

Diary from
Dec 5, 1917

to
Oct 31st, 1918

Dec 8. Cold, down to 10. Cloudy, began to snow at noon.

Cut wood and spend much time in open air.

Yesterday walked by the river in a.m. In p.m. went to Slabsides, no wild life some a flock of Canada sparrows near Riverby.

9. Cold, clear, snowed in the night, nearly 3 inches, a cold dry bright Dec so far.

10. Down to 6 this morning with N.W. wind. River nearly covered with ice.

11. Cold, clear, down to 8 degrees. Ice fast in river. Eat, sleep and work well, but am thin. The horrible war - who can store up fat [at] in such times?

Walk to S.S. in p.m. start a partridge form under my shed. The sight and sound of her hardy wings did me good, no other tracks on the snow, save an occasional

mouse and red squirrel. Surface of the snow way where fretted and etched by wind blown leaves and twigs.

12. Still cold - down to 6. Ice in river solid, signs of snow in the air. Send letter to Tribune, returned from Times.

13. Still cold, near zero. Water pipes froze up. River ice solid, snow predicted. 2 robins this morning, one of them about done up, a song sparrow very brisk and very tame. Colder weather coming.

14. About 15 inches of snow last night, leg deep in places between house and study, a little milder, clearing. Mrs. Canfield here. Still writing a little. Letter in N.Y. Sun.

15. Clear, colder. Hud was all day shoveling us out. Atlantic returns my paper. "Is nature cruel?" (Later, paper no good, repeat myself, shall re-write it)

mind still active and sleep good. My poor wife came home one year ago yesterday, never to go away again, except on the last journey.

16. Below zero. Rugged writer Mrs. Canfield here. Write in a.m.

17. Still clear and cold, mercury around zero, a robin today; 4 or 5 letters appreciation of my letter in N.Y. Tribune of the 14th.

18. Cold and clear. Off to N.Y. today with C.B.

21. Home today from N.Y. - the ugliest city in the world - mud and slush and confusion and crowds everywhere, N.Y. is about 4 cities deep, and then is only one system of surface streets and they are crowded and congested by ones

endurance. Huge trucks and autos and way ones fill the streets and people

crowd the sidewalks. Spent two nights with the Prichards on 60th Str. one day at Rowlands, had one dinner with the Leonards on Gramercy Park, slept well, but had little pleasure.

22. Milder. C.B. comes home today.

23. Bright mild day. Julian and his family here, colder in p.m.

24. Cloudy and milder from S.W. threatens rain, snow much settled.

Letter in Tribune brings many responses.

25. To Julians to dinner. C.B. furnishes the duck. Cloudy and cold.

30. Colder and colder. Clear and dry. Down to 22 and 24, below zero this morning - the coldest I have seen it here.

Water pipes all frozen, clear.

31. Down to 20 below. Fearful, clear, a struggle to keep warm furnace heat and open wood fire. The poor birds almost succumb to the cold my little song sparrow hangs on and accept my offer of cream of wheat Intense cold and suffering all over the country - shortage of coal holds to the calamity. I keep well and do some writing, another letter to Tribune sent on Saturday 29th.

Jany 1st 1918. Still clear and cold - 10 to 20 below, I have never seen the cold of the winter come on so steadily and increase so regularly, I recall no winter like it - for 3 months now a steady tightening of the pressure - little or no fluctuations, no spasms but the steadiness of strength, no South wind, not one warm day and but little storm, save the 16 inches of snow in Dec.

The new year finds me in pretty good health, writing in morning, and sawing and splitting wood nearly 1 hour in p.m. mere easily tired than one

year ago, but my interests in the war, in nature in books as keen as ever. Weigh about 32. Ann practically well, sight and hearing good, memory a little more uncertain, appetite as good as ever, sleep fairly good, the old Adam slowly hauling in his horns. Have written at least 1/2 a vol. the past year, though have published but little. Four or five letters on the

war and the Germans in Dec. The Tribune letter brings many responses, papers written since last April. "The spring bird procession" in hands of Atlantic, "a mid summer idyl". "The singing birds", "atoms and orbs" all in the hands of Harper, "Is nature cruel" in hands of the century. "What I get from science" on hand unfinished, paper in N.Y. Times" Supplant (Sunday) on "might and right" and at least 5 or 6 other short papers on phases of nature.

my neighbor Mrs. Smith died last week in N.Y. of pneumonia. I shall miss her greatly, a superior woman, and a live wire in the neighborhood. What of good and bad does the new year hold for me? I am glad I do not know. If it only brings the end of the war - on the terms of the Allies that will be good enough.

2. Still clear and cold - 10 below this morning. As the ice thickens the groaning and mumbling of the river becomes less noticeable. The river sleeps more soundly. What a curious elusive ventriloquial sound it is! The ice demons seem to be signaling to each other, carrying on a dialogue that the world is not to hear or understand. Vague as a dream, everywhere but no where chords of sound floating in the air, to locate them would be like trying to locate the rainbow, they are in swift motion now here, now there.

To the walker or skater on the ice they are as vague and elusive in their origin as to the listener [walker] on land. They shoot under your feet and echo far off in a twinkling. All through the night one hears these ice sleepers snow - no it is not like a sleeper snoring, it is more like a sentry calling out the home, often it is a resounding grunt - than it is like a giant belching wind. When the river first freezes over, it is more noisy, any change of temperature causes the ice to let off musical valley. It is a hooping and a shouting, like boys coming out of school. But as the cold increases and the ice deepens, the sounds become like more pronounced chest tones fewer and more muffled.

