

[XLVIII]

Diary from

Nov 27, 1916

to

March 23d, 19 17

1917

28. Go down to see Mrs. B. Find her about the same - lies there in her bed looking very thin, but does not complain much. Julian and his family go with me in big car. Fine day.

29. Mild. I write each day in study on nature Love.

30. Steady rain all night, much needed. Clearing today. Go up to J's to dinner, and walk home. Send 2 bird papers to Harpers.

Dec 1. Fine mild calm day. Wonderful weather, still writing.

2d. Lovely day. Go to P. to see Mrs. B. unchanged though color is better

3d. Another bright quiet lovely day. Feel good. The Russels emulsion seems to give me a very smooth fating as if it oiled all my machinery, must rest from my writing for a few days.

Have written 9 essays since May, 3 on birds, one for youths companion, one for the art world called "The Good Devils" 2 on Nature love, and one called The Natural providence and one called The Price of Development, or Biology and War or Development and War. (Which?)

8. A fine mild week - like October. Write in study each a.m. Down to P. on Wednesday to see Mrs. B. keeps about the same. In bed all the time

a lovely day yesterday. Walk down by the river in p.m. and up through the Payne place, and home, no wild life at all. Today cloudy in a.m. clearing in p.m. Freezes a little each night. Feel pretty well, weigh 134. House very lonely. Send paper to Art World today, on nature, a good deal pestered by demands of friends and strangers.

9. Mild, cloudy, light rain in p.m. Go down in car with J. and P. to see Mrs. B. slowly failing I fear. I can not keep the thought of her out of my mind.

10. Bright calm day but sharp. Write in a.m. up to J's for dinner. Walk home.

Still moonlight nights.

11. Clear, calm sharp; froze hard last night. Feel well.

12. Heavy wet snow all day.

13. Clearing colder. Go to P. to see Mrs. B. - no better.

14. Clear, sharp, down to 16 this morning. Expect to bring Mrs. B. home today.

15. Mrs. B. home yesterday; stood the trip well.

16. Snow all day, 6 inches.

17. Cold, windy, snow drifting.

18. Down to near zero this morning. Mrs. B. holds her own a rime on all the trees this morning; falls like glittering star dust as wind sters. Clear cold day.

19. Overcast; threatens more snow. Write in study.

22. Rain and snow.

24. Clear and cold, snow and ice.

25. Xmas. Cloudy in morning, cold. Walk to Slabsides, enjoy the walk, Partridge tracks made while snow was soft. Clearing and colder in p.m.

Dine with C.B. on roast duck, Mrs. B. comes down to dinner, and eats well. But really no stronger, undoubtedly her last xmas, though I suspect she does not think so.

26. Clear, still cold. River full of floating ice, my walk yesterday helped my dizzynes, must walk every day, use my legs more and my brain less.

27. Storm, keen winter days.

30. Down to 4, a glaze of ice everywhere, a bright keen day.

- The sound of an ox in the winter woods - how I love to hear it. It suggests heroic warmth.

Mrs. B. keeps feeble.

- It is the modern exciting spirit without wellowness or ripeness or atmosphere driving at the hard literal truth or fact in the matter, - the spirit of business efficiency of an industrial economic age, that would value the sky only for the bluing in it.

31. Sunday, mild, pleasant day.

1917

Jany 1. Mild day. Write a little and poke ground. Mrs. B. about the same.

2, 3, 4. Calm, mild overcast days with moon at night. River like a masses with large fields of floating ice.

