

July 1 Warm, muggy and overcast. Work till 11 a.m tying up grape vines, then go to P. to see wife. Light dashes of rain.

2d Overcast, with light rain, enough in afternoon to stop work.

Julian leaves me to-day to go to Hobart with Mrs. B. I hate to see him go. I shall be very lonely. He is all I have. He often tires me with his endless questions, but I find much companionship in him.

4 Damp and cloudy till noon when a heavy shower falls; tie up grapes most of the day. Distressingly damp and mildewy weather. Never remember the like of it so long continued. Four rainy days, this week, but not heavy till to-day. Must write an essay and call it "Look nearer Home" that is for the explanation of most or all strange or common things in matters near at hand. The question has a theological bearing.

9 Very hot for past few days; busy tying up the vines; heavy shower at 5 1/2 P.M., a regular down pour again. This will

pass for the season of the great rains. The air seems burdened with humidity all the time.

10. More rain this morning. A day of cloud and damp, wind in the South

12 Go out to Hobart this afternoon Walk up to Edens from Depot. How clean fresh and sweet the country seems, the air full of the breath of meadows. How still the mountains, how serene in the light of the setting sun. Julian meets me up the road, with big trout stories on his tongue. He is well and happy, and has several fine trout for my breakfast -- and his.

I stay to Edens till 23d. Go fishing with Julian about every

other day, and have pretty good luck. Take several 1/2 pound trout, and more 1/4 pound. One day J. takes one 11 inches long. I look on and enjoy his excitement. We fish at the mouth of the big spring run, wading out to our knees. Work a little in hay, read Amiel's Journal, and once go up on the mountain for raspberries. A quiet, restful time, gain 6 pounds in 10 days.

Go over to the old home one day and night, but am oppressed by the past and by Hiram's poor management.

To Homer Lynchs on the 23d and then home. Homer is breaking up. Killed by hard work and misuse of himself. Pals[crossed out:e]y is upon him.

July 27 Indications of coming rain yesterday afternoon, but when the sun set [~~crossed out: the~~] a sudden flush came upon all the could, reaching the eastern horizon, and I said the storm had flashed in the pan, but this morning, lo the rain. It began before 7, and it has not cleared before eleven. Signs of an all day rain, slow and deliberate, from the N.E.

30 The hell of rain continues. A heavy shower yesterday at 5 P.M. and a down pour this morning that set the whole ground afloat. Wahsed my new vineyards badly, almost a cloud-burst.

No wind here, but probably a cyclone back of the hills somewhere, as, in the midst of the rain shingle and leaves and small branches of trees and vines fell swiftly down from the clouds. It was a curious sight. How long oh Devil is this to last!

31 Rain continues, and the more it rains, the murkier and nastier the sky looks. This morning the air is reeking with vapor. Deluges yesterday all over the country. The very sky seems rotten. Said to be the result of a huge air wave from the Atlantic which has drifted in upon the Coast.

Aug 3. Still the rain comes down Three tremendous showers this week and innumerable lesser ones. The Earth oozes water at every pore. Never saw my land so overflowing. Seven days fo rain. Still the air is not relieved It is reeking with moisture and the sky is think and nasty. Flood and devastation throughout the country.

This season will be as memorable as that of the great snow storm in March 1888.

P.M. Showers all around us this P.M. and one now 5 o'clock, approaching from the west. A brisk shower at noon -- a terrible down pour at 5 1/2 for 15 minutes. Set all the land afloat again.

4 Sunday. A fine day at last. Cool with wind in NW., but sky too milky yet. Drive down to Highland. Grape crops in that section and in every other, nearly all gone, the black and the red rot.

5. Rain again, takes up the tale where it dropped it last week; air thick and murky, no motion, no wind, with a steady heavy (at times) rain from S.W. The destruction of all farm crops is imminent. If this is not hell, what is it?

11. Bright and cool, 3 fair days last week. The threatened rain of Friday and Saturday did not amount to much. Looks now as if the tide had turned and fair dry weather [~~crossed out: was~~] is at hand.



Am alone in the old house. Wife and Julain at Stamford. But even this is better than housekeeping after the old style. I have peace at last, and am fairly happy.

14 Again the damnable rains are upon us. After nearly a weeks respite, and after we had all predicted fair and dry weather at hand, the rain began last night with such thunder, and is still (at 9 a.m.) pouring. I am nearly ready to believe in a malignant Providence at any rate. Looks like a deliberate purpose on the part of the weather gods to destory all the crops of the country.

15 An inch of rain yesterday. Mist and cloud till this afternoon.

16 A lovely day, clear and cool.

Champion grapes ripe. The girdled fruit shipped one week ago by Van B.

24 Dry dreamy August days at last. No rain for ten days. Warm and tranquil. The time of excursions at hand. Nearly every day boatloads of happy peoples go by with music and laughter. I work part of the time and sit and dream or read in my summer house the rest. Pick a few peaches each day Mrs. B. and Julian up at Stamford yet. Pretty lonely times, but not unhappy: better than housekeeping on the old terms. Van cutting weeds, Lute plowing in the grapes.

25 A bright, cool day, spent it on the hills and in the woods of Dutchess Co. How delightful that long reclining upon the top of that pastoral hill in sight of the mountains! The slowly sinking sun, the bleating sheep. The marsh hawk prowling up and down low over the grass and now and then dropping down in it, then the sun setting in a notch in the S. Catskills, then the glow as of embers where he went down and then the rest of the idyl.