3. Still cold, and nearly clear, down to - 10 this morning, wind N. The grunting of the ice this morning seems to come from bottom of the river. The rivers sleep is becoming more and more profound. The Canada tree sparrows go drifting through the vineyards like brown leaves blown by a gentle wind. What do they find? A few seeds of the pig weed probably shaken out by the wind. Two of them came on the walk under the kitchen window when C.B. had sprinkled some cream of wheat. But they did not eat it, apparently they did not recognize it as food. It was white and their weed seeds are black or brown. It took my little song sparrow 4 or 5 days to find out that the [whe] cream of wheat grains, which I put on a shingle and placed on the snow where it spent much time searching for hay and weed seeds from the haymore was eatable. The color I fancy threw it off, now it has caught on, it feed there many times a day. Wild birds have an eye only for wild food.

6. Clear and cold up to this date. Rarely above zero at noon 10 to 14 below in morning. Today clear but milder up to 20. Hud takes us on

sleigh ride around the triangle in p.m. In morning took a walk by river over the top of the hard snow, saw when birds or squirrels had fed on [st] [seemach] bobs, no life but one downey, river groaning much its thick icy cover, an auto on the ice. Writing past week on Thorean and short article on "The might - make - Right Fallony" also letter on the economic war after the war.

Signs of storm at sundown.

7. Began raining in the night; trees with icy armor this morning and still raining, mercury 31 - the highest for many weeks.

10. Bright and milder the past few days, only down to 20 in the morning. Ice still on the trees. Mr. Roy of Montreal came last night, a Canadian Scotchman, full of the best juice of humanity; has one son in the war and another who wants to go, only 16

17. Cold and snow since my last entry. Today we start for Washington, C.B. and I. Pass the night at Dr. Johnsons in N.Y.

18. Off at 9:15 for W. Reach there at 3 p.m. C.B. stops at Baltimore. I go to Dr. Bakers, very glad to see them all. Old friends of over 50 years ago. Frank a superior man. Mrs. B. a superior woman, their girls bright and keen, cold here, snow which was nearly 18 inches at W.P. faded out in N.J.

19. Cold, down to 14 and 16. [Polvimer] as solid as a rock. Mr. Ford sends a car for me daily.

20. Not so cold. Friends and strangers come to see me in p.m. Drive out to Cherry chase in morning.

22. Six inches of snow - good sleighing. Winter nearly as sever as at W.P.

24. A bright day, drive 3 hours in p.m. with C.B. to Rock Creek park and on the speedway and to the capital.

25. My old enemy - interested poisoning - sings me in the night - chilly sensations and then fever. Temperature 100 1/5 Keeps my bed all day, and clean house

- Physics and water, a slight sore throat on Wednesday, took 1 1/2 gr calomel. Feel and look better in p.m. C.B. cheers me up.

26. Much better this morning - doubt if I have any fever. Abstain from all food except a cup of ovaltine and butter biscuit. Cough and raise a little but less than with other attacks. Took a dose of castavilla this morning which has just

worked - mostly water. Julian has lost his place and is greatly broken up. Poor boy, he has always had smooth sailing. But no need to despair. I can help him, snow and cold at W.P. a good deal of irregular heart action, and pain in legs yesterday, but not today - heart unsteady all night. Got a few hours sleep.

Proposed names for my nature vol.

[Sucking the mystery.]

[Searching for God]

In the search for God the intellect is baffled. If one find him only, do not know what to do with him, that is how to fit him into the total

scheme of things as we know them - into a world fairly congested with evil; if we fail to find him how are we to account for man and all other forms of life? Could chance do it?

27. Light fever this p.m. 100, keep my bed.

28. Only comfortably ill, fever 99 3/5. Fever broke in p.m.

29. No temperature today. Keep my best appetite good enough. Eat continuously.

30. No fever, keep my bed. C.B. with me since Saturday.

31. No fever. Drive out in car, snow deep - cold.

Feb 1. No fever. Drive out for 2 hours.

2d. No fever, drive to Capitor, then to Natl. Museum; feel fairly well, cold.

3. Sunday start for Tryon N.C. at 4.15 p.m. a sleepless night, but no pain, a little temperature in p.m.

4. In Tryon at 9. Drive to Mrs. Ravanell and engage room and afford \$37 per week

5. Not much sleep, some temperature. Walk down to Library in p.m. Feel better for the walk. Temperature in morning 15, warm in p.m.

6. Some fever last night, which a few drops of aconite occurred to check, got some sleep, catarrh less, cough less. Drive to Miss Johnson and engage her little bungalow furnished - \$25 per month. In the woods, very attractive. Bright day, mild in p.m. a brown creeper and a kinglet by our new house. Hope to move on Monday.

Mch 1st. Here in Miss J. Cabin since early in Feb, very pleasantly situated. Weather on the whole very fine, clear and warm, most of the time like May. Yesterday and today too warm. Wild flowers beginning to bloom, soft maples humming with bees. No fever now for about a week. Appetite good, sleep better and better. Legs weak, but walk a mile or more each day, and drive.

many miles. On Wednesday we drove 23 miles and crossed the mountains at Howard pass. But I am not yet myself - inclined to be morose and silent and take no pleasure in the company of others. C.B. has a hard time with me, most things have a sickish look to me. Yesterday we picnicked in the woods by the Gillett House, a variation that I appreciated. I write a little and revise my MSS. Read considerable, but been over the first vol. of Watts Dentons life and letter - a common place record of a third or fourth rate literary man. Read Dr. Emersons book on Thorean - a feeble production. Dr. Emerson is here at the hotel but has not showed himself to me, many strangers leave called, but not none of them very interesting. The song of the toad last night, and the screech owls. We are on a Knoll surrounded by pine and oak woods, very little wild life. Have heard the pine warbler and seen one blue bellied salamander but not one rodents of any species.

