

May 11. The delicious may days continue. Not a cloud by day or night. Sun warm melting, wooing. Cherry trees a mass of white bloom. The air fairly shaken with bird voices. The cuckoo and orchard starling here this morning. Maple leaves like tiny half open parasols. River like a mirror dotted with the shad fishers. What a racket the orioles make! The kinglets silent for two days past. White crowned sparrow in song. The song of the toad still heard.

As I sit here in summer house at 8 1/2 A.M, a soft moist cool haze shoots down and veils all the distant objects. Beyond the Elbow all is a white obscurity. Why do I think of father and mother so often such days? Just such days came to them. How busy and eager they were about their work! I see the

cows hurried off to the pasture, the team started for the field, or to haul out manure. I see father striding across the plowed field with a bag partly filled with oats slung across his breast from which he clutches a hand full of seed and scatters it at every step. The mountains begin to show signs of foliage near their bases, but on their summits the trees are still naked, or maybe a little snow gleams out here and there amid the trees.

I remember when I was a child of 3 or 4 years, the girl threw my hat off the stone work. I cried and looking up on the side hill saw father sowing oats. How vividly and lastingly his image there in the may sunshine -- the white bag, the red soil and all -- are imprinted upon my memory!

Julian thought to have a field day this day with his net among the shad; he was off bright and early up the river, got fast near the island and lost part of his net. I went up to help him, but could not save it. In P.M. got the two pieces out in the river again; tide carried him into the Elbow, when I again came to his rescue. 13 fine shad in all. We rowed home in the delicious fragrant air at 6 P.M.

12. Another perfect day at hand. Tis a luxury to be alive. No cloud, the air warm, moist and sweet.  
This day Symond's book on Whitman came to me, and I nearly finished it at odd intervals

sitting in my summer house and looking out into the lovely world. It is a strong book and will [crossed out: hav] play its part in settling W's fame. I see little in it to except to. The hearty endorsement of the sexual poems quite surprised me. Symonds acknowledges his own debt to Whitman in strong eloquent words. I suppose the very first order of men never owe so great a debt as this to a book. They get it at first hand from God, from Nature, from the soul. Men of the stamp of S and of myself get it from our masters.

I could have wept over the book, thinking of Symonds just

dead and his words ringing so clear and eloquent, and of Walt, whom my soul so loved.

13. The sun went down in a sea of gold last night; but thin clouds or wreaths of vapor were forming in the east. This morning it was heavily over cast, and at 8 began to rain and has kept it up nearly all day, heavy at times; heaviest in afternoon and most continuous. Wind N.E.

Wilson's black capped warbler look in at my window from the branch of the apple tree as he did a year ago.

14 Bright and warm

15 Fair and warm. Poor Alice Litts died last night after

months of great suffering -- apparently consumption. How ugly is death in May, the orchards all bursting into bloom, and nests full of just laid eggs. Poor child; she wanted to live. She wanted to be buried near here that they might come often to her grave and look after it. She wanted flowers and flowers. A year ago a bright handsome girl, married a brute, had two children and died in poverty and squalor.

16 Rain again last night and to-day, all day at intervals. Ground very wet again. Apple trees in full bloom.

17 Sunshine again and cooler.

19 Cool and clear -- after two days of heavy cold clouds. Apple blossoms falling.

20. Warm and fine. Go to Cornwall to Lees, and to wild flower show. A splendid land scape view from Lees and from the Club House on Storm King. Find a whippor will's nest in Lees woods.

21 At West Point; much talk with Alden and G.E. Woodbury. Very warm. To N.Y. in P.M.

22. At Norton Weaton Seminary, reach there at 7 P.M. A lovely place. A long drive with Miss Pike and Miss Stanton in forenoon. Visit King Philips grave. Drive and walk in afternoon.

23. Talk 3/4 hour to the young women this morning in the hall. Talk about the observation of Nature. Talk well part

of the time and poorly part of the time. Am too much embarrassed. Drive again with the ladies. Find the nest of the solitary vireo.

To Boston in P.M. and get much needed rest.

24 To Mt Auburn Cemetery, to the graves of Lowell, Longfellow and Phillips Brooks. A lovely spot, ideal. At the foot of the grave of Brooks in one of the iron gate posts find the nest of a chickadee.

To Wellesley College in P.M. A place of great natural beauty, probably the finest college grounds in the country. In Evening speak to the students, 4 or 5 hundred in the hall. Talk too long



over one hour. Talk rather better than at Norton. Tell the incident of the chickadees nest at the grave of Philip Brooks.

