

From April 14, 1911 to Mch 24th, 1912

1911

April 14. Cool, cloudy, with light rain in p.m at home writing. Feel well.

15. Cloudy in morning, clearing in p.m. mild, start for N.Y. in p.m. Song of the trail on the 13th a chorus of them yesterday by the ice house.

16. In N.Y. cold and squally this morning, clearing by noon. Dine at Dr. J's, C.B. there. In p.m. go to Academy of design to see the portraits C.B. Mrs. J. and Mrs. W. with us.

17. Clear this morning and colder. Cold as March.

18. Pleasant day. Go to Pa stations to see "Cordea" off to W. C.B. there. Then to the Roma for lunch; then a long walk in the park with C.B. a real rural walk to the tower by the lakes.

To R's at 4 p.m.

19. To Dr. J's in morning to get my glasses; stay to lunch; then to Mr. Seamans; then to steamer to see the R's off for London. Then to Poughkeepsie on 3.24 train.

20. Steady rain all night, cold. To W.P. this morning, clearing in p.m.

21. To S.S. today with company. A fine day. Ed very sick at night, near death.

22. Cloudy, threatening. Ed better. 58 Vassar girls today made me pretty tired.

23. Sunday, the third cloudy cold day with N.E wind, no heat in the air yet, still all the early wild flowers are blooming - hepatica, arbutus, blood root, a dicentra and trillium just opening, spice bush also.

Walk to S.S. in p.m. with two ladies. Found a partridge nest on my return with 4 eggs. Passed within a yard of the bird before the flew and gave away her secret.

24. Clear, sharp, N. winds. Mrs. B. comes today. Ed very low.

25. Ed no better, clear and warmer an ideal April day, Julian working with his shovel in vineyard and whistling as he works, just as he did 20 year ago. It is his vineyard now and not mine. Field Veronica in bloom all through the vineyard. A robins nest in lower fruit house with 4 eggs.

26. Clear, getting warmer.

27. Ideal April days. Ed a little better.

28. Getting warm, Indian summer days in April. Still hazy. enchanting days, 73 or 4. House wren this morning. Hot.

29. Still clear, calm, hot, the river like glass, apple tree leaves showing, maples unpacking their tassels. Hud plowing, Julian sowing, Ed better and I am writing on Evolution.

30. Warm, partly cloudy, Mrs. Eaton at S.S. woods full of people stripping the arbutus.

May 1st. Warm, cloudy. Hodge of Worcester and Treadmill of Vassar come to S.S. an enjoyable day with them. Hodge very jolly and marty a thunder shower at night like Jany, brief and heavy. Drove me in the house.

2. Clearing, a change of wind much colder in p.m. fear a frost at night. Brush my early peas.

3. Quite a freeze last night. Stay at S.S. and write.

4. Clear; heavy frost this morning. Over bird here today. sleep cold last night with drawers and sweater on, not much writing today, an egg for breakfast makes me weak and tired.

5. Clear and light frost, a lovely day getting warmer. Still at S.S.

6. Warm still day. Stop work my old trouble I think pain and fatigue in limbs.

7. Wonderful days, still out of soats, no more writing.

8. Wonderful days continue. Took 1gr Calomel last night but don't have the usual effect. Bowells have been all right all along.

9. Cloudy, Hud and J at S.S. Feel no better, no fever at any time.

10. Ideal days, a little better this morning. Sleep well and appetite fairly good. Less pain in limbs today. Plant corn, peas and potatoes at S.S. Start for Roxburg this p.m.

11. Reached R at 5. John met me at train, Curtis about as usual, see letter or no change in him. Clear and warm.

12. At the old house today feel some better. One bobolink in meadow. Rain needed. Very hot, 88 or 90

13. Too fine showers last night still hot. Working around old house, made garden there yesterday.

14. Still warm, cut ash sticks for rustic table. Leave for home in p.m.

15. At home, about well. Work about home and at S.S.

16. Go to N.Y. this morning

at Dr. J's C.B. very blue, but looks well. In p.m. go to Macey's to buy things for Woodchuck Lodge, spend \$81.

17. Run about N.Y. in forenoon, meet Julian at 2 and we go to Garden City to the Doubleday and Page house warming.

Warm, meet many people there. Go home with Page to dinner; then to Floral Park by auto at 9 p.m.

18. Out to Smithtown with Mr. Childs past May by auto. Spend the day walking over his new purchase of land (800 acres) and to his Club house and trans ponds. Hot but very pleasant. Apple trees in full bloom.

To Floral Park at night, a fine shower.

19. To N.Y. C.B. meets me at Maceys. Buy more things \$91, at 4 go to train and home. A fierce shower here at one, furious wind out of the east; broke down trees.

20. Hot, muggy, to S.S. in p.m. Feel well.

21. Hot, sticky. Grapes shoots 15 inches long.

A day at S.S. with trained nurses from N.Y.

22. Very hot, about 90, never saw so hot in May, feels like July.

23. Still very hot and moist. Go to R. today.

From a letter to Hudson Maxin on seeing a copy of his book "The Science of Pastry e.t.c.

With me poetry is not question of science but of inspiration. All the science in the world will not help you to write poetry. You can analyze a poets work and give names to the different parts, just as you can analyze a flower, but your power of analysis will not enable you to create or restore the flower.

24. At Roxbury again, very warm and dry for May. Chase at work on the old house, digging, Curtis as usual.

25. Cloudy, a light rain.

26. Half an inch of rain at night and in morning.

27, 28, 29, 30, 31. At work in house with Chant, fine warm

weather, making rustic furniture, painting etc. Sleep well, eat well and quite contented, country very beautiful.

