

[XLVI]

Diary From

July 1st, 1915

to

May 5, 1916

July 1st to 8 - Ill at C.B.'s. Weather wet.

8. Start for the Swards at Sachem Head by the sea. C.B. accompanies me; warm with rain threatening. Parter meets me at boat in N.Y. Take train for New Haven at 1:5. Rain. The Swards meet in at station with their auto.

Reach Sachems Head after 4. Stand the journey well, a lovely home and lovely people. They make us more than welcome.

Stay till the 17th and gain finely, sleep comes back the 2d night. Sleep well and eat well during the stay. Some long auto rides. One to Middletown and back by way of Saybrook 72 miles. Very tranquil summer days, warm, but not hot. I read and dream and loiter about on the great granite rock upon which

the house stands. One resident song sparrow interests me every hour. He evidently has a nest near with a brooding mate. He sings at least 2000 times each day. He hustles away every song male sparrow that visits the rock. He has 6 or 7 different songs which he repeats, that differ from each other as much as our songs or poems differ from each other. He was real company for me. C.B. very kind and helpful and every one she meets takes to her.

We visit the Sheas at Brantford and they visit us. The Seward household an ideal one; shall never forget their kindness.

17. Return to West Park today, a hot day - the hottest so far.

18. Lovely day and cooler. Feel well on the way to recovery. Slept well last night, appetite good.

19. Start for Roxbury today. Julian driving the car, a safe and pleasant run; reach R. about 2 p.m. Country very green from the copious rains. Farmers delayed with their haying; grass good. Wood chuck Lodge looks good, garden fine, telephone peas just coming. Shower at 6.

[19] 20. Julian returns home this morning. His white hat stands out as he makes his way down across the green fields. I grieve to see him go. We drive down to train at 5. to meet Mildred, a fine day but cool, a visit from 30 clergyman in camp by Mrs. Shepards lake.

21. Poor sleep last night, but feel good today, little or no palpitation. Shot 5 chucks since Monday. Cloudy today and spirits of rain at noon. Cool.

22. Cloudy yesterday - mere company no bore like the literary bore.

Lovely today, warm, great iridescent clouds floating about the sky, not sure what cause the should take. The smell of blooming clover on the air from our front lawn.

Telephone peas ready yesterday.

Few birds in song. Bill berries just ripening. Farmers backward with their haying. The country very sweet. S. berries yet linger in the orchard. Hear the migrating call of the bobolink in Caswells meadow.

Strength returning, but heart still unsteady after meals and often at night. Can it be that these on the scenes of my youth? More robins here than last year.

25. A week at W.C.L. Much rain, strength slowly returning, no work yet.

28. Rain yesterday. Partly cloudy today. Drive to Hobart to dinner at Edens. C.B, Mildred and Katharine go with me and picnic up by the little falls. Willies family at dinner to celebrate his 75th birthday which comes Aug 4. Eden looks well - much better than last year, works most of the time with his chickens and garden. Drive home in a brisk shower coming up the hill.

29. Bright, warm lovely day. Loaf about all day.

30. Warm, fair and still - good hay day.

31. Fine still, hot day with a spirt of rain at noon.

Aug 1st. Fine still hot day, many callers today, Sunday. We walk up to "Scotland." I am a little stronger each day, saw a gray fox early this morning pass up the wall between us and Caswell followed by a mob of cawing crows. The crow is the typical alarmist.

2. Cloudy and warm, a slow drizzling rain in the night.

3. Cold, rain from East, rain all day, fire in the Franklin stove; dismal.

4. Still cold and raining from N.E. autumnal.

5. Mist and cloud this morning. Clearing at 10. Afternoon lovely and warm. Drive down to village, attend ball game at

3. An ideal afternoon.

6. Cloud and murk again this a.m. Cold, but oh, so green and fresh the country.

10. Mr. Ford comes this morning, well and jolly as ever; stays till 2 p.m. when Endertin takes him in his Runabout to Albany. We take Miss Haviland home, she came on the 6th.

13. Pietro comes to sculp and model me again. Weather rainy.

21. Posing for P. since the 14th. Drive to Hobart today to see Mrs. B. Cloudy. Rain at night.

22. Powerful rain, floods in many parts of country. Warm. Eden and Mag well.

25. Warm, more rain. Clearing at noon.
Some callers. Fast recovering my health.

24. Clear this morning and warm. Drive back home. In p.m. Ida Tarbell comes, a brisk shower while we are in the village, a down pour later. Raining when we go to bed.

25. Clearing this morning and cooler. The ground like an oversaturated sponge, am done posing for P. a great relief. I walk briskly now with but little shortage of breathe.