27 Clear, cool, dreamy August days, the air full of the chirping of crickets, boats drifting idly about the river, their sails white in the sun. I read and think or muse, read "Emerson in Concord"

Sept 1st Clear, hot day. Spent the day in Olive with wife and Julian at father Norths. The old man very low; the spark of life only flickers. Hardly knew me, yet seemed to have a vague idea of me; spoke my name, and asked for me.

Hawthorne said it required a continued freshness of mind to write his sketches, and he could not keep up to the mark more than one third of his time. It requires the same continued freshness of mind to write my out-door papers, and I fear it has gone from me forever. I cannot get up that keen fresh interest in things any more, I fear.

16 The funeral day of father North. The old man yields at last, died Saturday night a 1 A.M; buried to-day at about 3 1/2 P.M. at Shokan. I go up in the morning on first train. A brisk shower just as we reach the burying ground. I alone of all his friends get out of the wagon and go and stand by his open grave and throw in my handfull of dirt. He was 88 last April. A man of great activity and industry: not a lazy hair in his head, also a man of good will and fair dealing, much esteemed by all

who knew him. What a picture his life would be if it could be written. I shall think of him a great deal as long as I live. Now there is no one living whom I can call "father".

21. Go down to Asbury Park to-day, all of us. Reach there at 2 1/2 P.M. Stop at the Bristol. The old ocean once more. Spend one week there. Eat and sleep like a boy. Gain a pound in weight Each day. Julian and I spend most of the time upon the beach.

28. This morning I am up early and off to Camden to see Walt; reach his house at 9 1/2. Find him eating his breakfast of toast and [crossed out: cof] tea and looking remarkably well, much better than one year ago.

He stands a fair chance of outliving us all yet. Sit 3 hours with him and have much talk. He sits amid a perfect chaos of books, papers, letters, and MS and dust never saw anything like it. So serene and clean and calm, and such wild confusion in the room about him. Even the window papers were partly torn from their places and hung down as if to heighten the effect, if such were was possible. I expect to see him again in the afternoon, but my head ache comes round and I leave for N.Y. and at 6 P.M. take boat for P.

29 Reach home to-day. A lovely day and good to be here.

While passing down the Jersey coast that morning the train seemed to have disturbed vast

swarms of swallows (the sand martin I judged) the air was black with them for a mile or more; they were as thick as bees in swarming; there must have been a million of them. Did they pass the night in the sand dunes there, or why were they in that particular spot?

-- Julain suggested a plan by which the world might be made to start anew again, or Creation made to repeat itself. He says pe[crossed out:a]el off the outer crust of the earth as you would the bark of a tree, till you come to the quick, the fluid and molten interior, and then life will begin again and may be surpass the present. "What shall we do with the crust" I asked, "Throw it



off into space" he said. "Let's begin to strip the old hickory nut to-morrow" I replied.

4 A mild soft, beautiful October day after the frost of two night ago. Julian and I again in the old house. J. goes to school. In the evening we sit by an open woods fire in the old fire place, and a real feeling of home comes upon me. I do the house work, as I have nearly all the time since spring. Mrs. B. in P.

When Mr Brookman asked the old Irishman what he could do for him, he replied, pointing up, "Spake a good word for me to the man up above." The old fellow like the majority of makind concieves of God as a man -- a bigger man

than any on Earth, but still a man. Of course when we think of God as being, we cannot think of him under any other image than that of a man.

13. A pouring rain all night from the north. The drains all running agian, and a lake of water in the old cellar. Overcast and cold to-day.

14 A dark, cold windy day

15. Very windy. Partly clear. Drive to P. with stove for Mrs. B.

16 A day of great brightness and beauty the air cleaned and burnished by two days and nights of terrific wind form the north. How the maples glow in the sunlight! Much pleasure in loitering about the place such days -- sad pleasure.

26. Ten days without rain and rather fine weather, two or three heavy frosts. The Armour's left yesterday and again the house is dead. To-day I take a load of things to P. to set up housekeeping in some rooms. Do not like the outlook much.

27. Rain and rain. Julian and I alone in the old house. J. reading *The Three Guardsmen* of Dumas. I skim through Briggs's "*Whittier*". Not worth the candle. The more the old theology is stirred up the more it stinks. What is the use of pointing out the difference between one rotten potato and another? Pitch them both into the rubbish heap. In reading these things I often have to stop and examine myself to see if I really

awake. It is incredible that man can really discuss theses questions, the question of infant damnation for instance. But they do and tell you all about the plans and purposes of the monstrosity they call God. It is sickening. I suppose the ancient races had no belief in the modern sense; they had fear veneration, worship, [crossed out: superstition] They saw things with the eye of imagination, not with they eye of reason.

Nov 3. Sunday. A week of cloud and rain, not a gleam of sunshine for 8 or 9 days. Went to Roxbury last Monday to look after Hiram's matters. Spent two days in the village; very wretched; did not go up to the old place; too painful.

Much depressed because Smith and Emma are going to Connecticut. Hiram's outlook very black. He must give up the old place. I shall probably lose heavily by him. Well, I did what I thought was my duty. I wanted to see him keep the old home. But clearly he is not competent to manage the farm. The end is at hand. It will be almost like losing father and mother over again to see the old home go into strange hands, but I fear I am powerless to avert it.

6 A bright, quiet lovely afternoon. Am living these days in the old house. Mrs. B. and Julian in P. Not much pleasure, evenings lonely. Read and muse, but not thoughts.

at work today setting posts in vineyard.

