that get their living on the flats when the tide has  
have poured into the plain in over-

gone down & leave their tracks there—but you are cheered by the  
whelming numbers, & the winter darkness

sight of some radical greenness.

will not recover the ground it has lost.

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

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

Neither the main stream nor  
meadows are decidedly broken up by

the thaw & rise—only there are great open places in the meadows—where you observe the ripple of water still in the mornings—the cold is so much relaxed—& the ice that belonged is superimposed in great cakes upon the still firmly frozen parts. On the Great Fields I see an acre of a straw-colored feathery grass in tufts 2 feet high. These too reflect the yellower light.

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

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

Noah Wheeler's in

^ Nine Acre Corner— He got as far as  
Lees bridge on the edge of Lincoln—  
or within 3/4 of a mile of Wheelers—& could  
not get over the river on account of the

came

freshet So he ~~was obliged to~~ round through  
Concord village—he might have  
come by the RR a little nearer—& I directed  
him over the RR bridge—the first by which  
he could cross dry-shod down the stream.

& up stream he would have been obliged

had

to go to Saxonville— Thus he ~~would~~  
~~have~~ to go 8 {——} miles round—instead of

& in the whole about double the usual distance from Waltham.

3/4 of a mile direct ^— It was probably  
over the road also at Nut Meadow Brook.

The river thus opposes a serious obstacle  
to travellers—from ~~Nw to~~ S. E. to N. W. for  
some 20 miles of its course at least—

No doubt hundreds have been put to great inconvenience  
above & below Concord. ^ Even travellers

by it within a day or 2.

in wagons are stopped at many of these  
causeways. If they were raised 2 feet  
the trouble would be in great part  
the danger wholly obviated. There should  
at least be provided a ferry for foot  
passengers at each such causeway—at  
the expense<sup>1</sup> of the town—& the traveller  
could blow a horn to call the ferry—

Youill<sup>2</sup> see a man carrying a child over a causeway

man ~~of~~ over— on his back—

After a thaw {~~ha~~} old tracks in the  
snow—from basso—become alto<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>"expense" possibly "Expenche"

<sup>2</sup>Combined "You" and "will"; or "Yo will"

<sup>3</sup>"basso" and "alto" possibly underlined in pencil

relievo—the snow which was originally  
solidified

compressed & hardened beneath the feet—  
also perhaps by the influence of the sun & maybe rain  
~~now becoming~~ being the last to melt  
become protuberant. the highest part  
& most lasting— That part of the  
snow compressed & solidified under the feet  
remains nearly at the same level—  
The track becomes a raised almost icy  
type. How enduring these trails! How  
nature clings to these types. The track  
even of small animals like a skunk will  
outlast a considerable thaw.

Why do laborers so commonly turn out  
their feet more than ~~other~~ the class still  
called gentlemen—ap. pushing them-  
selves along by the sides of their feet?  
I think you can tell the track of a clown  
from that of a gentleman<sup>1</sup>. though

a

he should wear ~~the~~ gentleman's boots.

Feb 19

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"gentleman" possibly altered from "gentlemen"

had crossed Woods bridge & went directly  
across to Dea Hubbard's. When the  
Wood's Bridge was carried off upstream  
it was landed against Hubbard's land.

Showed me where his grandfather Nathan Hosmer who lived in the old house still standing on Conantum was  
drowned when crossing the river on the ice from town just below the bridge since built.

Many will complain of my lectures—  
that they are transcendental—cant under-  
stand them—would you have us return  
to the savage state? &c &c A criticism  
true enough, it may be, from their  
point of view. But the fact is, the  
earnest lecturer can speak only to his  
like—and the adapting of himself to  
his audience is a mere compliment  
which he pays them. If you wish to know<sup>1</sup>  
how I think you must endeavor to put  
yourself in my place— If you wish me  
to speak as if I were in your place that  
is another affair.

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

The water is about a foot deep on  
the Jimmy Miles road. E. Conant thinks  
that the Joe Miles Causeway is rather  
worse than Hubbard's in respect to water—  
Rice & some others always say Cassey  
for Causeway— Conant was cutting  
which had blown down  
up an old Pear tree ^ by his old house

---

<sup>1</sup>"know" possibly altered from "known"

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

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

Feb 20

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

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

Hind legs the longest—though only the feet,  
 about 3/4 of an inch in length, one exposed—without  
 the fur— Of the fore legs little more is  
 exposed than the hands—or perhaps 4 to 5/8

claws concealed in tufts of white hair

of an inch—^ The upper jaw projects about  
 1/2 inch beyond the lower. ~~Whisk~~

The whole upper parts are brown, except the  
 ears,<sup>1</sup> from the snout to the tip of the tail—  
 dark brown on the top of the head &  
 back & upper side of the tail—reddish  
 or fawn or fox? colored {—} Tail hairy & obscurely ringed  
 brown ^ on the sides. ^ The whole lower

neat white & under side of tail

parts white, including the ^ feet. ^ The

waving

irregular ^ line f̄ along the sides forming

---

<sup>1</sup>Comma possibly altered from dash

the boundary between the brown & the white

from side of the snout to the tip of the tail—above brown beneath white very  
decidedly

very sharply defined ^— The brown of the  
sides extends down by a triangular point  
to the last joint of or foot of the forelegs—

or you may say the white of the belly extends upward on the sides

same or bet. the legs in a broad bay.

& to the ^ heels of the hind ones. ^ The ears are large—

broad & roundish

^ 5/8 inch long—ash or slate colored—thin &

bare except at the base— The reddish brown &  
the white are the striking colors. It is

in the attitude of hopping— Its<sup>1</sup> thighs of its  
eoneea drawn up & concealed in the fur & its

long hind<sup>2</sup> feet in the same plane with

its buttocks—while the short fore feet ap-

pear like hands. Fur dark slate, under both brown & white hair

The droppings black say 1/6 inch long. cylindrical.

Some of the whiskers are dark, some whitish.

or downward.

It has a rather large head, ap. curving forward. ^

A very slight & delicate tinge of yellowish beneath bet. the fore legs. v. Mar 12<sup>th</sup>

It is undoubtedly the Amicola Emmonsii

of de Kay.

It is a very pretty & neat little animal for

a mouse—with its wholesome reddish brown sides—

distinctly bounding in

^ its pure white belly—neat white feet—

which suggest circumspection & timidity—ready to earth itself on the least sound of danger  
large slate colored ears ^—long tail & numerous

{—}

whiskers— This was caught in a dry & ele-  
vated situation, amid shrub oaks. It ap.

like the other, came up through a hole in the  
snow at the foot of a shrub oak—Q. ilicifolia.

which belongs to the king of beasts & to the deer

This tawny or reddish brown color ^—singular  
that it should extend to this minute beast

also. v n. p. but 2 V. Mar. 10<sup>th</sup>

A strong wind drying the earth which

// has been so very wet— The sand begins

---

<sup>1</sup>"Its" possibly altered "The"

<sup>2</sup>"d" altered from "g"

to be dry in spots on the R. R. causeway—  
The northerly wind blows me along—& when I get  
to the cut I hear it roaring in the woods  
all reminding me of March—March. The

It is decided March weather & I see from my window the bright blue water here  
& there between the ice on the meadow.

sides of the cut are all bare of snow—& the //  
sand foliage is dried up.

The quadrupeds which I know that  
we have in Concord are V. Emmons p 5

Of Order Carnivora— Fam. Vespertilionidae 1 have we more of the 3  
in the State?

" Soricidae Have we any?  
Talpidae Condylura longicaudata  
star-nosed Mole

Have we not another of the 3 moles?

Ursidae— Procyon lotor, The Raccoon

Canidae Vulpes fulvus

Mustelidae ^ Mustela martes Pine Marten

Putorius Vison. The Mink

" Vulgaris reddish weasel

" Noveboracensis Ermine "

Lutra Canadensis Otter

Mephitis Americana

Rodentia

~~Rodentia~~

Fiber Zibethicus

Castoridae

Leporidae

Lepus Americanus

" Virginianus

Muscidae

Arvicola hirsutus Mead. Mouse

in

altered to Muridae ^ 59 probably—his Albo-rufescens only a var.  
ac to Aud. & Bach.

" Emmonsii—mus leucopus

Mus Musculus Com. Mouse

Mus rattus? black rat

" Decumanus Wharf rat

Brown

~~Arctomys monax~~

Order—	Family	Genus
		Arctomys Monax Woodchuck
		Sciurus leucotis little Gray squirrel
		" Hudsonius
		" Striatus
		Pteromys Volucella
		Have we the Gerbillus Cana- densis—? Jumping mouse?

Ac. to this we have at least 21 & perhaps  
26<sup>1</sup> quadrupeds—5 & possibly 6 families  
order

of the ^ Carnivora & 3 families of the order Rodentia

None of<sup>2</sup> the order Ruminantia

Nearly half of our quadrupeds belong to

the Muridae or Rat family—& <sup>about<sup>3</sup></sup> 1/4 of them  
to the Mustelidae or Weasel Family.

Some, though numerous, are rarely seen—  
as the wild mice & moles— Others are  
very rare like the otter & raccoon

The striped squirrel is the smallest  
quadruped that we commonly notice in  
our walks in the woods & we do not  
~~even~~ realize—especially in summer—  
when their tracks are not visible~~s~~—that  
the aisles of the wood are threaded by  
countless wild mice—and no more  
that the meadows are swarming in many  
places with meadow mice & moles.

The cat brings in a mole from time  
to time & we see where they have heaved

---

<sup>1</sup>"6" possibly altered to "5" in pencil

<sup>2</sup>"of" written over "or"

<sup>3</sup>"about" and "^" cancelled in pencil

up the soil in the meadow— We see  
the tracks of mice on the snow in the  
woods—or once in a year one glances  
by like a flash through the grass or  
ice at our feet—& that is for the  
most part all that we see of them.

all

Though ^ the muskrat cabins will  
be covered by an early rise of the river in the  
fall—you will yet see the greater part of  
them above the ice in midwinter however  
high the water may be.

I frequently detect the track of a foreigner  
by the print of the nails in his shoes—both  
in snow & earth—of an india rubber—by its being  
less sharply edged & most surely often by the  
fine diamond roughening of the sole. How much  
we infer from the dandy's narrow heel  
tap—while we pity his unsteady tread—  
& from the lady's narrow slipper—suggesting  
corns not to say consumption— The track  
of the farmers cowhides—whose carpet  
tearing tacks in the heel—frequently rake  
the ground several inches before his foot  
finds a resting place—suggests weight  
& impetus.

Feb 21<sup>st</sup> a male

Another arvicola Emmonsii ^—whole length  
6 inches—tail 3 inches— This is very little reddish

on the sides—but general aspect above dark  
brown—though not iron-grey yet reminding me

Yet not the less like the hue of beasts in a menagerie  
of that— ^ This may be a last years Mouse—

Aud. & Bach. say that when<sup>1</sup> "it sheds its hair late in spring"—"it assumes a bluish gray tint, a little lighter than that of the common mouse."

P. m. To F— H. Hill via ~~C~~ Cliff Cut—

A clear air, with a Northwesterly March-  
like wind—as yesterday— What is the  
peculiarity in the air—that both the  
invalide in the chamber & the traveller  
on the highway—say ~~it~~ is these are perfect

The wind is rapidly drying up earth & elevated sands already beg. to look whitish

March days ^ . How much light there is  
in the sky & on the surface of the russet  
earth—! It is reflected in a flood  
from all cleansed surfaces—which  
rain & snow have washed—from the  
rail-road rails & the mica in the rocks—

& The silvery latebrae<sup>2</sup> of insects there

^ & I never saw the white houses of the

Now look for an early crop of arrowheads—for they will shine  
village more brightly white. ^ When I  
have entered the wooded hollow on the  
East of the Deep Cut it is novel & pleasant

// to hear the sound of the dry leaves & twigs

which have so long been damp & silent

^ crackling again under my feet.—

more worn & lighter than ever

though there is still considerable snow

along wall sides &c

about ^—& to see the holes & galleries recently  
made by the mice (?) in the ~~n~~ow fine withered

The upper aralia hollow there  
grass of such places— ^ I see the peculiar  
softened blue sky of spring over the tops  
of the pines—& when I am sheltered from  
the wind I feel the warmer sun

---

<sup>1</sup>Possibly "where"

<sup>2</sup>"latebricole" v. OED



A silver edging or ear like handle to this basin of the world—

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

We look thus from russet fields into  
a landscape still sleeping under the

We have already forgotten snow & think only of frosted cake

mantle of winter. ^ The snow on the  
mts has, in this case, a singular smooth  
& crusty appearance—& by contrast  
you see even single evergreens rising  
here & there above it—and where a  
promontory casts a shadow along the  
mts' side. I saw what looked like

of misty bluish water

a large ~~bluish~~ lake ^ on the side of  
the further Peterboro mt—its edges  
or shore very distinctly defined— This I  
concluded was the shadow of another  
part of the mt. & it suggested that  
in like manner what on the surface of  
the moon is taken for water—may be

Could not distinguish Monadnock till the sun shone

shadows. on it.

I saw a train go by which had

in front,

dirt

~~latched on~~ a dozen ^ cars somewhere  
up country—laden ap. with some kind  
or clay?

of earth—& these with their loads were  
thickly & evenly crusted with unspotted

a part of that sugary crust I had viewed with my glass  
snow—^ which contrasted singularly with

which it had hitched on their side  
 the bare tops of the other cars ^-& the 20

at least

miles ^ of bare ground over which they had

rolled. It affected me as when a traveller comes into the house  
 with snow on his coat—when I did not know it was snowing.

How plain wholesome & earthy are the colors  
 of quadrupeds generally—! The commonest  
 I should say is the tawny or various shades of  
 brown—answering to the russet which is the prevail-  
 ing color of the earth's surface—perhaps—& to the  
 yellow of the sands beneath. The darker brown  
 mingled with this answers to the darker colored  
 soil of the surface. The white of the Polar  
 bear—ermine weasel &c answer to the snow—  
 — The spots of the pards perchance to the earth  
 spotted with flowers or tinted leaves of autumn.  
 The black perhaps to night—& muddy bottoms  
 & dark waters— There are few or no bluish animals.

Can it be true, as is said, that geese

prob. yesterday

Boston

have gone over Massachusetts? It is in the newspapers //

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

Feb 22

Pm to J. Farmer's

Remarkably warm & pleasant weather— //

perfect spring. I even listen for the 1<sup>st</sup> blue bird—

also the 24<sup>th</sup> which is very cold

I see a seething ðf in the air ^ over clean  
 russett fields. The westerly wind is rather  
 raw—but in sheltered places it is deliciously  
 warm— The water has so far gone down  
 that I get over the Hunt Bridge cause-  
 way—by going half a dozen rods on the wall

in one place. This water must have moved  
2 or 300 cartloads of sand to the side  
of the road— This damage would be avoided  
by raising the road.

// J. Farmer showed me an ermine weasel  
he caught in a trap 3 or 4 weeks ago. They are  
not very

^ uncommon about his barns. All white but  
the tip of the tail—2 conspicuous canine  
teeth in each jaw— In summer they are dis-  
tinguished from the red weasel, which is a little  
smaller, by the length of their tails particularly  
—6 or more inches, while the red one's is not 2 inches  
long. He says their track is like that

of the mink—  as

if they had only 2 legs—they go on the  
jump—sometimes make a 3<sup>d</sup> mark—  
He saw one in the summer (which he called the  
red weasel—but as he thought the red 2<sup>ce</sup> as  
big as the white, it may have been a white one)  
catch a striped squirrel thus. He was at  
work near the wall near his house when  
he saw a striped squirrel come out of the  
wall & jump along by the side of a  
large stone— When he had got 2 or 3  
feet along it as it were in the air, the  
weasel appeared ~~in pursuit~~ behind him—  
& before he had got 4 feet had him by  
the throat. Said a man told him  
that he saw a weasel come running

apple  
 suddenly to an ^ tree near which he was working  
 o  
 run r^und & round & up it—when<sup>1</sup> a squirrel  
 jumped  
 sitting on the end of a branch ~~dropt~~ off & the  
 weasel jumping had him before he touched  
 the ground. He had no doubt that when  
 the weasel ran round the tree he was on  
 the track of the squirel—

F. said he had many of the black rat  
 but none or very few of the wharf rats on  
 his premises. He had seen mice nests 20  
 feet up trees.

3 or 4 weeks ago he traced a mink by his  
 tracks on the snow to where he had got a frog //  
 from the bottom of a ditch—dug him out.

Says that where many minnows are kept in a spring—they will kill 4 or 500 at once &  
 pile them up on the bank.

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

great  
 in the midst of the ^ drought last summer—

This does not freeze-over for 20 rods—a pool in it some dozen or more  
 rods from source—where his cattle drink he never saw frozen—

But the important peculiarity of it is  
 that when in a dry spell this stream  
 is dry 15 or 20 rods from this source—  
 it may suddenly fill again before  
 any rain comes.

He had seen a partridge<sup>2</sup> drum standing  
 on a wall— Said it stood very upright  
 and produced the sound by striking its  
 wings together behind its back—as a  
 cock often does—but did not strike

---

<sup>1</sup>"when" altered from "he h"

<sup>2</sup>"partridge" corrected from "partride" in pencil

the wall nor its body— This he is sure  
of—& declares that he is mistaken  
who affirms the contrary, though it  
were Audubon himself. Wilson says he  
"begins to strike with his stiffened wings" while  
standing on a log—but does not say what  
he strikes—though one would infer it was either  
the log or his body. Peabody says he beats  
his body with his wings.

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

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"or . . . wine." possibly added

Feb 23<sup>d</sup>

Clear—but a very cold north wind.

I see great cakes of ice a rod or more

± 1 foot thick

in length ^ lying high & dry on the bare  
ground in the low fields some 10 feet or  
more beyond the edge of the thinner ice, which  
were washed up by the last rise (the 18<sup>th</sup>)

V the 26<sup>th</sup>

which was some 4 inches higher than the former one ^

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

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

white

Mr Loring says that he & his son Geo. fired at ^ swans

with ball

in Texas on the water—& though G. shot 2 ^ ~~the~~ &  
killed them—the others in each case gathered about  
them & crowded them off out of their reach.

Feb 24

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

throughout the day.

The names of localities on the Sudbury River  
the South or Main Branch of Concord or  
Musketaquid River—beginning at the mouth  
of the Assabet—are The Rock<sup>1</sup> at mouth—  
Merrick's Pasture—Lee's Hill—Bridges—  
Hubbard shore—Clamshell Hill & fishing place  
—Nut meadow Brook—Hollowell Place &  
Bridge—Fair Haven Hill & Cliffs—Conantum  
opposite. F. H. Pond. & Cliff—& Baker Farm— Pole-  
Brook—Lee's & Bridge—Farrar's or Otter Swamp  
—Bound Rock<sup>2</sup>—Rice's Hill<sup>3</sup> & 's<sup>4</sup> Isle—  
The Pantry—Ware Hill—Sherman's Bridge  
& Round Hill—Great Sudbury Meadow—& Tall's  
Isle. Causeway—Bridges—Larned Brook—The  
Chestnut House—Pelham Pond—The Rapids—

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

near

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

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"Rock" altered from "rock"

<sup>2</sup>"Rock" altered from "rock"

<sup>3</sup>"Hill" altered from "hill"

<sup>4</sup>T left 1 inch or so blank space in MS but never came back to fill it in

between the great cakes of the ice which  
has been broken up— The whole of the  
broad meadows is a rough irregular  
checker-board of great cakes a rod square  
or more—Arctic enough to look at.

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

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

Minott says that Messer tells him he saw  
v. Mar. 4<sup>th</sup> & 7<sup>th</sup>  
a striped squirrel! yesterday. ^ His cat //  
caught a mole lately—not a starnosed one  
but one of those that heave up the meadow  
She sometimes catches a little dark colored  
mouse with a sharp nose.  
Tells of a Fisk of Waltham—who some  
30 years ago could go out with a  
club only—& kill as many partridges

as he could conveniently bring home.  
I suppose he knew where to find them buried  
in the snow— Both Minott & Farmer—think  
they sometimes remained several days in the  
snow—if the weather is bad for them—  
Minott has seen twigs, he says of apple, in  
their crops 3/4 of an inch long. Says he  
has seen them drum many times standing  
on a log or a wall. That they strike the  
log or stone with their wings. He has fre-  
quently caught them in a steel trap without  
bait—covered with leaves & set in such—

also

places. Says that Quails ^ eat apple buds.

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

the

ψ The brightening of ^ willow-crop  
osiers—that is a season in the spring—  
showing that the dormant sap is awakened.  
I now remember a few osiers which I have  
seen early in past springs thus brilliantly

or

green and<sup>1</sup> red /or yellow/ and it is as if all  
the landscape & all nature shone. Though  
the twigs were few which I saw I remember  
it as a prominent phenomenon affecting  
the face of nature—a gladdening of her  
face. You will often fancy that they  
look brighter—before the spring has come—& when  
there has been no change in them.

Thermometer at 10°+ at 10 Pm.

---

<sup>1</sup>3 slashes cancel the cancellation mark

Feb. 25<sup>th</sup>

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

Pretty good skating–

Feb 26

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

Pm to Clam Shell Hill–across river–  
depot field

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

bare grassy

–on ^ upland where there is no other sign  
of water–some times wholly isolated by bare  
grass there In the last freshet–the  
S branch was only broken up on the  
meadows–for a few rods in width next  
the shores–where the ice did not rise  
with the wate, but ap being frozen to  
th dry bottom–was covered by the water,–  
there & ap. in shallow places here

there far from the shore—the ground  
ice was at length broken & rose up in  
cakes larger or smaller—the smaller  
of which were often floated up higher  
on to the shore by a rod or so than the  
ice had originally reached— Then the  
water going down—when the weather became  
colder & froze—the new ice only reached  
part way up these cakes which lay high  
& dry. It is therefore pretty good skating  
on the river itself & on the greater part  
of the meadows next the river—but it  
is interrupted by great cakes of ice rising  
above the general level—near the shore—

of those

Saw several ^ rather small reddish brown

// daw bugs on the ice of the meadow—some  
frozen in— Were they washed out of their winter  
quarters by the freshet?<sup>1</sup> or can it be that  
they came forth of their own accord on the  
22<sup>nd</sup>—? I cannot revive them by a fire.

// C. says says he saw a lark today close  
to him—& some other ~~spring~~ dark-colored spring  
bird. Directly off Clam-Shell Hill—  
within 4 rods of it—where the water is  
3 or 4 feet deep—I see where the muskquash  
dived & brought up clams before the last  
freezing— Their open shells are strewn along  
close to the edge of the ice & close together  
for about 3 rods in one place—  
& the bottom under this edge of the

---

<sup>1</sup>?" possibly altered from dash

older ice—as seen through the new black ice

sank

is perfectly white with those which fell to

They may have been blown in—or the ice melted.

~~the bottom~~—^ The nacre of these freshly

opened shells is very fair—azure—

a delicate salmon

or else ^ pink? or rosaceous—or violet—

I find one not opened but frozen—and

several have one valve quite broken in two

in the rat's effort to wrench them open—

leaving the frozen fish half exposed. All

the rest show the marks of their teeth

i.e. sometimes at one end sometimes at another—

at one end or the other. ^ You can see

distinctly also the marks of their teeth where

with a scraping cut

they have scraped off the tough muscles

also sometimes all along the nacre next the edge

which fasten the fish to its shell. ^ One shell

has ap. a little cadis case of iron-colored

sand on it. These shells look un-

commonly large thus exposed—at a distance

like leaves— They lie thickly around the

thinner

edge of each small circle of ^ black ice

in the midst of the white—showing

where was open water a day or 2 ago.

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

Some are reddish-brown in thick & hard

~~prot~~ layers like iron ore outside—some

have roundish copper-colored spots on

the nacre within— This shows that this

is still a good place for clams as it was

in Indian days.

examined with glass some fox-dung? from  
a tussock of grass amid the ice on the meadow  
It appeared to be composed— $\frac{2}{3}$  of  
clay—& the rest a slate-colored fur &  
coarser white—hairs black tipped—too coarse  
for the Deer-Mouse—was it that of  
the rabbit? This mingled with small bones—  
A mass as long as one's finger.

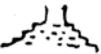
Feb 27<sup>th</sup>

Another cold clear day—but the  
weather gradually moderating—

Feb 28<sup>th</sup>

Still cold & clear— Ever since the  
23<sup>d</sup> inclusive a succession of clear  
but very cold days—in which for  
the most part it has not melted  
perceptibly during the day— My ink  
has frozen & plants &c have frozen in  
the house—though the thermometer has  
not indicated nearly so great a cold  
as before— Since the 25<sup>th</sup> it has  
been very slowly moderating—  
// The skating began again the 24<sup>th</sup>  
after the great freshet had gone  
down some 2 feet or more—but  
that part of the old ice which  
was broken up by the freshet—&

floated from its place, either on to the  
 upland or meadow or onto the old  
 firm ice—made it remarkably  
 broken & devious—not to be used by night  
 – The deep bays & sides of the meadows  
 have presented a very remarkable ap-  
 pearance—a stretching pack of great  
 often  
 cakes of ice ~~sometimes~~ 2 or more upon  
 each other & partly tilted up—a foot  
 thick & 1 to 2 or more rods broad—  
 The westering sun reflected from their  
 edges makes them shine finely—  
 In short our meadows have presented  
 & still present—a very wild and arctic  
 scene—far on every side over what is  
 usually dry land are scattered these  
 great cakes of ice—The water having  
 now gone down about 5 feet on the  
 S branch.

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

& others that I saw I think last //  
 spring—but not now quite so perfect—as  
 if where the water had stood at suc-  
 cessive levels. The lower edge now a foot  
 or 2 above water—

Examined where the White maple & the  
apple tree where tipped over by the  
ice the other day at the RR Bridge  
It struck them 7 or 8 feet from the ground  
—that being the height of the water—rubbed  
off the bark & then bent flat &  
broke them— They were nearly about 10  
inches in diameter—the maple partly dead before  
I see where many trees have been  
wounded by the ice in former years.  
They have a hard time of it—When a  
a cake half a dozen rods in diameter  
& nearly 2 feet thick is floated &  
blown against them.

Just S of Darbys Bridge lie many  
great cakes some one upon another

which were stopped by the bridge & causeway

^ & a great many have a crust of

// the meadow of equal thickness—

—6 inch to 1 foot—frozen to their under  
surfaces— Some of these are a rod in  
diameter—& when the ice melts the  
meadow where they are landed will  
present a singular appearance—  
I see many also freshly deposited on  
the Elfin burial ground—showing  
how that was formed. The greater  
part of those hummocks there

are probably if not certainly carried by the  
ice—though I now see a few small but  
thick pieces of meady 4 or 5 feet broad  
without any ice—or appearance of its having  
been attached to them— This is a powerful  
agent at work. Many great cakes  
have lodged on a ridge of the meadow  
west of the river here—& suggest how such  
a ridge may be growing from year to year—

This North<sup>1</sup> river is only partially open. //  
I see where a bright gleam from a cake  
of ice on the shore is reflected in the stream  
with remarkable brightness—in a pointed

flamelike manner √ Look either side—  
you see it. Standing here—still above  
the elfin burial ground—the outlines  
of Haywards the millers houses in the distance  
against the pine & oak woods come  
dimly out—& by their color are in very

{JM }

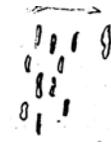
pleasing harmony with this ~~hou~~ wood—  
I think it is a dull red house against  
the usual mixture of red oak leaves &  
dark pines— There is such a harmony  
as between the gray limbs of an over shadowing  
elm & the lichen clad roof—

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

---

<sup>1</sup>"North" altered from "north"

all along there with wave-like regularity

 in oblong (round end) or thick crescent  
or kidney-shaped holes—as if  
worn by the summits of waves—

like a riddle to sift a man

through— These holes are hard to  
detect in some lights except by shaking  
the water— I saw some ~~gre~~ cakes  
of ice 10 feet across & 1 foot thick—  
lodged with one end on the top of a  
fence post & some 7 or 8 feet in the  
air—the other on the bottom.

There is a fine pack of large cakes  
away in the bay behind Hubbards Grove.

I notice looking at their edges that  
the white or rotted part extends down-  
ward in points or triangles alternating  
with the round greenish parts thus

 Most however are  
a thin white or maybe  
snow ice with all beneath solid & green still.

Found a hang birds nest fallen from  
the ivy maple—composed wholly of ~~raveling~~  
~~or probably~~ that thread they wipe the locomotive  
"cotton waste"

\ with ^—& one real thread all as it were  
woven into a perfect bag.

I have a piece of a limb alder or

maple? say 5/8 inch in diameter which has been cut off by a worm boring spirally—but in one horizontal plane—3 times round 

I observed how a new ravine<sup>?</sup> is formed in a sand hill— A new one was formed in the last thaw at Clam Shell Hill thus.—

Much melted snow & rain being collected on the  
ap.

top of the hill—some ^ found its way through the ground frozen a foot thick a few feet from the edge of the bank—& began with a small rill washing down the slope the unfrozen sand beneath—as the water continued to flow the sand on each side continued to slide into it & be carried off leaving the frozen crust above quite firm making a

cavern

bridge 5 or 6 feet wide over this ~~gulf~~— Now since the thaw this bridge, I see, has melted & fallen in leaving a ravine some 10 feet wide & much longer—which now may go on increasing from

& thus the sand is

year to year without limit. ravished away.

I was there just after it began

Aud. & Bach. think a ravine may sometimes have been produced by the gallery of a shrew-mole.<sup>1</sup>

March 1<sup>st</sup> 1855

10 A. m. to Derby's Bridge & ret by Sam Barretts—to see ice cakes & meadow crust.

The last day for skating //

It is a very pleasant & warm day the finest  
winter still

yet—with considerable coolness in the air however ^—  
The air is beautifully clear—& though I  
love to trace at a distance the roofs & outlines  
of sober colored farmhouses amid the woods

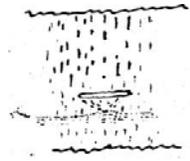
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<sup>1</sup>"Aud. . . . shrew-mole" written vertically in left margin, upward, forming right angle with line beginning "year to year"

We go listening for blue birds but only  
 hear crows—& chickadees. A fine seething air  
 over the fair russet fields. The dusty banks  
 of snow by the RR—reflect a wonderfully  
 dazzling white from their pure crannies—being  
 melted into an uneven sharp—wavy surface. This  
 more dazzling white must be due to the  
 higher sun. I see some thick cakes of  
 ice where an ice-car has broken up—

4 inch in diam.