Bobolinks singing in meadow below a mourning ground warbler singing day after day in the orchard.

June 1st. Fine warm days, a light rain.

3. Lovely warm day.

4. Charming day, perfect but too dry, spend it about the old house.

5. Raining a little this morning and cool.

6. Return to W.P. today.

7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14. At home.

15. Return to Roxbury, Copious rains since my last visit  
springs full. Country very fresh and green

16. At Woodchuck Lodge, [Sulpocy] chant and swing in garden. Sleep at W.L. cool.

17. Start for Rome today via Oneonta; at O, take trolley to Herkimer where Mrs. and Mr. Rowland meets me in Auto, a fine ride to Rome.

18. At the Rowlands; meet many of their friends in p.m. and first meet Dr. Baker, whom I much like, cool.

19. Go to Trenton Falls in auto with the Rowlands. Then follows the awful tragedy when R. loses his life. Can not write of that here. I was greatly broken up and passed sleepless nights and dark days.

20. Go to Colgate in p.m. Stay with Prest Bryan, very cool.

21. Colgate confers upon me

the degree of Dr. of human letters. In p.m. go to Utica and pass the night with Mr. Baker.

22. Cool, rainy. The funeral of my friend Rowland, look upon his face for the last time. Go to Rochester in p.m. The Pritchards meet me with their Auto.

23. Cool, cloudy day, my friends invite 400 people to meet me at Country Club, a fine, appreciative lot of people. They say many nice things to me.

24. Clear and fine, an auto ride in forenoon.

At 2.40 return to Utica to my friend Dr. Bakers. Pass night there.

25. Start for Roxbury this morning via Herkimer and Oneonta. Reach R. at 2.47  
Chant meets me; find C.B. at W.L, looking well and happy.

26, 27. Busy days and fine, cool.

28. Busy days and fine, cool.

29. C.B. and I go to Hemlocks a birding; a fine tramps and some new birds, warm.

30. Go to Brandon's with Curtis and Jane to dinner, a pleasant time.

July 1st. Fine day and warm.

Dr. Baker comes on 2.47 train.

2d. Hot, glad to have Dr. Baker here. C.B. happy.

3. Fearfully hot day 91 here, over 100 in many parts. Very quiet all day with C.B. and Dr. Baker. Laury and Miss

Bertram come to their camp by the Spring Camp Knickerbocker.

4. A hot night and the promise of a very hot day, getting dry again.

5. Hot, hot, think I never saw it so hot here. Great heat all over the country. Heavy showers in places but only a sprinkle here. Emily and the children came Wednesday the 5th - delighted to see them. Dr. Baker leaves same day.

6. A slight let up in the heat at times, showers South of us. Eat strawberries on the 4th.

Arranged my study in the old learn. C.B. has the front room and my table.

7. Cooler, wind East; with clouds. Timothy grass in bloom. I see clouds of pollen swept from it by the wind.

First peas from our garden today.

John delights and amuses us all.

8. Cool fine day. Gather Bill berries, C.B. and I.

9. Getting warm again, showers around us.

10. Hot showers South of us. Writing a little in the Old barn.

11. Hot, hot, above 90, Lounge around. Work on table with Ed.

12. A little cooler, dry; finish table. Great pleasure with Julian's children. Curtis comes over and smokes his pipe on the porch.

13. Cooler, a real change, now getting very dry. Gathered more bill berries yesterday p.m. how good they are! The boys began haying on Monday; At my study in old barn this morning; hear the hermit in the "clover lot" woods as I write at 8 a.m.

14. Delightful summer day a home with cut bar of the mowing machines. Getting very dry. Haying in full blast and progressing rapidly. Yesterday C.B. and I gathered 2gts of bill berries and found sparrows nest.

C.B. much better all from a cup of coffee at breakfast.

15. Julian came yesterday; a great event to us all, looks well and seems glad to be here, a light shower at 6, cool night.

Clear and warm this morning. Laura and Miss B. Leave Cany, Sentinel

- The rainbow hangs in the sky though the drops of rain through which it is formed are constantly falling; not till the rain ceases, or the sun light is hidden, does the bow fade. The drops fall but the bow which is formed by them, does not fall. That band of color.

Therefore is not a part of the rain, it is a function of the rain, the rain drops know it not. It springs out in the rear of the retreating storm but the storm knows it not.

It is in no sense a part of it, no two persons see the same bow; there are as many bows as there are beholders; the rainbow is truly an apparition, you cannot approach it, you cannot grasp it, or find it

end, it has no end and no beginning. [It is always, a half circle of which the beholder stands in the exact center.] It is also born of the spray of cataracts but 2 ways not as the spray 5 ways. It is one of the oldest and most striking phenomenon in nature, and one of the most subtle and elusive. It is not an entity, but the radiant shadow of an entity.

What use has it? One of the most lovely and wonderful things in nature, and yet it serves no purpose in nature; It has no use. It pleases the eyes, but it is much older than the eye.

Is it not the only perfect arc nature draws? Mathematically perfect? Born of the most changeable element; itself as ephemeral as a breath, yet its form and color are fixed as adamant. It is unearthly in its beauty and precision like a vision from Heaven.

Fugitive, unreal, inaccessible, yet constant and eternal. The one permanent illusion in the common nature about us.

The sunset is afar off painted upon the distant clouds, but the rainbow comes down to earth, it hangs between us and the next field or hill; it spans the pasture or the highway or the grove; it hovers about the playing fountain, or the spray from the hand pump; it is familiar just as shrine as a spirit.

