

April 3d My 62d birth day, clear and cold like yesterday, with light flurries of snow at noon. Go to P, spend an hour at van Klucks.

Health and spirits good, even a little extra for several days. The old relish for the coming of spring and for the face of nature. Robins very plentiful.

How I enjoy thin calls and laughter and thin twilight challenge, [How]

What would April be without the robin and the blue bird and the sparrow and the phoebe!

I am sleeping well, eating well and working well? finding much of the old charm and satisfaction in life. But how my whole emotional nature [leaves treasure] the old home and the days of my youth, like a plant toward the sun, a letter from Julian telling of bidding farewell to his high

From Feb 16, 1900
to
March 27, 1901

Feb

16. Came to N.Y. yesterday; dine at Plimptons tonight.

17. Snow, meet Wakesly women and have much talk at their club rooms.

18. About 10 1/2 inches of snow last night, stopping with the Johnsons.

25. Cold, down to 8, at West Park 5 below zero on 28th.

28. A cold week; dine out nearly every day.

Mch1st. Begins to rain in afternoon.

2d. Heavy rain, a flood in parts of the country; deep snows, 20 and 30 inches north of the track of the storm, rain south of it or from Albany south. Back home today.

- 3d. Ground nearly all bare.
 - 4th. Light snow, and colder.
 - 6th. Snow again, 3 and 4 inches and rain.
 - 7. Cooler, fair sleighing. Health much better from applications of electricity.
 - 8. Sharp, nearly clear.
 - 9. Bright and lovely, promises a good sap day, a thin veil of haze over all. Blue birds with amorous warble and flight, one robin, some black birds.
 - 13. Cold, down to 8, spend night in P.
 - 14. Milden, sap runs.
 - 15. Begins snowing in p.m.
 - 16. Heavy snow ending in hail nearly a foot, blew and rattled all night. Kept me from sleep, like mid winter.
- Correcting proof of "The Light of Day", have many misgivings about the book

17. Julian came yesterday on morning train. Looks better than I expected to see him after his illness. In the afternoon he went over to the [shottege] and killed two ducks.

Cold this morning, down to 10, with indications of more snow. March is making up for Jany. A flock of snow buntings in a tree - never saw them perch before, a robin calling from under the hill.

Go over to Black Creek in afternoon with J, a very fatiguing tramp. Gold finches and red-pods along the creek, searching for food.

18. Colder and colder, zero this morning, Robin and blue birds calling.

19. Warmer, with light rain at night;

20. Good sap day, sleighing played out, J. kills 5 ducks on river.
21. Colder and raw, blustery March day, mercury not above freezing all day. J. and White try for ducks but fail.
25. Keeps pretty cold - from 5 to 10 degrees of frost each night, much ice in river yet; but few ducks. J. and Hud kill two today out in front.
27. A white wash of snow last night. Julian and I go over to the [shattege] and spend the day. The day bright and lovely, we eat our dinner again on the little island Knoll near the outlet of the pond. A good fire and fine appetites. J. kills two ducks.
28. Bright but still chilly. J goes to highland. Ice about gone from river.

29. Bright day, on the river in forenoon with Julian; no ducks, no ice. Take some photos at mouth of Black Creek.

30. Overcast and chilly; froze again last night. Julian leaves for Harvard on 10.15 train, much better than when he came. Looks well, his departure brings back the old feeling of loneliness, but I am well and must not yield to it. Sparrows very musical these days, also robins and blue-birds. Miss Hasbrouck died yesterday morning - a fine heroic soul.

31. Bright day, with wind, mercury gets up to 35.

April 1st. Sunday, lovely spring day, mercury gets up to 50, spend the day at Slabsides all alone. Snow yet in deep hollows in the woods.

Two species of butterflies today, one liver colored, the other red spotted.

April 3d. My 63d birthday; health and spirits good. Go up home today on morning train from P. Reach home at noon. Light snow (came last night) covers the ground, a cloud of smoke and storm hangs over the sap house; the bush is tapped. Find them ready for dinner. Day chilly with snow flakes in the air. Folks all well. In p.m. boil sap with Johnny.

4. Chilly with flurries of snow all day, sap runs but little. I poke about all day.
5. Froze hard last night, windy and cold, nearly clear. Sap runs in afternoon. The boys cutting wood in the sap bush.

6th. Clear windy, sap ran all night. Gather nearly 200 pails in forenoon, start the fires under the pans at 8 and boil all day, wind contrary and strong. Great flocks of leaves whirl through the woods like swarms of bees. Hiram came yesterday p.m. saw him coming down the side hill above the house. He is well, spends most of the day with me in or by the sap house, and we talk of the old times and the old people. How bright the day; the seem exactly as I used to see it in my youth. How fondly my eyes dwell upon it. The same robins, nuthatches, wood pecker, blue-birds, song sparrows, crows calling and singing. I sit or lie in the sun and wind the fire and the pans. In the p.m. Abigail, Hathe,

Olly, Dessy, and Ann come up, and sit and talk. A vivid, dry, windy day. I hardly know whether I live more in the past or the present. At night Johnny and Hiram and I boil till after 8.