In one I detect a large—bubble ^—about  
 a foot beneath the upper surface & 6 inches  
 from the lower—In confirmation



of my  theory the grain  
 of the ice—as indicated by the  
 linear bubbles within it, was  
 converging beneath this bubble

as the rays of light under a burning glass  
 and what was the undersurface at that time  
 was melted in a concave manner to within 1 1/2  
 inches of the bubble—as appeared by the curvature  
 in the horizontal grain of the more recently  
 formed ice beneath. I omit to draw the  
 other horizontal grain. The situation of  
 this bubble also suggests that ice {—}—  
 perhaps increases more above than  
 below the plane of its first freezing in  
 the course of a winter—by the addition

of surface water & snow ice—

Examined again the ice & meadow crust deposited just S of Derby's Bridge— The river is almost down to summer level there now being only 3 to 4 feet deep at that bridge— It has fallen about 8 feet since Feb. 17. The ice is piled up there 3 or 4 cakes deep & no water beneath—and most of the cakes which are about, 1 foot thick, have a crust of meadow of equal thickness (ie from 6 inches to 1 foot) attached beneath. I saw in one place 3 cakes of ice each with a crust of meadow frozen to it beneath—lying one directly upon another—and all upon the original ice there—~~and the~~ alternately ice & meadow—& the middle crust of meadow—measured 28 x 22 feet



In this case the earth was about 6 inches thick 3 to 4 feet high in all above original ice only for the most part ^— This lay on a gentle ridge or swell  between the main Derby<sup>1</sup> Bridge & the little one beyond— & it suggested that that swell might have been thus formed or increased. As we

A

went down the bank through ^ Hosmer's land we saw great cakes & even fields of ice lying up high & dry where you

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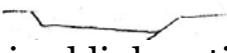
<sup>1</sup>"Derby" possibly altered from "&"

would not suspect otherwise that water had been. Some have much of the withered pickerel weed, stem & leaves, in it—causing it to melt & break up soon in the sun. I saw one cake of ice 6 inches thick & more than 6 feet in diameter—with a cake of meadow of exactly equal dimensions attached to its underside—exactly & evenly ballanced on the top of a ~~water~~ wall in a pasture 40 rods from the river, & where you would not have thought the water ever came. We saw 3 white maples about 9 inches in diameter which had been torn up roots & sod together & in some cases carried a long distance. One quite round, of equal size, had been bent flat & broken by the ice striking them some 6 or 7 feet from the ground. Saw some very large pieces of meadow lifted up or carried off at mout of G. M. Barretts Bay—  
// One measured 74 x 27 feet—topped with ice almost always—& the old ice still beneath. In some cases the black-peaty soil thus floated was more than 1 1/2 feet thick—& some of this last was carried 1/4 of a mile without trace

but prob. it was first lifted by ice.

of ice to buoy it—^ The edge of these meadow  
crusts is singularly abrupt, as if cut with

Saw one piece, more than a rod long & 2 feet thick of black peaty soil brought from I  
know not where

a turf ~~cutter~~ knife— Of course a great  
surface is now covered with ice on each side  
of the river under which there is no water—& we go  
constantly getting in with impunity. The spring sun  
shining on the sloping  icy shores  
makes numerous dazzling ice-blinks—still brighter  
& prolonged with rectilinear sides in the reflection.  
I am surprised to find the N. river more  
frozen than the S, and we can cross it in  
many places.

I think the meadow is lifted in this wise.

1<sup>st</sup> you have a considerable freshet in mid-  
winter succeeded by severe cold before the water  
has run off much—(Then as the water goes down  
or rather all the water freezes where it is shallow  
the ice for a certain width on each side

& the grass is frozen into it. V Mar. 11<sup>th</sup>

the ~~mead~~ river meadows rests on the ground  
which freezes to it.) Then comes another freshet  
which rises a little higher than the former  
gently

This ^ lifts up the river ice, & that meadow ice  
on each side of it which still has water  
under it, without breaking them, but  
over flows the ice which is frozen to the  
bottom. Then after some days of thaw  
& wind the latter ice is broken up & rises  
in cakes larger or smaller—with or

without the meadow crust beneath it  
and is floated off before the wind &  
current till it grounds somewhere—  
~~≠frequently on a~~ or melts & so sinks—  
frequently 3 cakes one upon another—  
on some swell in the meadow—or  
the edge of the upland. The ice is thus  
with us a wonderful agent in changing  
the aspect of the surface—of the river valley—  
I think that there has been more meadow  
than usual moved this year—because we had  
so great a freshet in mid winter succeeded by severe  
cold—& that by another still greater freshet  
before the cold weather was past.

// Saw a butcher bird—as usual on top of  
a tree—& distinguished from a jay by black wings  
& tail & streak side of head.

I did well to walk in the forenoon  
—the fresh & inspiring half of this bright day  
at mid-afternoon  
—for now ^ its brightness is dulled & a fine  
white stratus is spread over the sky.

Is not "the <sup>~</sup>starry puff (*lycoperdon stellatum*)"  
of the Journal of a Naturalist<sup>1</sup>, which "remains  
driving about the pastures, little altered until  
spring"—my 5-fingered fungus?

The same tells of goldfinches—*fringilla*  
*carduelis* [Bewick calls it the "thistle-finch"]

---

<sup>1</sup>"N" written over "n"

"scattering all over the turf the down of the thistle, as they pick out the seed for their food." It is singular that in this particular it should resemble our goldfinch, a dif bird.

March 2<sup>nd</sup>

Another still warm beautiful day like yesterday. 9 Am to Great Meadows to see the ice—

Saw yesterday one of those small slender winged insects on the ice. A. Wright says that //  
about 40 years ago an acre of meadow was carried off at one time by the ice

D. Clarke. tells me he saw a piece of meadow, on his part of the Grt Meadows, on the Colburn place. I observe that

5 or 6 rods square which had been taken up in one piece & set down where there is ploughed ground much of again a little distance off.

it has been washed over the neighboring grass ground to a great distance—discoloring it.

The Great meadows, as all the rest, are one great field of ice a foot thick to their utmost verge—far up

sloping upward there the hill sides & into the swamps <sup>^</sup>~~resting~~ without water under it resting almost every where on the ground—a great undulating field of ice—rolling prairie-like —the earth wearing this dry icy shield or armor—which shines in the sun.

perhaps & in Over brooks & ditches <sup>^</sup> &<sup>2</sup> in many other

---

<sup>1</sup>Caret written below dash

<sup>2</sup>"&" smudged; possibly cancelled

in some places  
places the ice a foot thick ^ is shoved (?)  
or puffed  
^ up in the form of a pent roof  
in some places 3 feet high & stretching  
20 or 30 rods. There is certainly  
more ice than can lie flat there as if  
the adjacent ices had been moved toward each  
other— Yet this general motion is not likely—  
& it is more probably the result of the  
expansion<sup>1</sup> of the ice under the sun—& of

?

the warmth of the water ^ there. In many  
places the ice is dark & transparent &  
you see plainly the bottom on which it  
lies— The various figures in the partially

white  
rotted ice are very interesting—^ bubbles  
which look like coins of varies sizes over  
lapping each other— ~~Do~~ Parrallel waving  
lines, with sometimes very slight intervals,  
on the underide of sloping white ice—  
marking the successive levels at  
which the water has stood



Also countless  
white cleavages  
perpendicular or inclined—straight  
& zigzag meeting and crossing each  
other at all possible angles &  
making all kinds of geometrical figures  
—checkering the whole surface—

---

<sup>1</sup>Underlining possibly in pencil

like white frills or ruffles in the ice.  
 (At length the ice melts on the edge of  
 these cleavages into little gutters which catch  
 the snow-) There is the greatest  
 noise from the ice cracking about  
 10 Am-yesterday & to-day.

Where the last years shoots or tops of the  
 young white maples, at the S. Purshiana shore,  
 are brought together as I walk into  
 a mass 1/4 of a mile off-with the  
 sun on them-they present a fine  
 dull scarlet streak- Young twigs  
 are thus more fluid than the old wood  
 as if from their nearness to the flower-  
 -or like the complexion of children.  
 You see thus a fine dash of red or scarlet  
 against the distant hills-which near  
 at hand or in their midst is wholly unob-  
 servable. I go listening but in vain-  
 for the warble of a blue-bird from the  
 old orchard across the river- I love to  
 look now at the fine grained russet hill  
 sides in the sun-ready to relieve & contrast  
 with the azure of the blue-birds.

I made a burning glass of ice-which pro-  
 duced a slight sensation of warmth on the back  
 of my hand-but wa so untrue that it did



not concentrate the rays to a sufficiently small focus.

Returning over Great Fields—found half a dozen arrowheads—one with 3 scallops in the base



If we have a considerable freshet before the ice melts much—

ap. much meadow crust will be moved on the S branch. There is about 6 { } inches

There was something truly March-like in it— of frost in the swamps ^ like a prolonged blast or whistling of the wind

// Heard 2 large hawks scream— through a crevice in the sky—which like a cracked blue saucer overlaps the

Sat. Mar. 3<sup>d</sup> woods. Such are the first rude notes which prelude the Summer's quire—

Pm To Conantum learned of the whistling March-wind.

This after noon it is somewhat overcast

// for the first time since Feb 18<sup>th</sup> inclusive

// I see a dirty-white miller fluttering about over the winter rye patch next to Hubbard's Grove. A few rods from the broad P. pine beyond I find a cone which was probably dropt by a squirrel in the fall—for I see the marks of its teeth where it was cut off—and it has probably been buried by the snow till now—for it has ap— just opened & I shake its seeds out. Not only is this cone resting upright on the ground fully blossomed a very beautiful object—but the winged seeds

which half fill my hand—small triangular  
black seeds with thin & delicate flesh-  
colored wings—~~more or~~ remind me of  
fishes alewives perchance, their tails more  
or less curved.  I do not show the  
curve of the tail— I see in another

p

place under a pine—many cores of cones  
which the squirrels have completely stripped

excepting the (about) 3 at the extremity which cover no seeds  
of their scales  $\wedge$ —cutting them off regularly  $\wedge$  at  
the seeds or close to the core—Leaving it  
in this form

regular

From some partially stript  
I see that they begin at the  
base—



or more

These you find  
left on & about  
stumps—where they  
have sat—& under  
the pines.

Most fallen P. P. cones show the marks of S. teeth—showing they were cut off.

Day before yesterday— There was good  
skating & it was a beautiful warm day  
for it. Yesterday—the ice began to be per-  
ceptibly softened— To day it is too soft  
for skating.

//

I might have said on the 2<sup>d</sup> that

u

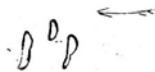
though it is warm there is no tro<sup>u</sup>ble about  
getting on to the river—for the water having  
fallen about 6 feet on the S branch  
the ice about a foot thick slopes up-  
ward in many places half a dozen  
rods or more on to the upland like  
the side of an earthen milk pan

and you do not know when you have passed  
the water line. 

~~I think~~ Also I noticed yesterday that  
the ice, along the river edge at the  
Grt- Meadows, still clinging to the  
alders & maples 3 or 4 feet from  
the ground was remarkably transparent  
like purest crystal  
& solid or without bubbles ^-not rotted-probably  
because the rays of the sun passed through  
it & there was no surface beneath to  
reflect them back again-& so rot  
the ice-of this I made my burning  
glass

// I think it was yesterday morning that  
I first noticed a frost on the bare  
russet grass- This too is an early  
spring phenomenon- I am surprised to  
see that- The radical Johnswort  
leaves which have been green all  
winter & now wilted & blackened by it  
& where a wood was cut off this  
winter on a hill side all the rattle-  
snake plantain his suffered in  
like manner.

Again I observe the river breaking up  
(from the bank) The thin & rotted ice  
saturated with water is riddled with  
oblong open places-whose prevailing

form is  Curving commonly  
 upstream—though not always—i.e.  
 Southerly here— Has this anything to do with  
 the direction of the prevailing winds of winter?  
 —which makes the waves bend ap southerly.  
 Since the cold of a week ago—(they<sup>1</sup>  
 may be of older date) I see many cracks  
 in the earth—especially in ploughed fields  
 which are cracked up into vast cakes in  
 some places—ap. on the same principle  
 that ice is— River channel fairly open. //

Sunday March 4<sup>th</sup> 1855

Pm to Bee tree Hill over F. H. Pond.  
 For some time, or since the ground has  
 been bare, I have noticed the spider holes  
 in the ploughed land. We go over the  
 Cliffs. Though a cold & strong wind  
 it is very warm in the sun—& we can  
 sit in the sun where sheltered on these  
 rocks with impunity. It is a genial  
 warmth— The rustle of the dry leaves on  
 the earth & in the crannies of the  
 rocks—& gathered in deep windrows  
 just under their edge—midleg deep—  
 remind me of fires in the woods—they  
 are almost ready to burn. I see a  
 fly on the rock //

---

<sup>1</sup>"they" possibly altered from "it"

The ice is so much rotted & softened  
by the sun that it looks white like  
snow now as I look down on the  
meadows. There is considerable  
// snow on the N side of hills in the  
woods– At the Bee-Hill<sup>1</sup> side—a striped  
// squirrel, which quickly dives into his hole at

v Mar. 4<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup>

our approach—^ May not this season  
of Spring-like weather bet the 1<sup>st</sup> decidedly  
spring like day & the 1<sup>st</sup> blue-bird—already  
14 days long—be called the striped-squirrel  
spring? In which we go listening for the  
blue-bird but hear him not.

Returning by the Andromeda Ponds  
I am surprised to see the red-ice visible  
still half a dozen rods off— It is melted  
down to the red bubbles & I can tinge  
my finger with it there by rubbing it  
on the rotted ice.

Mar. 5<sup>th</sup> '55

Pm to Beck Stows—

A strong—but warm S Westerly (?) wind.  
which has produced a remarkable  
// haze— As I go along by sleepy hollow—  
this strong warm wind—rustling the  
leaves on the hill sides—this blue haze  
—& the russet earth seen through

---

<sup>1</sup>"H" altered from "h"

it—remind me that a new season has  
 come— There was the—less thick—more remotely  
blue, haze of the 11<sup>th</sup> Feb— succeeded by a  
 thaw beginning on the 14<sup>th</sup>— Will not rain follow  
 this much thicker haze?

Mar. 6<sup>th</sup>

To 2<sup>d</sup> Div. Brook—  
 Still stronger wind—shaking the house—  
 & rather cold. This the 3<sup>d</sup> day of wind.

Our woods are now so reduced that  
 the chopping of this winter—has been a cutting  
 to the quick—at least we walkers feel it  
 as such— There is hardly a woodlot of  
 any consequence left—but the chopper's  
 axe has been heard in it this season—  
 They have even infringed fatally on White //  
 Pond— On the South of F. H. Pond— //  
 shaved off the top-knot of The Cliffs— The //  
 Colburn Farm—Beck stows—&c &c— //

Observed a mouse or moles nest in //  
 the 2<sup>nd</sup> Div. meadow—where it had been made  
 under the snow—a nice warm globular  
 nest some 5 inches in diameter—amid  
 the sphagnum & cranberry vines &c—made  
 of dried grass & lined with a still finer grass.  
 The hole was on one side & the bottom was  
 near 2 inches thick. There were many

small paths or galleries in the meadow leading  
to this from the brook some rod or more distant.

// The small gyrinus is circling in the  
brook. I see where much fur  
of a rabbit which prob. a fox was carrying  
has caught on a moss-rose twig as he  
leaped a ditch. It is much worse  
walking than it has been for 10 days  
the continued warmth of the sun melting  
the ice & snow by walls &c-& reaching the  
unexpectedly after the surface had been dry.  
deeper frost{-}^ Pastures which look dry  
prove soft & full of water.

There is a peculiar redness in the western-  
sky just after sunset- There are many  
great dark-slate-colored clouds  
floating there-seen against more distant  
& thin wispy bright vermilion (?) al-

in many places

most blood-red ones- This ~~often~~<sup>1</sup> appears  
as the lining of the former-

// It rained last evening-but not much

This the 1<sup>st</sup> rain or storm since Feb 18<sup>th</sup>  
inclusive. i.e 15 days.

The weather began to be decidedly spring-like-  
air full of light &c the 18<sup>th</sup>- The 20<sup>th</sup> was  
perfect march- The 21<sup>st</sup> & 22<sup>nd</sup> were remarkably  
fair & elea warm- 23<sup>d</sup> to 28 inclusive  
remarkably clear & cold- Mar 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup>  
remarkably clear & serene & pleasant

---

<sup>1</sup>"often" cancelled in pencil

Since then colder—with increasing wind—& some—  
clouds—with last night some rain.

The sands are too dry & light-colored to show arrow heads so well now—  
I see many places where after the late freshet  
the musquash made their paths under  
the ice—leading from the water a rod or

the

two to a bed of grass above water level.

Mar. 7<sup>th</sup> P. M to Red-ice Pond

A raw east wind & rather cloudy.

Methinks the buds of the early willows  
the W. of the R. R. bank show more of the  
silvery down than 10 days ago.

Did I not see crows flying N Easterly //  
yesterday toward night?

The redness in the ice appears mostly  
to have evaporated so that melted it  
does not color the water in a bottle.  
Saw about a hemlock stump on the  
hill side ~~E~~ N of the largest Andromeda  
Pond—very abundant droppings of  
some kind of mice on that common  
green moss{—}(<sup>2</sup>forming a firm bird about  
an inch high like little pines—surmounted  
by a fine red stem with a green point in all  
3/4 of an inch high) which they had fed  
on to a great extent, evidently when it  
was covered with snow, shearing it off  
level— Their droppings could be collected  
by the handful  a light brown

---

<sup>1</sup>"Mar" and "7" underlined in pencil

<sup>2</sup>Paren written over "{—}"

above—green next the earth. There<sup>1</sup> were  
ap— many of their holes in the earth about  
the stump— They must have fed very ex-

V Mar 14

tensively on this moss the past winter ^—

// It is now difficult getting on & off Walden.

At Bristers spring there are beautiful

ap.

//dense green beds of moss which ^ has just  
risen above the surface of the water—tender  
& compact. I see many tadpoles

// of medium or full size in deep warm  
ditches in Hubbards meadow— They may—  
probably be seen as soon as the ditches are  
open, thus earlier than frogs— At his  
bridge over the brook it must have been

// a trout I saw glance, rather dark  
as big as my finger.

3 or 4

// To day, as ~~also~~ several days ago,<sup>2</sup> I  
saw a clear drop of maple sap on  
a broken red maple twig which tasted  
very sweet.

The *pyrola secunda* is a perfect evergreen  
It has lost none of its color or freshness—with  
its thin ovate finely serrate leaves—revealed now  
the snow is gone. It is more or less branched.

Picked up a very handsome whit Pine  
cone some 6 1/2 inches long x 2 3/8 near base  
& 2 near apex. perfectly blossomed<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>"There" altered from "They"

<sup>2</sup>Comma possibly altered from dash

<sup>3</sup>"loss" blotched.



It is a very rich  
 & wholesome brown color—  
 of various shades as  
 you turn it in your  
 hand—a light  
 ashy or grey brown,  
 somewhat like unpainted  
 wood, as you look  
 or as if the lighter brown was covered with  
 a grey lichen  
 down on it ^, seeing  
 only those parts of  
 the scales always ex-  
 posed—with a few  
 darker streaks or  
 marks ^ & a drop of  
 pitch at the point of each  
 scale—

Within the scales are  
 a dark brown ~~ben~~ above  
 (ie as it hangs) & a light  
brown beneath—very distinctly  
 being made beneath by  
 the same darker brown—down

the center & near the apex somewhat anchor  
 wise—



We were walking along the Sunny hill-  
side on the S of Fair. H. P. (on The 4<sup>th</sup> ult-)  
which the choppers have just laid bare.  
when ~~we~~ ~~he~~ in a sheltered & warmer  
place—we heard a rustling amid the  
dry leaves on the hill side & saw a  
striped squirrel—eyeing us from its resting  
place on the bare-ground— It sat still  
till we were within a rod—then suddenly  
dived into its hole which was at its feet  
& disappeared. The first pleasant days  
of spring come out like a squirrel &  
go in again.

Mar. 8<sup>th</sup> 1855

P. m To Old Carlisle Road

Another fair day with easterly wind—  
This morning I got my boat out  
of the cellar & turned it up in the yard  
to let the seams open before I caulk it.  
The blue ~~channel~~ ~~of the~~ river now  
almost completely open (—i.e. excepting  
a little ice in the recesses of the shore  
& a good deal over the meadows)  
admonishes me to be swift.  
I see where many young trees &  
bushes have been broken down by  
the ice after<sup>1</sup> the last freshet— Many of

---

<sup>1</sup>"after" written over "in"

Loring's young maples—e.g. The cornel  
& other bushes along the walls are broken  
like young trees by snow-drifts—the ice sinking

or dragging

with them in its embrace—weighing ^ them  
down. In many places where the  
water rose so high—as to reach the  
ends of the lower branches of white maples  
& then were afterward frozen in—the  
ice sinking with the ebb—~~str~~ breaks off

V Mar 14<sup>th</sup>

or strips down the branch— There ap-  
pears to be a motion to the ice (even on  
meadows away from the current) and  
at Walden shore) somewhat like that  
of a glacier—by which it tips over the trees  
&c standing in it without breaking up—

The result, one would say, of its swelling  
under the influence of the sun.

Was surprised to see a cluster of those  
large ~~sedum~~<sup>1</sup> (?) or leek<sup>2</sup>(?) buds on a rock in  
Clarke's (?) Meadow bet. the oak & my house  
that was.

Daniel Clarke tells me that on his part of  
the great Meadows there is a hole just about  
the breadth & depth of a man commonly full  
of water— He does not know what made it.

I crossed through the Swamp S of Boulder  
Field toward the old dam. Stopping in  
a sunny & sheltered place on a hillock

---

<sup>1</sup>"sedum" cancelled in pencil

<sup>2</sup>"(?)" inserted in ink and then cancelled in pencil



–p. grandidentata–white oak and other oaks (taking off considerable twigs at 4 or 5 cuts) amelanchier, & sallow. but they seem to prefer the smooth sumach to any of these. With this variety of cheap diet they are not likely to starve. I get a few drops of the sweet red maple juice which has ~~rabbit~~ run down the main stem where a ~~squirrel~~ rabbit has nibbled off close a twig– The rabbit indeed lives; but the sumach may be killed.

The heart-wood of the poison dogwood–when I break it down with my hand–has a singular rotten decayed-yellow look & a spirituous or apothecary odor

As on the 4<sup>th</sup> ult I clambered over those great wht pine masts which lay in all directions one upon another on the hill-side S of F. Haven–where the woods have been laid waste–I was struck, in favorable lights, with the jewel-like brilliancy of the sawed ends thickly bedewed with crystal drops of turpentine. –thickly as a shield–As if the Dryads? Oreads–?<sup>1</sup> Pine-wood nymphs had seasonably wept there the fall of the tree–

---

<sup>1</sup>"?" written above and below dash

The perfect sincerity of these terebinthine  
each one reflecting the world  
drops—^ colorless as light—or like drops  
of dew heaven-distilled & trembling to  
their fall—is incredible when you  
remember how firm their consistency—  
And is this that pitch which you cannot  
touch without being defiled?

Looking from the Cliffs, the sun  
being as before invisible, I saw far  
more light in the reflected sky in  
the neighborhood of the sun than I  
could see in the heavens from my po-  
sition—and it occurred to me that  
the reason was that there was reflected  
to me from the river, the view I should have  
got if I had stood there on the water  
in a more favorable position.



I see that the mud in the road

has crystalized as it dried—(for it is  
not nearly cold enough to freeze) like  
the first crystals that shoot & set on  
water when freezing.

I see the minute seeds of the<sup>1</sup> Andromeda Calycu-  
lata scattered over the melting ice of the  
And. Ponds.

// C. says he saw yesterday the slate-col— hawk  
with a white bar across tail meadow hawk—i.e.  
frog-hawk— Prob. finds moles & mice—

// An over cast & dark night.

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil lines through this and the following line (need better copy)

Mar. 10<sup>th</sup> '55

Snowed in the night—a mere whitening. //

In the morning somewhat overcast still—  
cold & quite windy. The first clear-snow to  
whiten the ground since Feb— 9<sup>th</sup>

I am not aware of growth in any plant  
yet unless it be—the further peeping out of //

willow-catkins. They have crept out further from under their scales  
& looking closely into them I detect a little redness along the twigs  
even now—

You are always surprised by the sight of the  
first spring bird or insect—they seem pre-  
mature & there is no such evidence of spring  
as themselves—so that they literally fetch the

year about— It is thus when ~~looking-alon~~  
I hear the first robin or bluebird—or looking  
along the brooks see the first water bugs out  
circling— But you think—they have come &  
Nature cannot recede. Thus when on the 6<sup>th</sup>

~~when~~ I saw the gyrinus at 2<sup>d</sup> Div. Brook—I saw no pe-  
culiarity in the water or the air to remind me of them  
—but<sup>1</sup> today they are here & yesterday they were not.  
I go looking deeper for tortoises—when suddenly  
my eye rests on these black circling apple-  
seeds in some smoothe bay.

red

The ^ squirrel should be drawn with a pine cone  
Those reddening leaves ~~of the~~—as the checkerberry—  
lambkill &c &c which at the beg. of winter were greenish  
are now a deeper red—when the snow goes off.

---

<sup>1</sup>"but" could be in pencil (need better copy)

last

No more snow since ^ night but a strong–cold northerly wind all day–with occasional gleams of sunshine– The whitening of snow ~~has~~ consequently has not disappeared.

Miss Minott says that Dr. Spring told her that when the sap began to come up into the trees–i.e. about the mid of Feb. (she says) then the diseases of the human body come out. The idea is that man's body sympathizes with the rest of Nature–& his pent up humors burst forth like the sap from wounded trees– This with the man may be that languor or other weakness–commonly called spring-feelings.

// Minott tells me that Henry Hosmer says he saw geese 2 or 3 days ago!

Jacob Farmer gave me today a

Pine Marten

// part of the foot probably of an ~~an~~ ~~etter~~

2 or 3 days ago

which he found ^ in a trap he had  
under water baited with a pickerel  
set in his brook for a mink ^– It is  
cloved above with a glossy dark brown  
(perhaps a third without the talon)  
hair, and contains but 2 toes ^ armed with  
fine & ~~sh~~ very sharp talons–much curved.  
It had left thus much in the trap  
& departed.

Aud. & Bach. call my deer mouse  
"Mus Leucopus.–Rafinesque" call it "yellowish  
brown above" & give these synonymes

"Mus Sylvaticus, Forster, Phil– Trans. Vol 62, p 380  
Field-Rat, Penn., Hist. Quad., Vol II., p 185.

" Arctic Zool., Vol I, p 131.

Musculus Leucopus, Rafinesque, Amer. Month. Review  
Oct. 1818, p. 444.

Mus Leucopus, Desmar. Mamm., esp. 493

Mus Sylvaticus, Harlan, Fauna, p. 151.

Mus Agrarius, Godm., Nat. Hist., Voll II p 88.

Mus Leucopus, Richardson, F.B.A., p 142

Arvicola Nuttallii, Harlan, variety.

Arvicola Emmonsii, Emm., Mass. Report, p. 61

Mus Leucopus, Dekay, Nat Hist. N.Y., pl. 1, p 82"

"American white-footed mouse"

By fur he does not mean the short inner hair only.

Says they are larger in Carolina than in the E.

States—but he does not describe any larger

than mine. "Next to the common mouse,

this is the most abundant and widely

diffused species of mouse in North America.

We have received it from every state in

the Union, and from Labrador, Hudson's Bay,

& the Columbia River." Has found

it "taking up its abode in a deserted squir-

rel's nest, 30 feet from the earth."

"They have been known to take possession of de-

serted birds' nests—such as those of the cat-

bird, red-winged starling, song thrush, or

red-eyed fly-catcher." "We have

also occasionally found their nests

on bushes, from 5 to 15 feet from the ground. They are in these cases constructed with nearly as much art and ingenuity as the nests of the Baltimore Oriole"—of some he has says "They are 7 inches in length & 4 in breadth, the circumference measuring 13 inches; they are of an oval shape and are outwardly composed of dried moss and a few slips of the inner bark of some wild grape-vine; other nests are more rounded, and are composed of dried leaves & moss." Thinks 2 pairs live in some very large ones—"The entrance in all the nests is from below, and about the size of the animal."

Female sometimes escapes with her young adhering to her teats. "nocturnal in its habits." Only sound he has heard from them "a low squeak" Not so carnivorous as "most of its kindred species". Troubles trappers by getting their ~~{bate}~~ bait. Lays<sup>2</sup> up "stores of grain & grass seeds" acorns &c— In the north wheat—in the south rice. eats out the heart of Ind. corn kernels

Thinks it produces 2 litters in a season in the north—& 3 in the south. Foxes owls &c destroy it. Thinks the ermine weasel its most formidable foe. Thinks it sometimes occupies a chip-squirrel's hole. Thinks that neither this nor the mole does much injury to garden or farm but rather "the little pine-mouse (*Arvicola Pinetorum*,

---

<sup>1</sup>T might have written "bate" and tried to alter it to "bait" before cancelling it  
<sup>2</sup>"L" altered from "I"

Le Conte), or perhaps Wilson's Meadow-mouse, (*Arvicola Pennsylvanica*, Ord. *A. hirsutus*, Emmons, & Dekay)."

Yet northern farmers complain that the Deer-mouse gnaws young fruit trees &c may be so.

Avoids houses—at least those where there are wharf-rats & cats—

Observed this Pm. some celandine by Dea Brown's fence—ap. grown about an inch. V. if //  
it is really springing

Mar 11<sup>th</sup>

P. m. to Annursnack—

Clear & rather pleasant—the ground again //  
bare—wind northerly. I am surprised to see how rapidly that ice that covered the meadows on the 1<sup>st</sup> of March—has disappeared under the influence of the sun alone— The greater part of what then lay on the meadows a foot thick has melted. 2/3 at least

On Abel Hosmers pasture just SE of the Stone Bridge—I see where the ~~erust~~ sod was lifted up over a great space in the flood of the 17<sup>th</sup> of Feb. There is one bare place there, showing only the fine & now white roots of grass—7 rods long by 2 or 3— There are other smaller ones about it. The sod carried off is from 4 to 6 inches thick commonly. Pieces of this crust from 1/4 to 1/3 the size

mentioned are resting within 10 or 20 rods.  
one has sunk against the causeway bridge  
being too wide to go through— I see one  
piece of crust 12 feet x 6 turned completely  
topsy-turvy with its ice beneath it. This has  
prevented the ice from melting—& on examining  
it I find that the ice did not settle  
down onto the grass after the water went

NB. down & then froze to it—for the  
blades of grass penetrate 1 inch into the  
ice, showing that the water being  
shallow—the whole froze & the grass  
was frozen in & thus—when the water  
rose again was lifted up. The bared  
places I have noticed as yet were not  
in the low ground—but where the water  
was comparatively shallow—commonly at  
a distance from the river— v 3 ps forward

n. p.

