

Oct 21 That is a curious fact (if it be a fact) which I am told by Dick Martin, who used to be a sort of pot-hunter, namely, that he has often known ~~his dog~~ ~~to pick up a wood cock in its mount and twice a partridge.~~ The birds would sit while the dog was approaching them upon their trail, till he came up and seized them. This is probably the whole explanation of snake charming; it is entirely a subjective process. The snake does not exercise an direct power over the bird, but the bird is

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Nov 1st A tremendous wind from the north; day like raving maniac bent on demolishing the world. It almost blows the hair off a dog. The little steamer can not make her return trip from P. The wind roared all night so I could not sleep. Never have I seen the river look rougher than to-day.

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-- I think there is something inherent in our nature against our returning to the old place of our birth; change is so essential to the longevity and health of the race. Nature has made us averse to going back; she would scatter us as far as possible

8 -- Delicious Indian Summer weather now for some days, and promises to continue, very smoky; everybody is burning leaves and rubbish. Busy setting out grape vines.

24. Pretty busy the last few weeks in the vineyards. Much fine weather but the last week rather cold, freezing quite hard

at night. To-day cloudy and smoky and chilly from the north. Just now a large flock of wild geese called me out of doors. They went squaking southward. Winter must be close behind them. No snow here yet. Pretty well these days, but no thoughts.

-- I think it saves much confusion to regard religion as quite distinct from morality, or the right conduct of life -- as having necessarily nothing to do with these, but as a system of faith and worship -- a belief in something extra natural. The Children of Israel had a marked religion, but little morality, as we practice it. Indeed the most religious peoples are by

no means the most moral. Hence it is in individuals that religion so rarely changes the man, or makes him practically any better. Let us keep things sep[crossed out: e]arated, religion by itself morality by itself. Religion [crossed out: as] implies a belief in the supernatural, in a personal deity who talks and sides with or against us. A man may be pure, noble, virtuous, high minded, spirited etc. and not have religion. Religion and superstition are close akin. Hence religion may be dispensed with; the world is fast outgrowing it. See passage in Goethe's Autobiography p 114. The world is saved by morality and not by religion. Christianity

lays great stress upon the virtues makes them indispensable, makes right conduct the main thing; and yet right conduct is not Christianity. To be a good man is not necessarily to be Christian.

2[crossed out:6]5 Dense fog all the morning. Now at 10 1/2 a.m. it begins to break and the Albany and Troy night steamers emerge from the obscurity and go laboring by; huge craft [crossed out:wet] monsters of the night which we never see unless they are belated. They do not have the grace and beauty of the day steamers. They are not meant to be seen.

Yesterday was also a thick day. The boys on the little Black called it a wild goose day. Such large flocks of geese were seen. We saw

three large flocks, and heard them too, quite as much as we saw them. One large flock settled down out in the river this side of Hyde Park.

26. More gees again to-day -- two great harrow shaped flocks going South. Warm and moist

27. Warm and May like; bees humming. The belated night steamers go by looking awkward and embarrassed. The Drew like a small floating mountain.

Thirty-five years ago to-day my little sister Eveline died. What changes since then!



Dec. 1st [crossed out: D] The steel-clad days are upon us; hard, dry, cold, brilliant. The cold wave struck us last night and the wind roared all night like a maniac, and the full moon all the while shining so placidly. Thermometer fell from thirty to ten, and this morning the river is steaming and the earth is aching with cold. The ponds are covered with black ice, and ice appears here and there in the fields. My days mostly empty and barren. Sleep well again; probably the result of work in the open air of which I have done a good deal the past month.

2d Still cold and hard, but over cast and threatening snow. First floating ice on the river this morning.

6 A bright, still, beautiful Dec day. Walk to the Elbow and back. A fine bracing walk.

10 Beautiful still days nearly all this week. Bees humming about some days; looks like an open winter. Work in the open air with George nearly every day.

