

1906 From Sept, 15th to June 26th, 1907.

1906

Sept, 15.

- How important it is to keep in some vital active relation with things, through ones hands or head or feet. How much better and sweeter my life is when I have some work that I like to do or that makes demands upon me. The vital currents of the universe seem to flow through one the moment he is well employed. The other day in my walk through fields I came upon a sap bucket that had been left by a maple tree, it was full of rotten water or sap, it was unspeakably loathsome. There were remains of birds and mice and buttes in it; It raked with corruption. How could innocent rain water or maple sap become so foul! It had been cut off from the vital process, it had been idl

It had taken no part in the work of the seasons. I kicked the bucket over and had to hold my nose. It seemed as if the very ground would cry out in protest. But a few days of the active chemistry of nature and all will be pure again. How the soil and the roots of the grass will filter this foul liquid and make it all over again.

16. Cool and clear and dry. Working a little on J's boat.

Curtis and Ann at Eds.

20. A hot dry walk, above 80 many days, today 84 a series of heavy showers [and c] in afternoon and evening, about 2 inches water or more.

Curtis sits in my summer house day after day and smokes and enjoys himself, thinks it a fine place.

We work on the boat.

21. A little cooler, clearing. Curtis and A.

In the p.m. all came aboard and we are off again under favoring skies. Reach Croton at 5 and anchor there.

Oct 1st. Part of the day at C. off in p.m. for N.Y; a fine run through the Harlem and anchor on Port Morris at 5.

2d. Spend part of the day here. Engineer Victor comes aboard and doctors the engine a little. His boat capsizes as he is leaving us, and J rescues him from drowning, an experience that rattled all of us. Off at 3 p.m. for Hempstead harbor, a fine moonlight night, an ideal spot behind the huge sea wall.

3. Off early for Corn, shore; run with Sangatuk to escape the rough water, a cozy little harbor, off again in p.m. for Bridgeport, very rough off Penfield. Light anchors in

Bridgeport harbor, near the head after dark.

4. Windy from East. Spend the day at B. and make changes in our exhaust pipe.

5. Off at 9. day fine; make a fine run, reach duck island at 4; then across the sound for Plum Gut; pass the gut at 6. steer south for 3 mile, harbors at 7 1/4. Engine stops, oil low, anchor for the night, placid water, bright moon.

6. Foggy; add more oil to tanks, off in good season; enter 3 - mile harbor and anchor at 2 p.m. To East Hampton in rain.

7. Windy, cool.

14. Spent the week at E.H; very pleasant. C.B. left us on 13th week, a run today up to edge of Peconie Bay, bright and cool.

17. East winds continue, our start for home postponed.

21. Still at E.H. Chafing to be off, a heavy rain last night.

22d. Strong N.E. winds.

23. Still, but foggy, off today Julian and I.

Fog on the harbor and bay, but we trust the compass.

Pass Plum Gut at one in sunshine, sound smooth. Reach Duck Island at 4, and point her westward. Morning for Bridgeport on New Haven. A dark night, a nervous time to us both. At 10 1/2 make harbor at NH.

24. Off early, East wind, big waves, old grizzlies, run into Black Rock Harbor at 10.

Stay 26 hours, wind and rain from S.E. and S.

25. Run [for] out again at one. Wind dead ahead, a broken belt. Run for peaceful

Saugatuck. Spend night there; calm as a mill pond, very pretty.

26. Up and off at dawn, an ideal day. Run to Port Morris by one. Spend night there, Victor again.

27. Run up the Harlem and anchor in Cove. E. and the children join us in p.m. at 4 1/2 off for home. A good run to Sing Sing, wind behind us, waves big.

Belt breaks again working around Croton point.

Reach Croton at 7.45 anchor. Wind changes suddenly to N.W, and handles us very roughly, a half hour of terrible suspense. Wind goes down, change our anchorage.

28. Up and off at dawn, a fine run home at West Park at 12.45.

29. Cold, windy, company.

30. Cold, windy.

31. Sunshine, cold.

Nov 1st. Bright windy from N.E. Domestic furies drive me to Slabsides, oh, the blessed peace of Slabsides.

2d. Bright, cold, at peace in the harbor of S.S.

3d. Bright, frosty - peaceful.

4th - 5th - 6 - 7th. Bright, cloudless, dry, sharp days, freezing at night. Unusual weather.