5. A little frost last night. Raining from S. at 9.

6. Rain and fog all day yesterday. Colder but clear and lovely today and not too much wind. I see this juncos and Canada tree sparrows running over the hard snow pecking at the weeds, and I think over what a wide belt of the country, East, West, South there, brave little birds are running over the snow pecking at the weeds and apparently with cheerful hearts. What millions of them the country must hold at this time. Every day, or every hour some of them somewhere are caught by hawks or cats, though they are on their guard every moment. In my boyhood we used to call the junco "the black chipping bird". They used to nest on the old farms and do yet. The tree sparrow I did not know.

my friend Hamilton Matic was buried on the 3d, I should have gone to the funeral, I miss him from the world. I saw him on the 16th of Nov, at the academy meeting. He write me that he [expect] was happy in the prospect of being as well as ever again. Alas! alas! He was a lovable and helpful man, not one of the original men, but a very serviceable man in a literary age. I doubt if his books will last, but his friends will not forget him. He did not touch nature directly but through books, he sustained first hand relations with very few things, which is true of most of us. He show in some of his editorials in the outlook, and how he did shine as toast master at a club or other public dinner; never saw his equal. And now the eternal darkness and stillness surrounds him.

Peace to his ashes.

12. End of the mild weather, a cold wave - near zero.

13. Cold, but cloudy, still writing in C.B's home this p.m. two days on account of the cold. Mrs. B. about the same.

14. Rained hard all night and still raining, warm, snow nearly gone. Winter does not hold his grip. Writing on E's journals. The hideous win with talk of peace. Still fills all the horizon.

18. Mild week so far, no snow. Down to 20 some nights.

Smooth ice on river.

To P. yesterday. Weight 134.

26. Even mild winter weather since my last entry. Snow ending in rain. Still well, still writing. Finishing on essay on Environs journals

29. Clear sharp fine winter weather continues. Keep well, a flurry of snow now and then. Mrs. B. slowly failing. About done with writing on Emersons journals and have written over 20,000 words, good, bad and indifferent.

- My thoughts are born faster than I can care for them and set them up in the world.

- Not a fresh word or idea in S's writing. They seem as if they might have lain in pickle in some academic closet for generations, correct, scholarly, logical, but dead, dead,

(Jan, 1917)

31. Every week come letters asking my views on this or that subject. Last week came a letter from Perary Grant asking me if I thought a belief in immortally necessary to a useful and efficient life, another from [a] N.Y. clergyman asking my idea of God.

From Brooklyn Eagle Jany 28. What was the last thing that happened to you in your childhood? What the most important lesson learned on your youth?

A request from Dr. John Finley to come to Albany on my birthday.

Canadian Camp Fire Club war letter for their next dinner.

31. Fine day, thawing. Heavy thunder and rain at night.

Feb 1. Cloudy, misty, calm a big flock of red - pols in vineyard, keep pretty well, no apparent change in Mrs. B.

9. Snow and rain and cold and warm, since my last entry. I work along on Emerson and his journals and enjoy it. Keep pretty well, but sleep broken, a good deal. Wife slowly failing we think on the 7th. C.B. Hud and I took our first sleigh ride around the back road to Esopus and home. Ice on river 8 or 9 inches. Ice boating has been good. Down to 4 above this morning. Bright and cold today

11. Bright sharp day - down to 4 above this morning. Still at work on the Emerson journals paper.

12. Bright and cold - down to - 8. Write in study.

13. Colder - down to 10 and 12 below this morning. Clear calm. Write in study on E's journal.

Wife sleeps most of the day, talks but little nourishment. The metabolism of the body almost at a stand still, complexion very sallow, "come soothing death, in mercy come quickly."

14. Hazy milder, up to 14. Mrs. B. seems better today at least not so torpid. Bowels and kidneys move.

- Wilsons speech before the senate in Jany, was from its elevation of thought, and the source from which it emanated like a message written upon the sky which all the world could

read and which all the world will in turn read and heed, novels so full of memory and prophecy fulfill themselves, they work on mens imagination. Is this dream and universal peace and justice, ever to be realized? not unless such things as the president said, are said by men in positions to command attentions and win respect.