11 Rain and fog; warm. A bundle of MS. from a Brooklyn publisher (A.F.

Farnell; never heard of him before), for me to read and pronounce judgement upon. Subject, The Infinite, a book of infinite folly. Never saw a neater and more shapely MS. Looks like the work of a gentleman and a scholar. Strong, clear, fluent hand; runs amuck through all modern scientific theories and conclusions. Has chapters headed, The Beginning, The Method, The Fixed Order, Planetary Formation and Development, Evolution, The Glacial Theory, Inorganic Development (3 chapters) Organic Development (2 chapters) The High Development. It is interesting for the novelty and

boldness and absurdity of its views. It is so curious that I read and read. The main idea is that the universe is all one piece and is constantly growing like a tree or a cabbage. The Earth is growing and will one day be [crossed out: ???] as big as the sun or bigger. The sun was once like the Earth. The moon is not dead, but not yet alive; will by and by be like the Earth; then like the sun, etc. The comets are germs of worlds not yet developed. They are now sowing their wild oats. The Earth is not cooling. The sun is not hot. The interior heat of the Earth is

in some way the result of the decomposition of the air. The glacial theory is all humbug. The scratches on the rocks are the same as the lines on your fingernails or on leaves or on the trunks of trees -- lines of growth. The rocks grow, grains of sand and pebbles grow. The strange drift-boulders set down upon our hills etc. have travelled vertically, not laterally. They are forced out of the ground as the bark is forced off the trees etc. River terraces are accounted for in the same way. The growth and expansion of the earth lifts them

up and spreads them apart etc. Light and heat and electricity do not come from the sun; but power comes from the sun. Gravitation is a delusion; it is all one force. Color is made all the while, so is matter. "There can be no material and necessary causation. Matter is the action of Force; Force is a function of mind" "The universe is a universe of mind". "We are able to see worlds begin, the whole system is one body through which there is a circulation as of sap in plants and blood in animals -- The vital energy flows from the sun, returns as regularly and constantly as it

comes -- light and heat are not radiated through space - planetary supplies are not affected by distance -- power alone is conveyed from the sun to the planets -- the power which lights and heats each planet returns again to heat and light the sun" -- "The vital energy of plant and animal life is the vital energy of the earth and the solar system and the universe." "When the Earth's is 50000 miles in diameter the present surface may yet appear in a few patches and to geologist of that day then will represent the Azoic age." Remains of ancient cities and civilizations are found buried deeply

below the surface. Why? Because the Earth has grown up over them as a tree grows over a nail. etc. etc. The author boldly harnesses many of the [crossed out: ???]facts of science into the support of his theory. He seems well read in the modern scientific authors. His main idea is that the development of the universe is vital and not mechanical. What if this fool should be right? It is a pleasing idea, that all things are alive. No theory of light, of gravitation, of heat, that Science has yet found is satisfactory to me, but the absurdities in this mans system are so glaring that



a child could detect them.

14 Indian Summer in Dec.

-- days soft, clear, still, river like a mirror yesterday and today, freezes but little at night. Work each day with George hauling earth into the vineyard. Winter seems unable to get a permanent foot hold.

18 Our first snow last night, nearly a foot fell while we were in bed; ground but little frozen; good sighing. Blank profitless days to me.

25. A dull Christmas; bad head-ache and severe cold; sit in my chair all day. Bright and cold, good sleighing.

1888

January 1st Another New Year. The day rainy with snow [crossed out: ice] on the ground and clinging to the trees -- the air thick with vapor and fog. River closed to near the Elbow. Much ice on the trees. Yesterday morning the mercury but 3 or 4 degrees above zero; this morning 32 or 33 above. Health pretty good, sleep good. Just trying to work a little on a new vol. "In door Studies". Hacking away at the Essay on Arnold and Emerson.

-- Find myself reading over and over aloud a poem in the current Century by J.W. Riley, called "The Old Man and Jim". not great poetry, but meets ones hunger

for something human and pathetic, something eloquent that makes the tears start. In the desert of Century poetry, this is a green live thing, if only a weed.

