

From Jany 1st, 1902 to Dec 31st, 1902

Jany 1st. At Floral Park with the Childsis, clear and cold, wind blow all night like a raving manise. In p.m. to N.Y. to see Mrs. Fisk in [Wunellome] Mrs. Hatch," a slimsy play. The acting of Mrs. F. fair not great. Dine at Johnsons with Dan French and Miss.

24. Cold. Go out to Montclair to the Swards, a delightful family.

3d. In N.Y. and back to mountain at night.

4 In N.Y. see Dr. Wein Mitchel in century office. Shows his age; begins to waver or tremble.

5. Milder. Home this morning. River closed, 3 inches of smooth ice in front.

6. Mild still, roads dry and dusty in places.

7. Serene mild winter weather with cloud and sun. Song sparrow still here.

8. Mild with snow flurry. Blue-birds still here.

9. Mild gentle winter weather. At work all these days on the Audubon life.

10. Still mild, sun and cloud, but little freezing at night.

9. Mild weather continues, 8 blue-birds this morning. Word comes that Homer Lynch is sick unto death - Better for him and for Jane that he should die, and has been so for years - almost a helpless paralytic - yet the news [deppres] depresses me greatly.

- One thing nature - God - seems utterly regardless of - pain and suffering. In many ways they help forward her scheme, but she has made no effort to confine them or bisect them in this respect; she has let them go at loone ends and grow like tares in the wheat. Her plans are forwarded by some of the pain - no matter about the rest, let it spread. The needless suffering that attends child birth for instance, no utility in that, my poor cat, silly Sally - got blind as she got old and would have died from starvation had we not put an end to her life. What suffering the poor thing would have undergone? most of the wild creatures that die a natural death probably undergo great suffering. Think of the sum total of physical suffering in the world at any given time that [unbalance] no good.

nature has taken pains to bestow pleasure where her interests were [are] at stake, as in the propagation of the species, in taking food and but she has made no effort to eliminate useless pain. In deed the universe is not run upon any system of economy that man can conceive of. Waste, suffering, delay, defeat, failure - all make up the whole. I can see no intelligence or love, a kin to our own, at work in the universe, yet where did man's love and intelligence come from? He too is a part of nature. - This is certain. The providence that presides over man is no different from the providence that presides over the trees in the woods or the weeds of the field, all are under the same law; the weak must give way before the strong, the winds and the storms break them, the drought burns them, enemies prey upon them, one generation follows another with vast waste and suffering; to keep up the stock and harden and toughen it alone is nature's aim. Where pain condenses to self preservation - that is nature's gain - there is reason in it, but so much of it has no such end and simply beneath nature's indifference.

13. Cold and bright, start for Middletown spend 8 days there in Mr. Vanamus rooms on Orchard st. a delightful and profitable time. Weather nearly clear and cold and dry all the time roads dusty in many places; work on "Literary Values" and the Audubon book; feel unusually well, Dr. Barrus at the hospital, more than kind, helps me with much proof, type writes the Anderbon, a very keen appreciative mind of more ready service to me than any woman I ever met, would like to write my life, I would like her to do it if it is even done, - have named her my literary executor - the most companionable woman I have yet met in this world, reads and delights in the same book I do, - a sort of feminine counterpart of myself.

21. Home today; ground bare in on river 7 or 8 inches. Light snow in afternoon, growing warmer.

22. Heavy rain all night, mercury 43 this morning. Signs of clearing and colder.

23. March weather or early April clear and freezing a little. Ground bare, many blue-birds in the air.

25. Bright and cold - or sharp, or March day, I crossed the ice last night from Hyde Park at 9.15.
 26. Cloudy with spots of snow - growing warmer.
 27. Rain all night; warm and signs of clearing today, mercury 42.
 28. Julian and I start for N.Y. on our way to Jamaica. All day in the city, warm.
 29. To Phila spend the night with Kellogg, colder with snow.
 30. Cold and snowy. At 10 am we sail on Steamer Admiral Sampson for Jamaica. We are upon the Atlantic as darkness sets in. It is quite rough and Julian and I soon pay tribute to old neptune.
 31. Fair, still I am unhappy.
- Febry 1st 2 and 3d. Warm, smooth, a lucky trip.
- At 2 p.m. on the 3d we enter the harbor of Port Antonio and find mid summer heat.
- Stay in Jamaica till March 5th where we take ship at Bowden and after a smooth voyage reach Phila on Monday.

9th at 10 a.m.

10. Stay with Hamed and rest - head feeling very bad.

11. Warm; home today; robins and sparrows and other spring birds here, no frost at night.

12. Keeps warm - up to 55.

13. Very spring like - clear; head still bad.

14. Go to Middletown for treatment.

15. Much better; still warm and lovely, a long walk South and West of the town.

16. Rain and mist.

17. Nearly well, clearing and cooler. Return home.

18. A cold wave; nearly myself again, ice all gone from the river.

Begin digging the cellar for Julian house today.

Very glad to be home again. Ed comes today. Bright and windy in p.m.

19. Cloudy with roaming wind all day, very fierce and persistent, cold.

20. Wind moderated, mercury a little below freezing, sign of clearing. Sap starts briskly.

21. Good sap day; only light frost.

22d. Clear and fine. Dr. Barrus and the two children come today and we have a sugar maple picnic. Wind still in the North.

