“I skated up as far as the boundary between Wayland and Sudbury just above Pelham’s Pond, to a point which a woman called about one and a half miles from Saxonville, about twelve miles, between 10 A.M. and one, quite leisurely. There I found the river open unexpectedly, as if there were a rapid there, and as I walked up it some three quarters of a mile, it was still open before me a half-mile further at least, or probably to the falls. Somewhat like this. All the open part, one and a half miles at least, was pretty closely hemmed in by highlands. I skated about twelve miles and walked three quarters of a mile further. It was, all the way that I skated, a chain of meadows, with the muskrat-houses still rising above the ice, commonly on the bank of the river, and marking it like smaller haycocks amid the large ones still left. I skated past three bridges above Sherman’s –or nine in all (?) –and walked to the fourth. The next, or fifth, would probably be that in middle of Saxonville. *Viz.* Causeway bridges, Mill Village Bridge at Larned Brook, Pelham Pond Bridge, and that on road from Dudley Pond to Southboro and Marlboro.”