19. Leave at noon with Mr. Ford on his private car for one Southern trip. Julian with us to go to N.Y. I am well but leave Mrs. B. reluctantly. She hardly realizes that I am off, though she gave her consent some days ago, yet she asked me how long I would be gone. I stood by her bed side some moments gazing upon her emaciated face, yellow with jaundice and wondered if I would ever see it again, not believing that I would, I rested my face on hers a moment and said "Good by" "Good by dear." she said, and we parted probably for the last time - over 60 years had I known her and been her husband 59 1/2 years. I can no longer feel the acute grief that I felt a few months ago, nature well not keep up that strain. She is almost the same and dead to me now. Every hour she is in my mind and I would weep if I could. How pitiful it all is. Oh, if she could only be spared the suffering - if she could only go to sleep and not wake up!

We reach N.Y. at 3 p.m. I stay on the car, at 9 1/2 p.m. our train is off. Cloudy and cold.

20. I look out of my window this morning at 7 1/2 and see we are south of the Potomac - fox red soil, black slender pears, scrub oak, a wild, neglected unkempt look in the landscape, muddy streams, poor farm houses. We pass Richmond before noon, raining in p.m. a heavy thunder shower, standing water in the fields and woods, warmer. In mid afternoon hear blue birds and the little piping frogs - very spring like. The smell of fertilizer in the air all the way to Charleston. Piles of it in bags at the stations ready for the cotton planting. Reach Charleston about midnight.

21d. Bright and clear. We spend the day in C. Go aboard the boat at noon, a beautiful yacht, - a dream of elegance and luxury my room 12*12, and sumptuously fitted up, joins the room of Mr. and Mrs. Ford, too fine for a Slabsider like me. In p.m. we go in the launch out to the German steamer sunk a few weeks ago - a huge work a day iron steamer lying more than waste deep in the water. It looked German, coarse, dirty, ugly, 400 feet long, sank by the crew no doubt under orders from home. At 5 p.m. we drive about the city, rather disappointing to me, common place antiquated but without the dignity of age, chops, wooden buildings predominating, narrow streets a lovely day, like April at home. We pass the night on the boat.

22. An ideal morning. Clear, soft, calm. I see Fort Sumpter low in the distance sea-ward, our supplies all come aboard - big fat turkeys, poultry, lamb, vegetables e.t.c. e.t.c. - too much by more than half, at 10 a.m., we hoist anchor and slowly move away, our captain quite a young man, a new Englander, very quiet and modest, looks like the real thing, 30 men in all in the crew. Six of us with 2 children and a nurse. All day on a blue placid sea, calm as the Hudson River, though one feels the slow pulse of the sea under all, 10 knots an hour. I walk and sit and read upon deck - ideal in every particular, not a flaw in anything, except at table where my appetite is too good and the food too rich and abundant. But I am on my guard, a little warbler, the red poll

I think comes aboard and hangs about the yacht for a long time, apparently very hungry, a trop of gulls hover over our wake and storm all day. What grace, what ease, what mastery of flight. Oh, if he could do things in words with the same grace and ease that gulls fly! that were literature. There is even a hint of literature in his symmetrical figures in which the sailors coil their ropes on the deck - a sort of double 8. Thinking of literature, I thought of a new adjective that fitted the look of the sea in the p.m. - the rocky - faced sea. It has probably never been used. It had the rock face that the masons like to put on their stone. It is not very good.

23. Off shore from St. Augustine. Clear, calm and warmer, perfect, no motion to disturb a baby. I had rather a bad night from indigestion, ate stuff

at supper - tomatoes and lettuce - that I should not have eaten. Trouble to urinate. Better this morning and hope to profit by the lesson. I must not take any acid thing in the p.m. and must eat less of other things.

Now at 11 1/2 the sky is clear, the sea sparkles, the boat glides smoothly along and all is well - all is perfect.

We had the news news by wireless at midnight. The air is full of news, if you only have the tools to pick it out, I shall never cease to marvel at it all. Mr. Ford had a message from Edsel at Detroit this morning via Miami.

- In the middle of a still blue shield all day, sailing, sailing and never getting off the magic shield, it journeys with us

24. Still a bright sun and smooth seas, summer warmth. Put on my light gray suit this morning. Slept without any cover most of the night. The sea disturbs my inner economics, though so calm. But yesterday p.m. and last night the boat rolled a good deal, a satin sea this morning, the vast silk surface undulating gently over the deep breathing of the old man of the sea.

