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brighter in the noonday heavens  
as in the western sky sometimes  
just before the sun goes down  
in clouds, like the ecstasy which  
we sometimes light up the  
face of a dying man - that is a  
serene or evening death. Like  
the end of the day. Then at last  
through all the groves which  
has accumulated in the atmos-  
phere of day - seen a patch of  
serene sky framed by contrast  
with the surrounding dark  
than midday - and even the  
even atmosphere of the day is golden  
and malleable as amber by the  
setting sun as if the days were  
were forgiven it. The man is  
blessed who every day is permitted  
to behold anything so pure serene  
as the western sky at sunset. While  
revolution is vex eternal.

There is no winter necessarily in  
the sky though the snow covers the  
earth. The sky is always ready to  
answer to our mood - we can  
see summer there or winter. Snow  
& drift on the earth - it might  
descend from the heavens & leave  
them pure. The heavens present  
perhaps pretty much the same as-  
pect summer & winter.

This remarkable in the sun  
rarely goes down without a cloud.  
Horus - I suppose this is a new  
the evening star - and very bright he  
is immediately after sun set in the  
early twilight.

See 2 p. 11

At day a driving rain - even  
driving up with driving mist -  
I remember, then. The snow rapidly  
melting, in well hollow a pond  
forming - unfathomable water beneath  
the snow. West to Tommy's house  
house - where still stand the spinning  
wheel and even the loom home made  
great pitch pine timber instead  
15 or 16 inches in diameter - telling  
of the primitive forest here. The  
white pines look greener than  
usual in this quiet rain - and  
very needle leaves drop at the end  
of it. There is a mist in the air  
which partially conceals them and  
the room for pieces with it. There  
are holes in the ice  
of young, Nebola - and a steel  
trap under water, and suspended  
a large piece of meat over it for  
a bait for a mink apparently.

See 2 p. 15

The sun just men. The ground is  
almost entirely bare. The water is



The puddles are not skinned over -  
it is warm as an April morning.  
There is a rounder of blue birds  
in the air, and the cock crow as  
in the spring. The steam curls up  
from the roof & the ground.  
You walk with open cloak - this is  
exactly what the smooth, glassy sur-  
face of water where the melted snow  
has formed large puddles & ponds.  
and to see it running in the sluices.

In the clear atmosphere I saw  
for in the clear air eastern horizon.  
The steam from the steam engine  
like downy clouds above the woods.  
I think even beyond Weston.

My school-time you see  
the boys in the street playing with  
the sticks - and the whole popula-  
tion is inspired with new life.

In the afternoon I saw Mills Road  
with W. E. C. know all gone from  
omino's hill side. The willow at the  
red house shines in the sun. The boys have  
come out under the will & pulled coppers  
with it on his door step. It is like  
the first of April. The wind is soft.

At the turnpike bridge water stands a  
foot or two deep over the ice - water fountains  
have come out and are skating against  
the stream. How much they depend on

January Thaw! Now for the frozen  
famed apple. This is the first chance  
they have had to thaw this winter.  
It feels as warm as in summer - you  
sit on any fence rail and vegetate  
in the sun & realize that the earth  
may induce plants again. But they say  
that this weather is unhealthy - that  
it always the way with them. How  
admirable it is that we can never  
possess this weather - that that is always  
next. Yesterday nobody dreamed  
of to-day nobody dreams of to-morrow.  
Hence the weather is even the news.  
What a fine & measureless joy the  
gods grant us thus - letting us know  
nothing about the day that is to dawn.  
This day yesterday was as incredible as  
any other miracle. Now all creatures  
live - it is even the cattle chewing  
stalks in the barn yards. & perchance  
it has penetrated even to the lurking places  
of the crickets. ~~Under the rocks.~~

The artist is at work in the deep cut.  
The telegraph has ~~run~~ <sup>run</sup> round.

Tuesday Dec 30<sup>th</sup>  
Now, go to the Deep Cut. The flocks  
are out partly from the cranes  
all covered with dust, dreaming  
of summer without life or energy  
enough to clean their wings.  
This afternoon being as plain