// A blue-bird day before yesterday in Stow. ^

Saw a caked of recent ice very handsome-  
ly marked as it decayed—with darker  
marks for the original crystals centered  
with ~~whi~~ the original white— It would  
be a rare pattern for a carpet—because  
it contains a variety of figures—agreeable  
to the eye without regularity.

or ephemerae

Many of those dirty-white millers ^ in the  
air.

As I sit at the base of Anurnsnack  
the earth appears almost completely

bare—but from the top I see considerably  
white ice here & there—this shows that what  
is left is only the whitened & rotting ice which  
being confined to the lowest hollows & meadows  
is only observed from a height.

At this season—before grass springs to conceal

roundish

them—I<sup>1</sup> notice those pretty little ^ shells  
on the tops of hills—one today on Anurnsnack—

I see<sup>2</sup> pitch pine needles looking  
as if white-washed—thickly covered on each  
of the two slopes of the needle with narrow  
white oyster-shell like latebrae or chrysalids of  
an insect<sup>3</sup>.

Mar 12 '55

6 1/2 Am to Andromeda Ponds

Lesser red polls still. v forward //

Elbridge Haden & Poland affirm that they  
saw a brown thrasher sitting on the top of ? //  
an apple tree by the road near Hubbards &  
singing after his fashion on the 5<sup>th</sup> ult—

I suggested the shrike, which they do not know  
but they say it was a brown bird. ??<sup>3</sup>

Haden saw a blue bird yesterday //

Pm to Great Meadow

Comes out pleasant after a raw forenoon  
with a flurry of snow—already gone.

2 ducks in river—good size white beneath with //  
black heads as they go over— They first rise  
sheldrakes? or

---

<sup>1</sup>"I" written over "a"

<sup>2</sup>"I see" altered from another word

<sup>3</sup>"??" possibly added

some distance down stream—& fly by on high  
reconnoitering me—& I first see them on wing—  
Then settle a quarter of a mile above by a  
long slanting flight at last op. the swimming  
elm below Flints— I come on up the bank  
with the sun in my face—start them again—  
Again they fly down stream by me on high—  
turn and come round back by me again  
with outstretched heads—& go up to the  
battle ground before they alight. Thus  
the river is no sooner fairly open—than they  
are back again—before I have got my

& long before the river has worne through F. H. P.  
boat launched. ^ I think I heard a quack or 2

Aud. & Bach. say that Forster & Harlan  
refer the *Mus Leucopus* "to *mus sylvaticus* of Europe."  
~~but~~ wrongly—for they differ in many respects "they  
may always be distinguished from each other at  
a glance by the following mark: in more  
than 20 specimens we examined of *Mus Sylvati-*  
*cus* [in Europe] we have always found a yellowish  
line edged with dark-brown on the breast. In  
many hundred specimens of *Mus leucopus* we  
have without a single exception found this yellow  
line entirely wanting, all of them being pure  
white on the breast, as well as on the whole  
under surface. We have no hesitation in pronouncing  
the species distinct." Now I find that  
I had described my specimen of Feb 20<sup>th</sup>—  
before I had read Aud. & Bach. or heard of the *Mus*  
*sylvaticus*—~~& though Emmons does not~~  
as having "a very slight & delicate tinge of yellowish  
beneath between the forelegs—" though Emmons  
does not mention this color.  
The other differences they mention certainly are  
not of much importance—& prob. equally great ones

are to be found bet. dif. specimens of *Mus leucopus*.

Mar 13 '55

Northern lights last night—rain-bow in East this morn //

Almost all the meadow crust now (& for a week past) lies on a cake of ice where it lodged—and which being prevented from melting any further than its edge is of the same size with it. The crust is frozen onto this—and the ice which first froze to it & raised it having melted some time ago,—most would not know how to account for its position.

6 1/2 Am to Hill. Still—but with some wrack here & there— The river is low—very low for the season— It<sup>1</sup> has been falling ever since the freshet of Feb 18<sup>th</sup>.

Now about sunrise it is nearly filled with the thin half-cemented ice-crystals // of the night—which the warmer temperature of day ap. has ~~set in~~ loosened. They grate against the bushes—& wheel round in great fields with a slight crash & piling up. I hear the rapid tapping of the woodpecker from //

over the water

Pm To Hub's Close

For a week the more stagnant brooks & ditches have been green with conferva—a // kind of green veil that conceals their bottom

---

<sup>1</sup>"It" altered from "it"

& invests the bubbles on the surface.

I am surprised to see, not only many  
pollywogs through the thin ice of the warm  
ditches—but in still warmer stagnant  
unfrozen holes in this meadow half a

// dozen small frogs—prob. *R. Palustris*. ?

{Is it not the croaker}

Green spires of grass stand perfectly upright  
in these pools—rising above water.

Coming thro the stubble of Stow's rye-field  
in front of the Breed-House—I meet  
with 4 mice nests in going half a dozen

lie flat on the ground amid the stubble  
rods. They ^ are flattened spheres—the horizontal  
diameter about 5 inches, the perpendicular

<sup>finer</sup>  
considerably less—composed of grass or ^ stubble  
& on taking them up you do not at once  
detect the entrance with your eye, but rather  
feel it with your finger—on the side—

~~They are lined within~~ with the finest of the  
grass. These were undoubtedly—probably—  
made when the snow was on the ground  
for their winter residence—while they gleaned  
the rye-field—& when the snow went off  
they scampered to the woods. I think they  
were made by the *Mus leucopus*—i.e.<sup>1</sup> *Arvicola*

Similar to that of Mar. 6<sup>th</sup> in meadow—except that was  
*Emmonsii*. thicker against wet.

I look int many woodchuck's & ~~perhaps~~  
holes but as yet they are choked with leaves  
& there is no sign of their having come abroad.

At eve the raw overcast day concludes.

---

<sup>1</sup>"i.e." possibly altered from "a"

with h snow & hail {—}—2 pickerel  
 caught in Flints Pond today  
 ^ weighed on the Mill-dam to-night 7 3/4+  
 or nearly 8 lbs.

Mar 14<sup>th</sup> '55

3 inches of snow in the morn & it //  
 snows a little more during the day with  
 occasional gleams of sunshine. Winter back //  
 again in prospect—& I see a few sparrows  
 prob. tree spars in the yard.

Pm. to Andromeda ponds

At one of the holes under the stump of Mar  
 7<sup>th</sup> caught a *Mus leucopus*—Deer-mouse— So  
 this<sup>1</sup> was the kind undoutedly that fed on the  
 moss—& that colored their droppings. It is in  
 very good condition—extreme length 6 1/2 tail 3 inches  
 & cheeks

It is a less reddish brown on the sides ^ than  
 my whole skin & a darker brown above mixed  
 with a little reddish—no yellow tinge on breast.  
 Some whiskers usual are white, others black.  
 & I count the "6 tubercles on ~~the~~ each palm".

There are no tracks about the stump, for  
 they are not abroad by day i.e since the last  
 of this snow—but probably there will be  
 tracks tomorrow morn. Thus it is generally  
 If—it ceases snowing in the morning you  
 see few if any tracks in your walk—but the  
 next morning many.

It is the first & last snows—especially the last,  
 which blind us most—when the sun is

---

<sup>1</sup>"this" possibly altered from "his"

most powerful & our eyes are unused to them.

I observe the tracks of sparrows leading  
amid the other weeds  
to every little sprig of blue curls ^, which, its seemingly  
empty pitchers, rises above the snow— There  
seems however to be a little seed left in them.  
enough

This then is ~~the~~ reason ^ why these withered  
stems still stand—that they may raise these  
granaries above the snow for the use  
of the snow birds.

of Feb

That ice ^ has destroyed almost the whole  
of Charles Hubbards young red maple swamp  
in front of the Hollowell place— Full an

as well as

acre of thrifty young maples—^ alders—& birches  
4 to 7<sup>1</sup> feet high

^ is completely destroyed—being pulled & broken  
broken near the ground

down ^ as the ~~water~~ ice sank after the  
water went down— It is all flat &  
looks at a little distance as if one had

& done his work faithfully

gone through with bush-whack<sup>2</sup> They  
from 1/2 an inch to 1 inch thick—broken this

wise  He has ap. concluded to  
clear it. Only the taller birches &c are

{to be}

Perhaps best described in 1<sup>st</sup> voyage on river V. Mar 19<sup>th</sup> or 20  
left.

I thought as I approached  
seeing some clumps still standing—all  
the rest flat on the ground—that  
without a doubt some one had been  
clearing the swamp—Though I stood  
within a rod of it. Just as a snow-  
drift breaks down young fruit trees.

R Rice tells me that a great many young white pines in a swamp of his in Sudbury  
have been barked the bark rubbed down several inches completely bare by the  
ice. Then the river from time to time asserts its authority over its  
swamps to a great distance.

The willows alders &c all along the river where the  
water was deeper are commonly broken higher up  
3 or 4 feet from the ground. This Mar 19<sup>th</sup> v. Mar 20<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>"7" altered from "5"

<sup>2</sup>Caret written below dash

<sup>3</sup>The willows . . . 20" written vertically in left margin, from bottom of page up

Mar 15

Jacob farmer gave me today the foot  
of an otter, also of a fisher—(to put  
with my pine marten's foot) He cut them  
off of recent furs in Boston. He sells  
about 100 mink skins in a year—  
Thinks not more than 30 or 40 are  
caught in Concord in a year. He says—(I think)  
a mink's skin is worth 2 dollars!?! They are sent  
to Europe to be worn there—not for hats.  
Foul weather all day—at first a fine snow  
& finally rain— Now at 9 Pm a clear sky. //

& so the storm which beg. eve of 13<sup>th</sup> ends—

As for the first half of this month  
it began very pleasant & warm—(the latter  
part 3<sup>d</sup> of Feb had been very clear & pleasant  
but colder—) the ~~ice rotting~~ river opening  
& ice beginning to soften. then on the 4<sup>th</sup> it

Northerly, East—or SW

became windy ^—sometimes very cold & raw—  
occasionally rocking the house—the 9<sup>th</sup> //  
a little warmer storm threatening—the 10<sup>th</sup>  
ground whitened with snow—& so it goes on  
more or less raw till the snow of the 14<sup>th</sup>  
Mr Rice tells me that when he was getting  
mud out of the little<sup>1</sup> swamp at the foot  
of Bristers Hill last<sup>2</sup> he heard  
a squeaking & found that he was digging  
near the nest of what he called a "field mouse"—

---

<sup>1</sup>"little" altered from "nest"

<sup>2</sup>T left white space between "last" and "he", possibly for a word or phrase that he never filled in

by his description prob- the meadow mouse-  
It was made of grass &c-& while he stood over  
it-the mother not regarding him came &  
carried off the young one by one in her mouth  
-being gone some time in each case before she  
returned-& finally she took the nest itself.

He saw a blue-bird about a week  
ago in Sudbury-& surprised to observe  
that it had a worm in its mouth, but  
I am not-for the ice & snow have  
been sprinkled with caterpillars of several  
kinds all the past winter.

Mar 16<sup>th</sup> 55

Cloudy in the forenoon-sun comes out  
& it is rather pleasant in the P. m.

Pm. to { } Conantum End.

At the woodchuck's hole just beyond  
the Cockspur thorn- I see several diverging  
& converging trails of undoubtedly a wood-  
or several

// chuck ^-which must have come out at least  
as early as the 13<sup>th</sup> The track is about  
1 3/4 inches wide by 2 long-the 5 toes very  
distinct & much spread-& including the  
scrape of the snow before the foot<sup>1</sup> came to its  
bearing-is somewhat hand-like. It is  
simple & alternate thus      . . . . . com-  
monly-but sometimes much      . . . . . like  
a rabbits-& again like a mink's somewhat



---

<sup>1</sup>"the foot" altered from other words

thus . . . They had come out

directly

& run about ^ from hole to hole

6 in all within a dozen rods or more

This appeared to have been all their travelling

–as if they had run round a visiting & waked

each other up the first thing– At first

they soiled the snow with their sandy feet.

At one place they had been ceasing out today

the throats of 2 holes within a rod of each

other–scattering the mud like sand made

wet by the melting snow {if-e} over the pure

snow around–& I saw where between these

holes they had sat on a horizontal limb of

(which it had tried its teeth on) also on a rock

a shrub oak ^ about a foot from the ground ^

plainly to warm & dry themselves in the sun–

I also saw where another had sunned itself on a stand at the foot

having muddied it all over– ^ They could not

of a small pitch pine & tried its teeth on a dead limb of the pine.–

go in or out of these burrows without

being completely covered with sandy mud.

The path over the snow between these holes

was quite covered with it.

The impression

this–but

They have but 4 toes on  
the fore feet with rudiment  
of a thumb.

appears

hole which

or fifteen

he goes as straight or unerringly to it as

if he had not been asleep all winter–



of the foot a little like

not so much spread.

His first journey then

to be to some neighboring

he remembers a dozen

rods off & perchance

Apparently after a little gossiping there  
his first work is to clear out the  
entrance to his burrow—ejecting the  
leaves & sand which have there collected.  
None have travelled beyond these holes—except  
that one track leads into the swamp—  
But here are the tracks of foxes bound  
on longer journies— They are generally  
10 or 12 inches apart x 3 to 5 but

 are irregular  
now 2 at the  
usual distance—then 2 close together or 3 or  
4 inches apart only— The foot is very shapely  
 — & much like a dogs

// The dirty colored aspen down there  
nearly

projects 1/8 of an inch, or ^ as much as the  
early willow's

As I stand here some 60 rods from the river  
open

at about 3 1/2 Pm—looking at the ^ river  
toward which my shadow points at right angle  
with its current—that part which my shadow  
extended would strike is a pale dull slate  
color—but that part a dozen rods  
Southerly from this is—a distinct blue which  
goes on increasing in depth Southerly—till  
looking at an angle of 45° from the first  
line it is of a glorious deep indigo  
blue— For some reason I must look much  
further north to see it blue.

River not yet worne through Fair H. Pond

You are pretty sure to see the tracks of  
squirrels red ones—about the base of walnuts  
which they have ascended—& where they have probed  
the snow for a nut.

I think that a great many birds-nests are  
broken up in summer by weasels minks &  
skunks.

Returning scared up 2 large ducks just above  
the bridge One very large white beneath breast  
& neck—black head & wings & aft— The other  
much smaller & dark. Ap. male & female. They lit  
more than 100 miles south of the bridge & I  
viewed them with glass The larger—sailed about  
on the watch while the smaller dark one

V Ap. 1<sup>st</sup>

dived repeatedly. ^ I think there are but  
3 ducks ever seen here anything like  
these the—Golden Eye or Whistler—the Goosander

Is it not female goosander?

or Sheldrake—& the ~~Red breasted Merganser~~<sup>1</sup>—  
This male I suspect was too large for the 1<sup>st</sup>  
& from its size—& its great superiority in size  
to its companion—I think it the Goosander or shel-  
drake. It did not scoot over the water  
as I think the red-breasted Merganser?? does—

//

Sat. Mar 17<sup>th</sup>

H. Hosmer says he has seen black-ducks //  
Edmund Hosmer's meadow—i.e the Hunt House<sup>2</sup> meadow—  
is covered with great pieces of meadow—the  
largest thick & dense cranberry meadow—  
It is piled 3 or 4 feet high for several rods.

<sup>1</sup>"Red breasted Merganser" cancelled in pencil

<sup>2</sup>"House" altered from "house"

Higher up on the North branch I see  
where the trees, especially the swamp white  
oaks—have been chafed smooth & white by the  
ice (at that time) from the ground to  
6-fe 3 or 4 feet (6 in some cases) as if scraped  
with a hoe—& the bushes all along the  
shore—willows, alders &c &c blueberry  
swamps in some places—have been more or  
// less broken down— I hear the lesser redpolls

the last

yet ^— See now along the edge of  
the river the ice being gone & many  
// fresh heaps of clam shells which were opened  
by the musquash when the water was higher—  
about some tree where the ground rises—

And very many places you see where  
they formed new burrows into the bank—  
the sand being pushed out into the stream  
about the entrance which is still below  
water—& you feel the ground under-  
mined as you walk.

blossom

? White maple ^ buds look as if bursting—show a  
rusty fusty space perhaps a 16<sup>th</sup> of an inch in width  
over & above the regular 6 scales.

I see scraps of the evergreen ranunculus  
along the river side—

Mar 18

more or less

Fair in the forenoon but ^ cloudy & windy  
in the p. m.

P. m. Round by Hollowell Place via Clam Shell.

I see with my glass as I go over the RR bridge  
 –sweeping the river—a great gull standing  
 far away on the top of a muskrat cabin  
 which rises just above the water op. the Hub.  
 bath. When I get round within 60 rods of  
 him 10 minutes later—he still stands on the same

to

spot—constantly turning his head ~~on~~ every side  
 looking out for—foes— Like a wooden  
 image of a bird he stands there—heavy to look  
 at—head, breast, beneath, & rump pure  
 white— Slate colored wings tipped with black  
 & extending beyond the tail— The herring gull

// ?

I can see clear down to its webbed feet—

But now I advance & he rises—easily—goes

east

off north<sup>^</sup>ward—over the river with a leisurely  
 flight. At Clam Shell Hill I sweep the  
 river again & see standing mid leg deep on  
 the meadow where the water is very shallow—with  
 deeper around—another of these wooden  
 images—which is harder to scare. I do not  
 fairly distinguished black tips to its wings  
 It is 10 or 15 minutes before I get him to  
 rise—& then he goes off in the same leisurely  
 manner stroking the air with his wings—&  
 now making a great circle back on its  
 course—so you cannot tell which way  
 it is bound— By standing so long motionless

in these places they may perchance accomplish 2 objects—i.e. catch passing fish (suckers?) like a heron—& escape the attention of man. Its utmost motion was to plume itself once & turn its head about. If it did not move its head it would look like a decoy. Our river is quite low for the season—& yet it is here without freshet or easterly storm— It seems to take this course on its migrations without regard to the state of the waters.

Meanwhile a small dark colored duck—

// all neck & wings—~~ro~~ a winged rolling pin went over—perhaps a teal.

// For the last 2 or 3 days very wet & muddy walking—owing to the melting of the snow;

also

which ^ has slightly swollen the small streams.

Some vigorous osiers about the trunk of some golden willows on the Hub. bridge Causeway—have all winter been a much brighter yellow than the rest of the trees. They cannot well be more brilliant anytime.

Notwithstanding the water on the surface it is easier crossing meadows & swamps than it will be a month hence—on account of the frost in the ground.

Mar 19<sup>th</sup> 55

A fine clear & warm day for

the season— Launched my boat //

Pm—paddled to F— H. P.

Very pleasant & warm when the wind  
lulls & the water is perfectly smooth. I make  
the {-} voyage without gloves. The snow of

Mar 14 is about gone & the landscape //

is once more russet. The thick ice of the  
meadows lies rotting on each side of  
the stream white & almost soft as snow—

In many places it extends still over the  
shallower parts of the river. As I paddle

side of the

or pole up the ^ stream the muddy bottom

looks dead & dark—and no greenness

is observed but on a close scrutiny—

The unsightly dead leaf stalks of

the pontederia & ~~the stems of pol~~ cover

it in irregular whorls covered with

filth—the black stems of the polygo-

nums here & there still rise above the

surface— But on a closer scrutiny

you detect here & there bits of the

evergreen ranunculus—commonly float-

ing—the cress—some reddish pads

nuphar expanded close to the bottom

& a few points of its closely rolled unexpand-

ed leaves—also some radical greenness

in the pontederia—and what is that

fresh green oblong perhaps spatulate

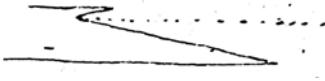
1 1/2 inches long

// leaf ^ making little rosettes on a running  
root—in one place just this side the ash

It is Forget me not

above the RR? There is this radical  
greenness to correspond with that on the  
land. The muskrat house are for  
the most part flatted down even below  
the present level of the water (at least  
5 feet+ below the truss) prob. by the water  
& ice a month ago— I see but 3 or 4  
well repaired—One new one at least, however,  
on a piece of meadow lately lodged.

It is to be inferred that they have not the  
same need of them as in the fall. Already  
Farrar is out with his boat—looking  
for spring cranberries—& here comes ~~the~~  
slowly paddling the dark faced trapper Mel-  
{see him out here the 1<sup>st</sup> boating day next year also}  
vin with his dog & gun. ^ I see a poor  
drowned gray rabbit floating—back  
up as in life, but 3/4 submerged. ~~It~~  
~~may have be died & been washed~~ I see  
a hawk circling over a small maple  
grove through this calm air—ready to  
pounce on the first migrating sparrow that  
may have arrived. As I paddle or push  
along by the edge of the thick ice  
which lines the shore—sometimes pushing  
against it—I observe that it

is curiously worn by the water into this  
 form  the dotted line being the  
 water's edge. The

water has eaten into the edge of the ice,

(which may be 1 1/2 inches beneath the top)

just where its surface meets it, ^ 4 or 5 inches  
 or more—leaving a sharp projecting eave  
 above—while the lower part 5 or 6 inches  
 thick—being preserved hard by the water pro-

jects slopes off to a very sharp edge from  
 one to even 4 feet from the upper. The undu-  
 lations made by my boat and paddle—striking  
 under this eave—make a constant sound  
 as I pass. I am surprised to find that

the river has not yet worn through F. H. Pond //

Getting up a weed with the paddle close to the  
 shore under water—where 5 or 6 inches deep—

I found a fish-worm in the mud. Here //

& there floating or on the edge of the

ice I see small pieces of Nuphar root  
 with a few rolled pointed leaf buds. prob

gnawed off by the muskrats. The greater

part of the Wood meadow this side Clam

shell has been lifted up & rotted again—

& it now sounds hollow & sinks<sup>1</sup> under  
 my steps.

The wind has got round more to the east

now at 5 pm & is raw & disagreeable

& produces a bluish haze or mist at once //

---

<sup>1</sup>"k" altered from "g"

// in the air. It is early for such a phenom-

smelled muskrats in 2 places & saw 2

Saw by their white droppings on the bottom where ducks had fed.

enon. I hear at last the—tchuck

// tchuck of a blackbird & looking up

see him flying high over the river—

S Westerly—the wrong way—in great haste

to reach somewhere—& when I reach my

// landaing I hear my first blue-bird, some

where about cheney's trees by the river— I hear

him out of the blue deeps, but do not yet

see his blue body— He comes with a warble.

Now first generally heard in the village.

Not a duck do I see— It is perhaps too bright & serene a day for them

Mar 20

A flurry of snow—at 7 Am. I go to turn

// my boat up—4 or 5 song sparrows are

flitting along amid the willows by the water

side. Prob. they came yesterday with the

blue birds. From distant trees & bushes I hear

tinkling

a faint ^ te te te te té—& at last a full

strain whose rhythm is whit whit whit,

deliberately sung or measuredly

ter tche, tchear tche, ^ while the falling

snow is beginning to whiten the ground.

Not discouraged by such a reception. The blue-

bird too is in the air & I detect its blue back

for a moment upon a picket.

It is remarkable by what a gradation of

days which we call pleasant & warm—

beginning in the last of February—we

come at last to real summer warmth. At first a sunny calm serene winter day is pronounced spring—or reminds us of it—and even the first pleasant spring day perhaps we walk with our great coat buttoned up & gloves on.

Trying the other day to imitate the honking of geese—I found myself flapping my sides with my elbows, as with wings—& uttering something like the syllables mow-ack with a nasal twang & twist in my head—and I produced their note so perfectly in the opinion of the hearers that I thought I might possibly draw a flock down.

Pm. Up Assabet

It soon cleared off in the morning & prove a

The ice either freezes to the alders &c 1/2 to 2/3 up them & settling fair but windy day. I see a ~~black~~ willow

breaks them lower down—settling upon them—or else freezes to drooping 6 inches in diameter which was broken down by limbs, & so pulls them down.

the ice & some birches up the Assabet, which

ove the stream

had previously been bent ^ were broken off 10 feet from the ground— I notice this havoc along the stream on making my first voyages on it. As I look into the low woods or swamp on each side I see the trees especially rough barked ones—like the

black willow

^ swamp wht oak & elm chafed white to sometimes the bark worne off

the height of 3 or 4 feet ^—& the maples

also

birches &c being ^ divested of their lichens

you see exactly the height at which the  
water stood when it froze. The lower  
twigs of swamp wht oaks over the water are  
as it were nibbled off by the ice. Were those  
? rocks by the shore this side the leaning  
hemlocks placed there by the ice?

Some willow catkins whose limb was bent  
down & held in the ice are  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch  
ie.

// long the down beyond the scale. I see  
// maple sap flowing & taste it sweet in  
many places where the branches have been  
stripped down— In the meadow near the  
stone heaps I pace a space laid bare by  
the ice 14 rods x 1 to 4 nearly  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an acre  
only

The crust raised is commonly ^ 4 or 5 inches  
thick—or down to where the grass roots  
break—and it is taken principally from  
covered at the time of the freezing  
the higher parts of a meadow—^ frequently  
longitudinal  
from a ^ swell {-}. We notice the color  
of the water especially at this season where

v 16<sup>th</sup> ult

// it is recently revealed—^ (& in the fall—)  
because there is little color elsewhere—  
when it is seen in contrast with the ice or snow or russet landscape.

It shows best in a clear air contrasting  
with the russet shores. At my  
landing I hear the peculiar tche tche,  
or somewhat like that

// tche tche, ^ of the F hiemalis—in company  
from the cold wind  
with a few tree sparrows— They take refuge, ^  
half a dozen in all, behind an arbor vitae

hedge & there plume themselves with puffed  
up feathers.

Mar 21<sup>st</sup>

6 1/2 Am to swamp B. Brook

Clear, but, A very cold westerly wind this morning—ground  
frozen very hard—yet the song sparrows are heard  
from the willow & alder rows— Hear<sup>1</sup> a lark far off in //  
the meadow.

Pm. to Bare Hill by RR—

Early willow & aspen catkins a very conspicuous //  
now— The silvery down of the former has in  
some places cropt forth from beneath its scales  
1/3 of an inch at least— This<sup>2</sup> increased silveriness  
was obvious I think about the first of  
March perhaps earlier— It appears to  
be a very gradual expansion which begins  
in the warm days of winter. It would be  
well to observe them once a fortnight  
through the winter. It is the first decided //  
growth I have noticed—& is prob. a month old.  
The song-sparrow is now seen dodging  
behind the wall with a quirk of its tail—or  
flitting along the alders or other bushes  
by the side of the road—especially in low  
ground.—& its pleasant strain is heard at in-  
tervals in spite of the cold & blustering wind.  
It is the most steady & resolute singer as  
yet—its strain being heard at intervals throughout  
the day—more than any as yet peopling the  
hedge-rows.

---

<sup>1</sup>"H" written over "A" and "e" written over "I"

<sup>2</sup>"This" altered from "They"

// There is no opening in Flints Pond  
except a very little around the boat house.  
The tree sparrow–flitting song-sparrowlike  
through the alders utters a sharp metallic tcheep  
In the hollow behind Brittain's Camp–I see  
// 7 mouse holes–prob. Mus leucopus–around  
an old oak stump–all within a foot of it  
many  
& ~~some~~ of their droppings at each hole & where they  
have gnawed off the grass–& indistinct galleries  
in the grass extending 3 or 4 feet on every side.  
I see red maple sap–oozing out & wetting  
the young trees where there is no obvious  
// wound. Crossed Goose pond on ice.

Mar 22<sup>nd</sup>

6 1/2 Am to Hill. Over-cast–& cold. Yet  
there is quite a concert of birds along the  
river–the song-sparrows are very lively & musi-  
cal–& the black-birds already sing O-  
// gurgle-ee-e-e from time to time–on the top  
of a willow or elm or maple–but oftener–  
a sharp–shrill–whistle–or a tchuck. I also  
// hear a short regular robin song–though  
many are flitting about with hurried note  
the blue bird faintly warbles–with such ventriloquism  
that I thought him further off– He requires  
a warmer air–the jays scream– I hear  
the downy woodpeckers rapid tapping–&  
// my first distinct spring note (phe-be) of  
the chickadee.

The river has skimmed over a rod in breadth along //  
 the sides. Saw a heavy-flapping bittern- //  
~~was~~ It was small for a fish hawk  
 like bird flying N. E. ^ Can it be the stake-driver??  
 or a gull?

A (prob. mead.) mouse nest in the low mead.  
 by stone bridge—where it must have been covered  
 with water a month ago—prob. mad in fall.  
 Low in the grass a little dome 4 inches in  
 diameter—with no sign of entrance—it being  
very low on one side—Made of fine mead. grass.

Though there was a clear strip in the west only about  
 3 times the height of the mts—& much less in the east—  
 I saw the sun shining on the Peterboro mts while  
 we had not had a ray from him— Did the rays at this  
 hour (7) pass over the clouds which shaded us—? They  
 may have passed farther north than the clouds reached  
 for there seemed a lifting in the horizon there.

P. m. F. H. Pond via Conantum.

Caught a ~~lizzard~~ in salamander in //  
 the Spring hole in the brook behind Hubbards

each  
 3 1/4 inch long—tail alone 1 1/2+ a dozen or more marks as of ribs on side  
 in water

— It was lying on the mud ^ as if basking—  
 Under microscope all above very finely sprinkled black & light brown—hard to tell  
 which the ground.

I have not yet identified it. It has no bright

Somewhat like S. Dorsalis—but not granulated nor ablated with vermilion spots.  
 except to a microscope

spots—being uniformly dark above ^—beneath

bluish & sides of dull

~~bluish or~~ ^ slate—beneath ^ tail ^ ~~somewhat~~ golden.

Irides dull golden Last 5/8 inch of tail brighter colored

I have noticed crows in the meadows //  
 partially

ever since they were first ^ bare—~~the mid of~~  
~~last mont~~ 3 weeks<sup>1</sup> ago.

I hear a song spar on an alder top

---

<sup>1</sup>"weeks" possibly altered from "week"

sing ozit ozit oze-e-e | tchirp tchirp tchrp tchrp tchay | te tchip ter che ter tchay. Also the same shortened—and very much varied.

Heard one sing uninterruptedly i.e. without a pause almost a minute. I crossed Fair.

// H. Pond including the river—on the ice & probably can for 3 or 4 days yet.

// C. says he has already seen a little dipper. How long?