The Fla, shore quite near, at 9 we pass Palm Beach and get a glimpse of the great hotels and the real roofs rising above the green of buildings in the town. We see motor cars rushing along on the level road above the beach, no birds, no sea gulls this morning. Yesterday a pretty sight was two porpoises racing with one boat only a few feet away; we could look down upon their backs as they ran like hands side and side easily keeping up with us (12 miles an hour) and so far as I

could see, not

moving a fin. The subtle and powerful muscular propelling effort of the whole body could not be seen. I fancied their ears lain back like a racing dogs. They followed us an hour or more; now on one side of the ship and then on the other, evidently in high glee that they could keep up with us. What jolly sportive creatures they are - the school boys of the sea. As I looked down upon them their heads and snouts suggested these of pigs. Several times they turned at right angles and dived under the boat and raced on the other side - just to show us what stunts they were capable of, our wireless man has caught no news from the air this morning.

This operator by the way, is a superior looking young man - a fine massive head and face. He had chamberlin's "Foundations

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a yacht club) Come off to see us in Benedicts boat. The "commandere" a character, 83, large means, wide experience through travel and business, full of anecdotes gets people by the ears at once and holds on till you are tired, a good story teller, but a little too complacent and confident. Plants himself in fruit of Mr. Ford and envelops him like an octopus, we sit about and listen amused but finally board, as we want to go ashore. At last we are off. Foresters cars meet us and we are soon at his grand place at "Lemon" (Why is lemon less dignified as the name of P.O. than Orange? Large picturesque house and Garage of coral rock with orange and grape fruit groves and scores of coconuts trees on the marge of the bay. One of the finest places I ever saw - ideal in many ways. The grass is like May. I smell it and feel like eating it. F. has 7 children all young ranging from 2 to 19 - 6 boys and one girl the youngest a beautiful family, a happy home. in the Orange grove we see 2 robins and many red poll warblers a hard frost or freeze (28 degrees) a few weeks ago, wrought havoc with vegetation here, killing all the pine apples, many kinds of plants and vines, browning the leaves of all the coconut palms and of a low orchard like tree of which I did not learn the name, but orange and grape fruit trees unharmed, after dinner we drive 6 or 7 miles to coconut grove and enjoy it much, a big place by Deering, shows much money and little task. Miami a large fine town (20,000) at 7 we are back in the yacht, a warm night and poor sleep for me, heart very irregular. Feel like going home, so it the climate or what is it, that makes my heart so unsteady - a hop-skip and jump action. Probably it is the unstable equilibrium of the sea, working on my stomach e.t.c.

26. Still clear and hot, but more wind. I feel good and strong and look so, but heart still capricious. I am cutting down on my eating and taking a little strychnine - 2 tablets a day. Sea so rough that the trip ashore and the excursion with the Firestones up the canal into the Everglades is abandoned. Will start in p.m. for Key West.

Every night between 8 and 9 our wireless man picks the news out of the air with his wire net. Think of it! over our heads here in the dark air darts and shoots all the important news of the day and no one the wiser except as it is revealed by his instrument, a net work of pulsing

lines over head, news of the great war of world calamities of doings in distant continues e.t.c, which our senses are too dull to apprehend, all about us these news vibrations go and come and cross and recross each other and we know it not. What magic, what spirits are here! Mr. ___ sets there in his little room on the upper deck, with the receivers in his ears, and writes as the messages from the heavens are conveyed to him. Such things reveal to us how much more fine and marvelous nature is - the coarse common nature about us - than we had dreamed. If we could reach its real interior and interpret it would then be any room for spirit? Would not matter and spirit be seen to be one?

tail unless the fox or some other enemy has hold of it. But to keep your tail and your independence too, that is the trick. Feb 26, at sea.