7. But little sap today. Boil till noon and then "syrup off". Day dry, bright and windy, sap will not run. Dry wind from North and high barometer seems to dry the trees up.

Bid farewell to old scenes and come back to W.P. in afternoon. Grass started a little here, and checking frogs vocal in the swamp.

8. Still cold, clear and windy. Drive up to Wester Park.

9. Froze quite hard again, dry and clear and sharp today.

10. Froze hard again last night. Sharp dry wind again from N.W. with much cloud. Slept over 7 hours straight last night. Ground dry and ready for the plough.

11. Still clear, dry cold. Five or six degrees of frost each night.

Finished last proof of "Light of Day" this morning. Sick enough of the whole business. 46 years ago today I began my first school.

Boys setting out grape vines.

While driving down to the dock for Mrs. R. I saw below Gordons what I took to be two red squirrels chasing each other now on the ground, now on the wall, presently the pursued suddenly disappeared as if in a hole in the ground, as I drew near the pursuer, a red

squirrel came along the top of the wall, and passed up the hill, just there from the point where the other had disappeared, a chipmunk emerged from a pile of newly charred leaves and ashes, smutty and winking and clinking, and minus part of his tail. The squirrel then had been chasing a chipmunk with murderous intend and the latter had escaped by plunging out of sight in a pile of burnt leaves and ashes. I have never before seen a squirrel threaten a chipmunk.

The crow black birds are again assembling at night in my spruces by the house. Every spring they do this, and after a few weeks disappear. Their notes make one want to blow his nose and clear his

threat, of all bird voices theirs is the worst wheezing, rasping catarrhal, asthmatic - voices half obliterated by one influenza. How dry and husky their throats must be! I wish they would grease their whistles. Besides their call note they have a kind of rude, splintering rasping warble or whistle, which they evidently mean for music.

While out home and heard a song sparrow that I heard there two summers ago - a peculiar cat or inflection in its song.

12. Slow cold rain all day from the North, [cold] sit in my study and work at amending the essay on "Literary Values".

13. Still wet [and] misty and chilly.

14. Bright and warm.

15. Sunday, lovely day, though a little frost last night. Walk to S. in afternoon, arbutus not yet quite open.

16. Still frost at night, though it gets much warmer today with signs of rain. Spend afternoon at S.

Amasa plants his potatoes.

17. Slow rain, warm, still air full of bird voices.

18. Still warm thick and misty, very heavy rains in the south, - 7inc in Ala. Grass starting fast. The trill of the wall began Monday night.

This morning the dead leaves and maple keys about the lawn and paths are gathered in little heaps or heads about the burrows of the angle worms, the worms have been drawing them in at night

Sat here last night and read Emersons oration on Literary ethics, delivered when I was one year and five months old, and first read by me in 1857. I bought the volume containing it and the essays, in Chicago in the spring of that year. All that summer while at the old home I lived on these volumes, I steeped myself in them. After all these years of life and thought, I still find pleasure in this oration and in the others I see.

I think how it all must sound to the trained European man of letters - a little futile, a little provincial and American - the gospel of individualism and self reliance, the brag, the crowning over the present [NC] - it is all rather intemperate and unclassical. It is by a man trained as a N.E. clergyman and not as a

man of letters. It's crudeness belongs to a crude people, and it's courage and inspiration to a young people. This quiet restrained moral buncombe of E. is one of his leading traits.

19. Slow rain in p.m. yesterday and last night, warm and humid this morning with breaking skies, a typical moist April morning, warmth and humidity reign. Sit some time in my summer house, a meadow lark on the top of maple over my head gives forth seen clear piercing memory stirring note; thus a high note strikes up under the hill - a call to all things to awake and be stirring. He flies from point to point and [spreads] repeats his call that all may hear. It is not a song, but a summons and a declaration. It is a voice out of the heart of April, not a sweet voice but oh, such a suggestive and pleasing one. It means

so much; it means the new furrow and the seed and the first planting, it means the springing grass and the early flowers, the budding trees and the chorus in the marshes. It is warm and moist with the breath of middle April. Wick, wick, wick, wick, wick, he says, come be up and doing; air your house, burn your rubbish, scatter your comport, start your plough, the soft maples are blooming, the bees are humming, the robins are nesting, the chickens are hatching, the ants are stirring, and I am here to call the hour, wick, wick, wick, wick, wick, wick, wick, wick. Then the bush sparrow sang, her plaintive, delicious strain beyond the current patch while the robins laughed and tee heed all about, oh, April month of my heart.

The soil never looks so inviting as in April; one could almost

Eat it; it is the stuff of life; it lusts for the seed, later one wants it covered with verdure and protected from the too fierce sun. Now his rays seem to vivify it; by and by they will bake it. Go and dig some horseradish now and bring in some crisp spinach and the sweet and melting root of the parsnip. Let us taste the flavor of the soil once more - the pungent, the crisp and the sugary.