25. A mild but very wet Nov. so far. Last week it rained five days, a bad flood in some parts of the country, but not heavy rain in these parts. Only one considerable freeze this month. No snow yet.

Spend part of the time in P. with Wife and Julian, but begin to see that I cannot stand it there; the same old story. Mrs. B. out of humor and worked to death as usual. I will live alone with my dog and cat. I suspect my housekeeping with that woman is about done. I simply cannot stand her temper and her want of intelligent interest in any worthy thing under the sun.

I arrived down from the old house last week, and am again alone in the big house; but better this solitude than the horrible neatness and the sour looks and words [~~crossed out: of~~] on Cannon St. I doubt if my father ever stayed alone a single night in his house. Probably none of my family, unless it be Abigail, have passed so much time alone in a house.

Am reading Carlyles letters (from 1814-1816), wonderful letters, a wonderful man, so mature, so firm and sure upon his feet from the first! Hardly any of his opinions or criticisms during his 20s did he ever need to revise.

26 A bright mild day. Spent the afternoon up by the creek screening gravel. I had real enjoyment, almost happiness. The bright sun, the full bounding stream hastening along within a few feet of me, the trees and rocks, the mild secluded place, my dog, "I-know" capering about, the brisk exercise etc. etc. -- it all went to the right spot. It dispelled my gloom and almost made me cheery. The walk home too near sundown, how it called up my many many walks along this road in happier days. I came back to a deserted house, but have eaten my supper [crossed out: in] with comparative satisfaction.



26 What emphasis Carlyle lays upon work in his letters. How he nerves himself to it; how he exhorts and encourages himself and his bretheren. work, work, work is the only salvation he cries, the only road to happiness, in fact the only way to keep from going mad [~~crossed out: i~~]on this Earth. Some days he wrote 3 or 4 pages (of his essays) then again he says he has hammered his brain all day and not written a line. It seems hardly possible words and ideas came from him so copiously. In getting ready to write his essay on Diderot he read 20 big French books, one [~~crossed out: per~~] a day, reading 9 a.m. to 10 P.M. hardly stopping to eat and smoke. If his bodily digestion was bad his mental digestion was tremendous. What a mental mill to grind such grist day after day.

27. A thick threatening sky in the morning. Screen gravel again up by the creek till noon. In afternoon rain sets in with some sleet in the air. To-night I sit again in the empty house and console myself as best I can with books etc. while "I-know" snores [crossed out: by] beside the stove.

28 Thunder this morning and brief dashes of rain. A downpour all night. Even the side hills afloat this morning. Springs gushing out everywhere. A great prodigality of rain since May 1st A drunken spendthrift trying to see how soon he could go through a large fortune

Dec. 1 A bright Sunday and cold. Spend it in P. In the afternoon Julian and I take a long walk, J's tongue running all the time.

3 Back home yesterday. To-day our first snow squall from the north and pretty cold Worked an hour in the morning in the vineyard, sat in doors rest of the day reading. A despatch from Roxbury; must up at 6 in the morning and out there again on Hiram's business. A dismal prospect. To-night the wind roars about the house as my dog and I sit here by the kitchen stove.

4 Clear and cold. At Roxbury to-day. Hiram does not appear at the

village as agreed upon, so I go home to seek him. Chant and Johnny are cutting wood down near the road. Find only a strange woman at the house; does not know where Hiram is. left home in the morning, may be back in 3 or 4 days, and may not, and she is very short about it. John Tyler is up taking care of his stock. It is very strange that he does not know where Hiram is, nor when he is coming back. He has evidently gone off to avoid me, poor soul! I stay all night and sleep (a little) in the cold chamber. In the morning return to the village and report the disappearance of Hiram to my lawyer. We conclude to send sheriff up and take possession of his

stock and othe personal property. It begins to snow. I walk up to Uriah Bartrams. Uriah is well, but nearly 81 years old. Spent an hour or more with him. The death of Jim was a severe blow to him. He shows no childishness like father at his age, says calmly that he is nearly through with this world. At dusk I conclude to go out to Edens, may be Hiram is there. I walk up from the village in a light snow. As I reach the house I see Hiram through the window. I felt ashamed and humiliated for him. I go in and greet them all barely speaking to Hiram. He looks confused and guilty. I quickly open on him, tell him the sheriff is in possession and that he

is to be sold out etc. etc. Much talk and discussion follow. I try to show him how utterly hopeless it is for him to hope to go on with the farm without ruining me etc. Then to bed; poor fitful sleep. Up early Hiram in a hurry now to get back home. We walk across the mountains through wind and snow. As we toil up the mountain I note how troubled and care worn he looks; he stoops as if bearing a great burden; my heart bleeds for him. I know how he is weighed down, but nothing can be done he has lost the battle, the old farm and home he cannot keep. I am powerless to help him more. The roof over my head is threatened. We reach home before noon; after dinner

we go to the village. Hiram goes reluctantly. He will walk behind me, as if I were leading him with a rope, leading him to the slaughter. I could fly to get away from the painful business. At the lawyers office Hiram deeds the farm to me and turns over all his personal property, signs away everything he has in he world. Poor boy, and he does it so readily, like a child. Then we go back to the old home. I sleep near him in the old chamber, or try to sleep, as he does, but neither of us sleeps much.