In p.m. all go over to Slabsides, Hazle bloom by the way; three butterflies, piping frogs in the marshes.

23d. Sunday; still warm and fine, with North wind all go to the falls in p.m. numerous butterflies.

24. Another cerulean day out of the North. Come over to Riverby in p.m. and have another sugar maple picnic. The doctor and her charge leave on 5 o'clock train, a woman after my own heart.

25. Weather still remarkably fine - a little freezing at night. Stay at Slabsides till Thursday.

27. Go to P. and then to Vassar. Stay with Barnes, a return of the sea sick feeling in my head. Signs of rain.

28. Cloudy and warm, a little rain.

29. Rain last night and this morning. Warm soft maple and elm trees nearly ready to bloom, grass starting, a walk with Miss Amelia Arnold.

30. Clear and a little cooler; the season remarkably early. The toads song last night; bush sparrow this morning.

31. Colder and windy with flurries of snow. Walk to Auchmoodies Pond and back.

April 1st. Cloud and wind with brief snow squalls.

Ground white in the morning.

Soft maple and elms in bloom.

Staying at Slabsides since Sunday.

2d. Cold and cloudy and windy our belated March weather. Boys hauling stone for cellar of Julian house.

3d. My 65th birthday. Nearly clear and cool. Spend most of the day digging out stone with Ed for J's house and am fairly happy. Many birthday greetings and gifts come by mail.

4. Still clear and cool; frost at night, still staying alone at Slabsides, still digging stone.

5. Light rain. Binder came yesterday.

6. Clearing and fair, Hepatica near Slabsides.

7. Light rain. Get out stone in the woods in p.m.

8. Cold rain from N.E.

9. Rain continues from all points of the compass during the last 24 hours. Cold and clearless.

10. Cold and misty with signs of clearing; wind N.E. The Anophiles musketo [mosquito] was here in March and bloodthirsty.

11. Mild day of sun and cloud. [Miss Leonard and her mother to] Miss Reed and Miss Brooks today.
12. Chilly but some sunshine, Mr Sickley and the Platts, a curious phenomenon in p.m; the air filled with a thick white haze, the clouds all seemed to dissolve and come down - then there was a sprinkle of muddy water, soiled clothes on the line, and fouled window panes - the sediment it left looked like cement. Was it meteoric dust? It seemed to affect the whole body of the air.
13. Still chilly with sun and cloud.
14. Colder with sun and cloud. Kellog comes.
15. Quite a freeze last night, but bright up today, still alone at Slabsides; health much better. Feel my self again with good spirits.
18. Still fair and cool, frost at night, work on the swamp. A sitting out celery.
19. A little warmer, smoky [A, s] Julian and George set out first celery.
20. Lovely Sunday. Sickley and his friends.
The water thrush today.
21. Warmer, hazy, partly cloudy, just the weather for the farmers. Whippoorwill at night.

22. Lovely, tranquil veiled days continue, mercury above [near] 70. Willows green.
 23. Lovely day, getting [warm] hot. Miss Doolittle comes, 85 in the shath.
 24. A change to ,cooler. Go to N.Y. and then to Montclair. Getting dry.
 25. Cool and fair. Cherry trees in bloom, maples just shaking out their tassels.
 26. Very smoky and misty, threatens rain, shad bush and spice bush in full bloom the past 4 days. Hiram with me.
 27. Sunday, fine day, Vassar teachers at S.S. A fine time.
 28. Still fine - two Vassar teachers; we go to the falls.
 29. Go to Orange Co, mist and light rain in p.m.
 30. Rained nearly all night about 2 inches water. Clearing and warm today, a long delightful walk, 7 or 8 miles. Heard "the woodcocks evening hymn" Continues blooming.
- May 1st. Warm and pleasant. Pear trees white with bloom.
- 2d. Apple trees just bursting into bloom, violets make blue the meadow places. Wake Robin Club comes up to SS. Wood thrush this morning.
 - 3d. Rain last night and cloudy and chilly today with mist.

4th. Cool and partly cloudy, Oriole here this morning and one of the vircos. Wood thrushes in full chorus, a mist of green over the woods. Trees all outlined. Some maples in nearly full leaf. Apple trees pink and white.

5th and 6th. Fine May days.

7th. Warm day, Hiram came last night, troubled about his rupture. We go to Rondout on 4.20 train to see doctor. Dr. fails to reduce the rupture - but thinks it may not be dangerous, as there is no strangulation. Hiram partly feeble from worry and some stomach trouble. We return at 8.15. Hiram has a poor spell coming over from depot - grows very weak and out of breath. But rallies again after we reach Huds.

8. Lovely morning and cooler, Hiram seems to be better and says he must go home today. Last night he thought he was going to die as did I. He said his work was done. He told me if he died to have him buried in Willies lot in Hobart. It is all heart breaking to me. I double if he lives another year. He has lost his grip upon life. I fear to have him leave me.

Mrs. Kellogg and Miss Jenkins come. A lonelier May day I never saw, clear, warm, tranquil, the apple trees in the height of their bloom.

9th. Getting cooler, a lot of Vassar girls in p.m, Mr. Binder comes.

Am much disturbed again about Hiram - hear from Eden he is very poorly.

