*A Farmer's
Note Book*

C.E.D. Phelps

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A FARMER'S NOTE BOOK

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January 1. New Year's day ends the gunning season. Noisy Sagittarius and bouncing Capricornus are swept away by the wash from Aquarius' urn. The first snow-fall, however long deferred, is generally unwelcome to the farmer. No matter how neatly everything may have been packed and stowed, the mind goes afield for tools forgotten on some neighbor's place, or jobs that might have been completed had open weather lasted longer. We look at the thermometer, hoping it will rise a few degrees, we scan the flakes, desiring their change to rain-drops. The comfortable old leather boots that have served so long will do no more, and rubbers must be worn all day long. Nothing else will keep out melting slush beyond an hour or two; nothing at least that I have ever tried. My grandfather was wont to recommend boiling one's boots in grease. This, he said would fix 'em, but he added that it did spoil one's socks for a week or two. Gaiters, so affected by the traditional English yeoman, will not serve for long; the snow gets into the shoes, and there melts at leisure. On the whole, an agriculturist may better accustom himself, as soon as may be, to the condition of Tytler's farmer. "Get us some supper, can't 'ee, lass?" he roared. "I'm half starved, and wet up to the knees like all day."

January 2. Climbed old maple, and sawed out what was once the principal leader—now a weak diverging limb. Of the thousands who have ascended trees for safety, sport, or espial, how many make a figure in history or fiction? Zaccheus, Charles II, Robinson Crusoe, Countess of Desmond—are there any more? Yet it compares favorably with many exploited athletics.

No owner of land can be considered thoroughly acquainted with it until he has climbed the principal trees upon it. A surprising difference is made by changing the angle of view from acute to obtuse. The cornfield that will bear being looked down on is a good one. Of course, other things being equal, the higher one ascends, the better; but much pleasure may be had at the modest altitude of 12 to 20 feet.

Climbing irons, such as telegraph linemen use, and as were once employed by Tom Brown and East to rob the magpie's nest, are not trustworthy in green wood. A flake of bark into which the spur has been driven, may peel off as soon as weight is thrown on it, while a sudden slip into a crotch, both feet together, risks an ugly wound. A stout bit of rope, 12 feet or so, with a loop at one end, may be thrown over a limb from the ground, noosed and ascended. Many a tree, hopeless at bottom, is an easy ladder after the first ten feet.

Great differences exist in the strength of trees. As a rule, those with strong bark, as

lime, birch, and willow, have weak wood, and vice versa. The cherry is the most treacherous of all, a fair looking branch sometimes crushing in the hand like an egg-shell; the pin oak the strongest, even its dead twigs being tough as wire. I have known one of these, not thicker than a lead pencil, to bear a man's weight. Winter tree mounting is on some accounts preferable, especially if one seeks a view, for few are the trees in leaf where a good outlook can be had. But in summer one enters into the very heart of the tree, and lives almost detached from earth. The most hospitable hosts of this kind are those, which have, so to speak, suffered a disappointment in early youth, and lost their leading shoot. This causes them to throw out many side branches, which ultimately form a huge basket, where one may repose, and even sleep.

January 3. A neighbor asked this morning "Any more news of the trolley?" and renewed dolor. In "Old Mortality", Claverhouse is represented as pausing in his discourse with Milnwood to look up Cuddie Headrigg's name in a list of the disaffected. "Let me see—'Gumblegumption, indulged, sly, suspicions—Heathercat, field preacher, fanatical, dangerous. Ah, I have it now—Headrigg, Cuthbert, his mother a bitter puritan, himself a simple fellow,—might be made something of but for his attachment to —'. He paused, and glancing at Milnwood

returned the paper to his pocket."

I doubt the railroad agents and surveyors may go provided with something equivalent to this, describing those whose lands they seek. E. G. "A Poor and old; will yield readily. B. wealthy; approach with tact, or may put up stiff fight. C. likely to bluster, but will weaken if threatened with law. D. easily talked over; unreliable. E. An easy mark; believes all you tell him, but will stand to his word." Equipped with such a manual much can be done by a ready talker. I remember one worthy assuring a neighbor "You'll never take another crop off this ground," and three seasons with their corresponding crops, have since gone by.

January 4. Looking at a white birch stick in the fire to-night, I was struck by the likeness in the effect of fire and water. A line of flame crept slowly across the smooth white bark driving up a little wrinkle before it, like one of the lines left on sea sand by the returning waves. Great is the indestructibility of logs. I sometimes recognize on the fire a stick which I cut a week, a month, or even a year before.

The approach of sleep is much like the freezing of water in pond or bowl. Faint spiculae dart from the sides, motes and dots, barely perceptible, swim in the midst. One might imagine the process not less grateful to the long unsheltered mere than to the merely longing brain; for as the one desires,

for the time being, to be defended from that thought which is its own component essence, so might the other seek a coat proof against the plunge of an icicle, formed of a like element. Slight agitation applied with judgment, will help the matter on. The introduction of a finger will sometimes change a bowl of congealing water to a solid mass; a bit of ice slid in at the proper moment, will help on the water's freezing, and so will thinking on your latest dream help to induce slumber. Transparent and cold as are ice and sleep, nothing will keep brain and water safer and warmer; all glances from them, and naught stirs up mud or mood. The parallel holds to the last; for nothing can more resemble the rude awakening of a slumberer than the sudden breaking of ice, and nothing is more like a gradual and pleasant wakening than the melting thaw where beginning and end are alike indiscernable.

January 5. Turning cold again after rain. Several years ago, when a long period of damp weather was succeeded by a sharp night, in walking through a wood road, I observed here and there among the russet leaves a white tulip or lily of ice. The crystals, rising from the steaming ground, had been pressed by the stiffening leaves into curves and convolutions resembling petals.

Frost and drought are not unlike in their results, or at least their effects. A winter meadow, bare of snow, but frozen hard, is

not very dissimilar to the same meadow during a dry spell after haying. Color is gone, growth is short, stones show like land turtles, the soil is impenetrable, the wheel of nature is on a dead point. Only the hedgerows, in either case, retain some life and color. You look at the foot hole pits in the ground, made when you rode that way last fall or spring, as the case may be, and wonder that the ground would ever have been soft enough to receive such impressions, while that pools of water could ever have stood upon it seems impossible. The earth, like the face of a frightened cowboy, is pale to the obliteration of its natural tan; and, again like the cowboy, this only departs when he draws rein at home. Then it is good to see, even in winter, how the tints hasten back, and brown skin and stubby beard assume their natural hues; for even in winter there is color, whenever a spell of mild moisture comes.

January 6. Someone has said that a farmer can often tell trees apart by their winter aspect, when he works most among them, who would be puzzled by their leaves, at a time when he is busied in the fields. I somewhat doubt this; yet if all men wore thick muffling garments of green, even if differently tagged and fringed, for half the year, would it not be easier to distinguish African, Hindoo and Caucasian when stripped?

Most trees—all the fruit trees—blossom early in spring. Oak, maple, elm, birch,

beech, this last very modestly,—hickory, gum. The lime and plane come later. The tulip tree excels both in magnitude of trunk and blossom. I have in mind a fine specimen twelve feet in circumference, eighty feet high and covered every year in early June with great yellow-green cups. Had they the color of quince or apple, such a tree would be one of the most splendid objects in Nature.

Early in July come the chestnuts, when their pretty golden bloom may be distinguished a mile away bursting from among the dark green woods, as though some gigantic Gambrinus held up his well loved goblet from the shades. This, I think, is the last tree to bloom, for that uncanny shrub, the witch-hazel, hardly counts. Acorn and chestnut come nearly together in ripening, and are not unlike in size, but the former has much the longer preparation for its fall—perhaps because its burr, as Thoreau found, is inside.

January 7. Cutting bushes after storm. Noticed how persistent are the effects of the great ice blizzard of February 21, 1902; nearly three years have passed, but the traces can be seen on every hand, and are like to be seen for twenty years. Most of the isolated chestnuts lost a limb then, some nearly all, a few branches yet dangle and swing by a strand of fibres, and a throng of new sprouts push from their stubs. In one place where two heavy oak trees had fallen on young

saplings, the latter, bent almost to the earth, were still alive and calling for help, which Nature could only bring by the decay of the superincumbent weight. I pulled one or two out, but like long time prisoners, they had lost their spirit and straightened up but little. One sweet gum, liquid amber or bilsted, thus bent down had lost on its trunk the corking ridges which feature that tree. Eccentricities are not developed under heavy strain.

Twenty years ago, nearly, we cut down a dead pine which fell on a young white oak, and bent it over. The weight was soon removed, but the oak did not straighten. It was then about thirty feet high, and the top of its arch some seven feet from the ground. Every year since it has braced up a little, and now rises at an angle of about 60° sprouts rising from the upper side, a rod or so of its top rotted off. Alas, it stands in the trolley's path, and another year will probably end my observations.

January 8. Have often wondered why tramps should ask for things which they throw away as soon as unobserved. Yet how often do we seek bread or shoes for our souls, and then, on leaving the presence, cast them behind the next hedge.

Trollope says it is a dangerous mental practice to imagine ourselves better than we are. And Meredith says it is an even more dangerous mental practice to imagine ourselves worse than we are. The fact that we

compare ourselves with others in the first instance and not in the second, may have something to do with it. The danger might be done away if, under the circumstances, imagined by Trollope, we endeavored to carry our ideal into execution, and amid those set forth by Meredith, to keep our figment purely speculative. But perhaps a worse habit than either is that of being sorry for ourselves. We may be, and generally are, rigid toward others up to—or down to, a certain point; we blame them severely for ignorance awkwardness, cowardice, and the like, until we discern, or are told, that they are naturally deficient in mind, when all strictures cease. But when we are sorry for ourselves, we cease to blame ourselves; when we cease to blame and begin to think that we should not be held to the same standards as others, self-control is gone, and from that time our progress is on a steep down grade.

January 9. Obstinacy of inanimate objects. A wheel mounts a stone, and then slips off to one side, without the onward impetus descent would have given; you cut down a dead weed, and the stem sticks in the ground, and has to be plucked away by hand before the spot is cleared. "When you fight with a Russian", said Frederick the Great, "you have to kill him first and knock him down afterwards".

Of active courage, pugnacity and energy will make a very fair imitation; of the pas-

sive sort, mere sluggishness of mind will serve. For it can hardly be doubted that many a man who has gained credit for coolness in time of sudden danger did so because he did not think quickly enough to be frightened; by the time he realized the peril, it was past. Whereas the nervous, highly strung individual, taking in the danger as readily as everything else, fled before it, mentally, even more rapidly than the foe advanced, in a manner not to be overlooked or mistaken. Goethe's "seeing red" during his attack of cannon fever at Valmy was most likely a provision of nature for enabling him to display reckless courage, much in the same way as a tendency to corpulence will—for a time—enable a gourmand to avoid the horrors of dyspepsia. By the way, Creasy, in commenting on this episode, says Goethe was then in early youth; the fact being that he was well turned of forty.

January 10. I have once or twice alluded to the ice storm of 1902. During a freezing rain many years before, a small native hen who persisted in roosting on a bush out of doors, instead of sharing the hen-house with the Bramas, was covered with what Dante calls a "visiere di cristallo", very closely moulded to its contour, but not quite touching eye and nostril, though attached to comb and beak, yet when relieved of her armor, she did not seem a bit the worse.

The wondrously intricate defensive arm-

or of the Middle Ages contrasts strongly with their simple and rudimentary weapons. Skill and ingenuity were taxed to the utmost to form an outer artificial skeleton, so to speak, only of steel instead of bone, fitted, clasped and jointed in a manner comparing not ill with Nature's own handiwork, shoes and gauntlets which would keep out anything but water, helmets which were a perfect defense if the wearer could but breathe in them. And while all this was achieved, not even excluding a considerable degree of dignity and grace, sword and spear, arrow and sling remained almost unchanged from Julius Caesar down to Cœur de Lion. The great superiority of the English bowmen, of which so much has been said, consisted chiefly in the general excess of their bow-staves in weight and strength over the Continental ones, while their arrows were almost small spears. The elaborate cross-bow, with its squared or *quarrel* head, devised to prevent the bolt rolling sideways from the stock, is perhaps the only exception to the general simplicity of missile weapons, and its success was not on the whole encouraging.

January 11. There is a peculiar kind of sky—large mackerels, so to speak—lead en pear shaped clouds following each other in slow succession—which always brings a Scotch battle to mind. May not some far away ancestor, as he fought or fled at Largs, Harlaw, or Pinkie, have been struck by such

aspect of the sky in an interval of stress, and sent it down to me?

"Neighbor King's stack is on fire!" For once apprehension is sufficed. Away you fly in the direction indicated, work and business, pain and pleasure alike forgotten in the excitement of a servile insurrection. Arrived on the scene, you find the usually docile and useful slave at bay, surrounded by half a dozen of his hereditary masters, beating down the stack where he lies entrenched, carrying it away by forkfuls, and throwing the smoking bunches among green bushes, into moist corners, anywhere the rebel will not find an ally. Buckets of water are dragged from the well and flung on the points where an outbreak is most to be dreaded, while every now and then a fierce puff and flash of heat makes all give back. "How did it start"? "Who saw it first"? "A good thing the wind blew this way!" Our conversation is elemental and monosyllabic, as becomes the time. Well do we know there is no help in the firemen of the distant town; before they can arrive, we shall be victorious or worsted. At last the fray is over, the bondman lies chained and prostrate again, sending forth a few expiring gasps, and we separate avowing our intention to keep a stricter rule for the future.

January 12. Mending Clifton barn. The flooring of the east mow one thick and strongly spiked plank excepted—was torn

out for firewood by some of the irresponsible tenants who lived there during the nineties, and we are now replacing it. The usual distance of floor beams apart is two to three feet, here it is nearly five, so we have to put in double planking, inch hemlock over five eighths pine. The hemlock is green frozen stuff, and we have to kneel on a short bit of the pine while working, lest we get rheumatism in the knees.

It has been observed that in most undertakings calling for endurance of mind and body, the leaders generally hold out better than the subordinates. And, to some extent, this is true on the farm. Either the laborer is more subject to ailments, or more apt to complain of them, than the "boss". Some say this is because he don't know so well how to take care of himself; others, that being generally younger he has not had time to grow into a veteran; others, that his health and strength being his only stock in trade, he is more alarmed at their possible failure, and more inclined to hold forth upon it, than one who has something put by against a rainy day. It is of course impossible to tell how much pain one person suffers as compared with another, even from anything so definite as a crushed finger; much more from invisible internal pains, like dyspepsia or headache. But it maybe generally stated that when a stout young fellow spends two days in bed on account of an alleged toothache he is rather overdoing it; also that when the opportune

occurrence of a holiday causes swift recovery from grinding pain, doubts may be felt as to the severity of the complaint.

January 13. Took load of hay to neighbor K. It is an old device with those that sell hay to take it to market on a damp threatening day; for the dry stuff out of the barn absorbs moisture from the air, and reaches the scales many pounds heavier than it left the farm. I have also heard a laborer who came to us from Pennsylvania relate that in the region where he worked the farmers would spend much time adjusting the forkfuls of hay as they were pitched on the load destined for market, so that the heads of timothy should show on the outside as much as possible; and this improved its appearance so much as a dollar a ton beyond that tossed on anyhow.

January 14. Journeying along the banks of the Delaware I observed what a theatrical appearance has dirty old ice sprinkled with fresh white snow.

The four spiritual quarter-days; Walpurgis, Midsummer, Hallowe'en, Christmas. While they do not exactly correspond in distance to the old days of settlement, being strained rather than rent, yet there is some likeness. Walpurgis, (April 30) as all know, is the festival of the evil spirits, and then is kindled the bale-fire—the flame of Baal—round which fiend and witch foot it

together. Midsummer Eve has more cheery associations. Then troop the fairies, those failed divinities, Kelpie and Lurley are but shrunken Naiads, gnome and kobold Hercules or Mercury rubbed down.

Hallowe'en brings on the harmful, unnecessary ghost, the laundress semblance, the mirror awaiting Daguerre, the prophetic mandrake or its humble imitator, the cabbage stump, the apples of Eden, upborne by the Deluge, and Ariadue's clue, flung into the Cretan kiln. Lastly, Christmas rises from the unearthly to the heavenly; then only angels are heard, and that with its solstitial comrade hath gentle Shakespeare celebrated in his verse, leaving the more fearsome outbreaks occurring in Spring and Autumn to the treatment of dour Scot and misty Teuton.

January 15. The Stoics are well named. They entered not the house of truth, only dwelt in its porch, but the porch of the Greek temple was its chief glory and beauty. Their ideal was attainable by man, and dignified in its ignoring of circumstances. Christ's teaching went half way with that of the Stoic, then overwhelmed it. "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul", was repeatedly said by Epaphroditus' slave; but the next sentence "Rather fear him" goes far beyond. On the other hand while "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth" seems to strike at the root of the Epicurean doctrine, what follows of treasure in

heaven confirms and sublimes it.

January 16. Walking over field noticed the empty cartridge shells of the December gunners. These cases of brass and paper already rusting and rotting, compare as ill with the Indian's imperishable stone arrow-head as someone says the tin-can of modern civilization does with the pottery of Kurium.

City people who come into the country, (a few artists and a very few well behaved people excepted) do so either to pilfer, to pollute, or to destroy. Under the first head, come the snappers up of fruit, flowers, nuts, and ferns; under the second, the picnickers; under the third, the fishers, hunters, and fire-raisers. Perhaps they do not always propose these ends to themselves, but the results justify the above statement. Who has not seen cultivated berries and blossoms snatched up, nay, perhaps, dug up, with trowel aforethought? How many a pretty woodland nook more resembles a pig-sty after the departure of a jolly lunch party, who have littered it with melon rinds, papers, tin cans, and bottles. And how often is a dangerous fire set by persons who run away and leave some one else the task of putting it out? And these things are done by nice young people without an ill word or thought, except for the owner of the property, should he appear with remonstrance. When country people come to town, it is either to transact business or to look at shows, for which they pay good

money. Yet rustics, boors, and the like, have the name of being deficient in civility.

January 17. Several trees which were burst by the frost blow last winter now show their wounds where sap has oozed from the rupture during last summer, and stained the bark. I heard two or three of them go at the time. One, I remember, a large ailanthus, thus sounded one night when the thermometer reached 17° below zero, like a log which after holding a long time suddenly splits under great strain from wedges. The process is not very clear, but would seem to be just the reverse of a tub or jug bursting from the expansion of ice within.

January 18. Drawing up wood. Several sticks containing hibernating ants, the large black kind. It is said that the Maine log-choppers, when bilious from long feeding on pork and beans, used to eat these insects for the formic acid they contain. I have tried it myself, biting off the abdomen, and rejecting the head and thorax; and I remember they tasted like sorrel.

The only hibernating mammal I have ever seen in this neighborhood is a long tailed mouse, dark above and yellow beneath, several specimens of which I have dug out of a gravel bank, two or three feet from the surface.

The city papers, without which what should we do, are full of advice to us in

these days concerning the fly. "Down with him, show no mercy, kill, take, slay!" they cry concerning the insect which Domitian was blamed, even in heathen times, for putting to death, and which Uncle Toby spared with a kindly word. But admitting that their counsel is fundamentally sound, its details are open to criticism. "The fly's only breeding-place is in filth" they cry. "Disinfect, clean up, cart away without a moment's respite. Let your cattle have a piece of woods to run in, where they can be free from these torments", etc., etc. Now perhaps filth may be the fly's nursery in the city, where it is the only soft moist place he can find, but the reverse is the case in the country, where he much more affects the open fields than the barn's vicinity. And as to the woods, I have often noticed in riding through them that the stinging fly at least—*Stomoxys calcitrans*—was more frequent there than anywhere else. Once in riding through a small piece of woodland, not above ten acres in extent, I killed nine flies of the order referred to on my horse's neck.