At Slabsides over the 1st drain from Riverby by the domestic furies. Company from Saugerties and Brooklyn the 5th and 6th. Fairly well but rather heavy and melancholy - no real home, when the peace and relaxation of the home is what I most crave.

Slabsides is a blessed refuge, but I get lonely and crave my own. Trying to work a little, but only a few letters so far.

8. Cool, bright, go to N.Y. and to Miss Trueman's lecture at night.

9. Cool, bright; in East Orange

where I taught school in 59 and 60 not a vestage of the village I knew left a day of long sad thoughts.

10. In N.Y. To the Harper Aldese dinner at night, 250 authors and artists, only the older ones known to me. Met Aldrich there.

11. Rain. To Staten Island till Monday.

12. To Floral Park, a pleasant time. Meet Mr. Mills, a Rocky mountain guide, like the man much.

13. Back to the Rowlands and stay the night.

15. A driving snow storm from the north. Return home at 2.20.

16. Clearing, 7 or 8 inches of snow.

17. Fair, Vassar girls at S.S.

18 Cloudy, warmer, rain warm.

19. Snow all gone.

20, 21, 22. Light rain.

23. Fine day, Mrs. Canfield and K. at S.S.
24. Rowland, Heffley and Slack come in p.m.
25. Mr. Frank joins us. Jolly day at S.S.
26. Company leaves this morning.
- 27 [28]. Mild pleasant days, no work yet.
28. Go to Edens today. Cloudy, Eden and Mag well.
29. Thanksgiving, a family re-union once more; Curtis, Ann, Olly, Jane, Mariah. Snow squalls and blows all day. Cold, a fine dinner, all are well and all apparently happier than I am. Jane rosy and fat and pathetic as usual, Curtis and Eden look unusually well.
30. All still at Edens, but Jane, drifting frost scales in the air. Walk down to Hiram's grave. Milder in p.m.

Dec 1st. Milder, signs of rain. Back home today, clearing and colder at night.

2d. Clear, cold, down to 20 this morning.

3. Down to 11.

5. Milder, sleet and rain. Warm in p.m. Clearing colder at night.

7. Clear, cold wave, no work these days that comes to anything. Is it all over with me?

- A man may be very illogical in his opinions and theories - in his politics, his religion e.t.c. and it matters little. The structure he builds will not come rattling down about his ears. But if he is illogical in the building of his house, look out! ruin may follow. In all practical matters - mechanics, agriculture, commerce, architecture, engineering e.t.c. we have to keep close to fact

and logic or we come to grief. If the span of your bridge is too long it breaks down of its own weight, if your foundation is weak or too narrow your wall trembles, if your seed is not properly and timely planted your crop is a failure, etc; but in intellectual and subjective matters no matter how long the span of your bridge is, or narrow the foundation of your wall, or poorly your planting you do not find it out, you rest secure. Theories do not topple, false promises do not sink, a weak link does not break, a man may reason ill or speculate falsely and prosper but if he plants ill or builds ill, he comes to grief. What is necessary to our self preservation how quickly and surely we learn it, so do the animals, so do the plants, we have to agree in practical matters, [there] is but one way, but in matters of thoughts and opinion there are as many ways

as there are minds. There are no highways or foot paths on the water and there are no limitations in mans subjective nature.

8. Cold, company from N.Y. Miss C, and Mrs. T.

9. All day at S.S. with company, a cold night rain and sleet.

10. To M. Icy, with C. at 5.

11. To dentist - a bright day, have teeth drawn. V. comes at night.

12. Cold bright day, down to 8. at W.P.

13. Cold, home this morning, very slippery.

14. Overcast gloomy days.

15. Gentle rain and warmer.

16. Still overcast and colder.

17. Still overcast, threatens rain.

18. The dark, chilly, murky days, at an end. Clear and cold this morning.

- I notice that a flock of English sparrows is far less a unit than [that] a flock of [cedar] snow birds or shore birds, because they are not

30. Completely gregarious.

19. Clear and cold this morning, down to 10. River full of floating ice.

20. Snow turning to sleet and rain in p.m.

Mrs. B. leaves for P. at noon. 26 years ago today mother died, 103 years ago father was born.

21. Fog in the air, slush on the ground, warmer.

- Read Emersons essay on Fate last night, this certainly is not good writing, the page has no flow or evolution, the sentences are choppy, it is in the hop, skip and jump style. His aim always is to warm up his reader or hearer by the friction of exaggeration and paradox or its like a succession of flash lights, now here, now there all over the landscape but no continuous full large view, no illumination that lasts half a second. If E. had

only had continuity of thought, logical coherence; but then he would not have been Emerson.