10. A cold wave; frost last night and poor sleep for me, at 10.20, the Castle girls come - about 25 of them. Day clear and sharp. In an evil moment I make one whistle for the girls, and then have to make a score of them. We go to Julian rock and to the falls.

11. Clear and cold and dry - a frost again last night - no damage in the river valley. Hiram is better.

12. At the station this morning I saw Mr. Allen with a telegram in his hand looking for me, my heart sank, I knew what it meant. Hiram was dead. So Edens telegram said. It stormed me for a while, yet my judgement said, "it is best so." I take the boat for Rondout and the afternoon train for Hobart. What gloom

overspreads me during that journey, at Roxbury. Curtis and Ann get in the train, Curtis looks a little strange to me his eyes. He does not know me at first. It cheers me somewhat to see them. At Hobart Eden meets us at the train, Hiram was found dead in his bed that morning. He did not get up when called and when Eden went to his room he lay dead. Apparently he had not stirred since he lay down at night. He probably died early in the evening. He had been around on Sunday, had eaten as usual, and at 9. had taken his lamp and gone to bed, and there his journey in this world had ended. He had said to Eden during the day, that he should never take care of any more bees, and had told Bruce to take good care of his tools. He seemed to feel that his end was near

I found it impossible to sleep that night, more than 2 or 3 hours, I was in a strange state of excitement, my Hiram, my boy Hiram

May 23d. Very hot and dry - mercury ,near 90.

May 24. Still hot - no rain this month to speak of. A lot of teachers from R. and K, am slowly recovering from my nervousness caused by Hiram's death. Yet hardly an hour passes that I do not think of him and speak his name.

as I so often called him was gone - the dearest one of the family to me, and how could I compose my self to sleep in the room above his dead body?

13. Cold and dry. They put Hiram in his coffin this morning, and after a while I go in with Eden and look upon him. Jane comes and I think she goes in too, oh, the calmness and repose of death! I can no longer keep back my tears, oh if I had only done more for him, if I could only have another chance. How generous death makes us. Later Eden and I go down to the cemetery and look at his grave, a beautiful place. It was one of his last requests that he be buried here in Willies lot - Wilke whom he loved so well, but who cared little for him. I cannot be at ease so by and by I go over to Willies, through the fields and over the hill, the way Hiram and I had once gone a few years ago. The spring - beauty and adders tonge and anemone were in bloom in a sap bush I passed throught.

The funeral sermon was preached by John Hublik at 2 o'clock, a mere string of words and catch phrases that began nowhere and led

no where, not an idea in it, yet Eden and Jane liked it much. In religion matters, the uncultured mind often prefers shadows to substances. Anything real and logical and tangible offends them. It was a lovely day, but cool. The bobolinks were singing in the meadow in front of the house.

We walked behind the hearse to the cemetery, I shall never forget my stress of emotion and grief on that occasion. Jane and Eden and I were full of tears, but Curtis I think shed no tears, his mind is very dull.

I slept a little better that night.

14. The morning was again frosty, after breakfast Eden and I go down to the grave. The coverlid of the turf was already pulled over dear Hiram. We stood long by his grave, a finer locality for a village cemetery, I never saw a large, gentle gravelly knoll with the clear brook sweeping around its base on one side beyond which is a beautiful rolling landscape with its green hills, its grazing herds, its dark patches of pine woods and then the encircling mountains, still brown and leafless

I almost envy Hiram his last resting place.

Hiram played a larger part in my life than any the rest of my family. He was the one brother who always stuck to me - came to see me wherever I was and wrote me regularly. He brought to me the old home, father and mother and my youth on the old farm, more than all the others. He had no entitlement or judgement, was a mere child in many things, never read one of my books, but I loved him all the same. He had all my infirmities and little of my strength; he was a dreamer, an idealist, but had no firm grip upon real life - was one of those men who are always crowded to the wall in the scramble of the world - no push and self assertion in him. We have camped and tramped together; we slept together as boys, and we have lived together as old men. He was their first born and in the old home stood next to father and mother. The work of his hands shows all over the old farm - in the walls that he laid in the trees and orchards he planted, in the buildings.

he helped erect. He was always handy with tools. He made the sheds, the stone boats, the hay riggings the churning machine. He made the garden and grafted the apple trees. He loaded and pitched off all the hay for nearly 40 years, and built all the stocks. He drilled and blasted the rocks when I was a boy. He made the sugar and always headed up the butter in the fall. He cut up and salted the pork and did a hundred other things in the old days on the farm. He always dreamed of going West and for years kept his valise under his bed packed ready to go. Once he started and got as far as Michigan when his heart failed him and he came back. He could not have the old spot; he could not face and hold his own with the great outside world. He worried father and mother a great deal by his threats to go West. He was a dutiful son, but he grew very discontented, (and with reason) at the way things went on the farm under Edens management. But he did no better when I helped him keep the farm from 83 to 90 and lost over \$2000 by him of late years he had been greatly dependent

upon me, which I suffer made him still dearer to me.

If I could only have had a home where he could have come and shared with me and fussed with his bus, how it would have added to my enjoyment of life. I look back with such pleasure to the weeks he spent here with me one winter, when he and I boarded with the Ackers and he worked at his bee hives here in the fruit house, while I wrote here in my study. The sound of his saw and hammer was music to my ears. Julian was at Harvard and Mrs. B, in P.