Beware of the angleworm this morning as you walk in the yard and on the road side; they are crawling abroad now.

Beware of the newts too where they cross the roads from the woods to the marshes, you may tread upon them.

In the twilight now the long drawn trill of the toad may be heard; tr - r - r - r - r - r - r - r a [song] long row of vocal

dots on the dusky page of the twilight. It is one of the soothing quieting sounds, a chain of bubbles like its chain of eggs, a bell reduced to an even quieting monotone. These are the only jewels she has about her - these jewels of sound. Spend the afternoon in K, with the Van Slykes and two N.E. girls, a fine ride through the greening country.

20. Fair and lovely, a little cooler than yesterday. Plant peas at S.S. Two yellow bellied wood peckers today.

21. Warm and fine, spend the day at S.S. Blood root and dicentra in bloom. A. planting celery on home plot.

22. Rain last night and mist and cloud this morning; warm things growing on a jump. Sickley and Vassar girls come up a curly day, sun and cloud.

23. Still warm humid weather. Shall fishermen again shouting from their idly drifting boats on the river.
The song festival of gold finches still continues.

What does the Lord do hourly but take the clay of the ground and mould it into men and women, and into all other forms of life? moisture is his right hand and heat his left.

28. Saturday. Dry, brilliant sharp, the past four days; light frost every night, maple tassels ready to shake out, but arrested North winds. Vassar girls today.

29. Still dry bright, sharp. The ruby Crowned Knight winding his tiny trumpet in the evergreens.

30. The last of the April days, warm, brooding, veiled with soft blue vapory haze. Foliage coming out, the high hole calls

loud and long, now here, now there, the fishermen shout on the river, the plough everywhere brightening in the new furrow. One of the days when the world seems to drift in calm warm spaces, our first thunder shower at 5; light rain, 72 at 2 p.m.

May 1st. Clear, smoky, cooler, with threatened frost tonight, cherry and peach blossoms just opening.

7. A cold dry week; a touch of frost last night or night before. A light rain Friday night the 4th snow in some places.

Ground dry, leaves coming out; trees outlined in Langdons woods; pear trees blowing.

Hiram came Saturday morning, two days and nights at Slabsides with him. He leaves this morning, looks well. He sits and whistles to himself and drums on his chair by the hour, an old habit.

8. Still cold; thunder this morning with light rain. Apple trees not yet in bloom.

Cuckoos calling last night at 8. and again in the morning.

Warm in p.m. up to 74 with brief shower at night with much thunder.

9. Cloudy in forenoon with showers around us, colder and clearing in p.m.

10. Cold, a bad frost, froze the plowed ground; fear the fruit is injured and the celery. The worst frost of the season.

11. Still cold - another freeze, mercury from 30 to 33.

12. Young Roosevelt comes at 5.

13. A touch of frost again last night, teddy and I spend the day on Black Creek, a fine time. He is his father in miniature - outside and in. Getting warm fast.

13. Warm day, 86. The Johnson come at 10, apple trees in full bloom; dry, dry.

14. Hot from 88 to 92, spend the afternoon at the falls with the J's, mercury

drop went home.

20. Cool, clearing, but squally in afternoon.

21. Squally and cool, a little thunder, 90 over to the Vanderhills.

22. Clear, warmer, lovely, ideal May weather.

Staying at Slabsides since Saturday the 19th.

26. Fine bright day.

27. Warm and lovely, 80 today.

28. Overcast; the eclipse not to be seen, quite a deep twilight at 9a.m.

29. Clear and cold - hints of frost last night, a cold May. Rain needed again for grass.

June 1st. June come in hot and muggy with the air loaded with the perfume of the honey. [Lowest], above 80, vegetation very rank.

June 2d. Still hot with signs of showers.

3d. A shower last night nearly 1/2 inch of water, very timely, a little cooler. Found a humming bird's nest this morning near the house at Riverleap.

Rain again in afternoon a light shower.

4. A lovely day, nearly clear. Things growing very fast.

5. An ideal June day; clear calm, warm, six Vassar girls up.

6. Lovely days continue, mercury 80 each day.

Two N.J. teachers this p.m. Fine girls, one from Maine.

7. Warm and lovely, the Atlantic City teachers leave at noon, signs of showers, all things growing rapidly.

8. Warm slow feeble showers in afternoon? quite a brisk shower at night.
9. Clear and warm, an ideal day perfect. Vassar girls come up. Grapes blooming no thoughts, these days, easily tired.
10. Clear and cooler, lovely day.
11. Ideal June days, shower at 6, about 1/2 inch.
12. Cooler again, nearly clear. Drive up to Wester Park, in morning, to Vassar C, class day in p.m. Humming bird hatched one egg today, honey about as big as drone honey bee.
- Well, but no thoughts these days. Young cuckoo covered with pin quills on Monday the 11th out of the nest on a branch nearly fully pledged this morning.
14. Rain very early this morning for an hour or more, just enough for present needs.

very muggy and dull the rest of the day, Amasa makes his first shipment of celery.

