

May 13th 1855

Pm. down river—& to Yel. birch swamp

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

As we float down the river through
the still & hazy air—enjoying the
June-like warmth—see the first
kingbirds on the bare black willows //
with their broad white breasts & white
tipped tails—and the sound of the
first bobolink was floated to us //
from over the meadows— Now that
the meadows are lit by the tender
yellow green of the willows & the
silvery green fruit of the elms. I heard
from a female redwing that peculiar
rich screwing warble—¹(not O gurgle ee)²—
—made with r not with l. The
whole air too is filled with the ring
of toads louder than heretofore— //
Some men are already fishing—indis- //
tinctly seen through the haze.
Under the hop-hornbeam below the
monument—observed a large pellet

¹Paren written over dash

²Paren written over dash

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

¹"remarkable" altered from "remarkably" (final "e" written over "y")

viola pedatas. The brook in Yel– birch
 Swamp is very handsome now–broad & full
 with the light green hellebore 18 inches
 high–& the small 2 leaved sol– seal about
 it–in the open wood– Only a part of
 the yellow birches are leafing–but not //
 yet generally the large ones. I notice
 no catkins. One white birch sheds pollen XX¹ //
 The white birches on the side of Ponkawtasset
 are beginning to show faint streaks of
 yellowish green here & there
 A cooler & stronger wind from the east by mid afternoon.
 The large bass trees now beg. to leaf. //
 Now about 2 hours before sunset
 the brown thrashers are particularly
 musical–one seems to be contending
 in song with another– The chewinks²
 strain sounds quite humble in comparison.
 A 9 1/2 Pm I hear from our
 gate–my night warbler. Never
 heard it in the village before.
 I doubt if we shall at any season hear more ?
 birds singing than now.
 Saw an Amelanchier with downy leaf (ap. oblon-
 gifolia) on the SE edge of Yel– birch swamp
 about 18 feet high & 5 or 6 inches in diameter–
 A clump of them about as big as an apple tree.
 May 14
 Our peaches beg to bloom–others prob. earlier! //
 Domestic plums open–some may be yest. Missouri //
 currant open yest or day before. XX One apple on //
 a roof open XXX. The beech blossom in house opens //
 say tomorrow in woods X–& prob. will leaf generally //
 by the next day–2nd gooseberry in garden open XXX //

¹"XX" possibly added

²"chewinks" corrected from "chewings" in pencil

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

¹"alights" poss. altered from "alight"

leaves.

May 15–Pm to Beck Stow's–

Suddenly very warm– – Hear a humming-bird //

in the garden. Pear blossomed–some perhaps yest. //

Locust–black & scarlet oak–& some button-woods leaf. A yel– butterfly. I hear from the //

top of a pitch pine in the swamp–that loud clear familiar whistle–which I have sometimes wrongly referred to the wood Pewee–Whip-ter- //

phe-ee– Is it the Whip-tom-kelly note which

Soane & Wilson give to the Red eye–but

which Nuttall says he never heard from it?

– Sometimes ter-pee e– This is repeated

at considerable intervals the birds sitting

quite still a long time. I saw it dart out

once & catch an insect & return to its perch

prob M. Cooperi v. June 10th

musicapa ^ like. As near as I could see it

had a white throat–was whitish streaked with

dark beneath–darker tail & wings–& maybe

bright

olivaceous shoulders–^ yellow within bill.

Andromeda calyculata begs to leaf–separate twigs //

from blossoming ones. Andromeda polifolia just open XXX¹ //

Buck-bean ap. in 3 days (in house the 18th) X //

The 13th saw large water-bugs (gyrinus) crowded up high on rocks– Watch a pine-warbler

on a pitch pine–slowly & faithfully searching

it creeper like– It encounters a black

& white creeper on the same tree; they fly at

each other–& the latter leaves, ap. driven off

by the first. This warbler shuts its bill each time

to produce its peculiar note. Rhodora will ap.

open in 2 or 3 days. See & hear for a moment ?

a small warbler-like bird in Nemopantes

¹"XXX" possibly added

swamp which sings somewhat like—

// tchut a-worieter-worieter-worieter-woo.

// The greater part of the large sug. maples on the Common leaf. Large red maples generally are late to leaf.

Minot says that some years ago, may be 10 or 15, a man in Bedford climbed to an owls nest—(prob a catowls) & the owl took out one of his eyes & nearly killed him. He read it in the papers.

May 16

Pm—up Assabet—

// Trees generally leafing. Black willow leafs

// Bass leaf is an inch over—prob beg about the 14th

// Panic. andromeda leafed in some places

// prob a day or 2. Grape buds beg. to open.

// swamp white oak leaf—prob yest. silky cornel leaf—

// // 2 days or 3¹ A wood cock—near river—A blue

// heron like bird—on a tree over river—but with uniformly—fawn colored throat & breast & reddish feet. We hear these last 2 or 3 warm days the loud sound of toads borne on² or amid the rippling wind.

// A green bittern with its dark green coat & crest—sitting watchful goes off with a limping—peet weet flight—

May 17th

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

¹"2 days or 3" written over "a day or 2"

²"on" poss. written over "over" (need better image)

May 18 55

Pm. Boat to Nut-meadow—

Large Devil's needle—sassafras well open //

1
how long? Ce[^]tis will prob shed pollen to morrow //

XXX—shoots already 1 inch long. Sorrel pollen XX //

1st veery strain. Green briar leafed several days //

Veronica serpyllifolia well out how long? at Ash //

bank spring. Saw the yellow legs feeding on //

NB. C. now thinks he has not seen it before—
shore—legs not bright yellow—goes off with the
usual whistle—also utters a long monotonous
call as it were standing on the shore—not so whistling

Am inclined to think it the lesser yel— legs

(though, I¹ think the only one we see) Yet its

bill appears quite {2} inches long. Is it curved

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

4 eggs in it on the 25th Bay wing

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

slightly²

3 young partly ^ fledged the 26th

nest 4 eggs young, half hatched ^—some black-

spotted others not. These last warmer

days a great many fishes dart away

from close to the shore—where they seem

to lie now more than ever— I see some //

darting about & rippling the water there

with large back fins out either pouts

or suckers (not pickerel certainly)— Ap. their

breeding season arrived. Is not this where

the fish hawks get them? Rhodora //

prob some yesterday X Black scruboak pollen XXX³ //

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

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

¹"I" written over "the"

²In MS, "slightly" precedes "Baywing"

³"XXX" possibly added

May 19th

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

May 20—rains a little

May 21

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

May 22^d

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

¹"have" possibly written over "has"

of a copse on F. H. Hill—where ap it had
been scratching—the leaves looking as if they
had been turned up. Linaria Canadensis on Cliffs X //
open. The deciduous trees leafing beg to clothe
a little
or invest the evergreens— The oaks are ^ more than //
in the gray— Huckleberry open—possibly yesterday //
Fringed polygala how long? herd's grass //
on Channing bank—pollen— Harris tells
Emerson my cicada is the Noveboracensis?¹— known //
to N. yorkers— Lupine not open yet for 2 or 3 days ?
not yet chinquapin oak—
May 23^d
Am to Bayberry via river—
Myrica—not quite— Lousewort² pollen how long. //
May 24
Am to Beck Stow's— Button wood not open ?
Celandine pollen XX Butternut pollen ap a // //
day or 2. Agricultural—black oak pollen yest.
at least—XXX Scarlet oak the same but a //
little later. The staminate flowers of the first are
on long & handsome tassels—for 3 or 4 inches
along the extremities of last years shoots
depending 5 inches (sometimes 6) x 4 in
width—& quite dense & thick. The scarlet oak
tassels are hardly half as long— The leaves
much greener & smoother—& now somewhat
wilted emit a sweet odor which those
of the black do not. Both these oaks
are ap. more forward at top—where I ?
cannot see them. Mt ash open ap. yesterday X //
X— In woods by— And. polifolia the
chestnut sided warbler with clear yellow //

¹"?" written above and below dash

²"L" written over "I"

crown & yellow on wings & chestnut sides—
It is exploring low trees and bushes often
along stems about young leaves—& frequently
or after short pauses utters its some
what summer yellow bird-like note—

/ quick \

Say—tchip tchip, chip chip, tche tche
ter tchéa—spray & rasping & faint.

Another—further off—

? *Andromeda polifolia* now in prime
—but the leaves are apt to be blackened
& unsightly—& the flowers though
delicate have a feeble & sickly look
rose white—somewhat crystalline— Its

// shoots or new leaves unfolding say when
it flowered or directly after now 1 inch long.

? Buck bean—just fairly begun—though
prob— first the 18th—a handsome flower
but already when the raceme is only half
blown some of the lowest flowers are brown
& withered deforming it— What a pity!¹

// ? Juniper repens pollen not even yet—ap

? tomorrow. Ap put back by the
cold weather. Beach plum pollen

// prob. several days in some places—& leaves

// begun as long

// Hear a rose breasted gross beak—at
first thought it a tanager—but
soon it perceived it more clear &

should say whistle if one could whistle like a flute
instrumental ^—a noble singer reminding
me also of a robin—clear loud & flute-
like—on the oaks hill side S of Great
Fields Black all above except white
on wing—with a triangular red mark
on breast ✓ but, as I saw, all white

¹!" written over "?"

beneath this. Female quite¹ different
yellowish olivaceous where more like a musi-
capa. Song not so sweet as clear
& strong. Saw it fly off & catch an insect
like a fly-catcher— An early thorn pollen
(not crus galli) ap yest. XX //

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

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

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

I seem to have seen among sedges &c
1 the Carex Pennsylvanica—also 2 another ?
similar but later & larger in low ground
with many more pistillate flowers
^ nearly a foot high 3²-sided & rough culm—
The 1st is smooth &e
^ Also 3^d an early sedge at Lees³ Cliff—with striped
not rigid
& pretty broad leaves ^ perhaps on 554 p. of Gray—
4th The rigid tufted one common in meadows with
cut grass like leaves. call it C. stricta though not
yet more than 1 foot high. or 18 inches—
" of Juncaceae perhaps Luzula Campestris
the early umbelled purple leaved—low—
Foxtail
& ap. of⁴ grasses—herd's grass—on C's bank.
Naked azalea shoots more than a week old
and other leaves say a week at least. //

Pm to Cliffs
Wind suddenly changed to S this forenoon
& for first time I think of a thin coat— //

It is very hazy—~~eøn~~ in consequence of the

¹"quite" possibly written over "female"

²"3" written over "2"

³"L" written over "I"

⁴"of" written over "her"

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

¹"window" written over "hear"

²Short horizontal line below "6" is treated as extension of closed paren (need better copy to double check)

³"in" possibly "on" (need better image)

May 26th

8 Am by boat to *Kalmia glauca* & thence to Scouring
rush—

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

- // shoots are 8 inches long. Button bush
- // would commonly be said to begin to leaf.
- // At Clam Shell— *R. acris* & *bulbosus* pollen
- // ap. about 2 or 3 days. *Comandra* pollen ap 2 days
- // there— *Arenaria serpyllifolia* & *scleranthus* how long?
- // White oak pollen XXX— The oaks ap. shed
pollen about 4 days later than last year
—may be owing to the recent cold weather.
- // Interrupted fern pollen¹ the 23^d may have been a day or 2
- // Cinnamon fern today— Checkerberry shoots
- // 1 inch high. *Carex stipata*? close spiked
sedge in Clam shell meadow some time
Early willow on right beyond Hubb bridge—
- // leafed since 12th say 19th or generally before button bush
- // At *Kalmia* swamp— *Nemopantes* ap several days
- // & leaf say before tupelo. White spruce pollen
- // 1 or 2 days at least, & now begs to leaf.
- // To my surprise the *Kalmia glauca*—al-
most all out—perhaps began with *Rhodora*
A very fine flower—the more interesting
- // for being early— The leaf say just after the
lambkill. I was wading through this
white spruce swam just look at the
leaves. The more purple *rhodora* rose
here & there above the small androme

¹"pollen" altered from "the"

da—so that I did not at first distinguish
the K. glauca— When I did prob— my eyes
at first confounded it with the
lambkill—& I did not remember that this
would not bloom for some time. There
were¹ a few leaves just faintly started^g².
But at last my eyes & attention both
were caught by those handsome Umbells
of the K. glauca—rising one to 3 together
at the end of bare twigs 6 inches or more
above the level of the andromeda & ~~lambkill~~
NB The Rhodora did not accompany it into the more open & level & wet
1 1/2 inch diam.

&c—together with the rhodora ^ umbells ^
parts where was andromeda almost alone
of 5 to 18 flowers on ~~the~~ red threads 3/4 to
an inch long—~~on the extrem~~ at first deep-
rose color after pale rose—twigs bare except
2 or 3 small old leaves close to the end of
dry looking corollas
the ^ twigs— Flowers ^ not arranged in whirls about
the twig but rising quite above it. The larger flowers
methinks

flower somewhat larger ^ & more terminal than lambkill
about 9/16 inch diam—^ The whole about
2 feet high in sphagnum— The lambkill
is just beginning to be flower budded.
neat of grass merely

What that ^ song spar.-like nest in //
wet under the andromeda
the ^ sphagnum ^ there with 3 eggs—in that
very secluded place surrounded by the watery
swamp—& andromeda—from which
the bird stole like a mouse under the
Andromeda. v. egg. It is narrower & more
& lighter a little—the brown less confluent
pointed at one end ^ than that of the Song-
spar with one spot on breast which took //
from ivy tree tuft 4 egg 1st seen I think the 22nd.

The last is bluish white very thickly spotted & blotched with brown
Swamp pink leaf before lambkill— A mosquito. //
from F. H. hill

Lupine in house ^ & prob in field. XX //

¹"were" written over "was"

²"started" altered from "starting" ("ed" written over "in" and "g" cancelled)

// A the screech owl's nest I now
 slumbering
find 2 young ^ almost uniformly gray
above—about 5 inches long—with
 dark incipient
little ^ grayish tufts for ^ horns (?) Their
heads about as broad as their bodies—
I handle them without their stirring or
opening their eyes. There are the feathers
of a small bird & the leg of the
mus leucopus in the nest.

? The partridge which on the 12th had
left 3 cold eggs covered up with oak leaves—
is now sitting on 8. She ap. deserted her nest

// for a time & covered it. Already the mouse
ear down begins to blow in the fields &
whiten the grass—together with the bluets.

In Conants thick wood on the White
// Pond-ward lane—hear the ev. forest
note—but commonly at a dist, only the
last notes—a fine sharp té té.

The nut Laurel near Scouring rush ap.

// // just begun to leaf. *Trientalis* open ap X

? Do I not hear a tanager? See a

// beautiful blue-backe & long tailed pigeon
sitting daintily on a low wht pine limb.

Eq. hiemale

I perceive no new life in the pipes ^—except
// that some are flower-budded at top
& may open in a week—and on pulling
them up I find a new one just spring-

base at

ing from the ^ root. The flower bud is ap.
on those dry looking last years¹ plants
which I thought had no life in them

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

¹"years" altered from "year"

Saw a redstart—over my head there—black //
with a sort of brick red on sides breast—spot
on wing & under root of tail—note heard once
next¹ day—at kalmia swamp—somewhat like
aveét aveét aveét aveét— In the mean-
while hear another note—very smart & some-
what sprayey rasping—tshrip tshrip tshrip
tshrip or 5 or 6 times with equal force each time
The bird hops near directly over my head—It is black
mark
with a large wht spot forward on wings—& a fiery
orange throat above &² below eye & line on crown—yellowish
beneath—white vent—forked tail dusky legs & bill
(which are light beneath)
holds its wings ^ loosely— It inclines to examine
about the lower branches of the white pines or
mid way up. The Blackburnian warbler //
very plainly—whose note Nuttall knows nothing //
about. 2 leaved sol seal pollen not long //
in most places— Ranunculus recurvatus at //
corner spring ap several days at least pollen. //
pollen
Trillium ^ may be several day{s} Arum how long? //
The ranunculus Purshii in that large ?
pool in the Holden swamp woods makes
quite a show at a little dist. now—
See today—(³& saw the 23^d) a larger peetweet- //
like bird on the shore—with longer perhaps more
slender wings black or blackish without white
spots—all white beneath—& when it goes
off—it flies higher— Is it not the Totanus
solitarius? which Brown found at Goose Pond⁴.
I think that the red-fruited choke-berry has shed //
pollen about a day—though I have not ex-
amined—. The leaves are a little downy beneath &
the crimson peduncle & the pedicels stout & quite

¹"next" altered from "nest" ("x" written over "s")

²"&" written over "-"

³Paren written over dash

⁴"P" poss. written above "p" (need better image)

hairy—while¹ the black-fruited is smooth—& glossy.

May 27

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

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

just

// to wear the aspect of June—their grass ^ begin-

The light col. withered grass seen between the blades. darker
ning to wave ^—foliage thickening & casting shadows
over the meadows—elm tree tops thick in distance
—deciduous trees rapidly investing evergreens—haze
with the strong wind. How important the dark
evergreens now seen through the haze in
the distance & contrasting with the gauze-like

as yet thin clad deciduous trees. They are like solid pro-

// tubercles of earth. A Thrasher's nest on
the bare open ground with 4 eggs which were
seen 3 days ago. The nest as open & exposed

slight

as it well can be—lined with roots—on a ridge
where a rail fence has been some rods from any

on one side

bush. Saw the yel. legs ^ flying over the

// meadow against the strong wind & at first
mistook it for a hawk— It appeared now
quite brown with its white rump—& excepting
its bill & head I should have taken its for
a hawk—between the size of male harrier

male

& the ^ Pigeon hawk—or say the size of a dove—
It alighted on the shore. And now again I think
it must be the large one

// The blue yel— back or parti col— warbler still—
with the chestnut crescent on breast near my kalmia

// swamp nest. See a painted turtle on a hill
40 or 50 feet above river— Prob. laying eggs.

// Some m^{t2} sumack has grown 1 inch—some not
started— Some but. bush 3 inches—some not
started. The first must be put after the last.

¹"white" in MS

²dot under "t" in MS

dusky wings & a sort of clay? col— on back—
While we sit by the path in the depths
of the woods 3/4 of a mile beyond Haydens—

almost

confessing the influence of ^ the first sum-
mer warmth—the wood thrush sings
steadily for half an hour—now at

// 2 1/2 Pm—amid the pines—loud &
clear & sweet— While other birds are
warbling between whiles & catching
their prey he alone appears to make
a business of singing—like a true min-
strel. Is that one which I see at

? last in the path— Above dusky olive
brown becoming feruginous on base of tail—
eye not very prominent with a white line
around it—some dark col feathers ap on
outer wing covers—very light col. legs, with
dashes on breast which I do not see
clearly. I should say it had not the large
black eye of the hermit thrush & I cannot
see the yellowish spot on the wings— —Yet
it may have been this.

I find the feathers ap of a brown thrasher
in the path—plucked since we passed here
last night. You can generally find all
the tail & quill feathers in such a case.

? The apple bloom is very rich now. Fever

// bush shoots are now 2 inches long. say beg.

// to leaf just before late willow. Black ash
shoots 3 inch long say with fern late willow.

// White pine & Pitch pine shoots from 2 to 5 inches
long— Rubus triflorus at Miles swamp

// will ap open tomorrow— Some Krigia

// // done some days XXX— Silene antirrhina XX

Barberry open X (prob 2 or more days at Lees) /¹
 C. says he has seen a green snake— //
 Examined my 2 yel— birds nests of the 25th
 both are destroyed—pulled down & torne
 to pieces prob. by some bird—though they
 but just began to lay. Large yell— & black //
 butterfly— The leaves of Kalmiana lily ?
 obvious.
 I have seen within 3² or 4 days 2 or 3 //
 new warblers which I have not identified
 — One today—in the woods— All pure white //
 beneath—with a full breast—& greenish olive yel (?)
 above with a duskier head & a slight crest
 very small³
 musicapa like on pines & c high.
 Also one all lemon yellow beneath— //
 except whitish vent—& ap bluish above.
 May 29th
 Pm to Island Neck— That willow by the
 without doubt
 rock S of Island (of May 2nd) appears to be ^
 the S. Sericea—the leaves beginning to turn black //
 June 6th the leaves ans well to the account & the bitter bark
 quite soon—& the bark is very bitter— & brittle twig at base
 There is then another small willow or
 sallow with narrower & shining leaves very
 common along river with longer catkins & very
 smooth
 long tapering ^ pods— I mean the one I have as-
 sociated with the S alba— //
 Azalea nudiflora in garden XXX— — — //
 There are a great many birds now
 on the Island neck— The red eye //
 its clear loud song in bars continuously
 repeated & varied—all tempered white beneath
 & dark yel. olive above & on edge of wings
 with a dark line on side {head} or from root
 of bill—dusky claws—& a very long bill

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

²"3" written over "2"

³"Perhaps / young & / {female} / redstarts" written diagonally in pencil over several lines of text describing the warbler

The long bill—& the dark line on the
side of the head with the white above
& beneath or in the midst of the white,
giving it a certain oblong swelled cheek
look—would distinguish in a side view.

There is als the warbling vireo
with its smooth flowing continuous one
with methinks a dusky side head.

barred—shorter strain—

Also the Y^{White} throated vireo Its head

ellow¹

yellow

& shoulders as well as throat ^ (ap olive
yellow, above)—& its strain but little varied
& short not continuous. It has dusky
legs & 2 very distinct white bars on wings
(the male)

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

clear

crown—& ^ dark ash throat & breast
& light perhaps yellowish line over eye—dark
bill—& much bay? ~~or~~? on wings Low² amid
the alders.

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

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

head rounded?

bill & head ^—^ but what is most re-

¹"Y" written in space between "the" and cancelled "White"; "ellow" written below "White"

²"Low" altered from "low"

markable—a very deeply forked or divided tail with a broad black tip beneath & toward the roots a fine brick color—this last color much brighter on the sides of the breast—and some of it on the wings in a broad bar—though some perhaps have not the last mark— Did I see some of the yellowish on rump? Dark ash above and some reddish brown (?) One is very inquisitive hops down toward me lower & lower on the P. pine twigs while I hold out my hand till within 5 feet—but in such a light that I can not distinguish its colors— There are at least half a dozen of them about—continually flitting about some times in a circle of

one pursuing another, prob male & female, a few rods diameter—back to near the same spot—but I can hardly bring my glass to bear on them before they change their position— It is undoubtedly—young males & the females of the red start // —described by Wilson. Very dif. from the full plumaged black males.

I see on the first limb of a white oak close to the trunk & about 8 feet from the ground—squatting as if asleep a chipping squirrel 2/3 grown//¹. The hole it came out of, apparently, is 4 or 5 feet from the base of the tree. When I am about to put my hand on it, it runs feebly up the tree—& rests again as much higher in a similar place. When C. climbs after, it runs out quite to the² end of a limb—where it can hardly hold on—& I think it will drop

¹Virgules written between "grown" and period for lack of space to the right of period

²"the" altered from "this"

every moment with the shaking of the tree.

May 30

// Have bird's nest on an apple by road-side 7 feet high 1 egg

// Cherry bird on a cherry—also pecking at the apple blossoms. Minot says

// that within 2 or 3 days a stream of winged ants came out from under his door sill—& the hens & countless swallows—& the kingbirds came & fed on them.

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

then ^ the 26th

Nuttall thus describes the note of the

? White-eyed vireo— It is much varied— In March in Florida "ss't (with a whistle) wa wittee wittee we-wá (the first part very quick.)"

In June at Fresh Pond "tshippewee-wásay tship-pewee-wee-was-say, sweetly whistled"—with great compass of voice & loudness. &c &c other variations. Also "whip te woī wee, the last syllable but one considerably lengthened & clearly whistled."

// *Lepidium virginicum* ap X roadside bank at Minots'.

bay berry

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

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

Pm Up RR

// A strong w. wind & much haze.

// Silvery *Potentilla* 4 or 5 days at least. ~~some done~~. In the thick of the wood

between RR & turnpike hear the Evergreen
forest note—& see prob. the bird— //

black-throat—greenish yellow or yellowish
green head & back—light slate (?) wings with
2 white bars. Is it not the Black-throated

small fresh

green warbler? I find close by an ^ egg
on the forest floor with a slight perforation
white (with perhaps a tinge¹ of flesh color? when

spots

full) & brown ^ & black spots marks at the
larger end. In Brewer's synopsis the egg of the
Black-throat—is described as² "light flesh
color with purple spots"— But these spots
are not purple— I could find no nest—

Senecio in open meadows say yesterday. X //

small

See a ^ black snake run along securely
through thin bushes alders & willows 3 or
4 feet from the ground—passing intervals
of 2 feet easily—very readily & gracefully
—ascending or descending. Cornus Canadensis
out—how long? //

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

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

Poison dogwood has grown 3 or 4 inches //

at ends of last years shoots which are
3 to 6 feet from ground.

Hear a familiar warbler not recognized
for some years—in the thick copse in
Dennis' swamp. {S} of RR—considerably yellow
bird like—the note, tshe tshe tshar tshar //

tchit, tchit tit te vet. It has ap.
a yellow head—bluish or slaty wings with
2 white bars—tail even wings dusky at tips
legs light bill dark—beneath all bright

¹"linge" in MS

²Possibly altered from "is"

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

// Ladies slipper ap X
May 31st

// Another windy—washing day—but warm
See a yel— bird building a nest on a
white oak on the Island. She¹ goes to
a fern for the wool— In evening

// hear distinctly a tree-toad. (& again the 4th
of June

June 1st

// A very windy day—the 3^d—drowning
the notes of birds—scattering the re-

// Rye to my surprise 3 or 4 feet high—& glaucous
maining apple blossoms— Cloudy &
rain threatening withal—Surveying
at Holden Woodlot— I notice the

// Equisetum Hiemale—its black scaled
flowerets now in many cases separated
so as to show the green between—but
not yet in open rings or whorls like
the limosum Ap. they will be in 2 or 3 days

? I find the *Linnaea borealis* growing
near the end of the ridge in this Lot
toward the meadow—near a large wht
pine stump recently cut. C. has found

// the *Arethusa* out at Hubb's close
say 2 or 3 days—at a venture—there being considerable

¹"S" written over "s"

June 2nd

Still windier than before & yet //
no rain. It is now very dry indeed &
the grass is suffering. Some springs com-
monly full at this season are dried up.
The wind shakes the house night
& day— From that cocoon of the Atta-
cus Crecropia which I found—I think
it was on the 24th of May on a red
maple shrub 3 or 4 feet from the ground
on the edge of the Meadow by the New Bedford
Road¹ just this side of Beck-Stows—came
out this forenoon a splend Moth. //

I had² pinned the cocoon to the sash
at the upper part of my window &
quite forgotten it. About the mid. of the
forenoon Sophia came in & exclaimed
that there was a moth on my window—

At first I supposed that she meant
a cloth-eating moth—but it turned out
that my A. Crecropia—had come out
& dropped down to the window sill, where
it hung on the side of a slipper (which
was inserted into another) to let its wings
hang³ down & develop themselves. At first
the wings were not only not unfolded
laterally—but not longitudinally, the thinner

of the forward~~s~~ ones

ends ^ for perhaps 3/4 of an inch being
very feeble & occupying very little space.
It was surprising to see the creature unfold
& expand before our eyes—the wings gradually
elongating as it were by their own gravity
& from time to time the insect assisted

¹"R" written over "r"

²"had" written over "I"

³"hang" written over "hand"

this operation by a slight shake. It was wonderful how it waxed & grew revealing some new beauty every 15 minutes—which I called Sophia to see—but never losing its hold on the shoe ^h— It looked like a

young emperor just donning the most splendid ermine robes—that ever emperor ever wore— At first its wings appeared double

2 one within the other. At last it advanced ^{but feebly}

so far as to spread its wings completely [^] when we approached— The wings every mo

1 ment acquiring greater expansion & their at first wrinkled edge becoming more tense— This occupied several hours—

It continued to hang to the shoe with its wings ordinarily closed erect behind its back—the rest of the day—& at dusk—when ap. it was waving its wings preparatory to its evening flight— I gave it ether—& so saved it in a perfect state. ^{As it lies}

not spread to the utmost—it is $5\frac{9}{10}$ inches x $2\frac{1}{4}$

Pm to Hill

// Eq. linosum pollen a few ap 2 or 3 days.

// The late Crataegus on the hill is in full bloom while the other is almost entirely out of bloom.

3 yel. birds nests—which I have marked since the 25th of may—the only ones which I have actually inspected—have now all been torn to pieces— Though they were in places (2 of them at least) where no boy is at all likely to have found them.

I see in the meadow grass a fine cobweb—or

// spiders nest 3 or 4 inches diameter & another—, on 2 twigs—2 collections of little yellowish

about 1/2 as big as a pin head

spiders containing a thousand or more¹like

minute fruit buds or kernels clustered on the

twig



– One of the clusters disperses when I stoop over it & spreads over the nest on the fine lines.