27. Very cool. Go down to lake to lunch.

28. Down to Mrs. Shepards to lunch. Fine day, but cool.

29. Mrs. B. come in p.m. from Hobart. A light rain all night.

30. Slow cold rain all forenoon [day]. Write in camp in p.m. Rain stops in p.m. We walk up to Scotland.

31. Rain nearly all night. Cold. Clearing this morning. J.T. leaves this morning. The end of the wet months.

Sept 1st. Fine day. Go to lunch to Mrs. Keatons - lunch in big but with the more tribe, a fine time.

2d. Fine day. Julian and his friends come at noon. A pleasant surprise. Go to the pagent rehearsal in p.m. Johnson and Mrs. Van Amen come at 4:24.

3. Day of the pagent, a perfect day, a fine affair, a great picture. The nature seem the best of all. I am deeply moved, Johnson says it is a great honor to me. Before the pagent we lunch with the Shepards in the big tent. The day is hot, a gala day indeed.

4. Cloudy. The pagent again for moving pictures. J. and Mrs. Van A. go in the morning.

6. A cool and wet Sept.

11. Drive over to the Colgate at Onteora. Spend Sunday there with the Edisons. Mr. E. in good health and spirits. Dr. Findley and Ex-governor Glynn on Sunday, also Mrs. Custer.

13. Drive home today. A fine trip

20. Start for Gloversville - drive through Schoharie Co. fine views and a fine country after we reach Middleburg. Bright day and very warm. Poor roads through Schoharie till [w] reach M. Enjoy the drive rest and eat lunch under a tree well toward the country line - a fine wide view. Reach G. at 4.

21. Rest and loaf at the Talbots to a nature club at night.

22. Mr. Parsons and wife drive us to their old orchard camp. Enjoy it greatly. The big open fire and the lean to kindle the camp fever in me.

23. Cool and clear. The Talbots drive us North into the Aderondack to Lake Pleasant and Lake Piseco. See uncle David stronger again, he is 83, an attractive character, gentle and shy and self-deprecating.
Drive home by moonlight.

25. Clearing and fine by 11 a.m. Drive home via Cooperstown and Oneonta, start at 10, at C. by one, leave there at 3, at Oneonta at 4, and home at 6 1/2, a fine drive, state road most of the way, 119 miles. The Talbots come with us to Oneonta,

26. Not very tired after my long drive.

Oct 1st. Feel nearly well.

2. Rain and cloud.

3. Misty and cold.

4. Fine day, drive over to Edens to dinner. He looks better and is better than in years.

5. Cloud and mist and [to] rain, a heavy shower at 10 1/2. John and Eva come at noon. Clearing in p.m. and warmer.

6. Leave W.C.L. at 10 1/2 for home. Cloudy and cool with some mist, a good drive; reach home at 4 1/2 p.m. Mrs. B. well as usual, good to be back again.

7. Cloudy and cool. C.B. in bed.

8. Rain last night, cloudy and misty this morning.
Sleep extra well, but not much snap in me.

From 8th to 19, was at home but dull and depresses - grapes? or postern? Fine weather, no frost to hurt lima beans or corn till about 20th.

19. Go to N.Y. Cool fine weather, stop at Mrs. Evans and Dr J. C.B. in N.Y. Weather cool and fair.

21. Go to Riverside to visit Irving Bucheller, a good visit of 4 days. Fine hospitality, a large fine house and grounds, am

well cared for, much better than when I left home - depression and langour gone. Meet 100 people at reception on Saturday the 23d.

Hamlin Garland comes and stays two days, not looking well, a killing frost on 23 and 24. Dr. Curtis of Columbia comes and we go fishing in the harbor on Sunday.

24. Bright sharp day, an auto ride in p.m. around the Todd place.

25. Drive to N.Y. with Mrs. B. Then in p.m. to Peconie. Wm Winter and son on train. Reach Fish House at 7.

26. At Peconie. Fine weather - feel the old charm of the place. Winter an interesting and attractive man - very subdued and gentle, good talker, full of remmiscences of old Saturday Press days and of Henry Clapp.

We live almost entirely in the past. But his theatre people not of much interest to me. We talk of everybody but Whitman, whom W. did not like.

27 and 28. At P. gather clams and scallops, thrive well, weather perfect.

29. We leave Rowlands this morning at 6.40. Reach N.Y. at 10, and I get home at 2:5 p.m. 4 1/2 lbs to the good.

30. Fine day; feel well. Mr. and Mrs. White, the doctor's old friends come at 2.

31. Lovely day; we drive on the new road, and I call on Col, Payne.

Nov 1. Fine warm day. Mrs. Moore and Prof Boynton of Chicago university come at 10. Like them both. Drive to S.S. in p.m.

2. Lovely morning. Good omen for woman suffrage and the new state constitution, I hope.

3. Fine day; the women lost. Feel well, and writing these days.

4. Mild, partly cloudy, a long walk up the river in p.m. to the Pratt dock.

5. A little rain last night.

colder this morning, and windy in p.m. The long broad chalk line on the river, a hundred feet or more out from shore, made up of foam and which usually appears on such windy days. It is quite permanent and the physics if it I do not understand.