Is there not much in nature and in life that is symbolized by the rainbow? Nature is not all solids and fluids and gases and the unreal, the fantastic, the illusory play a large part in our lives.

15. A walk in the fields in p.m. - all the children, Julian, Emily, C.B. and I visit our birds nests and take photos, Betty finds a vesper sparrows nest in the meadow. A brisk shower at 3 1/2 - much sharp thunder and dashes of large birds-eye hail. We reach the barn with shirt washer wet, take refuge there for 1/2 hour. Betty and Ursa reach the house, a sharp shower. Water seems in road in big rivulets, much needed.

Addie comes on 6 p.m. train, looks fine.

16. Clear and fine today, lovely day with my big family, Curtis and Dessie come over to dinner, all walk over to grandfathers place after supper. Little John was the 5th generation from grandfather.

17. Cloudy from S. looks like rain. A brisk shower, short, but good.

18. Much cooler, clearing.

19. Much cooler, sick last night and today, my old trouble, over feeding I think, a fearful chill last night. Feel wretched today, all are very kind to me.

20. Cloudy this morning and a sprinkle of rain, a little better this morning.

21, 22, 23, 24. All pretty bad days, fever and pain and general distress, temp 101 1/5 most of the time. Took Calomel on Friday, physic at night. Calomel did not have usual effect.

Salt hot water injections (2gts) Sunday and Monday seemed to help much. C.B. of great help.

- A wonderful nurse, devoted in her ministrations.

25. Much better today, fever practically gone and food begins to taste good, a change to very cool and windy in the night, a fine shower yesterday, Julian went on Sunday the 23d and his family on the 24. Poor Ursa sick with her ear, very anxious about her. Mrs. Johnson also returned yesterday.

26. Still better, slept much last night. Do some work today, a clear fine day, news from Ursa, she is better.

27. Clear cool day, with slow shower in p.m. Still gaining slowly, Mrs. B. comes today.

28. Cold, cloudy, appetite improves slowly and strength returns very slowly. Writing some and arranging M.S.

29. Warmer, sun and cloud. I am dull today ate an egg for breakfast.

30. Cloudy, slow rain, warmer.

Aug 1st. Life goes on as usual. Getting dry, write a little, but pretty weak yet.

2, 3, 4. Quiet day at Woodchuck Lodge. Working a little and reading some.

5. Quite a shower this p.m. Warm, C.B. and I go for the mirror.

6. More rain, nearly an inch in all.

7. Clearing, warm, C.B. and I. Clear out the spring.

8. Feel the best today of any day yet. Write in morning and find new chipmunks den. Wind S.W. Plenty of corn today.

9. Warm, partly cloudy, a walk yesterday p.m. to Buckwheat field.

- Wild honey and astracan apples.

10. Clear, fine, Miss Garrette came last night to paint my portrait. My Junco laid her first egg in the haymow nest yesterday 9 a.m. My junco has just come to lay her second egg. How continuously and silently she comes and slips into the hole in the haymow!

11. Cloudy and windy this morning and a dash of rain. My junco has 3 eggs.

12. Clearing, cooler junco incubating her 3 eggs, Miss Garrett began to paint me on Thursday the 10th.

13. Clear, cool, lovely day. Pose for Grace and write a little in the barn long tranquil August days. Song sparrows begin to abbreviate their songs, songs are blurred or faded, less distinct and clear cut. Still hear the hermit occasionally

14. Clear, cool, calm day.

15. A little better each day. Fine shower in p.m. 1/2 inch of water.

16. Cool bright day, Mrs. B. goes back home today. Life with her is impossible. Go down to the village in p.m.

17. Cool and windy. C.B. Grace, G. and I here alone.

18. Go to the dentists. Walk up, the walk does me good, a brisk shower in p.m. 1/3 inch.

19. Very cool and windy. Slept in doors last night; Write in house.

20. Bright and not so cold. Slept on porch again last night as cold as in Cala. Slept well, begin to feel like myself. The walk from the village did me good, sun wind and cloud today.

21, 22. Bright, dry, cool days. Work a little each day. Walk over to Tom Smiths in p.m. to see Will from Iowa, an old school mate and stay to tea, a fine walk across the fields.

23d. Dr. Loach and wife come in p.m., glad to see them.

24. Cloudy, our guests leave in p.m. a slow peddling rain sets in in p.m.

25. Cooler, rained slowly all night, still raining at 9 1/2 slowly from S.W. over 1 1/2 inch of water and looks like an all day rain. 3 days of it would not be too much. Feel quite well.

26. Go to Woodstock in p.m.

27. At Byrdcliffe, heavy rain in the night.

28. More rain, rained all night.

Walk with Mr. Whitehead to a moraine near top of Mt. Heavy rain about noon.

29. More rain last night, 5 or 6 inches in all. Return to Woodchuck Lodge in p.m. C.B. John B. and I, cold and cloudy.

30. Cloudy, cold.

31. Cold, threatens rain. Walk over home to see Eden. Mr. Bellows calls. Eden seems entirely well.

1911

Sept 1st. Cloudy, misty, no sun for several days, warmer. The juncos nest in haymow was sobbed during my absence at Byrdcliffe.

Country looks green again.

- Why is it that the scientific [accounting] explanation of the universe and of the mind and body of man seems to shut us into a narrower and lower world, is like closing the doors and windows and shutting us off from the sky and the stars above us. It seems to

the wherefore of the unknowable. We understand our own ignorance, we contemplate complacently the limitations of our own powers. We cannot reach the ultimate reason of anything in nature, yet we circle the globe with the iron chain of irrefragable cause and effect every link of which we know but the first link and we make our heads ache in trying to think of a chain that has but one end. Instead of a mystery that fills us with awe and reverence, we disclose a puzzle that baffles and fatigues us.