January 19. The purple sap of green chestnut wood stains the axe blade more than any other. Cedar, pine and sassafras can all be told by their odor when cut, and drying on a dead stick turn it bright green. This last wood, by the way, seems to have formed a large part of the cargoes sent home to England by the early settlers. Our ancestors had

an exaggerated belief in its medicinal virtues; a belief which in Charles Lamb's time only lingered among the sweeps, whom he described as delighting in sassafras tea, which they called "Saloop".

Has anybody living ever seen a man-trap? One reads of them in the old books, and I have heard of an eccentric Englishman who made a collection of them; but they appear fabulous as the Minotaur, and I suppose he who set them now would be detested as his owner. Yet a hundred years back they seem to have been considered quite the proper thing. See Jane Taylor, "That large ring of iron, which lies on the ground, with terrible teeth like a saw".

Said Bobby—"The guard of our garden is found,
It keeps wicked robbers in awe".

No doubt then as to who was wicked. But now, along with the man-trap, have gone the teuter-hooks and the broken glass which I have often seen topping fences and walls fifty years ago. But bitter as the outcry would be against them now, there is a mode of defense which includes the possibilities of harm they all possess, which can inflict most ghastly wounds, which yet is turned out by the mile from many a mill, and sold in every State of the Union with scarcely a word of protest, at various prices and in various shapes. I refer to barbed wire, that Ameri-

can hybrid between the man-trap and the hedge.

January 20. Passing over land lately drained, observed the course of the ditches, both mains and laterals indicated by the drier and more crumbly earth over them; so that from a balloon one could have drawn a complete map of the system. On another field, now in sod, one of the drains can be traced by a narrow line of timothy, growing upon it, not above a foot wide, swamp grass and rushes on either side.

This last meadow has a curious diversity of soil, some seven by five hundred feet, about two thirds of its width is sandy, then comes a strip of stiff loam, and the rest is black muck full of bowlders large and small bottomed by tough yellow clay. The stones rest on this as on rock, the largest leaving no hollows. Presumably the muck has formed around the stones since they were deposited. My efforts at draining this spot have not been very successful, as may be seen. Water as well as stone lies on the hard pan, so that only the depth of ditch sunk into the clay affects it. Perhaps nothing changes the character of a piece of land like thorough drainage unless it be the felling of a forest; and this is solely destructive. It will be remembered that the most beneficent task Goethe could devise for his reformed Faust was the reclamation of a great salt marsh. If the Hackensack meadows had been in Holland,

undoubtedly they had been ditched and sown ere this.

January 21. There is an oak beside the wood road on which a flat fungus grows every summer, at the same place, about five feet from the ground. It appears in August, lasts through the fall, drops off in winter, and a dark spot marks the bark until warm weather. At the root of another tree a large pink fungus has appeared for several seasons.

There is an orange-colored fungus which springs up in drooping clusters, not unlike sponges in form, at the roots of cherry-trees. This also is recurrent for years together, though not perennial. Another, which I have observed growing in, or rather grown through by thick grass, is of a whitish speckled hue, resembling the breast of a thrush, as large, or larger, than an ordinary bucket, and apparently held up, disconnected with the earth, by the hundred or more stems which pierce it through as the twigs pierce a wasp's nest. Then there is the carrion fungus, the asphalltian, which draws flies like spoiled meat. And one more house variety I remember, during a very hot damp spell developed suddenly in an old couch left in a dark and musty basement. So rapid was its growth, enlarging from the dimensions of an apple to those of a pumpkin within a few hours, that it split and burst the covering of the lounge in a manner surprising to behold.

As though witch-craft had inhered, couch and fungus were shortly committed to the flames, without any effort to ascertain its species, which, at this distance, seems rather a pity.

January 22. The mediaeval king kept his place by balance; his underlings by grip. And between them they rode that patient horse, the people, hard and far. Still, it should be remembered that the trained horse with a rider can generally beat the unburdened wild one. If there had been no kings in history it would have been necessary for the poets to invent them; so essential is it to the well-being of humanity to have some one above them who can neither be blamed nor punished. Let him who doubts this consider if the Great Republic has not an equivalent sovereign, though his name be neither Richard nor Robin. When the old-time king could not keep his seat, or hold the rein, he fell, as did Alfonso from Baviaca; and Bivar arose to fill his place. So fell the luckless Seconds of English history—Edward, and Richard, and James—and so sprang a lawful heir, or an aggrieved noble, or a discontented son-in-law into the saddle. “If our master be not brave and wise, we will choose another” cried the nation in effect, “but a master we must have”.

January 23. Mr. N. is carting blue shale upon his roads. No stone disintegrates more rapidly than the red shale. I have seen great

blocks of it carted into a street, which in six weeks were reduced to small cubes like dice and in six more had become sticky clay. The blue variety, however, is harder, and will remain gritty a year or so.

The track on a dirt road changes about like the fashions. For weeks, or perhaps for months, be it winter or summer, the wagons will keep to one side, wearing deep ruts, or crushing all into fine dust. At last something, a stalled wagon, a fallen branch, even a brick dropped from a load, will compel, or at least induce a turn out, and forthwith all vehicles take the long, neglected, weathered, perhaps, grass-grown side of the way, and keep to it for a long term. Of course, the changes are more frequent and rational in spring, when the frost is coming out, and a quag on one side may exist with very fair travelling on the other. Again, a bad boulder which every one strikes and no one will pull out, just showing in the highway, will keep travel where only the wheels will hit it for perhaps twenty years. It has been said that a horse will not tread on you if he can help it, but neither will he tread on a large stone if he can help it, and slave as he is to us in many ways, his persistence in this and some other points, gains the day oftener than we suppose. Most likely the Hebrews took their own paths toward the pyramids.

January 24. Our florist has tried nitrate of soda on his carnations, and says that

though they grow large and fine, yet they would not keep after cutting, decaying the next day, when he had to make them good at a sacrifice. But even muck cannot always be relied on.

Muck is sometimes, perhaps most frequently, used to signify barn-yard refuse. The Man with the Muck-rake of whom we have heard so much, in late years, after his long slumber in Bunyan's Allegory, drew to himself with that tool the sticks, straws, and small dust of the floor. But another use of the word is as a synonym for peat, from which it differs little, save that the latter may be one step nearer coal. Forty years ago, the stuff was much cried up for application to sandy soils, and competing with manure. Winter after winter we used to go to the swamp of a neighbor whom we paid twelve and a half cents a load, cut up the frozen sod into squares, pry it off, and then dig out the black cheese-like muck to a depth of perhaps two feet, when water was reached. It was then carted to dry land nearby, piled, and left to weather for six months or so; by that time it had become dry and powdery, and was either applied directly to the land, or mixed with manure. Many a day have I spent in the labor, yet I do believe it was mostly wasted time, and that only by applying it as thickly as the existing soil could any good have been done.

January 25. Snow began yesterday and

this morning a veritable blizzard has set it. Drifts, bitter cold, high wind, cars stopped. "Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace". Twelfth Night. The first time I ever saw the word "blizzard" was during the campaign of 1872, in a satire on Carl Schurz; wherein he was said to give the foe

"Full five fingers of buckshot,
And then reload for the next blizzard".

Here it is evident that a charge of shot had been the meaning of the word up to that time. But it soon after came to mean as at present. To take another case, Graft, in the sense of extra-legal gains by city officials, has so completely overwhelmed the original meaning, viz: the transference of a living branch or cutting from one tree to another, that it may be doubted if many remain who know the word's original significance. So in a recent tale the boy who heard two of his elders refer to some young hircines sporting on the rocks nearby as "kids", interrupted them with the statement that "them wasn't kids; them was little goats". It were interesting to speculate whether a word ever changes to slang before its adopted children outnumber those lawfully its own. Thus, are there only of late years more corrupt, or at least venal municipal officials than working gardeners? Did the use of "kid" above noted (and it is not new, it

existed, with an affix, more than a hundred years ago) only begin when the young of humans outnumbered those of caprines? Did the metaphorical sense of "cutting a stick" first spring to life when real travellers became more numerous than disappointed lovers? And, to take one of those rare instances where a word has gained by extension, was the term "witch" only changed from a foul insult to a pretty jest when the roll of charming girls grew longer than that of old hags believed to be in league with the devil?

January 26. To town on wood sled. Snow, like the sea, levels distinctions. Manners are laid by; children ask for rides, nay, take them without asking, and pelt you, who would not think of it during the many months, when wheels prevail. Now come forth old mossy backs from Fresh Ponds, and Black Horse, in ancient sledges with low runners, high backs resplendent with blue and yellow rails, and absurd little dashboards, which look as if they might go back to Berkeley and Carteret. Now and then one sees a pung hastily knocked together from green saplings and rough boards, and the depot hacks are fitted with bobs. The sleigh-bell's voice has drowned the motor man's gong, the auto's horn, the bicyclist's whistle, and all goes dancing by the stalled trolley-car, like a tribe of Indians who have gained temporary advantage over the strenuous and in-

exorable white man.

January 27. The place where chickens fluttered through the snow is marked by the slaps of their wings on either side, but with pinions distended so that each feather cuts the snow separately, not with a solid stroke. Is this how they beat the air? Or does the snow trip them and make them strike awry?

The gait of men, as well as that of birds—and I suppose the progress of a gallinaceous fowl might be termed its gait—is much affected by circumstances. The farmer jogs or plods, the soldier strides, the sailor rolls, the maiden trips, or used to do so in the days before she took to offering man her sincerest flattery. The ragged recruits of Falstaff marched wide between the legs, remembering their recent fetters. The tailor is knock-kneed, the smith bow-legged, the savage toes in, the boatman shuffles. Dancer and thief are light of foot, cook and mason ponderous. None can for long disguise his *Spüren*, to use that admirable German term so wanting to our language, while his accustomed environment remains; but let it suddenly change, as with the fowls above, and the deft runner may become a clumsy swimmer, the trudging lout a daring and skillful skater. We shall never fly with wings; the swing-shelf men have settled all that for us; but if we did, perhaps the worst on earth might be the best in heaven.

January 28. The deep snow has put a stop to fires in the woods, one of which I found and extinguished a few days ago. It was about eight feet across, burning briskly away among dead leaves and spreading in all directions. It was, of course, easy to extinguish a fire of this size; and having done so, I made after some boys who had just left and upbraided them. They, of course, declared it was the work of "some other fellers", a thing hard to believe when the flame was so recent.¹

January 29. Stages of travel. Storming through the world, crossing the continent, traversing the town, walking in the garden, pacing the room, tossing in bed, wandering in mind.

January 30. Plants as well as animals seem to perish before the advance of civilization, even when not directly attacked. The Spinning-vine or Hartford fern, formerly abundant in swamps hereabout, has utterly disappeared. And the ground pine, a small evergreen of upright growth, is rapidly disappearing. Could only find a few very small shoots this year in a place where it once grew thickly. Of course, both of these were gathered for decorative purposes, but one would not suppose that this would have annihilated them within thirty years.

January 31. The chopping-block is a tree

turned traitor, one who becomes an instrument of the tyrant's cruelty upon his fellows to prolong his own miserable existence.

February 1. The reason folk frequently lament the loss of friends less than the loss of property is that the former is inevitable and the latter is not, at least to our representatives.

Old Age—get thee hence, thou shipper into the land of stumbling and weariness, of fear and favors. So far as thou art tolerable or admired, it is because thou art not altogether old age—thou retainest from neighbor Youth a strong hand, or an abundant chevelure, a keen eye, or a quick wit. When Swift's wanderer first heard of the Struldbrugs, he cried in transport "What a happy society theirs must be! Relieved from the fear of death, at leisure to stow their minds with the wisdom of the ancients, and ever gathering experience—sure there can be no better company!" But upon introduction, he found them bitter and querulous, gloomy yet trifling; their only pleasure the dissemination of scandal, and the ailments which afflicted them at sixty continuing always the same, without increase or diminution. Yet this Dantean circle resulted only from durability of life, segregation, and numbers. There were, if I remember rightly, about fifteen hundred in the colony. No Old Folks' Home has ever been so large; but if such an one were found, it would, I imagine, bear a strong resem-

blance to Swift's community of Struldbrugs.

February 2. As usual, the sun shone to-day. Candlemas is almost always bright with us. The old sayings "Clear and bright, winter will have another flight". "Candlemas Day, half your corn and half your hay". refer not only to a climate very different from ours, but also to the old style so long prevalent in England, which set everything back eight or ten days. A pretty strife in town between trolley and grocery men, pitching snow back and forth from tracks to gutter.

The Sybarite whom it tired to see other people work, has been often held up to ridicule; but he was only born before his time. Had he lived nowadays he might well have belonged to one of those associations some of whose members were not long since heard discussing and denouncing the conduct of a farmer who worked sixteen hours a day. In some way—how, was not exactly made clear—they conceived that the interests of their order were jeopardized because a man in his own business worked longer hours than they did in theirs. Somewhat analogous to this is the indignation expressed by times at mention of the harvest moon, for that the peasantry of Europe used to get in their crops by its light, supplementing the day; which indignation appears almost side by side with jubilant statements that the Western harvests are so heavy that the farmers are obliged to

run their reapers by night. Again, one shall see calls for an eight hour day in one newspaper column, and in the next glad references to the fact that the mills at such and such a place are running overtime.

February 3. Very cold. Spent all morning carrying wood and keeping up fires. Animals seem to have no idea of exercising to keep warm. They just turn their backs to the wind and crouch; but perhaps if one had only a limited amount of fuel it would be better just to keep a spark alive till the snap was over than to burn it all out in a few hours.

The first legislation against cruelty to animals is said to have been an enactment passed in the days of Queen Elizabeth prohibiting "plowing at the horse's tail" as then practised in Ireland.

This custom consisted in lashing the plow-beam to the horse's tail with a bit of rope, and then, while one man held the plow, another walked backward before the animal, guiding it with blows of a stick. It seems as though this plan must have cocked the plow so high into the air that the point would take no hold on the soil. It seems also as if only the most spiritless of equines would have submitted to the treatment, but that it was frequently done the act against it proves. The cruelty of the practise needs no demonstration; it could not have been profitable, but was perhaps preferable to starvation. Whether the English legislators were moved

solely by pity of the miserable beast, or whether they desired to make a market for English plows and harness does not appear; probably their motives were mixed, as sometimes happens, even at the present day, when those who bear to look on fights, cannot bear to look on films.

February 4. Shakespeare, in "Henry the V." speaks of the meadows, neglected through war, being grown up to docks and kecksies. In "Evenings at Home", (circa 1800) George says, referring to the stems of the water hemlock, "the boys blow through them, and call them kexes". This same water hemlock is said to be poisonous to foals, and is allied to our wild carrot, through eating of which Mr. W. died. Tame carrots occasionally revert to wild, or else the seed is mixed.

Poisonous plants and herbage seem to have been more abundant in days of yore than now, as, indeed, do poisonous grains and fruits. But it may be that everything which was, or looked, edible was so scarce that neither man nor beast could pick and choose. It may also be that dyspepsia was so rare that a brisk attack of it was called a case of poisoning. Xenophon's troops, poisoned by wild honey, will at once come to mind, also the divinity students who ate wild gourds with Elisha. Sheep have at times been more or less poisoned by lambkill, kalmia, or wild laurel. Cows can eat poison

ivy with impunity, though as that is a blood poison, the fact is the less remarkable. Both cattle and sheep are said to have been poisoned by eating the young sprouts of the wild cherry, which, as does the peach, contains a dash of prussic acid in its leaves. Poke-weed berries, and the flowers of the trumpet creeper, used to be classed among noxious attractions of this kind, at least I remember divers woes being visited on children who assayed to blow the said trumpets. Lastly, that very uninviting herb, stramonium, or jimson weed, is placed, with much reason, among the forbidden fruits.

February 5. Yesterday distinctly saw sun spot through smoked glass. Some attribute the extreme cold of the winter to this.

A glass slipper, in the well known fairy tale, probably meant one spangled with glass beads; just as a glass coach, somewhat later in the day, signified a carriage fitted with glass windows. It needs no demonstration that a slipper of solid glass would be utterly unsuited for dancing, even though it might more rigidly exclude the pretender and the intruder. Glass, like most of the flowers we cultivate, came at first in very small morsels, though in many cases, unsurpassedly rich in color—*teste* the mediaeval church windows. But as the chrysanthemum has grown from a button to a hat, so has plate glass enlarged upon us; and now every little shopkeeper can have panes to his show window of a size no

monarch on earth could have obtained two hundred years ago. So far has this gone that the pane's humble old friends—putty and lead—seem in a fair way to be entirely discarded; and some of the modern windows are hooked together with little metal hinges or buckles as though intended to open at any point that will please the taste of customers, or the art of the window dresser.

February 6. Gullying of slopes varies greatly with the soil. As a rule, it is worst on the best lands. On a heavy, strong loam the washout is crooked, at first thrown right and left by the stones which it later undermines, bringing down the overlying soil. On our red shale the matter is different. While the soil gullies easily, the washout is straight and always hard at the bottom, where it goes down to the rock. But never have I seen more melancholy examples of washing than in the Apennines near Pistoia. Great hills of yellow clay, without tree, bush or grass, ripped down the sides in all directions by huge, ragged gullies with deltas of silt spreading out from their bottoms, went to form one of the most depressing landscapes I have ever looked upon.

February 7. Started an owl from a tree near the barn-yard last night. He probably had an eye to the pigeons. Some years since I heard a curious snapping noise in the barn at night, which I attributed to rats. Next

morning on opening the door of the pigeon's box an owl bustled out, leaving behind him the remains of two squabs. This was most likely a screech owl, as they are numerous hereabout, while I have never certainly noted the large barn owl.

February 8. What can be seen of the winter wheat looks poorly. A heavy drift overlies part of the field, but beyond this a thin sheet of ice covers most of it. And ice is as bad for grain as snow is good.

How many of Dickens' grimy, gloomy, squalid interiors would be unbearable but for one irradiating object—a pot of liquor. The draught administered by Newman Noggs to Smike, just arrived in London from Yorkshire, the purl shared by Swiveller and the Marchioness at their memorable game of cards in the damp kitchen, the punch which Quilp's family and the watermen were imbibing at the time of his unexpected return—is not the cordial julep, flaming and dancing in its pewter bounds, the life of many more that might be enumerated?

February 9. Much time has been spent this winter in shoveling paths and breaking out roads. What useless and unprofitable work it is. After hours of it, one is no better off than before the storm. The Romans were the best road builders, the Arabs the poorest. These last had no snow, frost, mud or swamps and but few rivers.

The condition of a slave or serf is the cause of contumelious treatment lingering after the conditions to which it gave rise have passed away—not the color of the skin. The Ethiopians were slaves here, the aborigines were not generally so. Consequently, they are held in very different esteem. Most folks are rather proud of being descended from an Indian. Negroes are not pariahs in Europe, because there the dark face never indicated a bondman—nay, the swarthy Moors ruled over the fairer Spaniards for centuries. By the way, did that fine old expression “blackamore” designate a person black as a Moor, or blacker than a Moor? In England, that early bird, the Saxon, became a serf under Norman rule; and that is why the low class Englishman was so cavalierly treated by the high class Englishman until a very recent period. One proof of the way human beings were regarded as stocks and stones in that country (as a Friend of Humanity might exclaim) is that the traveller there hardly ever sees a hitching post; a boy is supposed to spring up at a whistle (and he mostly does) to hold your horse for tuppence.

February 10. When splitting a heavy chunk, if you cannot hit hard enough to cleave it, turn the axe, so as to strike its poll on the chopping block, with the billet sticking on the blade. Gravitation thus comes to your aid, and the weight of the chunk is its

own undoing.