I spend a week in R. trying to sell or rent the place, and let Hiram stay there. One afternoon I walk 5 miles and back through the mud to see a man who wants to buy a farm.

I chop wood and work about the place. No man stands to his offer to buy I shall have to rent it. Much trouble and sorrow. Have about \$3000 at stake in it. Must keep a home there for Hiram if possible.

Some bright days and many stormy ones.

11 Back to W.P. to day and then to P.

13 Warm and pleasant, burn the grape vine trimmings.

14 Our first snow, about 5 inches.

15 Pretty cold and the sleigh bells jingling.

17 Warm and rainy again. In the morning I am off to Roxbury once more.



21 Spend 4 days at the old home do not sell the farm, no buyer but to-day rent it to George Brandow. Will this plunge me deeper into the sea of trouble? May easily be that the worst is not yet. We shall see On Thursday the 19th I walk over the mountains to the head of Red Kill to George's place, about 14 miles both ways, through mud; but I am not much fatigued; far less it seems to me than when I made the same trip as a boy. It is a bright lovely day for Dec. A warm week on the whole, [crossed out: to] with but little frost. Show all goes with south wind and rain. Return to-night much relieved, the burden of the farm seems off

My shoulders for a moment, tho' the thought of Hiram still sends a pang through my heart.

22. Rainy and warm. Julian and I take a walk in the afternoon after the sun comes out.

23. A bright lovely Dec. day like late October. Came up to W.P. to-day and learn that my dog "I-know" is dead, killed Friday night by the gravel train as he tried to pass under it. It sends a deep pang through me; my faithful dog, my sole companion these days and nights on the farm. I sit here in the kitchen of my deserted house to-night without him. Every now and then, half

forgetting, I turn to see where he is, or to wonder why he does not come. I-knows only fault was his excessive good nature, and his cowardice in the presence of other dogs or of any form of supposed danger. Very intelligent and handsome and gentle as a lamb. Even the cats imposed upon hiim and made a rug of him. Fit mate of his weak and sensitive master! I am less grieved than when my other dogs died or were killed, because I have had experience, and will not be caught that way again -- will not again allow a dog to take such deep hold upon my affection. After a time I suppose I can lose dogs without emotion. But how I shall miss the faithful

creature from my solitary life, and how long will his memory be fresh in my heart! I brought a basket of bones for him as usual, which now the cats will have to gnaw.

Worked this afternoon putting manure on the currant cuttings.

25. Christmas: Spend it in P. with my family; very warm like May. Clear, wind S.W. In forenoon Julian and I walk up to College Hill and sit a long time on the grass talking of wars of History, and of Greek architecture and art. We can see our house and W.P. and the view on all sides is wide and pleasing. Rather [crossed out: of] a grim and unpleasant Xmas dinner; Mrs B. in a state as usual. In afternoon J. goes to a variety entertainment at Opera House, and late I walk down the

south road and into the woods; sit a long itme on a rock amid the hemlocks and see the sun go down warm as May; no life in Nature save two nuthatches. In the dusk I walk back home with long long thoughts.

26. Rain last night and this morning. Come up home on the little boat. Sun out before noon. Work in afternoon with Van Aken setting posts etc. Bees out of the hive. In afternoon wind begins to rise and the temperature to fall.

At 4 P.M. we bury poor "I-know" back of the shed in a grave Julian dug last spring; for what purpose neither he nor I knew at that time. Little did we think our dear dog was to be buried there.

27. Clear and colder; froze a little last night, but not enough to stop the plough. Work to-day with Van Aken again setting posts and wiring grape vines. Enjoy it very well. There is peace in the house here, and if the fine weather lasted I should stay here all winter.

-- Dr. Johnson did not succeed in embodying his tremendous personality in any form of literature. His power was a personal one, largely physiological, and is developed by personal contact. In this he was like the great mass of able men of any age, politicians, lawyers, orators etc. men of action etc. men often of strong and imposing personalities, who yet can produce no adequate effect with their pens; probably have no soul power; the writing is colorless and

commonplace. Even such a scholar as Gladstone has written nothing that holds or commands us. Carlyle was much more successful in putting himself in literature than was Dr J. or Gladstone. Wendell Phillips and Sumner have left nothing that will live as literature. ~~Neither~~ Nor ~~has~~ have Clay or Choate or Chapin, and Beecher but very little. Lincoln had the power to impart himself, to stamp himself upon his utterances, and probably he is the only President that had. Nearly all state papers read alike. It may not be the greatest but it is a rare gift, this power or faculty of imparting an individual flavor to the written page. Is not this style?

28 A lovely Indian summer day, warm, clear, still. What deilght to have to go forth to work in the field. The grass is green and the fields dry.

Worked this forenoon in vineyard. In afternoon go to P.

30 Lovely day; work in vineyard with Van.

31. Clear and cold. Back to P. in Black

1890

January 1st Overcast with mist and light rain. Aaron Johns comes about noon. Greatly rejoiced to see him again, after near three years. All day we sit and talk. In evening walk the streets and sit for a while in a saloon. Sleep together at night, the first since '84.



2 Warm and moist. Aaron leaves for home in the morning, very loth to see him go. No man whose society I enjoy more.

Go up to W.P. in afternoon; very warm; bees humming about; how the stones and rocks do sweat. Back at night.

3d. Bright and mild; no frost.