Going the steep side hill on the S of the  
about 4 Pm

Pond ^ on the edge of the little patch of wood which the choppers have not yet levelled,—though they have felled many an acre around it this winter—

rotten ~~rotten~~ hollow  
&

I observed a ^ hemlock stump about 2 feet high & 6 inches in diameter—& instinctively ap-  
right

proached<sup>1</sup> with my ^ hand read to cover it. I

// found a flying squirrel in it—which as my left hand covered a small hole at the bottom ran directly into my right hand. It struggled

cotton

& bit not a little, but my ~~woolen~~ gloves protected me & I felt its teeth only once or twice. It also uttered 3 or 4 dry shrieks at first—something like Cr-r-rack—Cr-r-r-ack cr-r-r-ack— I rolled it up in my handkerchief & holding the ends light—carried it home—in my hand—some 3 miles. It struggled more or less all the way—especially

---

<sup>1</sup>"ed" altered from "ing"

when my feet made any unusual or louder  
 noise going through leaves or bushes– I could  
     as they appeared  
 count its claws ^ through the handkerchief–&  
 once it got its head out a hole. It even bit  
 through the handkerchief.

as I remember      chestnut ash      or cream

Color ^ above a ^ grey inclining to fawn ^ color?  
 slightly browned–beneath white–the under  
 edge of its wings (?) tinged yellow–the upper  
     Aud. & Bach do not speak of any such stripe!  
 dark perhaps black–making a dark stripe ^–

It was a very cunning little animal–remind-  
 ing me of a mouse in the room– Its very large  
 & prominent black eyes gave it an inter-  
 esting innocent look. Its very neat flat fawn-  
 colored distichous tail–was a great ornament–  
 Its "sails" were not very obvious when it was at  
 rest–merely giving it a flat appearance  
 beneath– It would leap off & upward  
 into the air 2 or 3 feet from a table &  
 fall spreading its "sails" & fall to the  
 floor in vain–perhaps strike the side of  
 the room in its upward spring–&–endeavor  
 to cling to it– It would run up the window  
 by the sash–but evidently found the furniture  
 & walls & floor too hard & smooth for it  
 & after some falls became quiet. In a  
 few moments it allowed me to stroke it  
 though far from confident.

I put it in a barrel & covered it for the

night— It was quite busy all the evening gnawing out—clinging for this purpose & gnawing at the upper edge of a round oak barrel—& then dropping to rest from time to time—& had defaced the barrel considerably by morning—& would probably have escaped if I had not placed a piece of iron against the {—} gnawed part— I had left in the barrel some bread—apple—shagbarks & cheese. It ate some of the apple & one shagbark—cutting it quite in two transversely.

squatted somewhat curled up

In the morning it was quiet & ~~lay~~ amid the ~~directly~~ straw with its tail passing under it & the end curved over its head—very perttily—as if to shield it from the light & keep it warm. I always found it in this position by day when I raised the lid

Mar 23<sup>d</sup>

Pm To F. H. Pond<sup>1</sup>

Carried my flying squirrel back to the woods in my handkerchief. I placed it about 3 1/2 Pm—on the very stump I had taken it from. It immediately ran about a rod over the leaves & up a slender maple sapling about 10 feet, then after a moment's pause spran off

---

<sup>1</sup>"Pond" altered from "P."

& skimmed downward toward a large maple

9 feet distant

^ whose trunk it struck 3 or 4 feet from the ground— This it rapidly ascended, on the opposite side from me, nearly 30 feet & there clung to the main stem with its head downward eyeing me. After 2 or 3 minutes pause—I saw that it was preparing for another spring—by raising its head & looking off—& away it went in admirable style more like a bird than any quadruped I had dreamed of—& far surpassing the

v. n. p.

impression I had received from naturalists', ^ accounts— I marked the spot it started from & the place where it struck & measured the height & distance carefully— It sprang off from the maple at the height of 28 1/2 feet (~~from the ground~~) & struck the

{g}

ground at the foot of a tree 50 1/2 feet distant, measured horizontally. Its flight was not a regular descent—it varied from a directly line both horizontally & vertically— Indeed it skimmed much like a hawk—<sup>1</sup> Part<sup>2</sup> of its flight was nearly horizontal—& it diverged from a sight line 8 or 10 feet to the right—making a curve in that direction. There were 6 trees from 6 inches to a foot

one a hemlock

in diameter ^ in a direct line between

---

<sup>1</sup>dash written over "&"

<sup>2</sup>"Part" altered from "part"

the two termini, & there it skimmed partly  
round—& passed through their thinner limbs

as I could perceive

did not ^ touch a twig—& skimmed its way  
like a hawk between & around the trees.

Though it was a windy day—this was on  
a steep hill side away from the wind & covered  
with wood—so it was not aided by that.

As the ground rose about 2 feet—its<sup>1</sup>  
~~progress~~ the distance was to the absolute height  
as 50 1/2 to 26 1/2—or it<sup>2</sup> advanced about  
2 feet for every 1 foot of descent. After its  
vain attempts in the house, I was not  
prepared for this exhibition— It did not  
fall heavily as in the house, but struck  
the ground gently enough—& I cannot  
believe that the mere extension of the  
skin enabled it to skim so far— It  
must be still further aided by its  
organization— Perhaps it fills itself with  
air first. Perhaps I had a fairer<sup>3</sup>  
view than common of its flight now at

NB                      Aud. & bach. say he saw it skim "about 50 yards" curving upwards  
3 1/2 Pm.            at the end & alighting on the trunk of a tree.. This in a meadow  
in which were scattered oaks & beeches. This near Philadelphia.

Kicking over the hemlock stump—which

Wesson says he has seen them fly 5 or 6 rods.

was a mere shell with holes below—& a poor  
refuge—I was surprised to find a little nest  
at the bottom open above just like a bird's  
nest—a mere ~~bird~~—bed. It was composed  
of ~~des~~ leaves a few shreds of bark &

---

<sup>1</sup>"its" written over other characters before it was cancelled

<sup>2</sup>"it" written over other characters

<sup>3</sup>"fairer" altered from "fairy"

dead pine needles. As I remember it was not more than 1 1/2 inches broad when at rest— but when skimming through the air—I should say it was 4 inches broad. This is the impression I now have. Capt. J. Smith says it is said to fly 30 or 40 yards. Aud. & Bach. quote one Gideon B. Smith M. D. of Baltimore who has had much to do with these squirrels—& speaks of their curving upward at the end of their flight to alight on a tree trunk—of their "flying" into his windows. In order to perform all these flights—to strike a tree at such a distance &c &c it is evident it is evident it must be able to steer—

I should say that mine steered as a hawk—that moves without flapping its wings—never being able however to get a new impetus—after the first spring.

C. saw geese tonight //

Mar 24<sup>th</sup> 55

I think that the celandine started as early as the 10<sup>th</sup> of March—& has since been nibbled off by hens &c for it shows more green—but not longer— //

Pm up Assabet—by boat

A cold & blustering P. m. after a flurry of snow which has not fairly whitened the ground.

I see a painted tortoise at the bottom // moving slowly over the meadow. They do not

yet put their heads out—but merely begin to venture forth into their calmer element. It is almost as stationary—as inert as the pads as yet— Passing up the Assabet by the hemlocks where there has been a slide— & some rocks have slid down into the river—I think I see how rocks come to be found in the midst of rivers. Rivers are continually changing their channels—eating into one bank & adding their sediment to the other— So that frequently where there is a great bend you see a high & steep bank or hill on one side—which the river washes—& ~~on the~~ a broad meadow on the other— As the river eats into the hill—especially in freshets—it undermines the rocks—large & small—& they slide down alone or with the sand & soil ~~into~~ to the waters edge— The river continues to eat into the hill, carrying away all the lighter parts the sand & soil, to add to its meadows or islands somewhere—but leaves the rocks where they rested—& thus in course of time they occupy the middle of the stream— & later still the mid of the meadow perchance though it may be buried under the mud. But this does not explain how so many rocks lying in streams have been split in the direction of the current—

Again rivers appear to have travelled back and worn into the meadows of their creating & then they become more meandering than ever— Thus in the course of ages the rivers wriggle in their beds—till it feels comfortable under them— Time is cheap & rather insignificant— It matters not whether it is a river which changers from side to side in a geological period<sup>1</sup>—or an eel that wiggles past in an instant.

The scales of alders which have been broken by the ice & are lying in the water—are //  
 & the catkins & ~~they~~ are much lengthened & enlarged now visibly loosend—<sup>^</sup> as you look endwise at the catkins <sup>^2</sup> The White maple buds too //  
 show some further expansion methinks?

The last 4 days—including this<sup>3</sup>— //  
 have been very cold & blustering— The ice on the ponds—which was rapidly rotting has somewhat hardened again—so that you make no impression on it as you walk— I crossed F. H. P yesterday & could have crossed the chan- //  
 nel there again. The wind has been for the most part N Westerly—but yesterday was strong southwesterly yet cold. The N– W. comes from a snow clad country still—& cannot but be chilling. We have had several flurries of snow—when we hoped it would snow in earnest & the weather be warmer for it.

---

<sup>1</sup>"l" of "geological" and "p" of "period" collapsed into one letter

<sup>2</sup>"the catkins" altered from "them"

<sup>3</sup>"this" possibly altered from "the"

It is too cold to think of those signs of  
spring—which I find recorded under this  
? date last year. The earliest signs of  
spring in vegetation noticed thus far—are  
the maple sap—the willow catkins (& poplars (?)  
‡ grass on S. banks & perhaps cowslip in sheltered places  
not examined early) the celandine (?) ^— Alder  
catkins loosened—& also wht maple buds loosened (?)  
// I am not sure that the osiers are decidedly  
brighter yet.

Mar. 25<sup>th</sup> '55

P. m. to Ministerial Lot—  
Still cold & blustering— The ditches where  
I have seen salamanders last year before this  
? are still frozen up. Was it not a sucker ({—}  
I saw dart along the brook beyond Jennie's?  
I see where the squirrels<sup>1</sup> have fed extensively  
on the acorns now exposed in the melting  
of the snow— The ground is strewn with the  
freshly torn shells & nibbled meat in some  
places.

Mar. 26<sup>th</sup> '55

6 Am Still cold & blustering—wind SW. but clear—  
// I see a muskrat house just erected—2 feet or  
more above the water & sharp—and at the  
// Hub. bath—a mink comes tetering along the  
ice by the side of the river— I am between him  
& the sun & he does not notice me— He runs  
daintily<sup>2</sup> lifting his feet with a jerk as if his  
toes were sore. They seem to go a-hunting

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "freshly torn" (need better copy)  
<sup>2</sup>"daintily" possibly altered from "to"

at night—along the edge of the river  
 —perhaps I notice them more at this<sup>1</sup>  
 season when the shallow water freezes  
 at night & there is no vegetation along  
 the shore to conceal them.

The lark sings perched on the top of an  
 apple-tree Seel-yah Seel-yah—&  
 then perhaps Seel-yah-see-e & several  
 other strains—quite sweet & plaintive—contrasting  
 with the cheerless season & the bleak-meadows—  
 Further off I hear one like ah-tick-seel-yah

Pm Sail down to the Grt Meadows—  
 A strong wind with snow driving from the west—  
 & thickening the air. The farmers pause to  
 see me scud before it. At last I  
 land & walk further down on the meadow  
 bank. I scare up several flocks of ducks—  
 There is but little water on the meadow  
 & that far down & partly frozen—but a  
 great many acres of the meadow

lifted &

crust have there been ^ broken up by the  
 ice—& now make hundreds of slanting  
 isles amid the shallow water—looking  
 like waves of earth—& amid these the  
 ducks are sailing & feeding. The nearest

prob. sheldrakes—

are 2 ap mid. sized with black heads—  
 & ~~ap~~ white breast & wings & ap. all above but  
 the tail or tips of wings which are black.

//

A third with them is ap. all dark.

---

<sup>1</sup>"this" possibly altered from "the"

I do not know what to call them. You are  
much more sure to see ducks in a stormy  
afternoon like this—than in a bright  
& pleasant one— Returning I see  
near the Island 2 ducks which have  
the marks (one of them) of the wood duck  
(—i.e one or 2 longitudinal white stripes down  
the head & neck)—but when they go over  
I hear distinctly & for a long time the whistling

fine & sharp golden eyes or<sup>1</sup> Were they the  
// of their wings—<sup>^</sup> Are they Whistlers?<sup>2</sup> harlequin Ducks<sup>3</sup>  
prob male & female wood duck

~~For~~<sup>4</sup> a-w For several weeks or since  
the ice has melted—I notice the paths made  
by the muskrats when the water was high in  
the winter leading from the river up the  
bank to a nest bed of grass above or below  
the surface— When it runs under the surface  
I frequently slump into it—& can trace it to the  
bed by the hollow sound when I stamp on the  
frozen ground. They have disfigured the banks  
very much in some places only the past winter.  
Clams have been carried into these galleries a  
rod or more under the earth. The galleries  
kept on the surface<sup>5</sup> & terminated perhaps  
at some stump where the earth was a little  
raised—When the ice still remained thick  
over them after the water had gone down.

I was surprised to find fish worms only  
// four inches beneath the surface in the

---

<sup>1</sup>"golden eyes or" cancelled in pencil

<sup>2</sup>"Are they Whistlers?" cancelled in pencil

<sup>3</sup>"Were . . . Ducks" cancelled in pencil

<sup>4</sup>"For" written over other characters before it was cancelled

<sup>5</sup>"surface" possibly altered from "surfaces"

meadow close against the frozen portion of the

A few may be also be found on the bottoms of brooks

& ditches in the water—where they are prob. food for the earliest

crust. ^ Is that little flat moss like—or fishes

Jungermnia-like plant on Cheney's shore the //

Selaginella apus? It reminds me of the

finest lace work.

Mar 27<sup>th</sup> 6 1/2 Am to Island.

The ducks sleep these nights in the shallowest water which does not freeze—& there may be found early in the morning— I think that they prefer that part of the shore which is permanently covered.

Snow last evening—about 1 inch deep—& //  
now it fair & somewhat warmer— Again  
I see the tracks of rabbits squirrels &c— It  
would be a good time this forenoon to examine the tracks of woodchucks & see what they are about.

P. m. to Hub's Close & down brook.

Measured a black oak just sawed down—  
23 inches in diameter on the ground—& 54  
rings. It had grown twice as much on the  
east side as on the west. The fringilla //  
Linaria still here. Saw a wood tortoise in //  
the brook. Am surprised to see the  
cowslip so forward showing so much green in //  
E. Hub's swamp in the brook—where it is sheltered from  
the wind. The already expanded leaves rise above the

yes

water— If this is a spring growth—^ it is the most

forward herb I have seen—~~not excepting the~~  
as forward as the celandine.

// Saw my frog-hawk—(C. saw it about a week ago)  
Prob. F fuscus or sharp-shinned though not well des-  
cribed by Wilson. Slate-colored—beating the bush—black tips  
to wings & white rump. ~~No it is the hen-harrier male~~

Mar 28—

Pm to Cliffs along river—

It is colder than yesterday—wind strong from  
N. W. The mts are still covered with snow They  
have not once been bare. I go looking for  
meadow mice nests—but the ground is frozen  
so hard, except in the meadow below the banks—  
that I cannot come at them. That portion  
of the meadow next the upland—which is now  
thawed has already many earth worms in

I can dig a quantity of them—I suspect more than in Summer—  
it. ^ Moles might already get their living there.

// A yel. spot tortoise in a still ditch—which has  
a little ice also. It at first glance reminds  
me of a bright freckled leaf—skunk cab—  
scape perhaps— They are generally quite still  
at this season—or only slowly put their heads  
out (of their shells)— I see where a skunk

// ap. has been probing the sod—though it is thawed  
but a few inches, & all around this spot frozen  
hard still— I dig up there a frozen & dead white  
grub—the large potato grub— This I think he  
was after. The skunk's nose has made small

or cane

round holes such as a ~~small stick~~ ^ would  
make. The river has not yet quite worn

// its way through F— H. Pond—but prob.  
will tomorrow.

I run about these cold & blustering days  
 on the whole perhaps the worst to bear in  
 the year—(partly because they disappoint expectation)  
 looking almost in vain for some animal or  
 vegetable life stirring— The warmest springs  
 hardly allow me the glimpse of a frog's heel as he  
 settles himself in the mud—& I think I am lucky  
 if I see one winter-defying hawk or a hardy  
 duck or two at a distance on the water. As<sup>1</sup>

have

for the singing of birds—the few that  $\text{\o f}$  come  
 to us—It is too cold for them to sing & for me  
 to hear— The blue bird's warble—comes feeble  
 & frozen to my ear— We still walk on frozen  
 ground—though in the garden I can thrust  
 a spade in about 6 inches. //

Over a great many acres the meadows have

great

been cut up into  $\wedge$  squares & other figures by the  
 ice of February—as if ready to be removed—sometimes  
 separated by narrow & deep channels like muskrat  
 paths—but oftener the edges have been raised

ap.

&  $\wedge$  stretched—and settling have not fallen into  
 their places exactly but lodged on their neighbors.

Even yet you see cakes of ice surmounted by  
 a shell of mead— crust—which has preserved it—  
 while all around is bare meadow.

Mar 29<sup>th</sup>

Pm. to Flints P.

Flints P. is entirely open //

---

<sup>1</sup>"As" altered from "For"

may have been a day or 2— There was only a slight opening about the boathouse on the 21<sup>st</sup> & the weather has been very cold ever since. Walden is more than 1/2 open—Goose pond only a little about the shores—& F. H Pond—only just open over the channel of the river— There is washed<sup>1</sup> up on the shore of Flint's some pretty little whorls of the radical leaves of the L. Dortmanna—with its white root fibres<sup>2</sup>—

As I stand on Heywood's Peak looking over more than Walden—^ half its surface already sparkling blue water—I inhale with pleasure the cold but wholesome air—like a draught of cold water—contrasting it in my memory with the wind of summer—which I do not thus eagerly swallow. This which is a chilling wind to my fellow is decidedly refreshing to me & I swallow it with eagerness—as a panacea— I feel an impulse also already to jump into the half melted pond. This cold wind is refreshing to my palate as the warm air of summer is not methinks— I love to stand there & be blown on as much as a horse in July. A field of ice nearly half as big as the pond—has drifted against the eastern shore & crumbled up against it forming a shining white wall—of its fragments

Mar 30 6 1/2 Am to Island

It is a little warmer than of late though still the shallows are skimmed over—

// The pickerel begin to dart from

---

<sup>1</sup>"washed" possibly altered from "in"

<sup>2</sup>"fibres" written over other characters

the shallowest parts not frozen– I hear many phe-be–notes from the chickadees as if they appreciated this slightly warmer & sunny morning.

A fine day–as I look through the window I actually see a warmer<sup>1</sup> atmosphere with its fine shimmer against the russet hills & the dry leaves–though the warmth has not got into the house & it is no more bright nor less windy than yesterday– or many days past– I find that the difference to the eye is a slight haze though it is but very little warmer than yesterday.

Today & yesterday have been bright windy days–

W wind

^ cool–yet, compared with the previous colder

gratefully

ones–pleasantly ^ cool to me on my cheek.

There is a very perceptible greenness on our S bank now //  
but I cannot detect the slightest greenness //  
on the S side of Lee's Hill as I sail by it– It  
is a perfectly dead russet.

The river is but about a foot above the //  
lowest summer level

I have seen a few F. Hiemalis about the house  
in the morning the last few days. You see also  
a few black-birds–robins–blue-birds  
tree sparrows–Larks &c but the song-sparrow chiefly  
is heard these days.

---

<sup>1</sup>Underlining for "warmer" cancelled

He must have a great deal of life in him  
to draw upon—who can pick up a subsistence  
in November & march— Man comes out  
of his winter quarters this month as lean  
as a woodchuck. Not till ~~the~~ late—  
could the skunk find a place where the  
ground was thawed on the surface—

Except for science—do not travel in  
such a climate as this—in November & March.

I tried if a fish would take the bait

// today—but in vain I did not get a  
nibble—where are they ~~br~~? I read that  
a great many bass were taken in the Merri-  
mack last week. Do not the suckers move  
at the same time?

Mar 31<sup>st</sup>

I see through the window that it is a  
// very fine day—the first really warm one.  
I did not know the whole till I came  
out at 3 pm

& walked to the Cliffs—

The slight haze of yesterday has become  
// very thick—with a SW wind—concealing  
the mts. I can see it in the air within  
2 or 3 rods as I look against the  
bushes— The fuzzy gnats are in the air  
& blue birds whose warble is thawed  
out— I am uncomfortably warm

gradually unbutton both my coats, &  
 wish that I had left the outside one  
 at home. I go listening for the croak  
 of the<sup>1</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> frog—or peep of a hylodes— It is suddenly  
 warm—and this amelioration of the weather  
 is incomparably the most important  
 fact in this vicinity. It is incredible  
 what a revolution in our feelings & in  
 the aspect of nature—this warmer air  
 alone has produced— Yesterday the earth  
 was simple to barrenness & dead—bound  
out— Out o doors there was nothing but  
 the wind & the withered grass & the cold  
 though sparkling blue water—& you were  
 driven in upon yourself— Now you would  
 think that there was a suddene awakening  
 in the very crust of the earth—as if flowers  
 were expanding & leaves putting forth—  
 but not so— I listen in vain to hear  
 a frog or a new bird as yet;—only a the frozen  
 ground is melting a little deeper & the water  
 is trickling down the hills in some places  
 No—the change is mainly in us— We  
 feel as if we had obtained a new lease  
 of life Some juniper (repens) berries //  
 are blue now— Looking from the Cliffs //  
 I see that Walden is open today first. & F. H. P //  
 will open by day after tomorrow no—v Ap. 4<sup>th</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>"the" written over "a"

Ap 1<sup>st</sup>

The month comes in true to its reputation.

We wake—though late—to hear the sound

& rather warm

// of a strong steady ^ rain on the roof—&  
see the puddles shining in the road.

It lasts till the middle of the day & then  
is succeeded by a cold NW wind.

This pattering rain & sabbath morning  
combined make us all sluggards.

When I look out the window I see  
that the grass on the bank on the S side  
of the house is already much greener than  
it was yesterday— As it cannot have grown  
so suddenly—how shall I account for it?  
I suspect that the reason is that the  
few green blades are not merely washed  
bright by the rain—but erect themselves  
to imbibe its influence ~~while the~~ and so  
are more prominent while the withered  
blades are beaten down & flattened by it.

more fatal

It is remarkable how much ~~severer~~  
to all superficial vegetation or greenness  
is a morning frost in march—  
than a covering of snow or ice.

In hollows where the ice is still  
melting I see the grass considerably  
green about its edges—though  
further off it shows no sign of life.

Pm to Conantum End.

This rain will help take the frost

out of the ground. At the 1<sup>st</sup> Conant. Cliff  
 I am surprised to see how much the  
 Columbine leaves have grown in a sheltered  
 Cleft—also the cinque-foil<sup>1</sup>—dandelion?<sup>2</sup>—  
 yarrow?—sorrel—saxifrage &c &c They  
 seem to improve the least warmer ray  
 to advance themselves—& they hold all they  
 get. One of the earliest-looking  
 plants in water is the golden saxifrage.

The last half of last month was  
 cold & windy—excepting the 19<sup>th</sup>—wind NW  
 —W & SW— It at last ceased to be chilling  
 the 29 & ~~th~~ 30—which were fine clear cool  
 but windy day— On the 30<sup>th</sup> a slight haze—  
 then the 31<sup>st</sup> was suddenly warm with  
 a thick haze—thawing man & earth—& this  
 succeeded by today's rain.

See resting on the edge of the ice in F. H. Pond  
 a white duck—with black head & a dark one—  
 they take to the water when I appear on the hill  
 1/4 of a mile off & soon fly down the  
 river rather low over the water. Were they  
 not the same with those of the 16<sup>th</sup> ult?

Ap. 2<sup>nd</sup>

Not only the grass but the pines also were  
 greener yesterday for being wet. To day the  
 grass being dry the green blades are less

---

<sup>1</sup>Vertical pencil line through line (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>Question mark written above and below dash

conspicuous than yesterday— It would seem then that this color is more vivid when wet—& perhaps all green plants like lichens are to some extent greener in moist weather. v

// High winds all night rocking the house—opening doors &c—today also. It // is wintry cold also—& ice has formed nearly an inch thick in my boat.

Green is essentially vivid—or the color of life & it is therefore most brilliant when a plant is moist or most alive. A plant is said to be green in opposition to being withered & dead. the word, ac. to Webster, is from the Saxon grene to grow & hence {—} is the color of herbage when growing.

Pm Down the river bank—

The wind is still very strong and cold from the NW—filling the air with dust—

which has slightly risen

and blowing the water ^ over the rocks & bushes along the shore—where it

// freezes in the shape of bulls' horns about the osiers—making coarse rakes with its dependant icicles when the osiers are horizontal—also turtle-shells over the rocks— It is just such a wind & freezing as that of

March

last April (18<sup>th</sup> I think) & if the meadow was flooded there would prob be as

much ice as then on the bushes— There may be wind Ap 3<sup>d</sup> enough for this phenomenon, in the winter, but then there is no open water to be blown—

Ap 3<sup>d</sup>

It is somewhat warmer but still windy— & P— m. I go to sail—down to the Island & up to Hubbards Causeway. Most would call it cold today— I paddle without gloves— It is a coolness—like that of Mar. 29<sup>th</sup> & 30<sup>th</sup>— pleasant to breathe—& perhaps like that presaging decidedly warm weather— It is an amelioration—as nature does nothing suddenly. The shores are lined with frozen spray-like foam with an abrupt edge—a foot high often in the water side— Occasionally where there twigs—there is a nest of those short<sup>1</sup> thick bull's horn icicles—pointing in every direction. I see many hens feeding close to the rivers edge—like the crows—(& robins & black-birds later) & I have no doubt they are attracted<sup>2</sup> by a like cause— The ground being first thawed there not only worms but other insect & vegetable life is accessible there bef sooner than elsewhere. See several pairs of ducks— mostly black.

---

<sup>1</sup>"short" possibly altered from "shoot"  
<sup>2</sup>t-cross for "tt" added in pencil





A gull is circling round F H Pond seen  
white against the woods & hill sides—  
looking as if it would dive for a fish every moment—  
& occasionally resting on the ice— The  
water above Lees bridge is all alive  
with ducks— There are many flocks  
of 8 or 10 together—their black heads &  
white breasts seen above the water

// —more of them than I have seen before this sea-  
son—& a gull with its whole body above the  
water—perhaps standing where it was shallow—  
Not only are the evergreens brighter—  
but the pools—as that upland one  
behind Lees—the ice as well as snow—  
about their edges being now completely  
melted—have a peculiarly warm—~~watery~~  
& bright April look—as if ready to  
be inhabited by frogs

I can now put a spad into the garden

// anywhere— The rain of Ap 1<sup>st</sup> & the warmth  
of today have taken out the frost there—  
by I cannot put a spade into banks  
by<sup>1</sup> the meadow where there is the  
least slope to the north

Returning—from Mt Misery the pond  
& river reach presented a fine warm  
view— The slight haze which on a  
warmer day at this season softens

---

<sup>1</sup>"by" possibly altered from "on" or "to"



Ap 5<sup>th</sup> Fast day.

9. Am. to Sudbury line by boat—

A still & rather warm morning—with  
a very thick haze concealing the sun  
& threatening to turn to rain

It is a smooth april morning water—  
& many sportsmen are out in their boats.

I see a pleasure-boat—on the smooth  
surface away by the Rock—resting  
lightly as a feather in the air—

// Scare up a snipe close to the water's edges  
& soon after a hen hawk from the  
Clam shell oaks— The last looks larger  
on his perch than flying. The snipe too  
then—like crows—robins—black-birds  
& hens—is found near the water side—  
where is the first spring (E.g. alders & wht—  
maples—&c &c) and there too especially are  
heard the song and tree sparrows. & pewees—  
& even the hen-hawks at this season haunts  
there for his prey. Inland the groves  
are almost completely silent as yet.

The Concert of song & tree spars at willow  
row is now very full—& their dif notes are  
completely mingled. See a single white-

// bellied swallow dashing over the river  
He too is attracted here by the early  
insects that begin to to be seen over

It is a sober moist day with a circle round the sun—which I can  
 the water. It being Fast day—we on the water  
 only see in the reflection in the water—  
 hear the loud & musical sound of bells ring-  
 ing for church in the surrounding towns.

The river appears to have risen still last night

& many spring-cranberries are washed together at last  
 owing to the rain of the 1<sup>st</sup> ^ & now many

new seeds ap. of sedges are loosened<sup>1</sup> & washed up—

Now that for the most part it is melted quite  
 to its edge—& there is no ice there—the water  
 has a warmer april look close under my eye.

Now is the first time this year to get spring cranberries //

There is a strong muskrat scent from  
 many a shore. See a muskrat floating

In many places now the river wreck is chiefly composed of *Juncus militaris*—was it so //  
 in fall?

which may have been drowned when the  
 river was so high in mid winter—for this is  
 the 2<sup>nd</sup> I have seen—with the rabbit

a yel- spot

I saw yesterday ^ & see today—a painted tor- //  
 toise already out on the bank or a tuft

of grass— The muskrat hunter sits patiently  
 with cocked gun waiting for a muskrat  
 to put out his head amid the button

bushes—he gets half a dozen—in such  
 a cruise. Bushed our boat with hemlock  
 to get near some ducks—but another boat

above also bushed scared them. Heard  
 from one half flooded meadow that

low general hard stuttering tut tut tut //  
 of frogs (?) The awakening of the meadow.

Hear the cry of the Peacock again.

---

<sup>1</sup>"loosened" altered from "looser"

By four Pm it began to rain gently—or  
// mizzle. Saw this forenoon a great many  
of those little fuzzy gnats in the air

Ap. 6<sup>th</sup>

It clears up at 8 Pm—warm & pleasant  
leaving flitting clouds & a little wind.

& I go up the Assabet in my boat—

The black-birds have now ~~fa~~ begun to frequent  
the waters edge in the meadow—the ice being  
sufficiently out. The april waters—smooth

(none yet)

and commonly high—before many flowers ^ or any  
leafing—while the landscape is still russet &  
frogs are just awakening—is peculiar—

It began yesterday. A very few white-maple  
stames stand out already loosely enough to  
blow in the wind—& some alder catkins look  
almost ready to shed pollen. On the hill  
sides I smell the dried leaves & hear a few  
flies buzzing over them— The banks of  
the river are alive with song sparrows & tree-  
sparrows—they now sing in advance of vegeta-  
tion as the flowers will blossom—those slight  
tinkling—twittering sounds called the singing  
of birds—they have come to enliven the bare  
twigs before the buds show any signs of

// starting. I see a large ~~wœt~~ wood tortoise  
just crawled out upon the bank with 3 oval  
sow<sup>1</sup>-bug like leeches on its sternum.