Many modern tools were fashioned or devised from the unaccustomed use of an old one. *E. G.*, the Acme harrow-tooth from the track left by a plow run on its share edge; the tedder from the upward and backward stroke of a pitchfork. It is said that the old-time sickle had teeth like a saw, and from no other instrument could the action of the machine mower blade even seem to be derived. The greatest step in the evolution of the plow was probably taken by him who first observed that a triangular stock would turn the soil upward and sideways better than a round rooter. Next, but at a great interval, came the iron point or share used by Samson's contemporaries. Then the coulter known to Chaucer and the Cid; but the wooden mold board, so often alluded to by Scott's peasantry as needing to be scraped clear of mold with the plough-paidle, hung on almost to our own time. An illustration to an edition of Thomson's "Seasons", published in the late 1700's, represents the farmer going forth to turn his first spring furrow, paidle in hand. And a most discouraging task it must have been, for only a sandy sod will slip cleanly from wood.

February 11. How many fatal spots one comes to know in a neighborhood after long residence. Just adjoining the north end of this farm is a gully where a murder was committed some fifty years ago; and in the river

nearby a girl was drowned thirty-five years back. About the same time a drunkard was drowned in a ditch of the Island Farm eastward. I know a house in town, which while building fell on two men and killed them, and a yard wherein a woman was burnt to death.

February 12. S. Perhaps one of the hardest blows ever dealt the hapless aborigines of this continent was calling them Indians so that naming them referred them, as it were, to another land.

That more than half our States have retained the aboriginal names was a thing hardly to be expected, considering that but two of the old thirteen did so, and how strongly the colonists' taste ran to old associations. Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas, were named for monarchs, Delaware for a noble, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Florida were fanciful. New York goes back to old Eboracum, New Jersey to Caesar's Isle in the Channel. Maine and Rhode Island were dubbed for territory that never belonged to Great Britain. New Hampshire for an English county, California for a Spanish romance. Montana, Colorado, and Nevada would seem to have gone on their looks. That one state should have refused to part with the name of our greatest man was perhaps inevitable. It is not surprising that Scandinavians should have termed southern New England Vinland; but (to go out of our

Union for a moment) a reason is far to seek for Spaniards calling that forbidding peninsula north of the St. Lawrence Labrador (farming land). One can but suppose they did it because, bearing no forests, it looked already cleared for the husbandman.

February 13. Hay coming up from the salt meadows on sleds. It is difficult to make a good load on a sled, as on a boat, because of the narrowness and instability of the foundation.

Hay seems to have been little known in the Middle Ages. Stock was wintered mostly on straw and leaves. Tusser, who wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gives much advice to the farmer as to the cutting and storing of green branches, which might serve as fodder, when pasture failed. He is particular as to the desirability of saving the beech cuttings for the milch cows; whereas for sheep anything would do. A miserable dependence it would appear to us now, but then it seems to have been looked on, if not as a matter of course, at least as a thing practiced by the more forehanded and capable. There must have been some natural meadows in England, even then, but perhaps all their produce was saved for the horses of kings. As far as I can recollect, there is no mention of hay in Shakespeare, if we except Bottom's remark "Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow", and even that suggests its rarity. By Milton's time, a hundred years

later, "The mower whets his scythe" "And the tanned haycock in the mead" were familiar country objects.

February 14. Last season, when I got some potatoes from a cellar under an uninhabited house, it was like plucking them out of the very jaws of winter. The planks and beams above the windows, and the upper part of the walls, shone and sparkled with frost, while only the warm breath slowly rising from the heart of earth kept the vegetables alive.

February 15. Thoreau has spoken of the indigo shadows on snow. One summer day, when looking toward the distant horizon, under the branches of thick trees, I saw what I took for black storm clouds. Next moment I saw that some clothing upon a line filled the space, and instantly what had looked black looked white.

February 16. Once, burning some brush with an English boy, we differed as to the best method of placing the sticks. He wanted to set them up in pyramidal form, while I thought they did best laid horizontally. After some days' dissension, I said to him one morning "You make a fire over there, I'll build one here; it will save carrying the sticks so far". This we accordingly did, but I noticed that several times during the forenoon he came to my fire for brands to keep his up,

and after that he was more of my opinion.

When showing a laborer that he "kens na his work by half", is it best to do so as soon as the error is made, or the fault committed, or to let it go until the next time he is about to do the same thing? Of course, one has then the advantage of speaking in coolness, and being able to point out the mistakes to be avoided as they approach. On the other hand, there are those who cannot reprove at all, unless they do it under irritation, and to postpone it until emotion has passed away makes them feel, with Archdeacon Grantley, that much good hot anger has been wasted. Doubtless the laborer would prefer that nothing should ever be said at all about his faults, but the owner can hardly be expected to submit to the spoiling of his goods until it gradually dawns upon the hireling that something is wrong, and (still more slowly) what is the best way to mend it. Burns, it is recorded, was wont to say when he heard his brother, Gilbert, scolding the farmhands, "Oh, man, ye are no for young folk", but Burns' end was not such as to encourage any other farmer in the like good nature.

February 17. Very icy roads. Went to town with smooth shod horse, and crawled about the lower streets, both he and I in great terror. Being unable to get a place at the blacksmith's, I finally procured some bur-lap at a store, and tied his feet up in it like

puddings. This, to some extent, gave him stability, but as the stuff cut through every five minutes, I had frequently to stop and adjust it, endeavoring to get as much of a pad as possible under the sole. Thus, with much delay and many scrambles, we got home without an actual fall.

February 18. Those numerous ladies who nowadays denounce skirts should pause and reflect how many female statues have been preserved by their flowing draperies, and of how many male nought has come down to us but feet and ankles.

The first thing which can be called a statue, mentioned in all history, was probably Lot's wife. Then there were those which woke to life, e. g., Pygmalion's bride and Hermione, and those whose mutilation was resented as if they had been alive—the Athenian Hermae. It has often been stated that sculpture, to be satisfactory, must either follow the lines of the human figure, or the flow of drapery. Plate-armor, it is true, which does neither of these things, makes a very fair appearance in counterfeit presentments, probably for the reason that it recognizes the joints. Perhaps a remark might not here be misplaced concerning the present helpless state of the Worth monument. As all men know, this stands at Broadway and Twentieth Street, bearing a small equestrian figure of the hero on the south and on the north an arm mailed and bowed, holding a

bronze sabre. But the blade is gone these many years. What became of it?

I recollect a seated statue of the donor of a certain building, which was at first placed facing it, only a few feet away. Subsequently, the proprieties seemed to dictate to someone in authority that the statue's back should be turned to his gift, and his face to the recipient town. Which was accordingly done.

February 19. S. In a revival either of learning, manners or religion, the bringing of fresh fuel to the fire is frequently mistaken for an enlargement of the hearth.

Gray's *Elegy* is probably the first great poem wherein the peasant is brought into the foreground. He had figured largely as a setting for the noble, as his henchman, servitor, or admirer. In fact, for a long time the villager was as essential to a tale of high life as a piece of water to a landscape; that he might reflect what was above him. But Gray makes him the principal figure, and treats his occupations, diversions and interests from the outside, it is true, but with a sedulous attention unexampled until then. The poet himself, and the kindred spirit who might inquire his fate, are treated as the accessories; literally, they are the walking gentlemen of the piece. This was one of Miss Austen's weakest points—that she could only draw the lower class as domestic servants, and but indifferently at that. There has been

a mighty change in this matter since Gray's time; the gentleman has been attrited, the artisan elaborated. But he was the pioneer in the movement, the discoverer of the lowly and grimy coal, which was ultimately to turn out so many more pot-boilers than the fair and stately trees of the forest could ever have furnished with sufficient fuel.

February 20. The phenomenon known as "freezing dry" has been many times observed this cold weather. The ice on the front porch, hard and black on Tuesday, begins to look whitish underneath, Wednesday, as if pried away from the planks a little. Thursday, the edges begin to break into bays and coves. Friday, only a few ribs and ridges remain. Saturday, they are all gone, like a scrawl wiped off a slate. And meanwhile no thaw.

February 21. Probably the venal voter is more in evidence now than at one time in the Republic's history—a vulgar antithesis to the conscientious Mugwump. A neighbor has suggested a remedy, which if not immediately practical seems at any rate worthy of consideration. This consists in the buying up of such voters, once for all, by the Federal or State Government, for a lump sum—say, \$50.00 per head. Every person so selling, would be, ipso facto, disfranchised for life and officially registered as such. Addickses would thus be deprived of their following,

and bribery confined to legislative halls. Probably any one who would sell his vote at all would sell it to the Government, for a sum to equal which would require a dozen years chaffering. The advantages of this plan are obvious and great, and its cost would be soon repaid.

February 22. Children sliding down the streets have never been so numerous or impudent as this year. The long continued frost has made almost every part of the town available for the sport. On Hassert Street, a few days ago, I noticed how the ice had piled up; not only the sky-fall, but the slops thrown from the houses had congealed, and buried gutter and sidewalk out of sight. If these conditions prevailed the year round, many a house would be entombed in its own filth.

The innate corruption and depravity of human nature were perhaps never more clearly brought out than in the historic Black Hole of Calcutta. That atrocity stands unrivalled as an instance of the utmost suffering humanity can endure, passed through by a large number, yet leaving a few survivors to tell the tale. Many more have been slain or executed at one time, death being anticipated; but probably only safe keeping of the prisoners was intended, and only fear of breaking a despot's sleep prevented their earlier release. Yet this torture, "unequaled in history or fiction, whose record cannot be

read unmoved after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years", was produced merely by crowding men together in an ill ventilated room. No fires, racks, or scourges were needed; all that was done or required to be done was to take from each the amount of air and space to which he was accustomed, crush him into close proximity with his fellows, and the thing was accomplished.

February 23. Finished splitting the winter's rails—about sixty. Have never been able to determine whether they split best from top or butt. Sometimes one succeeds, sometimes the other. In splitting posts the usual plan is for the men to face each other, one slowly advancing while the other backs away, and the blow of each into the cleft loosening his partner's axe. Some years ago, as two brothers were thus engaged, one of them got a little too close, and the descending blade just grazed his forehead, knocking him down and leaving an ugly gash. Another inch would have split his skull.

February 24. Pigeons are very persistent bathers. Whenever the horse-trough is left uncovered, a cheesy white scum shows they have been there; and one bitter cold day when the plumbers turned a stream from the pipe they were repairing into an icy hollow the pigeons flew down and began plunging into the freezing pool.

February 25. I do not know that the process of milking has ever been described. The forefinger first clasps the upper part of the teat, and then the middle, ring, and little fingers in rapid succession, so as to drive the milk before them through the orifice. The knack is rather difficult to acquire, and at first very wearying to the hands; though this soon passes.

Some form of green feed for milch cows in winter was long a desideratum, but the need is now fairly well supplied by ensilage, which, as every one knows, is some kind of fodder, generally green corn, cut up and packed under pressure, which preserves it in a certain state of fermentation, very like sauer-kraut. The process was first applied to the tops of beets, which it seemed pity to waste, and which kept in pits fairly well for a few weeks. I cannot say that my experience with silage has been favorable, but then I am not a progressive. Roots do fairly well for a few cows, and do not require a large force at once, or a special building for their reception. Sugar beets or mangels are best; turnips will do, but do not keep so well, and give the milk an unpleasant taste. Root cutters are on the market, but the one we used lost a tooth now and then, which falling among the beets, was like to choke the cows. So for years we have sliced them up primevally with a knife or sharp spade. In England—see Hardy's "Tess"—they smash

them up, turnips at least, with a heavy mallet, placing them one by one in a small hollow dug out of the top of a wooden block. Carrots are best of all, but too expensive, and hard to keep.

February 26. S. A drift has been over one panel of the fence near the woods for just a month, so little has it thawed during the last thirty days.

February 27. In summer, when windows are open, I can tell how the chores go on at the barn by the sound of the different doors opening and shutting. But in winter "beyond these voices there is peace". The cries of inanimate objects, save under great stress, as in the frost-blow mentioned above, are stilled. Ice furnishes an admirable lubricant for hinges, when it will let them turn at all, and a still more admirable wedge to prevent banging. The tool that falls in snow, the foot that treads in snow, are alike muffled. The stock do not need so much water, and the pump, in consequence, has little to do. The wagon wheels, swelled and cushioned by damp, cease to give forth their distinctive creakings, and the sled is noiseless. The animals also are mostly mute. The pigeon's claws do not clatter on the roof, nor are their cooings heard from the ridge. The fowls no longer chuckle, or cackle, or cluck. Only the valiant cock will crow until starvation and high thinking, is reached. Cats and

dogs cease to express their pleasure or pain, lowing and neighing and squalling are well nigh forgotten. The animals stand for an hour together in one place instead of the constant stamping and shifting induced by the flies. Only once a month or so will an avalanche of corn, undermined at one end, pour down in the crib, or melting snow, with a very similar sound, go sliding off a steep roof.

February 28. On averaging the sunrise temperature of the month, which I have kept for many years, I find this to be the coldest February since 1875; just thirty years. This year averaged (taking only early morning temperatures) thirteen degrees.

Should have trimmed grape vines today; have done it for many years on Feb. 28.

Of course the method of taking temperatures mentioned above is open to objection. If every afternoon and evening were mild, and only the morning sharp (a thing not likely, but possible) the month, as a whole, might show a high average.

The imperfection of standards is strikingly illustrated by the frequent practice of putting a human figure beside the thing depicted, for comparison. While this is the most feasible way of getting at the size of many objects,—trees for example— it is liable to abuse on the advertising page. There, if you want the goods offered, or the advantages attained, as a horse or a string of fish, to ap-

pear large, put a small man beside—if it is desirable they should appear small, as the folding boat from which the fish are taken, put a large man beside. The counterfeit presentment of a bright and pretty girl has sold many a sewing machine; and that of a tall handsome man helped off much whiskey and cigars. Not that grief, misfortune, wounds, and penury are absent from the advertising sheet; but they are always traceable to one of two causes—either a refusal to purchase any goods whatever, or a mistaken purchase of the other fellow's goods.

March 1. The perfection of art is to conceal art, the perfection of riding to be carried without much thinking about it; the perfection of digestion is not to know that you have one, and so the perfection of life may be not to feel, through the senses, that we live.

March 2. Let evil end with you. Do not pass on the scandal, the doubt, the injustice, the abuse you have received. Moral garbage, thus consumed, shall lighten your neighborhood, instead of cumbering and defiling it.

March 3. Fox-fire has been unusually prevalent this year. Generally it appears on a white oak stump, which has decayed from within, so that the whole interior glows like a crucible. At times it seems to vibrate and

change like the Northern Lights on a small scale, but it is difficult to be sure of this.

March 4. The following conversation was heard between two young people in a trolley car passing Ross Hall, an old time building up the river, now the Golf House. He—"That was the home of Janice Meredith". She—"Who was she?" He—"Oh, a Revolutionary character." She—"She must be a very old lady by now." He—"Oh, she was a creation of the brain of Paul Ford, the millionaire was killed by his brother last Spring." She—"Is that so?" He—"So, you see, she never lived at all." She—"Oh, the poor thing!"

In the above dialogue, it is doubtful which stood first with the narrator; Ford's talent, his fate, or his wealth.

How few authors have lived by their works until they were dead! Homer probably did it, and perhaps Kipling; and Pope, and Dumas. But Dante was a hanger-on, and so was Horace, and so was La Fontaine. Petrarch was a titular canon, Burns an excise man, ditto Wordsworth. Thomson under secretary to the Leeward Islands, wherein he never set foot. Hook treasurer at the Mauritius. Gibbon had, for a short time, a place under government, and Congreve had too, for a long time. Spenser was secretary to the deputy lieutenant of Ireland. Nay, is it not said that a certain prominent American man of letters was given a consulship at

Venice because he wrote a campaign life of the successful candidate? Voltaire died rich, stock-jobbing was his line, and he seems to have kept what he got. Even the few writers whose pens have really been golden ones, like Scott and Tupper, (their only similiarity) seem generally to have been beguiled into taking stock in the publishing company which sent forth their works, with results the most disastrous. Of no other profession can it be said that two members of it as distinguished as Spenser and Otway died, the one for lack of bread, the other from its superabundance.

March 5. S. The blackbirds are beginning to drift to and fro. In moving they go westward, presumably to Bear Swamp some twenty miles away, in evening eastward again to spend the night on the salt marshes. They fly in large flocks of two or three hundred each, for the most part very compactly, but there are always a few stragglers, striving to keep up and chirping dismally. They rush over with a loud "hoosh" thick as ripples on a pond.

March 6. Our County-seat is what has been called a "wooden town". The great majority of the houses are frame, perhaps one in ten brick; and only three stone ones. On the road to Bound Brook there are four or five more, built from the best and hardest of the native shale. One of these, said to

have been occupied by Lafayette in days of yore, is stone to the eaves, roof and gables of wood, the thickness of the wall covered over with plank, forming a bulk seat across the end chambers, light half length hewn rafters mortised into girts, and a little three slat hole in the upper corner of each solid shutter.

March 7. Holing posts. Partly with auger, partly with post axe. This last is a little tool with a blade about two inches wide. With this one pecks away at top and bottom of the place marked on the flattened side of the post until two little slits are cut through, when the piece between is knocked out. Perhaps no implement so well illustrates the sarcastic inquiry made by the old chopper of the novice, "Kin ye hit two times in three places"?

The auger is less likely to split the posts than the axe above described, and leaves a neater hole, but it is harder work, and cannot be done at all when the log is frozen, as the ice soon chokes the screw.

March 8. Wit consists in the discovery of dissimilarities in things apparently alike; humor, in the perception of likenesses in matters seemingly different. The first is cold and sharp; the second warm and mild. The one seeks antitheses; the other analogies. Wit cuts, humor joins. Wit is a gunbarrel, humor a hose-pipe. Wit makes admiring enemies, humor, contemptuous friends. A wit

never thinks himself a fool; a humorist often doubts his wisdom. Mephistopheles had plenty of wit; it belongs to the "freundlich Element", but a water drinking saint may be a rare humorist. Wit is natural to a woman as a hat-pin, but few females wield the club of humor. Dignity is the garb of wit, as brevity its soul; humor goes barefoot and ungirt, as Gamelyn, dealing much in circumlocutions. Wit may rebuke a king; humor jests with a clown. Wit is of the town and the covert; humor of the field and the ale-house. Wit is a spur, humor a peck of oats. And yet, with all these differences, so much do they at times include and resemble each other, that both may be found packed together in the title of one small State—Connecticut.

March 9. I remember a cedar and maple growing as close together as if they sprang from the same root. Some thirty-five or six years ago they were about twenty feet in height and the maple was probably about the same number of years old; the cedar twice as much. The maple is now twice that height, and its desperate efforts to straighten killed the cedar (round which it takes a complete turn) and flattened itself grotesquely.

March 10. First spring-like day. In evening smelt a muskrat. This and the skunk cabbage are the first scents of spring and it is curious they should both be unpleasant

ones. Have never yet seen a musk-rat, long as I have lived here, and often as I have smelt him, the 'possum is much more familiar, being now and then found in outlying town houses. This last animal has been described as a mix up of bear, hog, and monkey. This has been a profitless winter in the way of work; little done beyond cutting wood, breaking paths and keeping alive.

March 11. Cutting at a stump today, I reached a little too far, and, striking on top of the stump, split the axe helve from end to end. I kept at work, however, and at last cut through the root with the crippled tool, swinging it by the fibres. It reminded me of Umslopogaas' mace, described by Rider Haggard, wherewith he was able to do great execution because the handle was flexible.

The Novel, some few sports and freaks excepted, is an annual plant. Fine biennials are known, and even perennials, though these last, when closely examined, will generally be found to have thrown out a kind of sucker or layer, which maintains an independent existence after the parent stock has perished. But as a rule, they are growths of one season.