I long to be back at Riverby out of the occurred south - feel that my own land and clime will bring me back to normal again. I can see nothing beautiful in the southern landscape - the everlasting blood red soil, and the dark pine woods, the poor roads, the disheveled fields, the houses upon legs ready to run away, the [nevels] bespattered, house and vehicles and houses and pedestrian, the absence of grass e.t.c, all offend my eye.

All day we hear the boom of the guns 5 miles away on the artillery range, where our boys from Spartanburg are learning the art of war.

(Along line of hawkins wild geese has just passed over, flying N.E. a good sight and sound. They will reach the Hudson ahead of me.)

Mch 6. One year ago today my poor wife breathed her last, I was in the harbor of Havannah, Cuba.

This is our 4th week here - warm bright, summer like weather most of the time above 80 some days. Only one really rainy day - Monday - so far. I get one impression here that is new to me - the slowness of life here, both human and vegetable. The men are as lazy and deliberate as vegetation. There is no need to hurry; the season is long, nearly every day, the year through, is a working day - double the working days we have. Hence the people have plenty of time to sit around on their porches or linger about the village stores. Vegetation

is equally slow and deliberate and for the same reason - there is plenty of time, a degree of warmth that would make every wild flower in our woods spring into bloom hardly makes the birds swell here. They wake up a little and rub they eyes, and then turn over for another nap. No arbutus yet and the mercury has been from 67 to 85 nearly everyday for

weeks. Hepatica is just in bloom and the pine sap is getting ready. The peach trees show pink buds and the soft maples are humming with bees. Some plum trees are white, but gardens are only just being made and the grass is greening a little. Such continued warmth with us would bring out the foliage of the forest trees. The Cardinal is in song, and the woodpeckers are drumming a little, but the birds are all taking their time - no nest begun yet! am sure. What man and nature do in six months with us

they take nine months to accomplish here. Still farther North they do it in still less time, nobody hustles here and does not need to.

My strength is slowly coming back, helped I think by the maltine with J., Q., S., I sleep well and walk a mile or more each day and drive from 15 to 20. But I know the disease of 81 years cannot be cured.

A few nights ago, the screech owl rehearsed his long tremendous solo, for some time in the trees near our cabin.

7. Warm day yesterday, a thunder shower last night at 2 a.m. much cooler today. Drive to Columbus in p.m.

8. Clear and cool; fire in the sitting room. Peach trees in bloom. Women sends us a fine bunch of arbutus, not nearly so sweet scented as ours - probably needs the long

winter sleep beneath the snow to make it perfect. Blood root in bloom. Two girls brought me a bunch of flowering almon - very striking - a glorified peach bloom, a big red warp here new to me. The mourning cloaked butterfly for a week past in the woods, many warblers yesterday, among them the red start and myrtle. Crows very scarce, with feeble call.

- The new knowledge which science brings us which transcends experience and is beyond the reach of observation. Seals have to be broken in opening this book - a call from Dr. Emerson a few nights ago. Like him much. Strangely like his father in the upper part of his face, but not his fathers strong chin and mouth, a good easy talker, a great event to me.

The son of Emerson; only a little gray, moves and walks briskly, about 72.

10. Sunday. Bright and cool. I walk up on pines in p.m. C.B. and the J's drive in car.

enjoyed my solitary walk.

11. Finish the Thoreau paper and take it to Dr. Emerson in p.m.

My old artist friend Meyer and his wife Coll.

12. We leave Tryon today at 11.37. Dr. E. gives me back my paper with valuable criticism. Happy thought to ask him to read it. I shall change it and make T. more human.

Glad to be off for home, but leave T. with a pang, such a clear salubrious land with its breath of pine and the soil of granite - an ideal climate a truly antiseptic air I think, no mildew, no dampness our brother would not get old or strong, or deteriorate at all on the open shelves in the kitchen, meat kept a long time, though mercury was at times above 80. I gained steadily in strength and spirit, bronchial trouble ceased and I stopped expectorating.

Weakness of legs, my main trouble, but could walk a mile or more.

Leave Ashville at 3.25 and reach Washington on time 7.05 rain and fog. Leave for N.Y. on 8 a.m. train and reach N.Y. at 1. Lunch in Perm station and loaf about till 3 1/2 mild. Take 4.25 train for home.

C.B. remains in N.Y. Am home at 7 p.m. J. meets me with his car, stay at Huds.

14. An inch and a half of snow last night. Looks wintery. Ice on river unbroken. Robust blue birds here, a thick dark day, with spirts of fine snow or rain, a thunder shower at night. But am glad to be here.

15. Clear, colder, a rather windy sharp day. Sleep in the "nest." Fire in study. P.m. clear and colder. Enjoy the day. Have gone through pecks of second class meal, accumulation of two months - 5 or 6 back. Some of them worth while. Spent most of yesterday going over papers of the old. Wallkill bank trees burned arm full of them

16. Clear and cool. Fine day. Too cold for sap yet, snow evaporating.

17. Fine day; tap 10 trees good sap day, ideal. Buckets full by night. Go up to J's to dinner. Walk back. Legs getting a little stronger. Happy to be here.

18. Ideal day, warm, clear. Boil sap all day, reduce 12 or 14 pails full to syrup. Sitting by the steaming pan. I dream the old dreams. Drive to Highland in p.m. John and I. Enjoy it greatly. C.B. and Pietro come at 6 p.m. not much sap today.