6. Fine day. Dr. Fisher and wife from American museum. Like them both much.

7. Fine day, but sharp, Vassar teachers and pupil at Slabsides. Miss Thorp, Longfellows granddaughter, cleans out my closet and tidens things up there, a large hearty girl, very plain.

8. Clear, sharp. Write each day now, feel well and eager for work.

9. Light rain last night. Bright and still and mild this morning.

16. Dry North so far. Writing lately with something like my old time enjoyment and success. Rowland come in p.m.

17. Sharp, bright dry day. R. and Hud go hunting. I go over to Slabsides to camp with R. a few days. R. returns at 4. with 2 woodcock.

18. Bright fine day. R. and H. off again hunting all day. I stay at S.S. and write. Light rain at night.

19. Come over home today in the rain.

20. R. off hunting again.

Mrs Child come in p.m.

21. R. off for home in p.m. Fine day.

22. Sharp and bright. Writing each day. Off to P. in p.m. Call on Miss Balard.

23. Dry fine sharp days.

24. Cloudy and calm, frosty a white wash of snow last night.

25. Thanksgiving, cloudy and foggy morning; clearing and fine.

26. Indian summer days, frosty but calm and lovely.

27. The third of the Indian summer days. Mr. Ford were to me to go on Peace mission with him and his party, very doubtful, walk a mile or more each p.m.

28. Clear, calm and lovely. In p.m. we drive up to Port Ewen and return. (Mrs. B, C.B. and I)

29. Warmer, raining this morning. Clearing in p.m. Write in my study.

30. Clear and cooler. Lovely day.

Dec 1st. Bright and cool. Writing in study - fairly well except a slight cold in my head.

2. Bright and cool. Telegram from Mr. Ford asking me to N.Y. Walk to J's in p.m.

3. Bright and cool - 4 or 5 degrees of frost. Write in a.m. Go to N.Y. in p.m. Mr. Fords quarters crowded - he hides away from the crowd. Do not see him till 9 p.m.

4. Bright and cold. See Mr. and Mrs. F. from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m. Go to the steamer with them, Mr. Fords heart is bigger than his head. A great crowd at the steamer. F. is sanguine and happy. He might as well try to Haven Spring as try to hasten peace now, I told him as much. Leave for home at 2.10.

5. Cold night - down to 20. Bright and cold today.

6. Dry and cold. Mr. Olmsted came on 10 a.m. train, an ex clergyman born in St Lawrence Co, when his father was a farmer and deer hunter; lives near Minneapolis on a farm, a bird lover - has great admiration for my books and owes me a great debt, he says 54 years old, a fine type of man I liked him. How many fine men there are in the world. Hud walks him over to S.S.

7. Dry dully day. Write in the study. Go to P. in p.m.

8. Snow this morning till near 10. 1/2 inch. The Talbots come at 4 1/2, meet them in my car. Glad to see them; he is a judge a man from the farm about 51, one of my truest friends.

9. We walk to S.S. many tracks on the snow; siskins in the birches. Bright and chilly.
The Talbots leave on 2 p.m. train.

10. Cold windy night, down to 18 this morning. Clear and cold today

11. Fair cold - down to 20. Write in study, Miss Haviland comes at 2 p.m.

12. Fair cold - down to 10. Clear sharp day.

13. Began snowing before daylight. Snowed all day, very heavy in p.m. and at night. Work in study.

14. A big old fashioned snow storm nearly 2 ft of snow. From the house to study leg deep - leg deep over to Dr. B's - takes the wind out of me to force my way through, it snow heavy. Will take Hud all day to shovel us out - too deep and heavy for snow plow; no passenger train yet this morning on H.R.R. no such fall of snow since March 1888, very dry since Sept.
River on east shore clogged with snow.

15. Roads being broken out, but I dare not try to walk to P.O. Bright cold.

16. Bright and cold, Hud has got us nearly shoveled out. Keep cool and write each day.

17. Cloudy and warm, a mist of rain today.

18. Raining steadily - rained all night, snow settling and soft at the bottom. Dr.'s children came last night. I sleep well these nights - think the clam broth a great help, have it every night for supper. Oh, the war! the war! how it still haunts me!

19. Snow half gone, cooler. Getting ready to start for W. Stay at "The nest" at night.

20. Clear, cool. Take train at 8. Mr. Pratt meets us in N.Y. Take 12:8 train. Reach the Hamilton in W. at 6.

21. Bright sharp day, no snow here. Drive about all day looking up places. At last go to De Soto Inn on Vermont Ave.

22. Fine day. Write in morning
Drive in Ford car in p.m.

23. Fine sharp day, down to 24. Work in morning, drive to Great Falls in p.m.

24. Mild. Work in morning, drive in p.m. about town and call on the Van B's on Mrs. Johns.

25. Mild, soft day. Work in morning. Go to major Saxton to dinner, a very pleasant day. The major 86 and hale and hearty, still in Govt. Employ.