The old-fashioned romance, indeed, ran its course with the season's vegetation, springing up in April or May, blooming in summer, and ending in September; while perhaps the majority of modern novels do better under glass from Fall to Spring; still,

their average time of thrift remains much the same in length, viz. from six to nine months. The briefest bloomer of celebrity is perhaps *Ivanhoe*, the time occupied in the actions of that novel being little more than three weeks. The *Antiquary* covers about a month, July 15th to August 10th. Crawford's "*Cigarette Maker's Romance*", the cress and mustard literature, covers only four and twenty hours. "*The Heart of Mid Lothian*" and "*Old Mortality*" are so to speak, resurrection plants — burgeoning some three months, then closing for a long term of years, and anon blooming out once more for a week or two. "*Joseph Vance*" and its like are not plants, but trees.

March 12. S. Yesterday began pulling down lean-to of the barn at Clifton. The door of this building is made of planks which, from their markings, evidently once formed the case of a picture sent from France to a Philadelphia dealer on the S. S. *Normania*. Pried off the roof as a whole; dizzy work.

Probably most persons on a height are more or less ill at ease. A stationary height that is; for by all accounts the prentice sailor soon recovered from his qualms in this respect, a result only to be accounted for by the ship's independent life and motion. The weakness may perhaps be overcome by early and determined effort; it is said that Goethe cured himself of it, when a youth, by sitting

aloft in Strassburg spire, where the chimes seemed to make the structure vibrate and swing, but success in this line must ever remain doubtful. The actual or apparent revolts set up by various parts of the human frame divine—the insurgency of those organs whose existence we would ever choose to forget: The sudden anxiety of brain and eye for a merry waltz, the determined resolve of feet to become hands, almost bursting their shoes in the effort to gripe a suppositious branch—all these cannot but confound the constitution's well ordered federality, and probably to feel secure on the outside of a dome one must have either wings like birds or roots like hair. Memory still pictures that unhappy youth once seen walking round the circle of St. Paul's, holding his hat before his face, and groaning, "Oh, why did I come up here?"

Little has been done in literature with roofs; those places whereon, as good Jeremy Taylor saith, "the footing is slight, the prospect vertiginous, and the devil busy, and desirous to thrust us headlong". Not to dwell further on the instance thus adverted to, nor yet on David's promenade, perhaps the most notable success in this sort is Hugo's "Notre Dame". The illusion of being high in the air (but by no means the nearer heaven on that account) is wondrously caught and kept in this story. While perhaps less than half the action takes place aloft, nearly all of it seems to do so; we rebound like balls to the

level which has come to seem our natural habitat. The death of Jehan over the doorway, that of Claud by falling from the tower, seem like those of sailors who end their duty or their mutiny by the chances of the ship whereon their lives have been spent; while Esmeralda's mother, the anchoress, is a barnacle on its side. That once popular author, George Macdonald, has a very good description of two children astray on a church roof in "Wilfred Cumbermede". The chapter was widely copied as a scene of adventure, without respect to the rest of the tale, but though elaborate and ingenious, it lacked Hugo's well mastered giddiness.

March 13. With warm and drying days appear those little whirlwinds known in England, according to Haggard, as "Roger's blasts" or "Fairies going to court". From two to six feet in diameter, they rush across the fields, whirling up dust and dead grass, and sometimes breaking into quite a roar when they strike a mass of leaves. The persistence of these baby tornadoes is wonderful. One that I well remember, not more than a yard across, passed over a field, and entered the woods, where I looked to see it soon broken up and stilled, but, with marvelous vitality, it passed among and through the tree trunks and after enduring for a hundred yards or more, went down a hillside and out upon the pond, still whirling from left to right like a watch.

March 14. Was it Porson who went from Dante to beer shop crying "All is barren"?

March 15. A farmer in this country is more or less an object of contempt to town's people. It was not always so, if one may trust the books. In "Doctor Thorne" Trollope represents the young men from Barchester pretending to be laborers on the estate in order to get to the squire's picnic. But now a mill-hand considers himself better than a farmer, ipso factory. Even when people want to be friendly with a tiller of the soil, it may be observed that they generally begin by asking if he finds farming pays; a question they would never dream of putting to a man of any other occupation.

This sinking of the farmer in general esteem is the more remarkable in view of the rise of sundry once despised occupations, e. g., nurse and scavenger. But apparently the agriculturist has inherited the contempt once bestowed on the rising serf and the falling squire.

The nurses of history and of ancient fiction, were mostly in charge of infants, not invalids. Such was the case with Sicheaeus' nurse, appealed to by Dido (hers being dead) and Juliet's safe mentor. Helena, in "Much Ado about Nothing" rather plays the part of doctress than nurse, and we have not the sex of the attendant appealed to by Charles IX, of France, when in extremis,

and remorseful for St. Bartholomew; Mrs. Rooke, or Nurse Rooke, in "Persuasion" has a slightly modern smack; but she is kept much in the background, and is chiefly useful as a gossip.

No list of this kind were complete without mention of the great Sairey Gamp, full of humors as her own umbrella of packages. Severe criticism has been visited on her tippling and pilfering, but with it all she brought her patient through, and who can do more? Perhaps the profession reached its nadir about 1860, when (as I have seen with my own eyes) female convicts from the Penitentiary were employed as nurses in some of the great city hospitals. Since then, the change in income, demeanor, and costume of the trained nurse has been marvellous, and to what is it destined to grow?

March 16. Scene of a little tragedy. On a bit of ground plowed last fall, a sprinkle of small feathers showed where a pigeon had been devoured. That it had been done by a hawk, not a crow, was shown by the few kernels of corn, which the bird's crop had contained, lying untouched.

Found a nest containing three young rabbits in the field. The mother selecting a small hollow, deposits her young therein, first lining it with fur plucked from her own coat, and covering all over with a bunch of the same. So long as the grass, or rather weeds, stood they were well protected, but mower

and rake had both passed over, carried away the crop, and done no further harm beyond dragging the fur to one side, thus giving a clue to the nursery. I looked in at them, then introduced a finger. Until this was done, they were still as if dead, but soon as the touch of alien flesh was felt they began successively to kick with startling violence. Too young to run, (they were about the size of large mice, and probably but a day or two old,) this must have been to terrify the intending captor. The coat was thick, and rather darker than the adult's; ears, paws, and tail yellow and bare; the eyes closed like those of young kittens. Covering them up, I departed, but when last seen they were trying to kick off the blanket. Their fate seems very uncertain. Such choice morsels for dog, crow, or hawk can hardly escape. Seemingly they would have been safer in the thicket close by, but I suppose maternal instinct may be trusted.

March 17. Saw chicken hawk in flight which suggests the motion of an automobile. No flapping, no soaring but a series of quick, explosive beats of the wings, each sending the bird forward in a leap of several yards. The flicker gives five strokes, then a jump.

March 18. Heard a woodpecker, tapping the trees in the high woods. How strangely he is constructed! If we chopped our teeth on a stick loud enough to be heard a hundred

feet off, at the end of an hour jaws and gums would be so sore we could not bear it. But the woodpecker seems to suffer no inconvenience.

March 19. S. Ice has pretty well gone off the pond, and the phenomenon of tides in the cove again appears. This is a little bay from the pond, about twenty-five feet wide by a hundred long, and no where more than two feet deep, mostly much less. It is fed by a small but constant stream from the uplands. For half to three-quarters of a minute, the water flows out of this cove, swaying the weeds, and carrying the silt along, then it stops, and flows inward again; a regular tide, proportioned to the water's size. I have never been able to determine the cause of this movement. The brook seems too small to affect it in such a way, the pumping station too far off.

March 20. There are two trees on Rider's Lane whose union I have watched for nearly forty years. As I first remember them, a small branch grew horizontally from one, just touching the stem of the other, and projecting some feet beyond. This, after fretting the bark of the tree it did not belong to for some years, finally grew into it, joining the two; then the part beyond decayed and fell off, leaving a short tie; then this also rotted and disappeared, and now there merely remains a big scar, or callous, on each tree, almost meeting.

March 21. The process above described may be better noticed in a beech on our lawn, where a short branch, green and sound, firmly joins two large limbs together. The beech's thin bark and vigorous growth favor such inarching, which may be observed still oftener in its roots. The impressions produced by this tree are very different. Some have termed it the lady of the woods, and indeed its smooth and graceful arms, with their thousand spindle-like buds, might seem to be reaching forth to what was so long the peculiar task of women. On the other hand, Spenser calls it "the warrior beech," and Collins speaks of Sport's "beechen spear". Certainly when a straight beech sapling has been found (no easy thing) its weight, stiffness and strength would well befit a spear staff, while the thin smooth bark would make much shaving down needless.

March 22. An old man came last night wanting to sleep in the barn. He refused all pecuniary or alimentary assistance, compared himself to Him who had not where to lay his head, and was so very pressing that I finally acquiesced, ushered him into the cow-loft, gave him a horse blanket or two, put a lock on the hen-house door, close beside, and passed a restless night myself, reflecting, among other things, that he might die there, and necessitate a visit to the coroner. However, I saw him go off early while I was dressing. There was another ancient hermit

of this neighborhood who used to go about in a greenish coat girded with rope, and was said to have slept all one winter in a burrow under a haystack. I can well understand the comfort of such primitive lodgings to a person who cared not for certain mouldiness, probable rats or possible fire.

March 23. The work of milking is one of those jobs which women have completely shuffled off upon the men. For many centuries this seems to have been their peculiar province, at a time, too, when the milkmaid had to go after the cows. But never but once in my life did I see a woman milking, and I imagine this is generally the case in the Northern and Western states. Haggard says it is the same in England. Harris, an agricultural writer of thirty years back, states that in Canada the women did the milking at that time; but I presume they have changed all that. The consequence is, that cows are so unused to the sight of women that if one by chance comes near them, they grow frightened or angry, even to the point of attacking her.

March 24. Working at the demolition of Clifton barn today, saw two flocks of wild geese go over. Never before have I witnessed their Northern migration. The first gang, of about a dozen, went straight on their course, high up in thick gray clouds, uttering that "honk", "honk" so easy to rec-

ognize, so hard to imitate. A few minutes later came another flock, some eighteen or twenty, evidently too large for their leader to manage. They disappeared to the north, but must have taken a great turn, for five minutes after they were right over head, tending south. When almost disappearing I saw them swirl and scatter like splashed water, then form again and bear up northward, as if they had got their bearings from the river, which at that point must have been just below them. While thus boxing the compass they flew quite low within gunshot.

March 25. Many are the idiosyncracies of animals. Some horses are afraid of a dog, some of a bit of paper, some of a bear, some of a car. I have known two mules to shy at a big yellow cucumber on a fence, and a cow we formerly owned could not endure to see any man's hat removed. First frogs.

The oldest trick recorded of a riding animal is that of Balaam's ass, who tried to crush its rider's foot against the wall. Biting, pawing, and bolting are also described in the Scriptures. A balky team figures in Esop and Chaucer. That the horses of the Saracens used to shy is shown by the traditional inquiry "if they thought King Richard was in that bush"? This same balking, or jibbing, in all its varieties is one of the most aggravating of vices. I have in mind one horse who, when he thought himself overloaded, would rear higher and higher,

and finally throw himself down on his side. That he never broke a leg in this proceeding was wonderful. Others will stand shuffling and shivering, and finally give a spring, breaking the weakest part of their harness—whiffletree, trace, tug, or hame-strap. Sometimes changing sides, or even changing direction will put the notion out of the brute's head; and he will go off as if nothing had happened. However, no trick makes the driver feel more helpless than violent backing; one loses all control over the horse, and can do nothing but lay on the whip.

March 26. S. When visiting some parts of the timber, I have not seen for a while, a welcome rises from the long neglected woods.

March 27. Tearing down an old shed, noticed how the nail, pin or stud, which was once meant to hold up a plank, is now upheld by it, like an ancient rite or custom whose use has departed, but is still practised through habit, precedent, or superstition. Tennyson has noted this in Mariana.

"The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall".

March 28. Very warm. For the first time this year we sat with windows open. How soon one condemns and forgets, stoves, overcoats, furs, and the like, rejoicing in that solar heat which will shortly be too great.

March 29. Ploughed a strip for peas. The first furrow is an epoch in the year. Though you ploughed the field the last of November, it is not the same; frost has been at work, and merged the furrows together. After three months rest the plough has to be diligently scraped from adhering rust during three or four bouts. A spot in the middle of the mold board generally holds out last, with a streak of earth streaming from it, like the geological crag and tail. At last this slips away, the furrow slice runs off clean, and the plough breast flashes like Lancelot's shield.

When iron mold-boards first came in, it was claimed that they poisoned the land. It is difficult to see how this notion could have arisen, unless that when clay was plowed while too wet, the metal would plaster or puddle the furrow-slice more completely. Certainly the dirt would adhere in greater quantity to the wood, leaving more to be scraped off at the turning; thereby producing those huge banks of earth which Jessopp describes along the Norfolk headlands, piled up by the accretions of five hundred years or more. That old fashioned member of long measure, the furlong, or furrow-long (660 feet) was supposed to indicate the distance a team could plow without stopping to breathe, and therefore, approximately, the breadth of a field; though it is evident that a more variant unit could hardly be devised. The old plan of harnessing the plow-horses

tandem, and having a boy to drive them, while of great convenience in the matter of keeping the furrow, and saving harness, must have been uncommonly hard on the rear animal, who, at the turn, would have to pull the plow for a time alone, without the help of his mates. We only see tandems now at the two extremes of society—the Horse Show, and the tow-path.

March 30. Planted peas. We have often done this on St. Patrick's day, but this year the season is unusually late. The seed must be covered deeply to keep it from the birds. Crows do not seem to care for peas, but fowls and pigeons do. The latter would soon make away with the planting if they could dig; but their weak little pink feet are incapable of scratching.

Whether orchards should be kept in grass or not—whether it is worth while to try and raise hoed crops under young trees—have long been debated questions. On the whole, I doubt the wisdom of the latter practice, unless one's portion of land is so small that one can fling the hoe across it. I have seen fine strawberries and asparagus, and nearly all sorts of vegetables grown under young apples trees; but the roots get in the way of the truck, and the bark gets in the way of the blade, and if horse or plow are to be brought in, few workers will do justice to high and low alike. If the trees are trimmed up so that a horse can go under them, that is too

high for their good; and if they are not, the horse will trample the crop. Then, if the soil is kept loose, a strong wind is apt to blow the trees over when heavily laden with fruit and leaf. Nothing can be more disheartening than this, and to avert it you let the grass grow in the rows; it rapidly spreads out, and soon you think it will do to grow one row of truck between each row of trees. Soon after this determination has been reached, the orchard gets entirely into sod.

The young orchard once in sod, what shall be done with it? "Be careful, my friend, not to cut and carry away that hay", says one writer. This means that either the hay must be cut and left on the ground, which seems a cruel pity, and exposes you to the great evil of mulch, its harborage of vermin and insects, or else the grass must be pastured down. Pigs root up the ground in a slovenly manner, are themselves unpleasing to look upon, and need the tightest kind of fencing to keep them in. Cows, yet more horses, will gnaw and break small trees, and when they begin fruiting, develop the most astounding capacity for stretching their necks to reach apples no larger than grapes. Sheep, perhaps, are the ideal pasturers, but sheep in New Jersey are practically unattainable. The dogs have got the upper paw to such an extent that no one tries to reverse the position. So the cattle are turned into the orchard for a little while in spring and late fall, and the grass goes down before the rapid encroach-

ments of weeds and briers, among which the apples are hard to find, and by which trespassers are heartened to "think the fruit was wild".

March 31. Burnt some dead grass off foot of garden. This is very soon affected by evening dew. As soon as the sun goes down grass dampens, and the fire will not run. The time for burning over the salt meadows ends legally with March; and in years gone by we used to see the Eastern horizon glowing with the meadow fires for the last ten days of the month. Of course, the heavy sedge and three-square are not so much affected by damp as the fine grass above mentioned.

This is a comfortable month for the farmer. As a writer in *Am. Agriculturist* has said,

"The sun may be tricky an' fitful,
The wind it may blister an' parch,
The mud may be up to your boot-tops,
But the best of the months is ol' March.
Then farmers has some little measure
Of comfort, an' that sort o' thing;
So gimme the season, for pleasure,
When the frost's comin' out in the spring."

April 1. Washing vehicles. This seems labor thrown away during the winter, when the wagon would be just as bad as ever after going a hundred yards. So much accumulates

on the wheels during winter till they resemble those of ancient chariots; but with April washing is spasmodically renewed. One year, living on a very sandy farm, and wishing to set out a bed of Jucunda strawberries, which are said to do best on clay land, we took the vehicles to a spot near the barnyard on returning from each trip over the clay roads, and pounded them with sticks. By spring there was a heap of the desired soil, which we dug into the bed.

April 2. S. As, in walking a rail, curbstone, or other narrow support, where careful balance is required, the eye is generally fixed on a point from six to eight feet ahead, so in reading aloud, the eye is about that number of words before the tongue. This may be confirmed by observing readers whose locution is from any cause defective, when the word mispronounced usually takes the shape of its sixth or eighth successor.

April 3. Plowed asparagus bed. Difficulty in going deep enough to turn the grass, and shallow enough not to tear the asparagus. It is the American way to bring the plough into the garden.

"Long was the day of Old Sir Spade,
But now the arms to wield him fail."

In "Rob Roy" Andrew Fairservice is represented as "trenching up the sparry grass",

I once repeated to Frank Cook, the English boy before mentioned, the Italian proverb "The plough has a point of iron, the spade an edge of gold". "Oh", was his Gordian reply, "Italians will say anything".

April 4. Sowed oats on Farfield. This tract contains about six and a half acres, is mostly a shaly clay, tending to gravelly loam at the south end; had gone untilled for several years, tumbling down to poor grass; was broken up last year and planted with corn, which made a small crop; was ploughed in November, after the corn was off, and now, despite the heavy snows of the past winter, is hard and dry. Placing the bags of seed oats in a line across the middle of the field, I begin to sow, carrying about a peck at a time in a tin pail. The cast is about eight feet wide, and when, as now, the day is calm, one can return on one's last track over the field, and then move over a rod, or make for a guidon pole placed on the other side. When the wind blows, it is necessary always to keep on the weather side of your cast, and fling backhanded half the time.

To preserve balance one must deliver a handful each time the left leg comes forward; and accurately to spread the seed, the hand must be opened slowly, as it comes palm upward, so that the grain may scatter in the air and still tumble outward, if at all, after it strikes the earth. One can cover about two acres an hour in this way; and

though the work be monotonous, it is not lonely, for beside the sower walk the men of Anglia, and Galilee, and Egypt, and Harran.

April 5. V. followed me with the disk harrow yesterday afternoon, at once cutting up the field, and covering in the seed. The above tool resembles a dozen dinner plates of steel set on edge in a frame drawn by horses. The axles being set by shifting levers slightly out of true. The above plates cut directly into the soil, but lift obliquely out of it, loosening up the land with great rapidity, and turning the bricklike field into a loose, mealy seed-bed. This should be followed by the smoothing harrow, and that again by the roller, but showers today make it necessary to defer these finishing touches.

Porte Crayon, in one of his Southern sketches in Harper's fifty years ago, describes and pictures an Old Virginia labor-saving machine. The force and equipment consisted of a man, a little darkey, and a horse; a bag of seed, a harrow, a halter, and a piece of rope some twelve feet long. The horse being endowed with collar, traces, and the aforesaid halter, the man hitched him to the harrow with the rope, and then got upon his back, facing the tail, and holding the bag of seed in front of him. The little darkey then led the horse back and forth across the field at the proper lines, while the man scattered from his bag the seed, which was immediately covered by the advancing harrow.