25. At anchor off Miami very quiet and warm. We go in launch into Miami. Mr. and Mrs. Firestone meet us with 2 cars and take us to their place 4 miles out to dinner, a place of great beauty, very large picturesque stone house with very in front and orange groves at the back, see 2 robins on the ground in the orange grove, a hard frost a week or two ago, killed all the pine appear and all the leaves of the coconut palms and of several other kinds of trees. Oranges and grape fruit escaped after dinner we take a long drive about the semi tropical country, very novel and interesting.

27? 26. Off for Key West today, a warm clear day, "Commondon" Benedicts yacht leading us down the coast.

28? 27. At Key West, a large town 20,000 people, island 7 miles long and 3 wide. We stay 2 days, drive about the town, take on oil and water, a conspicuous feature, the 2 tall wireless towers much of our news picked out of the air at sea, came from these towers.

28. Clear, East wind still, at 10 we are off for Havana, a choppy sea, I lie on my bed most of the way, as also the others - not sick, but head in a whirl, at 8. p.m. we enter Havana Harbor and anchor in the still waters of the fine spacious harbor.

Mch 1st. At Havana, warm but not hot. We go ashore and drive about.

2d. Friday. We are off on a 50 mile drive inland to see some large sugar plantations. A large superb road for 20 or more

miles the road is arched by huge Spanish Laurel trees. Their branches interlock over head making regular green gothic arches. Mr. Ford and 3 planters (American) and I in a Packard car, a prominent feature of the landscape, the scattered Royal palms, their plums streaming back or waving in the wind like the head gear of Indian chiefs no country home or farm in our sense; thatched windowless huts here and there with open door. The dwellings of the better class in villages toeing on the streets, no glass in even the best houses, windows with iron grating and blinds; how low, only one story and always with a colonade front and ornamental, no pretty creeks or streams, plenty of broken limestone everywhere in the fields often a serious obstruction to cultivation. In one section a stone wall on each side the road built of these shapeless limestone, gray with the weather, no woods, no crops, but sugar cane and an occasional field of corn, in the car now, no orange groves, no orchards of any kind. The fields where they were not under the plow, had a rough unkempt look - low bushes, weeds and tufts coarse dry grass. Nocks of

boat tailed grackles, here and there and now and then a king bird and a shrill and a mocking bird, no crows, but buzzars very common and a few red poll warblers, also I saw one ring walk plover, now and then a yellow butterfly. The limestone rock here is cream colored and soft - not blue and hard like ours. It is of much later date when the rock builders had less time and poorer material. In the p.m. we visited the large plantation of senior Polayo at Rosario by far the finest I ever saw. It [was] is indeed a truly imperial plantation, of 13,000 acres of the best sugar lands level and stretching away on either hand as far as the eye could see. The mills were on a scale to match - very clean and orderly and pleasing to look upon from the outside. The output is over 1,200 bags for about 3 months. The puday house of the owner was one of the best I have seen, and his

Spanish hospitality was perfect. We had refreshments of orange juice, rolls, guava paste e.t.c. The garden behind the house was a tropical thicket of several acres, a dense green retreat of all kinds of tropical or semi-tropical trees and vines. The cinnamon tree was among them. It was an ideal spot when one wanted to linger and dream. The owner of the plantation had turned down an offer of 4 million dollars for the place. He was a Spaniard over 60 iron gray and spends his time between Cuba and Spain. He did not speak a word of English, nobody in Cuba, but Americans does.

His great dignity and country was very pleasing. In the mill, the cane was coming in by car loads, or train loads at one end and going out in big sacks of sugar (325lbs) at the other - only 2 or 3 hours from the cane to the sugar.

(In mathematics 2*2 make four, but in human life, or in the world of living things, two and two often make 3 or 5, add two men to two men and you may have the power of only three men

or may have the power of 5 or 6, according to your standard. Life is incommensurable.)

3. Warm day, all day aboard the boat resting. At night we go over to the city and do errands and poke about. I stand on a street corner 15 minutes and count 50 motor cars going by - all of them Fords. By day I have seen a few other make of cars. The paper here said they hoped Mr. Ford would not be run over during his visit by one of his own cars.