4 At W.P. most of the day. Clean up the kitchen floor and then help Van set posts. Get very warm mopping off the floor.

At the beginning of the new year I find myself in very good health, apparently stronger and better than in many years; no more dizziness, rarely any heart fluttering and able to stand long walks without fatigue. The worst symptoms are melancholy, loneliness, and a sense of it being late in the

day with me. Part of this may be due to [crossed out: the fact of] domestic infelicities and to the fact that my home at W.P. is broken up. If I could be there and have all inside as it should be, I should be fairly happy. But I am growing old; this incessant retrospection is one sign, if I needed any evidence besides my mirror.

8 pm. A despatch from Eden saying that Hiram is at his house and has a light stroke of apoplexy, and to come at once! How quickly the gloom thickens around me, and how all my feeling against Hiram suddenly changes. This then is what his weak and foolish conduct means -- this thing has been coming upon him a long time; his brain has been slowly giving way. Alas, alas, what shall I do? Can not go to-night.

and what could I do anyway. Poor brother, has the giving up of the old farm indeed broken your heart? Alas, alas, it was inevitable; I could do no more. What a burden the whole subject has been to me, and may be the heaviest burden of all is yet to come. Suddenly the thought of Hiram and my love for him overtops everything else. We shall all go that way, probably -- apoplexy. Hiram first, and not yet 63. No doubt his work is done, if his life is yet spared.

5 Sunday. Warm and moist. In afternoon Julian and I walk up to the asylum and sit long on the pine

needles under the trees looking out over a fine landscape to the north. We talk of many things, but my heart cries incessantly Hiram, Hiram! We get back near nightfall.

6 Up to WP today; light sprinkles of rain; warm as May; everything sweats. I paint the floor in dining room, my thoughts all the time yonder amid the mountains. The grass grows, bees hum, insects dance in the air, caterpillars crawl about, bluebirds call; fear this unseasonable warmth so prolonged will injure the trees and vines. Am quite certain that I never saw the like before. What news from yonder will a day bring forth?

January

13. Since my last entry quite a cold snap with a little snow ending in hail and rain. To-day at W.P. again, warm as May again, bees humming, light sprinkles of rain; wind S.W. clearing off in afternoon with signs of cold wave.

News from Eden on Thursday that Hiram had gone home better. Apparently in no danger.

Feb 26. Since my last entry have spent most of time in P. By no means a good time or a profitable one. Mrs. B. sick most of the time with the gripe and very cross. I managed to write a couple of pieces one week, but

but they have little merit. Read a good deal. Froude's Oceana and his trip to the West Indies; very entertaining books. You get this from Froude which you get from few other travelers; you get a good style, and you get glimpses of all the notable men in the country he visits. Froude hunts them up and has a word with them. He writes with great ease and fullness. Read other books of travel to S.A. and to Java, etc.

The winter so far as remarkable as the summer, not another such in this century. No cold no snow; not a pound of ice yet gathered in the Hudson River Valley; no skating but once or twice. Grass green all winter and flowers in bloom. Saw blue

periwinkles in the open air in January, and on Feb 20, a maple tree in P red with bloom. Skunk cabbage in bloom Feb 20. Four inches of snow last week, but none before since Dec.

Fog and gloom this morning, but soon the fog lifted, and the sun came out, and the day has been lovely. Warm as May, bees out of the hive, and blue birds calling. Came up from P. yesterday and to-day opened the campaign; sawed wood in forenoon, and set posts in afternoon with my new man DuBois. The little boat resumed her trips to-day.

While at supper to-night in the dining room a [crossed out: muskito] mosquito appeared and finally settled on my hand and began to suck my blood. When I could see the blood begin to show in his abdomen I killed him. The first time I ever saw a [crossed out: muskito] mosquito in winter. Strange to say his bite [crossed out: left] caused no itching. Another was seen before we left the table.

To "put the true praise and set it on foot in the world" is the function of Criticism. (The phrase from Pepy's Diary.)

March 6. A driving snow storm from the north, began last night; looks like a blizzard. By far the most severe touch of winter we have had. Been here since Tuesday the 4th at work in the vineyards.



Heard through Abigail of the death of Dr Hull in Olive; an old friend of my boyhood and of my family's. When I first started out in the world in '54 I [crossed out: came] went to his house. How much have I been there since that time! How much harm I have been there since that time! How many letters we have exchanged, how many miles I have ridden with him over that rough country! He visited me in Washington and has been twice here. He was a very friendly, jovial man, but not profound. I once studied medicine with him for 2 months; in his office I wrote my one poem "Waiting" in 1862. How many associations are connected with his name! Peace to his ashes. (Saw him last at Father North's funeral in Sept. last.)

6th Storm abates a little, but very windy and cold. A flock of pine grosbeaks in front of my study windows feeding on the buds of the Norway spruces. No red once among them. Some of them a sort of bronze color on head and rump. Have not seen this bird before for 8 or 10 years. I heard of them in this locality ten days ago.

7. Cold after the storm; a rugged bit of winter; mercury down to zero or below; snow 5 or 6 inches

9 Clear and cold; some thin ice has at last been gathered on the ponds in this seciton

12 Very warm, 73 degrees. Snow all gone. Heard robin and piping frogs to-day.

13. Up home to-day and at work in vineyard; cloudy and still, a little cooler. Hear [crossed out: ???] several peepers tonight; a very welcome sound.

14 A slow rain from the north; air still and thick. How the sparrows sing, how the snow birds chirp and chatter

12 M. Rain becomes hail and snow but does not stop the happy sparrows. Now the great sodden flakes come swiftly down; they fall as swiftly as snowballs the air is all streaked with them. Fields of dirty floating ice on river.