19. Still clear and mild and still. Froze last night yet sap seems reluctant.

10 a.m. Ice on river has just parted from shore to shore. Lower half slowly moving down, leaving a broad expanse of clear

smooth water, no sound, no commotion, no wind, never before saw the trick done so quietly. The time was ripe, the ebb tide did the work. Fine sleep these nights. Water pipes still frozen.

- There is good sawed timber in Brownells essay (standards) but I do not see a green leaf anywhere.

26. Clear, dry, lovely weather for over a week now; good sap weather most of the time. I have boiled sap in the open more than half the time. Sap unusually sweet. After the trees had been running over 10 days 18 gts of sap made one lb. of sugar.

Not much sign of spring yet except the birds begin to show as big as honey bees in the tops of the elms.

27. Rather cold March like weather, not much sunshine. Froze last night - down to 26 this morning. Sap starts up during the day. Some trees run fast. Write in forenoon on the Thoreau paper. In p.m. walk back to the woods and peer into the creeks and swamps, no sign of life in the water yet. Pussy willows beginning to show their silver. Walk up to the mouth of the canyon - snow and ice there yet. Then down to the creek and on and up Lundys Lane to the highway, my longest walk here since my return. Legs getting stronger. Gardens will soon be dry enough to plow. Ice all gone from the river. Rye greening, but grass slow to start. Johnny says he has heard peepers but I have not. Life is slow to wake up in March. Two red shouldered starling over in the marsh by the station for several days now calling, calling, "o-ka-la," but no females have yet appeared. Plenty of robins and song sparrows and blue birds and one phoebe. Water pipes still frozen up.

28. Clear, dry, cold. Froze quite hard. Good sap weather continues. Wind North. War news very disturbing. I have concluded that Wilson can lead the nations in speech, but not in deeds. His administration seems to burgle everything, nothing is done. He surrounds himself with inefficient men.

29. Same weather continued all sun by day and all moon by night - not a cloud for 3 days. Cool, dry. Mercury down to 26 every morning. Wind N. Remarkable weather, no change in temperature for several days. Columns of smoke rising here and there. Ground nearly ready for the plow. Few signs of spring life. Sap about done, except the old maple by the road which is outdoing itself, a bucket full every day - usually I get about 2 buckets from it during the whole season.

30. Extraordinary weather continues, no change in temperature, freezes every night. The day more hazy than yesterday, a white haze nearly hide the river. Drove to Milton yesterday p.m. to call on the Festons; had a good time; car runs like a top. The great German Drive, puts us all on the anxious seat, if we must personify the power that rules the universe we must say it is just as much devil as it is God. But the universe is not ruled in the sense that a state or kingdom is ruled. It goes on from its own impetus as the stars do. Whence that impetus? It has no whence; neither beginning nor ending. The earth which sustains all things is itself unsustained.

31. Still the wonderful days are here, such tranquility in March. I never saw before so long continued. Two weeks of it now a soft warm brooding day, a day like a food memory. We drive to the Ashokan dam and to wife's grave. Mr. Langstroch whom we pick up in Kingston with us, a keen, quiet sober, intelligent young man, author of a book on the Adirondacks. Wife's grave looks neglected. Oh, what long sad thoughts, came to me as I look upon it. We drive around the dam and down to Dr. Hull's old place where we eat our lunch. Then on down to wood same North's old place, and walk down the road to the farm

where wife was born, much if it under water now. Stand on the spot where I wrote "Waitng" on 1862 in Dr. Hulls old office and have my photo taken. I remembered that 64 years ago this very day I was with the Hulls. I had found a school to teach in Tongore (1854) and returned home April 1st a day crowded with sad and with pleasant events.

April 1st. A day like yesterday. The toad began to sing on 30, I am tired from yesterdays journey. Ground ready for the plow. Boil the last sap today.

2d. No change in weather. We go over and burn over the swamp for Gill Drake to plant. Little signs of life. Elm trees in bloom, never before in March have I seen the conservative days like those we have just had

April 3d. A change in the weather to cloud and cold and rain in p.m. My 81st birth day. Rowland and Franks come up from N.Y. and two newspaper men Julian and his family over to dinner. I am fairly well, slowly gaining in strength. Weigh about 130. Sleep well, appetite good. Life would be as sweet as ever if the horrible war would end in the crushing of German militarism. Still writing on Thoreau. Sap run over.

Fewer letters and telegrams reach than one year ago, on my 80th birthday. If I were to reach my 90th birthday, then would probably be an avalanche of them.

4. Fine day again, but chilly. [Poullsen] Bigelow and sons of his friends call, a pleasant day.

5. More friends among them Dr. Freston and his family; we have a little maple sugar picnic in the kitchen, too windy outside.

6. Lovely day, tranquil, mild. Plant more peas and carrots and beets. Drive to Highland in p.m.

7. Lovely day, Nora W. and her two friends come; we lunch at S.S. an enjoyable day. One clump of blood root and hepaticas in bloom. Arbutus opening a little here and there. I walk to S.S. and back. Astonish the girls by the way I take the short cut on hurrying back for the train. They could not follow me.

8. Cool, cloudy, probably rain near. All the enticement of April on the air the past week, except on the 3d.

9. Rain. Start for Toledo with Mr. Bock and Pietro.

10. Reach T. at 3 p.m. Go to Bocks fine home.

11. Resting at B's in E. Toledo.

12. The day has arrived unvailing of the statue in front of the museum, a great crowd 20,000 school children pass in review before me bringing flowers, over 1 1/2 hours in passing. I stand there on the steps as smiling as a basket of chips. Then I greet the teachers inside the museum. Pretty tired at night. But all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

13. At Bocks, a delightful house and a delightful family. Go to dinner in town at night.

14. Bright lovely day. The Bocks drive us to Detroit, 65 miles. Stay at the Ford, and loaf and walk and drive till Thursday. Genial weather with some rain.