- Am re-reading some of Huxleys essays also these days, or evenings. What a contrast to Emerson! another order of mind, the clear logical mind, but destitute of charm of suggestiveness, of poetic illusion and of other things, that make literature; often a ringing eloquences, keen with opt and telling illustration e.t.c. but wanting in color implies. His sentences are like burnished armor or burnished weapons. How [they] flash and turns and make their way through all opposition. What precision, what directness, what motion each locked to the other like soldiers in a Roman Phalanx, Huxley brings everything down into the clear strong

light of the reasoning mind, you have been looking upon this thing in the light of tradition or of sentiment or of your moral nature or of your hopes or fears, or of your prejudices and prepossessions; he seems to say now let us see it in the calcium light of the intellect and know exactly what is what. It is a fine description to read him, he clarifies, it is like going out in the morning and washing at the spring. The poetic emotional mind moves me more, but how I love Huxley! What courage, what brightness, what gayety, what a lover of the truth! Scientific literature has no other such knight errant as he. He is in science what Roosevelt is in politics. Indeed the two men are much alike.

22. Pretty cold. Sprain my leg.
23. Down to 8. Leg troublesome.
24. Slept cold last night in study.
25. Partly overcast, mercury at 19 this morning, a skin of ice and snow on the ground.
- Mrs B. comes up to dinner at Julians. Leg better.
- 26, 27, 28, 29. Mild, cloudy stagnant days. Mercury above freezing most of the time.
30. Mild, misty, mercury 40.
31. Hard rain nearly all day. Snow and ice all off. Ice in river still fast.

1907

Jany 1st. Mild, clearing, sun and fog. Am very well these days and more contented here alone in my study than in a long time. Mind active and clear. Writing and reading. Both body and mind less easily fatigued

than last year. Sleep well, eat much nut food. Nothing to irritate or worry me. All I need to be happy any way is to be let alone, and live simply.

Many pine grosbeaks from the North here.

Ground as bare as in summer.

2d. Mist and fog.

3. Rain, mild.

4. Clearing, mercury up to 50.

5. Clear, colder, could hear the ice grinding and roaring in the river last night, fast again this morning. Mercury at 30.

- Go to S.S. in p.m. Sit a long time on porch steps in the warm sunshine. Clear and a dead calan; Tiny insects here and there in the sunlight, no sound but the roaring of the falls at the mill, an Indian summer day in Janny. On my return heard partridge drum in the woods near the road never before heard a grouse draw in Jany.

6. Calm and partly cloudy this morning, mercury 28.

Last night the sound made by the vast fields of drifting ice on the river was like that of a great thrashing machine.

- We say the order of the universe is rational, of course, because our reason is part of that order. If it appeared irrational to us we might well think that our reason came from somewhere outside the universe - from a world of a different order.
- The legend that the baby is brought by a starke (in Europe) or that it came out of a hollow tree where the squirrels cared for it; as I was told, or that it came down from above on a cloud. - how much more taking and poetic it is than the real flesh and blood or painful truth! So the miraculous account

of the origin of man - his supernatural parentage [assign] e.t.c, is vastly more engaging to the lay mind than the facts as disclosed by science. For a generation or more even educated minds revolted at the idea of man, animal origin, a scientist such as Agassiz repudiated it and Carlyle smarted at the thought. I don't think Emerson could [stand] accepted it, but now there is a great change. It appeals us to think of the road we have come, of the savagery the sufferings, the cruelty, the delays, e.t.c. yet we must face the fact. The throes and the anguish of child birth are symbolical of the suffering that has attended the evolution of man.

Why are we so from to look afar to the mysterious and the

unknown - to the heavens rather than to the ground under foot? Is it the imagination? is it to escape from tyranny of the common and the familiar? Oh, the here of the far off, of the untried, of the mysterious!

Jany 7. Mild as April, no frost last night.

I notice that the degree of frost that will fix the river in Dec, will have far less effect in March, and that a thaw that [will] it will withstand at the beginning of the [co] season will break it up later on. All things are more patent in their season. It seems as if the quality of the warmth must be different in the two seasons.