26. Rain last night and change to cold. Very windy and cold this this morning - a flurry of snow in the night. Bright and sharp in p.m. I call on Miss Hummer.

1916

Jany 1. Bright day, sharp. Go to Dr. Bakers to dinner. De Loach comes at night.

Sunday 2. A fine mild day. Go to Bakers in p.m. to reception, meet many nice people.

M 3. Mild fine day. De Loach and I

Tuesday the 4th

W 5

T 6

F 7

S 8

S 9

drive in p.m. Mrs. B. 80th birthday.

T 4. Colder, fine day. In p.m. leave De Soto Inn and go to Pastens on 23d St. an old friend of mine of 50 years ago, a fine house and a hospitable family.

W 5. Warm as April. Write in morning, drive in car in p.m.

T 6. Rain in night, clearing, colder. The night so warm I slept with only a sheet over me and windows open - too warm. (A sign of my approaching illness)

7. A dull chill at 6 p.m. followed by fever.

8. A return of my old trouble - bowels, clogged again. Take 1 1/4 gr calomel. Dr. Parker at 5 p.m. puts me to bed, temperature 101 2/5.

9. A thorough washing out, but fever returns every p.m. and ranges from 99 to 101, day after day appetite and sleep poor.

Dr P. makes thorough examination, heart, lungs, urine, blood and finds

nothing wrong - sees no reason why I should be ill. He comes daily till 15th. Temp, a trifle lower - does not get above 100 - only on in p.m.

Mrs. B. suffering from shingles.

W 19. We conclude to start for Experiment Ga. Leave in 4 1/2 p.m. Fever still on, a safe trip to Experiment.

T 20. Reach Atlants at noon. De Loach meets us; reach Experiment at 1.40 p.m. make ourselves believe we are better. But there hangs the fever - low.

T 21. No change for the better. Call Dr. Warren and am put through a course of drugs.

S 22. Not much change. Walk out a little and drive in car. Weather warm 74 degrees.

S 23. Weather warm 74 degrees.

M 24. No better, Mrs. B has bad cold.

T 25. Mrs. B. has grippe, call Dr. Thomas; her temperature 104 very shaky and despondent. I write to D.B. and tell her what to do if I do not come back

W 26. Mrs B. better; no temp, but bad cough.

I forgot to say that I coughed and raised a great deal of phlegm from the first and also blew masses of it from my nose, abdominal muscles got so sore I could not cough.

S 29. Ride in car in p.m. and get pretty tired.

Sunday 30. Feel better at 2 a.m. had 3 or 4 movements, without apparent cause; and two more in the morning, nature cleaning house I guess, slept better.

Fever did not return in p.m.

M 31. No temperature yet; but heart very unsteady.

Feb 1st. Have concluded to go to N.Y. to enter Sanitarium. De Loach and I start at 9 a good run to.

2. N.Y. through rain, sleet and snow. Reach N.Y. at 2 p.m. C.B. meets us and takes me to Dr. Karts Sanitarium 777 Park Ave, a fine place.

3. Doing well here; the food delicate and good. Sleep better, no temperature; face better.

4. Cold and clear; gaining. De Loach leaves for home today. What a faithful and helpful friend!

I left Mrs. B. over the grippe, but suffering from the shingles, and from spells of coughing. She urged me to come here, a wise move I think. Dr. Kast very attentive, and an expert in his line now at 4 p.m. I begin to feel quite normal. Two movements today, C.B. a great comfort - spends nearly half the time here.

Feb 22. Have been at Dr. Kasts sanitarium up to this time slowly picking up - the best of care and the best of the simpler foods. Appetite grew steadily and sleep improved nightly. C.B. here helping me on copy of "Under the apple trees."

Finished it and sent it off about the middle. Lost in weight a letter each day till this job was finished - then about the 15th began slowly to gain - 2 or 3 [onuses] per day, was down to 125 1/4 Feb 15. The tide turned about that time and now weigh 127 1/4 a few callers each day many flowers, Mr and Mrs Ford on 21st and 22nd.

Weather very cold and stormy most of the time.

On this day 22d Miss Hovey Roof comes and takes me to Lakewood, a bright mild day. C.B. goes back to West Park.

23. At the Roofs at Lakewood a large fine house with every comfort and many luxuries. I am in clover - think I can spend rest of month here very contentedly, most hospitable people .Mild and spring like today. Mrs B. gaining in Ga. "Far up the hill farm, a heather dips its wing in the bellony grain breeze"

The Yuraks in Siberia, sell believe that after long use your inavierate chattle acquire a soul, which after death can follow that of their owner and serve him once more in the spirit world, "a sermon on the Genesis." P 82.

