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Setting under the hands
 reached over beyond the will - then
 a faint note for in the wood which
 reminds me of the other. again I hear
 // it, it is he - an occasional peep -
 These notes of the earliest birds over
 wintered forth vegetation - so that the
 plants concealed in the earth hear them
 & rejoice - they wait for their assurance.

Now I hear when passing the 5th & 2nd
 the will - a first when the ending the
 maple group for it - the chuck
chuck of a blackbird & after - a
 // distinct conqueror so it is a red wing?

Then these 4 species I think have
 all come in one day - double or
 not both parts of the tree -

Mar. 18th

by Am by River - Almost every bush has
 // a song sparrow this morning & then the singing
 streams as heard on all sides - You see them
 just hopping under the bush or out on the crest
 is you go by & or they fly away just above
 the ground with the resonance. It is the
 prettiest stream I have heard yet. Melvin
 is already out in his boat - with his
 kite round in the snow - bound up the
 river for musquash ice - but the river
 is hardly high enough to drive them out.

Pen of F.H. Hills via Hub's box.

How much more habitable a few birds
 make the fields! At the end of winter
 when the fields are bare - and there is nothing
 to break the monotony of the withered
 vegetation, our life seems reduced to its bare
 terms - But let a bluebird come &
 warble over them what a change!

The note of the first bluebird in the air -
 answers to the pushing note of melted snow
 beneath - It is immensely soft & soothing - &
 as surely as the thermometer indicates a higher
 temperature - this the accent of the south wind -
 it resembles the moderato of the south wind.

The song sparrow is more brightly - mingling
 its notes with the rustling of the grass along
 the water side - but it is at the same
 time more tenacious than the bluebird -

The first woodpecker comes resounding into
 the empty house - Throats open soon the
 windows wide - calling out and then
 to let the neighbors know of its return -
 but I heard further off it is very suggestive
 of associations which cannot be distinctly
 recalled - it is then that I hear the effect of
 music. I was not aware that the capacity
 of the woodpecker had shrank beneath
 me so long.

When the blackbird gets to a conquest
 he seems to be dreaming of the spring

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