Barren Hill I heard the sound  
I saw - and soon after from  
the cliff saw two men sawing  
down the noble pine. beneath  
about 40 rods off. I resolved  
to watch it till it fell - the last  
of a dozen or more which were  
left when the forest was cut  
and for 15 years have waved  
in solitary majesty over the  
spruce land. Grown then like  
beams or insects gnawing at the  
trunk of the noble tree the dimin-  
utive marmosets with their crosscut  
saw which could scarcely span it.  
It towered up a hundred feet  
as I afterwards found by measure-  
ment. One of the tallest probably  
now in the township & straight  
as an arrow, but starting a little  
toward the <sup>western</sup> side. Its top now  
appeared the river & the hill of Conant  
him. I watch closely to see when  
it begins to move. When the saws  
stop - and with an axe open it a  
little on the side toward which it leans  
that it may break the paper.  
and now then saw goes again.  
Now surely it is going - it has fallen  
as inclined one quarter of the quad-  
rant, and breathless I expect both  
watching fall. But no more min-

taken it has not moved an inch;  
it stands at the same angle as  
at first. This 15 minutes yet  
its path. That its branches wave in  
the wind as if it were destined to stand  
for a century, and the wind roughs  
through its needles as if gone; it is  
still a forest tree - the most magni-  
ficent tree that grows on Mount Kata-  
quid. The silver then the sunlight  
is reflected from its needles - it still  
appears an inaccessible cradle for  
the squirrel's nest - not a lichen  
has forsaken its most like stem -  
its ranking mast. The hill is the  
hill. Now now the time moment.  
the marmosets at the base are fleeing  
from their crime - they have dropped  
the guilty saw & axe. How slowly &  
marginally it starts - as if it were  
not recalled by the summer breeze  
and would return with a sigh  
of its location in the air. I know  
it pans the hill side with its fall  
and it lies down to its bed in the valley  
from which it is never to rise, as  
softly as a feather, folding its  
green mantle about it like  
a warrior - as if tired of standing  
it enclosed the earth with its  
eyes - returning its elements to the  
earth again -

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you only saw - but did not  
hear. There now comes upon  
deafening crash & these rocks  
cratering you that even too  
do not die without a groan.  
Gnashes & dent trace the earth &  
single it, element with the dust.  
But now all is still once more  
& former both eye & ear.  
I went down and measured it. It  
was <sup>about</sup> 4 feet in diameter  
when it was raised - about as high  
long. Before I had reached it -  
the axeman had already had  
twisted it of its branches. Its space-  
fully spreading top was a perfect  
mush in the old side as if it  
had been made of glass - & the tender  
corn of one year growth upon its  
summit appeared in rain & too  
late of the energy of the chopper.  
Already he has measured it with  
his axe - and marked off the  
logs it will make. But the space  
it occupied in the <sup>air</sup> is vacant  
for the next 2 centuries. He has  
laid waste the air. When the full  
bush in the spring winds the  
banks of the market again, he will  
circle in rain & find his accustomed  
path. - & the handwork will mean  
for the birds left enough to protect

her brood. A plant which it was  
taken two centuries to perfect rising by  
slow stages into the heavens has this after-  
noon ceased to exist. Its sapling top  
and expanded thin January than on  
the fore summer of summers to come.  
Why then not set the village bell round  
a knell. I hear no knell toll - I  
see no procession of mourners in the  
streets - & the woodland air. The spirit  
has left to another tree - the hawk  
has circled further off - & has waved  
settled upon a new copse with the woodman  
is preparing his axe at the root of  
that also.

Dec 31st

The 31st day. now over  
cast and beginning to drizzle.  
Mid. is inspiring as the brightest  
weather - though the sun surely is  
not again to shine. There is a  
latent light in the mist - as if  
there were more electricity than  
usual in the air. There are foggy  
days in winter which excite us.  
I presume we thus think of  
fine weather, that I have not  
enough valued and attended to  
the pure clarity & brilliancy of  
the winter skies - Consider in  
what respects the winter sunsets  
differ from the summer ones.

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Small I never in summer evenings  
see so celestial a reach of blue  
sky contrasting with amber &  
I have seen a few days since  
the day sky in winter corresponds  
to the night sky in which the stars  
shine & twinkle so brightly in their  
latitude.

I am too late perhaps, & see the  
sand & foliage in the deep cut -  
should have been there long before  
yesterday - It is now so wet & soft.

Look in some places it is perfect.  
I see some perfect leopard spots

These things suggest that there  
is motion in the earth as well  
as on the surface; it lives & grows.  
This warmed & influenced by the  
sun - just as my blood & my  
thoughts. I feel some

of the life that is in the spring  
and blossom more intimately  
- nearer its fountain head - the  
fancy sketches & designs of the  
artist. This more simple &  
primitive growth. As if for ages  
said midday knights have thus  
flowed into the forms of foliage  
- before plants were produced  
to clothe the earth. The earth I  
tread on is not a dead inert  
man. This is a body - has a spirit

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is organic - and fluid & the influence  
of its spirit - and the whatever particles  
of that spirit is in me. The is  
not dead but sleeping. This more  
cheering than the pestilence & luxuriance  
of winter. This fundamental fertility  
near to the principle of growth.