25. A long walk early in the morning with pupils and teachers. Find nests of chickadee, king-bird, yellow warbler, and red start. Start for home in P.M.

26 Reach home this morning find Curtis and Ann Eliza here. Very glad to see them. Rain in afternoon. Grape arms about 1 foot long. Season backward. To the Greek play of Vassar girls at night.

27. Cool and overcast, light rain at night.

28 Drive to Sherwoods in P.M. Curtis and I and Julian. Gleams of sunshine.

29. Curtis and Ann off for home early this morning. Bright and warm in P.M.

30. Clear and pleasant. How fresh all things look! Grape arms break a little to day in wind from South. A slow shower at 5 P.M.

31. Lovely day. Off to N.Y. to attend the Whitman birthday dinner. Dinner fairly a success. Col. Ingersoll the most distinguished person there, and of course makes the best speech. I speak, but not to my satisfaction; did not say the best things I had in

mind. Dr. Brinton presided, an excellent man, with a voice like a coal scuttle.

June 1st Charming day. Spend it in the city. Meet John Muir, an interesting man, with the Western look upon him. Not quite enough penetration in his eyes.

2d Traubel and his friend came to-day.

6th Days fine and warm. Start for Snyder Hollow to-day with Julian and Ben Alli Haggin. Camp on the old spot till Friday the 9th Weather hot with light rain Tuesday P.M. Trout small, but plenty. The

wilderness [crossed out: ???] charming as ever.

9 Return home to-night.

10 Still hot and dry. Mercury near 90 degrees Champion grapes just beginning to bloom.

11 Hot and breezy. Saw a few Wordens in bloom to-day. Grape arms not badly broken as yet. Arms from 3 to 4 ft long. June hot like one year ago so far.

15 Start for Southampton to-day. Stay there till 21st. Pleasant time. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday very hot all over the country, 98 degrees in N.Y.

Grapes seem to have fertilized well. Out of bloom by 18th

No rose-bugs yet. Weather dry.

22d Home this morning. Light rain from South, promises to be more. Much needed.

23. Fine rain yesterday and last night, 1 1/2 inches or more. Cool and rainy this morning. Grape vines running riot. Clearing in P.M.

25. Bright fine day.

26. Rain from south and cold. Currants fit to pick.

27. Cool and bright. Began the currants to-day

28. Cool and bright. Send off 2100 lbs of currants to-day.

29. Warmer, shipped 2300 lbs of currants.

30 Bright and warm, with light shower in P.M.

June goes out with bright delicious days.

Mrs B. left Thursday, the 29th for R. I suppose. Left Julian and me to shift for ourselves and carry on the currant campaign. Good riddance. The rats and mice can again sleep. "Better dwell on the housetop than live with a brawling woman"

July 1st Cool night. Bright and clear this morning.

2d Fine day.

3d Shower in afternoon, brief, but hard. Pick currants. Cool.

4. Lovely day, neither hot nor cool .Julian and I here alone. Feel pretty well. Spend the evening

at Mrs. Frothinghams.

5th Warmer with hard brief shower. at 7 1/2 P.M. Much lightning.

6. Overcast part of the day. No heat yet this month.

7 Finish the currants to-day 5 tons 200 lbs. Never had cooler finer weather in currant time. No trying or frying heat at all. Full of lust these days, probably from the cherries, as they are said to contain much phosphorus. Not yet done girdling. Spraying for the 3d time. A little grape rot here and there and a little mildew.

8. Very muggy, with sudden heavy shower in late afternoon. Ground well. moistened up. The rye is ripe for the sickle Julian and I still alone in the house -- get along well. Canned 24 cans of cherries the last two days.

-- Doubtless one reason why the great men of the past seem so great to us is because all other voices are silent -- theirs alone [crossed out: is] are heard. All the hum and roar and gabble and racket of those days are gone, hushed, dead, and the few voices that reach us seem to fill the world of that time



9 Began the raspberries to-day. Fine day.

16. The past week has been fine July weather. Cool, with only light rain; busy with the berries The boys scissoring off the grapes. Julian and I still alone and peace prevails. Warm last night and to-day.

17 Kennedy came to-day. Glad to see him

18 A fine shower this P.M. K and I sit in the summer house and have much talk.

19 To-day we drive to Lake Mohonk, Julian, Kennedy and I. A fine drive, quite jolly we are as we go along the road. Reach there near noon. A bright day, pretty warm.