His death greatly enhances the burden of the past to me. It makes it all bleed afresh. It is like losing father and mother over again.

Eden said he should miss him more than any the rest of us, which is probable. He said the "winter I was sick and sat here in my chair for over 3 months, I could tell when Hiram was coming by seeing his shadow there on that door as he came up the drive and passed the window, I shall never see it there again."

Curtis and I go home with Jane on early train and stay till afternoon, Homer looks well, but is as shaky as ever. I cannot sit still long, and go walk about the place. Jane very happy to have us there. Home with Curtis in afternoon, I walk up from train. The old place looks desolate, everything seems to say "Hiram is gone." I walk up the road and look at a rock I saw him blast when I was a boy, but little signs of foliage yet. Apple trees budded; plums and cherry trees in bloom.

15. Frost again last night. I leave for the morning train for home, Curtis walks with me out on the hill through the woods, along Hiram's path, he said. It looks as if Curtis would be the next to go, though he may outlive us all.

16. Miss Murphy and her school from N.Y.

17. Albany women and men Buck school.

At 4.20. Dr. Barrus and Mrs. Allen.

18. Lovely day and warmer. We walk and loiter. At night a camp fire and much fun.

19. My guests off on 8 1/2 train. Light rain.

Vassar teachers and the doctor.

20, 21, 22d. Warm and dry.

23d. Very hot.

24. Very hot.

25. Cloudy and warm. Rains around us, Ed and Julian began the house on 23d

P.m. again the welcome sound of thunder rolling through the sky; then slow gentle rain, set in about 5 1/2 and rained till after 9, about 1/2 inch water - never more needed. It may save the hay crop, and the strawberries.

26. Clear and warm. Ideal May weather.

27. Slow rain all day, began in the night nearly 2 inches of water.

28. Cold, squally - snow at Roxbury - 2 inches.

29. Clear and cool. Denton Lee and Hopson.

30. Warmer, cloudy, much company at S.S.

31. Ideal day, warm and clear, more company, Julians house partly enclosed.

June 1st. One of the shining days, a soft nimbus fills the air. Locust bloom dropping, clover bloom and first dairies.

3. Hot day with heavy shower in afternoon. Go to the valley of the Kinderhook; the land of waving rye fields, see the winds carry them.

4. Cold after the rain and muddy.

5 and 6th. Bright days and warmer.

7. Warm and cloudy with gleams of sunshine, much company. Good shower at 6.

8. Cloudy, very humid.

- The bobolink seems the least rustic of our song birds. There is something almost metropolitan about him - certainly cosmopolitan. The tone, the quality of his voice is like that of a great metropolitan orator - its articulation is so clear and vibrant. His dress and manner too, are not a bit rustic or rural - they are metropolitan. His voice has the polish and distinction of the town. All the field and meadow birds and ground builders are inscospicuous in their colors - male and female alike, except the bobolink. His presence in the meadow seems accidental and capricious.

9. Fine day, company from Vassar.
 10. Cloudy most of the day, at Vassar class day.
 - 11 and 12. Warm fine days.
 13. A series of heavy showers from 3 to 5 this morning, very timely.
 14. Lovely day and hot. Go to Orange Co. with Vanama.
 15. Hot showers around the horizons. The breath of June meadows fills the air.
 16. Warm, muggy, partly cloudy with thunder and light rain.
 17. Clear and cool, a day like a newly washed lamp chimney - all the smoke and dust and tarnish gone, a brisk rain in the night.
- Grape blooming about over.
- Boarding celery yesterday. A shipped first on 13th grown under cheese cloth.
18. Perfection of June day. Everyone has lowells line on the tongue, "What so rare as a day in June." Too fair,
 19. Rain from S.W. a thick musky day; the antipode of yesterday. Rained heavily nearly all forenoon, cleared off in p.m.

- I think Browning has more ardent women readers than men. At least this is my observation. His bounce and vigor and rigid muscles seem to compliment the woman. They like this rubbing and chafing. He stimulates and excites them, never a soft or feminine line in him, but a kind of procreate thrust and pressure. Terryson is much more flowing and feminine and melodious, at least in his art and is less passionately liked by women.

20. Clear and cool; picking currants, lovely day.

21. Dark, rainy dismal began raining about 3 a.m, June promises to be as much too wet as May was too dry.

Rained 9 or 10 hours. Clearing in late afternoon.

22. Clear, cool very fresh. Go to Slabsides at night.

23. At Slabsides, clear cold, writing a little.

24, 25. Cold, cold.

26. Rained nearly all night; clearing at 8. Cool.

27. Cold and windy. Never saw colder June.

28. Fair a little warmer, still at S.S. alone. A crowd from Newburg.

29. Rain all day, hard at times.

Well contented at S.S. with chosen company a fire in the fire place.

30. Clearing, lovely morning. My guests depart, but leave fragrant memories.

July 1st. More rain in the night, but clear and mild today; a little warmer. Pulled down the Delaware vines all afternoon. Began to write the Jamaica trip this morning.

2d. Bright and cool.

3d. Pouring rain from 7 to 11 a.m. 1 1/2 inches. Sat at S.S. and wrote on Jamaica trip.

Cleared in afternoonn; warmer.

