“A few rods from the broad pitch pine beyond, I find a cone which was probably dropped by a squirrel in the fall, for I see the marks of its teeth where it was cut off; and it has probably been buried by the snow till now, for it has apparently just opened, and I shake its seeds out. Not only is this cone, resting upright on the ground, fully blossomed, a very beautiful object, but the winged seeds which half fill my hand, small triangular black seeds with thin and delicate flesh-colored wings, remind me of fishes, -alewives, perchance, -their tails more or less curved. I do not show the curve of the tail. I see, in another place under a pitch pine, many cores of cones which the squirrels have completely stripped of their scales, excepting the (about) three at extremity which cover no seeds, cutting them off regularly at the seeds or close to the core, leaving it in this form, or more regular”