15. Start for Chicago at 9:10. Reach there in mid afternoon. The ride through Michigan very delightful, a prospers, happy looking farming country. I think of aunt Dolly and uncle Ele Bartram who were our near neighbors in my youth and who were taken there in their old age by their son. I wonder where their bones rest. The bones of Tom Lauren and his family also rest there.

De Loach meets us at train
and take us to his home on the Beverly Hills south of the city. Stay there till 22d and see many people. De Loach and family kindness itself. Newspaper report after me.

22. Glen Buck come for us, weather cold and wet. Stay to Bucks 2 days and nights and see many people.

24. Start for Polo at 8:40, C.B. goes with me, 100 miles. Reach there about one p.m. Dr. More meets us. See nothing that I remember, but Dr. More, 62 years ago, I taught the school at Buffalo Grove near by. We drove down there, but all is changed except the sky, not one feature do I recognize, new houses, new trees, new roads and a cultivated landscape instead of the virgin prairie I saw in '56, my heart ached for some token of the old days and old friends. Dr. More 88 1/2 years old, a Roxbury boy, gave me my license to teach in fall of 56.

25. Back to Chicago and to De Loaches.

26. At De Loaches, see many people again, reporters and start for home at 5:40 p.m. all goes fairly well, train on time at Syracuse on Saturday. C.B. stops off to visit her old home at Port Byron. I reach P. at 4:45. Get my dinner and go home to West Park on 6:58 train. Have a bad night from indigestion.

28. The country looks good, a bright mild day. Three girls from N.Y. another bad attack of indigestion.

29. Cloudy with heavy rain at night. C.B. comes with here little niece.

30. Lovely spring day, warm up to 76. Cherry and plum trees in bloom, maples yellowing with bloom in their tops, cut a little asparagus. Three rows of peas up. We drive to Highland in p.m. a lovely ride. Robins nesting.

May 1st Much rain again last night, clearing and cooler this morning, some apple trees showing the pink, plum bloom dropping. Different kinds of trees begin to be outlined in the woods.

The Hems suffer a check in France and Belgium, a disastrous defeat says the sensational headline of the newspaper.

5th Have had a pretty bad week - a slight attack of my old trouble brought on by wrong eating, much gas and palpitation, a lot of people yesterday from Far Reckaway, and Jamaica and Brooklyn training schools and Kingston High school - too much, a fine warm day.

6 Hot up to 90 at noon. Apple trees blooming, maple leaves under the tree half grown, early corn coming up. Pear trees in full bloom. Wood thrush this morning. Oriole yesterday. Some fever yesterday p.m. 100 today up to, not the usual bronchial cough. Sleep precariably.

7, 8, 9, 10 Beautiful warm days, dry.

11. Lovely day, over 100 people come to Slabsides.

12. Fine day, with signs of rain.

13. Start for Roxbury in p.m. Warm, showers begin in Shandaken rain all p.m. and all night. John C. meets me at train.

14. Rainy, but clearing up in p.m. Sleep on porch at W.C.L.

15, 16, 17, 18. Ideal days. Bright warm (70 to 82) Calm. I sit on the porch and gaze on the old scenes. Do not remember such a succession of lovely May days. Apple bloom, bobolinks, and great splashes of gold from dandelions, on the meadows. But little sign of foliage on Mt. tops but lower woods, half leaved out. Take my dinner at John C's but get over breakfast and supper. How I pour down the delicious water. Work on the Thoreau article and wage war on the Woodchucks. Shoot 4, and dose many holes with the Carbon bisulphide, no chuck emerges from these holes while I stay.

19. John C. drives me down to Ollies. Ort in bad way from gastric ulcer, a very pleasant drive, shower at night and cloudy next day.

20. I poke about all day, and fuss in the garden. Rain again at night, and slow rain all night.

21. Conclude to return to West Park. Raining in morning. Irvin drives me down to train in the rain. Reach home at 12 1/2. Bright and warm.

22. Partly cloudy and warm. Glad to be back. Feel better.

23. Feel much better. Bright and warm. Some thunder in the night, more breeze and cooler in p.m. Locusts blooming.

Wild grape fragrance yesterday p.m. as we drove to H. not one warbler yet this May.

24, 26, 27. At home.

28. Go to Floral Park Childs.

29, 30, 31. Fine days at F.P. See many flying machines at Aviation Field at Mineola, sleep improved.

June 1st. Home from F.L. warm.

2d. Warm, near 90.

3d. Off for the Roofs, at 2 p.m.

4. At R. Ideal trout weather. Wade the stream and take 8 fine trout. Days calm, hazy warm.

5. Again I wade the rapid stream and take 10 trout, 2 hours.

Strength stands the test.

6. Leave Wintown. The Roofs come to Ranchout and J. with them. Julian and the children meet me at Chain ferry.

7. At home. Heavy rain till now. Clearing in p.m.

8. Cooler. In p.m. we drive to Brookman field for S. berries then to sunset rock to witness the eclipse of sun. Eclipse on at 6 1/2.

9. A cool night, warmer this p.m.

10, 11. Overcast, mild. Gather a lot of wild s. berries in Gordons field, never saw such large wild berries and very sweet, no warblers here yet, but two black and white creeping warblers.

12. Warm, showers in morning. Clearing in p.m.

13. Much cooler, start a fire in the fire place. In p.m. go to Gordons orchard and get fine lot of wild s. berries. I enjoy picking berries about as much as I do fishing. It is always a kind of adventure. Heavy clouds all day.

Dr. Johnson and his son Douglass and the Golden Bantum here.