- Why do there seem to be more chances that great men will be born in primitive pioneer times than when a community or nation has become more settled, contented and prosperous? Is it because in primitive conditions man is less adapted to his environment that he is struggling more that, his battles are harder and he is less at ease in zion? It seems as if the greater the friction of the environment the more active is the principle of variation, life experiments more, seeks new ways, new forms e.t.c. Is that it? Hindrance, obstacles, develop power, develop character. Great man come out of deep moral and intellectual, especially moral seriousness and times of privation and self denial

beget deep seriousness.

There is a fatal prosperity, fatal to character, to manhood, to the growth of the heroic temper, fatal even to [be] bodily health, to say nothing of moral health, to say nothing of moral health, can one convince of such a man as Webster being born on a New England farm in our day? or such a man as Lincoln in a Kentucky hut? There is poverty enough but there is not moral seriousness enough. The temper of both man and woman, is too flippant, cock-some and newspaperly. The conditions of life for all classes are easier than with our fathers, the solitude is less. The religious problem does not press upon us and terrify us as of old, our problems are all worldly and selfish.

Education is thrust upon us; the bigger the school house, the smaller the men it turns out

We cannot have great men on easy turns.

Not only are there not as many striking and picturesque characters in public life as 50 years ago, but in any of the old communities or country neighborhoods there is to great falling off in this respect. In my youth how many large men and picturesque characters I knew. Now there is only the second growth if timber there tamer inferior men - trim and hurtling and business like, but so much less interesting than the shaggy quarly primeval men. I can think of a dozen men of my youth that you could not begin to match now in that community, for force, size, picturesqueness, old Jonas More, old Deacon Sudden, Stam Jim Mead, old Ed Burhams, Allen Whipple, I see Hix, old Nat Higley, Col Pratt,

Abe Shultz, Pete Buckhout, Eri Gray, who lived to be over 100. Tim Corbin, Eli Bartram, Amery Bonton, John Gould, Henry Shunt, and others, all men that suggested primitive forest trees, many of them mean, hoggish bullying, but all men strongly stamped whom you would not easily confound with any one else. The old preachers taught [how] what a contrast to the flippant scholarly, polished men of today! Men let themselves go more in those days, were not so timid and conforming. They could raise hell as their descendants can not. They were more social, had races and bus and shooting matches and raisings and balls. I have heard Zalmon Bonton pray in the school house so that he could be heard of a still night one mile.

I know that something is to be allowed for the glamour of youth, things seem big and improving to the

youth that the man finds tame and insignificant, yet I am sure that the old men were more stinking than the new. The West will probably not turn out a crop of great men equal to those the East produced, because the conditions of life have been easier there, the struggle has not been so great and prolonged, while the struggle for moral and intellectual freedom has been nil. I fear the province is too easy a conquest to produce a crop of great men. It cannot localize men as did the East. I think the West, with its sunshine and broad open plains makes men friendly and optimistic but will it develop ideality and the heroic qualities?

There is one picturesque old character still left here in my neighborhood. Rube Palmateer, whose type we

shall not see again. He can neither read nor write, he does not believe the earth is round and turns around and he believes if he lives long enough he can solve the problem of perpetual motion. He is 83 and is still at work on such a machine, one day I saw him laying stone wall by the road side. "Fifty years ago" he said "I laid this wall, now I am doing it again, next time they will have to get some one else." The Rube Palmateer of the future will know more but he will not be half so racy and interesting, nor so picturesque in speech or figure.

- P.m. of the 7. Warm 63, set a long time in summer house.

8. Little rain in night, no frost, cloudy today. N. wind.

9th Clearing, cooler, see nearly gone from river.

- I am having much pleasure at times these days, re-reading Huxleys essays. What a blade bewielded. [He is a] and such a [fence!] How he covers up the Duke of Argyle. One almost pities the Duke. What a lumbering slumbering style is [has is] the dukes compared with the clear cut trenchant transparent it incisive style of Huxley. It is like a puter claws compared to a steel one. Huxley beats down his guard so easily and then what thrusts! The mind trained in theology or politics makes a poor show in conflict with a mind trained in science. In politics and theology white is black and black is white, just as you happen to want it; or two and two make fine if your prejudices or interests demand it,

In science true values alone count, words are not mistaken for things, and the standard of evidence is kept up to a high mark. When truth, and not crude or party or self interest is at stake, how the evidential values are shifted and how much keener the edge which the inquiring mind takes on, a mind tempered like Huxleys, with no personal or secondary motives goes through the theological type of mind like steel thru' lead. Huxley was a warrior from the first. He nearly loved the excitement and the challenge of battle, the one is bound to say he loved the truth more, only he enjoyed seeing the truth jeopardized and in rescuing to make a gallant change for her rescue, her from her enemies.