The advantages of this plan are great and obvious. The seed is covered at once, not left exposed to birds and weather. The little darkey is worked into a job he could neither shirk nor neglect. The man has only to cross the field once, and does not have to carry the seed. The most overworked party is the horse, who has not only to drag the harrow, but carry the man, and the seed as well. But every device has its drawbacks, and this was certainly ingenious. I say was, for one may opine it did not survive the war.

April 6. Clover is sown in wheat at about the same time as oats. The process is very similar, except that the cast is narrower, and instead of a handful of seed, only so much is taken as can be grasped with two fingers and thumb. No man's eyes or ears have much failed him as long as he can see and hear the clover seed fall.

April 7. Getting up frame for new hen house. This should have been done last month, but the winter frosts struck so deep that we are only just now able to set posts in the ground. The same cause has prevented the usual March mending of fence.

Saw a string of canal mules going to work. The canal tow-path has, of course, nothing to do with any part of the human foot (though the other bank of the canal is sometimes called the heel-path) but referred to the tow, or rope, by which the boat was

dragged. When two boats meet, as most people know, one driver slackens speed, and lets his rope drag under the keel of the other craft. Passenger canal-boats were not infrequent in the 40's and 50's, and must have been pleasant enough, when the weather was fine, and the traveller in no hurry. Gayly painted, clean and commodious, and drawn by sturdy animals, who mostly kept to a trot, they probably attained twice the speed of the freighters. Of those scenes little has come down to us except the warning cry of "Low Bridge!" still to be heard in jest, which, in its day would cause the instant prostration of the proudest and the fairest. Nor were these humiliations confined to the human race. It is said that a term on the canal would break the spirit of the most intractable horse; it was the inevitable destination of a hopelessly vicious brute, as the galleys of a mediaeval reprobate, or the South of a bad Virginia negro.

April 8. Getting home fertilizer (manure) from manus, that which is applied by the hand, as contrasted with old fashioned dung, that which is flung or dashed down, with or without implements, e. g. "Ding down Tantallon", and for the past of this "I hae dung down", "It was dung down". see Scott, passim.

April 9. S. Saw first dandelions today. Almost invariably the first bats appear at the

same time. Apparently an equal level of temperature agrees with both. I have noted this for many years; but today the flitter-mouse was not forth-coming; or, which is much more likely, I was not on hand at the proper time.

Few things could be less alike than the flower and the flyer; yet the sun which rises upon one descends upon the other. The modern traveller (the heroic explorers of old belong to another class) is formed by leisure, opportunity, and a certain easiness in pecuniary matters—like that plant whose seed-vessels burst in heat, so explodes his shell of habit when the sun of prosperity shines warmly, and forthwith he is scattered to the four winds. "It's a small world" quoth he bromidically, as he goes to and fro over the earth, and finds therein many delightful persons resembling himself. Like the man in the cabinet lined with mirrors, his reflections are numerous, and all alike. No wonder he feels like Sancho Pansa's hazelnut inhabitant of a mustard-seed world.

April 10. Today went over the oats on Farfield with a smoothing harrow; an operation deferred for six days by the recent showers. It began to rain about three P. M., but I kept on with the light team (the heavy one was still dragging the disk harrow) leaving six inch gaps between each "strike", stamping on every large clod I

could reach, and occasionally scraping my foot over a wider balk than usual, to leave the surface as smooth as possible. I got through near six, both I and the horses pretty well soaked; but if it had not been done after this shifty fashion, it might not have been done at all.

April 11. Fencing. Herman Melville, in one of his early contributions to Harper's, opines that the prevalence of insanity among farmers is due to the Sisyphaean task, recurring every spring, of repairing rotten fences with rotten rails. "Against the fence the old man was mending", says he, "were butting a number of half grown calves, or rather mangy hair trunks, possessed of the devil. Occasionally they would break through, when he would drop his work and pursue them with a fragment of the rail, huge as Goliath's spear, but light as cork. At the first flourish it fell into pieces".

April 12. Set posts for wire fence. I found that I could dig a hole two to two and a half feet deep, set the post and fill in the earth tamping it properly, in ten minutes, or about five per hour, as I had to carry each post from some distance. Of course, in summer, when the gravel is hard and dry, it would take longer. In afternoon we stretched the wires upon them.

This is a job for mild weather, as, if they were tightened on a frosty day, they would expand and slacken in summer.

April 13. Today applied "M's Top Dressing for Grass and Grain" to three acres of wheat. The grain has come though poorly, being badly winter killed, where the drifts did not protect it, and in many places heaved quite out of the ground. Many forlorn little wheat plants, half green, half red, lie flat on the earth, only moored to it by one slender fibre of root. I went carefully over the whole three acres, carrying the fertilizer in a bucket, and scattering it with a small hand scoop. The stuff is at any rate evenly distributed, about a hundred pounds per acre. We shall see what good it does.

April 14. Went over Farfield with the roller, ten days after the oats were sown. This is an unprecented interval, but constant light showers on sticky clay have hindered us till now. A few days more, and the oats would have broken ground, when it could not have been done at all. The process is desirable, not only to fine the soil and break the large clods, but to crush down stones, corn-butts, etc., into the earth, and make a clean path for the roller. On the whole, our oats have been very badly put in this year.

April 15. Spreading barnyard refuse on the sod intended for corn this year. This was one of the tasks of Chaucer's Ploughman.

"Of dung he had spread ful many a fother",

How differently do the sanitarian and the agriculturist regard a muckheap. The former considers it a menace to life and a breeding place of diseases; the latter as a precious treasure to be diligently cared for. No farmer ever has enough of it, and when he can cover a small spot thickly, he knows that a large spot must go hungry. The widely advertised manure spreaders do the work more thoroughly, but hardly faster. Two good men can spread a load in ten to twelve minutes, though I admit that they sometimes get in each other's way. I have a scar on the side of my middle finger, where the tine of t'other man's fork struck me when thus engaged, thirty years ago.

April 16. S. Cold, snow squalls; probably the last for this season. Lowell puts it that first the maples, then the willows yellow, then the horse-chestnuts buds open; "An' arter this ther's only blossom snows".

The farmer's luxuries may be soon enumerated. Plenty of air and space, silence and quiet, the use of a horse, fresh fruit and vegetables, feather beds. He also has a good deal of leisure, in the sense that he can take two or three hours off at almost any time without its making much difference. But long absences are beyond him. Other men are held to their work by a chain, as it were, which now and then is unhooked and laid by. He is tethered by a rubber band, which will always stretch a little, but never lets him go

far, and the further he gets away the harder it pulls. The milking of cows is the strongest strand of this tether, since that is a thing which must be done at stated times, and few can do; also the knowledge that his best man walks away in his shoes, and dislike of paying for things which are wasting at home. In the Middle Ages farmers had many things which only the wealthiest townsmen could procure, but they grew fewer with advancing civilization. And the first few things enumerated above are become distasteful to the majority nowadays, as probably they always were to the young.

April 17. Cutting potato sets. An up start and a parvenue this among vegetables. The two hundred years during which it has been generally cultivated have brought it no traditions; and it lacks even the uncanny interest which the love apple gave to the still more recent tomato. John Ridd, in "Lorna Doone" cir. 1685, speaks of enjoying fried "batatas", and they were cultivated in Germany before the Seven Years War. Distracted Ireland favored this crop as being safe alike from the enemy's torch and the enemy's horses' teeth. I can cut about one thousand sets per hour.

April 18. Ploughing for potatoes. Weather still cold and backward. A chestnut tree just levelled, had some seventy annual rings, and was about the same number of feet in

height. The tree had made its greatest growth between thirty and fifty, the rings between those years being quite broad, and those before and after very narrow. By the same rule, our biggest chestnut, about five feet in diameter, must be at least two hundred years old.

April 19. Showers leave a green deposit, like slate pencil dust on the wheat ground where I sprinkled the fertilizer. I fear this bodes no good for the young clover plants, now just breaking ground. "The leaf-buds on the vine are woolly".

The climbers and creepers own the grape vine as their king. This noble mountaineer used, according to Virgil, to be trained upon elm trees. Whether one tree was allotted to each vine, or poles and cords were stretched between them, is not made perfectly clear. The ivy (poison and other) Virginia creeper, and Bignonia, come next in magnitude, but instead of tendrils, they hold by sucking discs, bringing in nutriment as well as support. Then come the coilers, such as the bean and hop, but even among them there is a difference—one turns from right to left, the other from left to right. The bindweed is irregular in coiling, and sometimes where no support presents itself, a mass of the stuff may be seen combining for sustenance, and sending a point of heads into the air something like the twist we make with moistened finger and thumb to get a large

thread through a small needle. Both this fieldhand cousin of the morning-glory and the sweet potato vine will sometimes form a broad palm near the tip, as if to clutch what they cannot enring. Lastly, the eminently parasitic dodder lives on its host, despises its own root, and dies as it goes like one of those engines which carry their own track.

April 20. Put in one acre of potatoes with a planter. First time I ever used one. The affair, something like a big tandem bicycle, is drawn by two horses, and ridden by two men. One of these drives the team, the other regulates the passage of the seed from a hopper between them. Down below, first comes a small plough, then a tube down which the fertilizer streams, then a rake to mix this with the soil, then the passage for descent of the potato sets, then two disks which throw the soil over them, and finally a small roller to pack the ridge. It leaves the land in beautiful shape, but on the whole I doubt if more labor is saved in the end, considering the charge for the machine and the time spent taking it home again.

Threshing machines, of a kind, seem to have been in use from time immemorial. The "fan" of Scripture was probably a mere implement; the first Scotch winnowing mill is alluded to in "Old Mortality", about 1690; and Haggard speaks of an English engraving of such an article, not very much later. A horse-rake, known as the "Wo-back",

from the constant halt and retreat necessary to its operation, was in use in the fifties, and was succeeded about '65, by the "revolver", a huge double-toothed wooden comb, which could be thrown over by a knowing jerk of the trip-handle on the part of the trudging driver. Then came the steel spring-tooth, where the farmer rides, and periodically pulls a lever to raise the jingling teeth; and lastly the side delivery rake, which sends forth the entire crop in one great twisted rope. But this, with all other complicated engineering, is subject to attacks of the nerves. The old tool was like a savage—broken, or sound—wounded, or well. But the complicated machine, if, as some one has said, it seems to have a soul, seems to have sicknesses too, and sometimes of kinds undiscoverable by those who most profess to comprehend their intricacies.

April 21. Considering how for many years, "getting into a rut" has been a fitting description of stupid conservatism, it is singular that much of our boasted progress should consist in making ruts all over the world, lining them with iron, and riding about on them.

April 22. Hearing a noise in the shrubbery this evening, I found an inebriated person trying to lean gracefully against the arbor vitae hedge, which naturally gave way and let him down. Getting him on his legs,

I supported him a long way down the road, and at length left him apparently well under way for the town. I heard afterwards, however, that he spent the night in a field.

There is an old story of an inebriate who, having procured free physic for his sick children by a well-planned tale of woe, appeared next morning before the benevolent donor, weeping, and exhibiting a broken phial,

"How came this, James?"

"Why, ye see, Dochter, as I wint home last avenin' I felt greatly tired, and lay down to slape in a field. And wid that some villan came and sow'd corn all around me, and thin turned in the hogs. And they rooted up the ground, and toss'd me over, and throw'd me about and broke the phial, and now the poor childer must suffer, d'ye mind."

April 23. S. Oats breaking ground. In some places one can only make them out by stooping and looking for their shadows when the sun is low. In other spots a light green tinge is already visible over the surface. Wheat is looking better than could have been expected, but I fear that grey slop from the fertilizer has killed the clover seed, which should now be in evidence.

April 24. The vestry went to parish meeting, and voted for themselves as their successors, with gratifying unanimity. When you have got all the men of a parish in the vestry, and all the women in the choir, it

stands to reason you will have few high privates.

April 25. Mending fence. In these parts we put three rails to a "panel" as the space between two posts is called. In Pennsylvania and some other states they put four or five. The old idea of a fence was "horse high, bull strong, and pig (or sheep) tight", and New Jersey has probably poorer horses, weaker bulls, and fewer sheep than almost any other state.

Having selected three rails of equal length, study their position. The poorest rail, weak, splintered, crooked, should go at the bottom. For the middle a crooked or mis-shapen rail will do very well, if it is only stout. For the top rail choose your best, shapely, straight and strong. If there is any crook at all, turn the convexity upward. Not only does this make a neater and higher fence, but the rail's constant endeavor to turn binds the ends more together in the post hole.

Turned the cows to pasture today. As a rule, when first turned to grass, they feed eagerly for a few minutes, then gallop wildly round their enclosing fence, as if to assure themselves that they do not dream, and that the dull monotony of stall and barn-yard is over.

April 26. Henry James has observed that the action in Hawthorne seems to take place

uncannily late in the afternoon, and always winter outside. But do not most American writers tend that way? With the exception of Lowell's "June" in Sir Launfal, how little they have to say of our long, hot, summer, how much of our long, cold winter. Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant and Poe will give you many frost pieces to one splash of sun. Emerson and Holmes have the same bias, though not so decidedly, and even Lowell, despite the fine exception above noted, turned oftenest to the North. The minor poets, Lanier, Celia Thaxter, Drake, Bayard Taylor, are perhaps of brighter mood.

April 27. Light rain during the night. This has been a fairly moist and mild April. "True to name" as the saying is, and yet March was so dry that notwithstanding the heavy snow of winter the soil is already less damp than I could wish.

The Old-time agriculturist seems to have needed feeding oftener than the modern, to judge by the constant "nunchcons", "snacks", etc., which figure so largely in the accounts of reapers' ways by a person of quality looking on, and perhaps deigning to partake. But "little and often" may be a good rule for those undergoing severe toil, and at any rate, it utilized the breathing spells occuring about every three hours. A laborer now departed, who flourished in the 80's, having cradled since dawn, was wont about 10 A. M., to call for six hard boiled

eggs, which having swallowed in a trice, without intervention of spirituous fluids, he would work on until 2 P. M., then knocking off for the day.

April 28. Sowing beets and carrots by hand. The ground was prepared with the potato planter, omitting the potatoes; that is, merely throwing a ridge with it over a line of fertilizer. This is made smooth and level with the hand rake, and then the sower walks along the top of the ridge, taking quick, short steps, bending over as far as possible, and dribbling the seed with one hand just before his toes. Having reached the end, he turns and walks back over it, treading in the gaps of the footprints just made. This packs the whole row, and gives the back a chance to straighten. This job is almost invariably done to the accompaniment of humming gnats, who appear just about this time and sting, sharply, when they can get a lodgment in human hair or horses' ears. They disappear in a week or two, but while they last are worse than mosquitoes. Saw the first butterfly a day or two ago. A Swedish boy who worked here once used to repeat a saying of his country which might thus be put into English verse,

"The earliest butterfly you see,
Of his color that year your clothes will be".

April 29. Not only the prosperity of a jest, but of a comparison, lies in the ear that

hears it. The cow-boy at the horse show, who said the Shire stallion looked as if he was wearing two pair of chaps, could never have commanded a very large audience.

Possibly the change in taste concerning oratory is not better illustrated than by the anecdotes told of our two most popular Presidents. Andrew Jackson, in obedience to a hint that the crowd wouldn't be satisfied without a little Latin, exclaiming 'mid thunderous applause, "Propria quae maribus—E pluribus unum—Sine qua non—Serus in coelum redeas", and Theodore Roosevelt sitting up o' nights, of his own notion, to study Arabic, that he might astound his audience with a proverb in their mother tongue.

April 30. Wonderful are the struggles of illustrators to represent that which they do not comprehend. Harness and wagon gearing are great stumbling blocks to them. They generally get the bridle and collar tolerably correct, but the holdbacks and whiffle trees are marvelous to look upon. The wagon wheels and body are done with a light heart, but when they come to the setting on of the pole and springs they walk among pitfalls, and sometimes resort to the shift of covering all with a cloud of dust. Even when an effort at the truth has been made, it is not always intelligent. In a recent illustrated edition of "Waverly" the Mac'Ivors are represented charging over a stubble field at Preston. The artist had evidently gone to Na-

ture, and consequently the stubble stood in straight lines, as the modern drill leaves it, instead of being evenly dispersed over the ground, as hand sowing would have left it in 1745.

May 1. Jane Austen is perhaps of all great authors the least accessible to natural scenery. John Dashwood in "Sense and Sensibility" clearing away the old thorns to make room for his green house, the "prettyish wilderness" and "park ten miles round" in "Pride and Prejudice", the stormy afternoon in "Emma", the stormy night in "Northanger Abbey", the "farmer meaning to have spring again", in "Persuasion", how few and light the touches are. She something resembled a Venetian of 1500 in his commercial instinct, his pride in monopoly, and his obliviousness to Vasco di Gama. Her country's frigates were to her machines to earn prize-money in, her country's church an institution to provide for younger sons, her country's soldiers persons whose flogging bored her. She had a mighty genius for smugness; and in her narrow path trod, as Tennyson said, "next to Shakespeare".

May 2. Ploughing the three acre. This is a neglected old field falling steeply away to north and west from a clay bluff. Covered with sprouts and briars, incessant work with the grubbing hoe is necessary to get the plough along. Thistles are also numerous,

but this neighborhood does not seem to favor their increase and probably one year's cultivation will do for them. Some men in ploughing hold the reins in one hand, this is awkward in turning where one must put one's whole strength to the stilts; some round the back, which spoils the horses' mouths; some round the neck, which imperils the driver. I have seen a man dragged clear over his plough by the breaking of the clevis pin, whereupon the released team rushed forward.

May 3. Finished ploughing the three acre. As the Northern Farmer said "I ha' stubb'd Thorneby waste", and certainly there is pleasure in reclaiming a bit of land like that, and making it again do its share. It has been observed that newly cleared land always seems to have risen up. I suppose we look at the tops of the bushes and briars, and think the ground they grew in lower than it is; just as a large piece of water always seems deep. Perhaps if the ocean were suddenly drained away its shallowness, not its depth, would terrify us. High wind today, rapidly drying the land, which needs it not.

May 4. V. ploughed, I rolled. This is desirable to pack the newly turned furrow slices down side by side so that the harrow may not tear them up. Hawthorne says that he had trodden every square foot of Brook Farm, and I believe I have done that by Cherry

Lawn, though perhaps not yet by Clifton. Ploughing a field twice would do it. It is an old saying "No manure like the master's foot".

May 5. Tanagers are to be seen hopping over the newly plowed sod. Generally in pairs. They are much in evidence at this time, but unnoticed for the rest of the year. Conspicuous and tame as they are, I never saw one shot or shot at. This, I fear, is not so much owing to the gunner's tender heart as his tender feet, which disincline him to walk over plowed land.

It is true that ploughing is traditionally the task of all others to be done barefoot, but this emphasizes the above statement. Crossing ploughed land shod blisters the feet and spoils the boots. Wet earth seems to eat the leather, and the unforeseen twists and slips induced by the unequal solidity of the earth bring the weight to bear on unaccustomed spots. But the plough-man does not cross ploughed land. He treads the furrow, a pathway cut between sod and loam for himself alone. He follows a premise which he cannot see, and leaves a conclusion soon to be obliterated. Like the early Christians, he turns the world upside down. The remarks made above touching the failure of artists with wagons apply also to ploughed land. Leech was a good delineator of hunting scenes, and knew his subject, yet one of his sketches, representing an indignant hunts-

man hastening to chastise the silence of a scare-crow, shows the striding horse only covering five or six furrows, which could not much exceed a foot in width, while five or six more make all the remaining distance between scare-crow and hedge, which, by perspective, would be at least forty feet.

May 6. Carted out last manure. Seventy-two loads. A stalled animal will make about ten loads of manure per year. As there are compensations everywhere on the farm, this is supposed to pay for the time spent in tending them. And how much tending a horse gets. He is watered, fed, cleaned, harnessed where he stands; he has only to do his bare work. A man has to exert himself considerably to eat, to bathe, to dress; and then do his work besides.