14. Clearing and a little warmer. War news better. In morning work on Emerson and his journal.

15. A cool, clear day of great brilliancy, the high tide of June. Drive up and around the Ashokan dam - never saw it so beautiful. Eat our lunch under a tree near the Watson Hollow Inn. Feel the pull of Tongore and its cemetery as we pass.

Back home at 6 1/2 p.m.

16. Another day of great brilliancy, still cool. Gather mere wild s. berries in Gordons orchard; road hot with autos, disgusting.

17. Still fair with promise of warmer, nights very cool. Poor sleep.

23. Fire in study and in the nest. Squalls of rain probably snow in the higher Catskills. Last week the coldest I veer saw in June. Bright and dry but cold, till Friday at night a heavy rain.

Today mercury stands at 48.

29. A cool week, unusual. Today fair and warmer. We start for Roxbury. After many hindrances and delays we reach the Lodge at 6. in a short shower. Country very green and beautiful.

30. A fine warm day, several callers, among them Dr. Hulls eldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth, Hull Smith. Glad to see her.

July 1. Rain in this morning. Sunshine in p.m. I go strawberrying in the home meadows. The air full of meadow perfumes. Clover daisies, hawkweed e.t.c.

S. berries very sweet and fragrant, a cuckoos nest in a thorn tree in the little meadow.

2d. Cold and cloudy, a fire in the Franklin this morning. I hear the bobolinks getting ready to migrate southward. The mowing machine did not disturb them this year.

4. A brilliant warm day, all Janes children and grand children meet at John's all bring baskets of food, we join them; two full tables. I enjoy it all, Smith McGregor, a superior young man. He should make his mark.

5. Another brilliant and warm day. The air loaded with meadow perfumes. These are the days of the daisies myriads of them everywhere like girls faces in their teens.

6. Rain last night, and this forenoon. Clearing in p.m.

7. Partly cloudy and cold. Weather cannot settle itself.

8 A cold night, fire in the Franklin this morning. Looks and feels like Oct. cloudy now at 9. - looks squally.

- An indigo birds nest near the house in a blackberry bush. The male never shows himself here. I hear his song occasionally 3 or 4 hundred yards away, young in it since the 2d; the little brown mother cares for them alone.

Cuckoos nest (blackbilled) in thorn bush in meadow East of house, young out of the nest. Both birds and in feeding them.

10. The sixth day of cloud and cold and spirits of rain, a brief shower caught me up in "Scotland" this p.m. 5 chucks today - all small.

11. Weather improved, some sunshine and blue sky this a.m. Warmer. Poor sleep.

12. Warm, the best day for a week

14. Rain all forenoon. Julian comes at 6 in his car.

15. Clear. We start for sea shore on mass coast. Reach Athens at 11, then on across Columbia Co. Eat our lunch near state line, besides a little brook under the trees. Then on to Great Barrington and Lee and so to Springfield which we reach at 5. Get a bite there then on to Worcester and beyond to Northboro - 32 miles from Boston which point we reach at 9 p.m. - a run of over 200 miles, a perfect day, perfect roads and a perfect car.

16. We are off in the morning at 8. Reach Cambridge in good time - see Brewster on Brattle St. and by chance Dr. Edward Emerson; Thrice on through the suburbs of Boston through Milton, Hingham e.t.c. to Ocean Bluff, which we reach at 12 1/2. Find Julians family easily in their cottage on the beach the whole Atlantic at their door.

17. Lovely warm day. I loaf on the sands and see and hear the lazy swells roll in. It is good to be here, sand, sea and sky, - gentle breezes, a quiet surf, but water too cold for me to bathe in king bird on the beach probably, picking up the sand fleas, and an occasional robin. Beach paved [near] along its margin with worn fragments of granite of all hues and texture - a marvelous display of varieties of crystatic rock - some of rare beauty. I would like to take enough home to pave my door yard.

18. Lovely day. We drive to Plymouth, 20 miles, a fine old town, solid and clean. We see Plymouth rock - a small affair. The monument on the hill rather impressive. All this part of mass, looks howlike thrifty and well ordered, good state roads and fine gardens and meadows - the N.E. look and order everywhere, much more satisfying than similar things in N.Y. state. I am sleeping well here, and eating well of course, the soft clam juice touches the right spot. I walk to the P.O. about one mile and back briskly and with ease.

19. Lovely day, a blue green sea and a blue [green] sky. I read the good war news with deepest satisfaction - if it will only continue good.

20. Still clear, calm and warm. War news still good. I weigh 130 this morning. Tranquil, enjoyable days by the sea, only two events of importance - sleeping and eating - yes a third the negative of the latter. When those three work well together life is worth while.

If Clara were here I would ask no more.

Apparently the old elemental ocean mill gets to a point where it can grind the sand no finer. It cannot even grind off the angles of the grains of sand. Is it the skin of water that prevents their clashing?

22. Getting hot, clear, calm.

23. Very hot 98 in shade. I spend much time on beach and wading in the cold water with only my underwear on. After supper we drive in the car and by chance find the old home of Daul Webster and the cemetery where he is buried. I linger long around his grave. The estate is large and fine - a fit aboch for a great man. There is no marble or granite monument at the grave but a very large mound of earth above his remains to emphasize his greatness. His name without dates is carved on a small marble slab fixed along the top, a bronze tablet sunk in a granite block by the roadside, gave us the dew.

24. Cooler this morning, but still fair.

- How prone we are to think that the things in nature were made for our use. Was the notch in the mountain then designed made for the road to pass over? or the waterfall to give us water power? or the land locked harbor to give protection to our ships? One can neither say they were or were not. We are so made and our wants are such that these things serve us and that is all we can say about it. The organic adopts itself to the inorganic and not the reverse.