10. Day of strong S.W. wind. Still will and writing. Mrs. B. goes to Hobart.

11. Calm, mild spring like day. Mercury above 40.

12. Snowing this morning from N. or N.E. promises to be big storm.

- 6 inches of snow by noon and then some rain. C.B. comes in the evening.

13. Mild, fair day, passes pleasantly.

14. Rain this morning.

A french liner the other encountered a big wave that swept away part of its iron sailing on the star board bow and took the big man Davits of one of the life boats and then plowed up the planking of the deck over a space 20 ft long and 3 feet wide, as a rock might have done. How can a man do such things?

16. Hurt my hand cutting wood, - broke the first intercarpal bone.

17. Hand quite helpless. Cold.

18. Go to Hobart to Edens where Mrs. B. has been two weeks. But little snow here.

19. Write a little daily; health fine. Hand badly swollen.

20. Cold, 22 below.

Stay to Edens and write till Feb 4. Much cold weather from 10 to 20 below several days; little snow

Feb 2d. Warm and thawy

Feb 4. Back to W.P. today. Cold, see harvesters at work since the 2d; Ice 8 or 9 inches on river. Julian and his family off to Cambridge on Jan 30th.

5. A big snow storm, 8 or 9 inches.

6. Start for M. for my teeth.

7. In M. Cold

8. Cold at M. Writing some

9. Teeth fitted today, Mr. V. comes from A. and very glad to see him, health better.
 10. Call at hospital in p.m.
 11. Clear, cold, back to W.P.
 12. 10 below zero.
 14. Warmer, a shower in p.m.
 15. Colder. Go to Hobart.
 16. Cloudy, not so cold. Influenza in my head.
- Slight chill when I go to bed followed by high fever all night.
17. Take 18 grs quinine.
 18. No fever last night; sneeze and blow. Take 10 grs.
 19. Sneeze and blow, take some quinine.
 20. Fever again at night and nearly.
 21. Fever lasts all day temp 102.
 22. Feel better in morning, fever again at night.
 23. Dr. Hubble comes, fever 102, pulse 120.

24. Better this morning, fever again at night.

25. Fever set in at midnight, only a slight chillness. Stops at 6. Sweating hope the worst is over, feel relieved, take 10 grs quinine.

26. Fever on again at midnight, stops again this morning, a night of agony - a light chill, a fever, a sweat.

Zero weather the past 10 days. 4 below this morning.

Since the 24 have had a loon cough, much phlegm in bronchial tubes, very annoying when I lie down, seems a phase of disease much worse at night.

27. Took 26 grs quinine yesterday in 3 doses, a terrible buzzing in my ears, a whole insect orchestra as in August, but the fever did not return last night. Slept the most for a week. Feel better, but weak. Clear and lovely today.

28. Took 10 grs quinine last night. Temperature 101 this morning, no appetite, mercury down to 8 below. Start for West Park in a kind of desperation. Hope revives as soon as I start, and I feel better. The train goes too slow. Reach W.P. at 12.15. J. meets me; temperature 99 1/2. But little appetite. In p.m. C.B. comes unexpectedly; puts me to bed feeds me hot milk every 3 hours. [st]

Mch 1. C.B. stays all day, a good nurse; feel better, temperature still above normal cough a good deal, not so cold.

2. Still some fever in p.m. Feel pretty miserable. J. stays in study with me and gives me hot milk in middle of night. Sleep some. Heart action disturbs me at times.

3. A rather uncomfortable day. Some fever.

no appetite.

4. Off for N.Y. this morning, temperatures drops as I go South, Rowland meets me at train. Go to his house, and they put me to bed. Cough and fever leave me. Dr. Leo comes up twice a day to see me, gives me a tablet 4 times a day of strychnin, iron and quinine and prescribes a little whiskey, no food save a little arrow root.

Stay in bed most of the week and am tenderly nursed by the Rowlands, a trained nurse comes in every morning and bathes me and rubs me with alcohol. On Saturday the 9th sit up a little, eat a little rice, clam broth and lamb chop.