We are all surprised and delighted with the beauty and grandeur of the rocks and views. I am impressed afresh each time I go to Mohonk with its unique beauty. Nothing else like it in the whole country. We eat our lunch near the summit. In the big crevice we find a dog abandoned by his master the day before. He is very much humiliated now and after a little coaxing allows me to lift him out by the nape of the neck. We loiter about till 3 o'clock when we drive home.

20 Julian leaves me to-day for Roxbury. His ma snatches him away from me just as we were getting ready for a camp

and tramp in the mountains. then Kennedy also leaves. I am quite disconsolate.

21 Start for Slide Mountain to-day. Pretty warm. Reach Big Indian at 3 P.M. Stay all night there and much enjoy the evening amid the mountains.

22 Tramp up Big Indian Valley to-day with my roll of blankets etc. on my back. Very hot. Lunch at Dutchers at 11, and get a few supplies there. Like Dutcher much; he knows some of my writings. This valley much finer than I had any idea of. I had quite forgotten its beauty, or else had neglected to note it on my former trips. Begin the ascent about noon

Reach the summit at about 2, and pass the night there. A good time, all alone with that sublime view. Porcupines very plenty and annoying at night. I make a nest under the ledge of rocks on the summit, and sleep fairly well. A grand view of a storm from 7 to 8; look straight out into its heart of fire.

23 Day clear cool and windy. I gaze and gaze upon the scene. For an hour or more I try to make out my native mountains the Old Clump -- but have to give it up. Reach Dutchers on my return at 2 P.M. Pass the night there and am fairly happy.

24 Back to Big Indian for early train and reach home at 2 P.M. I tramped 26 miles

and did it more easily it seems to me than I ever did a like distance before in my life. I was not really fatigued at all. What a vivid sense of the presence of those mountains I brought back with me!

26 Very hot. 88 or 9. Rather blue and depressed; probably a reaction from the [crossed out: m] stimulus of the mountains.

27. The shower last night a failure. All sound and fury. Very dry. A cool, bright day.

28 Cool and bright and dry, dry. The nocturnal tree crickets began to purr a night or two ago, a significant sound. One the first night, and two last night.

29 Slow rain all the fore noon; relieves the drought for a moment -- need ten times as much to reach the roots of things. Clearing in afternoon and warmer. Rather blue these days; too much alone, my own housekeeper now for over a month.

Quite a chorus of nocturnal tree crickets now. A letter from Julian to-night.

-- "Nature makes nothing for beauty-sake, that is, simply to be beautiful. She aims not at beauty for beauty is not outside of Nature, she produces this or that; a tree, a flower, a man, a woman; there is need for the thing produced, and it is beautiful" (Mrs Ogden's journal)

Aug. 1 Go out home to-day. Stay two weeks at the old place, very restful and satisfying. Weather dry. Shoot woodchucks again as one year ago. Few birds

14 Back home to-day. Fearful drought. Vineyards suffering much, but not as badly as I had feared. Mrs B. here and disposed to make peace. Julian at Roxbury. The drought affects my very blood.

17. Cloud and light rains this morning, wind south. Tries hard to rain, but cannot get going.

22 Three or four days of cloud with light rain. Relieves the vineyards somewhat.

24 The long drought at last broken by a warm driving rain from the North. Began in the night and now at 8 a.m. the air is white with sheets of rain. A hurricane coming up the coast. Heavy winds. Must have reached the roots of things by this time.

P.M. Rain stopped bet. 10 and 11. A soaker, 2 or 3 inches of water. The first thorough wetting of the ground since spring. Very destructive along the coast.

29 A terrific wind with driving rain. Another hurricane from the South. The wind a raving maniac. Rain not heavy here. Wipes the bloom from the grapes and blows over several vines and posts.



30 Storm proved very destructive all over the country. Great loss of life along the S.C. and Ga. coasts. Grapes ripening slowly.

Sept. 1st Cloud and shine; threatens rain. Cool. The river suddenly turns big mud puddle -- as red as the Mississippi. Great floods farther north.

3d Very cool; almost a frost last night clear. The grape racket wears on me more than ever before this year, tho' my work is light. Something wrong in my physical economy, or is it age?

17. Soon got over the fatigue referred to and had plenty of vigor, fought the battle determinedly [crossed out: u] till this date when the market is flat.