4. Bright warm, placid summer day, wrote on Jamaica. Cuckoos calling all day. Tree toads copulating on hint of tree. Mail smaller and lighter color clasps the female and sits motionless, so far as I can see, all day. An indifferent sort of business.

5. Cool, hard shower at 5.

6. Cloudy and rainy; two pedestrian women from N.Y. an interesting couple, stay to dinner at S.S. Clearing in p.m.

7. Cloudy and warm.

8. Fair day and warm. Begin Julians chimney.

9. Rain in morning, clearing in p.m. warm.

10. Rain, hot, near 90, female gold finch begins to talk. baby talk, sign of nesting.

11. Fair cool day.

12. Clear lovely day, getting warmer. Finished spraying for last time.
13. Bright, perfect July day. The boiling Cauldron of the woods is a foam here and there with the chestnut bloom. In the meadows the orange lilies hang like bells. What secret have they that they hide so carefully from the sun and Sky? First cicada today.
14. Clear with a veil of haze this morning. Signs of dry weather.
15. Warmer; there brisk showers, with some hail in p.m.
16. Clear cool, windy; go up to Woodland in p.m, walk to head of the Panther Kill with Miss Haveland - a charming sheet in valley.
17. We climb the Wittenburg, four of us. A windy, cloudy, hazy, threatening day, an enjoyable time. Back at 6.
18. Visit my big spring and old camping place above Larkins. Then take a few trout. Home in afternoon.
19. Raining gustly. Began in the night, cool.
20. Much rain in the night, cloudy with sprinkles till 7, when it began raining heavily and continued over 2 hours, a great fall of water

21st. Cloudy, misty, South wind. Great damage in the West along the miss, hundreds of farms under water, crops ruined - \$6,000,000 damage. Heavy shower at 6. 3/4 inch in 20 minutes.

22. Partly clear with aborture showers in p.m.

23d. Brilliant lovely day. Go to Mohonk.

24. Warm and threatening rain by 11 a.m. at 12,15 began to rain and thunder, a terrible down pour for over one hour - then hard rain till 5, roaring and pouring all p.m. about the heaviest rainfall I ever witnessed, washed the vineyard, but not as badly as a few years ago. My neighbor says it fell 5 inches of water and I believe it.

This summer will be remembered all over the country for its unprecedented down pours from the Rocky Mts, to New England. [Dry only in Texas] and from Texas to Canada. A regular drunken debauch of the rain gods, 8 or 9 inches since Sunday.

25. Cloudy and light rain from S.W. Returned from Mohonk last night.

26. Cloudy and very clamp.

27. Cloudy with brisk shower.

28. Gleams of sunshine. Big shower down the river, light here.
 29. Slow rain in afternoon. Helen Lathrop and Miss Poland came from Wilkes Barre.
 30. Gleams of sunshine, warm.
 31. Gleams of watery sunshine, but no rain. Still at S.S, writing a little.
- Aug 1st. Warm, with sunshine in p.m. a light shower at 7.
2. [Hot and partly cloudy] Apparently a change in the weather. Clear with West wind, warm and sticky, a shower threatens but aborts.
 5. Gilder and his two boys at 6 1/2 this morning. A bright warm enjoyable day.
 6. Rain in morning. Gilder off at noon.
 7. Bright and cool, Rodman off at 7 on pedestrian tour up river.
 8. Rained nearly all night, much warmer clearing.
 9. Bright and warm; finish Julians chimney today. Katy-did on the 8th.
 10. Storm blowing up from the South.

Aug 11. Rain last night - light.

Clearing today and warm - showers probable. Some of my pole beans refuse to climb, and go groveling about upon the ground. [West] Embracing weeds and coming to naught, about one in ten are failures. There are some degenerates in every family.

- A brisk shower at 7. and the finest rainbow at sunset. I have seen since my youth. A perfect arch very brilliant and a second one fairly outlined. How curious that the rainbow is and yet has no place, no locality, and that no two persons see the same bow. The same rays of light cannot enter two eyes.

12. Clear and cool - a brilliant day.

13. Very cool last night, down to 47. Clear and brilliant today, Myron Benton fatally ill, my friend for 40 years.

15. Bright and cool; start for home, meet Jane on the train. Reach home at supper time. Walk over the hill later.

16. Bright and lovely day; on the old clump. All forenoon, cuff and spot with us. The spring full.

over the hill in p.m. to some springs of my boyhood; rocks and ledges and leafy cradles.

17. Still fair and mild; through fields and woods, "Marpessa" under delightful conditions; a long pause by the wall in Old Deacons sap bush; then home to dinner. In p.m, the walk down by the pasture brook; the light shower, the sheltering tree and at five the superb rainbow seen from the door stone with an umbrella over us.

18. Raining in morning, soon clearing, over the hill to Chauts; then to grandfathers old house then through the woods by the ugly bull to the school house. In p.m. up Montgomery Hollow fishing, Curtis takes us. June very ,happy; one trout, much bee balm, falls, rocks, barbed wire and wild honey.

19. Rain in morning; to the gram yard in p.m. Olly, Emana Burr, June and I, a sad, glad hour sympathy in grief, companionship in thought. Poor Abagails grave naked and unkept. [A deh] In the gorge below the falls, then a delightful walk home through the hemlocks

20. Bright warm; on the clump again in forenoon, then through to the cleared fields; a seat upon a rock and a new revelation of beauty; then reading in the brakes as in a green snow.