We all have hoofs. Yours and mine number a score, and we call them nails; the cow and deer have sixteen, for not every one has observed that a little above and behind the traditional "cloven hoof" are two smaller horny processes, which only take the earth when the owner sinks deep in wet soil. The dog is in like case, at least the majority. I know not how far Moses' rule applies to the "mule-hoofed" swine of the south, which neither part the hoof, nor chew the cud.

The horse gathers three nails into one; the callous growth just below the fetlock is his fourth finger, and the spots of horn on the inside of each leg, a little below the hock,

a little above the foreknee, are his thumbs. His knee is our wrist; his hock is our heel. His elbow is close up against his side, and the shoulder joint tied in, so as effectually to prevent his ever taking that defiant attitude known as "akimbo". If we would imitate a rearing horse, we must stand on the tips of our toes (not the balls) bring our knees close up against the short ribs, drop the wrist and bend the fingers backward, and all this with a load of about thirty pounds on our back.

May 7. Iridescence on the neck of a pigeon (where perhaps it attains its highest development) may be also observed on a horse's mane, in a strong light; perhaps, too on human hair, though this I have never noticed.

May 8. Met two neighbors on the road, mother and son, who are supposed not to be "all there", and was struck by their staring eyes. Why should deficiency of mind express itself in redundancy of feature? Do open doors indicate a feeble tenant?

Great men do not always impress by their countenances. An honored ancestor, now past away, used to say that he only saw Daniel Webster's coat and heels by looking over a hotel balcony as he (Mr. W.) was entering the porch below. And all he could remember of Dickens was his green trousers. Longfellow was described by another relative as a short young man with a big nose.

Chesterton has well observed that we always expect notabilities to be younger than they are, because they were young when they did the deeds that made them notable.

Kingsley is said to have been one of the few men who did not disappoint in this way. Caesar's weeping at the sight of Alexander's statue, because, though then older than Philip's warlike son was when he died, he had performed no such exploits, is a curious introspective reversal of this sort; though the fruit was not there, he lamented at being past another's bearing season. That he eventually produced a plenteous crop is beyond question; but perhaps he had never done so but for these fructifying showers.

May 9. Continued ploughing, working up toward the road. Longfield (with the exception of an acre at the near end, where grass was sown after cabbage four years ago, and made a fair crop) was in poor drilled corn in 1902, and then tumbled down to red top grass, which, when seen alone, generally indicates either very poor or very wet land. The three acre before mentioned also forms part of it, and has been still longer out of cultivation. The whole (between eight and nine acres) will now be planted to corn, and cultivated as one.

May 10. Hauled over 300-lb. stone struck in plowing. It is too heavy for one to move, and thus has remained *in situ* since the

land was first cleared. It is a yellow sandstone, flat on two sides, otherwise roughly triangular, and covered with scars and scratches, left by the plowshares of a hundred years—rude cuneiform inscriptions, graving on it the jest or the curse of those it hindered or halted.

May 11. Despite a little shower last night the ground is getting very dry again, and wood fires are becoming frequent. Almost every day we see a heavy column of smoke rising from the scrub-oak lands south and east. Some of these are from the railways, rapidly increasing near the clay pits, some are set by mischievous boys. Both these incendiary forces, are bound to grow worse; so what hope can there ever be of reforesting the land? Every year more and more of the wretched dead poles that are left fall down, and furnish fresh fuel against the next drought. I remember one very pretty spot on what was known as the saw mill brook, which was a dam one hundred feet long and six or eight high, said to have been made by one woman with a wheelbarrow in the thirties. There was a beautiful little grove of red pines, thick and dark above, but free of underbrush or ground branches, crowsfoot and spinning-vine grew abundantly, and hard by was the only wild holly bush I know of in these parts. Now it has been exploited by the Pyrogranite Co. and what is not clay-pit or track is a mass of charred desolation.

Only around Lakewood, where enormous sums are spent, by wealthy stockjobbers and malades imaginaries, do we see what might be done with the woods.

May 12. Plowing harder and harder, the share has to be renewed every two or three days, the land turns up in great lumps or breaks before the plough in cracks, instead of rolling away in a smooth brown slice, and dust puffs from under the turning furrow. Things are not yet as bad as in the terrible drought of 1903, when from April 25th to June 17th there was scarcely a drop, but we seem tending that way.

May 13. The above lament was followed by a nice shower during the night, which for the moment suffices. It did not go very deep, and the earth turns up dry from the depth of six inches, reminding one of the robe of Dante's angel "the color of ashes", or earth dug dry.

May 14. S. Beautiful weather. Heard the first thrush singing today. In afternoon saw a humming-bird, and in evening rose the voice of the whip-poor-will. This last fowl, besides his well-known onomatopoetic cry, has a kind of querying, chuckling note audible but a few feet away, not unlike that uttered by a cock, when guarding a laying hen.

May 15. Finished plowing sod, going all

around the piece and ploughing inward to make a neat finish. Considerable work with the grubbing hoe was also needed to break the crust of poison ivy which for years had been circulating among the fences. In the evening had the first thunder shower of the season. Meadow foxtail (*Alopecurus cristatus*) coming into blossom. Land merry with showers.

May 16. Showery again. We tried the smoothing harrow this morning, but it dragged the wet soil to a mortar-like condition, and had to be abandoned after a few bouts. Set a hen on our first clutch of eggs nearly three weeks ago. After sixteen days she wearied of the task, left the nest, and the eggs became quite cold before I discovered her absence. This is frequently the end of one's hopes, but I procured another hen, put her in the deserter's place, and now a faint peeping can be heard. Later she hatched eight chicks. Many years ago we had a hen sitting on eggs, and twenty days passed with no sign of life. On the twenty-second she came off to feed as usual, went back to her nest, hopped down into it, and came out on the floor carrying an egg in her beak by a small hole pecked through the shell, and broke it. The egg contained a chicken, which, not yet quite ready for its debut, struggled a few minutes and then died. Apparently satisfied by this test that she was not being imposed on, the hen returned to her nest, sat two days

longer, and brought off a brood. This was reason, not instinct. She could compute that the usual time of incubation had passed, and she could judge by her experiment that there was still hope.

May 17. Considering Thoreau's intense and intimate love of nature, it seems strange that man's defacement of her beauty affected him so little. The railroad cutting, the telegraph line, gave pleasure to his eye and ear. Nor did individual men irk him beyond endurance. The Irish laborer whose shanty he bought, the chopper, sundry farmers, have tolerance from him. But when two or three met together for any purpose, even sounding a pond, his suspicion and disdain awoke; and on a number associated formally in religion or politics or trade fell the full measure of his scorn. He could not endure that averaging up of conscience and judgment, tacit or expressed, which form human law and public opinion; nor could he even tolerate persons guided by the results thereof.

May 18. Heavy shower, followed by fine warm weather. The sweet elusive scent of grape blossoms streaks the air, and one constantly turns one's head to discern whence it comes. Not everyone knows the pleasant acidulous taste of grape tendrils.

May 19. We finish harrowing today, and the field is ready for marking. Stripped of

her green mantle, prostrate and receptive, the earth lies bare and smooth before you, every curve and slope apparent, and the soil tints from yellow gravel to purple clay, showing as they never can do under crop, much less in frost or drought. Mid-May surrounds one with possibilities.

May 20. Marking of corn. Riding on a sled whose runners, four feet apart, line out two rows at once on the soft surface of mould, I drive up and down a field more than a thousand feet long. A marking pole with scraper traces a faint line six feet to one side. Arrived at the end of the field, I haul the sled round, throw over the hinged marker, and drive back, keeping the tongue between the horses, right over the scratch the scraper made on the last trip. The team seems to appreciate the change from the heavy plow and harrow to the light sled, and at times I urge them into a trot.

May 21. S. Each form of life may be taken as the ultimate expression of its combination of qualities. Conditions, as it were, narrow about the advancing assembly of attributes, close before it, form a mold; and behold the utmost that can be done in that direction. Thus the mouse is the smallest creature the conditions of sub-division of fluids and gases would permit to the qualities of a mammal; the elephant, the largest, gravitation and cohesion would allow the same at-

tributes. The horse represents the highest harmonies in combination of size, strength and speed, the conditions of air, earth, diet and capacity for domestication will admit; man, the utmost physical development possible to a biped possessed of intellect; and woman, the utmost of all these consistent with beauty.

May 22. Planting corn. One man goes over the field dropping four or five kernels at the intersection of the four-foot marks, the other follows and covers with a hoe. Dropping corn is proverbially light work, which may be done by women and children, yet for many hours at a time it is tedious, if done with any rapidity. One must reach almost to the ground to keep the seed from landing out of place, especially if a shower has packed the bottom of the rows since morning, and as rising and stooping again every four feet wastes time, the swift worker must go across the field elbows and knees in contact. The process is just the reverse of sowing. There the seed is whirled widely from the finger tips; here the fingers and thumb form a funnel, down which the seed slides, always tumbling inwards, so as to form a little pyramid, whence the stalks shall spring as closely together as possible.

May 23. Finished planting corn. Three rows along one side of the field, where it is bounded by a line of saplings and bushes, I

prepared with Paris Green; first dropping the tarred corn at the intersections, and then dusting the poison over it. Crows have done great injury to our corn the last two seasons; and this is the place they are most likely to attack. Probably two hundred years ago the settlers looked at the Indians as we at crows.

May 24. Went to Ortley. Great is the change from green and fertile fields to the barren sand bar forever battered by the sea's fists. The lupins are not out yet, but the broom is in bloom, covering the sand beneath it with gold-dust. Saw about fifty fish hawks at once.

May 25. Crossed bay here about two and a half miles wide, in skiff. There was a slight breeze blowing against me. It took one thousand oar strokes, and about three-quarters of an hour.

May 26. Sailing with L. and Mr. J. in A. J.'s sharpie. Beat against a strong south wind, and we all got indifferent wet. The flat bottomed boat pounds the waves much more than a round bottomed one.

May 27. They say a hundred years ago Barnegat Bay was a nest of pirates. Certainly no piece of water could be better suited to these gentry. They might fall off to sea, plunder a coaster, and then escape up the tortuous channels of the bay, where a boat of

any size would ground, or, if hard pressed, into one of the many creeks flowing into it where concealment would be easy, and detection almost impossible.

May 28. S. There is an old question, "When an irresistible force meets an immovable body, what will be the result?" The answer is, creation. "And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Does that not describe it? The meeting of force with quiescence has always creative results. The blow of the hammer on the rock strikes fire; the meeting of male with female results in birth; the impact of Divinity on Death issued in that new creation, Resurrection.

"Ist er in Werdelust
Schaffender Freude nah?"

May 29. Returned from Ortley; found corn coming up nicely. The tightly rolled sprouts breaking the ground resemble the points of green nails driven from below. Sometimes they come through cleanly, sometimes they lift a bit of the soil crust on one side or like a trap-door, now and then three or four shoots will lift a bit of earth entirely from its surroundings, like a miniature cromlech.

May 30. Surveyors appeared again this morning. Perhaps the fact that Washington

began life as a surveyor to some extent encourages their air of being instruments of the irresistible. They assure you it is impossible their own course be altered, and treat the rights of all others as jests or anachronisms. They hold with Selkirk:

"I'm monarch of all I survey".

May 31. Cutting orchard grass (*Dactylis glomerata*) on lawns and roadside. Its tall thick branches make a great show, but do not make up such a burden as the less conspicuous timothy. While velvet grass (*Holcus lanatus*) is much later, and much resembles it in form, but is colorless and worthless.

June 1. Got up before five and went down to replant corn. As I topped the hill the crows flew off, cawing angrily. "This is our time" they seemed to say. Found hill after hill scratched over and the sprouting corn scattered about. At five A. M. in June one has the weather of 9 A. M. in October, or high noon in December. How must the feet of those who walked over grass and plough in the dewy morn have "full of fen honged", as Langland says, before rubber boots were invented. The difference then was of course that hoed crops were confined to the garden.

June 2. Hoeing potatoes. The crooked greenish white sprouts lie like maggots with

their mouth just opening along the rows, and we cut the weeds—sorrel, round-top, and convolvulus from between them with our hoes. In a way the "Man With the Hoe" has a better time than the wielder of any other tool. He fells nothing but what ought to be felled.

June 3. Finished replanting corn, about four hundred hills out of about twenty-two thousand. This is a much smaller proportion than for many years, and if the crows never did more harm than this we would not bother them. The three rows I poisoned with Paris Green have come up very badly. Evidently the arsenic was too much for the corn.

June 4. S. *Ariston men hudor*. The human race is water. Ormuzd is heat. Ahri-man is cold, humanity saved is steam, humanity depraved is ice. The lowest depth of the Inferno was the Giudecca. The "spirit that denies" cannot originate or diversify, as can "fantastic summer's heat", can only reduce matter to its own likeness and level. "The Devil is an Egoist". All things are contracted by cold, one only except. Water expands when changing to ice, and in this action on humanity, somewhat resembling that of steam at the other end of the scale, lies the Enemy's power.

June 5. Began cultivating corn. A horse

drags a frame with five or six little plows on the under side between the rows of sprouting corn, while the man steers the affair with two handles like a wheelbarrow, at the same time guiding the cultivator with his right hand, handling the horses' reins with his left, and occasionally kicking off the clods or stones which fall on the corn-hills with one foot. Thus, like a modern organist, he plays on his "harp of a hundred strings", and adds his note to the farmer's chorus.

June 6. Jethro Tull is said to have been the first to have introduced cultivation (or tillage) of grain. He thought this sufficed without manure; and perhaps it may have done so on his heavy clays. The laborers of his day, though they durst not refuse to use his new fangled tools, were bitterly opposed to them, and broke or lost them whenever they could.

June 7. Cultivation on the three acre tears out great masses of roots—briar, elder, sassafras, locust—which roll up and pack under the cultivator until it will go no further, and one must stop midway across the field, and carry the stuff away by armfuls. Occasionally a stouter root than usual, running under a hill of corn, will tear it out with a square foot of earth before one can stop. After a time the horse learns in going to keep about a foot from the newly broken ground of the last space, and in returning to

tread the slight furrow he has made. The chief difficulty is at the ends where he wants to swing out for the turn before he should. Correcting this tendency by the rein, and at the same time keeping the cultivator teeth in the ground, is hard on the left hand, which is usually much abraded by the time the first tending is over.

June 8. Thinning beets. They are singled out with hoe or trowel to stand about ten inches apart, which of course necessitates the destruction of many promising young plants. While thus engaged, I have often fancied a complaint arising from the rejected ones. "Why did you tear me out? I can understand why you should destroy small, stunted, or deformed specimens; but I and my friend yonder were as large and fine as any in the field." To which the reply, incomprehensible to them, would be, "You did not grow in the right place."

June 9. Not only do the birds of the air levy toll upon the corn, but many hills are destroyed by moles, whose runs, like miniature tunnels which have suffered collapse, may be seen streaking the field in all directions when the first cultivation is long deferred. Pug-nacity is not usually counted among the moles' attributes, but I have seen a couple of them fight like bull dogs, tumbling about, squeaking, and not quitting their hold of each other's throats until they were lifted off the

ground by a stick passed between them, and smartly shaken.

June 10. As before stated, the old Minisink trail ran between our farms. Indians undoubtedly dwelt here in considerable numbers, and corn tending is the best time to find their relics. This year's field does not yield much; the soil is heavy, the aspect northern. But on the sandy moraine of the larger farm, near the brook, we have found stone axes, pestles, clinkstone knives, and arrow-heads in abundance. That was the Indian's favorite location—a southern slope, a sandy soil where water would not stand, but near a running stream. The cultivator brings all small objects to the surface, and when they have dried out they show distinctly. Point and edge—how hard they are to come by, how instructive when preserved.

June 11. S. On this day twenty-five years ago, seventy half bushel baskets of cherries were picked from the trees on our lawn. This year the entire crop will be less than half that amount. The same or worse is true of the Bartlett pears. In '92, we had three hundred baskets. Last year, not one.

The "June drop" is a term primarily applied to the falling of tree fruit which generally, if not always takes place at that time of year. Especially is this the case with peaches, which, though they may have crowded the branches shortly after blossom-

ing, when the dried up flower can be drawn like a hat from the little white woolly head, are always sadly thinned six weeks later. To a certain extent, this is natural and even desirable. Few trees could bring to maturity the number of fruits which "set" upon them, and they would seldom be of marketable size if it was done. The same remarks will apply to apples. But though it is well that half the fruit should fall when as large as grapes, it is not well that most or all should do so. Something like the above may be noticed with most plane trees, and a few oaks. Their leaves push early, in June comes a halt, the tender foliage withers, and the tree seems about to die. Then it takes a new start, sends out buds from a different part of the same branch, and by August the tree is in dark and heavy leaf.

June 12. Rain in moderate quantity. All through this spring, there has been just enough precipitation to keep things alive, like six-pence a day doled out to a pensioner. One of the phrases most constantly in the mouth of the said pensioner is "If I could only jist git a little ahead", and so say the crops as they wilt and curl.

June 13. Cut orchard grass. This was sown alone in spring two years ago. Last year it cut a very fair crop, two loads to the acre, which contained little orchard grass, however, but mostly a kind of meadow fes-

cue. This season it is a mixture of both. Orchard grass always increases where once it gets a footing, because, being one of the earliest to mature, its seeds fall before the other grasses are cut.

And now the hay-cart passes among the mounds and reefs so plain to see since the billows of grass went down, and pitcher and loader take their places. The first has, traditionally, the harder task, and is supposed to need great strength. But he must not be judged altogether by the rapidity of his work, so much depends on the material. Two good men, pitching long hay from the cock, have got on a load in nine minutes. Again, a fair worker, sending up dry short hay from the winrow, took an hour and three-quarters to make his load. He must also survey the cart occasionally from the rear, and judge if it is one-sided. But at last it is on, the gauntlet of tall fence post and low branch is run, and the tugging team stamps into the barn. The bright tined forks flash against the cavernous gloom as the mowers—short o—squeeze their way up the ladder. Whether mow and maw have the same root I am not sure, but the great empty space above the stock can be likened to no stomach save the constrictor's. Getting off the load is dull and dusty work, only relieved by that ancient jest "You must treat now!" when hay and fork together are jerked from the pitcher's hands, or by the joyous cry "There's the shelvings!" when the frame

whereon the load is built appears.

June 14. Turtles peculiarly active at present. We have three varieties, the common solid shell, the box-turtle, and a small leathery species, with yellow dots instead of letterings. It is seldom that one sees them eat anything; but I remember finding one in the orchard, which, after standing aloof awhile, ate several raspberries from my fingers. Now and then one sees a specimen with a carapace like a crushed hat or old shoe, which has evidently been broken under a wheel and healed all out of shape. Would we break our bones oftener if we had them all on the outside? Thoreau says they eat cranberry and sorrel leaves.

June 15. Got in two loads hay. All the large solid forkfuls are pitched up, and put around the front, back and sides of the load, and only the small wisps thrown in the middle. A load of hay is made up very like a load of bags of grain, only the bunches are not so distinct. One feels the flight of time as one opens the big barn doors, lets the light into the dark corners, and sees the straws and chaff remaining of the crop that was pitched in a year ago. As the pitcher walks from cock to cock, he runs his fork before him, on the ground, gathering up a small bunch.

June 16. Mending barb wire fence. There is nothing on the farm so convenient or so

hateful as this. A line of it can be erected in a very short time, at small expense, and on very poor posts. For two or three years it is bearable. Then it deteriorates steadily till the end. And whereas the last remnants of the rail fence are good for fuel, old rusty barb wire is utterly worthless, and can only be got rid of by burying it. I have a scar of its making twenty years old. I knew a cow that was badly cut up by it, another who lost an eye by swinging her head around close to it. And once I found a flying squirrel hanging dead by a fold of his parachute. The wound was slight, but he could not escape, and must have hung there till he starved.