Twenty six tons off -- and probably 10 more on the vines. A heavy rain yesterday and day before -- thunder showers. A shower one week ago caught us at 5 1/2 and drenched some of the crates. No other rains so far. Weather cool, too cool for the good of the grapes. Only one ton of Concords off so far. Prices low -- about 2/3 of last year.

-- Religion in our day is an escaped garden plant. Some of the best religious books are by laymen. There is more freshmess and vigor outside the Church. In the old long cultivated enclosure the thing is feeble and seedy.

Sunday 24. Bright and cool. Light rain yesterday and day before, and much cloud. Shipping about a ton of grapes daily, prices low. Myron B. came Thursday for brief visit; returned to Milton at night. Very glad to see him once more. Gaertners about half off. Wrote brief essay for The Dial on Poe, yesterday fore-noon.

26. Go out home this morning. Find Curtis and Ann away to Red kill. In afternoon walk up on the hill where "By" Chase and Chant are setting up corn. Walk over by grandfathers old place and muse long and long. Curt and Ann back Wednesday night. Thursday Curt and I drive over to Edens by way of Roses Brook. See Hiram, he is at work on a barn roof. He comes down

and talks a while. I give him peaches and apples. He looks older; his voice is older. Reach Edens at noon. E, not very well, is busy renewing his sawing machine. Weather raw and chilly. Friday we drive out to see Jane and Homer. Stay there all night. H. very feeble. Jane milks all the cows and works too hard. A white frost at night. Sat. morning we start for home; day bright. Encounter a drove of horses go over Jump hill; reach home before noon. Sunday return home.

Oct

3d Start for Chicago at 10 to-day. Stop on the way at Rochester and Geneva etc. Reach C. Saturday night. Weather very fine all the week. Sunday go to see Dr B's old place and get a room. Stay in C. 10 or 11 days. Not well, not

much interested in fair. My appetite for seeing things about done. The fair is for young people. The buildings superb, the crowd immense. C. a great sprawling ugly place. Visit the grave of Dr B. at Rose Hill on Wednesday. Go six days to the fair. Am none the better or wiser for what I see. My seeing days about over. Weather fine. Start back Wednesday night at 4 P.M. a smash up at Hamilton, but only a few hurt. Stop at the Falls -- seem smaller and quieter than ever before. Stop at Rochester again Reach home Saturday night the 21st at 8 P.M. -- 8 hours from R. not very well. The worlds fair distemper gone deep into me.

22d Very pleasant; very glad to be home again.

23d Rain all day, pretty heavy, 2 inches.

24 Warm with clouds and sunshine. Leaves about half off the maples.

29 Fine weather, warm, little frost. Rain Friday night. Vineyard half plowed. Bright and windy to-day, and cooler. Cleaned the Study yesterday.

-- What do I mean by saying this essay of -- lacks style? I mean that it is not organic, vital -- an utterance from out the mans real inmost self, but from his cultivated acquired self, his reading etc. It implies nothing but his intellect. It is mechanical. There is no personality, no flavor of character, no ethical quality in it.

What Renan gives us is always

Renan -- what any true writer gives us always is himself; what this man gives us is what he has read, or thought -- not a central original view of his own.

Renan is such a delightful writer because of the vivacity and vitality of the Ego -- there are no heavy, cumbrous made sentences. He is personal. When we write letters we are personal; it is the I that speaks; so it is in all the best writing.

The true literary man writes only to please himself. What does not please himself -- what is distasteful to his own literary conscience he cuts out.

31 First considerable freeze last night, made quite a crust on the ground. Clear and still this morning, the river steaming maple leaves silently and rapidly falling.

Nov 1st Nov comes in bright and mild

2d Mild bright day. Go to P. Julian goes hunting and shoots his first partridge on the wing. Very proud of the feat.

3d Rain in morning. Warm, still, overcast in P.M. Go walking through the woods, take the gun and kill a partridge over the swamp; the first for 15 years. The poor bird was walking on the ground. I felt ashamed of myself for murdering it.