You can hear all day from time to time in any  
part of the village the sound of a gun  
fired at ducks. Yesterday I was wishing  
that I could find a dead duck floating

---

<sup>1</sup>"sow" altered from "low"

on the water, as I had found muskrats &  
 a hare—& now I see something bright & reflect-  
 ing the light from the edge of the alders ~~4 or~~  
 5 or 6 rods off— Can it be a duck?— I can hardly  
 believe my eyes— I am near enough to see its  
 green head & neck— I am delighted to find a  
 perfect specimen of the Mergus Merganser<sup>1</sup>  
 or Goosander—undoubtedly shot yesterday by  
 the Fast Day sportsmen—& I take a small flattend  
 shot from its wing—flattend against the wing bone  
 ap— The wing is<sup>2</sup> broken & it is shot through the  
 head— It is a perfectly fresh and very beautiful  
 bird—& as I raise it, I get sight of its  
 long slender vermilion bill (color of red sealing  
 wax) & its clean bright orange legs & feet—  
 & then of its perfectly smooth & spotlessly pure  
 white breast & belly tinged with a faint  
 salmon—(or ~~say~~<sup>3</sup> tinged with a delicate buff

The chief wound was in a wing which was broken. I afterward took 3 small shot  
 inclining to salmon—) This ac to Wilson is one  
 from it which was<sup>4</sup> flattened against the bill's base & perhaps? the quills shafts—  
 of the mergansers or Fisher Ducks of which  
 there are 9 or 10 species & we have four—in Am.  
 It is the largest of these 4—feeds almost entirely  
 on fin & shell fish—called Water Pheasant  
 Sheldrake—Fisherman Diver—Dun Diver—  
 sparling Fowl—Harle &c as well as Goosander—  
 Go in April return in Nov. Jardine has  
 found seven trout in one female.

Nuttall says they breed in the Russian Empire

---

<sup>1</sup>"Mergus Merganser" may be underlined in pencil (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>"is" altered from "&"

<sup>3</sup>"say" cancelled in pencil

<sup>4</sup>Possibly "were"

& are seen in Mississippi & Missouri in winter. He found a young brood in Pennsylvania.

Yarrell—says they are called also Saw<sup>1</sup>-bill & Jack-saw—are sometimes sold in London market. Nest ac. to Selby on ground—ac to others in a hollow tree also— Found on the Continent of Europe— northern Asia—& even in Japan (?) Some breed in the Orkneys & therabouts. V n. p.

7/8

My bird is 25<sup>^</sup> inches long—& 35<sup>2</sup> in alar extent from point of wing to end of primaries 11 inches.

---

It is a great diver—& does not mind the cold. It seems appears admirably fitted for diving & swimming. Its body is flat—

flat

& its tail short ^ compact & wedge shaped —its eyes peer out a slight slit or semi-circle in the skin of the head—& its legs

& the toes shut up compactly

are flat & thin in one direction ^ so as to create the least friction when drawing them forward—but their broad webs spread them 3 1/2 inches when they take a stroke.

The web is extended 3/8 of an inch beyond

V the 9<sup>th</sup> of April

the inner toe of each foot. ^ There are

black

very conspicuous ^ teeth-like serrations along the edges of its bill & the also is roughened— so that it may hold its prey securely.

The breast appeared quite ~~gr~~ dry when I raised it from the water.

The head & neck are as Wilson<sup>3</sup> says black glossed with green—but the lower part of the neck pure white—& these colors bound on each other so abruptly that one appears to be sewed on to the other.

It is a perfect wedge from the mid-

---

<sup>1</sup>"Saw" altered from "saw"

<sup>2</sup>"5" written over "4"

<sup>3</sup>"W" written over "w"

dle of its body to the end of its tail—& it is<sup>1</sup> only 3 1/4 inches deep from back to breast at the thickest part—while the greatest breadth horizontally

In these respects

(at the root of the legs) is 5 1/2 inches. it reminds me of an otter which however I have never seen.

I suspect that I have seen near a hundred of these birds this spring. but I never got so near one before In Yarrell's plate the depth of the male goosander is to its length (i.e. from tip of tail to most forward part of breast) as 37 to 103 or the depth is more than 1/3 This length in Yarrell's bird—calling the distance from the point of the wing to the end of the primaries 11 inches—is about 14 1/2 inches of which my 3 1/4 is not 1/4.

plate

In Nuttall's ^ the proportion is 32 to 91 also more than 1/3. I think they have not represented the bird flat enough.

Yarrell says it is the largest of the British Mergansers—is a winter visitor—though a few breed in the north of Britain; are rare in the southern counties— But, ac to Yarrell, a Mr Low in his Nat. Hist of Orkney, says they breed there—& after breeding the sexes separate—& Y. quotes Selby as saying that their nest is near the edge of the water—of grass, roots, &c lined with down—sometimes among stones—in long grass—under bushes— or in a stump or hollow tree. Y continues egg "a uniform buff white" 2 1/2 inches

---

<sup>1</sup>"it is" altered from "its"

long— Sometimes carry their young on their backs in the water. It is common in Sweden & ac to the traveller Acerbi—in Lapland they give it a hollow tree to build in & then steal its eggs— The mother he adds carries her young to the water in her bill. Y says it is well known in Russia—& is found in Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, Provence, & Italy Has been seen near the Caucasus (& is<sup>1</sup> found in Japan ac to one authority) Also in N Am. Hudson's Bay Greenland—& Iceland.

Ap 7<sup>th</sup>

In my walk in the P. m. of today I saw from Conantum say 50 rods distant—2 sheldrakes male

prob

& ^ female sailing on A Wheeler's Cranberry Meadow—  
white of the

I saw only the ^ male at first but my glass revealed the male. The male is easily seen a great distance on the water—being a large white mark— But they will let you come only within some 60 rods ordinarily. I observed that they were uneasy at sight of<sup>2</sup> me & began to sail away in different directions. I could plainly see the vermilion bill of the male

(but he appeared all white above)

& his orange legs when he flew ^—& the red-  
or sorrel

dish brown ^ of the neck of the female & when she lifted herself in the water (as it were preparatory to flight) her white breast & belly

---

<sup>1</sup>"is" possibly altered from "in"

<sup>2</sup>"of" possibly altered from "on"



At 6 this morn to Clam Shell– The

// skunk cab– open yesterday at least XX The earliest  
flower this season– I suspect that the spathes  
do not push up in the spring– This<sup>1</sup> see is but  
3 inches high– I see them as high & higher in the  
fall, & they seem only to acquire color now

out

& gape open. I see but one ^ & that sheds pollen

// abundantly– See 30 or 40 goldfinches  
in a dashing flock–in all respects (notes & all<sup>2</sup>)

Wood's

like lesser red-polls) – On the trees by ~~the~~ causeway  
& on the RR bank. There is a general twittering  
& an occasional mew– Then they alight on the  
ground to feed–along with F hiemalis & fox  
colored sparrows– They are merely olivaceous above  
dark about the base of the bill–but bright yel  
lemon yellow in a semicircle on the breast–

& tail

black wings ^ with white bar on wings–& white  
vanes to tail. I never saw them here so  
early before– Or probably on or 2 olivaceous  
birds I have seen & heard of in<sup>3</sup> other years

What is cock croach? like black beetle  with

// were this. Clear but a cold air.

a colored edge (blue?)<sup>2</sup> on pebbles–like cicindelas?

Pm to Hub's close & Lee's Cliff.

of grass

on the surface

A mouse nest ^ in Stows Meadow E of RR ^. Just  
like those seen in the rye field some weeks  
ago–but this in lower ground has a distinct  
gallery running from it–& I think is the  
nest of the meadow mouse– The pool at

unbroken gray ice

Hubbard's Close which was full of ice ^ the 27

---

<sup>1</sup>"This" altered from "I"

<sup>2</sup>"& all" written over other characters

<sup>3</sup>"in" altered from "were"

of march—is now warm looking water—with  
the slime covered callitriche standing a foot

the lake grass

high in it—& ahead a narrow grass ^ has sprung  
bent

up & lies ^ 9 or 10 inches flat on the water. //

This is very early—as well as sudden— In 10 days  
there has been this change— How much had that  
grass grown under the ice— I see many small skaters? //

as long as my finger

in it. Saw a trout ^ in the ditch dug from Brister's  
spring which having no hole over hanging bank at  
where it could hide—plunged into the mud like  
a frog—& was concealed. The female flowers of  
the hazel are just beginning to peep out. //

At Lees Cliff I find the radical

leaves of the early saxifrage—columbine—  
& ~~{is} it not~~ the tower mustard?—&c much eaten  
ap. by prtridges & perhaps rabbits— Below They  
must have their greens in the spring & earlier

obviously

than me— Below the rocks the most ^ forward //

columbine

radical leaves are the ^ tower-mustard (~~if that~~  
~~is it~~ { } { } lanceolate & petioled & remotely toothed)

bulbosa

Early crowfoot<sup>1</sup>—~~{&}~~<sup>2</sup> The buttercup ^ is a peculiarly sappy dark pickle green—decided spring & none of  
your sapless evergreens<sup>3</sup>

& Catnep—& mullein ^— The little thyme

which is evergreen

leaved arenaria I believe it is—<sup>4</sup>& some other minute  
leaves also already green the ground. The saxifrage  
on the rocks will ap open in 2 days it<sup>5</sup> shows  
some white. The grass is now ~~decide~~ conspicuously  
green about open springs. in dense tufts.

The frozen sod partly thawed in low grounds

<sup>1</sup>"Early crowfoot" written vertically in left margin, downward, forming right angle with line beginning "is-  
it"

<sup>2</sup>Line connecting "crowfoot" and "The buttercup" goes through what looks like "&", possibly cancelling it  
(need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"& none . . . evergreens" written vertically in right margin, upward, forming right angle with line ending  
"spring"

<sup>4</sup>Caret written below dash

<sup>5</sup>"it" altered from "is"

sinks under me as I walk.

Ap 8 6 Am up Assabet–

A fine clear morning. The ground white  
with frost–& all the meadows also & a  
low mist curling over the smooth water  
now in the sun light which gives the

silver

water a ^ plated look. The frost covers the  
willows & alders & other trees on the sides  
of the river 15 or 20 feet high– Quite  
a wintry sight. At first I can hardly dis-  
tinguish Wht maple stamens from the frost  
spiculae– I find some anthers effete & dark

there are many in this condition

& others still mealy with pollen–^ The Crimson  
fern stigmas also peeping forth. It evidently began  
// to shed pollen yesterday. xxx I find als at length

xxx

// a single catkin of the alnus incana–with  
a few stamens near the peduncle discolored & shedding  
a little dust when shaken so this must have

xxxx

// begun yesterday–I think–but it is not so forward  
as the maple– Though I have looked widely I  
have not found the alder out before.

// I see some long cob-web lines covered with  
frost hanging like from tree to tree 6 feet  
in one case, like the ropes which extend  
from mast to mast of a vessel. Hear & see

// a pigeon woodpecke something like week up

// week up. The robins now sing in  
full ~~ehorus~~ blast

Very thin dark ice crystals over shallowest water–showing the  
flat pyramids.

Also song spars & tree spars—& f. hiemalis are  
 heard in the yard— The fox-col sparrow is also  
 there. The tree sparrows have been very musical //  
 for several mornings—somewhat canary-like.  
 As to which are the earliest flowers—~~I think~~ it  
 & ground bare or not—meadows wet or dry &c &c  
 depends on the character of the season—^ also  
 on the variety of soils & localities within your  
 reach— The columbine leaves in the clefts of  
 ðe Cliffs is one of the very earliest obvious growths—  
 I noticed it the first of April— The rad leaves of the  
 dense  
 buttercup now at Lees Cliff—a small flat ^ circle—  
 are a very diff. color from those evergreen leaves seen  
 are  
 when the snow first goe—off— They<sup>1</sup> ^ emphatically a  
green green—as if a sort of green fire were kindled  
 under them in the sod. The buds not only of lilacs  
 —but white birches &c. look swollen.

When taking the brain out of my duck yesterday—I  
 perceived that the brain was the marrow of the head.  
 & it is probably only a less sentient brain that runs down  
 the back-bone—the spinal marrow—

Abiel Wheeler tried to plow in sandy soil yesterday  
 but could not go beyond a certain depth because of frost. //

Pm Up Assabet to G. Barrets meadow

This forenoon it was still & the water smooth  
 Now there is a strong cool wind from the east.  
 Am surprised to see a round clam close //  
 to the shore at mouth of Dakin's brook in  
 one foot of water— (A school of small minnows //

---

<sup>1</sup>"They" possibly written over "It is"

Already a turtles track on sand close to water—

flutters across

// The great buff-edged butterfly goes over the river—

// afterward I see a small red one over the

before river the 6<sup>th</sup>)

shore. Though the river—(excepting F. H. P. ^

has for a week been completely free of ice—&

only a little thin crystalwise forms in the night

in the shallowest parts—that thick ice of the

winter (February) on the meadows covered

by pieces of meadow crust is in many place

now that ice is a rather rare sight & plowing is beginning

// still nearly as thick as ever—^ It is remarkable

how long this frozen meadow crust lying on it

has preserved it— Where the pice of meadow

is only 3 or 4 feet in diameter—its edges now

project over the ice so that the whole looks

like a student's 4-cornered cap.—or that

which the President of Harvard wears. All that

mass on B's meadow appears to have been taken

from the upper part of the meadow near the road

about 30 rods off from where it now lies.

In<sup>2</sup> the ditches near which it was taken up I

see the coarse yellow-reddened & sometimes

// already greentipped pads of the Yellow lily partly

rolled

unfolded at the bottom of the warm water—

The most of a spring growth perhaps in the water—

Also 2 or 3 good sized buds of a healthy green.

Hear at a distance in the sproutlands the

// croaks of frogs from some shallow pool

---

<sup>1</sup>"6" altered from "5" or "3"

<sup>2</sup>"In" altered from "I s"

Saw 6 muskrats bodies just skinned on the  
 bank—2 large yellowish <sup>fatty</sup> ^ looking masses of I suppose  
 musk on each side the lower part of the abdomen—  
 Every part of the animal now emits a very  
 strong scent of musk. A foot which I brought  
 home (together with a head) scented me all over.  
 The forefeet are small & white on the  
 palm—while the hind ones are black. All  
 the skin being stripped off except on the nose  
 & feet—the forefeet look<sup>1</sup> like hand clothed  
 in gauntlets of fur.  
 This evening about 9 Pm I hear geese go over—//  
 now there in the S—now SE—now E—now NE  
 low over the village—but not seen— The  
 first I have heard.

Ap 9<sup>th</sup>

5 1/4 Am to red bridge just before sun-rise  
 fine clear morning—but still cold enough //  
 for gloves.—a slight frost—and mist as  
 yesterday curling over the smooth water— I  
 see half a dozen crows on an elm within  
 a dozen rods of the muskrats bodies as if  
 eyeing them. I see thus often crows very early  
 near the houses  
 in the morning ^ which soon after sunrise take  
 their way across the river to the woods again—  
 It is a regular thing with them.  
 Hear the hoarse rasping chuck or chatter of  
 crow black birds & distinguish their long broad //  
 tails

---

<sup>1</sup>"took" in MS

Wilson says that the only note of the rusty grackle is a chuck—though he is told that at Hudson's Bay at ~~the~~ breeding time they sing with a fine note—

utter

Here they ~~have~~ not only a chuck—but a fine shrill whistle. They cover the top of a tree now & their concert is of this character—

get out

—they all seem laboring together to ~~attain to~~ a clear strain—as it were wetting their whistles against their arrival at Hudson's bay—as if they were They begin as it were by disgorging or spitting it out, like so much tow, from a full throat and conclude with a clear fine shrill ear piercing whistle— Then away they go all of chattering together. Hear a

// phoebe near the river. The golden willow  
// is methinks a little livelier green & begins to peel a little—but I am not sure the bark is any smoother yet

long

Heard a loud ^ dry tremulous shriek which reminded me of a king fisher—but which I found proceeded from a woodpecker which had just alighted on an elm—also its clear whistle or  
// chink afterward— It is probably the hairy woodpecker & I am not so certain I have seen it earlier this year— Wilson does not allow that the Downy one makes exactly such a sound—

Did I hear part of the note of a golden crowned? wren this morning? It was undoubtedly a robin—the last part of his strain. ?

Some 20<sup>1</sup> minutes after sundown I hear the first booming of a snipe. //

The forenoon was cloudy & in the afternoon it rained—but the sun set clear lighting up the west with a yellow light.—which

in which the frame of a new building is distinctly seen while drops

there was no green grass to reflect—^

hang on every twig—

& producing the first rain bow I have seen //

or heard of except one long ago in //

the morning. With April showers methinks

come rain-bows. Why are they so rare in

the winter? Is the fact that the clouds

are then of snow commonly—in stead of rain

sufficient to account for it?

At sunset after the rain—the robins & song-

spars—~~& blackbirds~~ & fill the air along the river with their song.

MacGillivray says that Divers, Mergansers

and Cormorants—actually fly under water

using their wings fully expanded.— He had

seen them pursuing sand eels along the

shores of the Hebrides. Had seen the water-

ouzel fly in like manner—

Several flocks of geese went over this morning //

also. Now then the main body are moving.

Now first are they generally seen & heard

---

<sup>1</sup>"20" possibly altered from "10"

Ap 10<sup>th</sup>

Another fine clear morning—with, as usual a little frost.

more than 100 rods dist

6 Am to river— I see afar ^ sailing on Hubbard's meadow—on the smooth water in the morning sun, conspicuous, 2 male // shell drakes & ap 1 female— They glide along a rod or 2 apart—in shallow water—alternately passing one another,— & from time to time plunging their heads in the water, but the female (whom only the glass reveals) almost alone diving— I think I saw one male drive the other back— One male with the female, kept nearly together a rod or 2 ahead of the other

Therien says James Baker sold his woodlot S of F. H. Pond—about 25 acres chiefly white pine for 120 dollars an acre—& that there was one hemlock whose top & branches alone<sup>1</sup> yielded 2 1/2 cords.—v next page

The buds of the earliest<sup>2</sup> gooseberry in garden // now first beg to show a little green on a close inspection.

P. m. To F. H. P by boat—

A strong S Wind & overcast. There is the // slightest perceptible<sup>3</sup> green on the hill now—  
—No doubt in a rain it would be pretty obvious—  
// Saw a tolerably fresh sucker floating—

2 days

have seen 2 halves ^ before which looked very ancient—as if they had died in the winter—  
There are 3 or 4 small scollops in the Dorsal fin.

---

<sup>1</sup>"alone" altered from "along"

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line thorough this and the next lines, also horizontal pencil under line (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>pencil line through line (need better copy)

Another dead muskrat—equally old—with the  
2 others I have seen this spring—as if they had died  
at the time of the great freshet in Feb.

sheds pollen

At Lee's the early sedge—one only<sup>1</sup> ~~XXX~~. The //  
saxifrage there tomorrow ~~XXX~~— One<sup>2</sup> flower is partly //  
expanded.

I measured the hemlock mentioned on the  
circumference at but  
last page— The ~~diameter~~<sup>3</sup> of the trunk at  
~~the but where it was~~—a<sup>4</sup> foot from the  
ground was 9 10/12 feet—at 10 feet  
from the ground 8 10/12 at the small  
end where it was cut off—1 1/2 feet— Length  
40 feet. Its<sup>5</sup> diameter diminished very—  
regularly the first 25 feet.

As for the early sedge—who would think<sup>6</sup>  
of looking for a flower of any kind in those  
dry tufts whose withered blades almost en-  
tirely conceal the springing green ones— I patiently  
examined one tuft after another higher & higher  
up the rocky hill—till at last I found

yellow

one little ^ spike of ~~yellow~~—low in the grass—which  
shed its pollen on my finger. As for the  
saxifrage—when I had given it up for  
today—having after a long search in the  
warmest clefts & recesses found only  
3 or 4 buds which showed some white—  
I at length on a still warmer shelf  
found one flower partly expanded—& its

<sup>1</sup>Caret written below dash

<sup>2</sup>"One" written over "It is"

<sup>3</sup>"diameter" cancelled in pencil

<sup>4</sup>"a" possibly altered from "is"

<sup>5</sup>"Its" altered from "It is"

<sup>6</sup>"think" altered from "thing"

~~com~~ common peduncle had shot up an inch.

few

These ^ earliest flowers in these situations have the same sort of interest with the arctic flora— for they are remote & unobserved & often surrounded with snow—& most have not begun to think of flowers yet.

Early on the morning of the 8<sup>th</sup> I paddled up the Assabet looking for the first flowers of the white maple & alder— I held on to the low curving twigs of the maple where the stream ran swiftly—the round clusters of its bursting flower buds spotting the sky above me—& on a close inspection found a few which (as I have said) must have blossomed the day before— I also paddled slowly along the river side looking closely at the alder catkins & shaking the most loose—till at length I came to a bush which had been weighed down by the ice & whose stem curved downward passing through the the water— & on this was one looser & more yellowish catkin—which (as I have said) on a close examination showed some effete anthers near the peduncle.

The morning of the 6<sup>th</sup> when I found the skunk-cabbage out—It was so cold I suffered from numbed fingers having left my gloves behind—

// Since April came in, however, you have needed gloves only in the morning.

bare

Under some high ^ bank sloping to the south on the edge of a meadow—where many springs issuing from the bank—melt the snow early—there you find the first skunk cabbage in bloom—

I see much yellow ~~litt~~ lily root afloat—which the musk-rats have dug up & nibbled.

Ap 11<sup>th</sup>

Rained in the night—awake to see the ground white with snow & it is still snowing the ~~sligh~~ sleet driving from the north at an angle of certainly not more than 30 or 35 degrees with the horizon as I judge by its course across the window panes— By mid Pm the rain has so far prevailed that the ground is bare— As usual this—brings the tree-sparrows & F hiemalis into the yard—again.

//

Ap 12

Still falls a little snow & rain this morning though the ground is not whitened— I hear a purple-finch nevertheless on an elm—steadily warbling—& uttering a sharp chip from time to time.

//

Pm to Cliffs &amp; Hub's Close—

Fair with drifting clouds but cold & windy. At the Spring brook I see some skink cabbage leaves already 4 or 5 inches high & partly unrolled. From the Cliff Hill—the mts are again thickly

clad with snow—& the wind being NW its coldness is accounted for— I hear it fell 14 or 15 inches deep in Vermont. As I sit in a sheltered place on the Cliffs I look over the pond with my glass—but see no living thing.

Lee's meadow just inside the button bushes on the west of the pond, about a mile distant  
Soon after I saw a boat on ~~the pond~~<sup>^</sup> & raising my glass I saw one man paddling in the stern & another in white pantaloons standing up in the bow— ready to shoot— Presently I saw the last raise his gun take aim & fire into the bushes—though I heard

from  
no sound ^ over the dashing waves, but merely saw  
as in a picture

the smoke—^ ~~He then pointed~~ There was a strong wind from the NW, while I was looking SW—

the gunner

He then pointed out the course while his companion paddled & ~~I saw him distinctly strike~~

& struck

I dis-

the game ~~with~~ in the water with a paddle & ~~then lift~~ tinctly saw him lift up a muskrat by the tail. In a few moments very nearly the same actions were repeated—though this time I did not see the rat raised.

Then turning my glass down the stream— I saw on the Miles' meadow shore about half a mile distant—a man whom I knew ~~empty casting fat~~ emptying his boat of fat pine roots—which he had got for spearing—while his dog was digging at a woodchuck's hole—close by.

For a week past I have frequently seen

---

<sup>1</sup>Caret written below dash

the tracks of woodchucks in the sand.

Golden Saxifrage out at Hub's Close—one //  
at least effete— It may have been the 10<sup>th</sup> XX?

The grass has within<sup>1</sup> 10 days shot up very perceptibly  
shallow

in ^ water & about springs— In the last place it forms  
dense moss like tufts in some cases—also some warm  
& some hollows where the ice has recently melted

southward banks are considerably greened ^—but generally  
there is no obvious greening<sup>2</sup> as yet— It is at most //

a mere radical greenness which you must seek //  
to find. 1 Cowslip will ap. open in 2 days at Hubs Close—  
not on 16<sup>th</sup> but ap touched by frost—but prob some by 16<sup>th</sup> at 2<sup>nd</sup> Div. V 18<sup>th</sup>

Ap. 13<sup>th</sup>

Pm—to 2<sup>nd</sup> Division Cowslips.

A fair day—but a cool wind still from  
the snow covered country in the NW.

It is however pleasant to sit in the sun  
in sheltered places— The small croaking  
frogs are now generally heard in all //  
or pools

those stagnant ponds ^ in woods floored  
with leaves—which are mainly dried up in the  
summer— At first perhaps you hear but  
one or 2 dry croaks—but if you sit patiently  
you may hear quite a concert of them  
at last—er-wah er-wah er-wah—  
with a nasal twang & twist—and<sup>3</sup>  
see them dimpling ~~or rather~~ the surface  
here & there by their movements— But

---

<sup>1</sup>"within" written over other characters

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through line (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"and" possibly altered from "more"

if you approach the pondside they suddenly  
cease ~~& dive to the bottom.~~ We hear  
them at J. P. Brown's Pond which is edged  
with ice still on the north. The water  
must be smooth—& the weather pretty warm—

There is still some icy snow under  
// the north sides of woods in hollows—

I see the feathers ap. of a fox-col. sparrow  
completely covering a stump—where some creature  
has devoured it. At a great ant-  
// hill—the common half red half black ants  
are stirring—ap clearing out rubbish from

Great quantities of odoriferous sweet-gale seed are collected with the scum at  
the outlet of Nut meadow—for they float.

their nest. The<sup>1</sup> alnus incana blossoms  
begin generally to show. The Serrulata will  
// undoubtedly blossom tomorrow in some places XXXX

or probably not till 15<sup>th</sup>—XXX? Did I not take the incana for this in '54?

The pine on the Marlboro road which I saw  
from my window—has been sawed down the  
past window— I try to count its circles—count  
61 from centre to sap—but there the pitch  
conceals the rest—completely. I guessed there  
were 15 more at least— The tree was  
probably quite 80 yrs old. It was about  
2 1/4 feet in diameter.

// The common hazel just out XXX It is  
perhaps the prettiest flower of the shrubs  
that have opened. A little bunch of (in this case)  
half a dozen catkins 1 3/4 inches long

---

<sup>1</sup>"The" written over "A"

trembling in the wind & full of shedding<sup>1</sup>  
 golden pollen on the hand—&—close by  
 as many minute, but clear crystalline crimson  
 stars at the end of a bare & seemingly dead  
 twig. For 2 or 3 days in my walks I had  
 given the hazel catkins a fillip with my finger<sup>2</sup>  
 under their chins to see if they were in bloom—but  
 in vain—but here on the warm south side

bunch

of a wood—I find one ~~cluster~~ fully out—& completely  
 relaxed. They know when to trust themselves to the  
 weather.— At the same time I hear through  
 the wood the sharp peep of the first hylodes I  
 have chanced to hear. Many cowslip buds  
 show a little yellow—but they will not open there  
 for 2 or 3 days The road is paved with solid  
 ice there. See a sp

//

Returning by the steep side-hill just south of  
 Holden's woodlot—& some dozen or 14 rds west  
 of the open land—I saw, amid the rattlesnake  
 plantain leaves—(what I suspect to be the  
 Polygala paucifolia) some very beautiful

of a dull green (green turned dark)

oval leaves<sup>3</sup>(growing & looking like checkerberry  
 but more flaccid)

leaves ^ above—but beneath, & a great many  
 showed the underside—a clear & brilliant //  
 purple (4or lake??5) { } It is ~~about~~ 3 or 4 inches  
 high with the oval & revolute leaves at

small

top & a few remote ^ bract<sup>6</sup>-like leaves on the  
 (3 sided) stem— This<sup>7</sup> pyrola is sometimes called  
 Flowering Wintergreen—& indeed—it<sup>8</sup> is not

---

<sup>1</sup>"shedding" possibly altered from another word

<sup>2</sup>"finger" possibly altered from "find"

<sup>3</sup>Caret written below dash

<sup>4</sup>Open paren most likely inserted; close paren possibly inserted too

<sup>5</sup>First "?" written above dash, presumably cancelling it (in another reading, the short horizontal line could be underlining for the question marks—but this is less likely than the first reading)

<sup>6</sup>"bract" altered from "bracts"

<sup>7</sup>"This" possibly altered from "The"

<sup>8</sup>"it" possibly altered from "is"

only an evergreen—but somewhat pyrola

without marks on throat or breasts

like to the eye. See a sparrow ^ running  
peculiarly in the dry grass in the open  
field beyond—& hear—its song—& then

// see its white feathers in tail—the Baywing

A small willow by the roadside beyond

// W<sup>m</sup> Wheelers tomorrow XXX

Ap 14<sup>th</sup>

6 Am to Island— An overcast—& b̄ moist

No sun all day

day—but truly April— ^ like such as began  
methinks on Fast day—or the 5<sup>th</sup>— You can-  
not foretell how it will turn out. The

// river has been steadily rising since the last 1<sup>st</sup> of April

though you would not think there had been rain  
enough to cause it— It now covers the meadows

It is perhaps because the warm rain has been melting the frost in the ground—this  
pretty respectably. ^ I see half a dozen crow

may be the great cause of the regular spring rise.

black birds uttering their coarse rasping  
char char—~~light~~ like great rusty

springs on the top of an elm by the river-  
side—& often at each char they open their  
great tails. They also attain to a clear  
whistle with some effort—but seem to  
have some difficulty in their throats yet—

The P. Tremuloides by the Island shed pollen

// a very few catkins yet at least XX—for some

antheres are effete & black this morning—though  
it is hardly curved down yet & is but 1 1/2 inches  
long at most.

White maples are now generally in bloom. The //  
 musk tortoise—stirring on the bottom. Most<sup>1</sup> //  
 of the stellaria has been winter killed—but I find //  
 a few flowers or a protected & still green sprig—prob-  
 not blossomed long.

A— 8. Am. {—} Took caterpillars eggs from the  
 apple trees at the Texas house—& found about  
 30.

It being completely overcast—having rained a little,  
 the robins &c sing at 4 1/2 as at sundown usually.

The waters too are smooth & full of reflections.

Ap 15.