Hemlock–leafed–2 or 3 days the earliest

//

young plants. The black-spruce beyond the

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

//

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

//

on the plain– Sweet flag pollen about 2 days X

//

Mr Hoar tells me that Dea Farrar's son

tells him that a white robin robin has

//

her nest on an apple tree near their house.

Her mate is of the usual color– All the family

have seen her–but at the last accounts she has

not been seen on the nest.

Silene–or wild Pink–how long?

//

The azalea nudiflora now in its prime–what

glaucous

splendid masses of pink–with a few ^ green leaves

sprinkled here & there just enough for contrast.

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

//

June 3^d

A rainy day at last– Caraway in Garden ap.

//

3 days out.

//

June 4th

Pm to Hub's Close

Clears up in forenoon– Some of the scouring

rush gathered the 1st begins to open its whirls in

stages in the chamber–says sheds pollen tomorrow. XXX

//

Not quite yet the How mulberry pollen–

?

White clover out prob some days–also red as

//

long– It has just cleared off after this first

rain of consequence for a long time & now I

observe the shadows of massive clouds ~~which~~

still floating here & there in the peculiarly

¹Caret written below dash

blue sky—which dark shadows on
field & wood—are are the more remarkable
by contrast with the light yellow-green
foliage—now—& when they rest on ever-
greens they are doubly dark—like dark
rings about the eyes of June. Great

shadows of the clouds (which float in the cleared air) contrasting
white bosomed clouds darker beneath

with the sun-lit light green foliage.

float through the cleared sky—&
are seen against the deliciously blue
sky—such a sky as we have not

// had before— Thus it is after the first im-
portant rain at this season. The song
of birds is more lively and seems to have
a new character—a new season has
commenced. In the woods—I hear the
tanager—& chewink—& red-eye. It

// & mosquitoes begin to sting in earnest
is fairly summer. I see the dandelions

// now generally gone to seed amid the
grass their downy spheres— There are now

// many potentillas ascendant—& the

// erigeron bellidifolium is 16 inches high &
quite handsome{,} by the RR—this side of turn off.

? Redstarts still very common—in
the trillium woods (yest on assabet also)
note tche tche, tche vit &c I see some
dark on the breast.

? The Lycopodium dendroideum—now shows

// fresh green tips like the hemlock. Greenish
puffs on Paniced andromeda. Lint comes
off on to clothes from the tender leaves—

clean dirt &

but it is ^ all gone when you get home

velvety

// & now the crimson ^ leafets of the black
oak—showing¹ also a crimson edge on
the downy undersides are beautiful

¹"showing" poss. written over "shown"

as a flow-& the rose salmon a Wt oak.

The Linnaea borealis has grown an inch— //
but are not the flowers winter killed— I see
dead & blacked flower buds—perhaps it should
have opened before. Winter green has grown //
2 inches—

See a warbler much like the black & white creeper //
but perched warbler like on trees—streaked slate
white & black—with a large white & black mark
on wing—crown divided by a white line & then
chestnut (?) or slate or dark—& then white above
& below eye—breast or throat streaked down-
ward with dark—rest beneath white— Can
it be the common black & white creeper—? Its
note hardly reminds me of that— It is somewhat
like pse pse pse pse—psa psa,—weese weese
weese—or longer— I did not occur to me that

other

it was the same till I could not find any ^ like
this in the book.

Cotton grass ap 2 or 3 days out. Geum ap some // //
days In the Clintonia swamp I
hear a smart brisk loud & clear whistling
warble—quite novel & remarkable—some-
thing like—te chit a wit, te chit a wit, tchit
a wit, tche tche. It is all bright
yellow or ochreous orange (?) below except
vent & a dark or black crescent on breast—
with a white line about eye—above it

nearly uniform

appears a ^ dark blue slate legs light
bill dark (?) tail long & forked. I think
it must be the ~~S. eana~~ Canada Warbler //
seen in '37 though that seems short for this

It is quite dif. from the warbler of May 30

The recent high winds have turned the edges of young
leaves by beating & killing them.

// Ellen Emerson finds the Viola¹ pubescens
 // scarce today—but the Actaea alba in
 full bloom. Eddy has brought a
 ? great Polygonatum from Medford which
 he says grew in the woods there. I do
 not find a satisfactory account of it.
 It differs from the Pubescens of Gray—in that
 the leaves can hardly be called downy beneath—
 & are clasping
 —the peduncles are 2 to 5 flowered (instead
 of 1-2—) & the Perianth is 4/5 of an inch
 long instead of 1/2) Perianth white or
 whitish with green lobes.
 It differs from the Canaliculatum in not being
 obviously
 channelled ^—(though angled between the leaves)
 the filaments not being smooth—nor inserted in the
 mid of the tube.
 // Carex scoparia? in meadows some days.

June 5th

Pm. to Clam Shell by river

// Yel. Beth Star in Prime. Aphylon or
 // Orobanch well out ap several days. Nuphar
 ? Kalmiana budded above water. Green briar
 // flower out ap 2 or 3 days Low blackberry
 // out in low ground ap X. That very early (or in
 winter green rad leaf) plant by ash is the myo-
 // sotis laxa open since the 28th of May say June 1st
 // Ranunculus reptans say 2 days out—river
 // being very low— Common cress well out
 // along river. Side— fl. sandwort ap 3 days out
 // in² Clam Shell flat meadow. some oxalis done—
 say 2 or 3 days—on ditch bank. Ranunculus
 // repens in prime— Yel— clover well out.
 // some days. Flowering ferns reddish green
 // show on meadows. Green oak balls

¹"iola" added to "V"

²"in" possibly altered from "is"

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

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

¹Large "a" written over "the"

is at once scarred over. Ap. the seeds of
that grass were heavier & were washed
into the hollows & cracks— ~~Or~~ Is¹ it likely
that the owner has sprinkled seed here?

June 6th

Pm up. Assabet by boat to survey Hosmer's field.

On the Island I hear still the redstart—

sometimes

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

tsip tsip tsip, tse vet. A young male.

It repeats this at regular intervals

for a long time—sitting pretty still now.

// Waxwork open & pollen 1 or 2 days. I notice

// a clam~~b~~ lying up & 2 or 3 cleared or light

// colored places ap. bream nests commenced.

You see the dark eye & shade of June

on the river as well as on land—and

// a dust-like lint on river ap. from the

young leaves & bud scales—covering the

waters which begin to be smooth—& imparting

// a sense of depth. Blue-eyed grass may

be several days in some places. 1 thimble-

// berry blossom done prob. several days. There

are now those large swarms of black

1/2 inch long with 2 long streamers ahead.

// ~~winged~~ winged millers (?) ^ fluttering 3 to 6

inches over the water—not long methinks—

also other insects. I see a yel— spot tor-

// toise 20 rods from river & a painted one

4 rods from it which has just made a

// hole for her eggs. 2 catbirds nests

in the thickest part of the thicket on

the edge of Wheelers Meadow near Island.

One dove laying (I learn after) 4 eggs

green—much darker green than the robin's

& more slender in proportion— This is

¹"Is" altered from "is"

broad

loosely placed in the forks of an ^ alternate
or silky?

^ cornel bush about 5 feet from the ground
& is composed of dead twigs & a little stubble
then grape-vine bark—& is lined with //
dark root fibers. Another 8 rods beyond
rests still more loosely on a Vib. dentatum
& birch—has some dry¹ leaves with the
the birds hops within
twigs & 1 egg—about 6 feet high— 5 feet.

This egg gone on the 9th

The white maple keys are about half //
fallen— It is remarkable that this happens
at the time the emperor moth (cecropia)
comes out. Carex crinita (?) a few days //
along bank of Assabet. White weed //
Merrick's pasture shore 2 or 3 days. //
The Salix cordata (which ap. blossomed //
some days after the S. sericea) is very com-
mon on Pritchard's shore & also Whitings—also
at the last place is a small shrub—a little
of it—perhaps S. lucida—which //
ap blossomed about same time or a day or 2 after
the sericea.

June 7

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

June 8 Pm— Goose Pond.

High blue berry X A crow 2/3 grown tied //
up for a scare-crow. A tanagers (?) nest //

¹"dry" written over "dead"

in the topmost forks of a pitch pine
about 15 feet high by¹ Thrush² Alley—
the nest very slight—ap. of pine needles
twigs &—can see through{—}it{,} bird on.
In that pitch pine wood see 2 rabbit
forms (?) very snug & well roofed retreats

dead

formed by the ^ pine needles falling about
the base of the trees where they are upheld
on the dead stubs from the bud{s} at from 6
inches to a foot from the ground—as if
the carpet forest floor were puffed
up there— Gnawed³ acorn shells in them.

F. pusilla

// 2 baywings⁴ nests in my old potatoe
field at the foot of little white pines

This bird is ash side head ferruginous above—mahogany
each—made of dried grass lined with hair—

bill & legs—2 whitish bars. eggs do not agree with account?

snug in the sod 4 eggs to each—one lot

Nuttall says this birds eggs are so thick with ferruginous as to appear almost wholly of
nearly hatched—with reddish brown spots espec-
that color!!

ially toward larger end—but a light
opening quite at that end—smaller
slenderer & less spotted than the song-

// sparrow's. A Jay's nest with 3 young
white

half fledged—in a ~~pitch~~ pine 6 feet high (in it)
by the Ingraham cellar. Made {of} coarse

// sticks. Hear I am pretty sure a rose-
breasted gross beak sing— See ap. a

// summer duck in Goose pond. C. says

E say 2 other dark ducks here yesterday.

// A great many devils needles in woods
within a day or 2. G. Brooks told me
on June 1st that a few evenings before
he saw as many as a thousand chimney

// swallow pour down into Goodknow's
chimney.

¹"by" written over "in"

²"T" altered from "t"

³"G" altered from "g"

⁴Need better copy to confirm cancelled word

A catbirds nest—on the peninsula of //
 Goosepond 4 eggs{.} in a blueberry bush
 4 feet from ground—close to water—as usual
 of sticks—dry leaves—& bark lined with roots.
 little
 What was that ^ nest—on the ridge
 fine few //
 near-by made of ^ grass lined with a little //
 eggs—(2 hatched the 11th)
 hairs & containing 5 smalls ^ nearly as broad
 as long yet pointed white with fine dull brown
 spots especially on the large end—nearly hatched.
 The nest in the dry grass under a shrub—remarka-
 (June 11th It is a Maryland-Yel— Throat. runs & flies along
 bly concealed— the ground away just like a night-hawk—cant trace
 it off it goes so low in the grass &c at first.
 Found in this walk—of nest—one tanager—
 very shy it is—
 2 baywing—1 blue-jay—1 catbird—& the last named.
 June 9th
 Pm. to Wheeler azalea swamp—across
 meadow. Early primrose done—say 2 days XX //
 An orchis—prob. yellowish will be common ?
 in Wheeler's Meadow—Side saddle ap a day or 2 //
 petals hang down— A song spar's nest low //
 in Wheeler meadow with 5 eggs—made
 of grass lined with hair. Rhus Toxicoden- //
 dron ap. X on Island rock. //
 The nest prob. of the small pewee—looking //
 from the ground like a yel— birds showing reddish
 wool of ferns—against a small white
 birch on a small twig 18 feet from ground
 little
 4 ^ eggs all pale cream color before blowing
 white after—fresh.
 A yel— bird's nest 8 feet from ground in crotch //
 of a very slender maple
 A chip bird in a white thorn on the Hill //
 one egg.

out of birds nests—for I hear of some
fallen. It is almost impossible to hear
birds—or to keep your hat on— The
waves are like those of march—

on our bank red-top?? June grass

That common grass ^ which was in //
blossom a fortnight since & still on
riv bank—began a week ago to turn

white here & there killed by worms. Veronica //
scutellata ap a day or 2 X Iris versicolor //

also a day or 2 X A red maple leaf //
those

with ^ crimson spots Clintonia ap 4¹ or 5 //

4 days (not out at Hub's close the 4th. //

A catbirds nest of usual construction //

1 egg 2 feet high on a swamp pink. and
old nest of same near by on same.

Some viola cucullatas are now 9 inches
high & leaves nearly 12 inches wide.

Archangelica staminiferous umbellets say //
yest. X but some ap. only. pistilliferous ones //

look some days at least older—seed vessel pretty
large.

Oven birds nest with 4 eggs 2/3 hatched //

under dry leaves—composed of pine needles
& dry leaves & a hair or 2 for lining about 6 feet
S. W. of a white oak which is 6 rods SW of

the Hawk pine. The young owls are gone //

The Kalmia glauca is done before
the lambkill is begun here—ap was done

very

some days ago. A² ^ few rhodoras linger.

wood

Nest of a king bird or ^ Pewee on a //

prob. of Musicappa Cooperi or Pe-pe disc. by Nuttall (?)

white spruce in the Holden³ swamp about

V. May 15

15 feet high on a small branch near
the top—of a few twigs & pine needles &
an abundance of pine usnea {—} {mainly}

¹"4" written over "3"

²"A" poss. cancelled

³"H" poss. written over "h"

composing & lining & overflowing from it
Very open beneath & carelessly built—with
a small concavity with 3 eggs pretty
fresh—but ap. all-told—cream color
before blowing with a circle of brown
spots about larger end. The female (?)
looked darker beneath than a king bird &
uttered that clear plaintive till tilt like
a robin somewhat—sitting on a spruce.

C. finds an egg today somewhat like
a song sparrow but a little longer
& slenderer or with less dif. between the

& ~~th~~ or thickly & regularly

ends in form—& more finely ^ spotted all
over with pale brown. It was in a
pensile nest of grape vine bark—on the
low branch of a maple—prob. a cow-

// bird's.—fresh laid

He has found in nests {of} grass in
thick bushes near river—what he

yes

thought red wing eggs ^—but they are
pale blue with large black blotches
one with a very large black spot on

{Prob red wings}

// one side— Can they be bobolinks? or what?

// My partridge still sits on 7 eggs.

// The black-spruce which I plucked on the 2nd ult
expanded a loose {p} rather light brown cone on
the 5th say—can that be the pistillate flower—
The white spruce cones are now a rich dark
purple more than 1/2 inch long.

? Nuttall thus describes the Musicappa Cooperi
Olive-sided Flycatcher or Pe-pe
"Sp. Ch. Dusky-brown, head darker without
discolored spot; sides olive-grey; lateral
space beneath the wing white; lower man-

dible purplish horn color; tail nearly even, & extending but a little beyond the closed wings".

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

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

June 11th

How's Morus—staminate flowers ap only a day or 2 pollen—the pistillate a long time.
The locust ap 2 or 3 days. open.

//
//

When I would go a visiting I find
that I go off the fashionable
street—not being inclined to change
my dress—to where man meets man
& not polished shoe meets shoe.

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

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

I am tired of frivolous society—in
which silence is for ever the most
natural & the best manners. I
would fain walk on the deep waters
but my companions will only
walk on shallows & puddles.

I am naturally silent in the
midst of 20 from day to day—from
year to year— I am rarely reminded
of their presence— 2 yards of po-
liteness do not make society for
me.

One complains that I do not take
his jokes— I took them before he had
done uttering them & went my way.
One talks to me of his apples & pears
& I depart with my secrets untold.
His are not the apples that tempt me.

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

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

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

The early willows at the bridge
are ap. either S. discolor or Erioccephala //
or both.

I have noticed the green oak balls //
some days.— Now observe the dark
evergreen of June.

// The target leaf is eaten above

In order to get the deserted tanager's nest at the top a pitch pine which was too weak to climb—we carried a rope in our pockets & took 3¹ rails 1/4 of a mile into the woods, & there rigged a derrick by which I climbed to a level with² the nest—& could see if there were eggs in it. I have the nest. Tied the three tops together and spread the bottoms.

// *Carex cephalphora*?? on Heywood's Peaks

That fine dry wiry wild grass in hollows in woods & sproutlands—never mown—is ap— the *C. Pennsylvanica* or early sedge.

// There are young blue-birds.

Tuesday June 12th 55

down River to Swamp E of Poplar Hill

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

¹"3" written over another number or letter

²"with" written over "of"

every crevice of the noon—& you cannot tell
whence it proceeds.

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

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

thick

In the ^ swamp behind the hill I look at //
the vireo's nest which C found on the 10th
forked

ult. within reach on a red maple ^ twig—
8 feet from ground

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

nest is left—an inch thick with
lea dead leaves—maple &c & well lined
with moss stems (??){.} It is a dry swamp.
high

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

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

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

// A C. Tomentosa Hickory on the hill well
out¹—& froth on the nuts—almost all
out & black—perhaps 3 or 4 days.

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

? A veronica at Peetweet Rock—forget which

// kind. A crow b. bird's nest high in
an elm by river side just below the Island.
C. climbed to it & got it. I have it

There were eggs. Bottom of mud & coarse
grass & sedge—lined with finer grass &

// dry weed-stems. Another in an elm rear
of Lorings—in a recess where a limb was
once broken off open² on one side 18 ft
high— Young with heads out almost
ready to fly

Nuttall says—of the Cowbird's egg—"If
the egg be deposited in the nest alone,
it is uniformly forsaken;"—has seen

"sometimes 2 of these eggs in the same
nest, but in this case one of them com-
monly proves abortive."—"is almost

oval, scarcely larger than that of the blue bird."

¹blotch or cancellation follows word (need better image)

²"open" possibly written over "on" and some other characters

He says it is "thickly sprinkled with points & confluent touches of olive brown, of 2 shades, somewhat more numerous at the greater end, on a white ground tinged with green. But in some of these eggs the ground is almost pure white, and the spots nearly black."

June 13th

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

Thursday June 14th

Up river— See young redwings—like //
grizzly black vultures—they are still so bald—
See many empty redwing nests now amid
the Cornus sericea. The blue-birds nest high //
in the black willow at sassafras shore has
5 eggs. The gold robins nest which I could //
pull down within reach just beyond has 3
eggs. I have one. I told C to look into //
in old mortice hole in Wood's bridge
for a white bellied swallow's nest—as
we were paddling under—but he
laughed incredulous— I insisted—& when
he climbed up he scared out the bird.—
5 eggs— You see the feathers about //
do you not? yes said he.
Kalmiana lily several days. The little //
galium in meadow say 1 day— A song spar's (?) //
nest in ditch bank under Clam Shell¹ of coarse
grass lined with pine—& 5 eggs nearly hatched & a

¹Possibly "Clam shell" or "Clam Shell" altered from "Clam shell"

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

// her— A king-birds nest with 4 eggs
on a large horizontal stem or trunk of
a black willow 4 feet high over the edge
of the river—amid small shoots from
the willow— outside of mikania, roots,
& knotty sedge—well lined with root fibres
// & wiry weeds. *Vib. dentatum* ap not long—say
// 2 days & carrion flower the same.

Looked at the Pewee's nest which
C. found yesterday. It was very difficult
to find again in the broad open meadow—no
nest but a mere hollow in the dead cranberry
leaves the grass & stubble ruins—under
a little alder. The old bird went off at last
from under us—low in the grass at first
& with wings up making a worried sound
which attracted other birds. I frequently
noticed others afterward flying low over the
meadow—& alighting & uttering this same note
of alarm. There only 4 eggs in this nest
yesterday & today to C's surprise—there
are the 2 eggs which he left & a young
pewee beside—a grey pinch of down
with a black centre to its back—but
already so old and precocious that
it runs with its long legs swiftly off
from squatting beside the 2 eggs &
hide{s} in the grass— We have some

trouble to catch it. How came it here
with these eggs—which will not be hatched
for some days— C. saw nothing of
it yesterday. J Farmer says that young
peetweets run at once like partridges &
quails & that they are the only birds
he knows that do. These eggs were

had

not addled (I ^ opened one C another) Did
this bird come from another nest—or did
it belong to an earlier brood.

v 16

2 A cherry birds nest & 2 eggs ^ in an apple //
tree 14 feet from ground—eggs ^ white with
1 black spots here & there all over & ~~some~~ dim at
great end

of Peetweet

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

It suddenly began to rain with great vio-
lence—& we in haste drew up our boat
on the Clamshell shore upset it & got

quite

under sitting on the paddles—& so were ^ dry
while our friends thought we were being
wet to our skins. But we had as good
a roof as they— It was very pleasant
to be there a half an hour close to

& hear

the edge of the water & see ^ the great
drops patter on the river, each making

The swamp pyrus twigs are in some places //
curving over & swollen—& curling up at ends
forming bunches of leaves.

Saturday June 16th

The cherry birds egg was a satin color or //
very pale slate—with an internal or what
would be called black—& blue ring about
large end.

Pm to Hub's Grove on River—

a Sparrow's nest with 4 grey eggs in bank //
beyond ivy tree— ~~Have one or more for she deserted them~~ //
~~—nest low in ground.~~ 4 cat-birds half fledged //
in the green-briar near bathing place—hung
3 feet from ground. Grape ap X //

13th ult

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

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

Ground nut how long? //

A painted tortoise just burying 3 flesh colored //
eggs in the dry sandy plain near the thrasher's
nest— It leaves no trace on the surface— Find
near by 4 more—about this business— When
seen they stop stock still in whatever position &
stir not nor make any noise—just as their

shells may happen to be tilted up—

June 18th to Hemlocks—

// Sparganium. A yellow-bird feigns broken

// wings— Woodcock—

At 3 p.m. as I walked up the bank

by the hemlocks I saw a painted tortoise

// just beginning its hole— Then another

a dozen rods from the river on the bare

barren field near some pitch pines—where

the earth was covered with a ~~thin sod~~

mixed

~~covered with~~ cladonias cinquefoil—sorrel

&c— Its hole was about 2/3 done. I stooped

down over it, and to my surprise after a

slight pause it proceeded in its work,

directly under & within 18 inches of my face.

I retained a constrained position for 3/4

of an hour or more for fear of alarming

it. It rested on its fore legs, the front part

of its shell about one inch higher than

the rear, & this position was not changed,

essentially to the last. The hole was oval

broadest behind, about 1 inch wide

& 1 3/4 long, and the dirt already re-

moved was quite wet or moistened. It

made the hole &

^ removed the dirt with its hind legs only, not

using its tail or shell,—which last of

course could not enter the hole—though

there was some dirt on it. It first scratched

2 or 3 times with one hind foot; then took

up a pinch of the loose sand & deposi-

ted it directly behind that leg—pushing

it backward to its full length & then

deliberately opening it—& letting the dirt

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

After these 10 minutes or more, it with-
out pause or turning began to scrape
moist
the ^ earth into the hole with its hind legs and when it had half filled it it carefully pressed it down with the edges of its hind feet dancing

¹"f" of "flat" written over "&"

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

When it had done it immediately started for the river at a pretty rapid rate (The suddenness with which it made these transitions was amusing), pausing from time to time & I judged that it would reach it in 15 minutes.

It was not easy to detect that the ground had been disturbed there— An Indian could not have made his caché more skillfully. In a few minutes all traces of would be lost to the eye

it

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

Tuesday June 19th 55

Pm. up Assabet—

A Pewee's nest (bird ap small Pewee—nest ap wood Pewee's) on a white maples nearly horizontal bough 18 feet above water op. Hem- //

& hemlock (?) twigs

locks—externally of lichens ^ from the maple trunk—very inconspicuous—like a lichen covered

empty on July 25th
knot. ^ I hear many wood pewees about here—

Young song sparrows flutter about. //

saddled or slanting down amid twigs

A yellow-bird's nest ^ on a horizontal ^ branch of a swamp White oak within reach—6 feet high— of fern down & lint—a sharp cone bottom—4 eggs just laid—pale flesh color with brown spots—have one. //

There are a great many glaucous & also hoary & yellowish green puffs on the andromea paniculata now—some 4 inch in diameter. Wood tortoises united with heads out of water— //

Did I enumerate the sharp shinned hawk among ours? ?

Mr Bull found in his garden this morning a snapping turtle about 20 rods from the //

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

June 20

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

June 21st

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

¹"her" written over "him"

²"her" written over "him"

³"the" written over "low"

7 feet high—almost wholly of hair—cotton
without—not incurved at edge—4 eggs
pale cream color.

June 22nd

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

June 23

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

Hear of flying squirrels now grown. //

June 25th

Under¹ E Wood's Barn—A phoebe's nest with 2 //
barn

birds ready to fly—also {~~barn~~}—swallow's nest //
lined with feathers hemisphere a cone against
side of sleeper—5 eggs—delicate as well as
White bellied swallows.

June 26

C. has found a Wood pewee's nest on a hori- //
small

zontal limb of a ^ swamp wht oak 10 feet high
with 3 fresh eggs cream colored with spots
of 2 shades in a ring about large end— Have
nest & an egg.

June 28

On River. 2 redwing's nests 4 eggs & 3—one //

without any black marks— Hear² & see young //

gold robins which have left the nest—now peeping //

with a peculiar tone—shoals of minnows 1/2 inch //

long. Eel-grass washed up. //

June 30

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

¹"Under" altered from "E"

²"Hear" written over "See"

July 2nd 55

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

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

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

July 3^d

4 Pm—air out of doors generally 86°

On the sand between rails in the Deep Cut
103°— Near the surface of Walden
15 rods from shore 80°—3 feet below
the surface there & everywhere nearer
shore (and prob further from it) 78°

July 4th

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

So we had to spend the day in Boston—
at Atheneum gallery—Alcott's—
& at the regatta— Lodged at Alcotts—
Who is about moving to Walpole

July 5th

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

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

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

V. story

Talked with a man who has the largest patch of cranberries here—10 acres—& there are 15 or 20 acres in all—

The fishermen sell lobsters fresh for 2 cents apiece.

July 6th

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

¹"Rock" possibly written over "rock" or other letters

²"I" written over "i"

Passed black fish on the shore— Walked from
P.O. to Light House— Fog till 8 or 9—& short
grass very wet. Board at James
Smalls—the light house—at \$3 1/2 the
week.

// Polygala polygama well out flat ray-wise

// all over the fields—Cakile Americana—
the large weed of the beach

Sea Rocket—^ Sometime & going to seed—on beach
Cirsium pumilum

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

The boy Isaac Small got 80¹ bank swal-
low's eggs out of the Clay bank—i.e above
the clay—(V— story) Small says there are

? a few Great Gulls here in summer—

// I see Small (?) Yel legs— Many Crow. b. birds
in the dry fields hopping about— Upland
plover near the light house breeding—

wing

Small once cut off one's legs when mowing
in the field next the lighthouse as she sat

// on her eggs. Many seringo birds—ap like
ours. They say mackerel have just
left the Bay & fishermen have gone to the
Eastward for them. Some however are
catching cod & halibut on the backside.

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

July 7th

// Smilax Glauca in blossom running

// over the shrubbery— Honkenya peploides
sea sandwort just out of bloom on beach.

the thick leaved & dense tufted—upright plant

// Salsola Kali Saltwort—prickly & glaucous

// in bloom. Beach Pea (Lathyrus Maritimus)
going out of bloom.

C. says he saw in the Catalogue of the Mercantile
Library N.Y. Peter Thoreau on Book-keeping
London—

The piping plover running & standing on the beach— //
& a few mackerel gulls skimming over the sea //

(do not cook them
& fishing. Josh pears (Juicy suggests Small) just //
begun XXX—few here compared with Provincetown.

S. Sempervirens
Seaside goldenrod ^ not nearly yet //
Xanthium echinatum Sea Cockle-Burr //

or Sea Burdock
^ not yet—(I saw its burrs early¹ in Oct. in New Bed
ford)

What that smilacina like plant very ??
common in the shrubbery—a foot high with
now green fruit big as peas at end of spike
with reddish streaks— Uncle Sam calls it
{it is smilacina racemosa}²

snake-Corn—^ brought home some fruit
Just south of the light house near the
bank on a steep hillside the savory leaved //

Diplopappus linarifolius & mouse-ear G. plantaginifolia
aster ^ forms a dense sward—being short &
out July 10th X //

thick—not yet out—^ Scarlet pimpernel //
or Poor Man's Weather Glass Anagallis arvensis
in bloom some time—very common on sandy
fields & sands & very pretty—with a peculiar
scarlet.

July 8th

A N. E. storm— A great part of beach
bodily removed & a rock 5 feet high ex-
posed—before invisible op. light house—(V
story) The black-throated bunting //

common among the shrubbery— Its note much
like the Maryland Yel— throats—Wittichee
te chea—tche te tchea—tche—

The ~~Eupetrum~~ Conradii Broom crowberry //
Corema
is quite common at edge of higher bank just south

¹"early" written over "in"

²according to 1906 edition

of the light house— It is now full of small
Small pin head size It spreads from a center raying out &
green fruit. ^ It forms peculiar handsome

rooting every 4 or 5 inches.



shaped mounds 4 or 5 feet in diameter—

x 9 inches or a foot high



springy

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

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

Went over to Bay side— That pond at
Pond village 3/8 of a mile long & densely
filled with cattail flag 7 feet high—
Many red wing black birds in it. Small
says there are two kinds of Cattail there one
the barrel flag for coopers the other shorter
for chairs—he used to gather them.