4th Returning from the P.O. this morning, I paused to note two bluebirds in Van B's vineyard. As I was observing them and speculating as to where those particular birds would



probably spend the winter, they began to call a quit, quit sharply, and then sprang into the air. I turned and saw a shrike coming straight towards them; he gave chase, following them closely and diving after them, but they easily avoided [crossed out: them] him. He alighted in the ash tree near the church when one of the blue birds perched above him and hovered about him on the wing and then followed its companion. What surprised me was the quickness with which the blue birds recognized an enemy in the shrike and called out "fly fly." I saw some gold finches do the same thing the other day. The shrike has none of the skill and speed of the hawk, or true bird of

prey, on such occasions. It is the same when any bird but a true fly-catcher tries to take an insect on the wing -- it is bunglingly done.

Cooler and overcast this morning.

-- Just now a stick of wood on my fire warbled like a bird. What more natural than that such a phenomenon should have been attributed by the ancient observers to a spirit or fairy? This note sounds like the soliloquizing of some song bird, or an autumn private rehearsal of some young male bird.

5th Bright day and mild. Julian and I walk to the woods. Seated on a rock near the Cyripedium swamp, we saw a weasel come out of the swamp with a mouse or mole in its mouth. It disappeared for a moment a few rods above us, and then returned to the swamp. It presently came back with another mouse; we saw it bring three at intervals of 6 or 8 minutes. It evidently had a good crop of them out there in the bogs and bushes. On the third trip it was evidently disturbed by our presence and did not come out of its den again while we waited. Its hole was in the bank on the edge of the swamp -- a small hole going straight down into the ground under the leaves.

6th A soft mild day. Watched again for the weasel in the wood; found him still carrying in mice. This time I was only a few feet from his hole and saw that he had a meadow mouse. I had armed myself with a mattock and proceeded to dig him out. I had a great desire to see that store of mice, and to see the interior of his house generally. I soon found I had undertaken a big job. I found the ground penetrated with holes and tunnels in all directions. I followed some of them 8 or 10 feet and then gave it up. [crossed out: The h] It was a house of many mansions, and many tortuous hall. I could not find the end of one of them.

7. Returned, armed with shovel and mattock to finish unearthing

the weasel. The shovel enabled me to make more rapid progress. But the more I dug, the more hopeless the undertaking appeared. The ground for a large space was honeycombed with passages and chambers. It was like the interior of a tree trunk eaten by black ants, or of a limestone hill eaten by water. It was a tangle and labyrinth of tunnels. At last I found his next and banqueting hall, at least one of them, a cavity about the size of ones hat arched over by a mass of small roots of a little tree. It was full of leaves mixed with the hair of mice or moles, near it was a mass of fur -- the back yard where the waste was thrown

It contained the dried tail of a flying squirrel, but no feathers. There were pellets of fur like those thrown up by a hawk or an owl. From it passages lead in all direction. I could find no end no cul de sac[crossed out: k]. The weasel was not to be cornered or caught napping. I finally gave up the job. What under ground enemy has the weasel that he should provide himself with so many ways of escape? It would be impossible for a squad of his enemies to corner him.

8 To the woods again this P.M. Overcast, very mild and still. No signs of the weasel. I sat a long time on a rock

-- Could hear every sound in the woods, dry leaves dropping here and there from the oaks; they rattled against the branches in their descent like brown paper. Here and there the brisk file of the red squirrel cutting into the hard shelled pig nuts. Troops of crows flying ever southward, with loud caws. Chickadees and creepers here and there. A woodpecker's sharp, metallic note rings out. Walk slowly to sun set rock to give eye and ear a wider range. The fall of an acorn makes quite a racket. Loud squawking of ducks down by Black Pond, distant human voices about the farms, the barking of a dog, the call of a jay -- on the vast silence every sound is noticeable.

9. To the woods with Low and Booth and the arch-deacon; a brisk walk to the old mill, a fire, a lunch, revolver shooting etc. Back by the high rock or "Julians Rock" Day mild with dim sunshine.

10. Clear and cooler. Fine Nov. weather.

12. No rain or wind past week, Mostly bright exhilarating days; white frost at night; fog this morning, and fog clouds to-day.

13. Overcast, mild. Drive over near Black Pond for some spitz apples. The Brooks place, an English family, brother and sister living here, over 70. A bit of England 60 or 70 acres, smooth



and well kept, not a stone except in the heavy walls, not a bush or weed, a long well graded and well kept lane leads up to the square stone house; heavy walls on each side; fat cattle in the fields, no litter about the buildings, all snug and thrifty. What a contrast to the adjoining farms, covered with brush, weeds and boulders! A miniature England.