4. Sunday. Ate some roast duck yesterday and had a bad night. Mr. Ford and his friends go on a 100 mile trip into the country, but I do not feel equal to the trip, shall loaf here today, and quell the rebellion inside me. A hot day, the hottest yet, with some rain.

5. Cooler, wind in N. with clouds and light showers. I am better and enjoy the day reading and loafing, no word from home we left Key W.

6. The Ford party did not return till this morning at 5, muddy tired and dissheveled.

Cloudy and still cooler from N. I had a good night. The papaya seems to be doing me good - if I can only get enough of it. Not a gull in this harbor since we came.

7. Bright hot day. Ford and his friends off again. I stay here and read and muse. Go over to town in a.m. and send telegram home. In p.m. at 3 as I sit alone on the upper deck reading an editorial in N.Y. Evening Post on Mr. Howells 80th birthday, a telegram comes from C.B. saying my wife died peacefully yesterday - a blow I have been daily looking for and which I thought I was prepared for. Here in this peaceful harbor on this calm summer day with the big ship going and coming about me, came this sad news, a long chapter in my life nearly 60 years, ended, I am too much crushed to write about it now.

8. Poor sleep, something is wrong physically as well as mentally. Write to C.B. and to Julian, telegraph to C.B. "shall I come home?"

The Ford party all off 50 miles into the country to visit the Rosario plantation of [sorghum], Pelayo. I have no heart to go with them, but rather crave a little solitude on the nearby hills at 11 a.m. the launch puts me ashore on the N.E. side and I walk up on the ridge overlooking the sea. Even nature in her harsher aspects in the tropics soothes and heals. I stand and loiter long on the breeze ridge and look North upon the great blue crescent of the sea. I have but one thought and am glad to be alone with it on the hills. I walk and stroll 1 1/2 hours and do not mind the heat (above 80) But little wild life,

a long tailed native black bird, a slim brown warbler (?) on the ground here and there, long slender swift footed salamanders darting about, a few swallow in the air buzzards soaring, a mocker or two, some large yellow flowers or low shrubs like our yellow gerardia, with pleasing medicated odor, two white sails far off at sea, good state roads, grass grown, pass a chicken farm, and some dairy cows, two or three vivid green patches of something like Hungarian grass, some plowed fields of dark rich looking soil, are recently sown with corn. The launch comes for me and I am on the yacht at one, a quiet p.m. with my sad and homesick thoughts. At 5 wash myself out twice with good results, my beloved papaya a failure I fear must cut it out.

9. Bright and warm, a better sleep but how I am living in the past! How I go over and over my last days with her. One cannot forestall the pain that the death of near and dear ones is bound to bring. When the fear becomes the reality, how naked we stand. I had anticipated these days over and over and felt secure, fore warned I was, but I could not be forearmed. In my old age this bereavement falls upon me and I am less able to meet it than I would have been years ago. Then life had more future, now it is so nearly all in the past tense. Without C.B. and Julian and his children what would I do!

Go to the city once today to get N.Y. papers. Walk an hour or more on the deck and sit there alone in the p.m. Finished reading the life of Emerson with long sad thoughts. How much since we have been in this harbor have I lived with Emerson and Carlyle, through this Cabots life of him and through his English traits. How these two men do come home to me! Cabot omits two incidents in E's life known to me - his presence at the Dr. Holme's 70th birthday breakfast at the Hotel Brunswick in Boston in Dec 1879, when I saw him and spoke with him and with Holmes and Whitter. He took no part except to eat his breakfast with the rest of us, but he looked as serene and god like as ever.

The other incident is E's visit to Baltimore and Washington in Dec. (I think) 1871, when he lectured, Walt Whitman and I went over to Baltimore and met him and heard the lecture. It was then that E. said "I have your wake Robin on my table, capital title, capital title," but said nothing about the contents. I heard him also in W. on manners I think. I met him or waylaid him at the B and O station and carried his satchel into the train and got a little talk from him. It was then that he said on my naming Whitman, that he wished Ws friends would quarrel a little more with him about his poetry. He said also that Agisso was his teacher rather than Darwin He went back to B. for another lecture and I sent him my "notes on W.W and a letter, but got no reply.

