

June 1 Came back yesterday from the old home at R, whither I went on the 27th of May. Found them working on the road; weather cool with much cloud. Grass looking well. Family all well, tho' grandmother Grant is feeble and evidently near her end; born in 1810.

On Friday the 28th I went up on Old Clump once more. On Saturday Curtis and I went down to the burying ground and I stood once more by the graves of my dead.

On Sunday Eden and Mag came over; both looking in good health. There were

but few bobolinks in the meadow -- only 5 or 6, but they sang well. On the hill I found the nest of the Savannah sparrow. The orchards were still in bloom and I walked often among the trees with long long thoughts.

The outlook for Curtis very discouraging, on account of the low price of butter, and his heavy feed bills the past two years. June comes in cold; frost in many parts of the country.

10 Home from West Point to day; there since the 8th Two days rain -- about 2 inches; spits of snow in many parts of the country. The coldest season so far I ever saw; no heat at all

yet; snow somewhere every few days. Grapes backward and breaking terribly. Grass and rye very fine. Much white clover this year; locust bloom only a little.

13 A lovely June day; pick a quart of wild straw berries in Brookmans lot; warm but not hot.  
A great insect year; plant lice, musketoos mosquitoes and all kinds of bugs very abundant.

14 Cooler and clear. A. boarding celery to-day.  
33 Po'keepsie school teachers on Saturday.

15 To Schnectady to-day on early train to visit the Hales. Showery in P.M. much walking and looking for birds with Mrs Hale

16 Bright lovely day. No heat yet. A good view of the Mohawk flats from Prospect point. Pools of water in the plowed land. To Columbia Co in P.M. a land swarming with rye fields; beautiful. The air as we drive along laden with the perfume of clover, rye-bloom, wild grape etc. How sweet and luscious is all things

17 Home to-day; partly overcast, Light rain at night.

18 Splendid June day, pick 2 qts of wild s berries in Brookmans field. No heat yet

24 Superb June days, pretty hot pick 6 qts of s. berries in B's field

25 Fine dry, warm; the Dentons here; we go to the great boat race and see Cornell win

28 Go to Englewood to visit Chapman Julian rows me over to H. P.

29 Fine day with Chapman and Brewster; picnic on the Palisades; warm

30 To N.Y. to see Julian who is taking his final exams for Harvard. Home at night nearly 1 inch rain last night; much needed.

July 1st Pretty hot; fine July weather.

2d Hot; great boat race  
Cornell again wins.

3d Heat nearly 90; fine July weather; Corn begins to grow.

4th Sunday, still hot; a quiet day.

5th Hot wave all over the Country; 92 degrees here all afternoon.

6 Hotter still, 98 on my stoop. Shower between 2 and 3. Mercury drops 20 degrees. Fine rain Two ducks killed to-day by dog.

Terrible wind at Riverby broke down my elm by the barn and a maple by the road.

7 Still hot, 92 degrees. Heavy shower at 4.

8 A little cooler 88 at one oclock; a breeze blowing.

10 Great and oppressive heat 99 on my stoop at 3 P.M. Then a thunder gust with much rain and wind

blowing from all points of the compass. Shower came from the east and seemed to all rain out and exhaust itself here.

Much cut up by Julians failure to pass his Harvard examinations. I seem to take it much harder than he does. They probably caught him on some minor technicalities. He is careless and indifferent about the exact change just as I am. In my wrath I way he has had a narrow escape. Harvard is the school of prigs; it would probably have made a prig of my boy.

11. Julian goes out home to toughen himself in the hay fields of my youth. The thought of him fills my day. Why do I take this matter of the Harvard exams, so to heart? The boy failed in the languages; he has no genius for them, any more than I had or have. He is strong in reason and intelligence and in knowledge of things and to these the study of languages makes no appeal, language is arbitrary, artificial and to excel~~[crossed out:]~~ in them one wants memory alone -- memory that is like an exact recording machine

A day of cloud and sunshine and much heat.



12. Succession of showers all afternoon with thunder, very muggy -- much rain The more it rains the thicker and nastier the sky becomes. It is one of those conditions of "weather affirmative" that is like the itch -- the more you scratch the more it itches -- The more it rains the more water there is in the clouds.

Sat up part of last night in the moonlight watching the ducks, gun in hand.

13 The rain continues; the more rain the more murk; begins to suggest the hell of rain of 8 years ago. Grape rot sets in.

14 A Niagara of roaring rain nearly all night, 3 or 4 inches of water. I could not sleep and so got up in middle of the night, and went out on the porch. It seemed like the universal thaw and dissolution of things. No wind, no breeze, the fog and mist hung low on the woods and heights and out of the thick murk came the steadily pouring rain. A thunder clap would have been a relief, for then it would have seemed like a passing shower; but the steady, quiet, deliberate pour filled me with alarm Was it a universal rain, another flood? Towards morning it let up. The swamp was partly afloat, the ditch filled with

water; the flat before the hen house a lake 6 or 8 inches deep.