// See the Kildeer a dozen rods off in pasture
anxious about its eggs or young—with its
shrill squeaking note—its ring of white
about its neck & 2 black crescents on breast—
They are not so common & noisy as in June.

// A milkweed out some days. For shells
see list—(For shells see story)

// *Husonia Tomentosa* the downy still lingering
 & *ericoides* even yet up to 17th

The last is perhaps the most common—

// *Euphorbia polygonifolia* sea-side spurge—
small & flat on pure sand— Did nt notice flower

// Lemna Minor Duck weed— Duck-meat covering
the surface at the Pond—Scale-like— See a
night-hawk at 8 am sitting lengthwise on
a rail. Asked Small if 1/4 of the fuel
of N Truro was drift wood— He thought it
was—beside some lumber—

None of the mya arenaria on back side—but

Mesodesma arctata

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

S. said that 19 small yel— birds (prob. goldfinches) were found dead under the light in the spring early

July 9th—

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

Small says they generally come about the last of July them— some yield 5 barrels—average {one barrel}

by

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

//

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

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

¹"S" written over "s"

At flood tide there is a strong inshore current to north— We saw some perhaps bales of grass or else dried bits of marsh 6 feet long carried along thus very fast 1/4 of a mile out. Told us

12

of man eating sharks—one 14 feet long which he killed & drew up with his oxen—

No quahogs on this side

Now with a clear sky—& bright weather—we see many dark streaks & patches where the surface of the ocean is rippled by fishes mostly menhaden—far and wide—in countless myriads— Such—the populousness of the sea— Occasionally when near can see their shining sides appear—(& the mackerel gulls dive probably for brit?) Also see bass—whiting cod & c turn up their bellies near the shore. The distant horizon a narrow blue line from distance (?) like mts. They call peet weets shore birds here. Small thought the waves never ran less than 7 or 8 feet on the shore here—though the sea might be perfectly smooth. Speaks of mackerel gulls breeding on islands in Wellfleet Harbor—

July 10

The sea like Walden is greenish within half

then blue. The purple tinges near the shore run far up or down a mile of shore—^ — Walked to Marsh head

// of E. Har. Creek— Marsh Rosemary—

Statice limosum "meadow root" says small out sometime with 5 reddish petals. Also see there

// Samphire of 2 kinds herbacea & mucronata.

// Juncus Gerardii Black Grass in bloom. The

Pig weed about sea shore is remarkably white & mealy— Great Devils needles above the

// bank ap. catching flies. I see a brood

of young peeps running in the heath under
the sand hills.—ahead of me— Indigo out X //
Heard a cannon—~~which~~ from the sea
which echoed under the bank dully as
if a part of the bank had fallen—then
~~a distant out~~ saw a pilot boat
standing down & the pilot looking through
his glass toward a distant outward
bound vessel which was putting back
to speak with him. The latter sailed
many a mile to meet her— She put
her sails {aback} & communicated along
side.

July 11th

 piping

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

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

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

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

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

 The upland Plover hovers almost
stationary in the air with a quivering note
of alarm— Above dark brown interspersed with

darkest in rear
white ^-gray-spotted breast-white beneath
bill dark above-yellowish at base beneath & legs
yellowish. Totanus Bartramius-"Gray"- "grass"- "field" P.
Bank at light house-170 feet on the slope
perpendicular 110 say shelf slopes 4 & ordinary
tide fall¹ is 9-makes 123 in all. Saw
bank south 15 to 25 feet higher.

{for quintel}

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

July 12

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

// Long slender sea side plantain leaf? At E.

// Harbor head. Solanum (with white flowers)

// nigrum? in marsh. Spargularia rubra

great Many little shells by edge of marsh Auricula biden-
var. marina- tato? and Succinea avara?

Great variety of beetle dawbugs &c on beach. I²
have one green shining one. Also butterflies over bank
Small thought the pine land was worth
25 cts an acre. I was surprised to see
great spider holes in fine sand & gravel
with a firm edge-where man could not
make whole without the sand sliding
in-in tunnel form.

are

They ^ gone off for mackerel & cod-also

¹"fall" written over "is"

²"I" possibly altered from dash

catching mackerel, halibut & lobsters about here for the market.

The upland plover begins with a quivering note somewhat like a tree toad and ends with a long clear somewhat plaintive (?) or melodious (?) hawk-like scream. I never heard this very near to me—& when I asked the inhabitants about

v side¹

it they did not know what I meant. ^ It hovers on quivering wing & alights by a steep dive.

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

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

July 13

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

July 14

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

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

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

¹Thoreau refers to a quotation from *The Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen* by Frank Forester that he added vertically in the left margin of the page (see next note)

²Four lines of text (Frank . . . hand.") written vertically in the left margin, across entire page

I cheated my companion by holding up round scutella parmas on the bars between my fingers.
High hill—where town house?—in Prov. ac to big map
109 feet high.

When numerous you may count about 80 vessels
at once. A little kelp & rock weed grow off shore
// here. Nest of Grass? bird—grass stubble lined with grass &
root fibers 3 eggs half hatched under a tuft of beach grass
1/4 mile inland Have an egg. Measured apple trees
at Uncle Sam's.

They say the keeper of Billingsgate Light a few days
ago put his initials in 1000 dols worth of black fish in
one morning—& got that of Provincetown for them
Another some years ago got 100 in a morning & sold them
for 1500 dols Got a fox's skull. 36 feet

Light

from base to center of this light. ^ called in book 171
feet above sea?

Found washed up & saw swimming in the cove where we
bathed young¹ mackerel 2 inches long.

Uncle Sam says there is most drift in the spring—
So in our river— He calls his apple trees he

July 16

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

¹"young" corrected from "yound" in pencil

See 3 black snakes on sand just behind
edge of bank. Blue berrys only 1 inch high{?}

July 18

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

Goose foot by marsh very spreading with entire obovate leaves
crab shells there. ^ Came up in the Olata Capt.

a fine yacht

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

July 19th in Concord.

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

July 21st

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

July 22nd

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

¹Possibly altered from "in" or "on"

²"East" written over "east"

³"Have" written over "have"

July 25th

// Many little toads about

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

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

July 30

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

July 31st

Our Dog-days seem to be turned to a rainy season. Mr. Derby whose points of Compass I go to regulate tells me that he remembers when it rained for 3 weeks in haying time everyday but Sundays¹—

Rode to J Farmers— He says that on a piece of an old road on his land— discontinued 40 years ago—for a distance of 40 rods which he plowed ² or 3 dollars in small change— Among the rest he showed me an old silver piece about as big as a ten cent piece—with the

&c &c

word skilli ^ on it ap— a Danish Shilling?

// His boy has a republican swallow's egg

Dove's

long & much spotted—a ~~pigeon's~~ egg

// Found a baywings nest & got an egg— 3 half with dark spots not lines hatched

¹"S" written over "s"

²"2" written over "3"

low in grass of stubble lined with root fibres & then horse-hair
in a dry field of his— He gave me what he
called the seringo's egg (He calls it //

{Does he mean whitliche—Maryland Yel throat}
chick-le-see—) Pointed¹ out the bird
to me— Says that she enters to her nest
by a long gallery sometimes 2 or 3 feet
long under the grass—& the nest is very //
hard to find. Gave me a small pure white
egg—(the boy thought it a small pewee's?)

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

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

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

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

¹"P" written over "p"

set up the trip-hammer. But as
Mr H. was going one day two or
from his office—(he boarded this side
the mill-dam) he found that the
apprentices had been round the pond
in a boat knocking the frogs on
the head got a good sized tub
nearly full of them. After that
scarcely any were¹ heard, and the
trip-hammer being set up soon after,
they all disappeared as if frightened away
by the sound— But perhaps the
cure was worse than the disease
For I know of one then a young min-
ister studying divinity—who boarded in
that very brick house—who was
so much disturbed by that trip ham-
mer that out of compassion he was
taken in at the old parsonage.

Mr H. remembers that blackfish
oil which was used at² the tanyards—
was sold to put on horses & keep the flies off.

// Tree toads, sing more than
before Have observed the twittering
// over of gold-finches for a week

~~I am pleased to see that the lower & larger
leaves of the water andromeda~~

Aug 1st 55

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

¹"any were" altered from "anywhere"

²"at" written over "to"

³"a day or 2" inserted, with "day" written directly above the dash that originally followed "sunflower"

a hair-worm 8 or 9 inches long—& big as a pin wire—is biggest in the middle—& tapers thence to tail—at head is abruptly cut off—Curles in your fingers like the tendril of a vine. I spent half an hour overhauling the heaps of clamshells under the rocks there. Was surprised to find the anodon & the green-rayed clams there. //

Pennyroyal & Alpine enchanters night shade well out how long? //

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

Aug 2nd

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

Aug 4

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

¹Followed by a mark (need better copy)

others, for it was too dark to distinguish them. They came flying over the river in loose

loose¹ array—wheeled & flew round in a great circle over the bay there about 80 feet high with a loud twittering as if seeking a resting place—then flew up the stream. I was very much surprised

Hearing a buzzing sound

at their numbers. Directly after ^ we found

Dense

them all alighted on the ^ Golden Willow

par. with the shore

hedge at Shattuck's shore—^ quite densely leaved & 18² feet high. They were generally perched 5 or 6 feet from the top amid the thick leaves—filling it for 8 or 10 rods.

They were very restless fluttering from one perch to another & about one another— & kept up a loud & remarkable buzzing. or squeaking—breathing or hum— with only occasionally a regular twitter— now & then flitting along side from one end of the row to the other— It was so dark we had to draw³ close to to see them.

At intervals they were perfectly still for a moment—as if at a signal— At length after 20 or 30 minutes of bustle & hum—they all settled quietly to rest on their perches— I supposed for the night. We had rowed up within a rod of one end of the row—looking up so as to bring the birds between us & the sky— but they paid not the slightest attention to us— — What was remarkable was 1st their numbers—2nd their perching on densely leaved willows—

¹Need better image to check this word

²"8" written over "6"

³"draw" written over "dray"

3^{dly} their buzzing or humming like a hive
of bees—even squeaking notes—& 4th their
disregarding our nearness.

I supposed that they were preparing to mi-
grate—being the early broods

Aug 5—

4 Am on river to see swallows

They are all gone— Yet Fay saw them there last
night after we passed. Probably they started very
early. I asked Minott if he ever saw swallows
migrating—not telling him what I had seen—
& he said—that he used to get up & go out
to mow very early in the morning on his meadow
as early as he could see to strike—& once at
that hour hearing a noise he looked up
& could just distinguish high over head
50 000 swallows— He thought it was
in the latter part of august.

What I saw is like what White says
of the swallows in the autumn roosting
"every night in the osier beds of the aits" of
the river Thames.—& his editor Jessie
says "Swallows in countless numbers still
assemble every autumn on the willows
growing on the aits of the river Thames".
And Jardine in his notes to Wilson says
that a clergyman of Rotherham describes
in an anonymous pamphlet their assembling

(in the words of the pamphlet)

^ "at the willow ground, on the banks of
the canal, preparatory to their migration.—"
early in Sep. 1815—daily increasing in num-
bers until there were tens of thousands. Di-
vided into bands every morning & sought
their food. They finally left R. the 7th October.

As I was paddling back at 6 Am
// saw nearly 1/2 a mile off a blue heron
standing erect on the topmost twig of the
great buttonwood on the street in front
of Mr. Pritchard's house— While perhaps
all within were abed and asleep— Little did
they think of it—& how they were presided over—
He looked at first like a spiring twig against
the sky—till you saw him flap his wings—
Presently he launched off—& flew away
over Mrs Brooks' house.

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

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

8 Pm on river to see swallows.

At this hour the robins fly to high thick
oaks (as this swamp-wht oak) to roost for the
night. The wings of the chimney swallows
flying near me make a whistling sound like
a duck's— Is not this peculiar among the
swallows. They flutter much for want of tail.

I see martins about. Now many swal-

lows in the twilight after circling 8 feet high
come back 2 or 3000 feet high & then go
down the river—

Aug 6th

Pm— Down river to Tarbel Hill—with C.

Saw a *sternotheerus odoratus*¹ caught
by the neck & hung in the fork bet a
twig & main trunk of a black willow
about 2 feet above water—ap. a month
or two being nearly dry. Probably in its haste
to get down² had fallen and was caught³.

I have noticed the same thing once or twice before

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

The *Ludwigia Sphaerocarpa* out may be a week //
I was obliged to wade to it all the way from
the shore—the meadow grass cutting my
feet above & making them smart— You
must wear boots here.

The *Lespedeza* with short heads—how long? //

These great meadows through which I wade
have a great abundance of hedge hyssop now
in bloom in the water—Small st John's worts—
& *Elodeas*⁶—lanceolate loose strife—arrowheads
—small climbing bellflower—also horse mint on

¹"oderatus" written over "in"

²"down" written over "to"

³"caught" written over "to"

⁴"H" written over "h"

⁵"grown" written over "grew"

⁶"E" written over "e"

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

¹Need better image to be sure of cancelled letter.

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

Aug. 29th

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

Aug 31st

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

Sep 2nd

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

Wednesday Sep. 5

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

Sep 10

I can find no trace of the tortoise eggs //
of June 18th—though there is no trace
of their having been disturbed by skunks.

They must have been hatched earlier.
C. says he saw a painted tortoise 1/3 grown
with a freshly killed minnow in his mouth as

¹"the" written over "a"

long as himself—eating it.

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

Sep 11

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

Sep. 12

// A few clams freshly eaten—some grapes ripe.

Sep. 14th

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

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

Sep 15

Pm up Assabet

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

// I see many scales from the sternum of
tortoises

¹"the" blotted

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

Sep 16.

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

Sep 19th

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

Sep. 20

First decisive frost—killing melon's //
& beans—browning button bushes & grapes leaves

P. m. up mainstream—

The great bittern—as it flies off from near
the RR. bridge filthily drops its dirt—
& utters a low hoarse kwa kwa Then
runs & hides in the grass—& I land and
search within 10 feet of it—before //
it rises— See larks in flocks on
meadow— see blackbirds (grackle or red
wing or crow b— bird?)—

Tried to trace by the sound a mole cricket

thinking it a frog—advancing from 2
sides—& looking where our courses intersect
but¹ in vain.

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

Sep 21st

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

or frame

An Egyptian shaped fire place ^ in the
chamber / \ & painted or spotted panels
Large & bolts
to the door— —^ old fashioned latches ^ black smith
made? The upper story projects in front
& at ends 7 or 8 inches over the lower—&
the gables above a foot over this.

No weather-boards at the corners

Sep 22nd

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

Sep 23

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

¹"but" written over "yet"

²Paren added above and below dash (half above; half below)

divided by a light line. Those weeds &c on the
bared meadow came up spontaneously.

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

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

For continuation see other end of
this book.¹

¹Blank page in image of MS omitted in this transcript.

For beginning V. Other end.

Sep 24th 55

Pm up river to Conantum

with C. A very bright & pleasant
fall day— The button bushes pretty well
browned with frost—(though the maples
are but just beginning to blush—) their
pale yellowish season past. Now
a-days remark the more the upright
& fresh green phalanxes of bullrushes

mostly

when the pontederias are ^ prostrate.

The river is perhaps as low as it has

//

been this year— Hardly can I say
a bird sings except a slight warble
perhaps from some kind of migrating

{prob a song spar}

sparrow— was it a tree-sparrow not seen?

The slender white spikes—of the p.

hydropiperoides—& the rose-col— ones
of the front-rank kind—and rarely
of the P. amphibium—look late &

cool over the water— See some

Kalmiana lilies still freshly bloomed

//

Above the Hubbard Bridge we
see coming from the south in
loose array some 20 ap. black
ducks—with a silveriness to the

in the light

undersides of their wings ^— At first

they were in form like a flock of black

//

birds; then for a moment assumed the
outline of a fluctuating harrow.

Some still raking—others picking
cranberries.

I suppose it was the solitary sandpiper
(Totanus solitarius) which I saw feeding at the

//

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

There was a handful of hazel nuts under it emptied by the ground (?) squirrel—a pretty
large hole in the rough & thin stem end of each—where the bur was attached.

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

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

Sep 25th

A very fine & warm pm after
a cloudy morning. Carry Aun{t} & Sophia
a-barberrying to Conantum— Scare up
the usual great Bittern above the
RR Bridge—whose hoarse qua qua
as it flies heavily off
^ a pickerel fisher on the bank imi-
tates— Saw 2 marshhawks skimming
low over the meadows—& another
or a hen-hawk{awk} sailing on high.

// Saw where the moles had been
working in Conants meadow—heaps
 some 8 inches in diam.
of fresh meadow mould ^ on the green
surface—& now a little hoary.
We got about 3 pecks of barberries
from 4 or 5 bushes—but I filled my
fingers with prickles to pay for them.
With the hands well defended, it
would be pleasant picking—they are
so handsome—and beside are so
abundant & fill up so fast.
I take hold the end of the drooping
twigs with my left hand raise them
& then strip downward at once
as many clusters as my hand
will embrace—commonly bringing
away with the raceme ~~one or 2~~
 green
small ^ leaves or bracts—which I do
not stop to pick out— When
I come to a particular thick &
handsome wreath of fruit I pluck
the twig entire & bend it around
the inside of the basket. Some
bushes bear much larger & plumper
berries than others—some also are
comparatively green yet. Meanwhile
the cat-bird mews in the alders by
my side—& the scream of the jay
is heard from the woodside.

When returning about 4 1/2
P. m. we observed a slight misti-
ness—a sea-turn advancing
from the east—& soon

after felt the raw east wind quite
a contrast to the air we had before—
& presently all the western woods were
partially veiled with the mist. Aunt
thought she could smell the salt-
marsh in it. At home { } after sundown
I observed a long low & uniformly
slate-col.

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

In the evening went to Welch's (?)
Circus with C. Approaching I per-
ceived the peculiar scent which belongs—
to such places—a certain sour-ness
in the air—suggesting trodden grass
& cigar smoke.

The curves of the great tent—at least
8 or 10 rods in diameter—the main

it rested on
central curve & wherever ^ a post
suggested that the tent was the
origin of much of the oriental
architecture—the arabic perhaps.
—There was the pagoda in perfection.
It is remarkable what graceful
attitudes feats of¹ strength & agility
seem to require—

Sep 26—

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

¹"of" written over "&"

as lead

and almost as heavy ^-& leave
them to dry somewhat on the bank.
Stumps partially burned which were
brought by the freshet from some
newly cleared field last spring-bleached
oak¹-trees which were once loped
for a fence-alders & birches which
the river ice bent & broke by its weight
last spring- It is pretty hard and
dirty work- It grieves me to see how
rapidly some great trees which have fallen
or been felled waste away when left
on the ground. There was the large
oak by the Assabet²-which I remember
to have been struck by light-& afterward
blown of over being dead- ~~There is~~
It used to lie with its top downhill &
partly in the water & its but far up.
Now there is no trace of its limbs-
& the very core of its trunk is the only
solid part-concealed within a spongy
covering- Soon only a richer mould
will mark the spot.

Sep 27th.

Collecting fuel again this
pm up the Assabet. Yesterday I
traced the note of what I have falsely
NB thought the rana palustris or cricket
frog to its true source- As usual
it sounded loud & incessant above
all ordinary crickets-& led me
&
at once to a base ^ soft sandy
shore- After long looking &

¹"oak-" written over "oaks"

²"" written over "a"

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

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

See furrows made by many clams now moving into deep water— //
Some single red maples now fairly make a show—along the meadow— I see a blaze of red reflected from the troubled water.

Sep. 29th

Go to Daniel Ricketson's New Bedford—

At Nat Hist Lib. saw Dr Cabot
who says that he has heard either
else

the hermit, or ^ the olivaceous thrush,
sing,—very like a wood thrush but
softer— Is sure that the hermit thrush
sometimes breeds hereabouts.

De Kay in the New York Reports
thus describes the Black Fish—

"Family Delphinidae
Genus Globicephalus, Lesson.

The Social Whale,

Globicephalus Melas. De Kay.

Delphinus melas Trail, Nicholson's Journal—

D. Globiceps Cuvier. Mem. Mus Vol 19

D. Deductor Scoresby, Arctic Regions

D. Intermedius Harlan.

Phocena Globiceps. Sampson, Am. Journal."

Length 15 to 20 feet—

"shining bluish black above"—a narrow
light grey stripe beneath—"remarkable
for its loud cries when excited."

"Black Whale-fish"—"Howling Whale"

"Social Whale" & "Bottle-head." Often

confounded with the Grampus.— Not¹

known why they are stranded. In 1822

100 stranded in one herd at Wellfleet.

First described in a History of Greenland.

In the Naturalists'

Library—Jardine—I find—

¹"N" poss written over "n"

Globicephalus deductor or Melas
"The Deductor or Ca'ing Whale"— First
accurately described by Trail in 1809. 16 to
24 feet long. In 1799 200 ran
ashore on one of the Shetland Isles.
In the winter of 1809-10 1110 "approached
the shore of Hvalfiord, Iceland, & were cap-
tured." In 1802 were used as food
by the poor of Bretagne. They visit
the neighborhood of Nice in May &
June.

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

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

¹"about" written over "with"

²"T" written over "t"

³"W" written over "w"

of the pond. We saw floating in the pond the bottom of an old log-canoe—the sides rotted off, & some great bleached trunks of trees washed up— Found two quartz arrow-heads on the neighboring fields.

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

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

{ } & 15 ft deep or 20 some places

(a man nearby said 5) measuring on the map of Mid. and of the State

4 ^ miles long by 7/8 wide, ^ with at least 3 islands in it. This and the neighboring ponds were remarkably low

soft

We first came out on to a fine ^ white

2 rods wide

sandy beach ^ near the SE end—&

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

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

Though headed different ways—all ways

—with each its clam at the end ^—described various figures on the bottom—some

pretty perfect circles  figure 6's

& 3's whiplashes curling to snap—bow-knots—serpentine lines—& often crossing each others tracks³—like the paths of rockets or bombshells— I never saw these furrows so numerous— Soon

¹"" written over "a"

²"3" written over "4"

³"traces" written over "tracks"

we came to a stoney & rocky shore
abutting on a low meadow fringed
with wood—with quite a primitive
aspect—with the stones the clams ceased—
Saw 2 places where invisible inhabitants
make{s} fires & do their washing on the shore.
—some barrels or firkins &c still left.

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

Here too were some great bleached
trunks of trees high & dry— Saw a box
tortoise which had been recently killed on
in all

the rocky shore. After walking ^ about 1/3
or 1/2 a mile came again to a sandy shore
where the sand bars lately cast up &
saturated with water sank under us. There

we saw, washed up, ^{dead} a ^{great} pickerel 23
inches long (we marked it on a cane)
& there was projecting from its¹ mouth
the tail of another pickerel. As I wished
to ascertain the size of the last but could
not pull it out ~~with-out~~ for I found
it would part first at the tail it
was so firmly fixed, I cut in to the
though it was very offensive
large one—, & found that the head
& much more was digested—& that
the smaller fish had been at least 15
inches long. The big one had evidently
been choked by trying to swallow too large
a mouthful. Such was the penalty
it had paid for its voracity— There
were several suckers & some minnows
also washed up near by.

¹"its" written over "his"

They get no iron from these ponds now
Went to a Place easterly from the S
end of this Pond called Joes Rock—
just over the Rochester line— Where ~~one~~
a cousin of Marcus Morton told us that
one Joe Ashly secreted himself in the revolution
amid the fissures of the rocks—& being sup-
plied with food by his friends—could not
be found though he had enlisted in the
army. Returning we crossed the
Acushnet River where it took its rise
coming out of¹ a swamp— Looked
for arrow heads in a field where were
many quahog, oyster, scollop—clam—
& winkle (pyrula) shells—prob. brought
by the Whites 4 or 5 miles from the salt

Also saw these in places which Indians had frequented
water— ^ Went into an old deserted
house the—Brady House—where
~~some~~ 2 girls who had lived in the
family of R. & his brother—had been
born & bred—their father Irish their
mother Yankee— R. said that
they were particularly bright girls—&
lovers² of nature—had read my
Walden— Now keep school—
Have still an affection for their old
house. We visited the spring they had
used—saw the great Willow tree at
the corner of the house—in which one
of the girls an infant in the cradle
thought that the wind began
as she looked out the window & heard
the wind sough through it.— Saw

¹"of" written over "at"

²"lovers" written over "fond"

how the chimney in the garret was eked out with flat stones—bricks being dear.

Arthur Ricketson showed me in his collection what was ap. (?) an Indian mortar—which had come from Sampsons in
dark

Middleborough. It was a ^ granite like stone some 10 inches long by 8 wide & 4 thick with a regular round cavity worn in it 4 inches in diameter & 1 1/2 deep —also a smaller one opposite on the other side

He also shewed me the perfect shell of an Emys guttata—with some of the internal bones—which had been found between the plastering & boarding of a{æ}
at the Head of the River (in N B) meeting house ^ which was 75 or 80 years old—and¹ was torn down 15 or 20 years ago. Supposed to have crawled in when the meeting house was built—though it was not² very near water. It had lost no scales—but was bleached to a dirty white—sprinkled with spots still yellow.

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

¹"and" poss. written over "at"

²"not" possibly written over "was"

"Newcastle, January, 1824.
To Thomas Bewick & Son Dr.

L S d

To a Demy Copy of AEsop's Fables " 18 "

Received the above with thanks

Thomas Bewick Robert Elliot Bewick."

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

"No 809

Thomas Bewick
his  mark"

It being the im-
pression of his thumb.

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

¹"" written over "a"

its top black at tip¹—5/8 of an inch long—&
ap 2 short horns on snout. Its neck &c
flat beneath—by which surface it draws
or slides

^ itself along in a chair. It is surprisingly
long & large to be contained in that
shell—which moves atop of it— It moves
at the rate of an inch or half an inch
a minute over a level surface—whether
horizontal or perpendicular—& holds quite
tight² to it—the shell like a whorled dome
to a portion of a building. It's foot (?) ex-
tends to a point behind—It commonly touches
by an inch of its flat underside—flattening
out by as much of its length as it touches.

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

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

new

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

¹"lip" in MS

²"light" in MS

has appropriated the Sea. Passed
salt works still in active operation—

series of

windmills—going— A ^ frames with layers
of bushes one {abother} another to a great
height—ap. for filtering.

Went into a spermaceti candle &
oil factory—

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



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

// fresh water clams for bait for perch &c

I think it was today someone saw geese go over here
in ponds. so they said.

Oct 2nd Rode to "Sampsons"

a cloudy day—

in Middleborough ^ 13 miles. Many
quails in road. Passed over a narrow
neck between the two Quitticus¹
Ponds—after first visiting Great
Quitticus on right of road—& gathering
clam shells there as I had done—
at Long Pond—& intend to do at Assa-
wampset— These shells labelled will
be grand mementos of the ponds.

It was a great wild pond with large islands in it.

^ Saw a loon on Little or West Quitti-²
cus from road. An old bird with a
black bill—The bayonet—or rain-
bow rush was common along the shore

In Backus's Ac. of Mid. Hist. Coll. Vol 3^d 1st series. "Philip once sent an army to waylay
there Capt. Church in Assowamset Neck; which is in the South part of Mid."

Perhaps this was it.

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

¹"Quitticus" written over "Quittacus"

²"Quitti-" written over "Quitta-"

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

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

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

We soon left³ the main road & turned in to a path on the right leading to Assawampsett Pond a mile distant. There too—was a fine sandy beach the south shore of the pond 3 or 4 rods wide. We walked along the part called Betty's Neck— ~~At len~~ This pond

by The map of Middle borough a little more than is ^ 3 miles long & ~~more~~ in a straight line across Dockshire nearly NW⁴ & SE ^ & ~~about~~ 2 wide— We saw the village of Middleborough Four Corners far across it— Yet no village on the shore.