When we no longer think of the brain as the house of the soul, but as this seat of consciousness, which is the result of a physiological process, which process again is the result of the food we eat, we seem to feel matter pressing in upon us like the four walls country together. Thought as the result of molecular changes in the brain - the very idea seems to extinguish a light somewhere. It is in vain that you tell me the mud upon my shoes is divine, that it is star dust and came out of the infinite heavens; it is mud all the same and I must leave it on the scraper. It is in vain that you tell me that matter in its ultimate analysis escapes into spirit, it is cheap and vulgar all the same. It is in vain that you tell me the earth is a bit of astronomy and is a star like the rest, the fact does not make it seem any more star like, or the stars any less so. How we whistle to keep our courage up as we go on analysing and

destroy the pastry and romance of creation. Is it because it banishes mystery and substitutes difficult or insolvable problems or enthralls reasons and judgement in place of imagination? At any rate it seems to darken or extinguish something within us, - shuts off vista and the lure of the distant, the inaccessible, or is it only the enticement and illusion of the unknown that science robs us of? or is it only men and the romantic temperament like myself, that feel in this way?

We say (and it is true) that science leaves plenty of room for the imagination to work and really enlarges the field of the unknown. But the imagination is in some way tamed; it is no longer a wild free bird, it is a trained falcon and does our bidding and we know the why and

exploring and experimenting and plucking out the heart of this mystery and of that, and when we have the drop of seeds on our hand in place of the floating rainbow, [huted] soap bubble, we laugh and press on as we should - we must know and fancy must wait upon knowledge. This is the materialism of science - knowledge takes the place of sentiment.

Science is rarely beautiful, rather should I say, it is rarely beautiful as nature is beautiful, as rocks and woods and waterfalls are beautiful, but as a piece of machinery may be beautiful [it is wonderful]. The machinery is a beautiful application of mechanical principles; It surprises and in a way pleases us, but it does not touch the imagination on the emotions. We admire it but we do not

love it, or want to live with it. The controlled, the mechanical, the bounded can not please us in the way the free, the spontaneous, the unbounded does.

But who complains? All this is plainly in the line of the evolution of the race. The old wonder, the old awe and fear must go. They were attended by a whole brood of imps and furies - superstitions persecution, witchcraft, wars and e.t.c. and the new wonder, the new admiration, the new humanism must come in, war must go out, disease must go out, superstition must go out and may be creed and churches must go out and must the pastry and romance, the joy in nature the flower of art and literature go out also? It almost looks as if literature were doomed. If anything can kill it the news paper will. The more we

upon the breath of newspaper, the more will the mental and spiritual condition out of which come real literature and art be barred to us. The more we live in the hard close cutting, calculating business spirit, the farther are we from the spirit of literature; the more we surrender ourselves in the fever and haste and competition of the industrial spirit, the more are the doors of the heaven of the great power and works of art closed to us, the more we leave and move and have our being in the scientific spirit - the spirit of exact knowledge, the fewer monumental works of literature will we leave behind us. Literature has gained in this respect in this hurrying economic age; we are more impatient of the shaw, the make believe, the dilatory, the merely rhetorical and oratorical. We are

more impatient of the obscure, the tedious, the impotent, the superfluous, the far fetched. We have a new or a sharpened sense for the real, the vital, the logical, the dilatory and meandering methods of even such a writer as Hawthorne, tire us a little now. We want the story to move rapidly, we want the essay full of point and suggestion, we find it more and more difficult to read books about books, and all writing, "about and about and about," we are impatient if we want the thing itself, we want current and counter currents - moment and reality at all hazards.

But except you be in a measure, as little children - curious, fresh, impressionable flexible, trusting, sincere, - you cannot

enter the heaven of true literature.

There are probably more parts in the world today than ever before, but they are on the byways of life, rather than on the great highways and deal with exceptional, cultivated emotions, rather than with the broadly human emotions and experiences. They are byproducts of our schooling and culture and not the prime outcome. The power and the originality if the stock has not gone into them, it has gone elsewhere, such curious and inquiries and subtle and poetry verses as they write! when they essay the broadly human and universal as they fall down completely.

Specialists in science, experts in industry, impressionists in art - in philosophy agnostics in religion and realists in literature seem to be

in the time of mental evolution of the races.

Sept 3d. Clear, cool, lovely day. We climb to old clump in p.m.

4. Fine day, Mr. Gregor come for dinner, a pleasant time. People come up from village in p.m.

5. Warmer, cloudy. Miss Gould and Party come in auto.

6. Heavy rain last night, nearly all night; 2 inches of water, clearing today.

7. Cool, more rain, writing on Animal Experimentation. Grace left on 7th.

8. Cloudy, Miss Gould takes me to Ashland in Auto.

9. Rain, cold, clearing in p.m. Mrs. Green comes.

10. Bright lovely day, warm.

11. More rain, warm and clear in

p.m. Go bee hunting.

12. Rain in morning, clearing and cooler in p.m.

13. Cold, slept inside part of the night. Writing today in house.

14. Clear, cold, our first frost, hurt corn. Took 1 gr calomel last night. Feel well today, too cold for bees.

15. Windy, cloudy, cold, a dark disagreeable day.

16. Miss Burt comes at night. Mary Jane staying with us.

17. Fine clear day. work but little

18. Miss B. leaves us.

19. Fine warm day, ideal.

20. Lovely day, working again. Writing, C.B. John and I walk down to village in p.m.

21. Clear warm fine day.

- There is this difference between the habits of our native bumble bees and the hive bee - The drones or males of the hive bee do not visit the flowers or feed outside the hive. The drones of our bumble bees do gather honey.

from the flowers, at least in the fall they are apparently at that season self supporting. They differ from the males of the hive bee also in this respect they have a softer, more feminine hum than do the worker bees.