-- "If children grew up according to early indications" says Goethe "we should have nothing but geniuses; but growth is not merely development; the various organic systems which constitute one man spring one from another, follow each other, and even consume each other, so that after a time scarcely a trace is to be found of many aptitudes and manifestations of ability.

18 Fair cool March day; much sunshine, considerable wind. Worked all day in vineyard bracing the posts, Zeke with me Weather looks promising.

19. A driving snow storm set in at 6 1/2 A.M. Now at 1 P.M. the air is thick with snow from the north, with 7 or 8 inches on the ground. Seldom have I seen it snow faster. The biggest storm of the season. Not nearly so cold as the last. Snow pretty damp.

20 Snow fell about 9 inches. Going off rapidly to-day.

26 A week of much rain and storm. Came up home to day from P. Worked in the vineyard putting up wire. Heard phoebe bird to-day, also clucking frogs (*rana Sylvaticus*) Much water in ground.

27. 11 A.M. am sitting in my vineyard waiting for my part in putting up wire. Zeke is at other end of row putting in staples. When he gets back here I rush in with nippers and tongs, cut the wire and stretch it while Zeke drives home the staples. Day bright and lovely, wind fitful and capricious; sparrows sing all about me. What a variety of songs they have; robins call and sing, phoebe calls; clucking frogs. Find first liverwort a few moments ago, sweet scented; a little red butterfly dances past, river looks

very muddy. Am happy in sitting here and drinking in the beauty of the day. Storm due to-morrow.

28. Rain and snow. Dark and chilly. I sit in my study by the open fire. We are probably near the center of the storm; no wind, and rain in short, sudden spurts, threatening to be heavy, but ceasing after a few minutes. Ice on trees. Send off Country Notes to-day -- not much worth -- a pot-boiler.

1890

April 1st April has come again. Welcome to April. The ground white with snow this morning, a light feathery snow that came silently in the night. Nearly clear and not cold. How the sparrows sang as I went over the P.O. the fox sparrows leading the choir! Work in vineyard. Snow all gone before noon. Colder in afternoon. Poor sleep last night. God to H. in afternoon; find colts foot in bloom, and walk in woods above station.



2d The second of the April days, clear as a bell. The eye of the heavens wide open at last. A sparrow day, how they sang! And the robins, too, before I was up in the morning. Now and then I could hear the rat, tat, tat, of the downy at his drum. Work all day in vineyard putting up [??] and wire. How many times I pause to drink in the beauty of the day. Not very warm, but just right for work.

April 3 Another birth day, my 53d and a more lovely April day so far never came down out of heaven. Perfectly clear with a slight film in the air as of dissolved pearls. Such a sparrow day! Over near the station heard a remarkable sparrow song; it caught my ear when I was a long way off. Its chief feature was one long clear note, very strong, sweet and plaintive, a loop of sound. To the eye the song was like this a very original song; never heard one like it before. Spent the morning again in my vineyards, but am

threatened with a head ache. Mrs. B. and Julian in P.

P.M. Head ache over. Mr Rhones comes for the currant cuttings. How delicious the day. Walk up to the old mill in afternoon and back on the R.R. track. Turtle doves here, also high-hole.

A lovelier birth-day I never had and all alone too. Only two reminders are from N.Y. from Mrs Fletcher, and the other from P. from Miss T. Burn the brush and rubbish in the garden.

4. Rain to-day -- warm, delicious from S.W. Do not work much, draw a little manure, and graft the pear tree, which I meant to have done yesterday in honor of my birth day.

5. Day of great brightness after the rain, air winnowed by the north wind, the world flooded with light. An April day out of the north. Work in forenoon getting manure from ice house stables. In afternoon burn brush heap and help with manure. Am fairly happy such days as the world goes.

11. Much rain the past week. No warmth yet. Currant bushes beginning to lea[crossed out: ve]f out.

To day a bright cold day from the north. Feels as if there was yet snow in the air. The April days are passing. They have much of the old charm. Miss the purple finch this spring, tho' I heard one to day. The little bush sparrow two days ago.

How I like to walk out after supper these days. I stroll over the lawn and stand on the brink of the hill. The sun is down; the robins pipe and as the dusk comes on indulge in that loud chiding

note or scream, whether in anger or fun I never can tell Up the road in the distance is that thicket [~~crossed out: and~~  
scream] of the multitudinous voices of the peepers. With long long thoughts and sad sad thoughts I stand or stroll about.  
An April twilight is unlike any other.

12    Lovely day. Julian comes from P. and spends the day here. We plough the ground under the hill for the Moors  
Early. In opening the furrows for the plants I guide the team by walking in their front. How I soaked up the sunshine to-  
day. At night I glowed all over. My whole being had an earth bath. There was a feeling of freshly plowed land in my  
mind

The furrow had struck in; the sunshine had photographed it upon my soul.

13. Sunday. A warm, even hot April day. The air is full of haze, the sunshine golden. In afternoon Julian and I walk out over the country north of P. It is hot. Every body is out. All the paths and by-ways are full of boys and young fellows. Julian talks all the time of high pressure and low pressure engines; thinks he knows all about the difference but I do not. He bores me with his engines. We sit on a wall long time by a meadow and orchard and drink in the scene. It is delicious. April to perfection

Such a sentiment of spring everywhere. The sky is partly overcast, the air moist, just enough so to bring out the odors, a sweet perfume of bursting growing things. One could almost eat the turf. All about the robins sang. In the trees the crow black birds cackled and jingled athward these sounds came every half minute the clear strong note of the meadow lark; the larks were very numerous and were love making. Then the high hole called, and the brush sparrow talked all together it was very enjoyable. Then we went up on Reservoir hill and gave the eye a wider range and tried to drink deeper draughts



of this April [crossed out: ???] nectar. In the forenoon went to church with Mrs. B. and heard a rather common place Methodist sermon.