¹"prayeing" altered from "prayed"

²"at" written over "& th"

³"left" written over two cancelled items (need better image)

⁴"N" written over "S"

As we walked easterly the shore
became stoney— On one large slate (?)
rock—with a smooth surface sloping
toward the pond at high water mark—
were some inscriptions or sculptures—
which R had copied about 10 years
since—thus

1749  B. Hill Israel felix

comparatively

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

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

The foot appeared very ancient, though
pecked in only 1/2 an inch. It has squarish
form & broad at the toes—& is like the
representation of some sculptured in rocks
at the West, For a long time we could
discern only 1749 & B. Hill. At length
we detected the foot—& after my companion
had given up—concluding that the
water & the ice had obliterated the rest
within 10 years—I at last rather felt
with my fingers than saw with my eyes
the faintly graven & ~~moss~~ lichen¹ covered
letters of Israel Felix' name. We
had looked on that surface full
15 minutes in vain—yet I felt out the
letters after all with certainty.
In a Description of Middleborough in
the Hist. Coll vol 3^d 1810—signed

¹"lichen" written over "&"

Nehemiah Bennet Middleborough 1793

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

Perhaps we might have detected more on these same rocks had we read this before—for we saw that there was something on the next rock—
— We did not know of the wear.

The same writer speaks of a settlement of Indians at "Betty's Neck (which place took its name from an ancient Indian woman by the name of Betty Sasmore, who named that neck) where there is now eight Indian houses and eight families." between 30 & 40 souls.

I was interested by some masses of pudding stone further along the shore— There were also a few large flat sloping slate (?) rocks I saw a small *Emys picta*, and a young snapping turtle—ap hatched

this summer—the whole length when swimming about 3 inches— It was larger than mine last April¹ & had 10 very distinct points to its shell behind.

I first saw it in the water next the shore— The same Bennet quoted above adds in a postscript— "In the year 1763, Mr Shubael Thompson found a land turtle in the northeast part of Middleborough, which by some misfortune had lost one of its feet, and found the following marks on its shell, viz. I. W. 1747— He marked it S. T. 1763, & let it go. It was found again in the year 1773, by Elijah Clap, who marked it E. C. 1773, & let it go. It was found again in the year 1775, by Captain W^m Shaw, in the month of May, who marked it W. S. 1775. It was found again by said Shaw the same year, in September, about one hundred rods distance from the place where he let it go. It was found again in the year 1784, by Jonathan Soule, who marked it J. S. 1790, & let it go. It was found again in the year 1791, by Zeno Smith, who marked it Z. S. 1791 & let it go; it being the last time it was found; 44 years from the time the first marks were put on~~e~~".

{Joseph Soule found it in 1790
by Haywards Gazetteer
—v. Hist. Coll. again}²

¹"A" written over "a"

²"Joseph . . . again" written vertically in left margin, from bottom of page up

We saw 5 loons diving near the shore of Betty's Neck—which instead
within 10 rods
of swimming off—approached ^ as if to reconnoitre us—only one had a black bill & that not entirely so—another was turning— Their throats were all very white— I was surprised to see the usnea hanging thick on many apple trees & some pears in the neighborhood of this & the other ponds—as on Spruce. Sheep are pastured hereabouts.

Returning along the shore we saw a man & woman putting off in a small boat—the first we had seen— The man was black—he rowed & the woman steered. R called to them— They approached within a couple of rods in the shallow water— "Come nearer" said R. "Don't be afraid;¹ I aint agoing to hurt you"—² The woman answered "I never saw the man yet that I was afraid of. The man's name was Thomas Smith³ and in answer to R's very direct questions
he was of
as to how much ^ of ^ the native stock said that he was 1/4 Indian. He then asked the woman who sat unmoved in the stern with a brown dirt colored dress on—a regular country woman with half an acre of face—(squaw like)—having first inquired of Tom if she was his wife woman—how much Indian blood she had in her— She did not

¹;" possibly altered from "."

²"—" written over "."

³"S" written over "s"

answer directly so home a question
—yet at length as good as acknowledged
to 1/2 Indian—& said she came
from Carver—where she had an I sister—
the only—half breeds about here—



Said her name was Sepit but could not spell it

R. said "your nose looks rather Ind-
iany." Where will you find a Yankee
& his wife going a fishing thus. They
lived on the shore. Tom said he had
seen turtles in the Pond that weighed
between 50 & 60. had caught a
pickerel that morning that weighed
4 or 5 pounds—had also seen them washed
up with another in their mouths.

Their boat was of peculiar construction—
—& T said it was called a sharper¹
—with very high sides & a very remarkable
run on the bottom aft—& the bottom
boards were laid across coming out flush
& the sides set on them— An ugly

model 

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

R. told the squaw that we were
interested in those of the old stock now
they were so few— "Yes" said she "& you d be
glad if they were all gone." This
boat had a singular "wooden grapple"
as Tom called it made of a in the form
of a cross—thus  or  —with²
a stone within

¹Pencilled "x" by Walton Ricketson follows "sharper"; see note 2, below.

²Below and to the right of "with", Ricketson's son Walton wrote in pencil "Sharpie x / W. R."



The stones on which we walked about all the ponds were covered now the water was {st} low with a hoary sort of moss—which I do not remember to have seen in Concord—very fine & close to the rock.

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

57.937 1/2	acres of land
5.250	" water
63.187 1/2	total

Backus says that Iron was discovered

Hist. Col. vol 3^d 1st series

at the bottom of Assawampsett Pond about 1747 "Men go out with boats, & make use of instruments much like those with which oysters are taken, to get up the ore from the bottom of the pond."

—"it became the main ore that was used in the town." Once one man got out 2 tons a day—in 1794 1/2 a ton. Yet there was then—in 1794 plenty of it in an adjacent pond which was 20 feet deep. Much of it was better than the bog ore they had been using.

Dr Thatcher says that Assawampsett Pond once afforded annually 600 tons of ore. {—}

A man afterward discovered it in a pond in Carver—by drawing up some with a fishline accidentally.—& it was extensively used.

I did not hear of any being obtained now.

There were 3 Praying¹ Indian villages in Middleborough–Namassekett–Assawomsit–& Ketchiquut (Titicut).

The last in the NW part on Taunton R. where was an Ind. wear.

Winslow & Co on a visit to Massasoit in June 1621 stopped at Nemasket

before

–15 miles–the 1st night–"conceived by us to be very near, because the inhabitants flocked so thick upon every slight occasion amongst us." &c &c q.v.

R. is a man of feeling—as we were riding by a field in which a man was shackling a sheep—which struggled—R. involuntarily shouted to him—& asked what would you do?

We left our horse & buggy at John Kingman's & walked by Sampsons to a hill called King Philip's Lookout—From which we got a good view of Assawampsett & Long Ponds. There was a good sized sail boat at Sampson's house now kept by a Barrow— —² The shores were now surrounded with now pale wine colored foliage—of maples &c—& inland were seen the very fresh green & yellow of pines contrasting with the red (rubus) blackberry. The highest land appears to be about the N. W. end of the Ponds.

I saw at Kingman's long handled but small scoopnets for taking young³

¹"P" written over "p"

²Pencilled "x" follows "Barrow—", probably by Walton Ricketson (see next note)

³Pencilled "Barrows x" written semi-vertically above "young", probably by Walton Ricketson

alewives for pickerel bait— They think
the white perch one of the best fish like a
cod—

Elder's Pond—a little further north is said

{Not so deep as said}¹

to be the deepest & clearest. ^ Walking
along the N. end of Long Pond—while
R. bathed— I found amid the Rain-
bow rush—pipewort (*eriocaulon* &c) &c
on the now broad flat shore—a very

pinkish rose-color

beautiful flower ^ new to me—& still
quite fresh—the *Sabbatia chloroides* //

10 stamens & petal divisions about 1 foot high

referred to Plymouth. ^ I also observed there
the very broad & distinct trail of an otter
in the wet sand to & from the water—with
the mark of its tail—though Kingman
did not know of any now hereabouts.

The arrowheads hereabouts are commonly
white quartz.

R. says gamble roof—this should be
gambrel—ap from the hind leg of a
horse—crooked like it.

Oct. 3^d Copied the map of
Middleborough. Somewhat rainy—
Walked along shore of Acushnet

R pointed out to me the edible mushroom which he says
looking for shells. The shore was all

he loves raw even— It is common now— //

alive with fiddler crabs, carrying their
fiddles—on one side—& their holes nearly

heaped up. The samphire was turned

Atkinson in his Siberian & Steppe travels speaks of the "Salsola plant" turned a
red in many places yielding to the

bright crimson— On the Kirghis Steppes he says "in the distance I could see salt lakes: I knew them to be
autumn— Got some Quahogs—&
salt lakes by the crimson margins which encircled them." p 425.

Modiola plicatula (rayed mussel) the

also some *pyrulas* which are dug up alive by {sand} diggers

last was very abundant—^ Gathered there

¹according to 1906

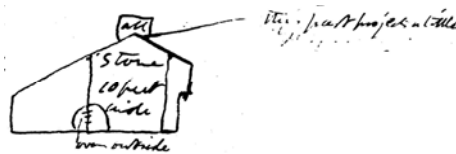
ap. Wild Germander (Teucrium) out
of bloom & Iva frutescens—or high water
shrub—do. Sailed back up
the river in Arthur's whale boat with
3 sails— Her side drank water through
a crack— He gave 3 dollars for her
& spent 10 more in repairs—20 feet
long & worth originally perhaps \$75.
If I had stayed longer we should
probably have gone to Cutty hunk in this—

P. m. Rode to see some
old houses in Fair Haven &c &c How
beautiful the evergreen leaf of the prinus
glabra—slightly tooth toward end!

1/4 of a mile

The Old Woods Place ^ off the road
looked like this

the end showed the
chimney—all stone
about hearth.



great stone
to top—except
The upper

story overlapped about 18 inches with the orna-
mental points of timbers dropping from it.

above this in from the shingles were rounded



scale like— There was one half of a
diamond window left in front—set

in lead—very thin lead with a groove in each side.

{for firing thro?}

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

Also an old house in the village of
Fair Haven said to have been standing

a 10 footer

in Philip's war— A small house ^

& chimney

with one end ^ wholly of stone—

The chimney quite handsome of this form
looking down on it ☹

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

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

¹"He" written over "The"

²"Nobscot" is parenthesized in pencil and followed by "x" in pencil, probably by Walton Ricketson. In 1906, "Nobscot" is footnoted: "The fort at Fairhaven is called Fort Phoenix."

³"W" written over "w"

⁴"R" written over "r"

⁵"R" written over "r"

⁶Pencilled "x Phoenix" written vertically in left margin from bottom of page up, probably by Walton Ricketson.

that must be a rare place for it
to catch frogs & perhaps minnows in{-}
—though we were told that there only
turtle snakes—& pouts in it.

The vanes on this ride were often
a whale—rather a lumpish form, but
reminding us that the farmer had per-
haps been a whaler.

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

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

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

¹"wheel" written over "well"

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

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

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

Ac. to Bennet, writing 1793, (v Hist Coll)

Snipatuet Pond in Rochester has one stream emptying into the sea at Matta poisett Harbor & another 3/4 of a mile long emptying into East Quitiquos Pond,— —"So that the alewife fish come into Snipatuet pond from both streams."

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

Wrought iron imported tea kettles were used before a copper tea kettle was first used at Plymouth, 1702."

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

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

Lodged at Olney's (the old Hedge) House¹ in Plymouth.

Oct 6th Return to Concord via—

Nat. Hist. Library.

De Kay calls the Pine Marten the American Sable.

Oct 8th

// On River²— Flocks of tree-sparrows—
by river—slightly warbling— Hear³ a song-
// sparrow sing. See ap. White throated
sparrows hopping under covert of
the button bushes. Found my
boat yesterday full of willow
leaves after the rain. See no
tortoises now on the rocks & boards
It is too cold—

¹"H" written over "h"


²"R" written over "r"

³"H" written over "h"

Oct 10th

A young man has just
shown me a small duck which he //
shot in the river from my boat.
I thought it a blue winged teal.
but it has no distinct beauty spot.
The bill broad & I would say from
remembrance—bluish black as are

& feet

the legs ^ not red or yellow or flesh-
color—webbed thus  Above black
& brown with no bright colors or
distinct white— Neck brown beneath

tipped

& breast— Secondaries pale bluish edged
with white. A little greenish perhaps on
the scapulars.

Mr W^m Allen—now here—tells me
that when some years ago a stream

in E. Bridgewater

near his house ^—emptying into the Taunton
River was drained he found a plant
on the bottom very similar to sponge—
of the same form & color—say 6 inches
wide.

Oct 12th Pm up Assabet—

The leaves fallen ap. last night now
lie stuck on the water next the shore— //

Prob. maple chiefly—the Leaf Harvest call it.
concealing it—fleets of dry boats—blown
with a rustling sound. I see a painted
tortoise still out on shore— Three¹ of his //
back scales are partly turned up & show

ready

fresh black ones ^ beneath. When I try to
draw these scales off they tear first in
my hand. They are covered as are all
the posterior ones—with a thick shaggy

¹"Three" written over "Some"

& muddy fleece of moss (?) No wonder they must shed their scales to get rid of this. And now I see that the six main anterior scales have already been shed— They are fresh black & bare of moss. Ap. no fresh scales on the sternum. Is not this the only way they get rid of the moss &c which adhere to them?

Carried home a couple of rails which I fished out of the bottom of the river & left on the bank to dry about 3 weeks ago. One was a chestnut which I have noticed for some years on the bottom of the Assabet just above the spring on the E side—
deep
in a ^ hole— It looked as if it had been there a hundred years. It was so heavy that C¹ & I had as much as we could do to lift it covered with mud on to the high bank— It was scarcely lighter today—and I amused myself with asking several to lift one half of it after I had sawed it in two. They failed at first, not being prepared to find it so heavy, though they could easily lift it afterward. It was a regular segment of a log & though
comparatively
the thin edge was ^ firm & solid the sap wood on the broad & rounded side, now that it had been lying in the air was quite spongey—& had opened into numerous great

¹"C" written over another letter or letters

chinks $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch wide by an inch deep. The whole was of a rusty brown externally having imbibed some iron from the water. When split up—it was of a dark blue black if split parallel with the layers— or alternately black & light brown if split across them— There were concentric circles of black as you looked at the end coinciding nearly with the circles of pores—perhaps $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch wide— When you looked at these on the side of a stick split across the circles—they reminded you of a striped waistcoat—or sheepskin. But after

a little while

being exposed to the air ^ the whole turned to¹ an almost uniform pale

after a few weeks it became quite uniform slate color ^—the light brown turning slate & the dark stripes also paling into slate. It had a strong dye-stuff like scent. & {w}

The other was a round oak stick & though it looked almost as old as the first was quite sound even to the bark—& evidently quite recent comparatively—though full as heavy. The wood had acquired no

Some farmers load their wood with gunpowder to punish thieves— There's no danger that mine

peculiar color— will be loaded.

Pieces of both of these sank at once in

On the 18th they floated after drying in my chamber— a pail of water.

Oct 13th Pm. To Conantum

The maples now stand like smoke along //
the meadows.— The bass is bare. A thick carpet
of white pine needles lies now lightly— $\frac{1}{2}$ an

¹"to" poss. written over "an"

inch or more in thickness above the dark reddish ones of last year. Larks in flocks in the meadows—showing the white in their tails as they fly—sing sweetly as in spring. Methinks I have seen one or two Myrtle birds—sparrow-like.

Oct 14.

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

Pm up Assabet—

// The muskrats eat a good many clams now—& leave their pearly shells open on the shore— Sometimes I find a little one which they have brought ashore in the night but left entire & alive. The green-rayed ones are they not a peculiar light blue within?

// I still see the *E. insculpta* coupled. the upper holding with its claws under the edge of the lower shell.

Oct 15

Pm. Go to look for white-pine cones but see none. Saw a striped squirrel on a rail fence with some kind

{Was it milkweed seed?}

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

The hornets' nests are exposed, the maples
but the hornets are gone

being bare, ^ I see one a very perfect
like a pitch pine cone
cone ^—uninjured by the birds—about 12
by a swamp

feet from the ground—^ 3 feet from the
end of a maple twig—& upheld by
it p alone passing through its top about

A few sere maple leaves adorn & partly conceal the crown at
an inch deep—7 1/2 inches wide by 8
the ends of slight twigs which are buried in it
long. What a wholesome color—some-
what like the maple bark—(& so again
concealed) laid on in successive layers

1/10 of an inch wide

in arcs of circles ^ eye-brow-wise—gray or
even white or brown. of various shades.

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

Oct 16th

Pm to the White-pine Grove beyond Beck
Stow's. What has got all the cones? How
evenly the freshly fallen pine needles are
spread on the ground quite like a carpet
throughout this grove—no square foot
is left bare. I dug down with a
stick & found that the layers of 3
or 4 years could be distinguished with
considerable ease—& much deeper

the old needles were raised in flakes
or layers still. The topmost or this
years' were faun colored—last years dark
dull reddish—& so they went on growing
darker & more decayed, till at the
depth of 3 inches—where perhaps the needles
were 15 or 20 years old they began to
have the aspect of a dark loose lying
virgin mould mixed with roots, (pine
cones & sticks—a little higher). The
freshly fallen needles lay as evenly strewn
as if sifted over the whole surface—giving
it a uniform neat faun color—tempting
one to stretch himself on it. They rested alike
on the few green leaves of pads—and the
fallen cones—& the cobwebs between them. In
every direction across one another like joggle
sticks. In course of years they are beaten by
rain & snow into a coarse thick matting
or felt—to cover the roots of the trees with.

I look at a grass bird on a
wall in the dry Great Fields¹— There is
a dirty white or creamcolored line above the
eye & another from the angle of the mouth
close
beneath it & a white ring ^ about the eye—
The breast is streaked with this creamy white
& dark brown in streams as in the cover
of a book.

Oct 17th

Pm up River— A fine Ind. sum-
// mer afternoon— There is much gossamer
on the button bushes now bare of leaves
and on the sere meadow grass

¹"Great Fields" possibly altered from "great fields"

looking toward the sun—in countless
parallel lines—like the ropes which con-
nect the masts of a vessel.

I see the roots of the great yellow
lily lying on the mud where they have
made a ditch in John Hosmer's Meadow
gray-colored when old & dry
for the sake of the mud. ^ Some are 3 1/2
inches in diameter with their great eyes
on ~~sh~~ protuberant shoulders where the
leaf-stalks stood in quincunx order around
them What rank vigor they suggest
—like serpents winding amid the mud
of the meadow— You see where the
ditcher's spade has cut them into masses
about as thick as long. What are those
clusters of cuplike cavities between the
eyes—some nearly a quarter of an inch in diam-
eter with a pistil like prominence within—?

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

Oct 18th

{after}

Last night I was reading Howitt's
account of the Australian gold diggings—
& had in my mind's eye the numerous
valleys with their streams—all cut up

{from}

with deep foul pits ^ 10 to 100 feet deep
& half a dozen feet across as close as

{half filled}

they can be dug—& half full of water—

{the to which}

where men furiously rushed to probe

for their fortunes. Uncertain where
they shall break ground—not knowing
but the gold is under their camp
itself. Sometimes digging 160 feet
before they strike the vein—or then
missing it by a foot— Turned into de-
mons & regardless of each others rights
in their thirst after riches— Whole
vallis for 30 miles suddenly honey-
combed by the pits of the miners so that
hundreds are drowned in them. Standing
in water & covered with mud & clay they
work night and day—dying of exposure &
{I say}

disease— Having read this ^—& partly for-
{accidentally}

gotten it—I was thinking ^ of my own
doing as others do

unsatisfactory life— ~~My eye but fixed~~
{& not keeping my star constantly in sight}

without any fixed star habitually
in my eye—my foot not planted on

&

any blessed isle— Then¹ with that vision
still

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

or {Why I}

only the finest particles—^ might not
sink a shaft down to the gold

²within me & work that mine.

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

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

crooked—in which you can walk with
love & reverence— Wherever a³ man
separates from the multitude &

indeed

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

the road—though the travellers along
the high way see only a gap in

the paling— V 5 ps forward

¹"Then" cancelled in pencil

²"At any rate—" written vertically in left margin, downward, forming right angle with "within"

³"a" altered from "an"

Pm. To Great meadows
to observe the hummocks left by the
ice. They are digging the pond at the
New Cemetery. I go by Peter's path—
How charming a foot path—Nihil
humanum &c— I was delighted to find
a new foot path crossing this toward
Garfields¹. The broad & dusty roads²
do not remind me of man so much
as of cattle & horses. There are a
great many crows scattered about
on the meadow— What do they get
to eat there. Also I scare up a dozen
larks at once— A large brown marsh-
hawk comes beating the bush along the
river—& ere long a slate col. one (male)³—
with black tips is seen circling against
a distant woodside. I scare up in
midst of the meadow a great
many dark colored sparrows—one
or 2 at a time—which go off with
a note somewhat like the lesser redpoll's
{prob—what I think must be these larks in fall of '58}
—Some migrating kind I think, //

There is a hummock—in the lower part
of the meadow near the river—every 2 or
where they appeared so thick last year
3 rods—sometimes consisting of that coarse
meadow grass or sedge—but⁴ quite
as often of⁵ the commoner meadow sod—
Very often it has lodged on one of those
the
yellowish circles of sedge—it being higher.
— Last winters hummocks are not much
flattened down yet. I am inclined
to think that the coarse sedgy

¹"G" written over "g"

²poss. "roads"

³Paren written over dash

⁴"but" possibly altered from "as"

⁵"of" altered from "as" or "or"

hummocks do not fall so round
at first but are wont to grow or
spread in that wise when a fragment

Perhaps the sedge is oftenest lifted because it is so coarse
has been dropped. ^ There is no life
perceptible on this broad meadow ex-
cept what I have named— The crows
are very conspicuous—black against the
green— The maple swamps bare of
leaves here & there about the meadow
look like smoke blown along the
edge of the woods. Some distinct
maples wholly stripped—look very whol{e}-
some & neat—nay even ethereal.

Today my shoes are whitened with the
gossamer which I noticed yesterday on
the meadow grass. I find the white
fragments of a tortoise shell in the

30 or 40 pieces—straight sided polygons
meadow ^—which ap. a hay cart
passed ove{r}— They look like broken
crockery. I brought it home & amused
myself with putting it together.
It is a painted tortoise. The variously
formed sections or component parts
of the shell are not broken but
only separated— To restore them
to their places is like the gam{e} which
children play with pieces of wood com-
pleting a picture. It is surprising to ob-
serve how{—}these different parts are knitted
together by countless minute teeth on their
edges— Then the scales which are

& therefore larger commonly
not nearly so numerous ^ are so placed
over the former as to break joints

always, as appears by those¹ indented lines at their edges—& the serrations of the shell. These scales too slightly over lap each other—i.e. the foremost over the next behind—so that they may² not be rubbed off. Thus the whole case is bound together like a very stout band-box— The bared shell is really a very interesting study. The sternum in its natural position looks ~~sør~~ like

well contrived

a ^ drag—turned up at the sides ~~where it is~~ in one solid piece.

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

When I was surveying for Le Gross as we went to our work in the morning we passed by the Dudley family tomb. & Le Gross remarked to me all in good faith— "Would'nt³ you like to see old Daddy Dudley— He lies in there—I'll get the keys if you'd like— I sometimes go in and look at him.

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

end fitting firmly into a deep hole in ^{an} ~~the~~ edge
or process?

bone—& also a projection to meet the spinal column at the upper end— Some of these plates (?) I fitted together far more closely & wonderfully

¹"those" poss written over "the"

²"may" poss written over "can"

³Possibly "wouldn't"

considering the innumerable sharp serrations than any child's wooden sections of a picture— Yet it is impossible to put the whole together again—so perfectly do the plates interlock & dovetail into each other at different angles—& they could only have grown together & shrunk apart. It is an admirable system of breaking joints both in the arrangement of the parts of the shell & in that of the scales which overlap the serrations of the former—

The sternum consists of 9 parts—there being an extra triangular or pentagonal piece under the head or throat. The two middle pieces on each side curve¹ upward to meet the edge bones—without any serration or joint at the lower edge of

Nor is there any joint in the scales there.

the sternum there.

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

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

Those bright-red marks on the

¹"curve" altered from "curves"

²Possibly "The" (compare this with "They" in "They look like broken" on p. 123)

marginal scales of the painted tortoise



remind me of some Chinese¹ or
other oriental lacquer work—on
waiters (?)— This color fades to a pale-
yellow— The color is wholly in the

of the brightest colors, the yellow marks on tortoise
shells are the fastest.

scale above the bone.

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

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

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

^ most successful— Is not our native
soil auriferous— Does² not a stream
from the golden mountains flow
through our native valley—& has it³

this

not ^ for more than geologic ages
been⁴ bringing down the shining particles

¹"C" written over "c"

²Possibly "Doe"

³"it" cancelled in pencil

⁴"been" written over other characters

{forming}

and ^ the nuggets—{?} Yet strange
to tell if a digger steal away prospecting
for this true gold into the unexplored
solitudes, there is no danger alas

any

that¹ ^ will dog his steps—& endeavor
to supplant him— He may claim &
undermine the whole valley even

{uncultivated}

both the cultivated & uninhabited portions

~~the whole world~~

for

^ his whole life long in peace—&² no
one will ever dispute his claim³—
They will not mind his cradles or
his toms. He is not confined to a
claim 12 feet square as at Ballarat—
~~but~~⁴—but may mine anywhere &
wash the whole wide world in his tom. v 5 ps

forward

To rebuild the tortoise shell
is a far finer game than any geograph-
ical or other puzzle—for the pieces

not

do ^ merely make part of a plane surface
—but you have got to build a roof

the connecting walls

& a floor—& ~~connect them~~— These
are not only thus dovetailed & braced &
knitted & bound together—but also
held together⁵ by the skin & muscles within.
It is a band-box.

Oct 19th

Pm. To⁶ Pine Hill for chestnuts.

It is a very pleasant afternoon—
quite still & cloudless—with a thick
haze concealing the distant hills— Does

// not this haze mark—the Indian Sum-
mer? I see Mrs Riorden & her
little boy coming out of the woods

¹"that" poss written over "than" or other letters

²"&" cancelled in pencil

³Altered from "claims" ("s" cancelled)

⁴"but" cancelled in pencil

⁵Altered from "by"

⁶"T" poss. altered from "t"

with their bundles of faggots on their backs— It is surprising what great bundles of wood an Irishwoman will contrive to carry— I confess that though I could carry one—I should hardly think of making such a bundle of them. They are first regularly tied up & then carried on the back by a rope—somewhat like the Indian women & their straps. There is a strange similarity—& the little boy carries his bundle proportionally large. The sticks about 4 feet long. They make haste to deposit their loads before I see them for they do not know how pleasant a sight it is to me— The Irishwoman does the squaw's part in many respects.

Riorden also buys the old railroad sleepers at 3 dolls a hundred—but they are much decayed & full of sand. Therien tells me—when I ask if he has seen or heard any large birds lately—that he heard a cock crow this morning—a wild one in the woods— It seems a dozen fowls (chickens) were lost out of the cars here a fortnight ago. Poland has caught some & they have one at the shanty—but this cock at least is still abroad & cant be caught. If they could survive the winter I suppose we should have had wild hens before

now— Sat and talked with Therien
at the Pond—by the RR— He says
that James Baker told the story
of the perch leaping into a man's
throat &c. of his father or Uncle (Amos?)

The woods about the pond are
now a perfect October picture—Yet
there have been no very bright tints
this fall. The young white & the
shrub-oak¹ leaves were withered before
late
the frosts came.—perhaps by the ^ drought
after the wet Spring.

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

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

// creaking. I see at last a few

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

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

¹Altered from "shrub-oaks"

That globular head of pale yellow
 along the wood road
 spheres—of seed parachutes ^ (down)
 is
 seems to be the rough hawkweed
 The single heads of savory leaved aster
 are of the same color now—

at 5 o clock

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



Again¹ it is
 curved—say
 broken into



—then several pieces—then straight

Then spread and blown aside at the point like smoke from
 & entire again. ^ Of course{—}

if there were eyes enough to oc-

a chimney
 thus

cupy all the east side of the pond the
 shore

whole pond would be seen a{s} one dazzling

Such beauty & splendor

shimmering lake of melted gold. adorns our walks.

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

¹"Again" possibly written over "of"

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

// See slate col. snow birds.

Talking

~~Arguing~~ with Bellew this evening about Fourierism & communities—I said that I suspected any enterprise in which 2 were engaged together. But said he it is difficult to make a stick stand unless you slant 2 or more against it— Oh no, answered¹ I, you may split its lower end into 3—or drive

which ~~the last~~ is the best way{-}

it single into the ground ^—but most men when they start on a new enterprise not only figuratively but actually really pull up stakes. When² The sticks prop one another none or only one—stands erect.

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

It seems that he

I was only 2 yearl old then"— I was born in that neighborhood."

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

¹"answered" written over "said"

²"W" possibly written over "w"

no comforts.

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

In my opinion there was no danger for¹
{of that though}

He is a hopelessly ruined man;—" ^ He

{added Howitt}

had already knocked his brains out against the nugget— But he is a type of the class— They are all fast men.