In p.m. June leaves on the 3 o'clock train. Enjoyed her visit greatly, an unequalled, an unforgettable comrade. Sings and plays at night in the sitting room, a rare treat. Oh, that her paths could always fall in such pleasant places, much in her that rhymes to much in me.

22d. To Omanta today, then with Ethel Doolittle to Laurens to Dr. Fords, Rainy and chilly, meet Mr. Yagen.

23. To Cooperstown with my new friends, after an absence of 46 years. Town not much changed, only foundations of old summary remain. Row again on the lake; meet no one I ever knew. Back to Omanta and then to Hobart to Edens, Curtis there. E, well and hearty. To Hiram's grave after supper; long sad thoughts.

24. Stay to Edens till 3 1/2, when Curtis and I cross the mountain for home; a light shower, a wonderful rainbow.

25. Again at Curtises, then to Suters in p.m.
 26. Start for home at 3 p.m. Leave Curtis nearly well.
 27. Back to W.P. warmer; the grape racket on.
 28. Warm; fine shower at night. One inch water, much needed.
 29. Growing warmer.
 30. Hot and tranquil.
 31. The last of the August days; hot and quiet.
- Sept 1. Hot, lovely day, 235 cases of Delaware today.
2. A triple cooler; lovely day.
 3. Superb day, company from R and N. Y.
 4. Warmer; rain in morning; brisk brief downpour at noon; just what we wanted.
 5. Clear and cool - ideal Sept weather.
 6. Warmer, partly cloudy.
 7. Rain in forenoon. Clear in p.m.
 8. Ideal day, calm, clear, cloudless. perfection of grape weather.
 9. Brisk rain, 3 or 4 hours from S.E.
 10. Lovely day.
 11. Superb day, a memorable picnic in woods near Orange lake. Locusts and wild honey indeed.

12. Fine day and warm.
13. Rain in early morning, clearing off warm.
 - The depth of the reflection does not depend upon the depth of the reflector.
19. Start for the Adirondacks to attend the boys wedding on the 25th. Stay in Albany over night.
20. To Keene Valley by stage from West Port. Weather mild. Reach Mrs. Mackays, at 5.15. A beautiful country - near St. Huberts Inn.
21. Fine day, walk and talk. See Felix Adler in p.m.
22. Go to Indian Head via Gill Brook, a grand view, walk back by trail along the Ausable; a wonderful walk - Adler and 4 or 5 others, 10 miles this day.
23. To upper Ausable Lake and Panorama Ledge with Laura, Mary and a guide, a day full of noble and grand views - nature in her epic moods, warm, hot at times.
24. Still warm, Mrs. B and Julian arrive at night, light rain last night.

25. Their wedding day - mild and fine.

Ceremony at 3 in Little Rustic Chapel, trimmed with ferns, maintain ash berries, maple branches and [branches] masses of white hydrangea, Emily's grandfather, (80 tomorrow) officiates, a pretty and affecting sight. Only the family and us present. With what long sad thoughts I witness of all. Age and youth face to face under such significant conditions - the evening greeting and encouraging, the morning - the fall congratulating the spring. My father and mother were married over 75 years ago. I was married over 45 years ago, and now Julian and Emily begin the same journey together

26. Rainy.

27. Mrs B. returns home, Edwin Markham drives down and dines with me. Go back home with him to Mrs. Man Martins, stay till Sunday afternoon. Markham and I have much talk. I like him much - a genuine brotherly man democratic American. Like Mrs. Martin also.

28. Back to Budes today; cloudy, misty. Markham has a much stranger faith in the future life than I have.

29. Still cloudy with light rain. Start for home, Julian, Emily and I stay in Albany over night.

30. Home early this morning - warm, muggy. Much rain here in my absence; a very heavy down pour on Sunday afternoon; one of the heaviest of the season; ground overflowing with water, no frost.

Oct 1st. Warm, slow rain, disgusting.

2d. Cloudy with little sun.

3d. Clearing and cooler, never knew a wet summer to be followed by fry fall.

Rheumali's better. Fairly well in other respects. River red as a mud puddle from the heavy rains.

- As soon as we have invented a word for a thing then that thing seems to come forth and take shape and to have a reality. The soul, the reason, the fancy, the imagination and, - how there words seem to separate and fix these things. Are we in many things the victims of our words? No sooner do I have hear the true subconscious - self than I see this underself as distinct from the I, as the cellar to a house or the strata under the mills!

5. Rain slowly nearly all day.

7. Clearing and fine.

8. Ideal dit day; a walk from Pratt Mills to Slabsides.

9. Cloudy in morning, lovely in p.m. again writing a little, Pretty well.

10. Light frost; clear and fine today, the great coal strike - "The blight of the black famine" the one absorbing topic of public interest. Julian and Emily unpacking and gluing and checks over their gifts of China, cut glass, silver and C.

Happy couple! When I was married our presents did not amount to one tooth pick.

- Longfellow thought - Thomas Buchman Read a better artist than poet, Wyatt Eaton says [all] the artists thought him a better poet than artist.

- An American looking for Carlyles house in Chelsea, asked a well dressed man on the street to direct him.

"Who was he" said the man.

"Why the famous Thomas Carlyle, who wrote books, histories and C"

"Did he live here?" inquired the man.

"He did, for many years" replied the American.