Mch 1st. Have been at the Roofs since the 22d gaining steadily in weight and strength - have gained 4 1/2 lbs. We drive an hour or so nearly every p.m. Yesterday we drove to Spring Lake and Pt Pleasant and I had a view of the Atlantic again. I do no writing save letter writing, but read a good deal - have had a good deal of pleasure in [Mand] Havilands, (English) "a summer on the genesis," a new world and vividly described. Miss Haviland is indeed a very clever writer and a bird enthusiast. She has one fault - a woman fault - she puts everything in - cannot select and a bridge. Her fat volume cut down 1/3 would be greatly improved. But I owe her many pleasant hours. Then I have read the war books. Lowes Dickensons "Appearances" and dipped into many other books, and read 3 daily morning papers, and two evening papers.

A fine beginning of spring - clear and crisp, no snow on the ground - roads getting dusty. I sleep well and probably eat too much. Mrs. B. slowly gaining.

at Experiment, a finer winter climate here than its latitude would seem to warrant, - seems nearly as mild as Washington and more salubrious. But in such a home as I am in any climate would look fair.

Mch 1st. A bright cold day; still at the Roofs gaining fast.

7. Left the Roofs today for N.Y. a snow storm and cold. Throne finely at the Roofs - an ideal home and ideal family. Weighed 131 1/4 - gained 5 lbs there.

Mr. Pratt delivers me into the hands of the princess Lwoff - Parlaghy, the Hungarian portrait painter. She fairly makes a prisoner of me - captures me, but only her art captivates me.

15. Here I am still with the princess, portrait nearly finished - a great success - hope to see it done tomorrow. The princess as emotional and whimsical as a child - cried yesterday like a little girl because she thought I was hurrying her to finish the work. I calmed her, Markham and I as we would a child. And then she made rapid progress.

Weather very cold and stormy all the time I have been in N.Y. Yesterday p.m. went to the Winter testimonial at the Century Theatre, sat in the Box with Winter, Smater Roof Mallville Stone and 2 others.

Roof impresses me as a very superior man, and very likable. The show did not interest me. Markham's poem - a tribute to Winter - the best thing there was. I left at 4 1/2.

Mrs. B. still in Ga. and I fear is not making much progress, toward recovery - some spinal trouble is feared.

Rain and sleet this a.m.

- The idolaters are just as truly religious as the Christians or any other sect are. What they worship and pray to is an idea which their idol represents to them. The Christian's God is an idea which is symbolized more or less by the man Jesus Christ. Christ is represented by the cross. This is the Christian idol. The heathen with his idol is just as near the truth. All people and tribes make their own gods and make them largely in their own images - all religions are a kind of idolatry and I respect them all alike.

17. Cold, cold, snowed all day on Wednesday, deep at West Park 3 inches here. Clear and cold and windy yesterday and today. Princess says the portrait will be finished today. I shall go home tomorrow. I have gained much strength here and a pound or two in weight. The last few days have had more digestive disturbance than last week. Something wrong in my food. Will spring ever come?

No word from Mrs. B. for a week. Am trusting that no news is good news. De Loach in Braiden town Fla.

18. Home to W.P. this p.m. Cold. Glad to get back.

19. Snow deep - over 2 feet. But it looks good here. The river vast plain of snow, like mid winter, a little milder today. The Dr. and her family well. I enjoy being amid them. [Tell] Feel pretty well, stronger each day. Julian comes down in p.m. very glad to see him. Hud and his wife well.

20. A letter from Dr. De Loach of Atlanta to the Dr. says Mrs. B. has angina pectoris. It is shocking news, but I doubt its truth as does C.B. I pray she may not have to suffer this agony.

More snow at night.

21. Milder, snow light. Bright and warm; thaws. Looks spring like.

22. Snowing again. Every rainstorm foretold by the weather man in W. turns out to be a snow storm. This is the 27th snow storm this winter. Storm from N.E.

Another letter from Ga. De Loach still thinks Mrs. B. has angina Had a bad night Saturday, and in pain Sunday, but still went out riding.

A song sparrow today in a brush hop below the study uttering its scolding note - poor thing.

23. Snowed all day yesterday - 3 or 4 inches. Clear and cold this morning - down to 10 or 12.

Jany in March. But we had April in Jany. March has been a rugged winter month- have not seen many such in my life. I am feeling pretty well - but irregular heart action more or less every day, strength gaining - sleep not as good as it was in N.Y. A robin here yesterday. Mrs. B. not gaining much - am much disturbed about her. A day of great brilliancy and stillness.

thawing in p.m. not a speck in the sky. We came back from Ga. One year ago today. Roads dry and dusty there. Two feet of snow now.