I expected to find the vineyard badly washed, but it was not, but water stood or flowed out of the ground every where. The soil was an over saturated sponge

Another shower this P.M. but not heavy.

15. Bright clear, lovely day. How fresh and cool and beautiful in the woods!

16 Still clear, and getting hotter. Another hot wave.

Leave for Gilders to-day.

28 Stayed [crossed out: to] at Gilders and Johnsons with a visit to Salisbury, till Saturday the 24. Rain every day, at times very

heavy. A hell of rain, all low lands in Mass and Conn afloat.

Crops wasting.

Rained here on Sat. or Sunday and Sunday night it poured from 1 A.M. till 6. 1 1/2 inches.

Monday cloudy.

Tuesday with spurts of rain

Wednesday

Cool. Crops spoiling all over the country; grapes rotting. Worse than in '89. This month the rainfall has been 13 or 14 inches, never remember the like. A malignant providence rules. A month of daily rains (nearly).

29 A down pour yesterday P.M. and last night, over 3 inches of water; the biggest flood of the season. Celery half under water.

Cascades and rushing torrents on all hill and mountain sides.

[crossed out: Sky] Clouds break[crossed out:s] a little to-day, gleams of blue, wind still N.E. Ventress came yesterday and stayed all night.

30. A fair day, wind N.W. the first for weeks; looks as if there was at last a real change; pure blue sky. how good it looks!

Southwick came to-day, like him much.

Myron Benton comes at night.

31. Lovely day; fair weather seems established once more; grape rot not serious yet.

Aug 1st Still fair, wind N.W. Myron and I and Julian go swimming in the big pool; a jolly swim; then over and dine with Mrs. B.

2d Still lovely; getting warm waters subsiding. Myron leaves this morning.

3 Fine warm day, all day in the woods.

5 Rain nearly all last night. Cloudy and threatening till noon, when it cleared.

7 Fine warm days; cool night. Grape rot slowly working on Niagaras.

15. Weather fine with a few light showers since my last entry, and pretty warm. To Mohonk on the 12th with Miss Brown

Miss Hummer and Miss Given

A fine day.

To day two showers, about 1/2 inch of water in all.

Melancholy these days on account of the Delaware grapes which are in danger of losing their foliage -- all because I did not spray with the Bordeaux mixture. May lose the whole crop -- a loss of about \$800.

16 Warm with signs of showers. Go over to black Creek and get out the remnants of my Pepacton boat, smashed by some hoodlums.

23. Warm yesterday with light thunder showers. Much cooler to-day with wind NW. The spring at the foot of the

hill beside our path in the woods, flowed all through July and into August (near the middle) It is dry again for the third time this year.

The Ingersolls left on the 21st

Began shipping Moores Early on the 18th

24. Rain again from 4 A.M. to 10 A.M. Still at it, an inch of water so far. The rain gods need flogging again to make them let go.

29 Bright and pleasant the past 5 days; grapes ripening slowly; Niagaras all going to the bad, black and hard rot.

Aug 31. Farewell August! You have been better than your younger sister July tho' you had some of her bad traits. The month goes out bright



and cool; a high barometer 54 degrees this morning.

Sept 1 Sept. comes in mild and bright.

2d Rain last night and deep-toned thunder -- jarred the house; about 1/2 inch of water; not needed. warmer.

3d Bright and cool from the North.

4 Still cool and bright; probably a frost in northern sections.

5. Perfectly clear and getting warmer; a brilliant day, mercury 80 degrees.

6th C. Johnson came at night.

7 A shower at 5 P.M.

8 Getting warm; pick peaches.  
J. helps.

9 Hot and muggy

11th Terrific heat the past three days -- from 92 to 96. A change to-day at 2 P.M came with the striking of the clock. I saw the wind coming down the river; it struck us and in a twinkling the heat was gone.

13. Getting warm again with prospects of rain.

14 Rained a little in the night; the rain cows are going dry -- only stripings now.

17 Beautiful Sept. weather now. Cut the corn to-day. Denton and Judge Upson came to-day. Grapes pretty well off, about 2 tons of Del. yet.

- 18 Sudden change to cool last night, light frost in some places.
- 19 Cool night; bright and dry to-day.
- 22d Bright and cool; go to the fair in P.
- 23d and 24 Rain from a cyclone coming up the Coast; only about 1/2 inch of water.
- 25th Lovely clear day; part of it in the woods.
- 26th Clear and warm, with a thunder shower at 6 P.M.
27. Bright and sharp. Julian starts for Harvard at 10 a.m.

He goes off cheerfully but my cheerfulness is only put on. I wheel his big trunk over on the wheel barrow. Thus he starts for College, I serving him as porter. The dear boy, how youthful he looked. Oh if I could go with him and be his chum! Well, he comes into the promised land ~~[crossed out: of]~~ for which I longed, but of which I never got a glimpse. ~~[crossed out: of]~~ How late in the day it seems to me, but not to him. It is early morning with him. Had I gone to College it would have been 40 years ago. But I shall see him again, yet how sad the autumn fields look. Think of all the Harvard boys who had that life so long ago. And soon my experience and his will be of the long ago.