15. Clearing off cooler.

17. Fine days continue, Frank Chapman here.

18. Bright day. Go up Suyker Hollow with the Van Slykes. Drink at my big spring again and take a few trout.

19. Cool and bright, walk up the Panther Kill road and get a view of head of the valley. Very attractive. That high, circling mountain wall around head of the valley [very] gives a [precious] charm.

20. Lovely day, spend the afternoon with Charley Barns and Tinney school children. Julian comes at 8 p.m. and looks well.

21. Charming day.
22. Charming day with a series of light showers in late afternoon.
23. Rain again in the night about 1/2 inch - nearly an inch in all. Cool today.
24. Clear and warm.
25. Hot, spend the day at S.S. and the night too. Very sweet and quiet here.
27. Hot, 92 at one, ship one ton currants.
28. Hot, violent thunder shower from 5 to 6 - three showers or one shower in three instalments. Over one inch of water. I and Silly at S.S. One of thon crazy showers when the wind whips the clouds North and then whips them South, or East or West, determined to drain them.

The lightning and explosions of thunder very rapid and "shocking", one of the hottest June days I remember.

29. Clear and warm, above 80; lovely day. Humming birds nearly ready to fly. Company from N.Y. and from P.

30. Very much cooler; air clear as spring water need a coat this morning. The day of the boat rake. The boys finish girdling today.

July 1st. Another spring-water day, even cooler than yesterday. Too cool to read in my summer home in the morning. A visit from miss Alliger and her friend Prof Polby of Cal.

2d. Still clear - translucent (needs a classical word) and very cool, a delicious sleep at S.S. last night.

3. Fine day, warmer in p.m. with sprinkler of rain

4. Hot day and bright, about 90, Julian and I have our first bath in big pool.

Spend the day at S.S.

Bass wood in bloom, Chestnut ditto.

6. Julian and I start for Roxbury on morning train, stop off at Big Indian to fish. Very warm and muggy, no trout, but a pleasant time along the pine pebbly brook. Reach home at 6, all well.

22. Lotus eating again at the old place since the 6th glad, sad days. Frequent showers, mostly at night, a fierce storm with hail at 6 on afternoon of 12th miss Bessie Greenman came on the 7th to study birds with me, a large wholesome, pleasing young woman, a teacher of mathematics in Chelsea High School, many pleasant days in the woods and on the hills, she learned the birds rapidly. Left on the 18th.

Haying progressing rapidly - five more days will finish. Country very green and fresh. Health good, spirits fairly good. Abigail and Hiram here today. Hermit thrush still in song.

29. Very lovely weather since Thursday the 26th. Cool and brilliant, yesterday (Saturday) was without a cloud or film on the sky, air absolutely transparent. We spent it on the "Old Clump." Julian, Molly Hunt and the two sister girls, never saw the mountains stand out more clearly all the afternoon we basked under the blue dome on the mountain top. A great tranquil day, the red hawk sails out beneath us, a swallow skins by the mellow chords of passing bees sound above us. On the 24th I started for Hobart via old clump, a hard long tramp on the wooded tops of the mountains, vines, ferns, bushes

Like a green snow knee deep, on the "big mountain" I bore too much to the left and came out near the "narrow North," day very hot, my fatigue and thirst were very great; reach Hiram bee yard at one, quite done up. In afternoon Hiram and I poke about or sit in the shade, Mr. Stewart's great grand father settled here in '76; we visit the site of his house, a green hole in the ground, now.

The 5th generation of Stewarts are now on the farm, walked to Edens at 6.

On the 25th severe pain in my bowels - have the Dr. and soon get relief, some bilious and stomach trouble; back to Curtis's on the 26th.

A fine rain on the 25th.

30. Overcast threatening rain, quite well again, Curtis finished haying on Friday, the 27th.

31. Hot day; rain did not come. Go down to Shandaken for the day.

Aug 1st. Cool pleasant day, Curtis and I drive even to Edens and spend the day and night.

2nd. Very cool and dry.

3d. Eden and I drive out to see Jane and Homer; Cold as Sept, dusty, dry, Wesula goes out by train.

Homer and Jane well and looking same as last fall, Julian and Ed and Amy and her man come to dinner. Back to Curtis is on train in afternoon.

4. Suggested a frost last night. Remarkably cool dry weather, country begins to suffer. Go down to Abagails to dinner.

5. Sunday still cool, Hiram comes over, Curtis and Ann and I go down to Chant's to dinner.

6. Much warmer; dry, hazy, dog day weather. The old scenes begin to oppress me. Health good, but spirits rather melancholy.