January 4 While eating breakfast this morning I saw through the window a fox run along over the hard snow 8 or 10 rods below the house. He trotted out in the currant patch and disappeared toward van Benschotens. He did not seem at all frightened and was in no great hurry. The sun was not yet up but the light was strong on the white surface. It was the first fox I have ever seen in this place, though I have seen

their tracks quite close to the house. I love to think of that wild cunning creature passing over my lawn and amid my currant bushes just as if I were not near, or as if it were a remote mountain lot.

10 A very bad cold, a regular bronchitis for past week. Confined to the house or 4 days. Read Lewes' Life of Goethe, and Boswell's Johnson.

11 Mrs B. accuses me of selfishness because I said my cold was worse than hers. She is not even willing that I shall have the worst cold.

-- Religion is a system of faith and worship founded upon a belief in the existence of superhuman beings who may be angered and propitiated by our words and deeds. In all ages this has been the basis of religion, and without some such belief there is no religion. There may be virtue, morality, but not religion. There may be virtue, morality, etc. but not religion. Hence I can never have religion, and do not want it, because I cannot believe in the Supernatural. I can contemplate the facts of life and death without quaking, or without any fear of what lies beyond.

-- In writing a poem your thought and feeling must be so large and strong the you can use the commonest images and words no matter what, indifferently. That is, you are not to claim anything on account of your language and tropes; the poetry in you is to make those quite secondary. Poetical language does not make a poem. A true poetic thought makes a poem out of un-poetical language.

January 15 We have reached the period of winter storms -- a storm of snow or rain or both, every other day now for some time.

22. Looking at the sky alone one would say it was one of the most mild and genial of days, so soft and placid and gently the day looks, but this morning the thermometer was from 10 to 18 below in this vicinity. No wind, no cloud; it is cold without an effort. The winter has waxed storing before we knew it.

23 Still colder and winter entirely at his ease. No bluster, no effort, but the cold comes

as quietly as a summer day.

25 Still below zero, and still the day is placid and quiet, and the sun bright. Began to cut ice yesterday on the river.

27 Eight or ten inches of very dry snow night before last, followed by a high wind which lasted nearly 24 hours. Never saw such drifts since I have lived here. The road drifted full in many places. At my gate the drift is nearly as thigh as my head; ten feet high near Esopus.

-- On the whole Arnold's style is more acceptable to me than Newman's, [crossed out: when he keeps] though of the two men I like Newman best.



But Arnolds style is more compact and telling; it is not so much an apparatus, but more a personal matter. Newmans is more stately but less vital, there is more empty comb in his periods, faultless comb though it be. Indeed there is a suggestion of hollowness about Newmans style that never occurs to one in reading Arnold. He is a speaker, a preacher, and we miss in the writing something which we should not miss in the spoken discourse. This empty comb would be filled by the voice and presence of the speaker. Nothing can be more easy and lucid than his page, but it does not afford quite enough

resistance to the mind; it doesn't stimulate quite enough; he does not put his mind to yours with quite enough vigor. Arnold is preeminently a writer, and not a speaker; his spoken discourse makes less impression than his printed essay. A thing to be heard seems to have a different focus from a thing to be read. That which reads well is more private, personal and near. There is / such the difference there is between a hotel and a private home. One is easier pleased in public than in private; when he is with the multitude he thinks and feels [crossed out: as] with the multitude; what delighted one in

popular assembly has a different look in the privacy of ones closet; distance no longer lends enchantment. You have the gem in your hand now and can see its real qualities.

28 About my only reading these rugged winter days is Boswells Johnson. Johnsons bearishness, his temper, his arguing for victory, his love of applause etc., were not traits of greatness -- all these things are deductions. No great thought or view ever escapes him. How contemptable his hatred of America; his views of most foreign countries are narrow. He had a narrow mind any way. But his conversation was remarkable. His

mind was wonderfully discriminating, and was so instantly, quick as a flash. His sentences are like leveled deadly rifles; they do not go off vaguely in the air; they are aimed at the subject and hit it squarely.

He seems to have been pious and religious mainly from fear; just as he wrote mainly from want; fear narrowed and darkened his mind. He believed God to be another touchy and acrimonious Dr Johnson. Yet one comes, in Boswells pages, heartily to love the old bear. He bowed very low and elaborately before all kinds of dignitaries. There was not a spark of poetry in him [crossed out: as] that I can see. He did not make one verse or line that

still lives. He said he had lived so long in London that he did not remember the difference of the seasons.