14 A repetition of yesterday in the matter of the day, hot, hazy, with intermittent shadow and sunshine. Arbutus days I call them, everybody wants to go to the woods for arbutus; it all most calls one. The soil calls for the plough, too; the garden calls for the spade; the vineyard calls for the hoe. From all about the farm voices call come and do this, or do that. We obey the call to set out the vines and make a good beginning this afternoon. A little rain. How the peepers pile up the sound to-night!

A characteristic feature of these rare days I forgot to mention -- namely the broad converging lines (spokes of light) from the sun through the rifts in the clouds; the sun "drawing water" as they say -- a sign of dry weather usually, also the toads trilled their long drawn br-br-br-r-r-r. all day long

15. A sudden change last night, cool and windy to day from the north; The whole feeling, sentiment, aspect of nature has changed. I work with my coat on most of the day. Finish setting out the grapes. Very tired to-night. I find I cannot stand much hard work, but think I can walk

as well as ever I could.

17. Still fair and warmer; ground getting dry. Julian comes up to-day. We set out peach trees. In afternoon J. and I go fishing up in the creek, snaring suckers. A pleasant incident. The bright April day, the full, clear pebbly stream, the wavering, flickering vanishing forms of the suckers seen through the deep running water, and our eager peering and reaching. Take two fine ones, lose several others. J. returns to P. at night.

19. Colder from the north, but clear and dry. Froze quite hard last night. The river very

rough this morning. Shad trees quite white, and shad boats breaching the wind and waves.

20. Bright, dry, cool day, Spend the forenoon in the woods with Sherwood. March marigolds ready to bloom. The heath thrush in song.

23 Bright, dry, dreamy, smokey April days. They fill me with the old longing, the longing for the old days and the old home. On the little boat the other day I fell to thinking of father again (what day do I not think of him and mother) of how unlike his life was to mine, how contented he was. The horizon was the boundary of the world to

him. [crossed out: He] It held all that he cared for or thought of, his farm, his wife, his family, his church, his neighbors. He was like a child in many ways, no ambition, no desire to travel. He could not have been hired to go to Europe. He read no books but his Bible and hymn-book and weekly paper. The great world outside troubled him but little. He filled his place, he was thoroughly rooted. My sensibilities and longing and ambitions and misgivings, he knew not. Happy Man. He had a home, which I really have not. My loneliness he never knew. What indeed would father have done alone, without mother and his children!

-- No rain for 10 days and but little signs of any. A god send to the farmers.  
Swallow here this morning, and yellow rumped warbler.

23d Smokey day, partly cloudy. Clouds slow and veiled by the smoke. April fires raging somewhere. Everybody is burning up their rubbish. Julian comes up, and spends afternoon. Cherry blossoms opening. First robin and egg shell on the road, dropped by crow [crossed out: of] or jay. I burn bush and rubbish and potter about. Rain much needed.

27 Sunday. Slow warm rain, began yesterday afternoon. Julian and I walk to the cemetery on South ave, P. Rain very heavy in the west, but very moderate here. Never remember to have seen the grass of so vivid a green as this April. the excessive rain fall of last year and the mild winter must have much to do with it. Crops of all kinds ought to grow well this year. There must be more ammonia than usual in the soil.

28. A bright lovely day; begin moving back from P. doubtless I shall regret it soon enough

To-night is soft moon light, a young moon, air motionless I hear the shouts and snaps of the fishermen in the river and see the light of their lanterns feathred up and down, a delicious night.

May 1st A bright, warm, delicious May morning. Cherry trees a mass of bloom. Pear trees beginning to bloom. Currant bushes in full leaf. Many trees in Langdons woods touched with tender green. The oriole, king bird wood thrush whippoor will have arrived. Would like to stop the [crossed out: wheel] clock of Time and prolong this day.



It is not honey which the bee gathers from the flowers, but sweet water, or cane sugar. The bee takes this, digests it, adds something to it and makes honey. In red clover and in columbine you can taste the sweet, but it is not honey. [crossed out: People] Those who read my books think I get my honey direct from Nature, but I do not; I get the crude material there, but the product I try to give forth is as much mine as Natures. Unless what I see and observe has passed through my heart and imagination and becomes

my product, it is of little interest or value.

--It is said that there is a fish in the deep sea that can and does swallow a fish 8 to 10 times as large as itself. It seizes its victim by the tail and slowly engulfs it, its mouth and stomach distending enormously.

May 5. A warm delicious rain last night, an inch of water much needed. Very humid and warm this morning. Some apple trees in bloom. A snatch of bobolink melody this morning from the air overhead. As I write

the song of the wood thrush song sparrow, [crossed out: ???] house wren, the call of the meadow lark, oriole come through my open door, I hear the songs of warblers also.