10. Snow, 6 inches, nearly well but weak, no fever for 4 days

11. Clear bright, mild. Drive in the park and eat at the table.
 12. Come to Atlantic City. R. with me; weak and shaky, but mending.
 13. Good appetite, take two drops nux vomica before meals in water, began 4 days ago, also take a little bicarbonate of soda, 3 times a day.
 14. Three hours on board work today. 2 of them in wheeled chair, mild 55; feel much stronger than yesterday, slept pretty well last night, most of my time at the Vanamees.
- Homer Lynch died the 11th a shock to me, but I know it is best so, yesterday they put him in his grave. Farewell dear brother; We were young and happy together, farewell!

Mch 30 Still at A.C. feeling well but weak. Have had many set backs since my last entry about the 19th took cold and was put to bed by Dr. Shiners at Vanamees and kept there 3 or 4 days. One lung was effected, soon cleared up and on the 23d I was up again. Dr. Shivers about the best doctor I ever had, lays the main stress upon my diet, when I obey him I am all right, when I transgress I come to grief.

Monday the 25 had palpitation all day, began at 7 1/2 as I took 3 drops of hydrochloric acid, and stopped as I went to bed at 9 - about 13 1/2 hours, since that he has given me a little green pill made from century plant every 3 hours, also 1/60 gr of strychnine also a pepsin powder after each meal, am slowly gaining strength, appetite, keen at times. Eat the yolke of or hard boiled eggs and some wet toast for

breakfast; roast beef or mutton a baked potato and toast and clam broth for dinner; dessert, orange juice, boiled rice and milk for supper. Mind clear and active. Sleep pretty good since the 22d when an enema cleaned me out. Take a little whiskey - one or two table spoon full - at night (not always) find whiskey steadies the heart.

Weather fine all the week, the last 3 days delightful summer heat yesterday and today - from 75 to 85 or 90 in different sections. Go to board walk in rolling chair nearly every day or drive to Ventnor by trolley. But a little walking seems to upset the heart. Oh, how I long to be home these first five spring days!

- Much pained by Chapmans Onslaught upon my Outing article and upon me, in Harpers

"Memories of my dead life"

by George Moore, D. Appleton and Co.

weekly "for Mch 23d. But I can stand it if he can. He does not shake my article but he shakes my good opinion of himself. He defends the very things that he pitched into [J.I.] Wm J. Long for. It is cowardly and immorally, especially to do it under an assumed names "Connecticut! Why did he not come out openly and at his readers see the kind of fake natural history he is willing to defend. [He found out several years later that Chapman never wrote that article. Friends at the time tried to convince him that he did not, but he would not believe them. C.B.]

Mch 31. A change in weather to cold and rain. C.B. came last night. All day indoors.

April 1 Rian and chill, all day in doors, slowly gaining.

2d. Chilly, proves contentment and slowly returning strength.

3d. Bright windy, chilly day, 2 hours in wheeled chair. My 70th birth day, feel well, but am weak, no walking yet, C.B. reads to me

4. Hamed comes for the day and brings superb box of flowers, many birthday letters and one telegram, a quiet happy day.
5. In wheeled chair again, warmer. Take 1/60 gr of Strychnine every 3 hours.
6. Still warmer, leave for N.Y. in p.m. enjoy the trip.
7. In N.Y. at Rowlands. Set for McNiel in forenoon and after, very tired at night.
8. Overcast. To Dr. J's for dinner then to Corch; picture exhibition a pleasant time.
9. Rain and snow last night; To P. today. Ground white, chilly.
10. Slept well; give up the Pittsburg trip, overcast, chilly.
11. A lovely day at home, clear and mild? How good everything looks to me. I feel like once come to life again.
- 12 and 13. In P. cloudy, chilly.

14. Cold, rain last night in P. Gaining strength slowly; walk a little, wind clear and strong.

15. Home today to stay. Clear and windy. Grass green, elms in bloom, arbutus ditto. Peepers calling, I am glad to be alive.

16. Mrs B. home today; bright cool day.

19. A cold week for April; freezes every night, days partly cloudy. Snowing this morning.

Robins building 3 days ago. How good it look to see the farmers plowing or dragging or sowing oats, never had a Keener relish for spring sights and sound than this spring. I am hungry for them all. They are all touched with pathos to me; they all refer back to my youth, to father and mother and the days on the old farm. I go about kicking

to pieces James Cushcores on the lawn and dreaming of the days when with my knocker I went about the home meadows in April, knocking the dried droppings of the cows to pieces, with what longing I think of these days! When one goes back home in imagination it is always to the days of his youth and he half believe that if he were to go back there now he would find things as of old, but when he tries it he is disappointed. Today goes with him and his youth is still as far off as ever.