Another difference in the two races of bees - see our native bees from the solitary bee to the hornets are free from barbs on their stingers; they can sting any number of times, while the honey bee can sting man, but once its stinger is barbed and if left in the flesh of its victim and causes its own death.

22, 23. Fine, warm days.

24. Lovely day, Curtis and Jane come over to dinner. Reporter from N.Y. Herald comes for interview.

25. Warm, more rain at night.

26. Clearing and cooler.

27. Cold, near a frost last night. Finish "The Chill of Science."

28. Clear, cool day. We got to the hemlocks in p.m. for spear mint.

29. Rain nearly all day.

30. Fine day still writing.

Oct 1st. Cloudy, frost on top of trees on Montgomery Mt., raining in p.m. Sleep indoors.

2. Foggy, cold, windy till late p.m. when it clears.

3. Wonderfully, bright cold lovely morning. Frost last night.

5. Heavy rains at night N.E.

6. Cold wet.

7. Foggy in morning and misty. C.B. puts off going.

Clearing in p.m. We go for wild black cherries.

8. Lovely day, clear and warm.

We walk to Caswells, then to Buckwoods for beech nuts .

Hathe and husband and children come at noon.

9. Clear lovely morning. C.B. and John leave. I walk down to station with C.B. Sorry to see them go, a box comes from Julian, corn tomatoes and records.
10. Lovely day, very solitary here but write some. Go over home in p.m.; thrashing duck wheat.
11. Cloudy, mild light rain. House very desolate. Haul and out wood each day.
12. Clearing, mild.
  - A man may be cold and not shiver, but he will not shiver without feeling cold(?) or will a slight fever make the shivers run over one?
13. Day of great brilliancy, a golden day, not a cloud, cool, windy and cold last night, a poor night for me, some fever and sleeplessness in first half. Took 1gr Calomel. Below par today. Company yesterday from N.Y., 3 of them, enjoyed seeing them. I probably ate too much dinner.
14. Clear, still golden day. Emily and the children come today. Delighted to see them. I still have a little fever.
  - Man has slowly been acquiring new characters along his whole line of evolution, if these are not inherited what is? There is no evolution without the acquisition of new characters and this instant modification is inherited, passed on to the offspring. It must have been so in the past of geologic and biologic time. We do not see it today because today is too short. It is the race of man that has evolved - the change on gain is slowly added up in the individual. But no one individual along the line would show any appreciable gain or advance - unless now and then sudden mutations appear - sallies of the evolutionary impulse, which may be the case. Traits or features acquired in a mans life time are not inherited but the slow transformation of the ages are.
15. Lovely day, well again. We have a good time.
16. Calm, warm, hazy, Oct day. truly golden, We pick up beech nuts in the woods in p.m. a perfect day. The children very happy. I feel extra well today.
17. Cloudy from the So, rain near I think.
18. Heavy rain till p.m. S. and then E. Write amid the noise of the happy children and do well.
19. Clearing, the dear children and E. have just gone, oh, how I shall miss them. The hand of little John twinkles good bye far down the road. Fog and mist out on the nets. I see the wet road above the village shine in the sunlight. Oh, how I shall miss the children, so much better they were than last summer, a great change in Ursa.
20. Still, mild, cloudy day, threatens rain. Very lonesome, a had cold developed last night, sore throat, poor sleep, yet I write today and do well.
21. Still cloudy and threatening, mild, cough and blow and sneeze 'a good' deal, a touch of fever, but do not feel much ill, mind clear and active.
  - The eye of a fly must be after all be a very delicate instrument. Is his provider of vision multiplied by all these hundred of eyes? Try to burry your hand down upon and see how he watches and waits for you to strike, raising his wings a little to be ready on the instant, not often is your hand quicker than he is. How surey he sees when your hand start on its downward deadly stroke and springs for his life. How much mind has he?
22. Cloudy with light rain, warm, I write in a.m. gather beech nuts in p.m.
23. Rain and wind all last night, but clear and lovely this morning, ground full of water, showing pools and rells in all fields. I walk over home at 7, with my laundry.  
5 days of rain and mist and 1 day of cloud
- 24 Windy colder, a good sleep last night. Walked over home this morning. The woods all naked now. Feel better.
  - No doubt at all that our blue bird is a branch of the thrush family. Just now I see them eating choke cherries in a tentative hesitating kind of way as if it were a habit thus dimly remembered. Generally insectivorous, they yet are at times fruit eaters, I have known them to live on the berries of the hard back (Lotus) all winter. How interesting it would be to know just how far back in the history of the world this divergence of the blue bird from the thrush family took black and all the conditions that led up to it.
25. To go Gilboa today to see the Laner, a cool clear day. Go to Eden's at night; E. and Mag well. Stay till Friday the 27. Eden  
in better health than for many years. Walk down to Hiram's grave on Thursday p.m. The day mild and fine. Cough raise a good deal.
27. Come to R. on morning train. Walk up in a mist of rain.
28. Clearing and colder, snow on the highest Mts.
29. An ideal day, clear, still and mild. Go to Caswells to dinner. Get things ready for closing the house.
30. A mild day, cloudy till 10 a.m. then clearing. John drives me over through the head of Red Hill into the town of Halcott, to the grave of grandfather and grandmother. Kelly and the graves of Uriell Thomas Kelly and his family, my first visit, grandfather and grandmother have been there

57 years. Grandfather died June 10th, 1854 - my first year season away from home - teaching school at Tongore, grandmother died in Dec the same year, one 88, the other 87. How well I remember the little man and the big or stout woman.