25. Take train for Boston at 6.38. Then train for Bath Me at 9. Leave Bath at 2:45 for Squirrel Island, a warm fine day. Reach the Island at 5

Stay with the Ballards till Monday, a lovely Island, granite crowned with spruce and encircled by arm of the sea. Meet many interesting people, among them a Mr. Stanley who entertains me at dinner Sunday night, and who was killed in auto accident a few days later. Gertrude B. a lovely woman. We walk around the island. Weather fine and hot.

29. Leave the Island today. Hope I shall see it again. Hot day. Reach Boston at 3:40, and get back to Marshfield at 5:30. Julian and John meet me with car.

30 and 31. Two more days by the sea, wandering up and down the beach and selecting specimens of the many colored large and small granite pebbles. When does all this endless variety come from?

Aug 1st. Julian and I and John and Ursa and Jack start for home. Skip Boston and strike Worcester for lunch which we eat in a wood a few miles beyond, a hot day. Springfield at 4. and Hinsdale in Columbia Co. at 8 1/2 p.m. Pass a hot night there.

2d. Off at 6 1/2 reach Hudson in good time. Eat our breakfast in woods beyond Athens at 9. Then a good run over the Catskills and home at 12. Julian and his children start for West Park at 3 p.m. Pretty dry.

10. A hot week just passed, unprecedented. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday 96 and 98 on our porch here - over 100 in

many places. 103 in N.Y. Sleep without cover. How the corn rejoice, but the pastures suffer. Drive over to Edens on Tuesday. Eden looks well. Kill wood chucks daily. 7 on Monday, 1 on Tuesday and two each day since, a large light yellow one yesterday in Ford lot, but he got in his hole with a bullet through his paunch much cooler yesterday and partly cloudy, cool and cloudy this morning. The war news makes us want more of same sort - and I think we will get it. Wrote letter to Roosevelt. Work on MS. each forenoon in hay barn. Feel nearly 50 percent stronger than when I left home the middle of July - gained 3 or 4 lbs. August was a pleasant month. De Loach came about the 10th. On 13th we went to Edisons at Orange. Next day start in his car for Pittsburg to join Ford and Firestone for the auto trip to the great Smoky Mts in N.C. Stop at Gettysburg first night 200 miles, next day reach P. at 6, very tired. On Sunday we start on the trip - 2 big cars, 2 Fords and 2 trucks with a crew of 7 men

Trip last about 2 weeks, very tiresome, fine weather, rather hot, go through Maryland, V. Va, Va. E. Tenn and into N.C. to Ashville. Here De L. and I leave the party and take train for N.Y.

I stop at W.P. very dry, garden all trout up. Reach Roxbury next day; dry here, but not bad, garden in good shape. Spend Sept at Wood Chuck Lodge, a cold wet very disagreeable Sept - the worst I remember. One fair day each week and that about all. Rain all from W. and S.W. day after day. Health pretty good. Kill and poison many "chucks" Corn from the garden all the month, only 2 very light frosts nipped squash vines a little.

Oct 1st. Rained all night - but clear and cold this morning, a light frost and a little ice on the mud puddles, not a cloud in the sky. Cold and clear all day

Oct 2. Cloudy this morning, no frost last night. Maple wood boiling and foaming with color. Red buckwheat fields, brown pastures, the mountains flocked with gold, apples dropping in the orchards.

War news good.

3. Rained all night again last night. Warmer still overcast, clouds still have a slant from the West.

4. Clear and cool. Turns out to be a day of great brilliance, the glory of autumn.

5. Warmer, hazy, many callers - a car load from Cooperstown and a car load from Onteora - the Colgates and friends.

6. A violent thunder storm at 9. and heavy rain - rain kept up all night; ground overflowing with water clouds breaking but still have the vicious stunt from West, no settled fair weather as long as that lasts, saw a woodchuck this morning in meadow above the road. Woods all aflame now with color.

- How perfectly the drone or male wasp when you hold in your hand mimicks the act of stinging. It fairly makes one wince, such a savage thrust as he makes with the stinger end. How he reaches out and feels for a vulnerable point thrusting out some slender organ which looks somewhat like a stinger. It is the most perfect bluff I knew of in nature. You may know him by his yellow face, but beware the black faced ones!

- The house fly seems to know a thing or two, or acts as if it did, she is much more wary on a cold morning, when she is stiff and slow, than on a warm morning

she seems to know that she cannot dodge your hand as easily, of course it is the instinct of self preservation that pervade all animal life and that is always on guard. The big "blow fly" on the window pane, knows more than a bird does, it will not remain to be captured by your hand as the bird will, but will turn and escape into the room.

Mr. Blanchard from Ford motor co. of N.Y. came and fixed up my car on the 4th and probably saved us from a serious or petal accident by discovering that the nut that holds the main steering rod was ready to fall off. We drove in p.m. over to Smiths and saw Mary Ann and Tommy again - both old school mates of mine. Then drove to Baptist cemetery where I once more visited the graves of father and mother and all my kindred there. How silent was all that welcome - hundreds of one Roxbury people whom I had known in my youth! Two ollies there among my kindred - my sister and my aunt - both died at 27, and both of consumption - one in 37 and one in 56.

7. Blew hard all night and grew very cold - down to 38 this morning with high wind and a seamless cloud shutting down over us and resting on the mountains like a cover to a pot. The wind makes no impression on the canopy of fog clouds; its line along the mountains is level and straight, clearing between 12 and 1 p.m.