9 Am. to Atkin's Boat House—(No sun till setting)  
 Another still moist overcast day—without sun  
 but all day a crescent of light as if breaking  
 away in the north. The waters smooth  
 & full of reflections— A still cloudy day //  
 like this is perhaps the best to be on the  
 water— To the clouds perhaps we owe  
 both the stillness & the {-} reflections—for  
 the light is in a great measure reflected  
 from the water. Robins sing now at 10 Am  
 as in the morning—& the Phoebe—& pig-  
 woodpecker's cacale is heard—& many  
 martins (with white-bel— swallows) are //  
 & twittering  
 skimming ^ above the water—perhaps catch-  
 ing the small fuzzy gnats with which the  
 air is filled. The sound of church

---

<sup>1</sup>"Most" altered from "The"

bells, at various distances—in Concord  
 & the neighboring towns, sounds very  
 sweet to us on the water—this still  
 day— It is the song of the villages heard  
 with the song of the birds. The great  
 meadows are covered, except a small  
 island in their midst,<sup>1</sup> but not a duck  
 do we see there. On a low limb of a  
 maple on the edge of the river 30 rods  
 from the present shore we saw a fish  
 // hawk eating a fish. 60 rods off we  
 could see his white crest— We landed & got  
 nearer by stealing through the woods  
 His legs looked long as he stood up on  
 the limb with his back to us—& his body  
 looked black against the sky & by con-  
     There was a dark stripe on the side of the head  
 trast with the white of his head. ^ He had  
 got the fish under his feet on the limb,  
 & would bow his head snatch a mouthful  
 & then look, hastily over his right shoulder  
 in our direction—then snatch another mouth-  
 ful & look over his left shoulder— ~~When~~  
     At length  
 we ~~approached in the boat~~ he launched  
 off & flapped heavily away— We found  
 at the bottom of  
 in ^ the water beneath where he sat numerous  
 fragments of the fish he had been eating  
 parts of the fins {—} entrails—gills &c

---

<sup>1</sup>Comma possibly altered from period





sailing in the smooth water beyond— These soon sailed behind points of meadow— The heron flew away—& one male shell-drake flew past us low over the water reconnoitering large—& brilliant black & white— When the heron takes to flight what<sup>1</sup> a change in size & appearance—it is presto change. There go two great undulating wings pinned together—but the body & neck must have been left behind somewhere.

Before we rounded Balls' Hill<sup>2</sup>—the water now beautifully smooth—at 2 1/2 Pm—we saw 3 gulls sailing on the glassy meadow at least 1/2 mile off by the plainer because they were against the reflection of the hills. //  
 the oak peninsula ^— They looked larger than afterward close at hand—as if their whiteness was reflected & doubled. As we advanced into the Great Meadows—making the only ripples in its broad expanse still there being ^ not a ray of sunshine—only a subdued light through the thinner crescent in the north—the reflections of the maples—of Ponkawtasset & the poplar A wall which ran down to the water on the hill side—without Hill—& the whole township in the SW out any remarkable curve in it—was exaggerated by the were as perfect as I ever saw—the reflection into the half of an ellipse. meadow was expanded to a large lake—the shore line being referred to the sides of the hills reflected in it—

---

<sup>1</sup>"what" possibly altered from "it"

<sup>2</sup>"Hill" altered from "hill"

such

It was a scene worth many ^ voyages to

see– It was remarkable how much

light those white gulls–& also a bleached

absorbed &

post on a distant shore–^ reflected through

almost

that sombre atmosphere–conspicuous ^ as

candles in the night– When we got near

to the gulls they rose heavily & flapped away

answering a more distant one–with a

deliberate

remarkable–~~lazy~~, ^ melancholy, squeak-

mewing or piping

ing scream–^ almost a squeal. It was a

little like the loon. Is this sound the

origin of the name Sea-mew? Notwith-

standing the smoothness of the water–we could

not easily see black ducks against the

reflection of the woods–but heard them

rise at a distance before we saw them.

The birds were still in the middle of the

day–but began to sing again by 4 1/2 Pm.–

prob. because of the clouds– Saw & heard

do they not come with the smooth-waters of April?

// a Kingfisher<sup>^</sup> hurrying over the

meadow as if on urgent business–

// That general–tut tut tut tut–or

snoring of frogs on the shallow meadow

heard first slightly the 5<sup>th</sup>– There is a very

faint er er er now & then mixed with it.

Ap 16<sup>th</sup>

5 Am to Hill– Clear & cool–a frost

whitens ground–yet a mist hangs over the

---

<sup>1</sup>Caret written below dash

village— There is a thin ice reaching a foot from  
 the water's edge—which the earliest rays will  
 melt. I scare up several snipes feeding on  
 the meadow's edge— It is remarkable how they  
 conceal themselves when they alight on a bare spit  
 of the meadow— I look with my glass to where one alighted  
 4 rods off—& at length detected its head rising  
 amid the cranberry vines—& withered grass blades

last

which ^ it closely resembled in color—with its eye  
 steadily fixed on me. The robins—&c—blackbirds—  
 songspars— sing now on all hands just before  
 sunrise perhaps quite as generally as at any season //  
 Going up the hill I examined the tree tops for  
 hawks— What is that little hawk about  
 as big as a turtle dove on the top of one  
 of the wht oaks on top<sup>1</sup> of the hill? It appears  
 to have a reddish breast—now it flies to the bare top  
 of a dead tree—now some crows join—& it pursues  
 one—diving at it repeatedly from above—down a  
 rod or more—as far as I can see toward the  
 hemlocks— Returning that way I came unex-  
 pected close to this hawk perched near the top  
 of a large aspen by the river right over my  
 head— He seemed neither to see or hear me.

new

At first I thought it a ^ woodpecker— I had  
 a fair view of all its back and tail within  
 40 feet with my glass. Its back was I

rather

should say a ^ dark ash—spotted & so barred

---

<sup>1</sup>"top" written over other characters (need better image)

woodpecker like (not well described in books)  
wings & back with large white spots ^-prob- on  
the inner vanes of the feathers-both 2<sup>nd</sup>daries &  
primaries-& prob- coverts. The tail conspicuously  
barred with black-3 times beyond the covering  
& feathers & once at least under them. Beneath  
with long & conspic. femoral feathers, unlike Spar. hawk.  
& undertail mainly a dirty white ^- Head darker  
& bill dark- It was busily pruning itself-& sud-  
denly pitched off downward. What I call

prob. Sharp-shinned V. May 4<sup>th</sup>

// a pig. hawk. ^ In the mean while heard  
the quivet through the wood-& looking

small

saw through an opening a ^ compact flock

// of pigeons flying low about.

From the Hill top looked to the Great Meadows  
with glass- They were very smooth-with a slight  
mist over them-but I could see very clearly  
the pale salmon of the E horizon reflected  
there & contrasting with an intermediate  
streak of skim milk blue-now just  
after sunrise.

PM to Flints Pond.

A perfectly clear & very warm day-a little warmer  
// than the 31<sup>st</sup> of March or any yet-& I have  
for the first time

not got far before ^ I regret that I wore my  
// great coat. Noticed the first wasp-& many  
// cicindelae on a sandy place-have probably seen  
the latter before in the air-but this warmth  
brings them out in numbers- The grey of  
Hubbards oaks looks drier & more like sum-

& it is now drier walking The frost in most places wholly out  
mer-^ I got so near a grass bird as  
to see the narrow circle of white round the  
eye- The spots on the E. guttatas in

leafy-paved which dries up

a still warm ^ ditch ^ are exceedingly bright

Stows cold pond hole is still full of ice though partly submerged— //  
     the only pool in this state that I see—  
 now—does it last? At Callitriche pool—  
 (I see no flowers on it)—I see what looks  
 like minnows an inch long with a remarkably  
     The water ranunculus was very forward here  
 forked tail-fin— Prob. larvae of dragonflies. //  
     The eyed-head conspicuous & something like a large dorsal fin  
 They dart about in this warm pool & rest at  
 different angles with the horizon. This pool dries  
     The very pools—the receptacles of all kinds of rubbish—now {~~too~~} soon after the ice has  
 melted so transparent & of glassy smoothness & full of animal & vegetable life  
 up in Summer. The orange copper vanessa //  
     are interesting & beautiful objects.  
 mid-sized is out—& a great many of  
 the large buffedged are fluttering over the leaves  
 in wood paths—this warm pm— I am obliged  
 to carry my great coat on my arm—  
 A striped snake rustles down a dry open hill side //  
 where the withered grass is long. I could not  
 dig to the nest of the Deer-mouse in Britton's  
 Hollow—because of the frost—about 6 inches //  
     Yet though I have seen no ploughing in fields—the Surveyors plowed in the  
     road on the 14<sup>th</sup> ult  
 beneath the surface. ^ As far as I dug their galleries  
~~occupied~~ appeared at first to be lined with a  
 sort of membrane—which I found was the  
 bark or skin of roots of the right sizes<sup>1</sup>  
 their galleries taking the place of the decayed  
 wood—~~of the~~ An oak stump.  
 At Flints sitting on the rock—we see a great  
 many—ducks—mostly shell drakes on the pond—  
 which will hardly abide us within half a  
 mile. With the glass I see by their reddish  
 heads that all of one party—the main—  
 body—are females— You see little more

---

<sup>1</sup>Possibly "size"





They all flew in loose array—but the 3 kinds  
in separate flocks. / We were surprised to  
find ourselves looking on a company of  
birds devoted to slumber after the alarm &  
// activity we had just witnessed.

which many water bugs—(gyrinus) were now dimpling,  
Returning at Goose Pond ^ we scared up  
2 black ducks— The shore was strewn  
with much fresh eel grass—& the fine  
now short eriocaulon with its white roots—ap—  
all pulled up by them & drifted in.

// The spearer's light tonight—& after  
// dark the sound of geese honking all together  
very low over the houses—& ap. about to settle  
on the Lee meadow.

// Have not noticed fox-col— spars since Ap. 13<sup>th</sup>.

I am startled sometimes these mornings  
to hear the sound of<sup>1</sup> doves alighting on the  
roof just over my head—they come down  
so harrrd upon it, as if one had thrown  
a heavy stick on-to it—& I wonder it  
does not injure their organization.  
Their legs must be cushioned in their sockets  
to save them from the shock.

When we reached Britton's clearing  
on our return this Pm—at sunset—  
The mts after this our warmest day as  
yet—had got a peculiar soft mantle  
of blue haze—pale blue as a blue  
heron—ushering in the long series

---

<sup>1</sup>"of" possibly altered from "a"

of Summer sunsets—& we were glad that  
we had stayed out so late & felt no  
need to go home now in a hurry—

Ap 17

5 Am— Up Assabet—very little frost—  
a clear—morning— The oars still cold to the  
hands at this hour— Did I not hear an F. Juncorum //

Yes Saw some C. b. birds inspecting that old nest of theirs—  
at a dist.?? ^ ^ I believe I see a tree-sparrow still //  
but I do not remember an F. hiemalis for 2 or //

v 18

3 days. ^ Geese went over at noon—when warm & sunny //  
P. m. to Lee's Cliff.

I leave off my great coat—though the //  
wind rises rather fresh before I return. It is  
worth the while to walk so free and light—  
having got off both boots & great coat. Great  
flocks of grackles & redwings about the  
Swamp— B. brook willows—perching restlessly  
on an apple tree all at once & then with  
a sweeping or curving flight alighting on  
the ground. Many robins flit before  
me in flocks these days. I rarely find  
a nest (of the right species) near the river but  
it has a piece of a fish-line in it— The yel— spot  
tortoises are very common now in the ditches—  
tumbling in & crawling off—& perhaps burying

many

themselves at your approach—~~some~~ are  
outside. The 2<sup>nd</sup> sallow catkin (or any  
willow) I have seen in blossom—there are

3 or 4 catkins on the twig partly open—  
// I am about to clutch—but find already  
    curved close on   intoxicated with its early sweet.  
        half opened catkin  
a bee ~~to~~ ^ each ^—one perhaps a honey bee—so  
intent on its sweets or pollen—that they do not

Various kinds of bees—some of the honey bees have little<sup>1</sup> yell masses of pollen? on their thighs—some seem  
dream of flying ^—so quickly & surely does  
to be taking into their mouths.

the bee find the earliest flower—as if he  
had slumbered all winter at the root of  
the plant. No matter what pains you take  
probably—undoubtedly—an insect will  
have found the first flower before you.

    Yesterday I saw several larger frogs out—  
// perhaps some were small bullfrogs— That  
    warmth brought them out on to the bank—  
        & they jumped in before me. The general stirring of frogs  
// To day I see a rana palustris—I think  
// the first—& a mid sized bull frog. I think  
    I suspect that those first seen in Hub's  
// close were the little croakers

    I see by their droppings that many birds  
perhaps robins—have lately roosted in that wine-  
glass—apple-scrub on Conantum—an  
excellent covert from the hawks—& there  
are 3 old nests in it though it is only 6  
or<sup>2</sup> 8 feet in diameter— I also see where  
birds have roosted in<sup>3</sup> a thick white pine—  
in Lees wood— It is easy to detect their  
roosting places now because they are in  
// flocks— Saw a woodchuck—his deep  
reddish brown rear—somewhat grizzled  
about—looked like a ripe fruit mellowed  
by winter. C. saw one some time ago—  
They have several holes under Lee's  
Cliff—& I ~~sus~~ where they have worne

---

<sup>1</sup>"little" blotched—not clear if it is cancelled

<sup>2</sup>Need better image to confirm that "or" is added based on the following reading: "8" looks odd; T might have started to write "feet" following "6" and realized that the covert was larger than 6 feet in diameter, maybe as large as 8; he would have changed the first stroke on the line to "8", written "or" before it and "feet" after it.

<sup>3</sup>pencil line through "in" (need better copy)

bare & smooth sandy paths under the eaves  
of the rock—& I suspect that they nibble the

The Arabis is half exterminated by some creature  
early leaves there— ^ They, or<sup>1</sup> the partridges or rabbits—  
there & at mid-Conant cliff—make sad havoc  
with the earliest rad— leaves & flowers which  
I am watching—& in the village I have to con-  
tend with the hens—who also love an early sallad.

Sat at the wall corner to see an

& tail

eagle's white head ^ against the red— hill-  
side—but in vain. The distant wht pines  
over the Spanish Brook—seem to flake into  
tiers—the whole tree looks like an open  
cone. A ~~warm~~ sudden warm day like yester-  
day & this takes off some birds—and adds  
others— It is a crisis in their career— The  
fox-col— spars—seem to be gone & I suspect  
that most of the tree spars & T. hiemalis  
at least went yesterday. So the pleasanter  
weather seems not an unmixed benefit.  
The flowers of the common elm at Lee's  
are now loose & dangling—ap well out //

a or 2

~~some~~ days ^ in advance of Cheney's—but I see  
no pollen— Walking und the Cliff—I  
am struck by the already darker healthier  
green of early weeds there—e.g. the little  
thyme-flowering sandwort—before there is  
any green to speak of elsewhere—

Did I not see the yel— red-poll— on an //  
apple tree with some robins—by chance in the

Yes

same place where I saw one last year? ^ Yet  
I see no se chestnut on head—but bright

---

<sup>1</sup>"or" possibly altered from "&" or "a"

yellow breast & blackish further extremity. The  
// early aspen catkins are now some of them  
2 1/2 inches long—& white dangling in the breeze  
// The earliest gooseberry leaves are fairly  
unfolding now & show some green at a little dist.

Ap. 18

// 6 Am—see & hear tree spars—& hear hiemalis. still  
// Rained last evening & was very dark—  
Fair this morning—& warm— White-bel— swal's  
&—martins twitter now at 9 Am.

Pm to Cliffs—& Walden—& Hub's Close.

// The hill-side & especially low bank-sides are  
now conspicuously green. Almost did  
without a fire this A. m. Coming out

// I find it very warm warmer than yesterday or  
any day yet. It is a reminiscence of past sum-  
mers— It is perfectly still & almost sultry

// with wet looking clouds hanging about—&

1<sup>st</sup> weather of this kind.

from time to time hiding the sun ^—& as I sit  
on F. H. Hill side the sun actually burns my  
cheek— Yet I left some fire in the house—  
not knowing behind a window, how warm it  
was. The flooded meadows & river are smooth  
& just enough in shadow for reflections—  
The rush sparrows tinkle now at 3 Pm far

are peeping

over the bushes—& hylodes ^ in a distant pool.

Robins are singing & peeping—& jays are

// screaming. I see one or 2 smokes in the  
horizon. I can still see the mts slightly

// spotted with snow— The frost is out enough  
for plowing prob. in most open ground—



// In the evening hear far & wide the ring  
of toads—& a thunder shower—with its  
lightning is seen & heard in the west.

Ap 19<sup>th</sup>

5 Am up Assabet— Warm & still

// & somewhat cloudy—am without great  
coat. The guns are firing & bells ringing  
I hear a faint honk & looking up see

or rather within the breadth of a mile

going over the river within 50 rods— |

At least 300 have past over C. this Spring ^ (perhaps 2<sup>ce</sup> as many) for I have seen

// 32 geese in the form of a hay-hook—

or heard of a dozen flocks—& the 2 I counted had about 30 each—

only 2 in the hook—& they are at least

6 feet apart— Prob. the whole line is 12

// rods long. Many tortoises have their heads

// out. The river has fallen a little. Going

up the Assabet 2 or 3 tortoises roll down

the steep bank—with a rustle—one tumbles

on its edge & rolls swiftly like a disk

cast by a boy with its black back to me.—

from 8<sup>1</sup> or 10 feet into the water—

// I hear no concert of tree sparrows. Hear

{White throated spar?}

// the tull-lull of myrtle<sup>2</sup> bird in street—&

// the jingle of the chip bird.

// This A. m. sit with open window.

// Now plowing & planting will begin generally.

Pm to Walden

// Some golden willows will now just peel  
fairly—though on this one the buds have

---

<sup>1</sup>"8" possibly altered from another number

<sup>2</sup>horizontal pencil line under word (need better copy)

not started—(Another sudden change

to NE

in the wind—^ & a freshness with some mist

from the sea at 3 1/2 p. m.) These osiers to

my eye have only a little more liquid green

than a month ago. A shad frog on the //

dry grass— The wild red cherry will beg to leaf //

tomorrow— From Heywoods Peak I

thought I saw the head of a loon in the

35 or 40 rods distant

pond. ^ Bringing my glass to bear, it<sup>1</sup> seemed

sund very low in the water—all the

neck concealed—but I could not tell

which end was the bill. At length I dis-

covered that it was the whole body of a

little duck—asleep with its head in its back

exactly in the middle of the pond. It

had a moderate sized black head &

neck—a white breast—& ~~ap~~ seemed dark

brown above, with a white spot on the

side of the head—(not reaching to the outside

—from base of mandibles) and another, perhaps

on the end of the wing<sup>2</sup>—with some black there.

It sat drifting round a little, but with

ever its breast toward the wind—& from

time to time, it raised its head & looked

round to see if it was safe— I think it

was the smallest duck I ever saw—

Floating buoyantly asleep on the middle

of Walden Pond. Was it not a female

---

<sup>1</sup>"it" written over other characters

<sup>2</sup>"wing" altered from "wind"

// of the buffel-headed or spirit duck? I  
believed the wings looked blacker when it flew—  
with some white beneath. It floated like  
a little casket—and at first I doubted  
a good while if it possessed life—until  
I saw it raise its head and look around.  
It had chosen a place for its nap exactly  
equidistant between the 2 shores there—&  
with its breast to the wind swung round only as  
much as a vessel held by its anchors in the stream.

At length the cars scared it.

// Goodwin had caught 25 pouts & one shiner  
at the Walden meadow—but no perch.

// Slip Elm in tumbler today—prob. tomorrow at Cliffs XXX

// A partridge drums.

Ap. 20

// Rains all day—taking out the frost—  
& imprisoning me. You cannot set a  
// post yet on ac. of frost.

Ap 21

5 Am to Cliffs— Fair & still.

// There is a fog over the river which  
shows at a distances more than near by—  
Not much. The frost conceals the green  
of the gooseberry leaves just expanding.  
The shallow puddles left by yesterday's  
rain in the fields are skimmed over.

// Hear the first seringo— The duskyish  
crown is divided by a lighter line

Above it is ashy-brown & drab?—a streak of  
lemon yellow over the eye—some brownish drab

or bay

^ making a spot on wings—a white lines<sup>1</sup> diverging from  
throat—reddish legs against sun—breast & beneath  
sides dashed— It has not the note of Nuttall's  
F Savannah—or methinks the blackness of  
Wilson's— Is it the passerina—which Nuttall

Yes— ~~Yes~~ he calls it F. Savanarum p. 494 says they arrive about the mid. of May "occasionally"  
does not describe? At Cliffs—I hear at

!! "On these occasions they perch in sheltered trees in pairs, and sing in an agreeable voice  
a dist— a wood thrush. It affects us as a //  
somewhat like that of the Purple Finch, though less vigorously." Thinks they go north to breed.  
part of our unfallen selves. The P— Grandi-

XXX

dentata there may open tomorrow— The frost saves //  
my feet a wetting probably— As I sit on  
the Cliffs<sup>2</sup> the sound of the frost & frozen drops  
melting & falling on the leaves in the woods  
below—sounds like a gentle but steady  
rain all the country over—while the  
sun shines clear above all.

Aunt Maria has put into my hands to  
day for safe keeping 3 letters—from Peter  
Thoreau, dated Jersey—(the 1<sup>st</sup> July 1<sup>st</sup> 1801,  
the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ap. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1804—& the 3<sup>d</sup> Ap. 11<sup>th</sup> 1806) &  
directed to his niece "Miss Elizabeth Thoreau  
Concord Near<sup>3</sup> Boston." &c also a "Vüe de la  
Ville de St Helier &c" accompanying the 1<sup>st</sup>.  
She is not certain that any more were  
received from him.

The 1<sup>st</sup> is in answer to one from Elizabeth an-  
nouncing the death of her father (my grand

<sup>1</sup>"s" possibly added to "line", in conjunction with cancellation of "a" before "white"

<sup>2</sup>"Cliff" possibly altered from "Cliff"

<sup>3</sup>"Near" altered from "near"

father). He states that his mother died the 26<sup>th</sup> of June 1801—the day before he received E's letter—though not till after he had heard from another source of the death of his brother, which was not communicated to his mother. "She was in the 79<sup>th</sup> year of her age, & retained her memory to the last." — — — "She lived with my two sisters, who took the greatest care of her." He says that he had written to E's father about (~~the (death of)~~ his oldest brother, (who died about a year before, but had had no answer—had written)—that he left his children, two sons & a daughter, in a good way, "the eldest son and daughter are both married, and have children, the youngest is about eighteen. I am still a widdower of 4 children, — — — — I have but two left, Betsy & Peter, James & Nancy are both at rest."

He adds that he sends a view "of our native town" &c.

The 2<sup>d</sup> of these letters is sent by Capt. John  
then at Guernesey.

Harvey of Boston. ^ He says that on the 4<sup>th</sup> of

x<sup>1</sup>

Feb. previous he sent her a copy of the last letter he had written, which was in answer to her 2<sup>nd</sup>, since he feared she had not received it. Says they are still at war with the French— That they received the day before a letter from her "Uncle & Aunt Le Cappelain of London." Complains of not receiving letters. "Your Aunts Betsy & Peter join with me" &c.

x Where is it?<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>"x" functions to connect "copy" to text written vertically in left margin. See next note.

<sup>2</sup>"x Where is it?" written vertically in left margin

Ac. to the 3<sup>d</sup> letter he received an answer to that he sent by Captn Harvy, by Capt. Touzel, & will forward this by the last—who is going via Newfloundland to Boston. "He expects to go to Boston every year." Several vessels from Jersey go there every year. His nephew had told him some time before that he "met a gentleman from Boston who

torn out

told him he [saw or knew?] Thoreau & Hayse there." ~~& he thinks the~~ & he (Peter Thoreau) therefore thinks the children must have kept up the name of the firm. Says Capt. Harvey was an old friend of his. "Your Cousin John is a Lieutenant in the British service, he has been already a campaign on the continent, he is very fond of it." "Your aunts Betsy & Peter join &c".

Aunt Maria thinks the correspondence ceased at Peters death—because he was the one who wrote English.

Pm Sail to meadow near

Carlisle Bridge.

A fine clear & pleasant day with a little west wind. Saw a painted turtle not 2 inches in diameter—this must be more than 1 year old. //

A female red-wing— I see yellow-red polls on the bushes near the water—handsome birds but hear no note. Watched for some //

time a dozen black ducks on the meadows  
 edge in a retired place—some on land and  
     50 rods off & without the glass they looked like crows feeding on the  
 some sailing—^ Examining the ground after-  
 meadow's edge—with a a scarcely perceptible tinge of brown.  
 ward found that the whitish lichen thallus  
 (which formed a crust—a sort of scurfy  
 bald place in ~~th~~ here & there in the meadow  
 where the water had just risen) was loosened  
 up & floating over the bare spaces mixed with  
 a few fe downy feathers— I thought the  
 flat meadow islets showed traces of having  
 been probed by them— All the button  
 bushes &c &c in and about the  
 water are now swarming with those  
 // minute fuzzy gnats about 1/8 of an  
     The insect youth are on the wing  
 inch long— ^ The who shore resounds  
 with their hum whereever we approach  
 it—& they cover our boat & persons—  
 They are in countless myriads the whole  
                                     peet-weet  
 // length of the river— A peep ^ on the  
     There is some gossamer on the willows  
 // shore.  
 //       The river has risen considerably owing  
             & new drift is brought down  
 to yesterday's rain. ^ The greater fullness  
 of the Assabet is perceptible at the junction  
     The N.Y. Tribune said on the 19<sup>th</sup> ult—  
 "The caterpillar-blossoms, and the slightest peep-  
 ing of green leaves among the poplars & willows,  
 and a tolerable springing of grass, are  
 the only vegetable proofs yet to be seen".  
 I should think they were just with our gooseberry.

Ap 22

5 1/2 Am to Assabet Stone Bridge–

Tree sparrows still. See a song sparrow getting //

its breakfast in the water on the meadow like a

an early one by further Stone bridge

wader. Red maple yesterday XXX–^ Balm of

Gilead prob. to-morrow– The Black currant is just

begun to expand leaf–prob yesterday elsewhere–a little //

earlier<sup>1</sup> than the red. {P} Though my hands

are cold this morning I have not worn gloves

for a few mornings past–a week or 10 days. //The grass is now become<sup>2</sup> rapidly green by the

sides of the road–promising dandelions &amp; //

buttercups.

Pm to Lee's Cliff– Fair–but windy–

Tree-sparrows about with their buntinish head

& faint chirp. The leaves of the skunk<sup>3</sup> cabbage //

unfolding in the meadows–make more show

than any green yet– The yel– willow-catkins

pushing out beg. to give<sup>4</sup> the trees a misty downy

appearance–dimming them. The bluish band

on the breast of the king-fisher leaves the pure

white beneath in the form of a heart 

The blossoms of the sweet gale are now

on fire over the brooks–contorted like cater-

pillars. The fem. flowers also out like the

hazel–with more stigmas–out at same //

time with the male. I first noticed my little

---

<sup>1</sup>"earlier" altered from "early"<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "become" (need better copy)<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "skunk" (need better copy)<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line through "give" (need better copy)



Say—earliest gooseberry<sup>1</sup>—then elder—thimble \  
 berry & raspberry—& low blackberry—(²the last 2  
 under rocks)<sup>3</sup>—then wild red cherry—then  
 black currant yesterday—then mead sweet (&  
 barberry under Cliff) today. —A moss-rose tomorrow  
 & hazel under cliffs tomorrow— //

Ap 23<sup>d</sup>

River higher than before since winter. Whole //  
 of Lee Meadow covered. Saw 2 pig— woodpeckers—  
 approach—& I think put their bills together & utter that  
 o-week-o-week—

The currant—& 2<sup>nd</sup> goose<sup>4</sup> berry are bursting //  
 into leaf.

Pm. to Cedar Swamp via Assabet—  
 Warm & pretty still— Even the river sides are  
 quiet at this hour (3 P. m.) as in summer—the  
 birds are neither seen nor heard— The anthers //  
 of the larch are conspicuous—but I see no pollen.

in house the 24<sup>th</sup>

White cedar—tomorrow XXX ^ See //  
 a frog hawk—beating the bushes—regularly  
 What a peculiarly formed wing. It should be  
 called the kite. Its wings are very narrow  
 & pointed—and its form in front—is  
 a remarkable curve—& its body  is  
 not heavy & buzzard-like— It occasionally hovers  
 over some parts of the meadow or hedge  
 & circles back over it—Only rising  
 enough from time to time to clear the trees  
 & fences— Soon after I see hovering

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line from here through line beginning "& hazel" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>Paren written over dash

<sup>3</sup>Paren written over dash

<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line through "goose" (need better copy)





rich— The next day they shed an abundance  
of pollen in the house— It is a clear buff  
color—while that of the white cedar  
is very different being a faint salmon—  
It would be very pleasant to make a  
collection of these powders—like dry

They would be the right kind of chemicals to have.

ground paints. ^ I see ~~on~~ the black-  
birch stumps where they have cut by F. Pond  
the past winter completely covered with  
a greasy looking<sup>1</sup> pinkish colored cream  
—yet without any particular taste or  
smell. What the sap has turned to

// The salix alba begs to leaf.

Have not seen the F. hiemalis for a week.

Ap 25<sup>th</sup>

A moist april morning. A small

or say May 1<sup>st</sup> if they are bracts

// native willow leafing<sup>2</sup> ^ & showing catkins today

// also the black-cherry in some places—The<sup>3</sup>

// common wild rose tomorrow— Balm of

// Gilead will not shed pollen ap for a day

// or more. Shep. purse will bloom today XX

The first I have noticed which has sprung from  
the ground this season—or of any age.

// Say lilac begs to leaf with common<sup>4</sup> currant.

Pm to Beck Stow's.

Hear a faint cheep & at length detect

// the white throated sparrow—the handsome

& well marked bird—the largest of

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "looking" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "leafing" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"The" altered from "the"

<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line through "common" (need better copy)

the sparrows with a yellow spot on each side of the front. hopping along under the rubbish left by the woodchoppers— I after-

a

ward Hear ~~this~~ faint cheep very rapidly repeated—

prob by

making a faint sharp jingle, ~~no doubt~~ by field sparrows—this their common low note.

~~the same~~. Many Sparrows have a similar faint metallic cheep—the tree spar— & field-spar— for instance. I first saw the

white-throated sparrow at<sup>1</sup> this date last year—

Hear the peculiar squeaking notes of a

pig— woodpecker— 2 Black duks circle //

around me 3 or 4 times wishing to

alight in the swamp—but finally go to

the river meadows— I hear the whistling of

their wings.  Their bills point downward

thus in flying. The andromeda calycu- //

lata is out in water—in the little swamp

E. of Beck stows—some perhaps yesterday XXX.

& C. says he saw many of bluets yesterday XX //

& also that he saw 2 F. hiemalis yesterday.

I have noticed 3 or 4 upper jaws of muskrats on the meadow lately—which added to the dead bodies floating make more than half a dozen perhaps drowned out last winter.

After sunset paddled up to the Hub. bath.

The bushes ringing with the evening song of song sparrows & robins—& the evening

---

<sup>1</sup>"at" written over "on" or vice versa (need better copy)

sky reflected from the surface of  
the rippled water like the lake grass  
on pools— A spearers fire seems  
3 times as far off as it is.

Ap 26<sup>th</sup>.