Granny was a Siscom. Uncle Thomas died at 63, in 1869. They all lie in family burying ground on the old farm of uncle Thomas, sloping East, a pine tree and a balsam fir stark at the head and foot of the graves, 8 children of uncle Thomas there, all dead under 40. Took dinner with Gib Kelly in head of Red Hill. Had not seen him for over 40 years. We were boys together.

He is 75, very white and bent. a hard worker all his life. In p.m. went with Gib to the graves of his father and mother, uncle and aunt Martin Kelly. The grave yard is on a big mound of sand and gravel left by the old ice sheet, a warm lovely afternoon. Drive down Red Hill by uncle Martins of a place and by uncle Edmunds, then over the Mts. home at 5 p.m. Glad I went.

31. Raining this morning. Start for West Park at 8 1/2. Find all well at home.

Nov 1st. Clearing, work in study. go to K. in p.m.

2. Cold, windy, clear. go to K. in p.m. Send Ms to C.B.

3. Go to K. Write in morning

4. Clearing, Go to S.S. in p.m. to meet some Vassar teachers.

5. Fine day, mild.

6. Rain. Go to K. for electricity.

7. Clearing, mild, go to K. cold about over.

8. Clear, windy, cooler, working on M. S.S.

10. To N.Y. today, to Dr. J's, then to Mr. Evans in p.m.

11. At Mrs. E's.

12. Go with C.B. and the Johnsons to see glacier marks in Morningside Park; then to church to hear Merrill Wright, a bright and radical sermon, but disconnected, fragmentary no logical connection, no evolution. In p.m. meet some Columbia professors at Mrs. Es.

13. Walk in park with C.B; feed gray squirrel, beech nuts. To Rowlands in p.m.

14. At Rowlands, cold gone, at the normal college in p.m. Meet many interesting people.

15. At Rowlands, go with C.B. to H.M. and Co. on 40th St. East.

C.B. looks much better than when she left R.

To reception in Carnegies at 4 p.m. Meet many well known people. The Carnegies very gracious to me. Heffley, Slacks, Frank at Rowlands at night.

16. To Mr. Childs today, chilly weather but bright.

17. With Mr. C, to his Club at Smithtown, a fine day.

18. Rain heavy last night. Eat and sleep well. To N.Y. in p.m. and to Dr. J's. To theatre at night to hear Hamlet - by Southern and Marlow.

19. Poor sleep last night. To Wright Church again today. His sermon "After God what?" a variation on Emersons line "When half gods go, the gods arrive".

A bright sermon but lacking in unity and coherence.

To Frank's at Orange in p.m.

Nov 1911

20. A pleasant time at the Franks, to N.Y. this morning, meet C.B. at Turners office, Rowland with me. Home in the p.m. Snow here, chilly.

21. Cold, partly cloudy.

22. Bright chilly day, write in the study.

23. Cold, clear, down to 20 last night. Seem to have gained 2 or 3 lbs in N.Y. Weigh 138, in winter clothing. Feel strong and well.

24. Rain.

25. Clearing, mild.

26. Sun, colder, walk to S.S.

27. Still writing.

29. Close house today and Mrs. B. goes to P. Julian has the grippe.

30. Thanksgiving, Julian better. I go to P. and stay all night.

Dec 1. Fine day.

2d. Pleasant day, but cold, C.B. and Dr. Baker come in p.m. We go to S.S.