June 17. Finished second cultivation of corn. Cut more grass and cocked it up. At this time of year snakes frequently ensconce themselves under the cocks, whether for warmth by night or coolness by day I do not know.

June 18. S. On French coins, with their effigies of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, it is worthy of note that the central figure of Equality is a head taller than the others; a result not infrequently aimed at by those who call for him. Oh, Equality, how many follies are committed in thy name!

June 19. Very hot morning. In afternoon came up a cool, east wind, which rapidly and pleasantly lessened the temperature.

We are about thirty miles from the ocean, but probably the salty odor comes rather from the great salt marshes of the Raritan. Salt water must have an extensive surface to evaporate on before its odor is distinct. There is little of it on a clean sand beach, still less in mid-ocean.

June 20. Yesterday I rode into a neighbor's field just cleared of hay through open bars. I had never been on just that spot before, though I have lived near it so long—and the effect of novelty was strange. The road, along which I have travelled thousands of times, did not look at all as I had supposed; indeed, but for the double line of fence, I should not have known it was there at all. Would not everything seem new all our lives if, at thirty-five, the landscape was turned as in a mirror?

Of meadows after mowing, Herrick sings—

“Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estate alone”.

Most likely Herrick never handled scythe or rake himself; yet he caught the feeling which possesses every farmer walking over the mowing lot a day or two after it is cleared. A few hours ago, the field lying unvisited for three hundred and sixty days of

the year, was a scene of tumultuous activity. Here you lived; here as much excitement mingled with your labor as farm work ever knows. Toiling to the utmost, hard and long, defying the heat and apprehending the shower, you were young again, if that you could stand and see. Here was the stone over which the mower bumped, and left a wisp standing; here was the gully into which your foot slipped while heaving up a forkful, making your bones crack. This bit was thin and short, as you can tell by the shreds the rake has left; that was a fair mix of clover and grass. Bowed and stiff, you wonder at the exertions you made on that day of battle, and wonder yet more if another year will find you renewing them on the same spot.

June 21. Poisoned potatoes. Filling a watering pot from a cask in the lane, and stirring into it a spoonful of Paris Green, one walks up and down the rows as rapidly as possible, sprinkling the rows going and returning, twenty rows, six hundred feet long, each row to be covered twice, makes about five miles of walking to the acre, not to speak of carrying the water. It is now about thirty years since the potato bug first appeared. I remember the consternation he caused—and how one neighbor thought he had hit on a fine plan for the discomfiture of the intruder, namely, to set his children to brushing the insects off the vines with brooms and then quickly following with a plow, bury-

ing them deeply. But next day they had all come out again. The onion maggots are very bad in R's field this season, quarrying out the center of the shoot, and also that of the young cauliflower plants. Maggots, potato bugs, turnip flies, cabbage worms, gypsy moths, San Jose scale—does it not seem as if the nameless parasites which tormented humanity for so many milleniums had now fallen on vegetable life?

June 22. Heavy shower this afternoon, big ailanthus tree on Dennis Street blown down. Have hitched my horse to it these thirty-years. It was perhaps five feet in circumference at the ground, though rapidly diminishing, and only a thin strip of green wood and bark, going one third around the base, and not thicker than one's hand, had kept the life in it of late. The butt projected on all sides over the surrounding flag stones, as if the tree had run down upon them like a melting candle. The heart was badly decayed, and probably it would have fallen long ago, but for being upright and well balanced.

June 23. Began working corn with Riggs' plow. This is a two horse implement, and in using it one horse goes on each side of the row of corn, as do three of the six small plows set in the frame, turning a slight furrow inward. As the driver would find it impossible to avoid stepping on the corn if he

came directly after, the handles are slanted well over to the left enabling him to walk in that space. Great care is required, in bringing the horses about at the end of the row, to make the eight heavy trampling feet pass among the tender hills of corn without crushing them down, and at the same time heave the cumbrous plough around. Burns would not have written "Corn Riggs are bonnie" of this sort of thing.

June 24. Light rain again. Just enough to spoil hay, but not to help grass. The small funnels of growing maize, however, take it all in gratefully. It rather bothers one in hoeing to see bits of mud or small stones caught in said funnels. Apparently they can never get out but by working down and wearing a hole through the side of the stalk. In muddy weather, the edge of the hoe is soon covered with a mass of fibrous roots, which necessitates banging it on a stone every few yards. This intermittent clang harmonizes well with the cracking voices of the crows, who flap swiftly across the field, aware that the corn is now too large for them to pull up.

June 25. S. When a child I thought that clouds were all formed of chimney smoke, and wondered how there could be any in uninhabited places.

June 26. Continued working corn. Shook

out last week's grass, partly by hand, partly with the tedder. Doubtless the inventor of this machine had watched the backward stroke of a fork in the hands of a man tossing grass. The motion is almost exactly the same. On the other hand, few processes could be more unlike than the curving stroke of the long scythe-blade, and the working of a mower knife, which is but a great saw laid flat on the ground and dragged slowly forward with a short stroke.

June 27. Wamba, in a familiar passage of "Ivanhoe", explained that the live brute was for the Saxon to feed, but dressed meat for the Norman to eat, by rehearsing their respective names, as "ox", "beef", "swine", "pork", etc., etc. How is it with harness? Collar, traces, reins, hames, terets, saddle, Latin; bit, girth, throat-lash, Saxon; crupper, martingale, French. The drawing, governing, and ornamental portions would seem to come chiefly from the South.

June 28. Still haying. The crop is short this year in this neighborhood, only about two-thirds of what might have been expected from the acreage. Cool and dry weather the cause. I observe that while the wheat where I sprinkled the fertilizer in April looks better than it promised at one time, the young clover sown thereon is utterly dead.

June 29. Finished third cultivation of

corn yesterday. A good many clumps of sod are dragged to the top, and disfigure the face of the field. Two more loads of hay. It is short and dry, and gusts of wind scatter it about the field in loading.

June 30. This has been a dry and windy month. Winter's snows were heavy, but they melted and ran off before the earth was thawed enough to soak them in. Since then there have been frequent light showers, but no long heavy rains, and the subsoil is very dry. Nothing remains as a reserve to fall back upon, if a real drought should come on.

July 1. V. finished fourth cultivation of corn, by working late. The field is now in good clean condition, well broken up, but not crumbling as heat and moisture would make it do. None of the showers have been able to soak through a bit of upturned sod. The corn is about eighteen to twenty inches high, growing pretty well, but blue with drought.

July 2. S. Shower in morning, producing a rainbow in the west, a rather infrequent sight. Once in my life I have seen a lunar rainbow. This is of necessity very rare, depending on the coincidence of a heavy shower about 8 p. m. with the rising full moon. It had the rainbow bands, in darker light, but no color—which I take to be the distinguishing mark of a ghost.

July 3. To thoroughly know one's farm, one should not only till the soil, and climb its trees, but descend into its depths, he should be something of the miner as well as farmer. The dwellers of Kentucky and Virginia, where caves are frequent, have here an advantage, as have the Italians, on their porous volcanic rocks.

July 4. Andrew Fairservice observed that if there was one fair day of the seven, the Sabbath was sure to lick it up. This will apply to the holidays which are becoming so frequent, among us, and especially to the Fourth of July. V. and I, being old and indifferent to sport, got in two loads of hay anticipating the shower which almost invariably comes on the evening of Independence Day; but a young fellow would have thought it hard.

July 5. Got two loads hay. This year it is hard and short, containing little clover and little color. They say that in a dry year the grass is "half grain," and much more nutritious than in a wet season. This seems reasonable, and is certainly consolatory.

July 6. Cut grass. McG. came and reaped our wheat with his selfbinder. The machine comes turned edgeways, so that it will go through gateways. Then he turns it sideways, let it down, puts one of our horses between his two, and reaps down the field at

the rate of an acre per hour. When we came to this farm a quarter of a century ago, self-binders were unknown and cradles still in use. I once cradled an acre and a quarter of wheat in a day, and bound some of it besides. Of course, a really good cradler could do much better. Mr. G's machine slips a band occasionally, and an old fashioned band must be substituted. Take a handful of straw, hold it before you, heads up, twist half of it between your left wrist and the other half, bring it round and over, hold the two with your left forefinger, bring the butts together round the sheaf, twist and tuck in. All this care is necessary to prevent the heads on the band from shelling.

July 7. Two loads hay. The barn is filling up, and we have to pitch to the scaffold, and then to the top of the mow. Showers threatened, but did not reach us. Corn now two to three feet high, begins to curl in the afternoon, like a fore and aft vessel close hauled in the wind.

July 8. Carted in wheat in afternoon. Three loads, seven hundred and seventy sheaves. A load of sheaf grain is curiously small, square, and solid, like a big strawen hamper of corn. Several showers passed by to the south as we drew it in. Their sharp white edges just avoiding us, and we could see and hear the streams of rain roaring down from them on the wood beyond the

pond—but we only got a few drops.

The amount of grain in sheaf that can be got into a small barn is surprising. It is said that a skilled worker can stow one third more wheat in a given space than a careless or unheeding hand. When flung in anyhow, frequently crossing each other, or even standing on end, the bundles will settle little more than logs of wood, except by the bursting of their bands; but laid on regular, even courses, each time reversing top and butt, they will pack down as much as their nature will admit, forming a solid, yet not ill ventilated mass. When at length a bent, (the space up in the roof between two rafter-girts, generally about ten feet wide) has been filled with the forks, until, apparently, it will hold no more, a man who "takes an interest" will climb into the peak, and, bracing his back against the rafters, crowd the grain yet a little further down, and pass in sheaf after sheaf by hand, until at last he has disposed of sixty or seventy bundles where there seemed not room for one. Had Hamlet witnessed such a scene? And was this his meaning when he said "They fool me to the top of my bent?"

July 9. S. Quite hot, almost the first oppressive day we have had. What an example of the golden mean is the human body, keeping to its 98° Fahrenheit, through heat and cold "*aequa in arduis*" for sixty years or more. It suffers from both but will not yield.

Its very sufferings prove its constancy. Did it take the temperature like a drop of lead it were not pinched.

Shakespeare troubled himself little with climate; but so far as he had any, it was all English. The frequent precipitation, the grass and mire alternating, the thick green woods, the lovely springs, the summer days marked rather by length than heat, the winter ones, more damp than cold, the plentiful springs and rivers—such was the weather to him, whether his characters moved in Britain, or Austria, Venice or Navarre, Denmark, Athens, Sicily, or Prospero's Isle. He will throw in a line or two becoming the place, perhaps, as the "nipping and eager air" in Hamlet; but he soon reverts to the willow'd pool where Ophelia makes her end, and the clay of an English church-yard. Snakes and Jack-o-lanterns annoy his wanderers in moony woods, but not gnats and mosquitoes; floods and storms afflict his peasantry, but not droughts. The Navarresse ambassadors masquerade in Russian furs with no apparent discomfort; and once only does he mention a sledge, as knowing that but one such article existed in Britain. Summer's heat is to him fantastic, not imminent and terrible. Winter's cold may freeze the milk in pail and pinch the shepherd's fingers, but slays no man in the drifts.

July 10. Still at the haying. There always seems a certain impropriety in making

hay after wheat harvest. I found a locust shrilling on one of the bean-poles. He continued the sound while I stood by and watched him. He first set himself firmly, like a man about to raise a weight, gripping the pole with his feet and slightly spreading his wings, so as to keep them away from the body. Then expanding his abdomen so that the rings were visible, like the scales in a fish's body, when you bend it, he sent forth his note, at first softly, while the eye could follow his abdomen's dilation and contraction, until the scream was at its utmost, and vision was too slow for the quivering rings. Then it diminished, and ceased suddenly just as the eye could catch the motion again. Five times he repeated this while I stood by. It was as though wind were forced through a Venetian blind rapidly opened and closed.

July 11. Another warm day. Saw two roosters, whom we will call A. and B. fighting. They had got to the point where both were weary and A. could only trot closely after B. occasionally overtaking and pecking him. On one of these runs, B., the pursued, was describing a large circle, while A. took a smaller one, which, their pace being almost alike, brought him of course, first abreast, and then ahead of B. Without indication, perhaps without consciousness, that their positions were changed, they kept on their way, and A. but now victorious, was presently overtaken, pecked, and jumped upon by B.

One load hay. Light showers prevented more, but, slightly revived the drooping corn.

July 12. The brief moisture soon dried away, and we cut the last grass, and got in three loads of hay. Yesterday our older brood of chicks, eight in number, and about half grown, were wandering about the barn as usual, when they suddenly screamed, and three of them appeared running as in fright. We thought it was but a passing scare from a hawk or dog, and that the rest would presently appear, but they have been seen no more. They have been bagged either by man or beast, probably the former, as no remains can be found.

July 13. Got in three loads of hay, the last of the crop. Total twenty-six. Our stock will devour almost all of this by next haying perhaps a load or two may be sold. As none of the loads were large, there might be about twenty tons in all. The whole has been sent aloft by human sinews. About seventy-five pitches would go to putting a load on, as many more to mowing it, say four thousand total. So many heaves of human dorsal and triceps muscle lie embodied there, dried, salted, and stowed away for equine mouths to chew and swallow.

July 14. Yesterday Charles T. whom I have not seen since he emigrated to Nebras-

ka in 1877, nearly thirty years ago, came down to see me in the field. As he drew near, I saw his G. A. R. badge (he was in the 1st N. J. Cavalry) and wondered how I had brought myself within reach of the law, at first mistaking him for a policeman. He is some twelve years older than I, but better preserved. He first taught me the four things required of a farm-hand, to plough, sow, mow and milk; just as an able seaman in ye olden time, must hand, reef, steer and heave the lead. He spoke of going to see a friend he had known in youth. "I went to her place", said he, "but I found I was two years too late". He seems to have done well in Nebraska, despite the droughts, which by his account, are terrible.

July 15. Drove out on Centerbush road, and returning counted the rum holes on the north side of Gaull Street alone. There were eleven of them in about a mile. Whatever the hardships of the Middle Ages, they had one great advantage; distilled liquor was practically unattainable. It is only about two hundred years ago (see Hogarth) that Beer Street became Gin Lane.

We find, in all pleasure, one little drop of bitter. And is not that what keeps them pleasures? The bee, it is said, stings each cell once, to preserve the honey. The good time when everything went on wheels—when we did not get wet, or hungry, or bruised, when nothing failed and nothing broke—is

not the good time we remember. The load of hay you only just got in, between sun-stroke and shower, the jump your horse made across the brook, when you barely kept your seat, the pull through the breakers in the swamping boat, these are the things you recollect with satisfaction. "Forsitan haec olim meminisse juvabit". Polycrates understood this when he tried to supply the needed drop himself, by letting fall his ring in the sea. Damocles, if he survived, probably took more pleasure in reverting to the banquet of the dangling sword than to any other he had shared with Dionysius, and the captain's boy, who leaped from truck to sea, under compulsion, at Port Mahon, must have kept that day among his brightest memories.

July 16. S. Sitting down in the lane and leaning my back against a big beech tree, I was surprised at its coolness, ceaseless and refreshing, while stones large and small, are heated through and through. But of course this is the life of the tree, holding its normal temperature of 50° or so, conspicuous when that of the air is 90° or more, and noticeable in the beech beyond any other, because of its smooth bark. Slumber came readily there.

How terrible our necessity for sleep would appear to any one, a denizen of another planet, for instance, who belonged to an order of beings capable of rest without loss of consciousness. "Of course, we all lie

down at times", he might admit, "but that is the season for study, conversation, mind-play, and is it possible that your minds, need rest as well as your bodies? Methinks that militates strongly against the idea of immortality, and makes your souls seem no more than the odors of plants, or even their shadows. Oh, you breathe while you slip-slop—ah, pardon me, sleep, but you cannot eat? that seems strange. Then if you slept too long you would starve. Hunger wakes you? Then it is more a matter of body than mind. Can't you ever think of anything while you are in this deplorable condition? Oh, you have; and you call them drams? I have seen in an old book on chemistry that three scruples—am I wrong—make a dram. Oh, a dram is a little drink? And your free thoughts are dreams. And you have no scruples in them? Utterly without conscience? Pardon me again, I am always wrong".

July 17. A brood of eight chicks off on Saturday, another of ten today. These are stolen nests, and this hot weather favors the young, who dart about from the first, bright-eyed and alert, unlike the chilled and lagging broods of April and May. Not long ago a hen brought off a brood in the cow barn. I saw them up there before breakfast; after breakfast they were all down on the ground. The only way was through a scuttle, with a drop of seven feet to the floor,

and how she persuaded them to take the leap
I do not know.

Wings grow faster than the tail,
Then your chick is like to fail;
Tail grows faster than the wing,
Then your chick will dance and sing.

July 18. Hottest day of the season. Thermometer 100° in shade, probably 20° or 30° more in the sun. One darts from one patch of shade to another, like one in presence of archers, who durst not peep beyond his shield. The fowls go about holding their wings away from their bodies. The horses sweat in the stable. The cellar steps drip, the corn, which early in the morning spread its blades wide and green, seems by noon to have shrunk to half the size folding its leaves like the sensitive plant. It looks as if the crop was done for. It cannot stand many such days.

The worm, like many a nobler form of life, loves equality of temperature and moisture. In winter he goes deep into the soil, too deep to be reached by ordinary digging; and if an excavation brings him to the surface, he freezes stiff before he can get down again. In April, May, and June he is within reach of spade or plough; after July he is not often seen unless an extraordinary wet spell drowns him out. Darwin has said much of the good work he does in renovation of the soil, and has calculated the number of

cartloads per acre brought to the surface by wormcasts; which reminds me that it is years since I saw a worm-cast, though I used to do so frequently when a boy. Even if children's eyes are not better (they generally are) they are so much closer to the earth that they notice many things on it which their adults do not. The worm's one shift, when drawn from his hole by the ruthless robin or black-bird, is contortion. He seems sure that if he could but tie a large knot in himself (and he can do it, too, give him time enough) the bird couldn't, or wouldn't, swallow him. Perhaps this is true.

July 19. Another fiercely hot day, though not quite so intense as yesterday. Mr. G. came with an old-fashioned reaper, and cut our oats on Farfield. This leaves them in gavels (unbound sheaves) all over the field. Gefaal, according to Stormouth is Welsh for handful. Gavel-kind, one bunch per child. In the afternoon a strong wind somewhat ameliorated the heat, and we got in one load.

Walked down this afternoon through cow pasture, which lies low, and is partially swampy. Last time I came this way it was on horseback, in May, and the animal frequently sank deep in black clay, sending water squirting from under his feet. Now there is no trace of water, and the soil is either brick or brick-dust, saving its color. The dark earth has grown white with drought, and resembles a cracked and dirty china

plate. The bushes have mostly been devoured by the cattle, failing grass; but at one or two places, where they have grown thicker and faster than they could be torn down, the dark clumps of foliage, impenetrable by the sun, are lighted beneath by reflection from the chalky soil. No sassafras leaf is left, and no beech leaf would be left if any grew here; both possess peculiar sweetness. Wire weed gives an appearance of verdure to much of the open field, almost as specious as if it were covered with gauze wire netting. Even the little ditch at one side is dry and hard and white, like a mammoth rut in a dusty road. The fence posts are gnawed closely around, as by a square tool.