8. A lovely morning still clear as a bell, a frost last night; no fog in valley this morning. Woods and mountain sides aflame with color, apples dropping in the orchards. Sleep well and feel pretty well these bright days. The war absorbs all our thoughts - the Hems are getting it right and left, and are crying for peace. We will make peace with Hell before we do with them, not till the last Hem is killed or surrenders will there be peace again in the world, a nation without a soul - no honor, no decency, no sense of justice or fair dealing - swiftly robbers, murderers, incendiary, thieves, pirates - world malefactors - out with them. I would like to see a blank space on the map where these empire lies.

- Caught a meadow mouse yesterday in his nest under a bundle of corn stalks. I brought him in the house and held him a while with my gloves on, I handled him rather roughly but did not think I injured him but when I carried him back and put him on his nest he was seized with convulsions and died in half a minute. He bit viciously at my gloved hand as I put him down. What killed him? It looked like an [aplophetic] or epileptic seizure, was it fright or the will to die to cheat his enemy? I know not.

9. Yesterday was one of the most remarkable days I have ever known - not a film in the sky, and not breeze enough to move the leaves. The sky was like a newly washed window pane not the least blur upon it all day - a superb day in all respects. Today has been warm, with some cloud, but no signs of rain. Began closing up most end of my porch today, not writing this week. War news too exciting, Wilson is as great in diplomacy as Foch is in war.

My hardest trial now is to wait from one newspaper to the next.

10. Drive to Hobart and to John McGregor. Eden well, Mag looks as if she was failing. McGregor all right - a remote mountainside home - thrashing buckwheat. Day fine.

14. Cold, windy, rain all p.m. from N.W.

15. Fine day, cold, slept cold last night; formed ice. Shepards up in p.m.

Exciting days - momentous war news. The Hem is breaking Kaiserisen is doomed. The German empire is in the thrones of Revolution. The day of reckoning has come.

The cyclone of world war, which the military power of G. mellowed and which they expected to ride and control, has got out of their hands and they are now its victims. G. will be impoverished in men and money for generations. The bills, she must pay are staggering. President Wilson equal to the occasion - a man of the ages. The law of moral and intellectual gravitation seems to centre the allied cause in him. All spontaneously look to him to speak the right word and he speaks it. Few words but they are written upon the sky. When all may see and read them.

16. Cloudy this a.m. and warmer. Hope to drive to Hobart.

- Day turned out fine and mild. Drove to [H] Edens to dinner. Eden well, Mag active and got us a good dinner. Willie and Jenny in p.m. Willie a keen intelligent man - far ahead of any other relative of mine of the B. tribe. Mr. Scott called - much broken - walks with difficulty - near the foot of the hill I fear.

A pleasant drive, home.

17. Mild, foggy. Fog lifts at 10 1/2 a warm hazy day. Woods getting bare. Poor sleep but night, too much dinner probably.

The trial of each day is to wait

the arrival of the postman. How the hours drag! How we watch for him down the road; often we have to wait till one o'clock to know the war news, but every day brings the end of Hem nearer.

- A few days ago the air was full of smoke - fresh and pungent evidently from the great forest and prairie fires in Minnesota as all the country this side of there was too wet to burn.

20. Cold, windy, rainy. Pick apples.

21. Partly cloudy. Pick and pack apples.

22. A marvelous day, all sun and sky sharp air, still invigorating; work all day packing up. In forenoon the baying of a fox hound across the valley on Hack Griffin mountain. distinctly heard, now on this side the mountain then on that, then the sound is lost as the dog follows trail over in the heal of Batavia Kill, at 11 1/2 bang, bang goes the gun of the hunter, a few moments later the baying of the hound is again heard as he sweeps around the mountain toward the hunter; then suddenly the barking ceases, the [the] dog has reached his master, who probably has the fox, no more sound till half an hour later, when I again hear the hound; he has probably started another fox a clear sharply defined sunset, not a film in the sky.

Promises well for tomorrow; we may start for home in the morning.

23. Bright and cool. We start for home at 10 1/2. Leave the village at 11:20 a good drive, a lovely landscape very brilliant. Car runs well. Reach Tongore at 1 1/2 p.m. Eat our lunch at the rear of the church where we ate our lunch in Aug. one year ago. Visit the grave of my wife. Looks neglected - no grass only weeds. She would not have neglected my grave I am sure, must go up and plant some seeds from home. Met a son of Aaron [Mavrihen], who knew me. We have quite a talk about the people I knew. He is gathering apples near the cemetery.

Returning got a flat tire on

on the dam. Workmen near by help me put on new tire - a help in time of need. Reach Kingston at 4 1/2. Julians family nearly well. Reach home at 6. Looks good, no killing frost here yet.

24, 25. Mild, partly cloudy days. Drive to S.S.

26. Mild day. The Whiteheads from Byrd Cliff call, a daughter of Mrs. Coonley Ward with them. Greatly enjoy their

call. Julian calls in the evening.

27. Bright and warm for Oct. A warm night mercury 70 this morning. Great dullness and lethargy - need stirring up with a long stick.

28 and 29 and 30. Warm muggy days, little sun. Drive to P. on 28th.

Oct 31. Rained slowly all night, and night before. A little cooler, and signs of clearing this morning.

- Roosevelt criticizes Wilson severely yet here is the fact over all - we have won the war. Germany is beaten to her knees, and is begging for mercy. That is what we set out to do or help do and it is done. Two men in the world have contributed to that and more than any others. Foch and Wilson - one in the field, the other in the counsel of the nations. Wilson lofty ideal of justice and intrusion fair play has been our guiding star; he slated one cause in turn of world democracy and his words have been an inspiration; in the field Foch has been his equal and we have won the war.