10. Bright, calm and warm again a repetition of yesterday but on deck at 7. Have my walk in the fresh morning air soft tufts of clouds in the sky drifting from the East clouds here so far softer lighter, more cottony than ours, no solid walls of clouds, or heavy massive cloud canopies or form strata of clouds so far, as I walk the deck I look off yearningly toward the green and brown hills where I walked with my sorrow, on the 8th I left something of myself on those hills. I lived on that solitude one hour of intensified life, no other point in the horizon so attracts me now. Thoughts of my poor lost one consecrate those hills. Oh, if she could only know how my heart went out to her that day!

Mch 11. Leave Havana harbor at 4 a.m. I get up and in the dim light have a last view of it. The days of my live passed here and its longest and most important chapter closed. The thought of the death of my poor wife colored every home since the news came on the 7th.

As soon as we pass Morro Castle the vessel began to roll and continued to roll badly all the way to Key West. I look to my bed as did all of us. Before we were over I had to pay tribute to old Neptune. Reach Key West in p.m. Hot.

12. Off for Ft Myers in p.m. Smooth seas.

13. In the island studded bay of the chabooshebutchie 18 miles below Ft. Myers, at 10 a.m. take the power boat for F.M. In two hours we are afloat again and headed for Tampa 25 miles away. Bright coolish day.

The gulf of Mexico stinks. The two nights we have been upon it its breath has been an offense in my nostrils. I guess the drainage from the southern state and the great N.W. corrupts it, no salt sea smell at all, so far.

We see many Pelicans each day, a grotesque looking bird, almost comical. But when he dives for a fish and is within 25 feet of the water he is suddenly transformed. With his bill pointing straight down and his wings nearly closed, he looks like the spear point of Jove, hurled into the sea.

We are shot over the water at the speed of 20 miles per hour. It is exhilarating - a good automobile gait. Reach the town in one hour.

Edison not there. Spend the day at the Ford house and walk an poke about. Mr. F. and I walk to town and back; hot 80 degrees. Start back to yacht at 4.

14. Up to Ft. Myers again this morning with one gray horned boat. Spend day there very pleasantly and walk to town, a hot day. Leave at 5. and on aboard yacht at 6. At dark we hoist anchor and are off for Tampa, smooth seas. Have good view of the southern cross, near the horizon.

15. Wake up in Tampa Bay, a fog, some envelops us. At six we run a ground on a sand shoal. In Tampa decide to take train for home, on account of the impending R.R. strike. Leave T. at 9 p.m. Mr. Mayo and I.
16. Wake up in Jacksonville, a fairly good night, at 9 a.m. my train is off for Washington, very warm, at noon we are near Savanna. Steadily and very perceptibly we run into cooler air. In p.m. very pleasantly cool.
17. Wake up at Richmond, Va. At 9 1/2 we are at Washington an hour late. It is raining I see the dome of the capital - the face of an old and dear friend. What memories it awakens! Ten years my best years were passed in sight of this dome. Our train is late in leaving and we are one hour late at N.Y. no reaching home today. At 5. I get train for Poughkeepsie and am at the Morgan house at 7 1/2
18. Clearing and colder. Julian comes down in his car and meet me at the ferry. Reach home at 8 1/2, very sad, but very glad to be in a haven of rest once more. C.B. glad to see me.
19. Very cold and windy, down to 15 degrees. Ice solid on river, but robins and song sparrows here.
20. Moderated a little. Tap the trees, so glad to be here again.
21. Fine sap day, wind N. Boil sap in p.m.
22. Clear, fine sap day, sugar off in p.m. with Julians family and some little girls here, a real sugar maple picnic. Plenty of snow near the house, streaks and dabs of old snow here and there in the landscape. Boat goes through the ice, up and down.
23. Boil sap again. Wind in S.W. Prospects of rain. John comes down and we boil sap in p.m. Phoebe bird here. Rain at night