“The snow lies chiefly behind the wall. It is surprising how much a straggling rail fence detains it “,” and it forms a broad “, “ low swell beyond it “,” two or three rods wide “,” also just beyond the brow of a hill where it begins to slope to the south. You can tell by the ridges of the drifts on the south side of the walls which way the wind was. They all run from north to south; *i.e.*, the common drift is divided into ridges of plaits in this direction “,” frequently down to the ground between; which separate drifts are of graceful outlines somewhat like fishes “,” with a sharp ridge or fin gracefully curved “,” both as you look from one side and down on them “,” their sides curving like waves about to break. The thin edge of some of these drifts at the wall end “,” where the air has come through the wall and made an eddy “,” are remarkably curved “,” like some shells “,” even thus “,” more than once round: I would not have believed it.

The world is not only new to the eye, but is still as at creation; every blade and leaf is hushed: not a bird or insect is heard; only “,” perchance “,” a faint tinkling sleigh-bell in the distance.”

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