3. Cloudy cold day, a good time at S.S. Roast duck for dinner. C.B. looking well but discouraged, a delightful time around the open fire last night. They leave on evening trains. I go to P.
4. Nearly 4 inches of snow on ground this morning, down to 14+ a touch of real winter.
5. Clear fine day, cold, I write in P.
6. Lovely day, getting milder, I write in P.
7. Still cloudless mild day, snow going fast, an Indian summer day in winter. I came up to W.P. yesterday. Writing today in my study, river like glass, smoke or vapor drapes the horizon walls, ground bare in many places. Feel well. Letter from C.B. yesterday.
- Dec 1911
8. Another clear, calm veiled soft day like yesterday quite remarkable. Write in my study on Bugsons view of the Intellect and on the chill of Science. Health very good, writing fatigues me less than ever before, been at it now nearly 5 months.
9. Still mild and clear. Go to P in p.m.
10. At P. write in morning, day warm and nearly clear. Snow all gone.
11. Indian Summer weather continues, a strange stillness has fallen upon the weather, it seems asleep and dreaming of Oct. no wind, no cloud and but little frost, a thick white haze maple all the landscape and lies banked around the horizon, a Dec Indian summer. Came back to W.P. yesterday p.m. Mercury near 60
12. Warm, near 60, a honey bee yesterday p.m. about my wood pile. Is the hum of the bee in Dec, the knell of winter? We shall see, cut wood in p.m. yesterday and then walk at S.S. Eat well, sleep well, write well, am well, still working on science piece. No frost last night, signs of rain.
- The newspaper is good for relaxation, you can read it with your eyes alone. It is a mental laxative. If you are congested with literature and philosophy read the newspaper and you shall not know there is such a thing or ever has been in the world. You will soon be empty of all thoughts of them. It takes the mind about as much as whittling does the body. To talk of the educational value of the newspaper is like talking about the educational value of horse trading or of the stock exchange.
13. No frost last night, a change to cooler this p.m. without rain, clear and cool tonight. Farmers plowing, Julian and Hud at work in vineyard resetting posts and blasting rocks. Hud dug out a snake the other day a garter snake - about 2 feet underground. The snake was bunched up in a kind of knot and stiff and striped. I brought him to my study and the warmth soon made him very lively. I kept him 3 days and then let him go. He steered for the wood pile. I hope he finds a safe retreat.
16. To Ossining this p.m. no time there; then on to N.Y. at Dr. Johnsons, meet McDonald again. Overflowing with life and scotch anecdotes as usual, I greeted him with a good hug.
17. Bright but chilly. Go to Ossining with C.B. The Finns meet us in auto, drive to Briarcliff Lodge and about the country. Stop at the Van Costland house built in 1691. Franklin and Washington used to stope there. Enjoyed seeing it. Find an enthusiastic reader in Miss Vaul. Back to N.Y. at night.
18. To Floral Park, with C.B. to look at a house. House no good. Lunch with the Childs's.
19. At the Rowlands, write in my room. Lunch with Garland at the Players Club.
20. Write in my room, a chilly day. Lunch with Mr. R.W. Johnson; then to see Priest Taft, lay a corner stone of building for the blind. Taft looks sleek and happy.
20. Cloudy chilly day. To Huntington with C.B. looking at lots. Lots of lots for sale, but not the right one, visit the Whitman birth place, new villas going up all about there. Back to N.Y. on 4.30 train.
22. Raining. To John Bigelows funeral, with Mr. Howells. See several famous and some infamous men there. Mr. Bliss drives me back in his auto.
23. Rained all night; See C.B. in p.m. and then home to P.
24. With Mrs. B. Then home to W.P.
25. Clear, calm, mild day, like an Indian summer day in here. Some frost last night. Go to dinner at monastery with Julian, a pleasant time. Predict a storm by tomorrow. River very smooth. Blue bird voices in the air this morning.
26. Mild, cloudy day. Go to P. in p.m. am finishing the two essays. "The Phantoms behind us" and "In the noon of science." Have written both of them over 4 times.
27. Rain a little last night, calm misty this morning. Have just been reading Paul. How eloquent, what good literature, their Epistles would never have come down to us had they not been good literature. They are full of the wisdom of the good - full of the things that save us in this world. Paul was really the father of Christianity.
28. A windy March like day. Flurries of snow in the air. Write in my study on "Living matter".

29. Clear and cold, mercury 26. Write in my study. Blue birds still here, no snow.  
 30. Colder, down to 18 degrees this morning, a storm and colder weather coming skating on the ponds. Feel about done with my writing for the present. Will and gaining in flesh.  
 31. Snow last night - nearly 4 inches. Stay in P. with Mrs. R. Dinner at Mrs. Kirbey's.

1912

Jan'y 1st. Bright sharp day. Dinner with Mrs. B. make the calls. To W.P. in the p.m. Never saw the river free from ice as it is now on new year day, none at all.  
 2. Clear, cold, down to 12 or 14, this morning, milder during the day. Mr. Suley come to photograph me. Work in morning. Health first rate as long as I keep the drainage system open.  
 3. Bright clear, down to 20, milder in p.m. Go to P. Send 2 papers to century.  
 4. Pretty Cold night; flurries of snow this morning  
 - George Eliot says in one of her letters. "In the country the days have broad open spaces and the very stillness seems to give a delightful roominess to the hours" Well said.  
 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 At W.P. or in P. writing each day, cold getting severe.  
 10. to N.Y. today and out to Pelham with C.B. Like her new house, cold, cold.  
 11. To East Orange at night, cold.  
 12. Snowing this morning from N.E. cold. Back to N.Y.  
 13. Very sore throat last night. Hoarse this morning with fever, my old trouble upon me. Dr. Leo come in and puts me on a diet.  
 14. Feel pretty bad, fever about 101. Dr. L. doses me with drugs.  
 P.m. C.B. comes in, feel better, fever leaves me and does not come back. The cold symptoms pronounced, as at W.L. last Oct, very cold - 3 below in N.Y. 13 below in Washington. 14 below at West Park, 25 and 30 below at other points see Hudson River valley.  
 15,16,17,18. Indoors all these days, writing some each day in Rowlands sky parlor. C.B. comes in p.m. Thursday and writes some letters for me.  
 19. Raining out today and up to Pulham with C.B. and Mrs. J. and then home in p.m. clearing, snow much melted.  
 20. To Kingston today to see about the Martin suit.  
 21. Mild day, walk in p.m.  
 22. To Kingston again. Fine day. The suit put off till March 20th. Back to P.  
 23. Mild thawy day, cloudy. Up to W.P. in p.m. Lost 3 lbs during my illness in N.Y. Begin to feel like myself again, appetite pretty good, sleep good, cough and blow still.  
 24. Clear, colder, Mrs. B. not yet able to start South. Go out to Vassar in p.m. Put in shape the Ms. The Breath of life in morning.  
 25, 26, 27. Cold, near zero flurries of snow. Ferry frozen up.  
 28. Go up to W.P. walk over the ice, 3 below zero.  
 29. Milder, flurries of snow and hail send 2 papers to Atlantic. Do not start for N.Y. as had hoped to do.  
 30. Cold, still in P.  
 31. Start for Pelham at 10. Reach C.B.'s at noon. Cold day.  
 Feb 1st. With C.B. helping her settle in her house. I put up