20. Snowed nearly all day yesterday - the big overgrown deliberate snow flakes of April; all melted by night.

Cold, down to 24 this morning and growing cold all day.

Strength nearly all returned

- The spring lethargy and steepness coming upon me.

21. Froze like a rock last night, clear and sharp this morning. A March - April so far.

- When we have an early spring we plant and sow early and vice versa. We think the birds choose to act similarly and nest early or late according to the season. but the birds have no choice about it. A warm wave brings them and a cold wave retards them as inevitably as it does vegetation. And warmth sets them to nest building [and cold delays them] The more warmth the more food the more food the more rapidly the egg develops in the mother bird. A cold spell checks their nest building because it lessens the food supply and thereby retards the egg development. In cold backward spring, I note that the robin lays, only 3 eggs; on warm springs 4 or 5.

22. Warmer, clear, with a film of smoke in the air.

I walk to SS. and back, sweep out while there. Wrote a thousand or 1200 words in morning. Tired at night.

23. Cloudy, warmer; a highhole day! Now welcome their loud long call.

P.m. Mrs. Dickenson is said to be dying, and I am hoeing my strawberry bed. This is life, we hoe and plant while our neighbors are dying or graves being dug, poor woman, I have not seen her for years, though she lives not 5 minutes away.

24. Rain in the night, heavy, clearing and windy today.

25. Clear, warm, windy from the S. First dandelion today.

Oh how I enjoy these April days, oh, the joy and inspiration of the springing grass, just to on the sward greening! Then the birds, the toads, the frogs

the first butterfly dancing by, the fishermen on the river just trying their luck, the robins nesting, the first wild flowers, the new furrow, the first sweet odors - how all these things fill and move me and make me glad to be alive.

Quite well again and writing.

Today I occasionally catch a whiff of my delicious and mysterious April odor.

I wish we could swap off some of our robins for meadow larks. I do not often enough hear that tender loud spring note of the M. lark.

The gold finches are having a three days musical festival in the maples over by Damerons. What a pretty custome!

"It seems" says the wise Emerson as of the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object. Then all these April days are with me sacred or sanctified days.

27 Home today, to meet my two cousins, sons of Touel Hiram Burroughs, Eggleston and Daniel, the latter 76, the former 70, and a haptiet clergyman E. meets me at train at 4.45. Cool bright afternoon. Enjoy the drive up to Curtises. E. doing most of the talking. Left Rexburg in 1842, born in Mukers Hollow, I faintly remember being at his fathers house when I was 3 or 4 years old. I remember the agony of the drive there in a lumber wagon over a rough road. Who I went with I can't recall probably father and mother and Hiram and Ollyann. Touell Hiram died at West Franklin. Pa in 1875, and is buried there Daniel in poor health, like him better than the demine - the taller talks mainly about himself and his doings.

28. Warmer. E. goes to church. Johnny and I go down in Hemlocks J. catches 5 trout. I poke about and gather flowers and other less tangible things. Home by John Tylers.

[2] Yellow violet just opening. Claytonia and hepatica common.

29. Cloudy, warmer, E. and D. leaves for home, shall probably never see them again.

30. Cloudy, windy from S. J. and I go fishing in Batavia kill; take only 5 trout, but have a good time.

May 1st. Rain last night, home in morning. Fields greened rapidly during my stay.

3. To Vassar to hear Stead, a pleasant day - clear and fine. Stead an original and entertaining.

4. Rain in morning.

5. Clear and fine but cold.

6. Cold, cherry trees trying to bloom

7. A little warmer, light rain and fog.

8. Clearing and cool, no warmth in April or May.

Two warblers this morning - black and white creeper and yellow warbler. A very cold backward spring. Health nearly restored. Writing some each day.

Hud plowing the vineyard and turning under great patches of the field speedwell in bloom; its masses give a pale blue tinge to the ground. Well it come out again in the deeper blue of the grapes? This speedwell was in bloom a little a month ago?

9. Rain again and warmer. Am reading Thomann journal; find but little that is worth while but keep on reading in hopes that I will strike something. A daily account of all the ordinary phenomena of the season is hardly worth while all his best thoughts and observations he put in his books, not 1/10 of this

journal is worthy of print.

- My little bush sparrow is singing this morning at the rate of a little role 6 times per minute, and he keeps this up nearly all day.