15. Rain and wet sodden snow this morning, clearing off in afternoon colder.

16 Cold and windy, the coldest yet. One can hear and feel winter coming Dreamed of father and mother last night -- dreamed they had gone on a long journey and we had not heard a word from them. I grew suddenly alarmed when I recalled how long it had been and we had recd no tidings. Alas! Alas! Saw Hiram also in my

dream with a trunk on a wheelbarrow, over on the hill, as if he was going away on the sly. Poor Hiram!

18 Mild day with clouds and sun. Go to West Point to witness game of foot ball

22d Rain last night, snow on the hills. My drains have not run since last spring. Now, a dry month so far. I expect a cold winter.

26. Bright, clear, cold. Julian and I go to Black Pond in P.M. to build blind for ducks. The cold is hard and cutting as we return in the gloaming. How something sucks the warmth out of ones shoulders and back!

27. Down to 20 or lower this morning. Grows warmer during the day with S.W. wind and cloud

28. Rain last night, brisk showers from S.W. Mercury up to 55 this morning almost a spasm of warmth. Bees out of the hive very lively.

30. Bright, still, mild day, typical of the fall, which has been exceptionally fine all over the country. Julian goes to Black Pond. In P.M. I join him, finish the blind and then float down the stream in the boat; the water a perfect mirror. We gaze down into that reversed forest under the water, apparently as real as the one above. It is so still that a little Canada sparrow in the weeds and dry leaves makes a big noise. Reach home at dark. At night Venus and Jupiter

play at see-saw, on going down in the west as the other rises in the east. Never saw Venus more glowing -- a great silver lamp in the western sky.

3 Our first snow storm; began in the night; 6 inches this morning; turned to rain and made crust and enamelled all the trees.

4 Colder this morning; snow froze solid and pressed down to the ground so that every little depression or elevation shows beneath it as beneath a carpet -- fits the ground closer than a carpet would. Fair sleighing.

5. Much colder, down to 8 or 10; ice forming in the

river. Began snowing before noon. Three inches of light snow. Winter fairly upon us, full blown.

-- Read some chapters in one or two of my books sitting here alone by the fire the other night. I could have wept over them -- they were so fresh and joyous so untouched by the fret and fever of the world. Where was the paradise I lived in when I wrote those books? Here, right here where I now live. A kind of perennial youth breathes in those books. No merit of mine. I could not help it.

6th Go to N.Y to day. Snow on the ground all the way and in the streets of the city.

Stay in N.Y. till Saturday night or rather Sunday morning, the 10th a fairly pleasant time nothing note-worthy.

Heard Browning read for the first time (Pippa Passes) by a fairly good reader, Mrs. La Moine. B. needs a reader to fill up the gaps and breaks by voice or look or [crossed out: action] gesture. He is horribly difficult, and it is mainly a mechanical difficulty -- not the difficulty of deep or [crossed out: f] subtle thought, but the difficulty of walking on one foot or of seeing around a corner.

10 Home this morning; light snow and rain yesterday.

13. A big drop in the mercury 40 yesterday, 10 this morning Much thin new ice in river Winter is advancing like a strong, steady tide, or is it the strong steady tide, or is it the strong steady ebb of Summer?

14 Down to 3 or 4 this morning. Ice fast in river, but is broken up by a steamer and set moving

15. Six inches of snow last night; hail and rain to-day, mercury going up.

16 Much warmer; snow going rapidly; fog this morning An angle worm on the snow on my way to the P.O. office.  
-- How much of our religion is flattery of God. We call it praise. How sick it must make him!

20. Go out home this P.M. Find the ground covered with new-fallen snow, but no old snow beneath it. Walk up from the station in the moonlight. As I mount the Deacon hill the old place comes into full view, white and cold and still, as I had so often seen it in my youth. The dog barks and comes out to meet me. Find them all well. Curtis is sitting by the fire with a peddler. "By" is there. John and the girls down to John S's. I pass four days at the old place breathing a good deal of mingled tobacco and pancake griddle smoke in the old kitchen. When it gets too thick, I go out doors or up to my room where I have a fire.

Weather gets warmer with



rain from SW. on Saturday which takes off all the snow. I walk out in the woods and up in the sap bush.

Hiram comes Friday night, well and cheerful. Seems like old times to see him there. Saturday Curtis and I drive down to the village. Warm and bright in P.M. On Sunday Hiram files their big saw. I leave in P.M. Johnny driving me down. Warm as Oct, and muddy.

Spend Sunday night with Abbey in Kingston; reach home Monday morning.