28 Still very cold; a blizzard for three days; at zero or [crossed out:???] below nearly every mooring. A total eclipse of the moon to-night, the first I ever saw. The moon seemed to be covered by a piece of smoked glass. It hung there in the eastern sky [crossed out: like] a dim coppery ball that gave no light. Julian first discovered that something was wrong. He went out of doors and on coming in again, said he had such a queer feeling when he went out, and on looking about

found that the moon was the cause. He said it looked very strangely. It was bitter cold but there was not a cloud in the sky. The shadow on its face seemed thickest and darkest toward the top. By and by the [crossed out: ???] lower edge or limb began to shine out. Then it was very interesting to watch it slough off this dark opaque skin. It was like a bursting, swelling, developing process. The bright, clean limb of the moon, how it protruded from this confining shell or crust. It seemed to swell out till the impression was precisely as if the luminous part was confined by a copper case, like a cork in a bottle, and was slowly

getting free. How surely an ignorant people would have said [crossed out: something] the moon [crossed out: ???] was passing through some crisis, was being confined and held by some dark object which yet was unable to keep it. It was like a bud in spring bursting out of its scales. For this swelling protruding effect I was not prepared. When the eclipse was half off, the moon looked elongated, and as if the freed part was much larger than the confined part. By and by the shadow was only a little round cap that sat upon the head of our round faced friend like that of an English soldier. One half expected to see the cap burst and the expanding edge of the moon

to show at the edge, but it did not; it was slowly crowded off and the large free moon again rode the heavens in triumph.

31 The news comes from home that Hiram K., Curtis's oldest boy died Friday. Why the news should cast such a gloom over me I hardly know. Probably because I know what a blow it will be to Curtis and to all the family and what a gloom has settled upon them. Hiram K. had become rather a worthless boy and I fear there was little prospect of his mending. The Grand blood in him was bad blood. A quiet boy of few words, a good worker, but unsettled and a spend thrift.



Feb. 1 Came to Poughkeepsie to-day to board.

3d Boarding place a fraud; had to get out; had a row with the woman; the most impudent piece of flesh I ever saw.

4 Settled in a new place where wife was ten years ago; looks much more promising. Still feel the disgust and humiliation of yesterdays jangle with the woman -- and anger that I finally gave in to her and let her mulct me out of 10 dollars which was not her due. If it had been a man we would have come to blows, either with our fists or the law. But who would strike a woman with either? and a lone widow at that?

-- When Boswell told Dr. Johnson that he had several times seen with his own eyes a scorpion, on being placed within a circle of burning coals retire to the center and commit suicide by darting its sting into its head Johnson denied the fact. In this case he showed the spirit of a true man of science -- he demanded proof of the [crossed out: fact] statement. Appearances are deceptive; the eye alone is not always to be trusted. If the great anatomist Morgagni after dissecting a scorpion on which the experiment had been tried should certify that its sting had penetrated its head, that would be convincing. And yet the next moment Johnson said Swallows sleep all

winter in the bed of a river or pond, "conglobulated" into a ball. The scientific spirit which he ad just displayed would have required him to insist upon the proof of the alle[crossed out: d]ged fact, as in the case of the scorpion. How the whole world of alle[crossed out: d]ged fact shrinks and dwindles when rig[crossed out: e]orous scientific tests are applied to it. Probably two thirds of all popular notions and beliefs with regard to natural phenomen[crossed out: on]a, are directly opposed to the truth.

-- Dr. Murray of the Challenger says that the average height of the land above the sea is about 2250 feet, while the greater part of the sea [crossed out: is] averages 12,000 ft deep.

He says that if the land [crossed out: was] were all thrown into the sea and made level, the sea would still cover the earth's surface [crossed out: at] to a depth of two miles. If the amount of Earth [crossed out: was] were increased to any extent, [crossed out: in such a case] would not the sea still cover it to nearly the same depth? that is, if the [crossed out: Earth] solid matter only displaced the water and did not absorb it. It would simply lift the sea up; the whole of the sea is bound to be on top, no matter how much land there is.