Hear some of the names of the places where they dig—"Jackass Flat—"Sheep's-head Gully."—"Sulky Gully" "Murderer's Flat" &c

Bar

{Is there no permanent satire in these names.— Let
Let them carry their ill-gotten wealth where they will—Whether to
Beacon St. or Broadway it will still be Jackass flat &c &c where they live.}

Oct 20th

P. m.

To Nawshawtuck. Agreeable

withered &

to me is the scent of the ^ decaying leaves

pontederias

& pads ^ on each side as I paddle up the river this still cloudy day—with the faint twittering or chirping of a sparrow still amid the bare button bushes—

It is the scent of the year passing away like a decaying fungus—but leaving a rich mould I trust.

On the 18th ult I found the Great

¹"for" cancelled in pencil

Meadows wet—yet Beck stow's was
remarkably dry— Last summer
the case was reversed.

I find here & there on the hill apples
sometimes 3 or 4—carried to the mouth of
4 or 5 rods from the tree
a striped squirrel's hole ^—with the marks
of his teeth in them—by which he carried them{—}
and the chankings or else fragments
of the skin of others there. There is no
heap of sand to betray these little holes
but they but they descend perpendicularly
in the midst of a clean sod.

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

I see on the dead top of a hickory
twittering very much like swallows—18 &
more blue-birds—perhaps preparing
to migrate
I have collected & split up now quite
a pile of drift wood—rails—& riders—&
& stumps
stems ^ of trees—perhaps 1/2 or 3/4 of a tree.
It is more amusing not only to collect
this with my boat & bring up from
the river on my back—but to split it
also—than it would be to speak
to a farmer for a load of wood—
& to saw & split that. Each stick
I deal with has a history & I read
it as I am handling it—and last
of all I remember my adventures

in getting it while it is burning in the winter evening— That is the most interesting part of its history— It has made part of a fence or a bridge perchance or has been rooted out of a clearing & bears the marks of fire on it. When I am splitting it I study the effects of water on it—and if it is a stump the curiously winding grain—by which it separates into so many prongs—how to take advantage of its grain—& split it most easily. I find that a dry oak stump will split pretty easily in the direction of its diameter—but not at right angles with it—or along its circles of growth.— I got out some good knees for a boat—

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

Some of my acquaintances have been wondering why I took all this pains —bringing some nearly 3 miles by water—& have suggested various reasons for it. I tell them in my despair of making them understand me, that it is a which it has proved profound secret—^ yet I did hint to them that one reason was that I wanted to get it.

I take some satisfaction in eating my food, as well as in being nourished by it.

I feel well at dinner time as well
as after it.

The world will never find out why you
dont love to have your bed tucked up
for you—why you will be so perverse.

I enjoy more drinking water
at a clear spring, than out of a goblet
at a gentleman's table— I like best the
bread

eake which I have baked—the gar-
ment which I have made—the shelter
which I have constructed—the
fuel which I have ~~collected~~ gathered—

It is always a recommenda-
tion to me to know that a man has
ever been poor—has been regularly born
into this world—knows the language.

I require to be assured of certain
philosophers that they have once been
bare-footed—foot sore—have eaten
a crust because they had nothing
better—& know what sweetness
resides in it.

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

Oct 21st

It began to rain about 10 o'clock
last evening after a cloudy day—&
it still rains gently but steadily this

The wind must be east—for I hear the church bell very plainly—
morning. ^ Looking into the yard I see

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

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

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

¹"an" possibly altered from "&"

²"M" altered from "m"

certain caged fool—since dead since he was
here—who had lived near where he boarded—
also after a certain ancient tavern since

now

pulled down—this at odd intervals, for
he improved all the rest of his time while
he was here in attending a sabbath school
convention.

I have been thinking over with father the
old houses on this street— There was the
Hubbard (?) house at the fork of the roads—
The Thayer (Bø house—(now Garrisons) The Sam
Jones's now Channings— Willoughby Prescotts
(a bevel roof—which I do not remember) where
Lorings is— (Hoars was built by a Prescott)—
Ma'm Bond's. The Jones Tavern (Bigelow's)
The old Hurd (or Cumming's?) house— The Dr
Hurd House— The Old Mill—& The Richardson
Tavern (which I do not remember— On this
side— The Monroe-house in which we lived
—The Parkman House which W^m Heywood

20 yrs ago

told me ^ that he helped raise the rear of
60 years before—(it then sloping to one story
behind) & that then it was called an

Dr Ripley said that a Bond built it.

old house ^ . The Merrick house— A rough-

Betty?

cast house where Bates' is ^—& all the
S side of the mill dam— Still further
from the center—the old houses & sites are
about as numerous as above— Most
of these houses—slanted to one story behind—

Pm up Assabet.

A damp cloudy day only after all & scarcely
any rain— A good day for all Hunters to be
out—especially on the water.

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

At length they separate to feed &
I see them running up to the very
tops of the Swamp White oaks & out
to the extremities of the bows & jumping

at the extreme twig which bears acorns
which they cut off & devour—sitting on
a firmer limb. It is surprising how rapidly
they devour one after another dropping
the cups & scales—& bits of the meat.

It is surprising also to observe when one
wishes to reach a certain part of a neigh-
boring {tree} how surely he runs back to the
trunk & then selects the right limb by
which to reach it—without any hesitation
as if it new the road.

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

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

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

¹"i" written over "I"

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

Oct 22nd

Another cloudy day without rain.

P. m. to Fair Haven Hill via Hubbards
Grove—

How welcome this still cloudy day—
an inward sunniness more than
makes up for the want of an
external one. As I pass this grove

open
I see the ^ ground strewn & colored
with the yellow leaves which have
been wafted from a large black
birch 10 rods within the wood.

I see at a distance the scattered
birch tops like yellow flames amid
the pines—also in another direction
the red of oaks in the bossoms of
a pine wood—& in sproutlands

& uniform
on Fair Haven the deep ^ red of young
oaks.

I sat on a bank at the brook crossing be-
// yond the grove to watch a flock of seringos
perhaps savannah sparrows—which with some
F hiemalis & other sparrows were actively flitting
about amid the alders & dogwood

At last I saw one resting a moment
to prune himself—& in this operation he
opened his plumage very thoroughly to me—
Distinct yellow eyebrows extending round
beneath the bill—tail blackish or dusky—
primaries bay or chestnut—2ndaries?¹ edged
with white—some white lines on shoulders—
pale—flesh col— bill & legs—toward vent

{Was I sure?}

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

//

sparrow

to a ~~bird~~ which escaped—it alighted amid
the alders in front within 4 rods of me—
It was attracted attracted by the same
objects which attracted me. It sat a
few moments balancing itself & spreading
its tail and wings—a chubby little
fellow. Its back appeared a sort of

deep chocolate brown. Every sparrow at once
concealed itself apparently deep in the bushes
next the ground— Once² or twice he dashed
down there amid the alders & tried to
catch one. In a few minutes he skimmed
along the hedge by the path—& disappeared
westward— But presently hearing the sound
of his wings amid the bushes I look up
& saw him dashing along through
the willows & then out & upward high
over the meadow in pursuit of a
sparrow (perhaps a seringo)—the sparrow
flew pretty high & kept doubling

¹Question mark possibly inserted

²"O" poss written over "o"

within a dozen or 15 rods of me.

When it flew direct the hawk gained and
got within 2 or 3 feet of it—but
when it doubled it gained on the hawk—
so the latter soon gave up the chase
& the little bird flew off with high
over my head with a panting breath &
a rippling ricochet flight toward the
high pine grove— When I passed

the path

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

No doubt they warned each other

within 2 or 3 feet. by a peculiar note.

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

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

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

¹"too" possibly altered from "to"

²A single downstroke written above the dash following "summer"

They have felled & carted off that middling sized
white oak just beyond— I count about 120
rings of growth. In potters maple swamp—
where the red maple leaves lie in thick
beds on the ground what a strong—
mustiness—even sourness in some places—
Yet I like this scent— With the present
associations sweet to me is the musti-
ness of the grave itself. I hear a hyla //
The swamp pyrus—Amelanchier—is leafing //
again— One opening leaflet is an
inch long while the reddish yellow
leaves still hold on at the end of

Its

the twig above— These green swollen
buds are generally conspicuous curving
round the stems. There is a twig full of those
dead black leaves on one. It is a
new spring there. I hear the sound
of the first flail from W^m Wheeler's
barn. I mark the gray diverging
stems of the dogwood which is now
bare—topped with the long recurved
dry panicles like loose barbs.

I think that the trees generally have not
worne very brilliant colors this month—
but I find today—that many small
shrubs ~~in the~~ which have been protected by
the forest—are remarkably fair & bright.
— They perhaps have not felt the drought

They are the best preserved and the most delicately tinted
nor been defaced by insects— ^ I see the
maple viburnum leaves a dark dull //

spotted

^ crimson toward the edges—like some
wild apples— I distinguish it from the red-

maple at first only by its downy feeling
beneath & the simple form of some leaves

These have also a short petiole & not a sharp sinus

^ Then there is the more or less crimson

nudum viburnum—passing from scarlet 1

through crimson—to black spotted 2

The blackness spreads very fast in one night

glossy

crimson in its decay. ^ The ^ scarlet

blueberries & the redder huckleberries—

—the scarlet choke berry or vermilion

some red maples which ar yellow

with only scarlet eyes. But still in

the shade & shelter of the woods as

fair as anything the leaves of the

so clear of injury from insects

wild cherry—^ passing from green

cherry red

through yellow or a ^ reddish yellow

to the palest & purest imaginable

The palest fawn with a mere {ef}¹ tinge of cherry—with their fine over lapping serrations
/twisted

cherry color ^— Those great ^ yellow

leaves of hickory sprouts—yellow &

green from which I used to drink—

& here is² a very handsome orange

red high blackberry leaf with its 5

all perfect—most are dark red

leafets—^ But all these like shells

& pebbles must be seen on their own

seashore. There are 2 seasons

when the leaves are in their glory

their green & perfect youth in June

& this their ripe old age. Some of

the very young oak leaves have the deepest

lustreless or inward scarlet of any.

reddish

in the woods

Most of the ^ oak leaves now ^ are spotted

mildewed as it were by the drip from above.

Brought home the 3 kinds of Lechea

whose pretty whorls of radical shoots or branches

are now methinks more conspicuous than

¹Possibly "eh"

²"is" possibly written over "a"

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

The Plymouth fishermen have just come home from the Banks except one
Oct 23^d

Pm to Saw Mill Brook.

The streets are strewn with buttonwood leaves—which rustle under your feet and the children are busy raking them into heaps—some for bonfires—The large elms are bare—not yet the buttonwoods— The sugar maples on the common stand dense masses of rich yellow leaves with a deep scarlet

far more than blush— They are remarkably brilliant this year blush ^ on the exposed surfaces. The last are as handsome as any trees in the street. I am struck with the handsome form & clear though very pale say lemon yellow of the black birch leaves on sprouts in the woods—finely serrate—& distinctly plaited—from the mid rib. I plucked 3 leaves from

{an underwood}

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

//

¹"B" written over "b"

& passed round the supper table
a sheet of white paper ^ & several in-
I never saw such colors painted{.}
quired particularly where I found them.
–They were without spot–ripe leaves
Yet some spots appeared & they were partly wilted the next morning.
{so delicate are they}

The small willows 2 or 3 feet high
by the roadside in woods–have some
chrome with a gloss \ The sprouts are later to
rich deep ^ yellow leaves ^– ripen & richer colored.

The pale whitish leaves of hore hound
in damp grassy paths with its spicy fruit
in the axils–are tinged with purple or lake
more or less

Going through what was E{.} Hosmers
Muck hole pond now almost entirely
dry–the surface towards the shore
is covered with a dry crust more
or less cracked–which crackles
under my feet– I strip it up
like bark in long pieces 3/4 of an
inch thick & a foot wide & 2 long–
It appears to be composed of fine mosses
& perhaps utricularia & the like such as
grow in water. A little sphagnum is
quite conspicuous erect, but dry, in it.

// Now is the time for chestnuts.
A stone cast against the tree shakes
them down in showers upon ones head
& shoulders– But I cannot excuse
myself for using the stone– It is
not innocent–it is not just so to
maltreat the tree that feeds us.
I am not disturbed by considering that
if I thus shorten its life I shall
not enjoy its fruit so long–but
am prompted to a more innocent

course by motives purely of humanity— I
sympathize with the tree— Yet I heaved
a big stone against the trunk, like
a robber—not too good to commit murder—
I trust that I shall never do it against
These gifts should be accepted not merely
with gentleness but with a certain humble
gratitude. The tree whose fruit we
would obtain should not be too rudely
shaken even— It is not a time of distress
when a little haste & violence even might
be pardoned— It is worse than boorish
it is criminal to inflict an unnecessary
injury on the tree that feeds or
shadows us— Old trees are our
parents—& our parents' parents perchance.
If you would learn the secrets of
Nature¹ you must practise more
humanity than others.

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

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

¹"N" possibly written over "n"

Is that tall weed in Mrs Brook's

Cacalia Suaveolens??

// Yard ~~Nabalus~~ **Cropidineus?**

Yet stem more angled than grooved. 4 or 5 feet high— Some time ago.

Cousin Charles writes that his horse
drew 5286 pounds up the hill
from Hales' Factory at Cattle show
in Haverhill the other day.

Oct 24th

Rained last night & all this day
for the most part—bringing down
the leaves—button woods & Sugar
maples in the street. The rich yellow
& scarlet leaves of the sugar maple
on the Common—which now thickly
cover the grass in great circles about
the trees—1/2 having fallen—look
like the reflection of the trees in
water—& light up the common reflect-

surrounding

ing light even to the ~~common~~ houses.

The gentle touch of the rain brings
down more leaves than the wind.

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

There are the British marching into
town in front of the meeting house—&
facing about in front of where the
Tavern now stands— Scattered Britons
going up the Main street & about the
town—& 2 officers on the Burying Hill
looking N with a spy glass—
The meeting house stands as I
remember it—but with 3 stories of windows
door in front toward common—

horse sheds & noon? houses behind & one side.
and no porches or spire— ^ The Jarvis
house then Wrights tavern very plain— A
Bevel roofed house endwise to the road where
the Middlesex House¹ is—which Mrs B— calls
Yes & Pres. Langdon lived there
the Dr{.} Minot House² then a little hut then
the same altered was the tavern I knew—
the Old Courthouse about where the brick
school house is— (This the extreme right)—

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

N

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

¹"H" written over "h"

²"??" cancelled in pencil

³"M" written over "m"

⁴"R" written over "r"

Oct 25th

Quite cold it has cleared up after the rain— Pm. I row up the river which has risen 8 or 9 inches— After those¹ pleasant & warm days it is suddenly cold & windy—& the risen waters have an angry look— It is uncomfortable rowing with wet hands in this wind— The muskrats must now prepare for winter in earnest— I see many places where they have left clam shells recently. Now gather all your apples—if you have not before—or the frost will have them. The willows along the river now begin to

somewhat

look faded & ^ bare and wintry.

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

Oct 26 Pm to Conantum.



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

The old house on Conantum is fast falling down. Its chimney laid in clay measures on the lower floor—

across the hearth oven & a small fireplace

12 1/2 feet in breadth ^—parrallel with the end of the house— On a level with the chamber floor it measures on the front side 8 feet. The mantle

¹"those" possibly written over "the"

tree of a small fire place in the a
 chamber is an oak joist with the
 inside corner sloped off thus . That
 of the great kitchen fire place is
 a pine timber 10 inches by 13 also with
 a great sloped surface within showing
 traces of fire.  The small girders (?)
 of the roof overlap a foot or more on
 the rafters—¹?. I see some farmers now
 cutting up their corn. The sweet vibur- //
 num leaves hang thinly on the bushes and
 are a dull crimsonish red. What apples
 are left out now I presume that the
 farmers do not mean to gather— The
 witch-hazel is still freshly in flower—&
 near it I see a houstonia in bloom //
 The hill side is slippery with new fallen
 white pine leaves— The leaves of the oaks
 & hickories have begun to be browned—lost
 their brilliancy. I examine some frost
 weed there near the hazel. It is still quite
 alive—indeed just out of bloom{—}& its //
 the leaves now a purplish brown.
 bark at the ground is quite light &
 entire— Pulling² it up I find bright //
 pink shoots to have put forth 1/2 an inch
 long—& starting even at the surface of the
 sod. Is not this as well on its second
 blossoming, somewhat peculiar to this
 plant—? & may it not be that when
 at last the cold is severe the sap is
 frozen & bursts the bark & the breath
 of the dying plant is frozen about
 it?

¹Paren written over dash

²"P" written over "p"

A columbine leaf curiously marked by the eating of an insect—a broad white trail corresponding mainly to the lobes of the leaf—

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

I sometimes think that I must go off to some wilderness where I can have a better opportunity to play life—where can find more suitable materials to build my house with—and enjoy¹ the pleasure of collecting my fuel in the forest.

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

Oct 27 Pm—

A-chestnutting down the Turnpike—
There are many fringed gentians, now considerably frostbitten, in what was E. Hosmer's meadow between his dam & the road. It is high time we came a-nutting for the nuts have nearly all fallen—and you must depend on what you can find on the

//

{left by the squirrels—& cannot shake down any more to speak of}
ground ^ . The trees are nearly all bare of leaves as well as burs. The wind comes cold from the N. W. as if there were snow on the earth in that di-

¹"n" inserted

I try one of the wild apples in my desk—
// rection. Larches are yellowing

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

or November

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

unexpectedly

they are ^ harsh crude things. They must
be eaten in the fields when your sys-
tem is all aglow with exercise— The
frosty weather nips your fingers (in Novem-
ber) the wind rattles the bare boughs &
rustles the leaves—& the jay is heard
screaming around.

So there is one thought for the field,
another for the house.

I would have my thoughts—like wild
apples, to be food for walkers—& will
not warrant them to be palatable
if tasted in the house.

To appreciate the flavor of those wild apples
requires vigorous & healthy senses—papillae
firm & erect on the tongue & palate—not
easily tamed & flattened. Some of those apples
might be labelled—"To be eaten in the wind."

It takes a healthy out-doors appetite—to relish the apple of life
—the apple of the world.

Oct 28th

P. m. By boat to Leaning hemlocks— I think
it was the 18th ult that I first noticed
snow fleas on the surface of the river amid
the weeds at its edge— Green leaves are
now so scarce that the polypody at
the Island rock—is¹ more conspicuous.

& the terminal shield fern (?) further up

As I paddle under the hemlock bank this
cloudy afternoon—about 3 o'clock—I
see a screech owl sitting on the edge of
a hollow hemlock stump about 3 feet
high, at the base of a large hemlock.
It sits with its head drawn in eyeing me
with its eyes partly open—about 20 feet
off— When it hears me move—it turns its

perhaps

head toward me—^ one eye only open—with its
great glaring golden iris— You see 2
whitish triangular lines above the eyes meeting
at the bill—~~and~~ ~~ae~~ with a sharp reddish
brown triangle between & a narrow curved
hue of black under each eye— At
this² distance & in this light you see

//

¹"is" written over "are"
²"this" written over "the"

only a black spot where the eye is
& the question is whether the eyes are
open or not. It sits on the lee side
of the tree this raw & windy day— You
would say that this was a bird with-
short
out a neck— Its ^ bill which rests upon
its breasts scarcely projects at all—but
in a state of rest the whole upper part
of the bird from¹ the wings is rounded off
smoothly excepting the horns—which
stand up conspicuously or are slanted
back. After watching it 10 minutes from
the boat I landed 2 rods above
& stealing quietly up behind the hem-
lock—though from the windard—I looked
carefully round it & to my surprise saw the
owl still sitting there—so I sprang round
quickly with my arm outstretched and
caught in my hand— It was so sur-
prised that it offered no resistance at
first—only glared at me in mute
astonishment with eyes as big as saucers
— But ere long it began to snap its bill
—making quite a noise—& as I rolled it
up in my handkerchief & put it in
my pocket—it bit my finger slightly.
— I soon took it out of my pocket
it
& tying the handkerchief left ^ on the
bottom of the boat
So I carried it home & made a
small cage in which to keep it for
a night. When I took it up it clung
so tightly to my hand as to sink its

¹"from" written over "is"

claws into my fingers & bring blood.

When alarmed or provoked most it snaps its bill and hisses— It puffs up its feathers to nearly twice its usual size stretches out its neck—& with wide open eyes stares this way & that moving its head slowly & undulatingly from side to side—with a curious motion. While I write this evening I see that there is ground for much superstition in it. It looks out on me from a dusky corner of its box with its great solemn eyes—so perfectly still{.} its self. I was surprised to find that I could imitate its note as I remember it—by a guttural whinnering.

A remarkably squat figure—being very broad in proportion to its length—with a short tail—& very catlike in the face with its horns & great eyes. Remarkably

thickly
large feet & talons—legs ^ clothed with whitish down down to the talons— It brought blood from my fingers by clinging to them.

It would lower its head—stretch out its neck & bending it from side to side peer at you with laughable circum-spection—from side to side as if to catch or absorb into its eyes every ray of light strain at you with complacent yet earnest scrutiny

Raising & lowering its head & moving it from side to side in a slow & regular manner after at the same time snapping its bill smartly perhaps—& faintly hissing—and

puffing itself up more & more—Catlike—
turtle-like—both in hissing & swelling.
The slowness & gravity—not to say solemnity
of this motion are striking. There plainly
is no jesting in this case.

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

General color of the owl ^{a rather} ^{& perhaps slightly} pale ^{reddish}
the feathers centered with black
brown. ^{Perches with 2 claws above & 2 below}
the perch. It is a slight body covered with
a mass of soft & light lying feathers. Its
head muffled in a great hood— It must
be quite comfortable in winter.

^{& bones (?)}
Dropped¹ a pellet of fir ^{in his cage}. He sat
not really moping but trying to sleep
in a corner of his box all day—yet with
one or both eyes slightly open all the while—
I never once caught him with his eyes shut.

Ordinarily stood rather than sat on his perch—

Oct 29th

P. m. Up Assabet— Carried my owl
to the hill again— Had² to shake him out
of the box—for he did not go out of his
own accord— (He had learned to alight
on his perch—& it was surprising how
lightly & noiseless he would hop

^{he}
upon it.) There ^{stood on the grass}
at first bewildered—with his horns
pricked up & looking toward me.
In this strong light the pupils of
his eyes suddenly contracted & the iris
expanded till they were two great

¹"Dropped" possibly altered from "dropped"

²"Had" altered from "had"

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

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

¹"gathering" altered from "gathered"

stump about 3 feet high at the bottom
of a large hemlock—amid the darkness
of the evergreens that {—} cloudy day.
— (It threatened to rain every moment). At
the bottom of the hollow or 18 inches be-
neath him—was a very soft bed of the fine

(hypnum)

green moss ^ which grows on the bank
close by—probably his own bed. It had
been recently put there.

When I moved him in his cage he would
cling to the perch though it was in a
perpendicular position—one ~~ab~~ foot
above another—suggesting his habit
of clinging to & climbing the inside of

I do not remember any perpendicular line in
hollow trees. his eyes—as in those of the cat.

I see many aphides very thick & long tailed

// // on the alders. Soap wort gentian

// & Pasture thistle still. There are
many fresh election cake toadstools
amid the pitch pines there—& also

higher

very regular ^ hemispherical ones with
a regularly warted or peppered surface.

As I was passing Merricks Pasture¹

I saw & counted about a hundred crows

// advancing in² a great rambling
flock from the SE & crossing the river
on high—& cawing.

There is a wild apple on the hill
which has to me a peculiarly pleasant
bitter tang—not perceived till it is 3/4

It remains on the tongue. As you cut it it smells like a squash-bug
tasted. ^ I like its very acerbity— It is
a sort of triumph to eat & like it—
an ovation— In the fields alone

¹"P" written over "p"

²"in" possibly altered from "a"

are the sour & bitter of Nature ap-
preciated— Just as the woodchopper
~~basks in a sun~~ eats his meal
in a sunny glade in middle of
a winter day—with contentment—
in a degree of cold which experienced
in the house would make the student
miserable—Basks in a sunny ray
and dreams of Summer—in a degree
of cold which felt in a chamber would
make a student wretched. They who are
abroad at work are not cold— It is they
As with cold & heat
who sit shivering in houses. so with sweet & sour—
This natural raciness—sour & bitter & c
which the diseased palate refuses
^—are the true castors—and condiments.

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

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

The swamp White oak has a fine firm
leathery leaf with a silver underside—
now half of them now turned up.

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

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

// Returning I scare up a blue heron from
the bathing rock this side the Island— It
is whitened by its droppings in great
splashes a foot or more wide. He has evi-
dently frequented it to watch for fish
there. Also a flock of black of

// black birds fly eastward over my head from
the top of an oak—either red-wings
or grackles.

Wednesday¹ Oct 30th

Going to the New Cemetery—I see that

// the Scarlet oak leaves have² still some brightness
—perhaps the latest of the oaks.

Thursday Nov³ 1st

Pm— Up Assabet—a-wooding

After a rain-threatening morning

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

¹"Wednesday" written over "Tuesday"

²"have" altered from "has"

³"Thursday Nov" written over "Weds Oct"

is akin¹ to sin to spend such a day in the
house— The air is still & warm— This
too is the recovery of the year— As if the
year having nearly or quite accomplished
its work—and abandoned all design
were in a more favorable and poetic
mood—and thought rushed in to fill the

Whole schools of little minnows leap from the surface
vacuum— The ^ river perfectly smooth— The
at once with a silvery gleam.

wool-grass² with its drooping head & the
slender withered leaves dangling about its
stem—stands in in little sheaves upon its
tussucks—clean dry straw—and is thus
reflected in the water— This is the novem-
ber shore— The maples and swamp oaks
& willows are for the most part bare
but some of the oaks a partly clothed
Yet with withered ones—I see one wht—
maple quite thick & green—& some
black willows are thinly clad with green
leaves—& many yellowish leaves are
seen on the sallows rising above the
bare button bushes— Yet I see no
painted tortoises out—& I think it is

//

see forward Nov 11

about a fortnight since I saw any ^.

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

¹"akin" possibly altered from "a sin"

²"wool" altered from "wood"

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

The wood I get is pretty rotten—

of an oak

The under sides ^ which have lain for years
on the miry bank is turned almost²

in this I find ants.

to mould ^ while the upper—is hard
& dry— Or else it is stumps whose fangs
have so rotted off that I can kick
them over at last—but then I must
then I must shake out a half a
peck or more of mould. I made
out to get one great & heavy stump
to the water—20 rods distant—by ant
like—turning it over & over laboriously
— It sunk my craft low in the water.
Others are boughs which in the winter
fell or were dragged down by the
ice—their tops in the water & their
buts on shore. These I saw off where
they dip into the water, though the
saw pinches.

¹"wool" altered from "wood"

²"almost" altered from "to"

Returning in the twilight I see a
bat over the river— //

Nov 4th

Pm. to Hill by Assabet¹

black

This forenoon the boys found a little ^ kitten about
1/3 grown on the Island or Rock—but
could not catch it. We supposed that
some one had cast it in to drown it— This
P. m. as I was paddling by the Island I saw
what I thought a duck swimming
down the river diagonally to the S shore
just below the grassy island opposite
the rock—then I thought it two ducks
—then a muskrat. It passed out of sight
round a bend. I landed & walked along
shore & found that it was the kitten—
which had just got ashore— It was
quite wet excepting its back— It swam
quite rapidly the whole length of its back
out—but was carried down about
as fast by the stream. It had probably
first crossed—from the rock to the
grassy island—& then from the lower end
of this to the town side of the stream
—on which side it may have been attracted
by the noise of the town. It was quite rather
weak &² staggered as it ran—from

being wet

starvation or cold ^ or both— A very pretty
little black kitten.

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

¹"A" possibly written over "a"

²"&" written over "—"

or boards have been left by the waters edge—the river silently takes up & carries away.

The Winter is approaching—the

Much small stuff from the pail factory.

birds are almost all gone— The note of the dee de de sounds now more distinct—prophetic of winter—as I go amid the wild apples in Nawshaw-tuct.— The autumnal dandelion shelterd by this apple tree trunk—is drooping & half closed—& shows but half its yellow this dark late wet day in the fall.

