

The Forest

The wild chaos of barren rocks and mountains, shining in the summer sun, or wreathed with the clouds and battered with the storms of winter, the wide waste of barren sands awful in their horrid monotony, display nature in her sternest forms, grandly but terribly. She is ever varying from calm repose or playful beauty, to the wildest of fury, veiled from some desert coast where its waves, whether laughing joyously in sunshine or bellowing in hoarse thunder, are answered only by the echoes of some lonely rocks, or the screams of the wind-eyes that sport upon their brow, - shows her more majestic and sportive moods. But if we would enjoy the sentiment the poetry of inanimate nature, the forest in all its native unimpaired loveliness, must be the place of our lonely wanderings. As if there be a pleasure already felt, if the woods, cloth the hills and vales of our native land, we may, as I ~~now~~ do, fly in imagination from distant shores, and plunge into its shades of rustling leaves, and feel as we have felt when they murmured in our ears and danced before our eyes. Yet far very far from the gaiety that dwells in the busy haunts of pleasure-loving men, is the feeling that swells the heart of the wanderer in the woods. Surrounded by their pillared trunks, he forgets all the petty cares and pleasures of his everyday existence, ~~alone~~ ~~surrounded~~ amidst the majesty of nature, his thoughts are elevated far above their ~~trivial~~ ~~trifles~~ ~~which~~ the world pursues; he feels that he is now a worshipper in a boundless fane, not reared by painful toil of busy man, but formed a temple worthy of himself, by the great being to be worshipped there. The lonely forest is a solemn soul-subduing place, even in its

its loneliest moments. Every sound that breaks its silence - is softened into unison with its own stillness. The quick bark of the squirrel, the wild ringing cry of the jay, the melting and trickling of the little streamlets that thread their way among its trunks, elsewhere lively sounds, come mellowed and lengthened to the ear; even the measured stroke of the woodman's axe or the report of the hunter's gun, roll mournfully and echoing along, as if the old wood were lamenting the destruction of her children, or murmuring at the rude intruders who would break her hallowed rest. The wind itself that shins gaily over grassy plains or rippling seas, lingers among the loftiest boughs, yet dares not disturb the calm that reigns beneath.

But the forest, like the sea, has many changes. There is the forest of spring, its boughs tipped with the light green of half-expanded leaves, or with the light delicate blossoms that hastening to adorn the year, venture from their beautifully rolled-up buds before the winter's snow is yet quite gone; and gaily-colored birds are there, newly arrived from their winter's exile, and gladdening their former home with cries of joyful welcome. And on the ground are hardy plants pushing from beneath the withered leaves their maps of half-formed foliage, and old mouldering trees, just sinking into the earth from which they sprang, wrap with mosses and lichens of sundried hues and strange fantastic forms, that have come forth fresh and flourishing from beneath the snows of winter. And in many sheltered spots bloom the little white & pale blue violets, most modest of their modest

lace, or the sweetly-scented mayflower the emblem of its native
land. But summer comes and the forest boughs are loaded
with the densest verdure, through which the bright hot sun can
send but small ^{scattered} patches of light, to play upon the shaded ground
and glare fitfully upon the modest plants that hide there from
his ardent rays; now lighting a branching viburnum with
its broad rich leaves and snowy blossoms, soon to give place to
branches of its red and laden colored berries, the heart of the
timid Partridge, a glancing on groups of flowering ferns
that spread their curious indented leaves and humble but lovely
plants, the huckleberry with its single simple flower and branches
of gummy fruit, that, like the phantoms of hope, are tempting
the prospect but tasteless when reached, or the maiden-tea creeping
close to the ground and striving to conceal with tiny leaflets its
delicate pearly berries sought for by prying little birds that joy
to wrest them from their unweary parent; a lowliest of them
all the little perfunctory bells of the snake-flower, the emblem of hu-
mility, bending downwards their very blushing faces, as if to hide
them in the soft mop that already covers their slender creeping
stalks - And bunches of other plants are there, decked in
leaves and blossoms of many tints and forms; and over and
among them flit insects innumerable, the prey of little newly-
pledged birds that, under care of watchful mothers, fly from branch
to branch, snatching at their active game, or pausing to gaze