7. Return to W.P. today very dry in Shandaken and Olive and about Kingston. Green at home, plenty of rain. Mrs. B comes on the 9th Julian on the 10th.

Grapes look well.

15. Heavy rain today and at night 2 or 3 inches of water.

Binder with me at S.S.

20. Start for the Adirondacks today to join miss Balls camping party. Evidence of great drought from Kingston to near Albany; forest trees turned brown on all the ridges or foot hills of the Catskills. At Netila join the party of the women and a men bond for camp Marlome on the Ampersand creek. Franklin Co. reach Axton at 9 O'clock, spend the night there.

21. In to camp Marlome this morning 4 miles, a group of 5 or 6 log buildings in good order - an old Lumber Camp refitted in a clearing of a free acres with the inevitable freeze of dead and blackened trees.

Here I stay till the last day of August with real enjoyment, a jolly lot of people, mostly graduates of Cornell. I fish and tramp and leaf. On Sunday the 25, we climb Mt. Seward; reach the summit at 9 a.m. a hard climb but a grand view; six women and ten on a dozen men. I stand it well, I gain in hardness every day, and can make long tramps without much fatigue. Spend a day and night at Ampersand lake.

Unforgettable, the gem of all the Adirondack lakes, some of the company spend the night on Ampersand mountain or have a glorious time. Tim the guide, Pete the cook, the beds of boughs, and all

The last call for special mention, may be that some day I can write at all up, as an illustration of the pluck and hardness of the new women. She could [traut] and climb with the best of us. Weather was hot most of the time, and fair.

Sept 1st. Reach home at 6 1/2 a.m. from P. The grape racket is on but not yet at its height, prices fair.

2. Hot dry day.

3. Hot dry day.

4. A little cooler.

5. Clear, warm, dry, I stay at S.S. Company every day, I dream of Ampersand.

6. Dry and hot, with a shower at 5-6. with much thunder, a brisk shower greatly needed. Rained nearly an hour.

7. Cooler and fair.

"Love for the work they do, this brings men to God," From the precept of Ptah-hotep. Egyptian 3500B.C.

9. Sunday warm tranquil day, mostly clear, still at S.S. alone.

11. Hot and dry, mercury in the 80's. Sticky and sultry today, a terrible hurricane in Texas - great lose of life. I still dream of Ampersand. Health very good - much more virile than last year. Mother's 92d birth day.

12. A hot night with much wind, which become a fierce wind storm, raging all the forenoon and later, the tail end of the great Southern hurricane.

Cooler at night.

14. Still dry and warm.

15. Bright lovely day, with signs of rain at night.

16. Rained steadily nearly all night. Cloudy and warm this morning.

Grapes nearly all off.

Another brisk shower at night, nearly an inch of water.

18. Fall at last; slept with three blankets over me last night, a fire in my chimney.

Cool, bright and windy today. Health good but no thoughts for a long time, no writing since spring. Spirits fairly good, which I attribute to abstaining from eating grapes.

22. Lovely day, miss Worthley and her party, she charms a copper head at the head of Ingersoll's stairs.

26. Fine warm day, Julian leaves today for Harvard - his last year, Hud again wheels his trunk over. He seems in good health and spirits, I ditto, Do not feel my allustomed melancholy - a condition which I attribute to abstaining from grapes, I doubt if I should eat any raw fruit.

27. Light thunder shower this morning. A week of summer heat

so far; oppressive, grapes all off but a few gaertners.

30. Light rain in the night; rather warm; have been out of sorts the past 3 days, trouble in my throat with cough and head ache, still at SS; no one else in the valley. Still and misty this morning.

Sept has been a warm month, a touch of frost only one night.

Oct 1st. Go down to Atlantic city; reach there at one p.m. not very well; some throat trouble.

6. Pleasant days by the sea; health better, gain 3 lbs; warm most of the time; much cloud but no rain to speak of; hot today. Leave home at 9 a.m. Reach home at 4.20, Hiram comes down from W.P.

8. Hiram and I at S.S. again as of zone. Bad time with my throat last night; thought I should choke to death, Dr. says only a

mild case of laryngitis, cloud and rain, a heavy shower at noon; about 2 in, of water in less than an hour.

10. Much cooler; still cloudy; frost not far off.

13. Mild fair day, company from P.

14. Rained nearly all night and part of the day, Hiram with me keep in all day an account of my throat.

15. Warm lovely day; warm as Sept. Go to P. and am treated by Dr. Dobson, a fearful time to get my breath.

16. Alone last night at S.S, sat in my chair part of the night, a very bad time in the morning with choking, but got my breath at last, very pale and weak for a little while after it. All right again before noon. Warm bright day, Oct, has been a very warm month so far.

A change in the p.m. with thunder wind and rain, and cooler.

17. Bright and cold; froze last night, a grand meteor bet, 8 and 9; a light suddenly came in my window like that of the full moon, followed in less than a minute by a deep rumbling like that of thunder; the rumbling last half a minute and dies away in the distance. Booth and Lawn did not see the flash of the meteor but heard the report and went out to see what it was, others saw the meteor and heard the thunder.