Gathered a bag of wild apples— A great part are decayed now on the ground— The snail slug is still eating them. Some have very fiery crimson spots or eyes on a very white ground. Returned & went // up the Main stream— Larches are now quite yellow—in the midst of their fall

The river brink—at a little distance at least) is now all sere & ð rustling— except a few yellowed sallow leaves though beyond in the meadows there fresh

is some ^ greenness—but cattle seem

They are turned into the meadows now where is all the greenness to stray wider for feed than¹ they did—^ New fences are erected to take advantage of all the fall feed— But the rank —herbage of the rivers' brink was² more tender & has fallen before the frosts. Many new muskrat houses have been erected this wet weather—& much gnawed root is floating— When I look away to the woods—the oaks have a dull dark red now—without brightness

tops

—the willow³ ^ on causeways have a pale bleached silvery—or wool-grass like look—

¹"t" written over "-"

²"was" written over "is"

³"willow" altered from "willows"

See some large flocks of *F. hiemalis* which //
fly with a clear but faint chinking chirp—
& from time to time you hear quite a
strain half warbled from them. They rise
in a body from the ground & fly to the trees as
you approach— There are a few tree sparrows //
with them— These and one small soaring //
hawk are all the birds I see.
I have failed to find white pine seed this
year though I began to look for it a month //
ago— The cones were¹ fallen & open. Look
the first of September.

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

It takes a savage or wild taste to appreciate
a wild apple. I remember 2 old maids
to whose house I enjoyed carrying a
purchaser to talk about buying² their
in the winter
farm ^—because they offered us wild apples.
—though with an unnecessary apology for
their wildness.

Nov. 5th

I hate the present modes of living & get-
ting a living— Farming³ & shopkeeping
and working at a trade or profession are
all odious⁴ to me— I should relish get-
ting my living in a simple primitive fashion

The life which society proposes to me
to live—is so artificial and complex
bolstered up on many weak supports

¹"were" altered from "are"

²"buying" altered from "by"

³"F" written over "I"

⁴"odious" possibly written over "so"

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

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

Thus men invite the devil in at every angle and then prate about the garden of Eden & the fall of man.

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

Pm to foot of F. H. Hill—
via Hubbard's Grove—I see the shepherds purse
hedge-mustard & red clover—November¹
flowers— Crossing the Depot Field Brook
I observe the downy fuzzy globular tops
of the aster puniceus—they are slightly tinged
with yellow—compared with the hoary grey
of the gray golden rod— The distant willow
tops are yellowish like them in the right
light.— At Hubbards Crossing I see
a large mail hen harrier skimming //
over the meadow—its deep slate some-
what sprinkled or mixed with black—per-
haps young— It flaps a little. & then sails
straight forward. So low it must rise
at every fence— But I perceive that
it follows the windings of the meadow
over many fences— I pass a great
white pine stump—half a cord in it &
more turned up out of a meadow—
I look upon it with interest—and wish I
had it at my door—for there are many
warm fires in that.

¹"N" written over "n"

You could have many thoughts & tell
many stories while that was burning.
Walked through Potters¹ swamp— That
white birch fungus—always presents its
face to the ground—parallel with it—
For here are some in an upright dead
birch whose faces or planes are at
right angles with the axis of the tree
as usual—looking down—but others
attached to the top of the tree which
lies prostrate on the ground have their
planes parallel with the axis of the

Where the epidermis is cracked ap. as they grew they are watered handsomely
tree—as if looking round the birch.

with white streams 1/8 an inch wide above.

They have remarkably thick necks.

They protrude through a rent in the bark carrying it along with their necks a little way.
generally

// The brightness of the foliage ^ ceased
pretty exactly with october— The still
bright leaves which I see as I walk
along the river edge of this swamp
are—birches clear yellow at top—
high blueberry—some very bright scarlet red
still—Some sallows—Vib. nudum fresh
dark red—Alder sprouts large green
leaves Swamp pink buds

// now beg. to show— The late growth
of the pyrus is now checked by the frost.—

// The bark of many frostweeds is now cracked
or burst off & curled backward in 5 or 6
strips for about an inch leaving
the woody part bare at or an inch above
the ground sometimes 5 or 6 inches above

I suspect the frost is the dying breath of the weed—congealed
the ground.

// I am pleased to see that the lower & larger
4 or 5 leaves of the water andromeda on the edge
of the meadow next the swamp—are pretty commonly

¹"P" written over "p"

& dotted just as they fall
turned a dark ^ scarlet now¹confirming my old
impression. I have not observed for some years.

A nest made very thick of grass & stubble & lined
with finer grass & horse hair as big as a kingbirds on
an alder within 18 inches of ground close to the water at
cardinal shore The alder had been broken down at

& the nest rested on the stub ends
that height by the ice. ^ I took a few dead leaves
out & to my surprise found an egg. —very pale

no
greenish-blue—Probably the Wood thrush ^ if not the Olivaceous //
one—whose eggs I have not seen described. Not quite so big as a blue
birds. This egg popped & burst suddenly with a noise

or like a pop gun
about as loud as popping corn ^—while I held it in
it had been addled when new
my hand in my chamber—^ I had another {pot}
in the chamber some months ago— So you must
blow them before you bring them into a warm room—

V. Nov 13

I am puzzled with the lecheas
are there not 4 kinds. 1st there is the L. Major //

2nd
with broad leaves—& ~~then~~ the least with fine spreading
branches—& with branched shoots at base. 3^d there is
the very common one intermediate in size—with large fruit and

4th (?)
linear lanceolate leaves now commonly fallen— But I see ^ this
p. m. one 15 inches high (half a dozen rods from Cardinal shore)
& stout with leaves like the 3^d but fruit but fruit very small
& abundant. There is ap. a little recent growth opening of //

some rad. shoots on stem 6 inches from ground!!
leaves at the extremities of it—^ & 5th close by a slender one
a foot high with leaves elliptic pointed 1/2 inch x 1/6
& generally

& larger fruit than last, at top ^ (May be a var. of L. Major?)
it has some leaves like it

It is perhaps the 3^d kind which when only 3 or
4 inches high now has such dense linear leaves 1/2
inch plus long—pine² tree like & spreading
branches just above rad. shoots.

V July 30 56

¹Caret written below dash
²"pine" written over "&"

I find that one of my old oak logs which was
lying on the damp bank of the river half rotted
through below—contained many great black

// ants gone into winter quarters in those great eaten cells

Yet this would have been covered with water in the winter.

of the rotten wood. ^ Those with wings were 3/4 inch or
more long. They move but slowly when exposed.

In one I stump on splitting in the yard I find a clam shell carried in by a muskrat

Nov.¹ 6th

A mizzling rain from the east drives me
home from my walk. The gnawel
in the sand on the R. R. causeway grows
in dense green tufts like the hudsonia 6 or
8² inches in diameter & 1 or 2 high. It is

// still in bloom— The gooseberry leaves
at the end of the currant row—being wet
are a still more brilliant scarlet.

or mizzling

// A great many rainy ^ days the last fortnight—
yet not much rain.

Pennyroyal has a long time stood withered a
dark-blackish brown in the fields—yet scented.

I can hardly resist the inclination to collect

of various kinds

drift-wood—to collect a great load ^ which
will sink my boat low in the water, &
paddle or sail slowly home with it— I love
this labor so much that I would gladly
collect it for some peron of simple habits
who might want it.

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

¹"Nov." written over "Aug."

²"8" written over "10"

When I think too of the many decaying stumps
& logs—which the coming freshets will carry off to
sea perchance to sea—Rails & posts & bits
of boards and boughs are carried far into
the swamps.

Nov 7th

Another drizzling day—as fine a
mist as can fall.

P. m. Up Assabet I see a painted
tortoise swimming under water & to my surprise //
another after ward out on a willow trunk
this dark day. It is long since I have seen
one—of any species except the insculpta.
They must have begun to keep below & go?

Come out again— V. Nov. 11

into winter quarters (?) about 3 weeks ago.

—Looking west over Wheelers¹ Meadow

I see that there has been much gossa-
mer on the grass & it is now revealed //
by the dewy mist which has collected on
it. Some green briar leaves still left
a dull red or scarlet—others yellowish— //
also the silky cornel is conspicuously
dull red—and others yellowish red— And
the sallow on rivers brink (not cordata)
with a ~~slen~~ narrow leaf pointed at both
ends—shows some clear chrome yellow
leaves a-top. The White birches lose
their lower leaves first & now their
tops show crescents or cones of bright
yellow—(spiring flames) leaves—some
of the topmost even green still.

The black willows almost every where entirely
bare— Yet² the color of their twigs

¹"W" written over "w"

²"Y" written over "y"

gives them the aspect of the crisp brown weeds of the rivers brink— How completely crisp & shrivelled the leaves & stems of the polygonum amphibium var terrestre—still standing above the water & grass.

The river has risen a little more—the North Branch especially—and the pail-stuff which has drifted down it has been carried a few rods up the main stream above the junction. It rises & falls very suddenly—and I was surprised to see the other day a line of saw dust more than a foot above the water's edge—showing that it had risen to that height & suddenly¹ fallen without my knowledge. Opened a muskrat house nearly 2 feet high—but there was no hollow to it. Apparently—they do not form that part yet.

I find it good to be out this still dark mizzling afternoon— My walk or voyage is more suggestive & profitable than in bright weather. The view is contracted by the misty rain—the water is perfectly smooth & the stillness is favorable to reflection. I am more open to impressions more sensitive—(not callused or indurated by sun & wind) as if in a chamber still. My thoughts are concentrated—I am all compact—The solitude is real too for the ~~rain~~
weather
keeps other men at home. This mist is like a roof & walls over & around

¹"ly" in "suddenly" possibly inserted

& I walk with a domestic feeling— The sound
of a wagon going over an unseen bridge
is louder than ever—& so of other sounds.

I am compelled to look at near objects—¹ All
things have a soothing effect—the very
clouds & mists brood over me. My power
of observation & contemplation is much in-
creased. My attention does not wander.
The world & my life are simplified.— What
now of Europe & Asia?

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

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

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

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

¹Dash possibly altered from period

²"potatoe" possibly altered from "potatoe's"

³"dead." possibly inserted

or tawny brown
a rust of brown ^ with mouse color seen
through it—beneath rather hoary mouse
color, but nowhere white— The fur dark
slate. Snout & head blunt—the latter large.
Hind legs longest. Ears quite concealed in
the fur. It answers to Emmon's Arvicola
hirsutus or Meadow¹ Mouse²—except that
it is smaller— It is a young one? tips of incisors

partly
Hemlock cones all closed—but open ^ next day in
chamber—& entirely in a day or 2
// light yellow. Nov. 8th

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

Nov 9th³

7 Am grass white & stiff with frost

9 AM⁴ With Blake up Assabet

A clear & beautiful day after frost

Looking over the meadow westward from Mer-
rick's Pasture shore—I see the alders beyond
Dodd's—now quite bare & grey (~~almost~~
maple-like) in the morning sun
(The frost melted off though I found a little

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

¹"M" written over "m"

²"M" written over "m"



³"Nov 9th" possibly added

⁴"AM" written over "Pm"

⁵"N" written over "n"

use them.

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

Saw in the pool at the hemlocks what I
at first thought was a brighter leaf moved
of the smooth dark water
by the zephyr on the surface ^—but it was //
a splendid male summer duck which
allowed us to approach within 7 or 8 rods—sailing
up close to the shore, & then rose & flew up the
curving stream— We soon over hauled it again,
and got a fair & long view of it ~~still~~ near—
It was a splendid bird—a perfect flating
gem—& Blake who had never seen the like
so
was greatly surprised—not knowing that ~~such~~
splendid a bird was found in this part
of the world. There it was constantly moving
back & forth by invisible means & wheeling
on the smooth surface—showing now its
breast—now its side now its tail—~~rear~~
It had a large rich flowing green burnished
crest—a most ample headdress
—2 crescents of dazzling white on the
side of the head & the black neck
(the  white where the black is) a pinkish?
red bill (with black tip) & similar irides—
& a long white mark under & at wing
point on sides—the side as if the form
of wing at this distance light bronze or
greenish brown  —but above all
its breast when it turns into the right

or ruby?

light all aglow with splend purple?
reflections—like the¹ throat of the
humming bird. It might not ap-
pear so close at hand. This was the
most surprising to me. What an
ornament to a river—to see
that glowing gem floating in con-
tact with its waters—as if the hum-
ming bird should recline its ruby
throat &² its breast on the water—
—like dipping a glowing coal in
water— It so affected me—
It became excited—fluttered or flapped its wings
with a slight whistling noise, & then arose
& flew 2 or 3 rods and alighted— It sailed
cose up to the edge of a rock—by which it
lay pretty still—& finally sailed fast
up one side of the river by the willows
now & then ~~stop~~ turning & sailing back a foot or 2
&c off the duck swamp beyond the spring, ^ while
we paddled up the opposite side a rod in
for 20 or 30 rods
the rear—^ At length we went by it—& it
flew back low a few rods—to where we roused
it. It never offered to dive. We came
equally near it again on our return.

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

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

¹"the" possibly underlined

²"&" written over "—"

recent rise of the river has floated off— It
will do to put with the white pitcher—
I found & keep flowers in— Thus I get
my furniture.

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

As I shall want some shelves to put my Orien-
tal books on—I shall begin to some boards
now—

I deal so much with my fuel, what with
finding it loading it—conveying it home—
sawing & splitting it—get so many
values out of it, am warmed in
so many ways by it—that the heat
it will yield when in the stove—is of
a lower temperature & a lesser value
in my eyes—(though when I feel it
I am reminded of all my adventures)
I just turned to put on a stick—I had
in the box gray
my choice ^ of ^ chestnut rail—black
& brown snag of an oak stump—dead White
pine top grey & sound with stubs of limbs—or
else old bridge plank—& chose the
last.— Yet I lose¹ sight of
the ultimate uses of this wood
& work—the immediate ones are
so great—& yet most of mankind
—those called the most successful in ob-
taining the necessaries of life—getting
their living—obtain none of

¹"lose" possibly altered from "loose"

this except a mere vulgar &
perhaps stupefying warmth.

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

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

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

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

¹"I" possibly written over "i"

²"wood" possibly written over "of"

market— But the so called owner
forbids it & complains of him as a
trespasser. The highest law{s} gives a
thing to him who can use it.

Nov. 11th {-}55

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

The bricks of which the muskrat builds

or wads

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

raise

¹"h" possibly written over "&"

²"d" possibly written over "t"

³"k" written over "g"

it & make a permanent dry stool there.

– For they cannot afford to swim far
with each clam– I see where one has
~~drop~~ left 1/2 a peck of shells–on
perhaps the foundation of an old stool
~~which~~ or a harder clod–which the
water is just about to cover–& he has
begun his stool by laying 2 or 3 fresh
wads upon the shells–the foundation
of his house. Thus their cabin is
first ap. intended merely for a stool–
& after ward when it is large is perforated
as if it were the bank! There is no
cabin for a long way above the

low

hemlocks where there is no ^ meadow
bordering the stream.

// The clamshells freshly opened are hand-
somest this month (~~bef~~ or rather are most
observable–before the ice & snow
conceal them) & in the spring–

I am surprised to see quite a

// number of painted tortoises out
on logs & stones & to hear the wood-
tortoise rustling down the bank.

& sluggish

// Frogs are rare ^ as if going into winter

// quarters. A cricket also sounds rather
rare & distinct. At the hemlocks I
see a narrow reddish line of hemlock leaves
& half an inch below a white line of sawdust

present

~~both mathem~~ 6 inches above the ^ surface–on
upright

the ^ side of a rock–both mathematically
level– This chronicles the hemlock fall
which I had not noticed we have so

few trees—& also the rivers rise— The¹ north
branch must have risen suddenly before
the South—for I see much pail stuff from
the Fort Pond brook—which has been carried
18 rods up the latter stream above the Rock—
or as far as it ~~runs~~ extends immediate
ly due west there— By pail stuff I mean
the curved & groved pieces which form the
sides & the flat ones for the bottom & their
trimmings— High blueberry leaves //
still conspicuous bright scarlet—also
duller & darker green briar leaves hold
on on the Island.

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

Nov 13

10 3/4

In mid forenoon 70 or 80 geese in 3 //
harrows successively smaller, flying S West—
pretty well west a completely overcast occasionally drizzling forenoon
^ over the house_^² I at once heard their clangor
& rushed to & opened the window— The three harrows
were gradually formed into one great one
before they {were} out of sight— The geese shifting
their places without slacking their progress.

Pm to Cardinal shore³

Going over Swamp bridge brook at 3 Pm

¹"T" written over "I"

²Caret written below dash

³possibly "S" written over "s"

bright—& also the evergreen patches
of pines— Edged in the N. W. by the
blue mt ridges.

Got the Wood thrush's (?) nest of Nov 5 It is about
5 inches diam. from outside to outside—& 2 1/2 with-
in. Outside of some weedy tufts (beneath) weedy
stems & stubble—(some dry galium stems, small—) &
a little

lined with ^ fine grass & horse hair— I found the egg
partly concealed by some dry alder leaves which had
fallen into the nest.

Nov. 14th

Minott hears geese to day—

//

Heard today in my chamber—about 11
Am—a singular sharp crackling sound
by the window—which made me think of
the snapping of an insect (with its wings
or striking some thing)— It was produced
by one of 3 small pitch-pine cones
which I gathered on the 7th ult & which
lay in the sun on the window sill. I noticed
a slight motion in the scales at the
apex—when suddenly with a louder
crackling it burst or the scales separated
with a snapping sound on all sides of
it. It was a general & sudden bursting
or expanding of all the scales with a sharp
crackling sound & motion of the whole cone—
as by a force pent up within it. I suppose
the strain only needed to be relieved in
one point for the whole to go off.

I was remarking today to
Mr Rice on the pleasantness of this
November¹—thus far— When he remarked

¹"N" written over "n"

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

Pm—

Up Assabet with Sophia—

A clear bright warm after noon—

A painted tortoise swimming under water—

// & a wood tortoise out on the bank—

The rain has raised the river an
additional foot or more & it is creeping

// over the meadows— My boat is 2/3

full & hard to come at. The old
weedy margin is covered & a new
grassy one acquired. The current
is stronger though the surface is
pretty smooth— Much small rubbish
is drifting down & slowly turning
in the eddies. The motion of my boat
sends an undulation to the shore—
which rustles the dry sedge half
immersed there—as if a tortoise were
tumbling through it. Leaves & sticks
& billets of wood come floating down
in middle of the full still stream
turning round in the eddies—&
I mistake them for ducks at

first. See 2 red wing black birds //
alight on a black-willow.

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

Nov 16

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

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

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

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

He thinks that muskrats have
always even in the winter a dry bed
in the bank—as well as the wet
place to eat in their cabins. Told
me again the story of the muskrat
which he saw resting under the
ice—he himself lying flat and still
upon the ice—& the muskrat

having a long way to go from the bank
to his cabin. As soon as he stopped with
his nose against the ice a bubble
issued from his mouth & flatted out
to 3 inches in diameter against the
ice—& he remained for half a
minute with his mouth in it. Then
drew it in all but a little—& pro-
ceeded.

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

Has¹ taken them in April—formerly—
on Fast day.

I think that by the "swamp robin" he means
the veery

I see many more nests in the alders now
than I suspected in the summer—

Nov 17th 55

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

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

¹"H" possibly written over "h"

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

& thus the meadow gets redeemed & potatoes get planted perchance—& he is very sure to have a good crop stored in his cellar in the fall—& some to cell. He always has the best of potatoes there.

In the same spirit in which he & his son tackle up their Dobbin (he never keeps a fast horse) & go a-spearing or a-fishing through the ice—they also tackle up & go to their Sudbury¹ farm to hoe or harvest a little—& when they return they bring home a load of stumps in their hay-rigging which impeded their labors—but perchance supply them with their winter wood— All the wood-chucks they shoot or trap on² the bean-field are brought home also—& thus their life is a long sport & they know not what hard times are.

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

Saw Goodwin this p. m.

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

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

¹"S" written over "s"

²Possibly "in"

each night in the midst of incredible danger & suffering with "a raven's quill, & a little gun-powder, mixed with some melted snow, in the hollow of my hand,"—the quill cut & mended with "the knife with which I had carved my scanty morsel of horse-flesh"—

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

Nov. 18

About an inch of snow fell last night //
—but the ground was not at all frozen
or prepared for it—a little greener grass
& stubble here & there seems to burn its
way through it this forenoon—

It clears up at noon & at
2 Pm I go to
Fair Haven Hill via Hub's Grove.

As I sat in the house I was struck with the brightness & heat of the sun reflected from this¹ our first snow— There was an intenser light in the house & I felt an uncommon heat from the sun's rays on my back. The air is very clear & the sky heavenly with a few floating downy clouds— I am prepared to hear sharp screaming notes rending the air, from the winter birds. I do in fact hear many jays—and the tinkling like rattling glass from chickadees & tree sparrows— I do not detect any peculiar brightness whatever in the osiers on the Hubbard causeway— They

¹"this" possibly written over "—"

are scarcely if at all brighter than
the tops of the trees. Now first mark
the stubble & numerous withered weeds
rising above the snow They have sud-
// denly acquired a new character. Tansy
still shows its yellow disks—but yarrow
// is particularly fresh & perfected cold &
chaste—with its pretty little dry-looking
rounded

^ white petals & green leaves. Its very color
gives it¹ a right to bloom above the snow
—as level as a snow crust on the top
of the stubble. It looks like a virgin wear-
ing a white ruff.

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

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

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

¹"it" possibly written over "as"

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

in spirit

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

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

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

Instead of walking in the wood-market
amid sharp visaged teamsters—I float
over dark reflecting waters—in which
I see mirrored the stumps on the bank—
& am dazzled by the beauty of a summer
duck. Though I should get no wood, I
should get a beauty perhaps more val-
uable— The price of this my wood however
high is the very thing which I delight
to pay. What I obtain with the most labor
—the most water-logged & heaviest wood
which I fish up from the bottom ~~warm~~ &
split & dry warms the most— The greater
too the distance from which I have conveyed
it the more I am warmed by it
in my thought— All the intervening
shores glow & are warmed by it

than not to have enough—

Nov. 19

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

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

Minot ^ says he would not kill a cat

fortnight before had just found its way back— He¹
for 20² dollars—no, not for 50—³finally
he told his women folks that he would not

He thought they loved life as well as we—Johnny Vose wouldn't do it.
do it for 500 or any sum— He used to carry down
milk to a shop every day for a litter of kittens.

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

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

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

¹"H" written over "h"

²"2" written over "5"

³A shorter horizontal line appears above the dash (could be caused by nib of pen)

⁴"R" written over "E"

Rice says that that brook which crosses
the road just beyond his brother Israel's
is called Cold Brook— It comes partly
from Dunge Hole— When the river is
rising it will flow up the brook
a great way.

Rice told his turtle story the other night—
"One day I was going through Boston
Market & I saw a huddle of men around
something or other. I edged my way between
them & saw that they had got a great
mud turtle on a plank—& a butcher
over him
stood ^ with a cleaver in his hand. Eh
said, I, what are you trying to
do?— We are waiting for him to
put out his head so that we may
cut it off— Look out, they said,
dont come so near—or he'll bite
you— Look here, said I, let me
try— I guess I can make him
put his head out.— Let him
try— Let him try they said, with
a laugh— So I stepped into the
ring & stood astride of the turtle
while they looked on to see the sport—
After looking at him a moment
I put down my hands & turned
him over onto his back—whereupon
he immediately ran out his head
& pushed against the flank to turn
himself back— —but as they were
not ready to cut at once—his neck
was not in a good position—I

seized his head in both hands & putting my feet against his breast bone drew his head out the full length of his neck— & said now cut away—only take care you dont cut my fingers. They cut & I threw the head down on the floor. As I walked away—some one said, I guess that fellow has seen mud-turtles before today".

Nov 20th 55

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

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

Nov 24th

Geese went over on the 13th & 14—on the 17th the first snow fell—& the 19th it began to be cold & blustering— That first slight snow has not yet gone off!—& very little has been added— The last 3 or 4

days have been quite cold—the side walks
a glare of ice & very little melting—
To-day has been exceedingly blustering &
disagreeable—as I found while surveying
for Moore. The farmers now bring
the apples they have engaged—(& the cider)
it is time to put them in the cellar
& the turnips— Ice¹ has frozen pretty thick
in the bottom of my boat—

Nov 26th

Bottom of boat covered with ice—
The ice next the shore bore me & my
boat.

Nov 27th

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

well defended from the cold.

— Sides I might say pale-brick color
—the—brown part— The fur under the
feet dirty yellowish as if stained
by what² it trod upon— He makes
no use of their skins or fur— The

The tail short & curled up is white on the
skin is very tender. inside like that of the deer described by
Loskiel q.v. Ind. book

He showed me the preserved skin of
the heads of a double headed calf—
still-born—also the adjoining portion
of the spine—where 2 short spinal columns
2 or 3 inches long merged in one—

¹"ce" added to "I"

²"what" written over "it"

Only one body & other organs.

I told him I saw a mink—
He said he would have given me
\$1.50 & perhaps something more for him
I hear that he gives 1.75 and sells them
again at a profit— They are used to
trim ladies coats with—among other things.

A mink skin which he showed me
was a darker brown than the one I
saw last— (He says they changed //
? suddenly to darker—about a fortnight
since.) And¹ the tail was nearly all
black.

He said that his grandfather, who could
remember 125 years before this—told him
that they used to catch wolves in what
is now Carter's Pasture by the North River
(E of Dodge's Brook) in this manner—
They piled up logs cob-house fashion
beginning with a large base 8 or 10
feet square & narrowing successively each
tier so as to make steps for the
wolves to the top—say ten feet high— Then
they put a dead sheep within. A wolf
soon found it in the night, sat down
outside & howled till he called his
comrades to him—& then they² ascended
step by step & jumped down within—
—but when they had done they could not
get out again. They always found one
of the wolves dead—& supposed that
he was punished for betraying the
others into this trap.

¹"A" possibly written over "&"

²"they" possibly altered from "then"

A man in Brighton whom he fully believes told him that he built a bower—near a dead horse—& placed himself within to shoot crows— One crow took his station as sentinel on the top of the tree—and 30 or 40 alighted upon the horse. He fired & killed 7 or 8— But the rest instead of minding him immediately flew to their sentinel & pecked him to pieces before his eyes. Also Mr Joseph Clark¹ told him that as he was going along the road he cast a stick over the wall & hit some crows in a field—whereupon they flew directly at their sentinel on an apple tree & beat and buffeted him away to the woods as far as he could see.

There is little now to be heard along the river but the sedge rustling on the brink— There is a little ice along most of the shore throughout the day.

Farmer told me that some one told him he found a pickerel washed up in the river choked by a bream which it had endeavored to swallow.

Nov 30

& elsewhere

// River skimmed over behind Dodd's—got in my boat. River remained iced over all day—

This evening I received Cholmondeley's gift of Indian books—44 vols

¹"C" written over "c"

in all—which came by the Canada
reaching Boston on the morning
of the 24th ult. Left Liverpool
the 10th—

Goodwin & Farmer think that a dog will not
touch the dead body of a mink it smells so
strongly. The former after skinning them throws
the carcass in to a tree for the crows.

He has got 11 this fall—shot 2 & trapped the rest.

On the 27th when I made my
last voyage for the season— I found
a large round pine log about 4 feet
long— Off floating & brought it home.
Off the larger end I sawed 2 wheels
about a foot in diameter & 7 or 8 inches
thick— And I fitted to them an axel-
tree made of a joist which also
I found in the river—& thus I had
a convenient pair of wheels on which
to get my boat up & roll it about.

called me into their office &
The Assessors¹ ^ asked me this year
~~if I had~~ & said they wished to get
an inventory of my property—asked
if I had any real estate— No—
any notes at interest or R R shares
— No— any taxable property—
None that I knew of— I have own
a boat—I said—& one of them
thought that that might come under
the head of a pleasure carriage—which
is taxable— Now that I have wheels to
it—it comes nearer to it.

I was pleased to get my boat in by
this means rather than on a borrowed

¹"A" written over "a"

wheelbarrow— It was fit that the
river should furnish the material—
& that in my last voyage on
it when the ice reminded me that
it was time to put it in winter quar-
ters.

I am waiting for colder weather to
survey a swamp, now inaccessible on
ac. of the water.

I asked aunt L to-night why
Scheeter Potter was so called—
She said, because his neighbors who re-
garded him as a so small a man
that they said in jest—that it was
his business to make mosquito's
bills. He was accused of catching
his neighbors hen's in a trap &
eating them— But he was crazy.

W^m Wheeler says that
he went a-spearing on the 28th (night
before thanksgiving—& besides pouts
& pickerel caught 2 great suckers
He had one of the last stuffed & baked
for Thanksgiving & made himself
sick by eating too heartily of it.

Monday Dec 3^d

A pleasant day— No snow yet
(since that first whitening which lasted so
long) nor do I see any ice to speak of.

Hear & see of birds only a tree
sparrow in the willows on the turnpike.