Cumings yet boldly upon the lonely wanderer. But mums
lasts not long and autumn shrouds gathering its cold winds and
bleating frosts creeps gradually on. Then, when summer birds
are migrating to warmer climes, the forest assumes another
phase most gorgeous of all. Ascending some hill bared by the
~~Settlers~~ are, a that rear above the woods a bald pinnacle of
rock, - you may view the forest ridged with all the tints of its
autumnal colouring; the birch with its leaves of a delicate
straw colour, the beech in more sombre orange, the maple in
glaring crimson, and other less abundant trees displaying many
shades of ~~top abundant~~ varying colours: all contrasting strongly with
the dark green of the unchanging pines and firs, that in broad
belts or solitary spots are sprinkled over the scene. But this is the
brightest of decay. Every gust sweeps the gaudy foliage in torrents
to the ground, and soon the tall pines appear to tower high
above the bare branches of trees that lately almost concealed them,
and answer the roaring of the winters wind among the groan-
ing and creaking boughs, with the soft rushing murmur of their
own thick foliage. But the winter woods have their beauties
too, for the closely clinging lichens strive to clothe the branches
abandoned by their leaves, and the frosty air covers them with
bright-icy crystals that sparkle in the cold ~~clear~~ sunshine
waving the spotted carpet that shines in unmelting whiteness
on the ground. - But these are only a few of the greater the

More conspicuous changes of the forest. They are themselves
modified by many minute phases of sunshine and of storm,
of light and darkness; so many and so varied, that it were useless
to attempt to name them — Such then and more is the part
but man the great spoiler of nature's beauty, wars against the
unerring woods, — The noble trees the growth of centuries, are
destined to fall before the mighty arm of a being that seems but
a reptile at their feet. And faster and more cruel do they rush
to destruction before the devouring fire that his carelessness creates,
and his feeble efforts cannot avert — ~~How~~ that hisses and roars
and crackles as they curl around the lofty trees that seem to
wither in agony beneath them, and rush irresistibly forward
converting luminous beauty into the blackness of desolation
and leaving the bare scathed ^{trunks} stretching their gnarled and blasted
branches to the sky — the ruins of the forest.

Street
Jefferson
Summer

Caterpillar at first color $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long - green
grey with whitish bands on middle - when
fully grown light green - head large ~~and~~ small
brown and ~~stirrup~~ small for its $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in
length making descends to the chum of
body - on its sides are 2 collected spots black
white - green eyes - after which it is brown
and very green here with a small ridge
at base of middle of neck and back
which is brown with when body outstretches
- forms a platform of silk on which it reposes
all day being both to feed at night and to
turning to its leaf in morning - ~~insects~~ ~~as if~~ ~~S~~
~~and the little at tail and too~~ when to be seen by day
it eats the contents of intestines and leaves
a cluster green annular - the color of

Chequers after this long I'll respect
 your almost certainly it will be attending
 to the letter and to the heads of the club
 1/2 of dollars per hundred respects the part
 to the part it can't show and chrysomelids
 was suspended as the same left can't be
 them —

Eggs
 deposited —

Eggs
 deposited —
 deposited —
 deposited —

Caterpillars

Caterpillars
 deposited

Notes on Spiders
Humm

I always suspect that many of the species of
Notes commonly considered nocturnal spiders are
great part of the day in the higher regions of the
atmosphere and that they are seen in the
evening descent for these elevated strata -
They will undoubtedly spend the day in dark
places - but the greater part of the other part
the much places during the day are either in
fragments of rocks or coarctated masses. The
Notes will probably visit the lower series for
their needs. In conclusion of this I once shot a
Wightman's Cat which had been driven high in the
morning by collecting fruit for its young. Its web
was full of small grey moths all of one species
a Coccinella which appeared to me that they
were gliding in these places when it was
seen there. Although too high to be visible from
below. * There is perhaps a gliding motion
then the moths may be descending - If this conjecture
be correct it may explain why they are commonly
seen in the evening.

There I saw beautiful little birds
many a very small one the 1/4 inch long, & its
color is white with a slight tinge of green
It has two ^{large} spots on the sides of the abdomen
They live on trees & bushes & the female builds
a very neat nest for the reception of her eggs - She selects
her nest as kind of the upper which is of the
usual shape and binds it together till the top
under the stalk of the plant the edges are raised in
into like its cocoon like placed within, and
then covers one of the sides with a white substance
which is proof against the rules of the case is
made with a white veil of silk & upon this
the animal remains quietly as before
till such time that I think its legs are
be killed off before I would get its head
This kind of procedure appears to be common
for most insects should be the same
In the chamber the white cocoon
by then unrolled and few were holes
the by a long legend - but looked black, so I saw