Feb. 14 Bright and quite warm. Snow very deep.

The secret of the success of Christianity is the attraction which the character of Christ, as presented in

The four gospels, has for the Western or occidental mind, backed up by the conviction that he was more than human and therefore authoritative. All that is claimed for [crossed out: Chris] the Christ -- ideal in the way of changing and renovating the character, and begetting the Christian trait of saintliness, is to be admitted. There is no personage in history who touches and moves men in just this way, owing largely to the miraculous and apocryphal character of him as presented by the gospel writers. Of course this view of him was owing to the belief in the miraculous and supernatural which was the atmosphere through which all events were read at that time. Presented simply as a man, his teachings would probably have

have reached no farther than those of Apolonius of Tyrana. Of course the value of the saintly Christian character may be questioned. It is not the best or most serviceable for this world. It is not chiefly meant for this world, but for some other. The old saints in whom we see these things pushed to extreme were a nuisance to this world; they lived entirely for some other, and were as selfish in their way as the grossest worldling. But in any view it is not to saintliness that we are indebted for the progress of the world or the evolution of man, but quite different qualities.

But the time has come when the miraculous and authoritative character of Christ, which has been such a power in the world, can no longer be believed. We have

reached a point in the progress of the race, where the claims of reason and nature can no longer be ignored, if indeed we want to ignore them. The scientific habit of mind is in the ascend~~ed~~ant. We cannot believe historical Christianity if we want to. We are bound to look upon Christ as a man, and to let go entirely this curious "plan of redemption" of the orthodox churches. Whatever evils follow, whatever sacred edifice totters and falls, ~~we~~ religion must be brought in a line with natural events. Christianity must stand upon its merits to save man in this world, and must take its place as only one of the religions with which man has sought to cheer his journey

through the wilderness of this world. Christ's gospel was for the meek and the lowly, the poor in spirit, and was distinctly hostile to the rich, the proud, the powerful. It was the gosp[crossed out: i]el of benevolence and good will, then a new gospel in the world. The poor, the oppressed, the outcast were the special subjects of its bounties. Hence the old saints by their poverty, their humiliations and modifications of the flesh, thought to reap a hundred fold, of its blessings. They more wretched they were in this world, the more blessed they hoped to be in the next. Monasticism was a kind of tumorous growth upon this aspect of the gospel of Christ. It was saintliness preying upon the world like



a can[~~crossed out: s~~]cer. But how subordinate a part the meek and lowly [~~crossed out: ???~~] sentiment of Christs gospel plays in popular Christianity. The rich and the powerful and the arrogant seem to have appropriated Christ especially to themselves. The three great evils of the world Christianity has been powerless to remove, war, avarice, and intemperance -- the two former, important factors in the worlds progress, the latter a perversion and a waste. The teaching of Christ are personal and individual and are not at all adapted to national ends. No government could be founded upon them. They mean the disintegration of nationality. Nations are necessarily selfish; they grow more or less by

antagonism. What is for the good of the nation is often to the injury of the individual and vice versa. The Polytheism of Greece and Rome [crossed out: were] was a national and public religion[crossed out: s]. The individual was ignored and the nation exalted. Their gods were gods of the nation; their alt[crossed out: e]ars and statues were in the public squares. Buddhism on the other hand was allied to Christianity, in that it was more personal and private, and did not foster nationality. It had little political significance. Where does Christianity appear in the politics of England, or Germany, or Russia, or America? It does not appear, it is directly the opposite of the theories and practices upon which they rest. Even a protective tariff is inimical to the spirit of Christianity.

Feb 19. I wonder if the literary gift -- the gift of expression be not at the expense of a man's practical judgement and ability to deal with natural affairs. Many cases might be cited to prove it. Literary geniuses are usually fools in practical matters, and great political orators are rarely great statesmen. Mastery of words does not mean a mastery of things, but usually just the reverse. I notice that among physicians those who run a good deal to the pen or the tongue and become eminent there, are by no means the most skilled practitioners. The great doctor is rarely a great writer on medicine, or a [crossed out: g] great general a great writer on the tactics or on the art of war, or a great artist a critic of art.