There can be no doubt but that the meteor caused the sound. Its course was North in the Western heavens. Sat up nearly all night with my throat.

18. Bright and cold; sat up nearly all night again with my throat, Hiram here, when I cut and pass Hiram a piece of bread at table I think of [all] how many times I have seen mother and father do the same in the old days

and my heart is tender. Here I am at this late day passing Hiram bread in more senses than one, poor boy, it is a joy for me to do so.

20. Severe frost last night, 5 or 6 degrees. Bright and clear this morning, sat all night in my chair, but slept 5 or 6 hours. Better this morning.

Read some in Jess by J. L. Jones. Good, but not of high excellence, never delicious.

21. Mild bright day, Hiram leaves me again in afternoon, I watch him through a crack in the door till he disappears behind the bushes, and say to myself, "we may never meet again," a little nubbin of a man, with a very small mental horizon, but very clean to me; a part of father and mother and of the old home - a part of my youthful days. He has been with me at intervals since the 6th

Almost every moment while in the house he was drumming with his fingers on his chair on the table and whistling a low tune to himself in a sort of brown study. His drumming and whistling became quite a nuisance at times.

22. Warm and hazy.

23. Unseasonably warm with sign of showers from the South. The boys working the road, I have passed the last two nights at Riverby and slept fairly well.

26. A little cooler with signs of rain. Back to Slabsides again. A bad spell last night after I had thought the danger from them was past. Felt pretty well today.

Just found a hibernating mouse here where the men were working on the road. Van dug him out the bank, he was cold and motionless. I brought him to the house in my pocket and made a nest for him

in a tin bucket up stairs. He had nearly come to - was warm I had his eyes open when I put him in the nest.

27. My mouse was albino all night trying to get out of his prison - he disturbed my sleep. During the day he has been very quiet, deeply hidden under the rags in his prison house.

Latin, concluded to liberate the mouse; he scampered away very briskly and hid beneath the rocks. It keeps so warm he can easily make another nest and begin his winter's sleep again.

29. Still unseasonably warm, with cloud and sunshine, my throat is slowly improving. Still at S.S. Crickets and [Katy-dids] still musical.

30. Go down to P. on invitation of Charley Barnes, stay there most of the week and improve rapidly. On Saturday go to West Point to see the Dentons and the Yale, W.P. football. Cloudy and milky.

4. Bright and cool, walk with Denton and at night return to P.
5. Bright mild day, come back to S.S.
6. Election day, clear and mild; rarely so fine a day for election, I walked up to [the] Eropus at 2, voted for Bryan, and walked back exchanging greetings with only a few people, no body heeded me and I went my way - very sad most of the time thinking of the old days, when as a boy I went to election with father. The world seems strangely empty and deserted. The show is about over for me; my curiosity enthusiasm are about spent. Only very light rain the past week.
8. Start for Cambridge today, reach Bolton before 8, Julian finds me at W.S. Hotel.
9. Thunder and rain and hail, go to Cambridge at 9, find room at 24 Irving st. nice family

Feed well, and quite happy, colder with rain and wind.

10. Bright sharp day, with cold wave. Go to football in afternoon.

A relative in Chicago writes me that she attended a Presbyterian Church the other Sunday and heard a sermon on love, and that the human illustration of it used was myself, how curious! a hater of churches and rarely seen within their walls, yet illustrating their doctrine of love, well, no doubt love is my ruling emotion - love and laughing. How I have loved the birds, the fields, the woods, the old home, father and mother and all my days, out of this love I have written my books, - out of this love and joy in nature, I am quick to anger, yet my anger evaporates like a summer shower. Anger poisons my blood, but love and joy are my life.

11. Bright and sharp. began my work of collecting a volume of nature poem yesterday.

14. Much colder the past few days, but dry and fair, I feel well and am enjoying myself fairly well.

I cannot read Swinburne without a kind of mental nausea. If I strike one of his poems without knowing the author, the nausea comes before I have read two lines. Why is this?

S. seems to me abnormal; his is a diseased mind; his metric felicities seem a mere trick.

In hunting for nature poetry I do not find one poem in 20 that I can use, as soon as I strike a [thing] piece of

Wordswoths, or Thomson's or Bryant's, or Emerson's, what a difference! I can use but little of Lowell's. His verse is dry

- it is too much made, Longfellow's is better,

Of course Higginson cannot endure Whitman, H. is essentially aristocratic; he tends to the elegant, the polished, the refined; he aspires to the scholarly, the witty, the distinguished; while in W. there is something rankly common like freckles and sweat, he is a democratic through and through; he makes no account of the social and elegant ideals; he is larger than them and include them.