A cloudy—still—damp & at length drizzling  
day— P. m. to Bayberry & {—} Black-  
// ash cellar— Wheildon's Arbor vitae well  
// out—may be for a week— The S. abele  
prob. today or yesterday—but I do not see  
pollen— The blossoms of the red maple  
(some a yellowish green) are now  
// most generally conspicuous & handsome  
scarlet crescents over the swamps.  
Going over Ponkawtasset—hear a  
G— C. (?) wren the robins note &c—in  
the tops of the high wood—see myrtle  
birds—& half a dozen pigeons— The  
prat prate of the last—is much like the  
creaking of a tree— They lift their wings  
There are said to be many about now  
// at the same moment as they sit. See  
their warm colored breasts— I see  
pigeon woodpecker billing on an  
// oak at a dist. Young apple leafing  
say with the common rose—also some early large  
ones. Bay-berry not started much— Fever  
// bush out ap a day or 2 bet. Black

birch cellar & Easterbrooks— It shows plainly  
 now before the leaves have come out on st  
 bushes—20 rods off— See and hear  
 chewinks—all their strains—the same //  
 date with last year by accident— Many male  
 & female White-throated sparrows feeding  
 on the pasture with the song sparrow— The  
 male's white is buff in the female.

A brown thrasher—? seen at a little dist.—heard May 4<sup>th</sup> //  
 We see & hear more birds than usual  
 this mizzling & still day—& the robin  
 sings with more vigor & promise than  
 later in the season.

Ap 27.

5 Am S Tristis path around Cliffs.  
 Cold & windy—but fair— The earliest //  
 willow by RR. begins to leaf. & is out of bloom //  
 Few birds are heard this cold & windy morn-  
 ing— Hear a partridge drum before 6 Am  
 prob. today  
 also a G. C. (?) Wren. *Salix tristis* ^ XXXX //  
 the female more forward than the male. Heard  
 a singular sort of screech somewhat like a  
 hawk under the cliff—& soon some pigeons flew  
 out of a pine near me. The black & white //  
 creepers—running over the trunks or main  
 limbs of red maples & uttering their fainter<sup>1</sup> oven  
 bird like notes. The principal singer on this  
 walk—both in wood & field away from town

---

<sup>1</sup>"fainter" possibly altered from "faint"

is the field sparrow. I hear the sweet  
// warble of a tree sparrow in the yard.  
// Cultivated cherry is beg. to leaf. The Balm-  
// of Gilead catkins are well loosened &  
I have seen only females—say male the 25<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> or 7  
about 3 inches long—but I have seen only  
fertile ones—

Ap 28

// A 2<sup>nd</sup> cold but fair day. Good fires  
are required today & yesterday.

Pm Sail to Ball's Hill

// The chimney swallow—with the white bellied  
& barn swallows over the river— The  
red maples now in bloom are quite hand-  
some at a distance over the flooded meadow  
beyond Peters— The abundant wholesome  
grey of the trunks & stems beneath—surmounted  
by the red or scarlet crescents. Are not  
// they sheldrakes which I see at a distance  
on an islet in the meadow? The wind  
is strong from the NW.

Landed at Ball's Hill to look for birds  
under the shelter of the hill in the sun—  
There were a great many myrtle birds  
there—(they have been quite common  
for a week) also yel— red-polls—&  
// some song-spars—tree-spars—field spars  
// & one F hiemalis. In a cold and windy

day like this you can find more birds than  
 in a serene one—because they are collected  
     wooded  
 under the ^ hill sides in the sun. The myrtle       //  
 birds flitted before us in great numbers—yet  
 quite tame—uttering commonly only a chip—but  
 sometimes a short trill or che che, che che, che che,  
 Do I hear the tull-lull in the P— m? It is  
 a bird of many colors—slate—yellow—black—  
 & white—singularly spotted— Those little  
 gnats of the 21<sup>st</sup> are still in the air  
 in the sun under this hill—but elsewhere  
 the cold strong wind has either drowned them  
 or chilled them to death. I saw where they had  
 taken refuge in a boat & covered its bottom  
 with large black patches.  
 I noticed on the 26 (and also today) that  
 since this last rise of the river which reached its  
 height the 23<sup>d</sup>—a great deal of the       //  
 young flag already<sup>1</sup> 6 inches to a foot long  
 (Though I have hardly observed it growing yet)  
 has washed up all along the shores—and  
 as today I find a piece of flag-root with  
 it gnawed by a muskrat— I think that  
     very extensively  
 they have been feeding ^ on the white & tender  
 part of the young blades— They & not ducks  
 for it is about the bridges also as much  
 as anywhere. I think that they desert  
 the clams now for this vegetable food—

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "d" of "already" (need better copy)



finds what it wants on the surface—keeps its head  
down more steadily—not looking about. I see the  
bay-wing eat some worms—

For 2 or 3 days the S alba—<sup>1</sup>with its catkins (not yet  
or bracts,?)

open) and its young leaves ^—has made quite a //  
show—before any other tree. a pyramid of tender  
yellowish green in the russet landscape—

The water now rapidly going down on the  
meadows a bright green<sup>2</sup> grass is springing up. //

Pm by boat to Lupine Hill.

It Did not whiten the ground. Raw overcast  
& threatening rain. A few of the cones within  
reach on F. Monroe's larches shed pollen—say //

The crimson female flowers are now handsome but small.  
then yesterday XX That lake grass—or perhaps

I should call it purple grass is now ap. in //  
perfection<sup>3</sup> on the water—long & slender blades  
(about 1/8 of an inch wide & 6 to 12 inches long  
the part exposed) lie ~~side~~ close side by side

straight

^ & parallel on the surface with a dimple  
at the point where they emerge—some are a  
very rich purple with ap. a bloom & very sug-  
gestive of placidity—it is a true bloom at  
any rate—the first blush of the spring caught  
on these little standards elevated to  
the light,— By the water they are kept per-  
fectly smooth & flat & straight as well  
as parallel—& thus by their mass make  
the greater impression on the eye.

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through this and the following lines (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "green" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "perfection" (need better copy)

somewhat fishy

It has a strong marshy, ^ almost sea-weed-like scent when plucked. Seen through a glass the surface is finely grooved.

// The scrolls of the interrupted<sup>1</sup> fern are already 4 or 5 inches high—

I see a woodchuck on the side of lupine Hill 8 or 10 rods off— He runs to within 3 feet of his hole then stops—with his head up—his

black

whole body makes an angle of 45° as I

I see his shining black eyes & ^ snout & his little erect ears look sideways at it. ^ He is of a light brown

at this distance

or sorrel

forward ^ (Hoary above—yellowish ^ beneath) gradually darkening backward to the end of the tail.

general

which is dark brown The whole aspect is grisly—the ends of most

As I advance The yellowish brown of his throat

of the hairs being white or rather sorrel)

& breast  $\{ \}$  very like the sand of his burrow

over which it is slanted. No glaring distinctions

to catch the eye & betray him. As I advance

he draws crawls a foot nearer—his hole—as

if to make sure his retreat while he satis-

Tired of holding up his head, he

fies his curiosity— lowers it at last—yet waits my further advance.

4 nails on fore feet & 5 behind—the hind

feet are also longer— Are the first not hands

partly?<sup>2</sup>

// The snout of the little sternothaerus is the most like a little black stick seen above the water of any of the smaller tortoises.

I was almost perfectly deceived by it close

// at hand; but it moved. Choke cherry

// begins to leaf— Dandelions out yest. at least

// Some Young alders beg to leaf— V. ovata

// will open tomorrow X Mt ash beg— to leaf

say yesterday<sup>3</sup>— Makes a show with leaves

---

<sup>1</sup>"interrupted" cancelled in pencil

<sup>2</sup>"4 . . . partly?" written vertically in left margin, upward, forming right angle with line beginning "if to make"

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "yesterday" (need better copy)

alone before any tree—

Paddling slowly along I see 5 or 6  
snipes within 4 or 5 rods feeding on the  
meadow just laid bare—or in the shallow &  
grassy water— This dark damp cold day they  
do not mind me— View them with my glass—  
How the ends of their wings curve upward

 They do not thrust their bills clear  
down commonly—but wade & nibble at some-  
thing amid the grass ap on the surface of the  
sometimes it seems to be the grass itself  
water—^ sometimes on the surface of the bare  
meadow— They are not now thrusting their bills  
deep in the mud. They have dark ash or slate-  
colored breasts. At length they take a little alarm

a little like a robin's peep

& rise with a sort of rippling whistle or peep—^  
but faint & soft—& then alight within a  
dozen rods— I hear often at night a very  
different harsh squeak from them at night

squeak

& another ^ much like the nighthawks—& also  
the booming.

Ap 30.

Hose chestnut begs t leaf<sup>1</sup>.—one of them. //

more

Another ^ still—cloudy almost drizzling  
day<sup>2</sup>—in which as the last 3 I wear a  
great coat. //

P. M. To Lee's Cliff.

Privet begins to leaf<sup>3</sup>—(Vib nudum & lentago //

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "leaf" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>"day" possibly altered from "in"

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "leaf" (need better copy)

yesterday). I observed yesterday that the barn swallows confined themselves to one place about 15 rods in diameter in Willow Bay about the sharp rock— They kept circling about & flying up the stream (the wind easterly) about 6 inches above the water—

(It was cloudy & almost raining)

^ yet I could not perceive any insects there. Those myriads of little fuzzy gnats mentioned on the 21<sup>st</sup> & 28<sup>th</sup> must afford an abundance of

Many new birds should have arrived about the 21<sup>st</sup>.

food to insectivorous birds. The swallows

There were plenty of myrtle birds & yel. red-polls where the gnats were were confined to this space when

I passed up & were still there when

I returned an hour & a half

later— I saw them nowhere else.

They uttered only a slight twitter from time to time & when<sup>1</sup> they turned out for each other on meeting. Getting their meal seemed to be made a social affair.

Pray how long will they continue to circle thus without resting?

? The early willow by Hubb's bridge has not begun to leaf. This would make it a dif. species from that by RR which has.

Hear a short rasping note somewhat Tweezer bird like, I think from a yel. red poll.

I hear from far the scream of a hawk circling over the Holden woods & swamp.

// yellow daw-bug

---

<sup>1</sup>"when" altered from "&" or "&c"

This accounts for those 2 men with guns  
just entering it— What a dry shrill angry  
scream. I see the bird with my glass resting  
tall

upon the topmost plume of a ^ white pine.  
its back reflecting the light looks white in patches  
^ & now it circles again— It is a red-tailed  
hawk— The tips of its wings are curved  
upward as it sails— How it scolds at

I see its open bill  
the men beneath ^—!<sup>1</sup> it must have a  
nest there. Hark! there goes a gun

or 2  
(& down it tumbles from a rod ^ above

so I thought but was mistaken  
the wood.) In the meanwhile I learn  
that there is a nest there—& the  
gunners killed one this morning—which

They are now getting the young  
I examined. ^ Above it was brown—but not  
except about head perhaps I should call it ~~eaaf~~ brown  
at all reddish brown ^—above ^—& a dirty white  
beneath—wings above thickly barred with

wings  
darker—and also ^ beneath. The tail of  
reddish or ~~soerrel~~ once barred near the end.  
12 ^ feathers ^ black tipped— The legs & feet  
pale yellow—& very stout with strong  
sharp black claws. The head & neck  
were remarkably stout—& the beak short  
& curved from the base— Powerfull neck

The claws pricked me as I handled it  
& legs. ^ It measured 1 yard & 3/8+ from  
v forward more  
tip to tip—i.e. 4 2/12 feet. ^ Some fer-  
ruginous on the neck—ends of wings

At any rate the pair were<sup>2</sup> ~~screaming about their nest.~~  
v forward  
nearly black— ~~Have they begun to lay?~~ ^ //  
(Columbine just out XXXX one anther sheds— //  
The first 2 or 3 primaries being short the wings have a  
rounded outline also broad & ragged.

<sup>1</sup>Exclamation mark written above and below dash  
<sup>2</sup>"were" possibly altered from "are"

// Also Turritis will tomorrow ap. XXX—many  
 prob. if they had not been eaten. Crowfoot  
 // & saxifrage are now in prime at Lees  
 they yellow & whiten the ground. I see  
 // a great many little piles of dirt made  
 by the worms on Conantum—pastures.  
 The woodchuck—has not so much what  
 I should call a musky scent—but exactly  
 that peculiar rank scent which I perceive  
     The musky—at length becomes the reg. wild beast scent.  
 // in a menagerie. ^ Redwing black-  
 birds now fly in large flocks—covering  
 the tops of trees—willows—maples—  
 apples—or oaks—like a black fruit  
 & keep up an incessant gurgling &  
 whistling—all for some purpose—  
 what is it? White pines now  
 show the effects of last year's drought  
 in our yard & on the cliffs—the  
 needles faded & turning red—to  
 an alarming extent.  
 I now see<sup>1</sup> many Juniper repens berries of  
     being still green beneath  
 a handsome light blue above ^, with  
 3 hoary pouting lips. The Garfields had  
     Saw the old & tracks of young—thinks they may be 1 month old.  
 // found a burrow of young foxes ^—how old?  
     I see the black feathers of a black  
 bird by the Miles swamp side—& this single  
 bright scarlet one shows that it belonged to  
 a red-wing—which some hawk or quadruped

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil lines through this and the following lines (need better copy)

devoured.

May 1<sup>st</sup>

Rained some<sup>1</sup> in the night—cloudy in the  
fore noon—clears up in the afternoon.

Pm by boat with Sophia to Conantum  
a-Maying. The water has gone<sup>2</sup> down very  
fast & the grass has sprung up— There  
is a strong fresh-marsh scent wafted  
from the meadows—much like the salt-  
marshes. We sail with a smart wind  
from the NE—yet it is warm enough.

Horsemint is seen<sup>3</sup> springing up & for 2 or  
3 days at the bottom of the river & on shore.

At Hill Shore—the anemone nemoralis //

tomorrow—see none<sup>4</sup> wide open— The myrtle bird  
is one of the commonest & tamest birds now

It catches insects like a pewee darting off  
from its perch & returning to it. & sings

something like a—chill chill, chill chill,  
chill chill, a twear, twill twill twee. or

it may be all tw—(not loud—a little

or more like pine-warbler rapid &

like the F hiemalis ^.) ^ more & more intense

as it advances. There is an unaccountable

sweetness as of flowers<sup>5</sup> in the air—

—a true may day—raw & drizzling in  
the morning. The grackle still. //

What various brilliant & evanescent

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "some" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through this and following lines (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "seen" (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>"none" possibly altered from "now"

<sup>5</sup>vertical pencil line through "flowers" (need better copy)

colors on the surface of this  
agitated water—now as we are crossing  
willow bay looking toward the half  
concealed sun over the foam spotted  
flood! It reminds me of the sea.

// At Clam Shell the V. blanda XXX

I do not look for pollen. I find a clam  
shell 5 inches long wanting 1/16 & more  
& 2 inches thick.

than 2 1/2 inches broad—^ What that little  
dusky colored lichen on the ground at

// Clam Shell end ditch—with a sort of triangular  
green fruit.? or Marchantia? The

// Why have the white pines at a dist. that silvery (dewy?) look around their edges or thin  
maples of Potters swamp seen now

parts? Is it owing to the wind showing the under sides of the needles?

nearly half a mile off against the

Methinks you do not see it in the winter.

russet ~~hill~~ or reddish hill side—are

a very dull scarlet like Spanish brown—

but one against a<sup>1</sup> green pine wood

Thalictrum anemonoides at Conant

// is much brighter. Cliff XXX—did not look for pollen.

Went to Garfields for the hawk of  
yesterday. It was nailed to the barn

and as a trophy

in terrorem. ^ He gave it to me with

an egg. He called it the female

—& prob was right, it was so large—

He tried in vain to shoot the male

which I saw circling about just out of gunshot & screaming—while he robbed the nest

He climbed the tree when I was there

The tallest white pine or other tree in its neighborhood over a swamp.

yesterday P. m. & found 2 young

// which he thought not more than

---

<sup>1</sup>"a" splotched

down, at least  
 a fortnight old—with only ~~pin~~ feathers—&  
 no feathers  
 one addled egg— Also 3 or 4 white bellied  
 or deer mouse—(mus leucopus) ~~and~~  
 a perch—& a sucker—& a gray rabbits

I think these must have been dead fish they found  
 skin. ^ He had seen squirrels &c in other

I found the remains of a partridge under the tree—  
 nests. These fishes were now stale. The  
 reason I did not see my hawks at Well  
 Meadow last year was that he found  
 & broke up their nest there containing  
 5 eggs.

The hawk measures exactly 22 1/2 inches in length  
 & 4 feet 4 1/2 inches in alar extent. & weighs 3 1/4 pounds.  
 The ends of closed wings almost 2 inches short  
 of end of tail. General color of wings above &  
 back an olivaceous brown, thickly barred with  
 waving lines of very dark brown, their being a  
 much broader bar next to the tip of the 2<sup>nd</sup>aries  
 & tertiaries—& the first 5 primaries are nearly  
 black toward the ends— A little white appears,  
 especially on the tertiaries. The wing coverts &  
 scapulars glossed with purple reflections.  
 The 12 tail feathers (which Macgillivray says  
 is the number in all birds of Prey—ie. the  
 Falconinae & Striginae) showing 5 3/4 inches  
 a clear brown red or rather fox color above,  
 with a narrow dark band within 1/2 inch of  
 the end, which is tipped with dirty white—  
 A slight inclination to dusky barrs near the

Lower tail coverts for nearly an inch white barred with fox colored  
end of one side feather— ^ Head and neck  
a paler inclining to ferruginous brown

Beneath—breast & wing linings brown

feathers of

& white—the ^ first centered with large dark brown  
hastate spots—& the wing linings streaked with  
feruginous. Wings white barred with dusky—"vents

Nuttall

& femorals" as ~~Wilson~~ says "pale ochreous".

Tail white softened by the superior color

I do not perceive that the abdomen is barred.

Bill very blue black—with a short stout

more than

curved tip—curving from the cere ~~full~~ a

extends not quite  $1/4^1$  of an inch beyond the lower mandible, & is proportionally

$1/4$  of a circle ^— Whole visible, including cere,

stouter at tip than in any of his Falconinae, judging from plates of heads

$1\ 1/8$  inch long, & 1 inch deep at base. Cere

yellowish green. Tarsus & toes very pale

yellow—claws blue black— As Macgilliray

says of Buteos claws flattened beneath, "that

of the middle toe with an inner sharp edge."

as I gather.

(He says ^ that all the diurnal birds of prey of G. B.

i.e. Falconinae—have claws either flattened<sup>2</sup> or

except ~~the~~ Pandion

concave beneath ^—the inner edge of the middle

one being more or less sharp—but least so in

or harrier

Circus ^) Tarsus feathered in front  $1/3$  the

length

way down. The toes for stoutness stand<sup>3</sup> in

this order— The 1<sup>st</sup> (or hind) 2<sup>nd</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> the

1<sup>st</sup> being the shortest— — — — For stoutness

thus 1—2—3—4— Claws for stoutness follow

the same order with the toes— Utmost spread

of toes & claws  $4\ 1/2$  inches. A considerable

web.<sup>x4</sup> bet. 3<sup>d</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> toes— Toes with papillae

not rigid beneath.

& Milvus several

x In this respect, Circus & Falco much the same; Aquila & Pernis ^ have ^ short

webs—Haliaetus—Pandion, & Accipiter are free<sup>5</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Slash in "1/4" possibly written over "a"

<sup>2</sup>"flattened" altered from "feathered" or "feather"

<sup>3</sup>"stand" written over other characters

<sup>4</sup>"x" functions to connect "web." to text written vertically in left margin. See next note.

<sup>5</sup>"x In . . . free" written vertically in left margin

A wing extends nearly 2 feet from the  
 from flexure is 15 3/4 inches  
 body & is 10 3/4 inches wide ^ When fully  
 expanded it has a rounded outline &  
 a ragged appearance owing to the separa-  
 tion of the 1<sup>st</sup> 5 or 6 primaries—as I noticed  
 the male bird while sailing. The first  
 primary short—they stand 1<sup>st</sup> & 8—7<sup>th</sup>—6<sup>th</sup>—2<sup>nd</sup> 5<sup>th</sup>—  
 3<sup>d</sup>—4 The 5<sup>th</sup> & 3<sup>d</sup> are about the same length & the  
 4<sup>th</sup> only 1/4 of an inch longer than the 3<sup>d</sup>.  
 As in the *Buteo Vulgaris* of MacGillivray—found  
 in Europe & in our north—the 4 first primaries "abruptly  
 cut out on the inner web;" the 2<sup>d</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup>  
 but not the 1<sup>st</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> "slightly so on the outer".

10

14

If There are ~~but~~ 8 primaries & ~~then~~ there are 15  
 2<sup>ndaries</sup>—~~but I am not sure whether there are 8 or~~

(Mac. says the primaries of the Falconinae are 10—the 2<sup>ndaries</sup> from  
 10 primaries 13 to 18.) The wing, I see, naturally opens at the primaries

This is evidently very closely allied to the  
*Buteo Vulgaris*—but ap. the tail wings are  
 not so long compared with the tail—& there  
 is a dif— in the comparative length & stoutness of  
 the feet of this are not "Bright yellow",  
 the toes ^—(the upper mandible is much stouter  
 & more recurved at tip—judging from his  
 plate of the head—& his description. It is recurved  
 his

as much as ~~the~~ Osprey's.

The ear looked like a large round hole in the  
 side of the head behind the eyes.

The egg is a very dirty brownish white—with brown  
 spots about the smaller end—though one  
 end is about as large as the other— It is larger  
 than a hen's egg—2 3/8 inches x 2.

Macgillivray des. the Buteo, as "body full, broad & muscular anteriorly;"—"wings long, broad, rounded, the 3<sup>d</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> quill longest, the first very short;" Of Haliaetus he says "wings very long, broad, rounded, the 4<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> quills longest;" Aquila like last omitting the very— Pandion "Wings very long, comparatively narrow, rounded, with 30 quills, the 3<sup>d</sup> primary longest, the 2<sup>nd</sup> nearly equal, the 4<sup>th</sup> not much shorter, the 1<sup>st</sup> longer than the 5<sup>th</sup>;"— Falco "Wings very long, pointed, the 2<sup>nd</sup> quill longest, the 1<sup>st</sup> almost as long; primaries 10;" Accipiter "Wings ~~very~~ long, much rounded; primary quills 10, 4<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> longest, 1<sup>st</sup> very short,—"  
 "Pernis "wings very long, broad, rounded, the 3<sup>d</sup> quill longest, the first about the length of the 6<sup>th</sup>;"— Milvus "Wings extremely long, broad, & pointed, the 4<sup>th</sup> quill longest — — — — 1<sup>st</sup> much shorter;"— Circus "wings long, much rounded; primary quills 10, the 4<sup>th</sup> & 3<sup>d</sup> longest, the 1<sup>st</sup> about equal to the 7<sup>th</sup>,—" These the genera—of G. Britain.

Says of Buteo—"In form & plumage they are very intimately allied to the eagles & sea-eagles, as well as in the form of the bill, which is, however, shorter and less deep towards the end, and of the feet, which differ, notwithstanding, in being proportionally less robust, and in having the claws smaller. — — — —  
 — — Usually fly low, & with less rapidity than the falcons & hawks; sail in circles like the eagles & some other species, and prey on heavy-flying birds, small quadrupeds, reptiles, and even insects."

He says the Buteo-vulgaris "greatly resembles the Golden Eagle in his mode of flying"—so that he has mistaken them for it at a distance—that he "rarely gives chase to a bird on the wing."

in this case

in the case of the red-tail

Neither he ^—nor Wilson nor Nuttall speaks of their feeding on fishes.

Mac.—says the Falconinae lay from 2 to 5 eggs—& their cries are "seldom heard except at the breeding season".—"When the young have longitudinal spots on the breast, the old have them transverse,"—

I do not find much in Mac. about the breeding season of the Falconinae. He says the White tailed Sea-eagle—Haliaetus albicilla begs to prepare a nest sometime in March—& the Kestrel near the end of March—& the young of the Golden Eagle "are fledged about the end of July."

Nuttall says the White-headed Eagle begs to lay early in February. That with F. Peregrinus incubation "commences in winter, or very early in the spring"—& that the Osprey begs to lay early in May. This is all to the purpose about the season of incubation of hawks & eagles.

Early in spring I occasionally see henhawks perched about river & approach quite near them—but never at any other time.

This hawks flesh has a very disagreeable rank scent—as I was cutting it up—though fresh.

—cutting off the wings &c &c

I found the feathers of a partridge under the tree where the nest was.

// What I have called the frog hawk  
is prob the male hen-harrier–Nuttalls Circus  
cyaneus–which he says is the same with the European–

V. Wilson

? (Mac. refers to C. Americanus?) & the larger  
& says the quest. of identity is undecided.

// brown bird with white rump is the female.

// (Prob. my small brown hawk is the F fuscus–or  
sharp shinned)

Mac. says the harrier occassionally eats dead  
fish–and also will catch a chicken–not  
a hen– Sometimes catches its prey in open flight–  
Will hunt on the same beat–at the same hour  
for many days–ac to Jardine– (Mac. says  
that the Golden eagle "seeks for live prey at a small  
height over the surface,") Sail in circles. "The male,  
after the first Autumnal moult, acquires in  
a considerable degree the plumage of the adult–"  
–"the change of plumage is effected in the au-  
tumn of the year after it leaves the nest, and  
not in the same year." The female used to  
be regarded as a distinct species called the "Ring-tail.  
Country people name it Blue Kite, Blue Hawk,  
Ring-tail, Brown Kite, or Gled; and the High-  
landers call it Breid-air-toin (rag-on-rump),  
on ac. of the white tail coverts conspicuous in both  
sexes."

May 2<sup>d</sup> Pm. by boat up Assabet.

// Quince begs<sup>1</sup> to leaf–& pear<sup>2</sup>–perhaps some of last earlier.  
at 20 to 25 feet high

of young trees                      say yesterday began

// Aspen leaves<sup>3</sup> ^ an inch long suddenly<sub>^</sub><sup>4</sup>(not till  
the 11<sup>th</sup> last year.). Leafing then is differently affected  
by the season–from flowering– The leafing is ap.  
comparatively earlier this year than the flowering

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "begs" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "pear" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "leaves" (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>Caret written below dash

The young aspens are the first of indigenous trees conspicuously leafed.

Diervella say begs to leaf with<sup>1</sup> Viburnums. //

bot.

Amelanchier-^ yesterday<sup>2</sup> leafed<sup>xxx</sup> That small //

native willow now in flower or say yesterday XXX //

just before leafs—for the first seem to be bracts—2 to

7 or 8 feet high very slender & curving. Ap has 3 or

petioled

4 lanceolate toothed bracts at base of ^ catkin—male

3/4 & fem 1 inch long—scales black & silky haired— Ovary

oblong oval stalked—downy—with a small yellowish

gland not so long as its stalk—see leaf by & by ?

Saw many Crow b. birds day bef. yesterday. //

Vigorous look the little {Che} spots of triangular

sedge (?) springing up on the river<sup>3</sup> banks 5-6

inches high yellowish below glaucous & hoary

atop—straight & rigid. Many clamshells

have round brassy colored spots as big as a

fourpence—found one opened by rats last winter—

almost entirely the color of tarnished brass within

Open the Assabet spring— ~~That~~ The anemone

is well named—for see now the nemorosa—amid

the fallen brush & leaves—trembling in the wind

so fragile. Hellebore seems<sup>4</sup> a little later than

the cabbage.

Was that a harrier seen at first skimming low

then soaring & circling—with a broad whiteness on //

the wings beneath? May 3<sup>d</sup>

Pm to Assabet Bath—

with a jerk of the head.

Small pewee—tchevet ^ . Hard-hack<sup>5</sup> leafed 2 or //

if I have not missed it

may be 3 days in one place. Early pyrus leafed yest. or day before ^ //

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "with" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "yesterday" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "river banks" (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line through "seems" (need better copy)

<sup>5</sup>vertical pencil line through bottom of page (need better copy)

The skull of a horse—(not a mare for I did not see the 2 small canine teeth in the upper jaw—nor in the under—) 6 molars on each side above & // below—& 6 incisoris to each jaw. I first observed the stillness of birds &c at noon—with the increasing warmth—on the 23<sup>d</sup> of April. Sitting on the bank near the stone heaps I see large suckers rise to catch flies insects some times leap—

// A Butterfly 1 inch in alar extent—dark velvety brown with slate colored tips—on dry leaves. On the N of Groton Turnpike beyond Abel Hosmers—3 distinct terrace to river—1<sup>st</sup> annually over flows—say 25 or 30 rds wide—2<sup>d</sup> 7 or 8 feet higher & 40 or 60 wide—3<sup>d</sup> 40 feet

// higher still— Sweet fern—opened<sup>1</sup> ap yest. XXX

// Vac. Pennsylvanicum<sup>2</sup>—begs to leaf yesterday. Young // red. maple<sup>3</sup> leaf tomorrow—also some<sup>4</sup> white birch. & perhaps Sugar maple.

Humphrey Buttrick—one of 8 who alone returned from Texas out of 24 says he can find wood-  
 knows of several nests

// cocks eggs now ^—has seen them setting with snow around them—(& that Melvin has seen // Partridges eggs some days ago.) He has // seen crows building this year. Found in a // Henhawk's nest once the legs of a cat. Has known of several Gosshawk's nests (or what he calls some kind of eagle)

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<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "opened" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "Pennsylvanicum" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "maple" (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line through "some" (need better copy)

Garfield called it the Cape Eagle) one  
 in a shrub oak—with eggs. Last year his  
 dog caught 7 black ducks so far grown that //

takes a pretty active<sup>1</sup> dog to catch such  
 he got 60 cents a pair for them—^ He frequently finds  
 or hears of them. Knew of ~~some~~ a nest this year—  
 Also finds wood-ducks nests— Has very often  
 seen partridges drum—close to him, has watched  
 one for an hour— They strike the body with their  
 wings. He shot a white-headed eagle from  
 Carlisle Bridge—it fell in the water & his dog  
 was glad to let it alone— He suggested that my fish hawks

found pouts in holes made by ice

May 4<sup>th</sup>—

A robin sings when I in the house cannot dis-  
 tinguish the earliest dawning—from the the full moon-  
 light. His song first advertises me of the day-  
 break—when I thought it was night—as I lay  
 looking out into the full moonlight— I heard  
 a robin begin his strain—& yielded the point to  
 him—believing that he was better acquainted  
 with the springs of the day than I—with the  
 signs of day—

5 Am to Hill— Many redwings  
 & grackles feeding together on meadows— //  
 They still fly in flocks—some dark ash; are  
 they fem. grackles? Hear a brown thrasher.  
 Yel. lily pads are just begining<sup>2</sup> to show themselves on //  
 the surface—the first noticeable on the water. All kinds  
 of young maples & some limbs of large white beg. to leaf. //

---

<sup>1</sup>"active": "e" and t-cross added in pencil

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "begining" (need better copy)

// Red maple blossoms beg. to cover growth. Ostrya  
// will leaf<sup>1</sup> tomorrow– (The 2<sup>nd</sup> Amelanchier<sup>2</sup>–sweet fern lea  
// & early thorn<sup>3</sup> beg to leaf today. Small white-barked  
// shrub–(andromeda?) on Island neck ~~today~~ leaf begs. to leaf  
or say 7<sup>th</sup>–& then slow  
// tomorrow<sup>4</sup>– I think I hear a warb. vireo. certainly  
the 10<sup>th</sup>

Birds–still see 3 or 4 crows together though  
some at least are building. Jays do not  
scream as early– Chickadee spring notes still–  
Partridges setting– Have noticed no ducks for  
black

some days– All the ^ blackbirds as plenty as  
ever–& in flocks– Have not noticed robins  
in flocks for 2 or 3 days. See no gulls–

think I saw one to-day.

nor F Hiemalis ^–nor tree sparrows–now– Red tail  
hawk young 14 days old– Snipes feeding in numbers  
on the 29<sup>th</sup> Ap. Yel. redpolls in numbers May 1<sup>st</sup>–  
Woodcocks setting<sup>5</sup>– Purple finch sings steadily.