Xmas. Warm and bright, snow all gone. Bees out of the hive. Mercury at 58 degrees during the day. Is this set back to Winter fatal? We shall see. I have never known

it to recover from such a blow, usually a series of spasms after such unseasonable warmth. Pass the day quietly at home. My angle worms on the snow seem to have been a sign.

27. Cold wave, down to 18, threatens snow.

29. Another warm spell -- cloudy, misty; like April. A visit from "the Gang" yesterday, a good time.

30. Colder, Walk to P. and am better for the walk.

31. Snowing this morning. an inch or more last night. Winter trying to get a new hold. He has been fairly worsted the past week, or ten days.

In the Garfield-Conklin Controversy, as related by Senator Dawes in last Century there are the elements of a great tragedy, like the Greek plays. Here was this haughty imperious eloquent Conklin refusing to take the magnanimous part, refusing to believe in it at all, refusing to credit the people with any love of magnanimity believing in nothing but party and in crushing your rival; incapable of taking a large disinterested view of the situation, full of hate, jealousy, selfishness to rule and triumph with him being more than country or duty or truth -- seeing everything through the passion of personal pride -- here was this man

at last a victim of his own selfishness and conceit, crushed by the popular feeling of magnanimity, which he refused to believe in, utterly humiliated and rejected defeated by the party he had placed before country and duty. What bitterness was his! Did the Furies ever before so blind a man for his own destruction. one of the proudest men who ever walked brought to the deepest humiliation by his own deliberate folly. Every politician in this country who has presumed upon the narrowness and meanness of the people has come to grief. Conklin did, Blaine did. Hill did. No clap-trap, nothing theatrical, or that has the air of self-seeking, is a success. Honors and victory come to the disinterested man.

Then out of the spirit which

Conkling stirred up and of which he was the arch-fiend, came the murder of the President. Think of that long suspense and agony -- the Nation sitting by the bed side of this dying man. The elements of an immortal tragedy, unsurpassed by anything in history.

Conkling was great only as a party boss and leader. Dawes says his speech before the Committee of Conciliation was the greatest of his life -- his theme was himself, and his own political grievances. These inspired him, any great cause, or principle, outside of himself never so inspired him. His country never made him so eloquent. He had no self-forgetfulness -- no magnanimity -- no true greatness. --Theme for a lecture -- "The People's Rebuke to the Politicians."

1894

January 1st    Lovely winter day, bright and still. No wind yet this winter. Every storm ends in a calm. Mercury down to 15 this morning. Ice in river smooth and stationary again this morning. Julian goes over to Black pond. At 11 I put up some dinner and start to join him, a fine walk through the woods, to Sunset rock. Snow about 1 1/2 inches, fox tracks everywhere. A few partridge tracks, one mink track. No rabbits. Reach J. at noon; build fire under the pines and broil our turkey and have lunch, big appetites. Still and clear. Fox tracks across black pond. We follow two tracks down the creek on the ice along the margin

Did they walk to-gether? J asks. I do not know. Probably they did, tho' foxes do not seem to be very social beings. No sound of birds in the woods. Returning we saw where the mink had suddenly turned about at a rapid pace and retraced his steps for several rods. A fox track seemed to have frightened him, or did he see the fox? He makes a detour and crosses the track at another point.

What a record the creatures leave upon the snow. Or the hunders track though the fields and woods. You can almost see his thoughts written upon the snow. Here he paused and listened and looked about him. Here he had an impulse to take that path, but finally changed to this. Here his dog joined him, etc.

2d Bright and still again. Mercury 15 degrees this morning. Good sleep last night from my walk.

7 Still mild with a skim of snow yesterday. Mercury has not been much below freezing for several days. Ice adrift on the river. A bad cold from some unknown cause.

12 A little snow, a sprinkle of rain, [crossed out: col] clearing off colder, but without any wind. No wind at all this winter.

13. The wind got up yesterday P.M. and fairly let itself fly. at 9 P.M. it was a furious gale. No snow to drift. Quieted down in the night. Calm this morning and clear. Mercury down to 8 or 10.



-- It is a curious discovery some investigator has made -- that loose, immoral women have larger hands and feet than their virtuous sisters. Is this then the secret of the pride women have in small feet and hands? But you will always find more energy and intellect in women of good sized extremities.

15 -- Still mild and little snow.

16 Mercury up to 40. Snow all goes to-day. Fog in morning. Drive to H. -- roads good.