"Well, I never heard of him before, and I have lived here forty years"

"Very curious" was the reply, "I am an American and I wanted to see his house."

"You are American? Have you ever heard of Dr. Witt Talmage?"

Oh, fame what a cheat you are.

(Told to me by Mr. Nadal, brother of E.S. Nadal)

11. Began raining in p.m. Go to P. to see the chimney swallows.

12. Heavy rain all night - till 9 in the morning 2 or 3 inches of water.

13. Warm, sun and cloud.

14. Clear and cooler.

15. Fine day and warm.

16. Fine day and warm.

17. Colder and cloudy.

18. Cloudy, misty still not much frost yet.

17. Cloud and sun. Wild geese yesterday, honking southward.

- Dr. Quincy says, Dr. Johnson never grows a thought before your eyes - to do this is to be a suggestive writer, Dr. Q, himself dies it rarely.

- Social robins in the vines
Shout and call in festive mood;
Ruby knight in the pines
Checking chipnumk in the wood

Alder berries red as blood
Gleam above the darkling flood.
Drifting threads by spiders spines
Glance and twinkle in the sun

- An English poet makes a rainbow appear in the sky before it rains - as one of the signs of rain.

Mrs. Whitman makes the Jasmine and snow drop August flowers.

Byard Taylor makes Katy-dids chirp in August grass by day.

Arnold makes the linden bloom in August (Cholar Gipse)

Mortimer Collins makes the swallow fly at November hidding.

One poet [makes] thinks the swallow dips in the lake as the flies because he is "puzzled with that sky,"

- Palaeolithic and neolithic man - the latter probably since the ice age - used smooth polished stone tools. The glacier period probably 100 thousand years. Palaeolithic man lived back in the tertiary age, neolithic in the quaternary age. The first appears to have been spread over all the earth, used fire - lived 220 thousand years ago. The man before him was probably a man-like ape, not yet great. The neanderthal skull probably dates back to this age, who were his progenitors? Oct 28. A week from home, 4 days down among the genakers of Chester Co Pa; fine weather and a pleasant time, no rain.

Then to [Car] Phila, then to N.Y. and home [on the] to M. on 25 to 28 today a heavy rain last night, all night; ground again full of water. Maple leaves about half off; grape vines nearly stripped.

31. A fine mild day, with cloud and sunshine. Oct goes out half naked, half clad in golden rags and tatters, a fine month on the whole, but too much rain - perhaps 5 or 6 inches in two or three storms.

Nov 1st. Nov comes in clear and lovely, with a little frost this morning, I begin to hear the banging of the quail hunters. Poor birds, how many of them will fall today, Julian and Emily off early to join the slaughter,

5. The fifth perfect Nov. day, clear, still mild, ideal weather. I correct proof of L.V. each day and rewrite, a Katy-did today.

6. Cloudy and threatening rain from S.W.

- Why do women seem to put on good looks with good clothes? Dressing her up certainly has a more marked effect upon her face than it does on the man. She lives in her clothes more than a man does - thinks more about them and a new suit often makes a very plain face look beautiful, it kindles the soul behind it.

7. Weather continues fine, no rain yet this month. To N.Y. today. Hear Duse at night, - a great actress but a rotten play (The dead city).

9. Home today, clear, mild.

16. The past week all Indian summer, mild, still hazy, lovely, no rain, company 3 days from V.C. Mr. Durku died Friday morning, the 14th

It was one of the gentle rains
That bell the trees to sleep
When Pluto nods in his lary chair
And storm clouds slowly creep,
No boughs that bend,
No greats that rend,
No bolts that flash,
No thunder crash -
Vieled skies that softly weep.

21. The extraordinary Indian summer weather continues, mild, clear, hazy, still, only a sprinkle of rain two mornings ago. Finishing Julians cistern. Olly and Dessie came down on the 17th.

23. Light rain last night. Cooler today; probably the end of the Indian summer.

24. Mild partly cloudy, windy

- Vital force differs from mechanical force in this way at least - Here are two men of about equal size and height, yet one is much more active and powerful than the other - can out lift him, out run him, out throw him. The anatomy of the two men are the same, as machines they are exactly alike, yet what a difference. Between two mechanical contrivances this difference could not exist. The power of a machine always in proportion to its weight - other things being equal. In a man too, but not to the same extent. Into him enters a factor that is not governed by mechanical laws, - will spirit, vital force, a man of will and spirit can over do, - put more power upon his muscles and bones than they can well bear.

Nov 25. News of the death of Myron Burton this morning, my oldest and best friend among men friends and correspondents since 62. Our last meeting must have been 5 or 6 years ago. When he came to Slabsides. I dreamed vividly of him night before last - was with him somewhere; his cheeks were flushed, but he looked feeble. Before getting up this morning I planned a letter to him today, then came word from Mr. Peters of his death yesterday a.m. He was one of the few farmers of real culture - a man of fine literary tastes, but a born countryman and lover of the soil. Tall, quiet, canny, lingering over the flavors of things, chucking upon the quaint the beautiful, the picturesque, fervently attached to his old home, always adding something to its beauty. - A man with the virtues and charm of rural things keeping alive traditions and legends, making much of them, lover of the old poets and dramatists - a man with an atmosphere - gentle, genial mellow unobtrusive - his own native meandering Wubutock in Herman form. [His one marked fault stinginess - clung too tightly to his money - often a fault of those home-braved nature] I shall see him no more, farewell my beloved Myron. How often we have wrestled with the great problems together.