Myrtle birds numerous–& sing their tea-lee tea lee–  
& numerous

in morning– White throated sparrows here ^– No gold-

// finches for long time– The water is now<sup>6</sup> generally off the meadows  
P. M. to Beeches.

In cut woods a small thrush–with crown inclining  
to rufuous–tail foxy & edges of wings dark ash

// clear white beneath– I think the Golden crowned?

See more White throated sparrows than any  
other bird today in various parts of our walk–  
generally feeding in numbers on the ground

dry

in open ^ fields & meadows next to woods– – Then flitting  
through the woods– Hear only that sharp  
lispng chip (?) from them. A partridge's grayish  
tail feather–with a subterminal dark band.

Several larger thrushes on low limbs & on  
ground–with a dark eye (not the white around  
it of the wood thrush) & I think the nankeen

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "leaf" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "Amelanchier" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "thorn" (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>vertical pencil line through "tomorrow" (need better copy)

<sup>5</sup>"set" written over other characters

<sup>6</sup>vertical pencil line through "now" (need better copy)

<sup>1</sup>spot on the 2<sup>nd</sup>daries—a hermit thrush?  
Sitting in Abel Brooks' Hollow—see a small hawk  
go over high in the air—with a long tail—& distinct  
from wings— It advanced by a sort of limping flight  
yet rapidly—not circling—nor tacking—but  
flapping briskly at intervals & then gliding straight  
ahead with rapidity—controlling itself with its tail—  
It seemed to be going a journey. Was it not  
the Sharp shinned or F Fuscus? I think that

falsely

what I have called the Sparrow hawk ^—& latterly  
Pig. hawk—is also the sharp shinned. V Ap 26 & May 8 '54 ?

& July 58

& Ap 16<sup>th</sup> 55—for the Pig. Hawks tail is white barred.

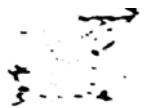
Found a black snakes skeleton—remarked the  
globular protuberance on which the vertebrae revolve—&  
recurved

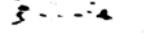
the 4 (?) sharp ^ teeth in the lower jaw—

Red cherry not generally<sup>2</sup> leafing before yesterday—

Sand cherry—yesterday leafs— See where a //  
skunk has probed last night & large black  
large

dung—with ap. ^ ants' heads & earth or sand & stubble  
or insects wings in it— Prob. had been probing a large  
ants hill. Was that a cerasus or prunus on ?

Pine hill—? thus from woodpile—  AB 2 rods west.

The beech ^ buds are  very  
reddish brown

handsome ^ now—some nearly an inch  
& a half long & very slender not more than  
1/6 of inch in diameter & regularly swelling  
from each end—will open ap in 3 or 4 days. ?

The blossom buds<sup>3</sup> are still larger—may  
bloom in 8 days. Potentilla out X //

What that plant in Baker's Pool with sessile spat-

---

<sup>1</sup>Entire page of MS page [417] is fuzzy and difficult to read—some punctuation, misspellings and other nuances may have been missed; needs to be checked against original at Morgan

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "generally" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "buds" (need better copy)

? ulate leaves toothed at end—now 4 or 5 inches high.

Noticed a perfectly regular circular concavity  
in a sandy soil in a hollow in birch woods where  
ap. a partridge had dusted herself—

Yesterday a great many spotted & wood tortoises  
in the Sam. Wheeler—birch fence mead— pool which  
dries up— One of the former—gradually settled ~~him~~  
itself into the sod—by turning round & round & scratching  
// with its claws. A shower

May 5<sup>th</sup>

P. m. to Beck Stows

Cold weather for several<sup>1</sup> days. Canada

? plum & cultivated cherry—& Missouri currant look  
// as if they would bloom tomorrow. The sugar  
maples on the common—have just begun to show  
their stamens peeping out of the bud—but that  
by Dr Barrets has them 1 1/2 inches long or more.

The trees & shrubs which I observe  
to make a show now with their green—with-  
out regard to the time when they began—are  
to put them in the order of their intensity & generalness

Gooseberry—both kinds

Raspberry

Mead sweet

Choke cherry shoots

Some young trembles

Very young apples

Red currant—& prob. black

Pyrus prob. arbutifolia

Young black cherry

Thimble berry

Prob. wild red cherry in some places

S alba—with bracts?

Some small native willows

Cultivated cherry—

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "several" (need better copy)

Some mt ash—(ie European)

Some horse Chestnut.

Excepting the S alba—I am inclined to stop  
with the Pyrus arbutifolia.

The Andromeda Polifolia will ap— open ?  
about the 10<sup>th</sup> High blueberry beg to leaf in some  
places yesterday. Larch began to leaf say when it //  
opened the 28<sup>th</sup> of april—but not noticeably till<sup>1</sup> today. I find  
one bundle with needles 1/4 of an inch long & spreading.  
The small andromeda has lost its reddish leaves //

prob. about the time it—blossomed

& I can neither get the red cathedral window  
light looking toward the now westering sun—in  
a most favorable position—nor the gray colors in  
the other direction—but it is all a grayish

patches of in the swamp

green. But the ^ cranberry ^ seen at some distance  
toward the sun are a beautiful crimson, which  
travels with you—keeping bet you & the sun—like  
some rare plant in bloom there densely— I could  
not believe it was cranberry—

Looking over my book I found I had done  
to myself

my errands & said ^ I would find a crow's nest—  
(I had heard a crow scold at a passing hawk  
1/4 of an hour before—) I had hardly taken this  
resolution when<sup>2</sup>, looking up, I saw a crow wending  
his way across an interval in the woods towards  
the highest pines in the swamp—on which he  
alighted— I directed my steps to them—& was  
soon greeted with an angry caw—& within  
5 minutes from my<sup>3</sup> resolve I detected

---

<sup>1</sup>"till" possibly altered from "to"

<sup>2</sup>"when" altered from "then"

<sup>3</sup>"my" possibly altered from "they" or "the"

a new nest close to the top of the tallest  
white pine in the swmp– A crow circled cawing  
about it within gun shot–then over me  
surveying–& perching on an oak directly over<sup>1</sup> my  
head within 35 feet–cawed angrily– But  
suddenly, as if having taken a new resolution, it  
flitted away–& was joined by its mate & 2 more  
they went off silently 1/4 of a mile or more  
& lit in a pasture, as if they had nothing  
to concern them in the wood.

May 6<sup>th</sup>

// The young Sugar maples<sup>2</sup> leafing are more  
conspicuous now than any maples. Black  
// oak buds are large<sup>3</sup> & silvery. Peach leafed  
yesterday–

Pm to Epigaea

// S.<sup>4</sup> Alba opened yest XXX Gilead not leafing yet,  
but perhaps tomorrow? A Robins nest with 2  
eggs–betrayed by peeping. On the 30<sup>th</sup> of ap.  
// a phoebe flew out from under the arched bridge  
prob– building.  
// Saw again–a slender vireo-like bird (seen yesterday–  
near R. Brown's) head somewhat crested  
behind made me think of small pewee–  
catches insects somewhat like it– As<sup>5</sup>  
I remember– May be ashy white beneath–  
dusky olive above with 2 whitish bars on wings  
& dusky tail– Can it be the solitary vireo?

---

<sup>1</sup>"over" possibly altered "on"

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "maples" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>vertical pencil line through "large" (need better copy)

<sup>4</sup>"S." possibly altered from "I"

<sup>5</sup>"As" possibly altered from "the"

Eq. sylvaticum prob– yest.<sup>1</sup> XXX or day before //  
 Strawberry X That low sedge-like plant //  
 X ~~prob~~ under Clam Shell very common– //  
 with brownish somewhat umbelled spikes–  
 prob. Luzula campestris?<sup>2</sup> one of the wood rushes–  
 Viola lancolata–yesterday at least–X //  
 High-black berry has begun to leaf say 2 days //  
 Hear near near 2<sup>nd</sup> Div. the Er er tve, //

Er. forest note

ter ter tve Bright yellow head & shoulders  
 & beneath & dark legs & bill–catching insects  
 along base of Pitch pine plumes somewhat  
 creeper like–very active & restless–darting from

darted at & drove off a chicadee

tree to tree–^ I find I have thus described its  
colors last year–at various times–viz– Black  
 this often

throat ^ with dark & light beneath– /Again  
 Black streak from eyes–Slate col. back? forked  
 tail–white beneath? Another bird with yel throat  
 near by perhaps female./ Again June 17 black  
 wings with white bars?–

Is it Black throated Green–or Latham's ?  
 the

yel. fronted–or Golden winged warbler?

From Wilson I should think it the last which he thinks the same with Pennant & Latham's yel front.

The small juncus of 2<sup>nd</sup> div. shows a A field  
 of dark green with reddish top–the flower just //  
 beginning to peep out–this the earliest plant  
 of this kind to make a show. More than a foot high  
 Epigaea in full bloom. Myrtle birds //  
 very numerous just beyond 2<sup>nd</sup> division– They  
 sing like an instrument tee, tee te, t t t,

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "yest." (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>"?" possibly inserted



particular plant. It surpasses all particular  
 fragrances— I am not sitting near any flower that  
 I can perceive. 2 or 3 rods this side of John.  
 Hosmers Pitch pines beyond Clam Shell some  
 white v. ovatas—some with a faint bluish tinge— //  
 A beautiful sunset—the sun behind a gilt //  
 edged cloud—with a clear bright crimson space  
 beneath.

May 7

5 Am to Island. Finger cold—& windy.  
 The sweet flags showed themselves<sup>1</sup> about with  
 pads. Hear Maryland yel. throat. Many //  
 grackles still in flocks singing on trees //  
 male & female the latter a very dark or black  
 ash but with silvery eye. I suspect the red- //  
 wings are building. Large white maples beg.  
 to leaf yesterday at least<sup>2</sup> generally—one now shows //  
 considerably across the river. The aspen is earlier—  
 Vib. dentatum yest. leafed. Bass to-morr (some //  
 shoots sheltered now) A crow's nest?? near the  
 top of a pitch pine about 20 feet high  
 just completed—betrayed by the bird's cawing //  
 a mistake  
 & alarm—^ as on the 5<sup>th</sup> one came and  
 sat on a bare oak within 30 40 feet.  
 both  
 cawed reconnoitred & then ^ flew off to a distance  
 One comes near to spy you first.  
 while I discovered<sup>3</sup> & climbed to the nest  
 within a dozen rods. It was about 16  
 inches over—of the p. pine dead twigs

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "themselves" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "least" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"discovered" altered from "discover"

laid across the forks—& white oak leas  
& bark fibres laid copiously on them—the  
cavity deep & more than half covered &

long

concealed with a roof of leaves—a ^ sloping  
approach or declivity left on one side

// the nest. Red currant out XX

Pm to Lee's Cliff.

// Via Hub's Bath. V. cucullata ap a day or 2.

// A lady bug—& Humblebee—the last prob some

// time. A lily wholly above water & yellow

on the 12<sup>th</sup> prox. I observed it sunk beneath the water

in Skull-Cap mead. ready to open.

Climbed to 2 crows nests or—maybe one

// of them a squirrel's in Hub's grove—

see *Rana fontinalis*

Do they not some times use a squirrels

// nest for a foundation? A Ruby crested

wren is ap. attracted & eyes me. It

as well as dirty

is wrenching & fatiguing ^ work to climb

a tall pine with nothing or maybe

only dead twigs & stubs to hold by. You

must proceed with great deliberation &

see well where you put your hands & your

// feet. Saw prob. a femal F. Fusca

sail swift & low close by me—and alight

on a rail fence— It was a rich very dark

perhaps reddish slate brown— I saw some

white under the head—no white on rump—

Wings thickly ~~barded~~ barred with dark

beneath. It then flew & alighted on a maple

Did not fly so irregularly as the last

one I called by this<sup>1</sup> name. The early

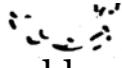
// willow on the left beyond the bridge

---

<sup>1</sup>"This" altered from "the"

has beg. to leaf—but by no means yet the //  
 one on the right. Scared up 2 gray squirrels  
 in the Holden wood which ran glibly up the  
 tallest trees on the opposite side to me  
 & leaped across from the extremity of the branches  
 to the next trees & so on very fast ahead of me—

Remembering—aye aching with—my ex-  
 perience in climbing trees this Pm<sup>1</sup> & morning  
 I could not but admire their exploits.— To  
 see them travelling with so much swiftness  
 & ease that road over which I climbed  
 a few feet with such painful exertion—

A partridge flew up from within 3 or  
 4 feet of me with a loud whirr & betrayed //  
 one cream colored egg in a little hollow  
 amid the leaves. Hear the tweezer bird—  
 It looks like a bluish slate above—with a  
 greenish? yellow back—& bright orange yel-  
 throat & breast—forked tail 2 white bars on  
 wings—whitish ven—another prob. female  
 paler bluish with fainter yellow—& a conspic-  
 uous black crescent on breast . This  
 is undoubtedly the Particolored warbler //  
 —ie Brewers—Blue Yellow Back Sylvia  
 Americana of Latham & Audubon—Pusilla of  
 Wilson. V June 18 54 & May 9<sup>th</sup> 53.

I believe the Yel. rump. warbler has a  
 note somewhat like the tweezer's.

Climbed a hemlock to a very large & complete  
 prob. gray squirrel's nest—18 inch diameter—a founda-

---

<sup>1</sup>"this Pm" written over "that a"

tion of twigs—on which a body of leaves—  
some

& ^ bark fibers lined with the last—and  
the whole covered with many fresh green  
hemlock twigs 1 foot or more long with  
the leaves on—which had been gnawed off—  
& many strewn the ground beneath having  
fallen off— Entrance one side.

A short dist. beyond this & the hawk's-nest pine—  
I observed a mid sized red oak standing  
a little aslant on the side-hill ~~of~~ over  
the swamp—with a pretty large hole in one  
side about<sup>1</sup> 15 feet from the ground  
where ap. a limb on which a felled  
tree lodged had been cut some years before  
& so broke out a cavity—I thought that such  
a hole was too good a one not to be  
improved by some inhabitant of the wood—  
Perhaps the gray squirrels I had just seen  
had their nest there—or was not the entrance  
big enough to admit a screech owl.

So I thought I would tap on it & put  
my ear to the trunk—& see if I could hear  
anything stirring within it but I heard  
nothing. Then I concluded to look into  
it— So I shinned up—& when I reached  
up one hand to the hole to pull myself  
up by it the thought passed through  
my mind perhaps something may take  
hold of my fingers—but nothing did—

nearly

The first limb was ~~on the~~ ^ directly opposite

---

<sup>1</sup>"about" possibly altered from "at"

to the hole—& resting on this I looked in—  
 & to my great surprise there squatted  
 filling the hole which was about 6 inches  
 deep & 5 to 6 wide—a salmon-brown

not so big as a partridge

bird—^ seemingly asleep within 3 inches of the  
 top & ~~rath~~ close to my face. It was a minute  
 or two before I made it out to be an owl— ~~H~~

It was a salmon brown above—the feathers  
or fawn?

shafted with small blackish brown somewhat  
hastate (?) marks—greyish toward the ends of



the wings & tail as far as I could see.

A large white circular space about or behind

$\frac{1}{3}$  of an inch.

eye banded in rear by a pretty broad ^ & quite  
 conspicuous perpendicular dark brown stripe.

Egret say  $1\frac{1}{4}$  or ~~1~~ $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long sharp triangular  
 reddish brown without mainly. It lay crowded  
 in that small space—with its tail some-  
 what bent up—& one side of its head turned

dark

up with one egret—& its large ^ eye open  
 only by a long slit about  $\frac{1}{16}$  of an inch  
 wide—~~After~~ visible breathing— After  
 a little while I put in one hand an  
 stroked it repeatedly whereupon it  
 reclined its head a little lower & closed its  
 eye entirely. Though curious to know  
 what was under it I disturbed it  
 no farther at that time.

In the mean while the crows were making  
a great cawing amid & over the pine-  
tops beyond the swamp-& at intervals I  
heard the scream of a hawk, prob- the  
surviving male henhawk, whom they  
were pestering (unless they had discovered the  
male screech owl) & a part of them  
came cawing about me. This was a  
very fit place-for hawks & owls to dwell in  
the thick wood just over a white spruce  
swamp-in which the glaucous kalmia  
grows- The grey squirrels-partridges-hawks  
& owls all together- It was prob these screech  
owls which I heard in moonlight nights  
hereabouts last fall. V. end of this day.

// Birch leafs today-prob some yest. with white

// maple- The Conantum thorn (cock spur?  
leafs with earliest

// That little red stemmed (?) moss has now yellow  
green oval fruit hanging densely in the sod.

// Sweet briar shoots 2 inch long-this one of

roses

the earlier ~~rubus~~ to leaf. Put it with early rose

The r triflorus up 2 inches or more put it

// next after-raspberry for present

// At Lees a carex well out yet rad. leaves

2 stamens 3 stigmas

// ap. one of those on p 554 ^- A carex some

what like C. caespitosa of Big just beginning in XXX

some light colored

meadows-dark purple ^ linear spikes somewhat 3 sided

This makes large tussocks in meadows-the green leaves & debris standing 6 or 8 inches erect  
in tufts. Polyg. pubescens at Lees in 3 or 4

// on large tussocks of dead many cut edged blades falling weeping on every side 18 to 20 inches long  
days- Amelanchier botryapium on rocks

// partly open will prob shed pollen tomorrow XXX







// leaves are expanding with the flower buds—  
which are now opened so as to show the separate  
buds— V. Pennsylvanicum—early blueberry in  
// bloom XXX prob. may shed pollens a yel. red-  
poll still.

May 11

// Am. To Island— Only the lower limbs  
of Bass begin to leaf yest— A crow-black  
// birds nest—about 8 feet up a White maple

loose

over water a large ^ nest without some  
8 inches high—bet. a small twig & main  
trunk—composed of coarse bark shreds

without mud

& dried last years grass ^ stem—within deep  
& size of robins nest—with 4 pale green  
eggs streaked & blotched with black

young bird not begun to form.

// & brown. took one ^. Hear & see Yel. throat

// vireo. See oatseed spawn—a mass  
as big as fist on bottom—of brown jelly  
composed of smaller globules each with a  
fish-like tadpole color of a seed.

Pm to Andromeda polifolia

// Some young elms beg. to leaf. Butternut leafs

// ap. tomorrow— Larger rock maples<sup>1</sup> not

// yet beg. to leaf—later considerably<sup>2</sup> than

large white maples & somewhat than large

// red. Ap. Andromeda will not open before

just

the 15<sup>th</sup> or 16 & the buck bean now ^ budded

above the water not before the 20<sup>th</sup> ~~Jun~~

? Juniper repens will not open ap before the 14<sup>th</sup> or 15

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "maples" (need better copy)

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil through this and following lines (need better copy)

Canoe birch just sheds pollen<sup>1</sup> XXX Very //  
 golden  
 handsome drooping ^ catkins sometimes 2  
 or 3 together some 5 1/4 inches long. The leaves  
 some  
 of ^ youn sprouts already 3/4 inch over—but of//  
 the trees not started The 2<sup>nd</sup> Amelanchier just  
 sheds pollen XXX in a swamp— I trod on //  
 a large black-snake which as soon as //  
 I stepped again went off swiftly down the  
 hill toward the swamp with head erect like  
 a racer— Looking closely I found another  
 left behind partly concealed by the dry leaves.  
 They were lying amid the leaves in this open  
 wood E of Beck-stow's amid the sweet fern  
 & huckleberry bushes— The remaining one ran-  
 out its tongue at me—& vibrated its tail  
 swiftly making quite a noise on the leaves—  
 then darted forward—<sup>2</sup>passed round  
 an oak<sup>3</sup> & whipped itself straight down  
 into a hole at its base 1 1/2 inches over—  
 After its head had entered its tail was  
 not long in following. You can hardly  
 walk in a thick pine wood now—especially  
 a swamp—but presently—you will have  
 a crow or 2 over your head, either silently  
 flitting over—to spy what you would be  
 at—& if its nest is in danger or angrily  
 cawing. It is most impressive when—looking  
 for their nest, you first detect the

---

<sup>1</sup>"sheds pollen" possibly altered from "shed pollens"

<sup>2</sup>dash possibly is upstroke of "p" in "passed"

<sup>3</sup>"an oak" possibly altered from other words

presence of the bird by its shadow—  
Was not that a bay wing which I  
heard sing—Ah, twar twe twar, twit  
// twit twit twit-twe? V. pedata sheds  
a great many out on the ~~20~~ 13<sup>th</sup>  
pollen ^—the first I have chanced to see.  
I hear some kind of owl partially hooting  
now at 4 pm I know not whether  
far off or near—

May 12

Cold enough for<sup>1</sup> a fire this many  
a day— 6 Am to Hill.  
// I hear the myrtle bird's te-e-e, te-e e-,  
white throat sparrows  
t t t, t. t t clear flute-like whistle.  
// & see 8 or 10 crow b. birds together.  
Pm to Lee's Cliff.  
// C says he saw upland plover 2 or 3  
// nights ago. The sweet gale begs to leaf.  
// The 1. I perceive the fragrance of  
the Salix alba now in bloom more  
than 1/8 of a mile distant— They now  
adorn the causeways with their  
yellow blossoms & resound with the  
bumble  
// hum of ^ bees &c. &c I have found half  
a dozen robins' nests with eggs already—  
1 in an elm 2 in a salix alba—1 in a  
salix nigra—1 in a pitch pine &c &c  
I find the partridge nest of the

---

<sup>1</sup>vertical pencil line through "for" (need better copy)

7<sup>th</sup> ult partially covered with dry oak leaves—&  
 2 more eggs only = 3 in all—cold. Prob— the  
 bird is killed. As I approached the owls nest  
 I saw her run past the hole up into that  
 part of the hollow above it—& probably she  
 was there when I thought she had flown on

I looked in & at first did not know what I saw—  
 the 7<sup>th</sup>. ^ One of the 3 remaining eggs was  
 hatched—& a little downy white young one  
 2 or 3 times as long as an egg lay helpless between  
 the 2 remaining eggs— Also a dead white-  
 bellied mouse (mus leucopus) lay with them its  
 tail curled round one of the eggs. Wilson  
 says of his Red Owl—strix asio—with which  
 this sp. corresponds—& not with the mottled—  
 though my<sup>1</sup> egg is not "pure white"—that "the  
 young are at first covered with a whitish down."

heard an oven-bird—

//

Passing on into the Miles' Meadow—

was struck by the interesting<sup>2</sup> tender green //

of the jut springing foliage—of the aspens  
 apples<sup>3</sup> cherries (more reddish) &c It is now  
 especially interesting while you can see  
 through it—and also the tender yellowish

bare

green grass shooting up in the ^ river  
 meadows {am} & prevailing over the dark  
 & sere. Watched a black & white creeper  
 from Bittern cliff— A very neat & active  
 bird—exploring the limbs on all sides—& looking<sup>4</sup>  
 3 or 4 ways almost at once for insects.

---

<sup>1</sup>"my" possibly written over "the"

<sup>2</sup>vertical pencil line through "interesting" (need better copy)

<sup>3</sup>"l" inserted in pencil

<sup>4</sup>"looking" possibly altered from "look"

Now & then it raises its head a little opens its  
 bill & without closing it utters its faint  
seeser seeser seeser. From beyond the  
 orchard saw a large ~~ha~~ bird far over  
 the Cliff hill—which with my glass I  
 // soon made out to be a fish-hawk advan-  
 cing. Even at that dist. half a mile off  
 I distinguished its gull like body—(piratelike  
 fishing body fit<sup>1</sup> to dive) & that its wings  
 did not curved upward at the ends like  
 a hen hawk's—(at least I couldnt see that  
 they did) but rather hung down. It came  
 on steadily, bent on fishing—with <sup>long & undulating</sup> ^ heavy ^ wings  
 with an easy sauntering flight—over  
 the river to the pond—& hovered over  
 Pleasant meadow a long time—hovering  
 from time to time in one spot—when more  
 than a hundred feet high—then making  
 a very<sup>2</sup> short circle or 2 & hovering again—then  
 sauntering off against the woodside—  
 At length he reappeared passed down-  
 ward over the shruboak-plain & alighted  
 on an oak (of course now bare) ^ <sup>standing this time ap. lengthwise on the limb</sup>  
 took to wing again & went to fishing down  
 the stream. ^ <sup>100 feet high</sup> When just below Bittern Cliff I  
 observed by its motions that it observed some-  
 thing— It made a broad circle of observation  
 in its course—lowering itself somewhat  
 then by one or 2 <sup>steep</sup> ~~side-fl~~ side wise flights  
 it reached the water=& as near  
 as intervening trees would let me see  
 skimmed over it & endeoved to clutch  
 its pray in passing.— It failed the

---

<sup>1</sup>"f" in "fit" written over closed parenthesis  
<sup>2</sup>"y" in "very" possibly written over "2"

first time but prob. succeeded the 2<sup>nd</sup>. Then it  
leisurely winged its way to a tall bare tree on the east

ap. pluming itself

end of the Cliffs. & there we left it ^– It had a  
very white belly–& indeed appeared all white beneath  
its body– I saw broad ~~dark~~ black lines between

The brown thrasher is a powerful

the white crown & throat. singer–he is 1/4 of a mile off across the  
river when he sounded with 15 rods.

Hear the night warbler– Slip. elm leaf //

more forward than the common–say yest. Only //

young common yet. White ash begs to shed–

pollen at Lee's yest. or possibly day before XXX– //

but no leaves on the same– Hear the first creak

of a cricket beneath the rocks there– //

So serene & composing– Methinks it surpasses

the song of all birds–sings from everlasting

to everlasting. Ap a thousand little slender catch-

flies shooting up on the top of the cliff. The red oak //

or–1 day

there leafed a day or 2 ^ earlier<sup>1</sup> than hickory–&

the black near it not yet. Rhus radicans leafed //

spar

there a day or 2– See one white throat ^ still. //

The hearing of the cricket whets my eyes.

I see on or 2 long lighter & smoother streaks

across the rippled pond from west to east–

which preserve their form remarkably–only

are bent somewhat at last. The zephyr

does not strike the surface from over the

broad button bush row–till after a rod

or so leaving a perfectly smooth border

with a fine irregular shaded edge where

the rippling begins. I now begin to distinguish

where at a distance the amelanchier botryapium

with its white against the russet is waving in //

the wind. Under Lee's C. about 1 rod east

pale

of the ash–am surprised to find some ^ yellow

---

<sup>1</sup>"earlier" possibly altered from "early"

the leaves & stem also not purplish but a yellowish & light green

// columbines—not a tinge of scarlet<sup>1</sup> with

all the parts both flower & leaves more slender—& the leaves not so flat  
leaves differently shaped from the common—<sup>^</sup>  
but inclining to fold.

// One flower of the polygonum pubescens open

there—prob. may shed pollen tomorrow XXX

Returning over Conantum I directed my glass toward the dead tree on Cliffs & was surprised to see the Fish-hawk still sitting there about an hour after he first alighted—& now I found that he was eating a fish which he had under his feet on the limb.—& ate—as I have already described. At this distance his whole head looked white with his breast.

Just before sundown took our seats before

sat perfectly still &

the owl's nest & <sup>^</sup> awaited her appearance—

We sat about 1/2 an hour—& it was surprising what various distinct sounds we heard

~~from~~ there deep in the wood—as if the vistas  
aisles

of the wood were so many ear trumpets—  
the cawing of crows—the peeping of hylas—in  
the swamp—&<sup>2</sup> perhaps the croaking of

? // a tree-toad—the oven bird—the yorrick

// of Wilson's thrush—a distant stake

driver—the night warbler—& black &  
white creeper—the lowing of cows—the  
late supper horn—the voices of boys—  
the singing of girls—not all together  
but separately & distinctly & musically  
from where the Partridge—& the  
red tailed hawk & the screech owl  
sit on their—nests.

---

<sup>1</sup>Caret written below dash; vertical line positioning interlineation, not cancelling dash  
<sup>2</sup>"&" written over "the"

Clearer weather 1 27  
Butterflies 1  
Pratt's sweetbriar 1  
Winged ants 1  
Flowers 1 & 2  
Walk with Pratt 1  
Willow in morning 2  
My little ~~snap~~ turtles 3-10-26  
To Climbing Fern 3  
Galls 3-9-13  
To F H. Pond by moonlight 3  
Water less viscid (?) 4  
Owls 6-18  
Berries 7  
River fall<sup>2</sup> & wreck 7  
To Sam Barretts Pond 7  
Drought-8-9  
Saw dust in river 8  
Birch lice (?) exuviae 8  
Sam Barretts Pond 9  
Cranberries 9  
Pigeons 10  
Blue Heron 10  
Locusts 10  
Birds 10-13  
Distant thunder Shower 11  
Water warm again 12  
Aut. tints 13-24  
Acorns 13  
Cracks in ground 13  
Fall 14  
Marsh hawk 14

To Baker farm by moonlight 15  
Sounds in evening 15-6-7-8-9 &c  
A-Graping<sup>1</sup> 19-26  
Clams 19  
Garfield 21-4-6  
Snap-turtles 21-3  
Brant 22  
Otter 22  
Musquash 22-3  
Bidens Cernua 23  
Aster of Hub. swamp. 23  
Pickerel 26  
Fall rain 27 & new greenness  
Failure of fungi- 28  
Birds (what heard) 28

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<sup>1</sup>"G" written over "g"  
<sup>2</sup>Possibly "fell"