24. Clear cold, near zero early this a.m. But milder and thawing in p.m.

25. Clear, milder, a robin full song this morning - brave bird! Sap weather seems near.

A Canada tree sparrow here this morning. Rather poor sleep last night.

- Good sap weather in p.m. Hud and I tapped 11 trees. Sap runs fast - getting slushy on the road.

26. Ideal sap day. Clear, calm crisp. In p.m. boil sap and enjoy the day greatly. C.B. and her children come out and sit around the boiling place; have 2 gts of syrup.

27. Still warm, but with South wind that checks the sap. Syrup off at dusk and have 2 gts. Phoebe bird today. Snow

going fast.

28. Still bright and warm, did not freeze last night; wind shifted. Sap starts off briskly this morning. Many bird voices in the air. A chipmonk up near Allens. John Barrus saw one Sunday on our wood pile. Patches of bare ground begin to appear. How eagerly the robins hunt them over. News from Mrs. B. still discouraging. De Loach thinks she is as well as she ever will be.

I am well these days, eat well, sleep well, and walk well, while she, poor woman suffers more or less every day.

30. Bright warm day, snow melting very fast water runs a torrent down the road past Julians house. Poor sap day, no frost in ground.

31. Clear lovely day, wind North. Froze a little last night.

Snow only in streaks here and there. Ice solid on river flocked with the old snow.

I sit here boiling sap. Sparrow songs all about me. Robins

calling and running over the bare ground. Phoebe looking about [much] the porch, a high hole calls below me near the river, not a musical sound, but oh, such a pleasant one to me! Blue birds warbling and calling everywhere - the plaintive note of the female and the happy eager note of the male. Through Starlings go by - a new form against the blue - more of our birds make just the same figure sweeping down the hill with half closed wings they suggest arrow heads.

How the old days when I helped boil sap in the home sugar bush and looked off over the scribed fields through the lucid air come back to me. I was happy then I am happy now - except when thoughts of my poor suffering wife cross my mind.

31. Ice broke up in river about noon - a broad open law of water stretching across the river appeared about noon, and the whole [beds] of ice began to move down.

April 1. Bright lovely day - only a little frost last night, snow nearly all gone. Sap run nearly over - get 5 or 6 pails full today

which I boil down after 4 p.m. sitting there by the boiling pan in my chair with eyes closed. I call up the scenes that were before me when I boiled sap in the home sugar bush long ago. There was no broad shining river in front of me then, mottled with little and big masses of floating ice, but long farm and valley and mountain vistas stripped with snow - the side hill fields near at hand with a belt of soiled and dwindling snow banks the meadows and pastures below me brown and white and to the south in the far distance interlocking ranges of wooded mountains, the memorable tall rough coated maples with their glistening tin buckets, standing amid the lesser growth of barch and birch trees making up the scene immediately about me. The voice of robins, blue birds, song sparrows nut hatches crows are heard as they are here. Hen's cackle about the barn, geese are noisy in the spring run, while the cows stand about the stable doors licking themselves or looking longingly toward the brown fields. I hear no railway trains or whistles - no sounds from the passing world. How I can call it all up again as I sit here beside my little streaming sap pan. The same feeling is in the air, the same sky and clouds over head, but now I am 79, there I was not 17, - a stretch of more than 60 years between these days and this, yet I am keenly enjoying these days and this sap boiling - largely I suppose because the past does so mingle with it all and color it. That robin and phoebe that I hear are the identical birds I heard in the old sap bush - that song sparrow touches the same chords in my heart.

From our old sap bush I used to look across the valley, two or three miles in an air line to the farm of sewer older on the broad slopes of the Batavia mountain. His sugar camp was in

the month of woods that cover all its upper portions. At night we used to see his camp fire many times when we were boiling sap in the early part of the night, how I looked across to his bush and saw his speck of light shining out through the miles of darkness. Seamer boiled sap there during many March and April days. His farm was the only one that stood tilted up on the mountain side giving us a full view. In spring we could see his plow at work turning over the sod; in summer we could see his hay making and hay gathering, and his grain harvesting. I was never in his house, nor ever saw his wife and children but I shall never forget him. He was a tall slender small - eyed man - a good farmer, a good citizen and neighbor and a man of some education. When I was a clerk

in the Treasury Dept in 1866 and 7. I was called from my desk one day in the office by the head of the room, Mr. Kennedy and I looked up and saw them before me Somer Older, I had not seen him since my boyhood. Had I beheld my great grandfather I could not have been more astonished, I certainly was glad to see him. How kindly the past looked out of his small blue eyes! He called at other times and came to my house on 1st St. E. Capital Hill. He had parted with his farm and was traveling on some business or other I never saw him later in life, nearly 40 years ago, while in the old school Baptist burying ground, I came upon a storn marked Somer Older. I passed long before it.