20. Warm, 67 degrees with light rain at night.

Every day I plunge into the sea of poetry, nature poetry - but only now and then bring back a pearl. It is all good and respectable in its way, but it is not alive, much of the real stuff in the Southern poet Cawein, but his form is so difficult, his language is so knotted and tangled, that I cannot use any of it, not a

bit of simplicity and limpidity in him. Reading his rhymes is like riding a lean lame horse bare-back. He seems to affect a studied roughness and brokenness.

21. Clear and cooler.

27. Heavy continued rain the [past three] past two days. Deep snows panther north.

On Sunday Julian and I had a fine walk of 5 or 6 miles through the mist and chill up beyond and around Mt. Auburn.

Health excellent and spirits fine these days. The domestic furies cannot reach me.

Pass language through the mind of one man and it has a marked flavor; pass it through another mind and it has an entirely different flavor; still another and it has no flavor at all - nothing from that man's character or experience adheres to it. These last are the journalists of literature.

Dec 24. Bright mild day after the rain of last night. In p.m. I walk from Arlington Heights to E. Lexington and then to Waverly and then part way to Cambridge. The sight of the farms and fields does me good, insects dancing in the air. At night I assist the McKay girls with their X-mass tree.

All this month of Dec, I have been in exceptional health and spirits and have had unusual mental activity, stimulated no doubt by the rhyming fears that seized me shortly after I came to C. - a delight in work such as I used to have 20 years ago and that I thought would never come back. I have finished poems on the following subjects, some of them long, too long; namely "Snow-Birds", "Phoebe", "The Hermit Thrush", "The trailing Arbutus", "Hepatita", "Song of the Toad", "Columbine", "The Barn on the Hill", and the "Cardinal Flower".

and there are others in sight.

Julian went home on the 22d. I stay because I do not like to let the ink dry on my pen, I must make sugar while the sap flows.

25. Clear lovely morning, like early Nov, only a little frost last night, I am sad as usual on this day. Such a throng of memories as it brings up. I go to dinner at the Childes.

31. Write in morning; poke about the old cemetery in afternoon; find a date of 1625, call at MacKay's in evening. Rather blue.

1901

Jany 1st, 1901. Clear and mild like April. Finish the Blue-bird poem in morning. Lunch with Dr. Cleghorne at one. The walk to Boston and back, a good start on the new century

2d. Colder, clear. In afternoon Herbert Lang and I walk from Lexington to Waverly - about 5 miles along delightful country roads. Julian returns at night.

3. Cold at zero near here, a call from Kennedy and Chamberlain.

4. Still cold, I keep well as ever. 90 skating with J at 4 p.m. on Spy pond; walk back.

5. Still clear and dry and little milder, dust, dust, we will pay for this in Feb, or before.

My rhymes no longer make me tipsy, I am much sobered, I am getting over the debauch.

9. Like April, go to Blue Hills with K. and C. a long refreshing walk and climb to top of Observatory Hill - superb view.

11. Snow and rain.

12. More snow: good sleighing for first time, not deep but tough.

20. Sunday, cold the past two days; below zero this morning. Dinner last Sunday at Winchester with the Chamberlains, a fine fellow, Mrs. C. ditto, to Norton's Thursday night, a genial entertaining man, like him much. There unmarried daughters slowly fading on the parent tree. Health still excellent plus, about done rhyming I think. Fourteen poems in two months. Every morning after breakfast I walk up to Julian's room 61, Hastings then walk back with him and Howard to Memorial Hall; then to work till one, then walk after dinner 5 or 6 miles.

23. Mild pleasant winter weather, soft yesterday and day before, still rhyming; sleep well now.

30. Sharp dry weather again, dusty. A letter from Hiram, he says he has a good place to sleep, a stone pipe runs up through his

room and makes it warm. Poor boy, a small thing to be thankful for. Eden sick again and faint from kidney hemorrhages, send Hiram some money. I am done rhyming I think.

Feb, 13. Leave C. today for home; a cold windy day. The sheeted winds stalk over the hills or rise up above the fences like ghosts. Julian goes with me to the train at 8 1/2. Reach Hudson on time, trains on H.R.R, 2 hours late. Go to P. reach there at 7, find Mrs. B. well and good natured.

Since Feb 1st I have been half sick, some form of indigestive; much languor and fatigue in my legs, at times amounting to pain. Eat little, walk little, much better today.

14. Still cold and windy, go up to W.P. and happy to be there; see men on the river in 12 to 14 inches.

Find that Mrs. Gordon died on Saturday night, I shall miss her much; our

neighbor since sometime in the eighties, Mrs. Sherwood also buried the day I came home. Rest to her spirit! The last I saw her was in the fall I think when she drone into Slabsides.

15. Bright, but milder; two blue-birds near the station, crows cawing with a spring like caw. Go over to Weems with B and L. and spend the day; a good time. Amasa pricking out his celery plants in new green house.

16. Bright and mild; up to W.P. again snow melting.

22. No snow or rain for nearly three weeks; streams and wells very low.

Bright days and cold nights, see harvesters still at work; here at Riverby since the 18th boarding with Hud; am well and contented and at work again. Blue-birds every day.