To be sure it is somewhat focal  
and eternal. To the poet's creative  
moment, when the frost is coming  
out in the spring - but as in the  
case of some too early poets - if  
the weather is too warm & rainy or  
long continued it becomes more diar-  
rhea - mind & day relaxed. The  
poet must have something pass  
his bowels merely. That is, wouldn't  
poetry. He must have something  
pass his brain & heart and bowels  
to get it maybe, altogether - so he  
gets delivered. Then is, wouldn't  
the fine bowels be exhibited - heaps  
of brain light & bowels. Have you  
no bowels? Nature has some bowels  
and then again she is mother of  
humanity. Concord is a western  
place & live in - the globe is a  
unthin place for these creations  
this shuddering life - that may  
wake. Even the solid globe is  
permeated by the living law. It  
is the most living of creatures.

No doubt all creatures that  
live on its surface are but  
parasites.

I observed this afternoon the  
old Irish woman at the shore  
in the woods - sitting out on the  
bank side have headed in the rain  
on the icy though thawing ground  
sitting. She comes out when  
the ground is mired at the least  
intimation of warmer weather. She  
will not come & go far & she comes  
- so close she lies to the earth -  
while I walk into in a great  
coat & under an umbrella. Irish  
as there are water-living  
themselves at a rapid rate - as  
threaten at last to displace the  
- as the latter have the Indians -  
the process of acclimation is rapid with  
them the deer long breeds in the  
rich room. What must the  
philosophy of life & that woman  
ready to flow down the slope with  
the running sand! Ah what would  
I not give for her point of  
view. She does not use any  
this in her style. It appears  
that even she may have learned  
it. There is a Cornish in the  
woods. It's a good day to study

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lichens. The view is confined - it  
compels your attention to near  
objects - & the white background  
reveals the darks of the lichens dis-  
tinctly. They appear more loose - flowing  
- expanded - flattened out - the colors  
brighter - for the damp. The round  
greenish yellow lichens on the white  
pines (even through the mist) (I have  
seen dim) like shields - where devices  
you would find read. The trees appear  
all at once covered with thin crop - of  
lichens & mosses of all kind - flat  
& leafy are some - distended & moisture.  
This is their relation - and your eyes  
run swiftly through the mist & then  
things only. On every fallen twig even  
that has lain under the snow - as  
well as on the trees, they appear  
erect & now first some attained the  
full expansion. Nature has a day  
for each of her creatures & her  
creations. To day it is an exhibition  
of lichens at point Hall. The birds  
green spruce - the fruit of the  
may eclipse the trees they cover. And  
the red - club pointed - baobab trees  
like you the thorns - the Cornish  
thorns - oh beautiful is decay! There  
as I have said - The world has made  
out of water - that is the principle  
of all things.



I do not lay myself open  
 to my friends? The owner of  
 the basket looks it, and concludes  
 it from your friends for what you  
 know them to be - regard no more  
 consider not what they did but  
 what they intended. Be sure as you  
 know them, you are knowing  
 them again. Last night I wrote  
 my dearest friend ill. Though I could  
 just come home for myself, it is not  
 with ease as under the circumstances  
 could be pleaded in so many words.  
 Instantly I blame myself - I sought  
 an opportunity to make a statement  
 but the friend avoided me, and  
 with kinder feelings even than before  
 was obliged to depart. And now  
 this morning I feel that I must  
 speak of the triple - and indeed I  
 doubt now in the early morning, if  
 I have a right to suppose such inti-  
 mate & tender relations as afford  
 a basis for the apology that  
 conceived - for even magnanimity  
 must ask the poor earth for  
 a field. The virtues even wait for  
 invitation. Yet I am resolved I know  
 that one centrally - through thick &  
 thin - and therefore should in cold  
 to one another though we should

never speak of one another - I will know  
 that inward & essential love may  
 exist even under a superficial cold-  
 & the law of attraction really  
 cauterizes the words. My true relation  
 this instant shall be my apology for  
 my false relation the last instant.

I would waste dear Miss my indignation  
 as a sacrifice - I am it least of anybody  
 for I have absolutely done with it. Let  
 the ill & a warning & a apologizing friend  
 of my private life. Nevertheless an estab-  
 lishment is only the divergence of  
 the American spirit with the floor.

Last night I heard Mrs  
 Baker, Smith, lecture on womanhood.  
 The most important part about the  
 lecture was that a woman said it -  
 and in the respect of her suggestion  
 I went to see her afterwards. But  
 the interview added nothing to the  
 previous impression, rather diminished.  
 She was a woman in the too common  
 sense after all. You had to give much  
 thought - I did not have a finger in  
 mine, for fear of blowing away all her  
 words & so ending the game. You had  
 to tolerate caution for sense & argument  
 of superior ability. Can there be a direct  
 and feeling & emotion a conversation with  
 a lady? I carried her lecture for her  
 in my pocket wrapped in her hand-