Feb 26. How the idea of God, or of the part he plays in the world has steadily receded or grown dimmer during the past 3 or 4 hundred years. Comets, earthquakes storms, famine, pestilence, etc, etc, were once considered the visible tokens of Gods wrath or displeasure. Now natural law has almost dethroned God; even among orthodox ~~[crossed out: people]~~ persons he is hardly recognized in the objective world, and maintains his footing only in the subjective or spiritual world. I suppose the time will come when the old God of our fathers or Jehovah of the Jewish scriptures, will entirely fade from men's beliefs. It is but a little while ago that eminent theologians maintained that fossils, and the Silurian monsters

(wriiten upon March 12)

(March 5)

On Monday, March 5th, my little dog "Laddie", my fourth dog, met is end, murdered like Lark by Dick Atkins vicious brute. I went up home on the 10 am train. George was at the depot and told me Laddie was killed a few moments before, [crossed out: by] He was following George when he fell in with a small dog near Atkins between whom and himself, it seems, there was a standing feud; whenever and wherever they met they fought. George went on and left them fighting, thinking no harm would come of it. Presently the old dog heard the fracas and came out and pitched into the smallest dog, as is his custom, and in a few moments Laddie was left for dead. When I came to him about an hour afterward I saw he was still alive.

(March 12)

I lifted him up and laid him on the dry grass where the sun shone warm upon him, and protected him from the wind with some boards. He breathed and winked, but did not recognize me. Three hours later I came to him and seeing him still alive I spoke to him as of old. He made no sign, but instantly all his wounds, which had dried up in the sun, began to bleed afresh. My voice quickened his pulse and the bloody drops began to trickle down all over his poor bruised body. It cut me to the heart. They were like bloody tears appealing to me for help. Shortly afterward (I had returned to P.) he breathed his last. I loved him much, how much I did not know till he was gone, as is always the case. And his

(March 12)

love for me was unmeasured. He had many virtues and but few defects -- only these two -- he would run and bark after persons on the road if they drove fast, and he would go away from home when I was away. He was even come to P. to look me up.

13 The demon of the storm is at last laid -- snow from 2 to 8 feet deep, at least 2 on the level. This will be called the Great Storm -- such an one as comes but once or twice in a century. It is certain that I have never seen the like before. The streets of the city are all but impassable. Not a team has yet been out (10 a.m.) and the foot men take to the middle of the

(Feb 26)

and the geologic disturbances were the result of a struggle between God and Satan, the one striving at Cosmos, the other at chaos.

March 12 A violent snow storm after a week of bright clear sharp weather; the most violent storm of the season. Began snowing last night and now at 9 a.m. about 15 inches of snow have fallen and the storm is increasing in violence all the time. Air full of driving snow. The teams and foot passengers go wallowing by. Still in P; expected to go home to-day to begin farm work. A typical storm. now at 12 M. The storm is a regular blizzard, air full of driving snow. 6 P.M. Storm continues with unabated fury; snow nearly 2 feet; not a moments let up all day.



(March 13)

street. An occasional woman goes along and falls down every few rods. From my window I see drifts 8 feet high in front of the houses. Where the side walks are cleared the effect from the street is that they have been throwing up high breastworks. The heads of the passers are just visible behind them.

It is said that in '57 there was much such a storm in January, but not where I was in Polo, Ills. Thermometer down to 8 degrees this morning.

14. Snowed again all night. Excess begets excess. Have you too much? You shall have more. Snow about 3 feet on the level. The storm proves to have been general and all the Eastern and middle states are buried beneath 3 or 4 feet of snow. In Saratoga it is

(March 13)

reported to be 4 ft and 4 inches. In N.Y. city it was 2 feet yesterday, with drifts 8 or 10 ft high. Here in P. there are many tunnels from the side walks to the middle of the street. The spectacle of street and yards engulfed in snow is a very novel one. Some narrow streets are absolutely impassable for man or beast.