Apl 2d. Bright day - a little cooler no sap today. Do not remember so many birds in the spring as now; stay swarm every where - robins, blue-birds

juncos, song sparrows - probably 3 or 4 times as many as usual, many chipmonk in evidence also. And the ground mice

- what a holiday and gold day they have had under the deep snow. Their roads and tunnels and nests are everywhere in grassy fields, uncovered by the vanishing snow, never before saw signs of so many meadow mice. Their little settlements and villages on the surface of the ground under the snow are seen everywhere. What a picnick they have had! Free from danger with two feet of snow above them. They seem to leave eaten the grass. The little folk seem to have had a festival all winter under the snow.

In the p.m. walked over to the woods. Birds, birds everywhere. Heard the wood frogs just beginning to croak in a pool in the woods. On one pool where there were only a few holes in the ice, saw a number of frogs. (sylocticus) dart away, my first considerable walk

April 3. My 79th birthday. A mild lovely day; froze a little last night, and sap starts off briskly this morning. I am feeling very well - legs alone not quite up to par in strength. I sleep well and eat well, weigh 138 and am gaining.

- We have a maple sugar picnick in p.m. Julian and his family, Peterson and his, Hud and his and Mrs. Searing. We eat lockjaw from the snow in the sap pan. One snow bank yet near the well affords us the clean snow - a good time. I eat of the lockjaw very sparingly though it tastes as good as ever! Ice all disappeared from the river.

How I relish these fine April days! Good news from Mrs. B.

5. Start for N.Y. with C.B. to be present at the reception given by the Princess Parlaghy at her house 109 E. 39th St. to her friends and mine who wish to see her portrait of me. Spend the p.m. and evening there shaking hands with friends and strangers, nearly a hundred people came. All prefers to like the portrait.

6. Attend reception again in p.m. nearly as many more people come. At night go to Dr. Kasts to dinner. Stay at the Sanitarium.

7. Roosevelt and Bacon come to see the portrait at one. The Col. is fully satisfied with it. He is fairly bursting with energy and good cheer. Talks his way through others people's talk like a snowplow going through a snow bank. A miracle of vitality and power both in body and mind.

We return home in p.m.

8. A driving storm of rain and snow from N.E. all day and all night.

9. 3 or 4 inches of snow on the ground nearly gone by night, clearing.

10. Mild day. Mrs. B. in charge and Mrs. Johnson, comes on evening train; looks much better and is stronger than I expected to see her, walks up stairs by taking my arm. Julian brings her over in his car.

11. Fine day, Mrs. B. resting and doing well; very thin, but not much pain.

12. Clearing, windy, milder. Mrs. B. doing well. Drove my car yesterday p.m. from Julians down home. Sap weather over here.

13. Overcast still. Toads began to sing on the 11th. Walk up to new stone bridge in p.m. and back, sleep in study the past few nights.

14. Slow rain; air opaque and misty. Fine sleep last night. Peterson brings me some suckers.

Battle of Verdon still raging. I believe the hellish Germans will finally take it.

Clearing and cooler in p.m.

- Evidence everywhere of an unusual number of field mice under the snow the past winter and equal evidence that they were hard put for food. Along the walls I see where they barked the poison ivy - the white stems of the stripped vines are very noticeable. At the foot of the old cemetery. I see where they have barked a thick growth of young locusts - nearly every one, scores in all, have been stripped up from one to two feet from the ground. I see where they have peeled small seemachs, and young ash trees and wild cherry trees, under the hill near my study where the snow drifter in my deep, they ate the bark off dry pear tree limbs.

15. Clear, cooler, strong wind. Waves on the river show their white teeth.

17. Hud and I mend Slabsides roof.

18. Windy day with little rain, cold.

19. Bright day and cool and windy. Plant peas, onions, carrots, beets, spinach and radishes today, a drying day, growing warmer. Looks as if we might break with Germany on the sub-marine issue

hope we will and that war will follow. It might be our good luck to share in the honor and glory of helping the Allies crush this pirate of the seas and desperado of the land. Two eggs in the robins nest in my summer house.

20. An ideal April day, still slightly veiled moist, mild. I walk over through the Gordon fields up the little brook past the gravel pit, loitering here and there, standing a minute or two observing a hermit thrush only 20ft from me - he eyed me and I eyed him - then I sit a long time in the dim sunshine behind the stone wall and enjoy the sweet solitude of sheet in fields. I hear my first Cheswick, seen my first ruby crowned knight and fairly bask in the spirit of April. I see her glance in the full, clear happy streams, in the greening patches in the meadows and hear her voice in the calls

and songs of the mating birds. I see where the meadow mice have eaten the bark of young chestnut trees a foot or more above the ground. I see a robins nest in process of construction with great flakes of white horse hair woven into it and another new nest with strips of white tissue paper woven in. Why does the robin seem to delight in using such telltale material? A correspondent write me that a robin nesting near his house used the fragments of white paper be put out, but declined all fragments of colored paper, saw a robin with a touch of albinism - white quells in its tail and many white feathers on its rump as if flew it suggested a rose breasted grosbeak.