10. Fine warm day, apple trees showing the pink.

11. A change to cold last night and rain; down to ,40 this morning, a fire again in my study. More purple finches this spring than I ever before saw here, a half dozen of them singing at once some mornings. Just saw a loose flock of more than 50 in the vineyard.

- While home in late April I saw the sap bush a kind I never before saw on the old place - the log cock. In chases woods I saw for the first time leather wood in bloom.

Also traced my mysterious spring

perfume to the elm in edge of John Tylers sap bush.

18. A net cold week, till today which is fairly warm. Went to M. on the 15th heard wood cocks flight song at dusk with C.

On the 16th rained hard all day.

On 17 went to Albany with P. P. A and a pleasant time. Heard and met Gov Hughes, whom I much admire. Heard and met speaker Joe Cannon whom I don't admire.

I wish I knew the exact number of dandelions I saw blooming between Albany and W.P. never saw the fields and meadow slopes so guilded with them. The light of the apple bloom also, today is dim and warm and quiet.

19. Warm fine day. Go to S.S. in p.m. and stay all night.

20. At S.S. writing.

21. To Vassar to lunch, cool, fair

25. Fair, cool day, a dry cool week. Spent most of it at S.S, writing. Today two parties [for] of Vassar girls, yesterday Putnam hall girls.

Apple bloom nearly all off, orioles building. First broods of robins out, S. sparrows with young, grape shoots only 6 or 7 inches long. Report of large flock of wild pigeons in Sullivan Co. Also letter from prod. Roosevelt saying he saw a small flock in Albemarl Co. Va.

26. Rain, cold.

June 1st. A cold week just ended. Some frost, a little rain, and some thunder. The coldest May for many years. Only grass grows rapidly, most of the week at home writing - "Nature as I see it" and "Loitering with nature."

Comapny at S.S. Thursday and Saturday

2d. Rain today from N.E. cold, an open fire every day.

- Rained all day, snow in the Catskills and at Cony Island. Leaves of the sycamore nearly all blackened and killed by the cold weather.

3. Trying to clear with sports of rain. Vassar girls

4. Clearing much warmer; fine day on May to station saw the female orioles, who have nests near each other on elm trees along the road have a spiteful little scrap in and around a clump of willow bushes, instantly their mates came side and side to the scene of action. I could not see just what happened in the willows, but the wives stopped quarreling, and in a moment the males were having a scrap

It did not last long and neither lost a feather, but I thought it quite human. It would hardly be possible for two men to interfere in that way with their quarreling wives without getting into a quarrel themselves. Each would probably accuse the others wife of being most to blame and thus the spark would be formed. The females among the birds, seem to fight with much more fury than the males, but they lack the endurance and will not stand punishment.

Is not this human also?

5. Rain and work again today, from S.W. again a fire in my chimney.

7. Off for Livingston Manor. Reach there at 1. Drive to Wamsleys and see two persons who had seen the big flock of pigeons on the 23d, am convinced they saw pigeons. Bright day.
8. Warmer, bright, C. comes at 10. Drive to De Bruce, a lovely drive. Fish the mongaup in p.m. take only 6 trout, but have a fine time.
9. A long walk up to the O'Higgins house in morning. In p.m. drive to head of the valley, an enjoyable time. Take 4 trout on my return, apple trees just in bloom. Lilacs not yet out, season 2 weeks, late.
10. Clear, cool, fish the Willowmock C. C. and I take only 4 trout over 6 in. To M. at 4.40. Stay at young Caufields

11. Home this morning; fair day.
12. Fair day; write letter to Outlook on long.
13. Fair day, and write to president.
14. Cloudy, cool.

Health much improved once I left off eggs.

15. 24 Teachers from Teachers College N.Y. also Norce and Ethel.
17. Off to Floral Park. Fine warm day. Warm weather began Saturday.
18. At F.P. warm.
19. To Oyster Bay with Childs in Auto, spend 4 hours with the president, looking up the birds; have written it up. Hot day.
20. To N.Y. to see Mrs. Childs off for Europe, then to Plainfield for the night, Mrs. H. still

well and cherry.

21. Hot, hot, home today.

22. Hot, hot, writing on the president as nature lover e.t.c.

23. Hot, still writing.

24. At Slabsides, Denton, Lee and Topson come; a happy day.

25. Hot, 88, finish price on president, feel well these days, except at times irregular heart action, indegestion!

26. Hot, abortive showers yesterday and today; rain much needed. Do no attend boat races.