Met Goodwin going out with his

gun— He shot (evidently) some cross-bills once in Roxbury— He sometimes gets a skunk—drowned in his muskrat or mink traps & so can get at their secretion without being disturbed by the scent. He too has heard that it is a sure cure for the phth{isick}.

The fields & woods seem now particularly empty & bare— Now cattle in pasture—only here & there a man casting or spreading manure.

Every larger tree which I knew & admired is being gradually culled out & carried to mill— I see one or 2 more large oaks in E. Hubb's wood lying high on stumps waiting for snow to be removed. I miss them as surely and with the same feeling that I do the old inhabitants out of the village street. To me they were something more than timber—to their owner not so.

Dec 4th

Melvin says that he shot a shelldrake once in the act of swallowing a perch 7 or 8 inches long. He had got nothing today for he forgot his caps.

A pleasant day & yet no snow nor ice. The younger osiers on Shattuck's row do shine. //

Dec 6th

10 Pm Hear geese going over //

Sat. Dec. 8th

Still no snow—(nor ice noticeable). I
might have left my boat out till now
I have not worn gloves yet

This P. M. I go to the woods
down the RR—seeking the Society of Some
flock of little birds, or some squirrel—
but in vain. I only hear the faint
lisp of prob— a tree sparrow— I go
through empty halls—ap. unoccu-
pied by bird or beast— Yet it is cheering
to walk there while the sun is
reflected from far through the
aisles with a silvery light from
the needles of the pine. The contrast
of light or sunshine & shade, though
the latter is now so thin—is food
enough for me. Some scarlet-oak
leaves on the forest floor when I
stoop low, appear to have a little blood
in them still— The shrivelled Sol-
seal berries are conspicuously red
amid the dry leaves— I visited the door
of many a ~~rabbits~~ squirrel's burrow

& cone scales

& saw his nutshells ^ & tracks in the
sand—but a snow would reveal
much more. Let a snow come & clothe
the ground & trees & I shall see
the tracks of many inhabitants now
 unsuspected & the very snow covering¹
up the withered leaves will supply
the place of the green ones which
are gone. In a little busy flock
of lisping birds—chicadees or

¹"covering" altered from "covered"

lesser redpolls—even in a nuthatch
or downy woodpecker—there would
have been a sweet society for me
—but I did not find. Yet I had the
sun penetrating in to the deep hollows
through the aisles of the wood—&
the silvery sheen of its reflection from

wh^t

masses of ^ pine needles—

Met Therien coming from Lincoln
on the RR. He says that he carried
a cat from Jacob Bakers to Riordens
shanty—~~but she~~ in a bag in the night,
but she ran home again. Had they
not a cat in the shanty, I asked.

Yes said he, but she was run over
by the cars & killed,—they found her
head on the track separated from her
body—just below the pond. That cat of
Bakers used to eat eggs, & so he wished
to get rid of her. He carried her in a
bag to Waltham¹, but she came back.

Therien had several times seen where
tortoises had been run over— They lie just
under the rail & put their heads out
upon the rail to see what is coming
& so their heads are crushed. Also he has
seen snakes cut in two. The men on
the road told him that small birds
were frequently run over.?

Jacob Farmer brought me
the head of a mink tonight—&
took tea here. He says that par-
tridges sometimes fly against a house

¹"W" written over "w"

is postponed for the present—

Dec 10th to Cambridge.

Dec 11th

Pm to Holden Swamp Conantum

For the first time I wear gloves, but //

I have not walked early this season—

I see no birds—but hear methinks 1 or
2 tree sparrows. No snow—scarcely any ice
to be detected it is only an aggravated Novem-
ber— I thread the tangle of the spruce swamp
admiring the leafets¹ of the swamp pyrus
which had put forth again now frost{-}
bitten—the great yellow buds of the swamp
pink—the round red buds of the high blue-
berry & the fine sharp red ones of the panniced
Andromeda— Slowly I worm my way amid
the snarl, the thicket of black alder—&
blueberry &c See the forms ap. of
rabbits at the foot of maples—& cat
birds' nests now exposed in the leafless thicket.

Standing there though in this bare
november landscape—I am reminded
of the incredible phenomenon—of small
birds in winter. That ere long amid the
cold powdery snow—as it were a fruit of
the season will come twittering a flock
of delicate crimson-tinged birds (lesser
red-polls) to sport & feed on the seeds &
buds now just ripe for them on the
sunny side of a wood—shaking down
the powdery snow there in their cheerful
social feeding—as if it were high

¹"leafets" altered from "leaves"

As if a flower were created to be now in bloom
a peach to be now first fully ripe on its stem—

I am struck by the perfect confidence
& success of nature— There is no question
about the existence of these delicate creatures
—their adaptedness to their circumstances— There¹
is superadded superfluous paintings & adorn-
ments. A crystalline Jewel-like health & soundness
like the colors reflected from ice crystals—

When some rare northern bird like the
Pine gross-beak, is seen thus far south
in the winter—he does not suggest
poverty—but dazzles us with his
beauty.— There is in them a warmth akin
to the warmth that melts the
icicle. Think of these brilliant warm-
colored & richly warbling birds—birds of
paradise—dainty-footed—downy-clad—in the
midst of a New England—a Canadian

now somewhat solitary

winter. The woods and fields ^ being de-
serted by their more tender summer residents
are now frequented by these rich but
delicately tinted & hardy northern immigrants
of the air— Here is no imperfection
to be suggested. The winter—with its snow
& ice—is not an evil to be corrected. It
is as it was designed & made to be—
for the artist has had leisure to add
beauty to use. My acquaintances—
angels from the north— I had a
vision thus prospectively of these birds
as I stood in the swamp². I saw this
familiar—too familiar—fact at a
different angle—& I was charmed &

¹"There" possibly written over "Their"

²"swamp" possibly altered from "swamps"

haunted by it. But I could only attain to be thrilled & enchanted—as by the sound of a strain of music dying away— I had seen into para-disaic regions—with their air & sky— & I was no longer wholly or merely a denizen of this vulgar earth— Yet had I hardly a foot-hold there—I was only sure that I was charmed, & no mistake— It is only necessary to behold thus the least fact or phenomenon—however familiar—from a point a hair's breadth aside from our habitual path or routine to be overcome—enchanted by its Beauty & significance— Only what we have touched & worn is trivial our scurf— —repetition—tradition—conformity— To perceive freshly—with fresh senses is to be inspired. Great Winter itself looked like a precious gem—reflecting rainbow colors from one angle.

My body is all sentient—as I go here or there I get am tickled by this or that I come in contact with—as if I touched the wires of a battery— I can generally recall—have fresh in my mind several scratches last received— These I continually recall—to mind—reimpress—& harp upon. The age of miracles is each moment thus returned— Now it is wild apples—now river-reflections—now a flock of lesser red-polls. In winter too resides

immortal youth—& perennial summer
its head is not silvered—its cheek is not
blanched—but has a rusty tinge to it.

If any part of nature excites our pity—it
is for ourselves we grieve—for there is eter-
nal health & beauty. We get only transient
& partial glimpses of the beauty of the
world. Standing at the right angle
we are dazzled by the colors of the rain-
bow in colorless ice— From the right point
of view every storm & every drop in it is a
rain-bow. Beauty & music are not
mere traits & exceptions— They¹ are the
rule & character. It is the exception
that we see & hear. Then I
try to discover what it was in the vision
that charmed & translated me— What
if we could daguerreotype our thoughts
& feelings! For I am surprised &
enchanted often by some quality which
I cannot detect. I have seen an attri-
bute of another world & condition of
things. It is a wonderful fact
that I should be affected—& thus deeply
& powerfully—more than by aught else
in all my experience—that this fruit
should be borne in me sprung from
a seed finer than the spores of fungi—
floated from other atmospheres!—finer
than the dust caught in the sails of
vessels a thousand miles from land—
—here the invisible seeds settle & spring
& bear flowers & fruits of immortal
beauty.

¹"T" written over "I"

Dec 13th

// This morning it is snowing & the ground is whitened— The countless flakes seen against the dark evergreens—like a web that is woven in the air—impart a cheerful & busy aspect to nature— It is like a grain that is sown, or like leaves that have come to clothe the bare trees— Now by 9 'o clock it comes down in larger flakes for & I apprehend that it will soon stop.— — — It does

How pleasant a sense of preparedness for the winter—plenty of wood in the shed —& potatoes & apples &c in the cellar— & the house banked up— Now it will be a cheerful sight to see the snows descend & hear the blast howl.

Sandborn tells me that he was waked up a few nights ago in Boston about midnight by the sound of a flock of geese passing over the city— prob. about the same time night I heard them here— They go honking over cities where the arts flourish—waking the inhabitants
^ over state-houses & capitols where legislatures sit—over harbors{,} where fleets lie at anchor.— Mistaking the city perhaps for a swamp or the edge of a lake—about settling in it. not suspecting that

(it is preoccupied Dec 14 by) greater geese than they have settled there

It began to snow again last evening

// but soon ceased—& now it has turned with half an inch of snow on the ground out a fine winter morning—^ the air

full of mist through which the
smokes rise up perfectly straight &
the mist is frozen in minute leaflets on the
fences & trees—& the needles of the pines sil-
vering them.

I stood by Bigelow the Blacksmith's forge
yesterday & saw him repair an axe— He
burned the handle out—then with a chisel
cut off the red hot edge even—there being
some great gaps in it—& by hammering
drew it out & shaped it anew— All
in a few minutes— It was interesting to
see performed so simply & easily by the
aid of fire & a few rude tools, a work which
would have surpassed the skill of a tribe
of savages.

Pm. to Pink azalea woods—

The warm sun has quite melted the thin
snow on the south sides of the hills—
but I go to see the tracks of animals
that have been out on the north sides—

First getting over the wall under the
walnut trees on the south brow of
the hill I see the broad tracks of
squirrels, probably red, where they
have ascended & descended the
trees—and the empty shells of wal-
nuts which they have gnawed left
on the snow— The snow is so very
shallow that the impression of their
toes is the more distinctly seen—

It imparts life to the landscape
to see merely the squirrels track in the
snow at the base of the walnut tree

You almost realize a squirrel at every tree. The attractions of nature are thus condensed or multiplied. You see not merely bare trees & ground which you might suspect that a squirrel had left—but you have this unquestionable & significant evidence of that a squirrel has been there since the snow fell—as

had seen

conclusive as if ~~you saw~~ him

A little further I heard the sound a downy woodpecker tapping a pitch pine in a little grove—& saw him inclining to dodge behind the stem— He flitted from pine to pine before me. Frequently when I pause to listen I hear this sound in the ~~wæ~~ orchards or streets— This was in one of these dense groves of young pitch pines.

Suddenly I heard the screwing mew & then the whirr of a partridge on

decaying

or beneath an old ^ apple tree which the pines had surrounded. There were several such—& another partridge burst away from one— They¹ shoot off swift & steady showing their dark edged tails—almost like a cannon²-ball.

I saw one's track under an apple tree & where it had pecked a frozen thawed apple.

Then I came upon a fox track made last night—leading toward a farm house—(Wheeler's—where there are many hens)—running over the side of the

¹"T" written over "I"

²"cannon" altered from "cannot"

hill parallel with Wheeler's¹ new wall—
He was dainty in the choice of his ground
for I observed that for a mile he had
adhered to a narrow cowpath, in which
the snow lay level—for smoothness. Some
times he had cantered—& struck the
snow with his foot ~~beneath~~ between his
tracks— Little does the farmer think
of the danger which threatens his hens.

oll

In a little h[^]ow I see the sere gray
penny-royal rising above the snow
which rubbed reminds me of garrets
full of herbs.

Now I hear half a mile off the
hollow sound of wood-chopping—the
work of short winter days begun—which
is gradually laying bare & {t} impoverish-
ing our landscape. In two or three
thicker woods which I have visited
this season I was driven away by
this ominous sound.

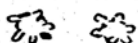
{//}

Further over toward the river I see
the tracks of a deer mouse on a rock
which suddenly came to an end where
ap. it had ascended a small pine
by a twig which hung over it. Some-
times the mark of its tail was very
distinct. Afterwards I saw in
the pasture westward where many
had run about in the night.
In one place many had cross the
cowpath in which I was walking—
in one trail—or the same one had

¹"W" written over "w"

come & gone many times. In the large
hollows where rocks have been blasted—
& on the sides of the river—I
see¹ irregular spaces of dark ice bare
of snow—which was frozen after the
snow ceased to fall. But this
ice is rotten & mixed with snow—
~~The river~~ I am surprised to see the
river frozen over for the most part
 thin & rotten snow
with this ^ ice—& the drooping or bent
alders are already frozen in to this
slush—giving to the stream a very
wintry aspect.
I see some squirrel tracks about a
hole in a stump.

At the azalea meadow or swamp—
the red tops of the osiers which are
very dense & of a uniform height
are quite attractive in the absence
of color at this season. Any brighter
& warmer color catches our eye at
this season. I see an elm
there whose bark is worn quite
smooth & white & bare of lichens
showing exactly the height at which
the ice stood last winter.

Looking more closely at the light
snow there near the swamp—I found
that it was sprinkled all over ~~with~~
(as with pellets of cotton) with regular
star-shaped cottony flakes with 6
points—about 1/8 of an inch in
diameter  & on an average 1/2 an

¹"see" altered from "seen"

inch apart. It snowed geometry.

How snug & warm a hemlock looks in the winter— That by the azalea looks thus—



There is a tendency in the limbs to arrange themselves ray-wise about a point $1/3$ from the base to the top— What singular regularity in the outline of a tree!

I noticed this morning successive banks of frost on the windows—marked by their irregular waving edges—like the successive 5 10 & 15 fathom lines which mark the depth of the shores on charts.

Thus by the snow I was made aware in this short walk of the recent presence there of squirrels—~~mice~~ a fox & countless mice whose trail I had crossed—but none of which I saw, or probably should have seen before the snow fell.

Also I saw this P. m. the track of one sparrow—prob— a tree sparrow which had run among the weeds in the road.

Dec 15

This morning it has begun to snow ap. in earnest— The air is quite thick & the view confined— It is quite still yet some flakes come down from one side & some from another crossing each other like woof & warp— ap—as they are falling in different eddies & currents of air.

//



In the midst of it I hear & see
a few little chicadees¹ prying about
the twigs of the locusts in the grave-
yard. They have come into town with

They now & then break forth into a short sweet
the snow. strain & then seem suddenly to check themselves
as they had done it before they thought.

// The boys have skated a little within
2 or 3 days—but it has not been
thick enough to bear a man yet—

How like a bird of ill omen
the crow behaves! Still holding its ground
in our midst like a pow-wow that is
not to be exterminated! Sometimes when
I am going through the Deep² Cut—
I look up & see half a-dozen black
crows flitting silently across in front
& ominously eyeing down—passing from
one wood to another—yet as if their
passage had reference to me.


The snow turned to rain—&
this Pm I walk in it Down the RR—
& through the woods— The low grass &
weeds bent down with a myriad little
crystalline drops—ready to be frozen perhaps
are very interesting but wet my feet
through very soon. A steady but gentle
warm rain.

Dec 16th
warm

Steady gentle ^ rain all the
forenoon & mist & mizzling in
the afternoon—. When I go round
by Abel Hosmers & back by the RR.
The mist makes the near trees
dark & noticeable like pictures

¹"chicadees" revised (need better image)

²"D" written over "d"

and make the houses more interesting
 revealing but one at a time— The
 old apple trees are very important
 to this landscape—they have so much body
 and are so dark. It is very pleasing
 to distinguish the dim outline of
 the woods more or less distant through
 the mist— Sometimes the merest
 film & suspicion of a wood— On¹ one
 plump & but soft
 side it is the ^ rounded ^ masses of pitch
 pines—on anothe{r} the brushy tops of
 maples—birches &c Going by Hosmer's
 the very heaps of stones in the pasture
 are obvious as cairns in one of
 Ossian's landscapes— Saw two red squirrels
 on the fence—one on each side of his
 house—particularly red along their backs
 & top of head—& tail. They are remark-
 ably tame. One sits twirling ap. a
 dried apple in his paws with his tail
 as if to keep it warm
 curled close over his back ^—fitting its
 curve—  How much smothered
 sun-light in their wholesome brown red
 this misty day— It is clear New England
 Nov-anglia—like the red sub-soil.
 It is spring-like—
 As we go over the bridge admire
 the reflection ~~from~~ of the trees & houses
 from the smooth open water over the
 channel—when the ice has been dissolved
 by the rain.

Dec. 17

9 1/2 Am. to Hill— A remarkably

¹"On" altered from "One"

// fine spring-like morning. The earth
all bare— The sun so bright &
warm—the steam curling up from
every fence & roof & {carried} off at
angle by the slight N westerly air— After
these rainy days the air is ap. un-
commonly clear & hence (?) the sound
of cockcrowing is so sweet—& I hear
the sound of the sawmill even at the
door—also the cawing of crows. The
is a little ice which makes it as
yet good walking in the roads. The
peculiar brightness & sunniness may
be partly owing to the sun being re-
flected through the cleansed air from
the more than russet—the bleached
surfaced of the earth. Methinks every
squirrel will be out now— This
is the morning. Ere long the wind
will rise & this season will be over.

There will probably be some wrack in the P. m. sky.

Columella says you must
be careful not to carry out seeds in
your manure & so have segetes
herbidas weedy crops.

Dec 18th

Saw today a dark colored spider of
the very largest kind on ice—the
Mill pond at E. Woods in Acton.

J. Farmer says that he once tried
to kill a cat—by taking her by the
legs & striking her head against
a stone—but she made off—&
in a week was about again

ap. as well as ever—& he did not meddle with her again.

Dec 20

Still no Snow—& as usual I wear no gloves—

Pm—to Hubb's skating meadow—

A few chicadees busily inspecting the buds at the willow row—ivy tree—for insects—with a short clear chink from time to time, as if to warn me of their neighborhood.

Boys are now devoted to skating—after school at night—far into evening—going without their suppers— It is pretty good on the meadows which are somewhat overflowed—& the sides of the river—but the greater part of it is open— I walk along the side of the river on the ice beyond the Bath-Place— Already there is dust on this smooth ice—on its countless facets—revealed by the sun. How warm the dull red cranberry vine rises above the ice here & there. I stamped & shook the ice to detect the holes & weak places where that little brook comes in there— They were plainly revealed—for the water beneath being agitated proclaimed itself at every hole far & wide or for 3 or 4 rods.
– The¹ edge of the ice toward the channel is either rubbed up or edged with a ridge of frozen foam.
– I see some gossamer on the weeds above the ice. Also in now hard dark ice

¹"T" written over "I"

the tracks ap of a fox made when it
was saturated snow—so long his trail
is revealed—but over the pastures no
hound can now trace him. There
has been much overflow about every
tussuck in the meadow—making
that rough opaque ice—like yeast
I mark the many preparations
for another year which the farmer has
made—his late plowings—his muck
heaps in fields perhaps of grass which
he intends to plow & cultivate—his ditches
to carry off the winter's floods—&c.
How placid—like silver or like steel
in¹ diff. lights—the surface of the
still living water between these borders
of ice—reflecting the weeds & trees—
& now the warm colors of the sunset
sky! The ice is that portion of the
flood which is congealed & laid up in
our fields for a season.

Dec 21st

Going to the P. O. at 9 AM this very
pleasant morning— I hear & see
tree sparrows on Wheildon's pines—& just
beyond scare a downy woodpecker & a brown
// creeper in company from near the base
of a small elm within 3 feet of me— The
former dashes off with a loud rippling
of the wing—& the creeper flits across the
street to the base of another small elm
whither I follow— At first he hides behind
the base—but ere long works his way

¹"in" altered from "on"

upward & comes in sight— He is a gray{-}brown.

A low curve from point of beak to end
of tail.  resting flat against the tree—

Pm—


Via Hubbs grove & river to FH Pond— Return
by Andromeda Ponds— See only a jay? flying
high over the fields & chicadees. The last
rarely seem to mind you keeping busy at
work—yet hop nearer & nearer— Hubb's barren
pasture under Fair H. Hill whose surface
is much broken—alternate sod & bare sand—
is now tinged with the pale leather or
cinnamon color of the 2nd sized pin-weed—
which thickly covers it.

I hear take to the river side. The broader
places are frozen over—but I do not trust
them yet— Fair Haven is entirely frozen over //
prob some days. Already some eager
fisherman has been here this morning or
yesterday—& I hear that a great pickerel
was carried through the street. I see
close under the high bank on the
E. side a distinct tinge of that red
in the ice for ~~for~~ a rod.

I remark the dif pale colors to which
the grasses have faded & bleached—

Those

~~Some~~ coarse sedges amide the button
bushes—are bleached particularly light—
Some more slender in the pleasant
meadow is quite light with singular
reddish or pinkish radical blades making
a mat at the base— Some dense
sedge or rushes in tufts in the Androme

ponds  have a decided greenish tinge
somewhat like well-cured hay.

A few simple colors now
prevail—even the apples on the
trees—have assumed the brown color
of the leaves.

I do not remember to have seen the
Andromeda Ponds so low—the weedy
& slimy bottom is for the most part
exposed. The slime somewhat clay colored
is collected here & there into almost or-
ganic forms—swamalike¹ with a skin
to it—

I make a nosegay of the sphagnum
which must suffer from this unusual

It is frozen stiff at the base
exposure— ^— What rugged castelled forms
it takes at the base of the andromeda
which springs from it— Some is green
or yellowish-green—, Some bright
crimson—some brown—some quite
white—with dif. shades of all these
colors— Such are the temples & cheeks of
these soft crags What a primitive
& swampy wilderness for the wild mice
to run amidst—the andromeda Woods!

// Walden is skimmed over all but
an acre in my cove. It will prob. be finished
no, it proved too warm—
tonight.

No doubt the healthiest man in the
world is prevented from doing what he
would like by sickness.

Dec 22nd

Dull over cast morning so warm that

¹Context suggests that T meant "swamplike"; research turns up no meanings for "swama" or "swamalike".
Consider emending (BW, 4/30/10)

it has actually thawed in the night—&
there is a wet space larger than the ice
on the side-walk. It draws forth crowing
from cockerels—as spring does rills from
glaciers.

Pm warm rain & frost coming out & muddy
walking.

In reading Columella
I am frequently reminded not only
by the general tone ~~by~~ but even by the
particular warnings & directions—of ~~the~~
our agricultural journals & reports of
farmers' clubs— Often what is last &
most insisted on among us, was¹ most
insisted on by the Romans.

As when he says it is better to cultivate
a little land well than a great ~~diff~~ deall ill.
& quotes the poet—"laudato ingentia rura
—Exiguum colito."— — — —

"Modus ergo, qui in omnibus rebus, etiam parandis

168

agris adhibebitur: tantum enim obtinendum est, quanto
est opus, ut emisse videremur quo potiremur,
non quo onerarenur ipsi, atque aliis fruendum
eriperemus, more praepotentium, qui possident fines
Gentium², quos ne circumire equis quidem valent,
sed proculcandos pecudibus, et vastandos, ac populandos
feris derelinquunt, aut occupatos nexu civium, et
ergastulis tenent."

There fore, as in all things, so in buying
land moderation will be used; for only
so much is to be obtained as ~~there~~³ is

~~necessary to make it appear that we
need of, so that we may be seen to~~⁴

~~use~~
have bought what we can possess⁵,

¹"was" written over "is"

²"G" written over "g"

³"there" cancelled in pencil

⁴"need . . . to" cancelled in pencil

⁵"possess" cancelled in pencil

You have thus only to dig into
the swamp a little way—to find your
fence— Post—rails & slats already
solidly grown together—and of material
more durable than any timber—
How pleasing a thought that a
field should be fenced with the roots
of the trees got¹ out in clearing the
land a century before— I regret
them as mementoes of the primitive
forest— The tops of the same trees
made into fencing stuff would have
decayed generations ago. These roots
are singularly unobnoxious to the effects
of ~~time~~. moisture

I detect the Irishman where the elms
& maples on the causeway are cut off
at the same height with the willows
to make pollards of!
The swamp is thus covered with a complete
web of roots—Wild trees—such as are
fitted to grow in the uncultivated
swamps.

I sit on the hill side, near the wall
corner, in the further Conantum
field—as I might in an Ind.
summer day in Nov. or Oct. These
are the colors of the earth now—

All land that has been some time
cleared—except it is subject to the
plow is russet, the color of withered
herbage & the ground finely commixed—
a lighter straw color where are rank grasses next water

¹"got" possibly altered from "you" or "out"

–sproutlands the pale leather color
of dry oak leaves–Pine woods green
–deciduous woods (bare twigs & stems & withered
leaves commingled) a brownish–or reddish gray
–Maple swamps smoke color–
Land just cleared dark brown & earthy–
Plowed land dark brown or blackish–ice
& water slate color–or blue–Androme-
da swamps dull red & dark gray–Rocks
gray.

At Lee's Cliff I notice these
radical (?) leaves quite fresh–Saxifrage
sorrel–polypody–mullein–columbine–
veronica–Thyme-leaved sandwort–
spleenwort–strawberry–buttercup–radical
johnswort–mouse-ear–rad– pinweeds–
cinquefoils–checkerberry–winter green–
thistles–catnep–Turritis stricta especially
fresh & bright–& what is that fine very //
minute plant thickly covering the
ground–like a young arenaria?

Think of the life of a kitten–ours for-
instance–last night here eyes set in
a fit–doubtful if she will ever come out
of it & she is set away in a basket–& sub-
mitted to the recuperative powers of
Nature– This morning running up the
clothes pole & erecting her back in frisky
sport to every passer.

Dec 25th

9 Am Snow driving about horizontally
from the NE–& fast whitening the ground–
& with it the first tree sparrows I have

noticed in the yard. It turns partly to rain & hail at mid day.

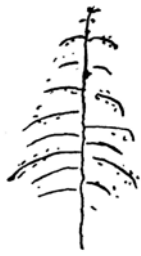
Dec 26th

After snow rain & hail yesterday
& last night—we have this morning
// quite a glaze—there being at last an inch
the most we have had
or 2 of crusted snow on the ground—[^] The
sun comes out at 9 Am & lights
up the ice¹-incrusted trees—but it
is pretty warm & the ice rapidly
melts.— I go to Walden via
the almshouse & up the RR—
Trees seen in the west against the
dark cloud the sun shining on them
are perfectly white as frost work and
all their outlines very perfectly & distinctly
revealed—great wisps that they are—&
with recurved twigs
ghosts of trees—[^] The walls & fences are
encased—and the fields bristle with
a myriad of crystal spears— Already the
wind is rising & a brattling is heard
over head in the street. The sun
shining down a gorge over the woods
at Bristers Hill—reveals a wonderfully
brilliant as well as seemingly solid & di-
versified region in the air— The ice is
from 1/8 to a quarter of an inch thick
about
~~on the sides of~~ the twigs & pine needles—only
half as thick commonly on one side—
Their heads are bowed—their plumes
& needles are stiff—as if preserved under
glass for the inspection of posterity—
{This} is our now especially slow footed

¹"ice" poss written over "in"

river laid up not merely on the
meadows—but on the twigs & leaves
of the trees—on the needles of the pines.


The pines thus weighed down are sharp
pointed at top & remind me of firs &
even hemlocks—their drooping boughs
being wrapped about them—like the folds
of a cloak or a shawl
is already strewn with
the green needles which
broken off. Frequently
top stands up bare
the middle & lower



The crust
bits of
have been
the whole
while
branches

are drooping & massed together resting on
one another— But the low & spreading
weeds in the fields and the woodpaths
are the most interesting. Here are asters

savory-leaved


^ whose flat imbricated calyxes $\frac{3}{4}$ of an
inch over are surmounted & inclosed
in a perfectly transparent ice button
like a glass knob—through which
you see the reflections of the brown
calyx—  These are very common— Each
little blue curl calyx has a spherical button
like those brass ones ~~littl~~ on little boy's jackets
—little sprigs on them—& the pennyroyal
has still smaller spheres more regularly
arranged about its stem—chandelier-wise—&
still smells through the ice. The finest
grasses support the most wonderful
burdens of ice & most branched on their
minute threads. These weeds are
spread & arched over into the snow

again—countless little arches a few inches a few inches high each cased in ice—which you break with a tinkling crash at each step.



&c &c  The scarlet

fruit of the cock spur lichen seen
more opaque whitish or snowy
glowing through the ^ crust of a
stump—is on close inspection the
richest sight of all—for the scarlet
is increased & multiplied by reflection
through the bubbles & hemispherical surfaces
of the crust—as if it covered some ver-
million grain thickly strewn—& the brown
cup lichens stand in their midst—the
whole rough bark too is encased—

Already a squirrel
has perforated  the crust above the
mouth of his burrow here & there by
the side of the path & left some empty
acorn shells on the snow— He has shovelled
out this morning—before the snow has frozen
in his door step— Now at 10 am
there blows a very strong wind from the
NW. & it grows cold apace.