Feb 1912

shelves. Mrs. B. hems things and helps in the kitchen.  
 2d. Cold. Do not go to the P.P. Again dinner in Philla. Work for C.B.  
 3d. Cold, still at work and quite contented.  
 4. Cold, snowing, rugged winter weather. Write a letter. Go to Mt. Vernon in p.m. to call on Miss A.  
 5. Cold. Busy on shelves e.t.c.  
 6. Cold, make a book case for C.B's living room.  
 7. Cold, but bright and still. Write letters and correct M.S.S. Appetite good, too good. Am slowly gaining lost flesh. C.B. nearly settled - looks very thin and thick. Janys and Starlings and Juncos here.  
 8. Off for Chattanooga this p.m, cold.  
 9. In W.Va this morning, snow still on the ground and all the way to Knoxville Tenn. Byred K I farmers plowing. Reach C. at 6 p.m. a smoky wind. Clim W. meets us.  
 10. Began snowing in the night, looks like winter on the Hudson, snow all day, 10 inches, a lunch at the country club in p.m. many fine people. Winter without but warm cheer and hospitality within. I hear myself eulogized in true political

orator fashion by ex-commissioner Evans. I merely excuse myself from making any reply.

We spend 6 days at C. in a fine hospitable house. See a good many people. On the 12th we go in auto over the Chickamauga battle field. See two broods of quail on the ground where the soldiers bled and died. Saw a hawk pounce down upon a bird by the road side.

13. Rain all day, snow nearly gone.

14. To Lookout, net in p.m.

15. Gone by to our friends and off for Arthurs Ga. Reach there at 6 p.m. Dr. Loach meets us with carriage.

Mch 4. Cold cloudy day. Keep well here and enjoy myself. Work

each forenoon writing on the value and origin of life, and reading much in Tyndale, Halckel, Fesk and Bergson. Some bright, mild, lovely days. Mercury down to 28 and 9 several times, many rainy days, see many people, very appreciative. Lunches and dinner and auto rides. Set for portrait to Miss Stanton, appetite good, too good, gain in flesh - up to 141 1/2 a week ago. De Loach very happy to have us here, a fine fellow, a fine mind a few robins here, the hylas piping in the marshes. Rain yesterday, minde very active most of the time. The red hills look rather forbidding. Athens a beautiful town - approaches a Northern university town in beauty. On Mch 1st, to the Orr's to dinner, cold and chilly The 2d to Morris to dinner. Today we go to Prof. Merrill's we plowing or planting yet here too wet.

8. Much rain and chilly weather the past 4 days but milder today but little sunshine; farmers a month behind with then work; too wet to plow.

Keep well; write each forenoon and walk in p.m. to Miss Slantons studio to sit for portrait. Robins apparently starving about here. No food, no warms. They are picked up dead. We brought on in two feeble to fly. Kept him a day and night, fed him angle worms and he flew away with much vigor. Probably tons of thousands of them have starved in this state.

9. Rain in the night, off at 6.30 for Savannah, clearing before noon. Reach Augusta at 12. Drive about the city in auto, a friend of De Loach, a fine town, clear and warm. Leave for Savannah at 2 1/2. Reach S. at 6.30, Mr. Lester meets us. Out to his place 10 miles from S. near the sea in auto, a fine ride.

10. Clear fine day at Mr. Lesters, a good house, hospitable people. Fine marine views, an arm of the sea flank, the place on the South. Vast brown marshes looking like a great rug stretch away for miles, lives of dark pine forest here and there in the distance. Stroll and walk about enjoying the sunshine, news reporter in the p.m. also [Mr.] Prof W.J. Hoxie the Thorian of Georgia, like him much, looks like a bird with his sharp features and keen eyes. Was educated in Marr, knows the local natural history well. Enjoy my talk with him.

11. Bright in a.m. Go to Savannah. Return t 2 p.m. cloudy and cool.

12. Rain last night and this morning clearing and windy by 10 a.m. Write some. In p.m. a big auto van full of school girls from S. 50 of them from 8 to 18. enjoy seeing them, Mr. Hoxie again.

Am drinking the artesian water with good results.

13. Lovely bright day, but cooler. Write in a.m; walk and catch crabs in p.m. with De Loach. Last night the cuckel of the marsh hens in the marsh was to me a pleasing sound, now and then we see marsh hawk beating about over the marsh or dropping into it.

Yesterday morning a great blue heron went heavily by over it. The marsh looks like a vast tawny rug.

16. Very heavy rain making a flood throughout the state. In p.m. meet the club woman of S. at Huntington Club.

17. Fine day and warm.

18,19. Fine warm days. Walk and write and see people from S.

20. Warm day, write in a.m. go to Ossabaw Island in p.m. with Mr. L. a fine sail of 12 miles.

21. Warm, back from the Island.

22. Warm, 82, meet the Craig's in a.m.

23. Warm, leave S. at 2 1/2 for Washington.

23. Reach W. at 11 a.m, clear and much colder. The dawn of the capital the most welcome sight.

- A vision of other and younger days - looks almost like my nature hills. It alone is unchanged; all else how changed.

24. Raining, am reading Fiskes "Cosmic Philosophy" Too much an echo of spencer. "The dissipation of motion and the integration of matter" - those wooden times play as prominent a part here as in Spencer's pages, while F. has not that perfect mechanical rythm of sentences and the art of nesting his ideas one within the other like a set of boxes that S. has, S. has marked his system out with the regularity of the multiplication table. His idea follow each other like twice, two make four, twice four make eight e.t.c. Such logical coherence and consistency would be hard to equal, such precision and such barronness to the spirit.