“This morning was a perfect hunter’s morn, for it snowed about three quarters of an inch last evening, covering land and ice. Is not good skating a sign of snow? In the swamps, however, wher ethere was water oozed out over the ice, there is no snow, but frozen slosh to-day, i.e. a rotten, roughish, dull-white ice. It is a rare day for winter, clear and bright, yet warm. The warmth and stillness in the hollows about the Andromeda Ponds are charming. You dispense with gloves. I see mice-tracks in the fields and meadows like this: four together, rabbit-like, four or five inches apart and one and a quarter broad. Are they the same with the? I think so. I see rabbit-tracks, pretty large, maybe white ones, two feet apart. I suspect that in each case they are coming down the page. In partridge-tracks, the side toes are more spread than in crows; and I believe the hind one is not so long. Both trail the middle toe. The partidge-track looks like this: I see the tracks apparentyl of many hunters that hastened out this morning.“