





with remarkably distinct <sup>sharp</sup> edges - formed  
instantaneously as by magic - Now rapidly & per-  
fectly it organizes itself - The material must be  
sufficiently cohesive. I suspect that a certain  
portion of clay is necessary. <sup>Mixed sand & clay</sup>  
being saturated with water in snow - the water  
liquid portion flows downward through  
the mass forming for itself instantly a perfect  
canal - using the best material the mass  
affords for its banks - It begins & inside  
it is a twinkling - The less fluid portions  
clay the a steeper change its course and  
form thick stems & cleaves. The large  
principle is like of the ear (labor - laboring)  
On the outside all the life of the earth  
is expressed in the animal & vegetable - but makes the  
deep instinct & you find it vital -  
you find in the very sands an anticipa-  
tion of the vegetable leaf - No wonder  
then that plants grow & spring in it. The  
atoms have already learned the law. Let  
a vegetable leaf come it upwards and  
you have a vegetable leaf - No wonder  
that the earth expresses itself outwardly in  
leaves - which labor with the idea thus in-  
wardly - The overhanging leaf sees here its  
prototype. The earth is pregnant with law.

The various shades of the sand  
forage are very appreciable to the eye  
including all the different colors which  
iron assumes - brown - grey - yellowish  
reddish - & clay-color. Perhaps it produces  
the greater effect by arranging the sands  
of the same color - side by side - bringing  
them together.

March 4<sup>th</sup>  
pm 10 <sup>a dull cloudy day</sup> walked with Hubbard Wood  
& part of Cliff Hill.

The snow has melted very rapidly the past  
week - There is much bare ground. The chicken-  
berms are revealed - somewhat diminished many  
others. I look along the <sup>edges</sup> for potatoes  
& sprouts but the ditches are still full of dirty  
ice & the mud is seen in the banks -  
In Hubbard's maple swamp - I see the  
ever green leaves of the goldthread as well  
as the <sup>large purple</sup> mitchella. I begin to sniff the  
air & smell the ground. In the meadow  
beyond I see some tall fern & suspect patches  
of plant leaves. Every where the green exerts  
rational leaves of the golden unicorn - horse  
pigeon when humid comes no back  
or forward & an incredible season. This  
would be here that under the snow lies