Particularly are we attracted in the
winter by greenness and signs of growth—
as the green & white shoots of grass & weeds
pulled—or floating on the wate{r}—& also
by color—as cockspur lichens & crimson
birds—&c.

Thorny bushes looked more thorny than ever
—each thorn is prolonged & exaggerated—

Some boys have come out to a woodside
hill to coast— It must be sports to them
lying on their stomachs to hear their sled
crunching the crystallized weeds when they
have reached the more weedy pasture—below.

4 P. m.

Up R. R. Since the sun has risen higher
& fairly triumphed over the clouds—the ice has
glistened with all the prismatic hues— On
the trees it is now considerably disipated¹—
but rather owing to the wind than the sun.
The ice is chiefly on the upper & on the
storm side of twigs &c— The whole

pine

top of the ^ forest—as seen miles off in
the horizon—is of sharp points—the
leading shoots with a few plumes—even
more so than I have drawn on the l. p. b². 1.

It has grown cold—& the crust bears
The weeds & grasses being so thickened
by this coat of ice appear much more
numerous in the fields— It is surprising
what a bristling crop they are. The sun
is gone before 5— Just before I
looked for rain-bow flecks in the west

small

but saw none—only some pink-dun?

east

clouds— In the ~~west~~³ still larger
ones—which after sunset—turned to
pale slate.

In a true history or biography of how
little consequence those events of which so much
is commonly made— E.G. How difficult
for a man to remember in what town
or houses he has lived or when—!⁴ Yet one

¹"i" inserted

²"b" possibly altered from "1"

³Need better image to confirm that mark following/across "west" is cancellation line

⁴Exclamation mark written above and below dash

of the first steps of his biographer will be to establish these facts—& he will thus give an undue importance to many of them. I find in my journal that the most important events in my life—if recorded at all, are not dated—

Dec 27th

Recalled this evening—with the aid of Mother the various houses (& towns) in which I have lived—& some other events of my life.

Born July 12th 1817 in the Uncle David d. when I was
6 weeks old— I was baptized in old
M. H. by Dr Ripley when I was 3 months
& did not cry

Minott House, on the Virginia Road

Where Father occupied Grandmother's

carrying on the farm Si Merriam next neighbor

3^{ds}—[^] The Catherines the other half¹

Bob. Catherines & John threw up the Turkies

of the house— Lived there about

Si. Merriam the neighbor

8² months.

We the W side

The Red House, Where Grandmother Lived— [^] till

Sep-~~or~~ Oct. (?) 1818—hiring of Josiah Davis

There were cousin Charles

agent for Woodards— (& uncle C more or less)

Ac. to *Day Book Father hired of Proctor Oct 16th 1818—& shop of Spaulding Nov 10th 1818

Chelmsford till March 1821

Last change in Chelmsford
about mid of March '21

Aunt Sarah taught me to walk there when 14
months old.— Lived next the M. H. where they kept the
powder in the garret. Father kept shop—& painted—signs &c

5 or

Popes House at South End in Boston [^] 6 (?) months

Moved from Chelmsford through Concord

a 10 footer & may have tarried in Concord a little while.

Day book says "Moved to Pinkney Street Sep 10th 1821 on Monday".

Whitwell's House Pinkney St. Boston to Mar. 1823 (?)

Brick House—Concord—to spring of 1826

Davis House—(next to S. Hoars) to May 7th '27

*Day-book 1st used by Grandfather dated 1797. His part cut out & used by Father in Concord in 1808-39. & in Chelmsford 1818-19-20-21

¹"half" written over "part"

²"8" written over "2"

³Hyphen written over "&" or vice versa

Shattuck House (now W^m Monroe's) to Spring
Hollis Hall Cam. of 35– (Hollis. Cambridge. '33)

Aunts House to Spring of '37—at Brownson's
Hollis Hall & while teaching in winter of 35– Went
Canton. to N. York with Father peddling in '36

Parkman House to fall of '44. Was Gradu-
Hollis–Cambridge ated in '37. Kept Town School
a fortnight in '37 (?)– Began the
Big Red Journal Oct '37– Found
first arrowheads Fall¹ of '37–. Wrote a Lecture
(my first) on Society, May 14th 38 & read
it before the Lyceum in the Mason's Hall–
Ap. 11th '38– Went to Maine for a
May
school in ~~Spring~~ of 38 Commenced
school in the house in summer of
'38. Wrote an essay on Sound & Silence
Dec '38.– Fall of '39 up Merrimack to
White Mts.– Aulus Persius Flaccus
first printed paper of² consequence, Feb 10th
546
1840– The Red Journal of ~~396~~ ps
ended June 1840– Journal of 396 ps
ended Jan 31st 41 Went to R. W. E's
in Spring of 41 & stayed there to summer of '43
Went to Staten Island June '43–& returned
{or to Thanksgiving}
in Dec ^ '43– Made Pencils in '44–
Texas House to Aug 29th '50. At Walden
Walden July 45 to fall of '47–then at R. W. E's to fall
R. W. E's of 48 or while he was in Europe.
Yellow-House reformed till present³

¹"F" written over "f"

²"of" written over "on"

³Followed by one blank line


Dec 28th

near

Pm Hollowel Place & back over Hub bridge—

To-day & yesterday the boys have been skating
on the crust in the streets—it is so warm—
the snow being very shallow— Considerable ice
still clings to the rails & trees & especially

though much attenuated

weeds ^— The birches were most bent
& are still—in hollows on the N sides
of hills  —Saw Some rabbits fur
on the crust & som ap bird? droppings
since the sleet fell—a few pinches of fur
the only trace of the murder— Was it a hawk's
work? Crossed the river on the ice in front
of Puffer's. What do the birds do¹ when
the seeds & bark are thus encased in
ice?

Dec 29th

Down RR—to Andromeda Ponds—

I occasionally see a small snow-flake
in the air against the woods— It
is quite cold—& a serious storm seems
to be beginning. Just before reaching
// the cut I see a shrike flying low
beneath the level of the RR which rises
& alights on the topmost twig of an elm
within 4 or 5 rods. All ash or bluish slate
above down to mid wings—dirty white breast
broad
& a ^ black mark through eyes on side of
head—primaries (?) black—& some white
appears when it flies. Most distinctive
its small hooked bill—(²upper mandible).
It make no sound—but flits to
the top of an oak further off—
Prob. a male.

¹"do" possibly written over "?"

²Paren written over dash

Am surprised to find 8 or 10 acres of
Walden still open not withstanding //
the cold of the 26th–7th & 8th & of¹ to day.
It must be owing to the wind partly.
If quite cold—it will prob. freeze tonight.

not quite—say The night of the 30th

I find in the andromeda bushes //
in the Andromeda ponds a great

yes

many nests ap. of the red-wing (?) I ~~count~~
21 suspended after their fashion amid
the twigs of the andromeda—each now filled
with ice— I count 21 within 15 rods of
a center—& have no doubt there are a hundred
in that large swamp—for I only looked about
the edge part way. It is remarkable that
I do not remember to have seen flocks
of these birds there— It is an admirable
place for them, these swamps are so im-
passable & the andromeda so dense
It would seem that they steal away to
breed here—are not noisy here as along
the river— v. n p.

I never knew—or rather do not re-
strong

member the crust so ^ hard as it is now
and has been for 3 days— You can skate
over it as on ice in any direction—
I see the tracks of skaters on all
the roads—& they seem hardly to prefer
the ice— Above Abiel Wheelers on the
back road the crust is not broken
yet—though many sleds & sleighs
have passed—the tracks of the
skaters are as conspicuous any there
But the snow is but 2 or 3 inches

¹"of" altered from "to"

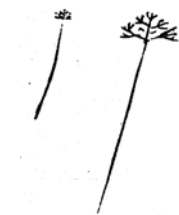
deep. Jonas Potter tells me that
 has known the crust on snow 2 feet
 deep to be as strong as this, so that he
 could drive his sled anywhere over the walls.
 So that he cut off the trees in jennie's
 lot 3 feet from the ground, & cut
 again after the snow was melted.

When two men, Billings & Pritchard
 were dividing the stock of My father
 & Hurd—the former acting for Father—

P. was rather tight for Hurd
 ^ They came to a cracked bowl at which
 P, hesitated and asked well what shall
 we do with this. Bø took it in haste
 & broke it & presenting him one¹ pice—said
 ours
 "There, that is your half & this is ~~mine~~."

A good time to walk in swamps
 there being ice but no snow to speak of—all
 crust. It is a good walk along the
 edge of the river the² wild side amid the button
 bushes & willows. The eupatoreum³ stalks
 still stand there with their brown hemispheres
 of little twigs

The nests of last p.
 between 8 or 10
 half way up them
 coarse grass or



orreries—
 are suspended very securely
 andromeda stems about
 made of more or less
 sedge without then about

& fine

1/2 inch of dense ^ now frozen sphagnum—then
 fine wild grass or sedge very regularly & sometimes another
 layer of sphagnum? of fine grass above these the
 whole an inch thick—the bottom commonly
 rounded— The outside grasses are well
 twisted about whatever andromeda stems stand
 at or near the river. I saw the traces of mice in some of them


¹"one" altered from "a"
²"the" altered from "a"

³Possibly "eupatorium"

Dec 30

The snow which began last night
has continued to fall very silently but
steadily—and now it is not far from
a foot deep—much the most we //

a dry light powdery snow
have had yet. ^ When I come down{—}
I see it in miniature drifts against
the panes alternately streaked dark &
light as it is more or less dense. A

perfectly regular a foot high
remarkable ^ conical peak ^ with
concave sides  stands in the fire
place under the sink-room chimney. The
pump has a regular conical Persian¹ (?)² cap
& every post about the house a similar
one— It is quite light but has not
drifted. About 9 Am— It ceases & the
sun comes out, & shines dazzlingly over

Every neighbor is shovelling out—& hear
the white surface— the sound of shovels scraping on door steps

Winter now first fairly commenced—I feel— //

Columella says de aqua p 170

Sit autem vel intra villam, vel extrinsecus
inductus fons perennis, lignatio pabulum que
vicinum. Si deerit fluens unda, putealis quae-
ratur in vicino, quae non sit haustus profundi,
non amari saporis, aut salsi. Haec quoque si
deficient, et spes ar̄t aretior aquae manantis
coegerit, vastae cisternae hominibus, piscinaeque
pecoribus instruantur, colligendae aquae tandem
pluviali, quae salubritati corporis est accommo-
datissima: sed ea sic habetur eximia, si fic-
tilibus tubis in contectam cisternam deducatur.
huic proxima fluens aqua e montibus
oriunda, si per saxa praeceps devolvitur,
ut est in Guarceno Campaniae. Tertia

¹"P" written over "p"

²"(?)" possibly inserted

putealis, vel collina, vel quae non infima valle reperitur. Deterrima palustris, quae pigro lapsu repit. Pestilens quae in palude semper consistit."—

But let there be either within the villa or introduced from without a perennial fountain, wood & fodder near. If running water is wanting let a well (or pool¹) be sought in the neighborhood, which is not deep to draw from, nor of a bitter or salt taste. If these also

trans says "the small hopes of spring water force you"
are wanting ^ & the narrower hope of dropping water compels, let vast cisterns be constructed for the men, & ponds for the cattle (flocks

Trans says "After all"—qualifying the
& herds), for collecting rain water (^ by degrees?) whole sentence"
which is most suitable for the health of

first rate or particularly good
the body: but this is esteemed | excellent | if it is conducted by earthen tubes into a covered cistern: next to this running water springing (or rising) from mountains, if it is whil{red} down ~~prep~~ precipitously (or head-long) over rocks, as in Guarcenum (?) in Campania. Third the water of a well, either on a hill, or which is not found in the lowest part of a valley— Worst is marsh water, which creeps with a slow lapse. Pestilent that which always stands still in a marsh."—

Varro had already said p 67 Villam aedificandam potissimum, ut intra septa villae habeat aquam: si non, quam-proxime. Primum quae ibi sit nata: secundum, quae influat perennis. Si omnino aqua non est viva, cisternae faciundae sub tectis, et lacus sub dio, ex altero loco ut homines, ex altero ut pecus uti possit."

¹or pool" cancelled in pencil

Especially a villa is to be built so that it may have water within its limits; if not, as near as possible. First that which is born there, 2nd that which flows in perennially (or all the year round). If living water is not at all, (to be had) cisterns are to be made under the roofs, & lakes in the
can
open air, ~~ut~~ that men may use the one & cattle the other."

The places which are slowest to freeze in our river are first—On ac—
of warmth—as well as motion—where a
& also prob. where are springs in brooks—at bottom
brook comes in ^—& under bridges—
Then, on ac. of shallowness & rapidity,
at bends. I perceive that the cold
respects the same places every winter—
In the dark or after a heavy snow I know
well where to cross the river most safely—.

broad
Where the river is most like a lake ^—with
a deep & muddy bottom there it freezes{t}
first & thickest. The open water at a
bend seems to be owing to the swiftness of
the current—& this to the shallowness—
& this to the sands taken out of the opposing
bank—& deposited there—

There was yesterday 8 or 10 acres of open water at the west end of Walden where is depth & breadth combined.

What a horrid shaggy & stiff low wilderness were the Andromeda ponds yesterday! What then must they have been on the 21st? — As it was—it was as if I walked through a forest of glass (with a tough woody core)

up to my middle— That dense tufted
 grass with a greenish tinge was still stiffly
 coated with ice—as well as everything
 else—& my shoes were filled with the
 fragments, but here & there the crimson
 sphagnum blushed through the crust
 beneath. Think of that dense grass
 a horrid stiff crop each stem as big as your
 finger firm but brittle—& about 2 feet
 high—& the countless birds nests filled
 even with ice.

P. m.—across River & over hill.

The wind has been blowing & the
 snow drifting—the paths are filled up
 again. The surface of the snow is
 coarsely waved & rough now—as if
 it caught at every straw & faced its windy
 foe again. It appears a coarser grain
 now— — By the river are conspicuous
 the now empty & spread pods of the
 water milk weed—gray brown without



silky white within—in some
 a seed or 2 left still

Also the late rose
 corymbs of red hips—



Also the Eupatorium
 drawn at venture 4 ps
 back or more erect—thus
 fuzz & seeds still—



some with brown

The sium sometimes with its very
flat cymes & that
light brown sedge or rush



— Some black ash keys
poor—still hang on amid the
black {abrtions} (?)—



The mead sweet



For a few days I have noticed the
sprinkled with alder & birch scales—
go now through the birch meadow
SW of the Rock— The high wind is scatter-
ing them over the snow there— See one
Downy (?) woodpecker—& 1 or 2 chicadees

snow
I{.}

The track of a squirrel on the Island¹
neck—tracks are altered by the depth
of the snow— Looking up over the
top of the hill now SW at 3 1/2
Pm I see a few mother o' pearl
tints². & methinks the same or rain-
bow tints in the drifting snow there
against the bright light of the unseen
sun. Only in such clear cold air
as this have the small clouds
in the {s} west—that fine evanishing
edge— It requires a state of the air
that quickly dissipates all moisture—
It must be rare in summer— In this
bare atmosphere all cloud is quickly
dissipated & mother o' pearl tinted as
it passes away. The snow is too deep
& soft yet for many tracks— No doubt
the mice have been out beneath it.

¹"I" written over "i"

²"lints" in MS

Recrossing¹ the river behind Dodd's
now at 4 Pm—the sun quite
low—the open reach just below
 a vitreous green
is quite green [^], As² if seen through
a junk bottle— Perhaps I never ob-
served this phenomenon but when
the sun was low—

 He who would study birds' nests
must look for them in november—
& in winter—as well as in mid summer—
for then the trees are bare & he
can see them—& the swamps and
streams are frozen & he can approach
new kinds. He will often be sur-
prised to find how many have haunted
where he little suspected, & will re-
ceive many hints ac. which he
can act upon in the summer—
I am surprised to find many new
ones—(i.e. not new species) in groves which
I had examined several times with
particular care in the summer—

 This was not a lodging
snow—and the wind has already
blown most of it off the trees— Yet
the long limbed oak on the N of the hill
still supports a ridge of its pure white
as thick as its limbs—they lie parallel
like the ulnus & radius & one is a bare
white bone.

Beside the other weeds on the last page
I might have drawn the tall rough
golden-rod still conspicuous

¹"R" written over "r"

²"A" poss written over "a"



As for the villa. Columella
says—p 170 that the
best position is half way up
a hill *medius collis* (¹or can
—it mean on a moderate hill²)³ on

a swell of ground, *loco tamen ipso paul-
ulum intumescente*, lest water from the
top wash away the foundations— He
warns not place it next to⁴ a
military way—because among other (p 171
evils that begets stingings insects
in {hot⁵} weather which fly towards us in
dense swarms—and also the affairs
of the family are interrupted by attentions
shown to travellers (or hospitality)—

It must front toward the equinoc-
tial rising—*orientem equinoctialem*—(171

Found in the Wheeler meadow
SW of the Island a nest in the fork of //
an alder about 8 feet from ground partly
saddled on—made ap. chiefly of fine grass
& bark fibres quite firm & very thick
bottomed—& well bound without with various
kinds of lint. This is a little oval 3 by
3 1/2 inches within & 7/8 deep with a
very firm smooth rim of fine grass & bark
shreds—lined with the same & some lint.
A few alder leaves dangle from the edge—
& what is remarkably the outer edge
all around is defiled—quite covered
with black & white caterpillar like droppings
of the young birds. It is broader & shallower
than a yel. birds & larger than a wood pewee's
can it be a red start's?? I should think it too large

¹Paren possibly cancelled in pencil

²"or can...hill" cancelled in pencil

³Paren possibly cancelled in pencil

⁴"next to" written over "near a"

⁵"hot" possibly altered from "wet"

Dec 31st

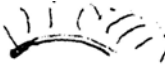
It is one of the mornings of
creation, & the trees shrubs &c &c
// are covered with a fine leaf frost—
as if they had their morning robes on
seen against the sun— There has
been a mist in the night— Now¹
at 8 1/2 Am I see collected
over the low grounds behind Mr.
// Cheneys a dense fog (over a foot
of snow) which looks rather dusky
like smoke by contrast with the snow.
Though limited to perhaps 20 or 30
acres, it as dense as any in august.
This accounts for the frost on the twigs.
It consists on minute leaves—the longest
1/8 of an inch—all around the twigs
but longest commonly on one side—
in² one instance the S. W. side.

Clearing out the paths which the drifting
snow had filled—I find already quite crust
—from the sun & the plowing making it compact—
but it is soft in the woods—

9 A{.} m to Partridge Glade—
I see many partridge tracks in the
light snow—where they have sunk deep
amid the shrub oaks—also gray rabbit
& deer mice tracks—for the last ran
over this soft surface last night.
In a hollow in the glade a gray
rabbits tracks ap. leading to & from
a hole in the snow—which following
& laying open I found to extend curving

¹"N" written over "n"

²"i" poss written over "I"

about this pit  4 feet through
& under the snow to a small hole in
the earth—which ap. led down deep—

At 10—the frost leaves are nearly all
melted—

It is invariably the E. track on the RR-
cause-way which has the least snow on
it. Though it is nearly all blown off elsewhere
on the causeway. Trillium woods has prevented
it, being blown off opposite to them.

The snow plow yesterday cast the snow
one
6 feet each side the edge of the cars—&
it fell thick & rich—evenly broken like
well plowed land— It lies like a rich tilth
in the sun with its glowing cottony white
ridges & its shadowy hollows—

Jan 1st 1856


Speaking of foxes J. Farmer told me
last evening that Some time ago
Sherman Barrett's folks heard a
squeaking & running up saw a fox
leap out of the pen with a sucking
pig in his mouth & escape with it.
Farmer says they commonly take the dead
lambs from the fields—though most dogs
will not.

Pm to Walden—

Walden is covered with white snow ice
6 inches thick
—^ for it froze while it was snowing
though commonly there is a thin dark
beneath. This is now therefore bare
while the river which was frozen before

is covered with snow— A very small
patch of¹ Walden frozen since the
snow—looks at a little distance
exactly like open water by contrast
the trees being reflected in it
with the snow ice ^—& indeed I am
not certain but a very small part
of this patch was water.

The track repairers have shovelled
4 little paths by the sides of the rails
all the way from the Depot to
Walden— As I went by the Engine
house I saw great icicles 4 feet
long hanging from the ~~weste~~ eastern
eaves—like slender pointed spears—
—the last half blown aside by the
wind— & still more—

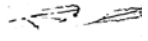
Deep  By the side of the
of prob cut are the tracks
the weeds—& of partridges—
tree sparrows about

On the ice at Walden are
very beautiful great leaf crystals
in great profusion. The ice is fre-

ed
quently thickly covering² with them for
They seem to be connected with the rosettes—a running together of them
many rods— ^ They look like a loose
web of small white feathers
springing from a tuft of down—for
their shafts are lost in a tuft

like the down about the shaft of a feather
of fine snow—^ They are on a
as if a feather bed had been shaken over the ice.
close examination surprisingly
perfect leaves like ferns—only
very broad for their length & com-
monly more on one side the mid

¹"of" written over "on"
²"ing" cancelled in pencil

rib than the other. They are from an inch to an inch & a half long & 3/4 wide—and slanted where I look from the SW—  They have 1st a very distinct mid rib—though so thin that they cannot be taken up—then distinct ribs branching from this—commonly opposite—& minute ribs springing again from these last as in many ferns—the last running to each cre-
 nation in the border—



How
 much
 further

they are subdivided the naked eye cannot discern— They are so thin & fragile that they melt under your breath while looking closely at them. A fisherman says they were much finer in the morning. In other places the ice is strown with a dif. kind of frost work in little patche{s} like as if oats had been spilled—like fibres of asbestos rolled— 1/2 or 3/4 inch long & 1/8 or more wide Here and there patches of them a foot or two over—like some boreal grain spilled.

Here are two fishermen—& one has pre-ceeded them. They have not had a bite & know not why— It has been a clear winter day.

On the north shore near the RR¹— I see the tracks ap. of a white rabbit afterward many tracks of gray rabbits

¹first "R" written over "r"

& where they had squatted under an
or rather by the side of an alder
stem or the like—& left many
balls in the pure snow— Many
have run in one course— —
In the midst of them I see the
track of a large rabbit prob—
a white one—which was evidently
on the full spring—its tracks are
4 feet apart & unlike the others
which are on the surface even of
this light snow—these break
through deep making a hole
6 inches over— Why was this one
in such haste— I conclude to trace
him back & find out. His bounds
grow greater & greater as I go back
—now 6 feet quite—& a few rods
further are the tracks of a fox
(possibly a dog but¹ I think not) exactly
on the trail!² A little further
where the rabbit was ascending
a considerable slope through
this snow nearly a foot deep,
the bounds measure full 7 feet
—leaving the snow untouched for
that space between— It appeared
that the fox had started the rabbit
from a bank on which it was resting
young
near a ^ hemlock—& pursued it
only a dozen rods up the hill
& then gave up the chase—
& well he might methought.

¹"but" altered from ")"

²"all doubtful" written vertically in margin in pencil, upward, extending from "where the rabbit" up to "in such haste"

Goodwin says that the white rabbit
never burrows—but the grey regularly—
Yet he once new a white one to earth itself.

In a rabbits track the two forefeet
thus
are the furthest apart—

This chase occurred probably in the
neight, either the last or night before, when
there was not a man within a mile—but
treading on these very deep & distinct
tracks—it was as if I had witnessed
it—& in imagination I could see the
sharp eyes of the crafty fox & the
palpitating breast of the timorous rabbit—
listening behind. We unwittingly traverse
the scenery of what tragedies! Every
square rod perchance—was the scene
of a life or death struggle last night.

As you track the rabbit furthe{r} off
~~you follow~~ a its bounds becoming
shorter & shorter—you follow also surely
its changing moods from desperate
terror till it walks calmly & reassured
over the snow with out breaking

perchance till it gnaws some twig composedly
its very slight crust. ^ & in the other
direction you trace the retreating steps
of the disappointed fox until he has
forgotten this—& scented some new game.

maybe dreams of partridges or wild mice
Your own feelings are fluttered proportion-
ably. V. n. p.

Jan 2nd '56

Probably the coldest morning yet—our
thermometer {a} 6° below zero at 8 am. Yet

//

NB This mist for several mornings after first deep snow
there was quite a mist in the air.

The neighbors say it was 10° below zero at 7 Am

Pm to Walden—

As for the fox & rabbit race des—
yesterday—I find that the rabbit
was going the other way—& possibly
the fox was a rabbit—for tracing
back the rabbit I found that it
had first been walking with alternate
steps fox-like

There were many white rabbit¹
tracks in those woods—& many more
of the gray rabbit. but the former
broke through & made a deep
except where there was a little crust on a S. slope
track ^ While the latter made but
a faint impression on the surface.
The latter run very much in the
same path—which is well trodden
& you would think you were in the
midst of quite a settlement of them.

Crossing the RR. at the Heywood Meadow

// I saw some snow buntings rise from
the side of the embankment & with
surging rolling flight wing their
way up through the cut. I walked
through the westernmost Heywood
swamp— There are the tracks of many
rabbits both gray & white which have
run about the edges² of these swamps
since the snow came—amid the alders
& shruboaks—& one white one has
crossed it. The cattails rise high
above the snow in the swamp their
brown heads bursting on one side into
creamy (?) billows & {wreaths} or partly bare.

¹"rabbit" altered from "rabbits"

²"the edges" written over "these swam"

also the rattlesnake grass is still
gracefully drooping on every side with the
weight of its reeds—a rich wild grain.
And other wild grasses & rushes rise above
the snow— There is the wild looking
remnant of a white pine quite dead
rising 15 or 20 feet—which the wood-
peckers have bored—& it is still clad with
sulphur lichens—& many dark-colored
tufts of certraria in the forks of its branches.

Returning I saw near the back road
& RR—a small flock of 8 snow buntings
feeding on the seeds of the pig weed—picking
ap. flat on the snow their legs so short
them from the snow ^—& when I approached
a lighting on the rail-fence— They were pretty black
with white wings & a brown crescent on their
breasts. They have come with this deeper snow
& colder weather—

Jan 3^d '56

Snows again—about 2 inches have
fallen in the night—but it turns
to a fine mist. It was a damp snow— //
P. m. to Hill

The snow turned to a fine mist or mizzling
—through which I see a little blue
in the snow—lurking in the ruts. //

In the river meadows & on the
(perhaps moist) sides of the hill how¹
common and conspicuous the brown spear
heads of the hard-hack above the snow
& looking black by contrast with it!
Just beyond the Assabet spring I
see where a squirrel—gray or red—

¹"how" altered from "I"

dug through the snow last night
in search of acorns. I know it
was {least} night, for it was while
the last snow was falling & the
tracks are partly filled by it—they are
like this— ε ε ε. This squirrel
has burrowed to the ground in
many places within a few yards
probing the leaves for acorns in various
directions—making a short burrow
under the snow—sometimes passing
under the snow a yard & coming
out at another place—for
though it is somewhat hardened
on the surface by the nightly freezing
& the hail it is still quite soft
& light beneath next the earth—
& a squirrel or mouse can¹ burrow

I am surprised to find how easily I can pass my hand through
very fast indeed there— ^ In many it there
places it has dropt the leaves
&c about the mouth of the hole.

(The whole² snow about 10 inches deep)

I see where it sat in a young
oak & ate an acorn dropping
the shells on the snow beneath—
for there is no track to the shells
but only to the base of the oak—
How independently they live—not
alarmed. Though the snow be³ 2 feet
deep!

Now when all the fields & meadows
are covered deep with snow—the
warm colored shoots of osiers

¹"can" altered from "cans"

²"whole" altered from "hole"

³"be" written over "is"

risin{g} red & yellow—rising above
it, remind me of flames

It is astonishing how far a
merely well-dressed & good looking man
may go without being challenged by
any sentinel. What is called good So-
ciety will ~~high~~ bid high for such.

The man whom the state
has raised to high office, like that
of Governor for instance—from some
it may be honest but less respected calling—
cannot return to his former humble
but profitable pursuits—his old customers

honerableness

will be so shy of him—his ex-[^]ship stands
seriously in his way—whether he¹ is a lawyer

he cant get ex-honored

or a shop keeper—[^] So he becomes a
sort of state pauper—an object of
charity on its hands which the State
is bound in honor to see through & pro-
vide still with offices of similar respectability
—that he may not come to want.

A man who has been president becomes
the ex-president. It is cruel to remember

his deeds so long— When his time

2 | is out Why cant they let the poor

or stay at home

fellow go?/& cant travel [^] any where

1 | but men will persist in paying respect
to his ex-ship.

¹"he" possibly written over "his"