“The thin snow now driving from the north and lodging on my coat consists of those beautiful star crystals “,” not cottony and chubby spokes “,” as on the 13th December “,” but thin and partly transparent crystals. They are about a tenth of an inch in diameter “,” perfect little wheels with six spokes without a tire “,” or rather with six perfect little leafets “,” fern-like “,” with a distinct straight and slender midrib “,” raying from the centre. On each side of each midrib there is a transparent thin blade with a crenate edge “,” thus: [image] How full of the creative genius is the air in which these are generated! I should hardly admire more if real stars fell and lodged on my coat. Nature is full of genius “,” full of divinity; so that not a snowflake escapes its fashioning hand. Nothing is cheap and coarse “,” neither dewdrops nor snowflakes.”

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