How curious it is that man in his enormous egotism has made himself believe that he is some exceptional product; that he has a special and extra or super natural endowment, a soul, and that to bring him forth has been the aim and object of all creation. All other creatures he believes are mortal, but he is immortal. How he glorifies himself. But in the eye of science he is part and parcel

of the rest; just as ephemeral as summer flies, and no more the end and aim of the creation, and no more endowed with an independent principle called the soul.

-- Fine shower in afternoon

May 6. A rainy day from the N.W. Heavy all forenoon, the ground thoroughly soaked.

Heard hermit thrush in woods back of Highland station yesterday at 5 P.M.

7. Fair and calm after the heavy rain of yesterday. All the woods and groves full of young leaves. Green shade has come again. Snow from the cherry trees covers the ground. The mellow horn

of the bumble bee is upon the air. Again the dandelions star the lawns and road sides.

Keeping house here again since April 30, contrary to my wishes and expectations. Expect the same old story.

Some seasons the cherry, peach and maple blossoms come at same time. This year a wide difference. This year a wide difference. No hard maple blossoms yet on my trees. Was the mild winter unfavorable to the maple? Its sap is certainly less sweet than usual.

Later -- will be no maple bloom this year.

9. The orchard bloom has come again. Its perfume

is on the air. Before I can fully realize it, it will be gone. Warm growing weather with light rain this morning.

[crossed out: 10]

11 More rain last night from the north, a cool wave.

Dreamed last night of seeing Carlyle when he was a little boy of 9 or 10. He was crying and his nose was fearfully snotty. I was reading yesterday in his letters.

[crossed out: 11] A walk to the woods in the afternoon. Saw my white crowned sparrow. Saw many cuckoos and rose breasted grosbeaks; birds very numerous. The first tanager in a plowed field.

12 A lovely May morning, clear, still warm. How benificent Nature seems such mornings, how ripe and tender and sweet the earth.

13 "When the south wind in May days

With a sort of shining haze

Silvers the horizon wall

And, with softness touching all", etc, etc. that is this day with its white shining air and brisk south wind, scattering the apple blossom and strewing the river with white caps. The air is tinged with milk. How the branches toss their young leaves. Cuckoos very numerous. Read Emersons "May Day" and dip into other poets.

"Only to children children sing

Only to youth will [crossed out: youth] spring be spring."

14 A brisk rain last night from S.W. Heard my white crown sing this morning. He sat in one of Atkins cherry trees. Fee-u, fee-u, fiddy, fu, with a pathos and tenderness about the long notes that no other sparrow song equals. Not so brilliant and loud as that of the fox sparrow, but oh, so plaintive and far away. A song in keeping with the rare beauty of the bird.

17. Much rain the past two days, not heavy but long continued. Things growing very fast. Saw a partridge on her nest yesterday in woods south of P.



17. Fair day, spent part of forenoon and part of the afternoon in woods; a delicious time. The pink ladies slipper in bloom.

20. A brisk rain at noon to-day.

21. Bright cool day. Go to P. with young Dr Gordon, take him to the asylum, a sad case; bright handsome young fellow whose mind has become distempered from some cause, disappointed love he says.

24. Bright lovely May days of late, getting pretty warm to-day. The world very beautiful, and life

with me well worth living. Take more interest in birds and in my old habits of observation than usual. Arms on grape vines about one foot in length, Season later than last year.

30. Plenty of rain on Monday and Tuesday. Fine cool weather since. To day, decoration day, beautiful as a dream and quite warm. Julain and I go fishing in forenoon up in the mouth of black creek; take a lot of yellow perch. The river a great blue mirror this afternoon.

31. A day like a great jewel, clear-cut; crystalline, transparent. The air as clear as spring water

Summer warmth, except at night. Go to H. and run 3/4 mile to catch boat on my return. Grass early this year; red and white clover in bloom for some days, other things are late.

June 1st Bright, clear, warm, dazzling. Put net over cherry tree. Looks like dry weather.

6 Hot, hot; heavy shower last night with extraordinary electric displays, struck and burned a barn near Highland.

8 June day like a [crossed out: draft] draught of clear spring water, clear, bright, cool, a perfect day, after a hot week. Heat Thursday and Friday about 90 degrees.

Strawberries not yet ripe, cherries nearly so. Daisies whitening the fields. Too wet to plow friday and Sat. Grapes nearly ready to bloom. Tornadoes and cyclones in the West last week. Heat 94 degrees in N.Y.

11 Hot day. A storm of wind and rain at noon that damaged my grapes, breaking off arms at a great rate. Mr. Sickley and friends up from P.

14 Heat and rain. Begin to fear a repetition of last year. Rains all night, and the day like a tunnel under a river Cherries ripe.

Corrected proof of Faith and Credulity for N.A.R. rather

feeble: wonder that the editor took it.

20. Cool and delightful, no rain for past 6 days. Wednesday pretty hot, 88 degrees. Prospects look brighter, cutting our grass.

21 Slow light rain from S.W.

22. Julian and Zeke and I spend the day at Sherwoods, gathering wild strawberries, a memorable day, a wild rocky mountainside covered with the delicious fruit; gather nearly a bushel. Their flavor brings back my boyhood. Swim in the lake and gather our first pond lilies.

28. A hot dry week. Heat very great in the West; cooler here by reason of a storm off Nova Scotia. Warming up again to day. Made first shipment of currants the 24th also shipped 20 cups rasp. currants about half off. Weather suits me at last.

29 Sunday. A clear placid summer day of great beauty. Pretty hot at mid-day. I lounge about and read the magazines and papers and sleep and meditate in my chair. Getting pretty dry.