An hour walk hand in hand with April

21. A heavy blanket of clouds in deep folds and wrinkles covers the sky and drifts rapidly from the S.E. a striking and peculiar effect, the cloud lines so firm and continues and the whole drapery of the heavens so massive and flowing.

Began to rain at 10. with thunder.

22. Mild day. Drive out with Mrs. B. in p.m.

23. Cloudy and chilly, walk up to J's by river path in p.m.

25. Third day of cloud and chill. Drive to H. with Mrs. B. and Mrs Van B. Mild in p.m.

26. Still overcast from N. Mild at midday. Hud plowing the vineyards. Very languid and dull these days, legs tired without cause so far as I can see.

First brown derasker this morning in song on maple by the gate. Walk through the swamp in Gordons lot beyond Smith's; through turtle or land tortoises, a dump of pussy willows in bloom, humming with bees and shedding their butter - sweet fragrance on the air, no sign of the woodcock I was looking for; first tent caterpillars just hatched or weaving their tent before they had eaten - leaf buds just opening; in the vineyard below the house a scrap between a robin and a pair of blue birds - find the secret of it to be that both have preempted the same post - the robin building a nest on top and the blue birds occupying a downys hole 18 inches below. Then was much "jawing" on both sides and some tentative sparring. Clearing in p.m. and warm; drive Mrs. B. and Miss Van B. up to Port Ewen. Enjoy the drive, a flock of cedar birds daily feeding on rotten or frozen apples in Smith's garden. They set in an apple tree near by and apparently take turns in visiting the pet that holds the apples; they eat the spongy pulp.

27. Still cloudy with spits of rain and chilly, wind East. No real warmth yet this spring. 8 robins nests on my place that I know of. The development of the eggs in birds seem retarded by the cold as much as the birds are retarded.

A rabbit again lives under my study floor. In the winter C.B. fed him sweet apples. I saw him last night near dusk skipping about the study. I occasionally hear him under the floor at night or early morning.

- In the p.m. walk down by Gordons and Suleys ponds. In S.S. pond saw a muskrat come ashore and gather up a mouthful of dry leaves, take to the water again, swim down the pond and then dive for his hole, which led to his nest in the bank above the water hill. By what slight of hand he exported to keep these

leaves dry I could not imagine. Probably he knew they would dry out in his nest. On a steep bank above a little creek on the North side of the road I saw a long apron of redish yellow soil showing conspicuously on the dark surface of the ground, and starting from a point just under the path to a spring. On examination I concluded that a pair of Kingfishers were excavating a hole there for a nest, I must keep an eye upon it.

Back home along the river through Gordons woods, clouds of hepaticas, white, purple, lavender - in bloom here and there, anemones also.

I noticed that the musk rat in swimming appears to scull himself along with his tail - at least his tail has a twisting undulating motion. It does not passively drag behind.

28. Still cloud and chill and light rains from N.E. this the 6th day of dark wet chilly weather, a little sunshine on two afternoons.

30. Clearing. Drive to H. in p.m.

31. Sunday; a perfect day and warm. John Shea and Pietro and Klean and others come in p.m. by motor from N.Y. a fine time with them. Miss Owing from P. and Mr. Pierce come also. I told them I had just received a telegram from Mr. Ford saying he had seen two bobolinks and it cost me 40 cents. Shea said he supposed I was glad he did not see a flock of bobolinks. The telegram was forwarded from Roxbury, Shea drove his car to Greenwich that night or the next morning wired, he arrived at one a.m. safely but said he saw no bobolinks

May 1st. Lovely warm day with a soft haze, make more garden in forenoon. Drive Mrs. B. and C.B. to Wester Park in p.m. Poor sleep last night.

Slept on the porch.

Kingfisher finished her hole Saturday and I think began laying on Sunday.

2. Cloudy this a.m. Clearing and cooler in p.m. no rain. Wrote 7 letters this a.m. and made a bird house out of an old hollow cherry limb this p.m.

The wren here today.

4. Brisk thunder shower last night. Clearing and cooler today. Spend forenoon at S.S.

Oriole and cat bird here today. Cherry trees and plum trees in bloom. Shed blow in the wood, first bumble bees.

5. Cloudy, misty this morning and cool, no frost for some weeks and no warmth.

Peas up in garden. Maple by the road just shaking out its tassels. Pear trees just ready to bloom. Crab apple showing the pink.

On the eve of a break with Germany - hope it will come ,and that war wlill follow, and that all the other neutral natives will join in. Then make a finish of the Hems.