[Have] all but breaking our talk upon them in vain. His faith in immortality was stronger than mine. May he find it well founded. The last letter Thoreau even wrote was to him.

Cloudy and mild and still this morning.

26. Myrons funeral day, - cold and rainy from the N.E, the dark and somber side of Nov.

What will my funeral day be like?

27. Gentle rain, start for Edens at 6.20. The Delaware hills white with snow. At S. Gilban I see a little dumpy white haired woman getting on the train. It is Jane, she too is going to Edens.

At Hobart Eden meets us; looks well.

Near noon Curtis and Ann come in a wagon. Mag treats us to a fine dinner at one - worthy of a much richer establishment. In p.m. I walk again down to Hiram's grave and stand long beside it asking myself, shall I arrange to be buried here.

Jane goes home at 4. Curtis and Ann and I stay all night. I select a stone for Hiram grave.

28. Colder, snowing and blowing. Go to Homers [at] on morning train. Homer the same as usual, help cut a cherry tree in his sap bush, for Julian on afternoon train go to Roxbury. Snows and blows all day, but lets up as sun goes down.

At Curtises all are well as usual.

29. Cold, winter morning; only an inch of snow. Start for home on morning train. No snow over Pine Hill.

30. Clouding up.

Dec 1st. A snow fall of two or three inches; came like a thief in the night.

Am writing these days on "The Ways of Nature" and hitting the mark now and then.

3. Weather not bad.

4. Rain in the night.

5. Cold driving snow storm from N.E. blowing like great guns, clearing at night. 3 or 4 inches snow.

6. Mercury down to 4 this morning, clear, still.

7. Snowing again this morning, but quietly, gently mercury 18. Clearing in p.m. 4 or 5 inches snow. Good sleighing now. Still writing on "Ways of Nature". Health above fear, can't write unless I am well, and then writing makes me better. It is a rare tonic, nearly the same appetite for work I had at Cambridge two years ago.

8. Clear and colder. Go to P.

9. Cold - 4 below this morning, only one above at one o'clock.

10. Cloudy - up to 10.

Two sleepless nights - a terrible strain, upon my emotional nature

- "Can a man and woman who have loved each other deeply cease to be lovers and become friends? Will not the pulling up of the flower of love pull up the plant friendship also? Are not their roots inextricably interwoven? June and I are trying the experiment."

11. No we only remove a troublesome sucker from the root of the flower. Will that surgery kill it? We shall see.
Furrow five inches of snow again from N.E. cold.

12. Clear and cold, my skies also are brighter, still writing on "Ways of Nature."

13. Another driving snow storm from N.E, began in the night, mercury at 10. I sleep well and am well, and tireless. A robin on the 11th and blue birds everyday till yesterday.

3 p.m. no let up to the storm, a full blown north easter, rushing by like an express train, blinding all the passengers with the flying snow, nearly a part already.

14. Clearing cold. New fall of snow about one foot - 20 inches now on the ground. Mercury at 10. Got to Julians to dinner

15. Below zero in the night. Cloudy this morning an snow probable. Walk to Slabsides in p.m. to my knees all the way; only lone trait, that of a partridge. Getting milder.
16. Snowed in early part of night; then began raining, has rained all day - not hard, much fog. Mercury near 40.
17. Clearing, mild; plenty of snow left. It now seems all tacked and fitted to the ground - full of dimples and creases like mothers had guilt.
18. Still mild and fair.
19. Still mild and fair.
20. Getting cloudy and colder, May snow.
21. Raining all day, heavy at night.
22. Big rain and thaw; rarely even in summer is the ground so full and overflowing with water splash and water everywhere, mercury near 40, a high hole this morning, eating the drupes of the celtis I think. Brown creepers and Knights here and lots of blue-birds.
23. Clear, colder. Mercury 25.

- We who write books today want our reward tomorrow - we want to make an instant impression and reap an instant success.

(Good subject for an article - contrast the authors who have woke up on the [morowed] and found themselves famous and whose work has lived, with those who have come into their own slowly gradually)

If Gilberts Whites Selbone was first published today, would it make any impression? Certainly not and yet it is as certain that in a century it would be recognized as a classic, as it is now. The great books are not all still born surely, but if a still born monk has real and high excellence it will make its way as surely as fate.

24. Cold down to 10 this morning, signs of snow in afternoon, a robin this morning.

25. Xmas, snowed all day, gently, about 4 inches. Rusten sad and oppressed.

Julian, Emily and Amanda to dinner. I seem to talk very little. Walk to Slabsides in late p.m.

- The electric light is a great thing, but you can't regulate it, you must have all or none. Is there any parallel to it in life?

26. Bright day. Good sleighing.

27. - More snow - 3 or 4 inches - very dry, much colder.

28. Clear, cold, down to 7 this morning.

29. Bright clear cold.

30. Bright clear.

31. Lovely winter days, fine sleighing, perfect unusually well this winter - nothing tires me, neither writing, walking or sawing and splitting wood.

Have written more the past six weeks than ever before in same length of time.

I what relation will two people whom I have had much in mind lately stand to me one year from now? I wish I knew now.