27. Winter drouth continues; no snow or rain for over 3 weeks, cold and clear, mercury from 7 to 20 above, see men still at work.

28. Last day of winter, clear, cold, mercury 10 this morning - steady cold and dry all the month.
Johnson comes and stays all night - glad to see him. A return of my stomach and bowell trouble - not severe.
Mch1st. Down to 18. Begins to snow at 11, only a flurry, ends in a few drops of rain.
- 2d. Quite spring like, morning up to 40, go to town for over Sunday.
- 3d. Cold again; down to 10 at W.P. getting warmer in p.m. a long walk in morning with K.
4. Rain last night - a brisk shower clearing and mild today. return to W.P. Bowell and stomach trouble much better.
5. Snow last night - 2 inches of hut heavy snow.
6. Clear and cold - down to 10.
7. Cold, cold, down to 2 this morning.

8. Milder and spring like.

Miss Tarbell and Mr. Hulbert of mide.

9. A mild still, hazy morning, overcast very spring like, blue-birds and nuthatches - the latter calling or piping rapidly as of old, only hear this rapid piping in spring, mercury above 40.

Slow rain in afternoon.

10. Colder, heavily clouded, stay in P.

11. Began raining last night, heavy all night; raining again now at 12 1/2. Ground so hard frozen, the water nearly all runs off, bad news from Eden.

12. Go out to Hobart this morning on early train, full of dread forebodings not feeling well myself. Cloudy, windy with snow flurries in the air. Find Eden much better than I expected. Sitting in his chair, looking pale, but bright, he greets me cheerily. The hemorrhages had stopped that morning. May well and as alline and devoted as ever. Hiram comes in from the

village in about an hour, looking unusually well. We sit by the fire all the afternoon and evening and talk. Eden talks of his hunting and the foxes he had killed as cheerily as ever - tells where and how he killed each fox. Does not seem at all alarmed about his illness - this is no doubt a great help to him; he has none of my weakness that way. A cold windy night, poor sleep for me.

13. Eden continues to improve. Day cold with signs of clearing, signs of malaria in myself.

How familiar I am with that look of those mountains - a thick heavy mouth of reddish brown trees through which the deep snows show - the tops of the mountains hoary with frost, not an evergreen on them - all birds, bush and maple and very uniform - the winter

look of the Catskills.

Another half day by the fire side with Eden and Hiram, with the old common place talks. In afternoon I take train for Roxbury, but feel so miserable that I do not stop, but keep on to Kingston and spend night with Abby. Fever and pain all night.

14. Fever gone in morning, come home on early train. Two inches of snow in the night. Day bright; take 16 grains quinine during the day. Tap 12 trees in afternoon Hud and I, sap runs well.

15. Ice in motion this morning, telegraph Julian; feel some better, gathers and boil the sap. 4 pails full, no run today. First robin today.

16. More snow last night; clears off bright, Mrs. B comes up on 10 O'clock train. Sap runs down again. Julian comes on 4.20 train

looks well and is happy, Mrs. B. returns to P. much talk at night in study of Emily and other things. I am about well again.

17. Froze hard last night, clear this morning with troops of robins shouting and singing, a red shouldered starling pipes his a-ka-lu on maple over my study.

18. A real spring day, nearly clear and warm; only a slight freeze last night. Song sparrow this morning. Sap runs on a jump.

Julian off on his first duck hunt, gets 1 black duck and 2 mergansers.

19. Cold windy, nearly clear. Julian kills 4 black ducks in the creek. Mrs. B. comes home.

20. Dark still day growing warm; signs of rain. Julian kills 6 black ducks and 2 geese on the river.

21. Rain this morning, hard, mercury 42.

Julian and Hud kill 3 ducks on the creek and one on the river. Fair in afternoon. Phoebe today, and fox sparrow on Eropus Island yesterday Julian saw a thrush, probably a hermit. Rainfall heavy.

22. Clear, mercury 30, good sap day.

23. Perfect spring day, clear still, brilliant: This day I am happy, Julian is home, the fox sparrow sings, song sparrow trills and robins and blue birds laugh and call. In the morning a meadow lark alighted on the top of the maple over my study and sent forth again and again his wonderful spring call. In the forenoon I work on the life of Audubon and in the afternoon boil sap - 6 pails. The best sap day yet. The white gulls go by up the river their images reflected in the water beneath them. J. gets 4 ducks in the morning.

24. Cloudy mild, light rain.

25. Cloudy mild, light rain.

26. Rain in the night. Julian kills 7 ducks on the river. Mercury above 40. Birds very musical. What would life be here without this companionship of the birds.

All since Sunday night with influenza and malaria.

27. Heavy rain in the night with thunder, clearing this morning and cooler. Julian returns today to Harvard. First butterfly today - a fritillary? Pupers last night, Julian says. Frost out of the ground; ice about gone from the river.