March 17. Ten days ago Eugene Peck a presbyterian clergyman and an old friend of mine was killed by a locomotive in Washington. We camped together in Maine in 1880 with Uncle Nathan as our guide. I am haunted by the thought of the manner of his death. He was walking late in the afternoon on the track of the B. and O. for exercise. The engineer says that [crossed out: I] as he rounded a sharp curve he saw a man walking on the track ahead of him. He blew his

whistle, which, instead of sending the man off the track caused him to stop and cover his ears with his hands to shut out the disagreeable sound. He did not even look around, and seemed all unconscious of his danger. As the engine struck him he uttered a piercing shriek which was heard all over the train. Probably this shriek was uttered in the brief moment between his discovery of his danger and the blow of the engine. He was a fine fellow -- a good angler and they say a good preacher, though I do not think he was a man of a devotional or strongly religious frame of mind. I cannot keep the vision of his standing there on that track with his hands to his ears, and the thundering express train rushing upon him. It has been claimed that there are moments when all of us are idiotic. Such a moment must have come upon Peck.

22 Go to N.Y. to-day. Cross on the ice at P. Miss Dora Wheeler paints at my portrait and finishes it on Saturday the 24th. Do not quite like it, but it may be good. Stay at the Wheelers and am pleasantly entertained.

At Gilders on Friday night meet Miss Edith Thomas and like her. A thin nervous girl with dark hair and dark eyes -- talks in a curious feminine base, the voice of country solitude.

26 Up to West Park; fire up and go to keeping bachelors hall. Sleet hail and rain.

The most beastly March I ever remember to have seen; very cold most of the time, yet the Sparrows are in song.

the fox, the Canada, the song; how sweet the chorus they make in the midst of this bleak snow covered landscape

28 A warm, foggy, still morning Thermometer 48 degrees. I sit in the summer house after the fog has lifted rest my chin on my hands, close my eyes and listen. The sweetest and most noticeable sound is the spring call of the nuthatch. How delightful it is. Crows caw in the distance, dogs bark over the river, a sparrow song here and there. Then the phoebe-bird, welcome to you dear phoebe; Your call is fraught with the memories of more than forty springs to me. A gang of men at work getting up the timbers for the roof on the

ice house. Now and then a honey bee comes out of the hive and circles languidly around.

Over by the station I was a robin and heard the fox and Canada sparrows. The snow seems as slow to melt as sand.

31 Ice moving on the river. At work on my new purchase of land, blowing up the old apple trees with dynamite; a bright lovely day, great snowbanks here and there.

April 1st Sunday. In P; go to church with Mrs Van Clef. Cloud and rain in afternoon, but real Spring in the air.

2d Julian and I come home to-day. My men at work ditching. I am full of business and quite happy. How the sparrows sing! Fox sparrows every where and very musical. We blow up more old apple trees. My! how the old trees do jump!

3d My 51st birthday. A bright lovely day, full of spring signs and sounds. The sparrows, robins, and bluebirds fairly scream with joy. I am joyful too, as happy probably as I ever shall be. Something to do! A bit of land to redeem and work up into a vineyard. The sparkling

river, the strong sunshine, the calling and singing birds, and my occupation on the side of the hill -- how alive it all is and how real! Mrs B. comes home to-day.

My health good; feel more like work and take a keener interest in things than in many years. ~~[crossed out: Hoping]~~ Hope that in getting this strip of land I am getting a new hold of life. I was very much in need of a new zest or spur. I was in danger of stagnation. I am quite sure that ~~[crossed out: I am]~~ in draining and clearing up this hillside I am doing as much or more to my life.



9 A day all glory; not a cloud, not a speck in the sky. A weather breeder of the angelic pattern. To-morrow we [crossed out: will] shall see the fury of which this will be the parent. How busy and happy I am. The fox sparrow and the purple finch, how they sang! George and I lay the tile in the main ditch. A sharp north wind. The peepers and clucking frogs are heard.

10 A cold driving rain from the south began about noon. What a contrast to yesterday.