July 20. Cloudy and cooler. Drew in three loads oats, with V. and L. The gavels are handled with so called barley forks, made entirely of wood, with three tines about two feet long, and a curved wooden spring above them, so that the oats are held down and kept from scattering. One on each side pitches to the man on the load, going around the field and taking six rows at a time. As the oats lie with their heads all one way, and as said heads must all go inward, some dexterity is required. The man on the side where the heads are away from the wagon has only to turn his fork half over to place them "deliverly" as Chaucer says, but the other must either turn about with each gavel, or get close to the wagon, and then

send the bunch backwards and sideways over his head.

July 21. Much cooler. Got in four loads oats, which cleared the field. Undoubtedly a good crop. I think it is two hundred bushels. V. says three, but the lesser amount is good for this brick-bat of a field, as it looked in March. Clay for oats, loam for grass, sand for corn. We have been a good deal bothered by the dewberry vines, sometimes ten or twelve feet long, which trip the fork as we lift them. There are also not a few docks, now seeding, and showing rusty on the yellow field. Otherwise, the crop is pretty clean.

July 22. Hoed away roots. There is a sparrow's nest by the row of carrots, and every time I draw near the young lift up their heavy heads and large mouths. Why are the chicks of the domestic fowl so downy and pretty, and those of the wild birds so naked and hideous? Among beasts beauty goes with legs. Those with long limbs, as the horse, the deer, the giraffe, are graceful; those with short, stumpy ones, as the hippopotamus and the toad, are ugly and awkward, while the snake, which has none at all, is an object of horror.

The caterpillar is elevated some steps in the social scale above the worm, by the fact of his wearing clothes and shoes; and probably he makes much of these distinctions and

looks down on his grovelling relative, who has less to carry. There is much variety in their coats. I remember (again to recur to childhood's hours) lemon color, black, brown, either of these last two belted with the other, and pure white with a yellow tuft. This last, however, was of a feeble constitution, unequal to the strenuous task of racing, which was our chief use for them. Urged on by a straw or bristle, they would develop remarkable speed, but it was difficult to make them run straight, while if goaded overmuch, they would "quit" like donkeys and roll themselves into balls. Many persons can still remember the inch, or measuring worms, of the fifties, and the ailantus tree, introduced from China as proof against their voracity. Touching these worms, a story is told of a popular preacher of those days, who had a son, "I", said the old gentleman, "am like the inch-worm. I lift my head, I set it here and there. At last, when sure of my ground, I move along, But my son is like the grasshopper. Up he goes, and no one can tell where he will come down again".

July 23. S. A fine rain through the night and early morning, coming most opportunely to revive the corn, now the oats are stowed. In the afternoon I walked over Longfield. The maize has spread forth its banners, and almost hides the earth. The blades, no longer blue and slimy, are dark green, bristling

with papillae, like a cat's tongue. Yet here and there is a stalk with a dead tassel-shoot baked by the sun, and here a dry spot of soil, under a sod or stone. The rain was only just in time to save the crop from utter extinction.

Well do I remember the place where the roller overtook me. I had been traversing the field with that conveyance, the hour of six sounded, and I drove toward the bars. Unluckily, I had put the short reins on the team, which necessitated my walking beside the off horse, instead of going behind. I got a little too close, the frame struck my hip, knocking me over, and next moment the big half-ton log was crushing my legs into the earth. Like Chaucer's carter, "Under the whele ful low I lay adowne". Though my voice seemed suddenly summoned to my nether man, I yelled "WHOA!" as loudly as possible. This order it was well for me the horses did not instantly obey. The reins were dragged from my hands, the roller passed off me somewhere above the knees, and then came to a stop, as the team halted. Lying slanted outward, my body had escaped. I rose, feeling as if I had just suffered a severe attack of foot-binding, looked at the deep mark remaining in the soft earth, if perchance aught of me yet lay there, scrambled on the roller, and was trundled up to the house. The crushing was painful, but not serious, and in two days I was afield again.

July 24. Walked yesterday to Mr. N.'s walnut field. It has woods on two sides, a deep ditch on a third, a thick hedgerow on the fourth. It bears a fine crop of fodder corn on one side, on the other flourishing mangels and potatoes. To eastward, the mansion across half a mile of smooth lawn-like meadow suggests an English estate, but the walnut field itself a pioneer's clearing.

George Meredith has written a poem on the echo of the woodman's axe, which might have been, but was not, entitled "Hew and Cry". The classic conception of the mocking nymph, who wasted away until nothing was left but bones and a voice, is ingenious, if not as pretty as some; but did the Greeks never hear echoes in their great empty temples? Or did they never speak loudly enough there to rouse them? Even a small room will give that miniature echo we call a "ring", and perhaps, if such a sound was ever produced, it was taken for the voice of offended deity. A close growth of woodland will give back the sound almost as well as a rock, and so, in a less degree, will clouds, and even, if I mistake not, a strong up-rushing flame. Whether there is such a thing as a perpendicular echo only aviators are likely to be in position to judge. But setting this aside, evidently, as a rule, the valley-man alone can get the echo; the more lowly you work, the more it comes back to and tells upon you; only the man on the height can be sure that he is a centre of outfluence.

July 25. Hoed beets, where the couch grass, negligible during the drought, is springing up with wondrous vigor. The underground stems of this grass are exceedingly keen at the tips, almost able to pierce one's finger, quite able to grow through a beet or potato which happens to lie in the way.

Everything nowadays must have a wrapper. The sugar, flour, etc., which we used to buy in bulk, and take away packed in a cone of paper, is now sold in bags of sizes to suit all tastes; the soap, which used to lie in great yellow bars without a thought of impropriety, is now done up in neat checked suits; the honey sometime exposed in a milk-pan to the view of all, is pent in walls of glass, as well as the molasses, which once abode sulkily in its hogshead; the raisins, the oranges, the pepper, all these naked little savages were dressed. And to ascend higher, is not every book now sent forth with a neat paper coat, containing a wealth of information on all subjects and some others? And is it not thought necessary for every person who takes a bath to have a bath-robe to wear on the way, instead of going to the bath-room, as of old, in one's clothes? If there was one thing which might have been expected to go bare to the end of time, it was a brick. Rough, cheap, intended to stand weather and change, wherefore should it be clad? Yet on this very day I met a teamster driving a cart loaded with what I presently saw to

be bricks, each in a neat paper wrapper, like laundry soap.

July 26. Snakes have been very scarce this year, have only seen two or three before today. On this place we have only three varieties—the striped or garter snake, the black snake, and the puff adder. This last is the only venomous variety, though I hardly suppose its bite would be fatal. It is checkered in light and dark brown squares, and puffs itself out with air when alarmed—hence its name. Shakespeare well distinguishes between the harmless snakes, solid colored or striped, and the noxious ones, checked or barred, in warning off

“Ye spotted snakes with double tongue”,

from his fairy queen.

Snakes are frequently depicted as coiling round a tree or branch, but the only time I ever saw one in a tree he was carefully balancing himself on the upper side of a limb, availing himself of every twig and projection of the bark, but making no attempt to coil.

July 27. R. dug his Irish cobbler potatoes. They are very early but not a heavy yield. His plan is to turn them out with a digger, and then go over the ground pulling them out of the loose earth with small short-handled, wooden toothed rakes.

This, to a considerable extent avoids cut-

ting and bruising them as, I have stated above, a hoe or fork will generally do. Almost every kind of fruit or vegetable is readily broken or contused, and must be handled with care. Mrs. Moodie, an early emigrant to Canada, tells how a friendly Indian once brought her a present of wild grapes in a sack made of his shirt, tied at neck and wrists. When she hesitated to partake, he said that he would have taken his coat, but feared the weight would crush them, and, turning to the children, confidently observed "Papoose no care for dirty shirt". I have known a carpet-bag, filled with currants, to be dripping freely ere its journey ended—and I also remember once, taking some crates of blackberries to town in the heavy wagon, the spring cart being in some way disabled. The road was rough, the horses were slow, but did not for that avoid the stones. The berries reached market beautifully crimson of hue, instead of black; and finding no favor in the eyes of tasteless dealers, had to be disposed of at an alarming sacrifice, for instant use.

July 28. Finished hoeing beets. They stand in the row like peg tops, five-sixths of them above ground. And the peg is very liable to break. Between each row of beets lies a line of couch grass, beaten but unsubdued, like the Russians at Kunersdorf.

Ours are sugar beets. The mangel-wurzel (root of need) a later, redder, and taller va-

riety, stand still more out of the ground and will produce a greater bulk and weight to the acre than anything that grows, except timber. And indeed a well-grown patch of mangel-wurzels greatly resembles one of those forests Doré was so fond of depicting for the poems of Dante and Tennyson. The resemblance is made more complete by lying on the ground and looking up at them, when the great gnarled trunks, occupying more space than the air between them, the rough bare ground beneath, and the short prospect for vision or missile call vividly up those woods through which Geraint bore Enid, or from which Bertrand de Born issued bearing his head. True, dense foliage above is wanting, but though Dore gives the resultant darkness below, he seldom elaborates leafage, confining himself mostly to the stem. Of his sylvan sketches it may be said with fullest truth, "You cannot see the wood for the trees".

July 29. Went around the place, putting up signs against trespassing with dog and gun. The gunning season begins November 10th, and notices must be put up three months beforehand, there must be at least three of them on each property, and they must be more than three feet from the ground. If the requirements are not legal, they are at any rate firmly rooted in the opinions of gunners, who, when every particular has been complied with, will pay such regard

to the notices as happens to suit their own convenience.

July 30. S. Discovered that a cornerstone at one angle of Longfield (ancient landmark) had been pounded to pieces with boulders by some idler. It was of grey slate, about six inches square by two feet high, and had been broken off level with the ground, and then splintered up. This is a peculiarly wanton piece of mischief, as it could in no way advantage the perpetrator. "Qui a terre, a guerre".

Who has not seen a coat, towel, or other like article, thrown carelessly on a chair fall into some resemblance to the human face or figure? I recall a picnic party, many years ago, when the soiled dishes were piled in a long heap on the table, and covered with the cloth. Coming that way later, I was struck by the likeness of the heap's outline to a veiled and prostrate female. Though striking, the incident would soon have been forgotten but for the sudden death of the youngest girl of our party, a little later.

Knots, embers, and icicles are fertile in these likenesses, and so, as Hamlet observed, are clouds. A big boulder guarding a fence corner nearby here has an indication of the human countenance not greatly inferior to that of the Sphinx. Have seen three or four leaves, trampled together by a cow, bear a semblance to a fat German, booted and bearded, playing a mandolin. The sawed off

stub of a broken tree has suggested Silenus. The shadows, or rather stains left on apples and pears by adhering leaves will go still further and indeed have been availed of by the grower to furnish inscriptions and devices; but here we get beyond the lines of accident.

July 31. Oats are specially liable to heat in the mow, so today I examined those housed ten days ago. A sweet steamy odor rises from them, as is natural, but nothing excessive. The "sweating" process takes from two to three weeks, somewhat resembling incubation, both in its duration, and in the circumstance that eggs must hatch or spoil. On the only occasion when we had our oats cut with a self-binder they heated unmistakably. The scorching odor could be perceived to leeward of the barn, and each sheaf was so hot that the hand could hardly be thrust into it. Conflagration was averted by pulling the central bunch from each sheaf; but about a quarter of the crop was spoiled. Since then we have always had our oats cut on the loose gavel plan.

August 1. Several heavy showers have kept the corn going, and it is now tasselling out. It is fairly good on part of the three acre, and on the hither end, where cabbages were set five years ago. Some of the stalks at these places are flattened like the leg-bone of a horse, which always indicates vigorous

growth. But a large portion midway down the field is small and poor. Observing that one hill had fallen, I went to ascertain the cause, and found that the inmates of an ant-hill near by, probably taking advantage of some wound inflicted on the young plant by the cultivator, had hollowed out the stalks to get at the sweet pith, until the corn fell by its own weight.

August 2. Carting manure, which has been accumulating during the busy season, down to field number three on Cherry Lawn for next year's potatoes. K. despatched a chicken-killing dog in his hen-house a few nights ago. He graphically described how he rushed down without stopping to dress, and shot the dog, surrounded by the bodies of his victims, through a wire netting.

"Air", one has said, "is like a rope; you can pull it, but you can't push it". In view of the possibilities of compressed air, as shown in the pop-gun and other lethal weapons, this statement might be questioned. At any rate, it is certain that air can be pushed from the human lungs shaped into missiles which pelt and hurt the bestial ear, and cause the owners of said ears to go wither we would. But how different are the missiles! "Git", to horses, "Whey" to cows, "Get out", to dogs, "Scat", to cats, "Shoo", to fowls. The natives of India, when driving elephants, shout "Dak! dak!" a cry which seems very effective, not only with elephants,

but all domestic animals, as I have frequently proved. Perhaps it conveys to them some grievous alarm, some ancient malediction, which leaves them no idea but of escape. It is much easier to drive a herd or flock than a single beast. Gregariousness keeps them together, numbers make your target larger and more readily hit. Though at first sight it might not appear, it is certain that intractability on the part of the urged assists the urger. For as, to go back to the analogy we set out with, a rope is more easily led than driven, iron nails are more easily driven than lead.

When one would capture animals, instead of driving them—attract rather than repel—their most ancient designation is had recourse to, by way, as it were, of flattering their racial pride. Thus, horses are called “cope”, suggesting the Greek “hippos”, cows “cush”, “co-bos” or “sukee”, going back to Aryan or Latin, pigs “chuk-chuk” Turanian for hog, cats “puss”, her old Egyptian name. This flattery tells upon them and, conceited and pleased, they make nearer and nearer approaches, only to find themselves—the larger animals at least—again beguiled into slavery. Various forms of passive resistance follow their disillusionment, such as the cow’s holding up of her milk, something analogous to our holding breath, the horse’s blowing himself out with air to avoid being girthed, etc. Pretending lameness is said to be practiced by English animals, though this

I have never seen. Weariness is often cured by turning the head homeward. A horse going on a line parallel to his stable may often be observed, at each corner, throwing his body as far as possible in that direction, while his head is kept away by the rein.

August 3. Dug a few potatoes. They are small and poor, the drought having hit them hard. The water from R's spring, deliciously cold in May and June, is still clear, but so tepid as to be unpalatable. The spring is only about eight feet deep in a sand bank, and evidently the summer heats reach its source. Another spring under an oak on Farfield is thick and undrinkable by this.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that".

Burns observed, in one of those poems full of refrain—so called, apparently, because you don't refrain—where a few telling sentences will go a great way. But to descend from rank to title, at what point does the name become more important than the person? We say "the Smith baby", "the Brown boy", "the Jones girl", without a thought of deprivation. But when we speak of "the Brown man", or "the Jones woman", Mr. Brown and Mrs. Jones are, one feels, to some extent, belittled. Hence it is evident that at some stage of adolescence—say about sixteen—the name, to some extent,

gains supremacy over the being who bears it. Hence, also, these cheap and handy titles prefixed in olden time, when but one name could be had for most folks—*Goody* Bridget, *Uncle* Tom, and the like. Another step downward, and the custom prevailed of ascribing some desirable quality to the casual inferior, "my good fellow", "mon brave", "pretty one", "galantuomo", and the like. Lastly, when you had no immediate use for said inferior, or thought alarm might more avail than flattery, he was saddled with some odious attribute, as the intimation that he was far from resembling the spicy shores of Araby the Blest. From this it is but a step to the rank with which we set out, and the wheel has come full circle.

August 4. The hedgerow Mr. N. broke last year is now showing a good stand of fodder corn in drills. When a thick growth of poison ivy has been removed, thoroughly grubbed out, the land is always rich and mellow for a year or two. The soil just within said hedgerow is remarkable for its purple tint. I think Homer would have called it "wine-colored".

Passing the corn-field today, while the wind blew stiffly, what was the pleasure the waving maize afforded the eye? As far as I could analyze the sensation, it both exceeded and differed from that afforded by the waves on tall grain or grass so often referred to.

"And waves of shadow went over the wheat".

That is a pretty sight, well described; but the tumultuous rush and flutter of the great corn blades not only suggested fire rather than water, but was divergently fashioned in some way not at first apparent, but, on consideration, resulting from the planting of the corn in regular rows, four feet each way. These preserve a military regularity during calm, but are driven into utter confusion by a gust of wind. And is not this what we like in literature? The vagaries of nomads, the intention of the grasshopper do not interest us. But take a character, not especially strong perhaps, but anchored and held to a definite place by discipline, ritual, convention—a soldier, a priest, a matron—let such an one be fluttered and swayed by passion's wind, from whatever quarter, until place is ignored and rules are forgotten, behold, we sympathize.

August 5. The seventeen-year locust visited this vicinity (in his thousands, that is, for a few come every year) in 1877, again in 1894. The rude W. on their wings is said to mean war; and this was satisfactorily carried out by the Russo-Turkish war on the first of these dates, the Chino-Japanese on the second. They were most numerous about the first of June, when their noise was deafening. And their mark can still be seen on

the young twigs they cut off then, leaving swollen rings. They are due again in 1911.

How often do we hear disputes over relationships. "He's her second cousin". "No, her uncle". "Why, don't you remember, Sam married Mary, in '74", etc., etc. Yet these are matters of perfect familiarity and daily observation. How much more puzzling would they be to a visitor from another planet, where population was kept up by some kind of inarching or layering, men producing men, and women, women. The result of course, would be that in a few years there would be neither sex nor relatives. The author of "Black Beauty" holds that these last do not exist among animals, the maternal connection, for a short time, alone excepted. This is, I suppose, the cause of the slight shock we generally feel when the terms "sister" or "brother" are applied to any brutes beyond infancy; while as to cousinly or avuncular ties, no one thinks of asserting them in their behalf. Perhaps sex in the vegetable kingdom is nowhere more apparent than in the dioecious white pine, two of which, growing near together, with a crowd of vigorous saplings springing up around their trunks, strongly suggest the evergreen and gigantic Baucis and Philemon.

August 6. S. More showers. Corn crop now well provided for, if not assured. The ancients were accustomed to erect an altar or shrine to the gods whenever lightning had

struck. If that were now the custom, our neighborhood would be thickly sprinkled with them; for I know of four places within sight of our house where the bolt descended, and as many more within a few minutes' walk. On one of these occasions, it struck a large buttonwood tree, then ran along a wire which stayed up a trellis near by, scorched the top of the trellis, and reached the eaves of the house by another short wire, along the gutter, splintering it in transit, and finally down a window frame to the ground, having nearly described a circle. The tree showed a close reticulation of streaks and grooves for more than a year, as if it had been covered with a fish net, but survived. Another tree, an oak, was split from top to bottom, in 1904, one large fragment, just the length and shape of a fence rail, even to the tenons at the ends, being flung out of it to some distance.

August 7. Ploughing oat stubble for wheat. When in Italy in 1899, I saw this operation going on. Each plough was drawn by five or six animals, generally oxen, sometimes buffaloes, and after it came a gang of men and women, hacking up the furrows with mattocks. This was the equivalent of our first harrowing, and no doubt very satisfactory in result, where labor enough can be had.

How hath the drover passed away! Forty, even thirty years ago, when meat was

brought in on the hoof, he and his charge were a frequent sight in cities small and great. A sudden stoppage of traffic, a cry of "Here's some cattle!" a flight of timid persons into gateways or up porches, and for a few minutes the street was but a channel for the farm's condensed product—terrified, suspicious, potent. Or it might be a flock of sheep, dusty and shambling, yet ready to rush like a stream in the wrong direction, their brace of drivers, (which ingenuous youth took for real shepherds, fallen from their high estate) constantly bawling to the bystanders "Head 'em off!" And how once in a while, never as often as we hoped, a stray steer would break from his fellows, and charge all in his path, determined on a hero's death. All has gone by. Messrs. Fleet, Brigandine & Company send us beef and mutton from a distance that would wear any hoof to the quick, done up in neat bur-lap jackets or shiny tin cans, and the greasy drover has become a motorman or chauffeur

August 8. Coming through New York I could not but contrast the multitudes of men in the prime of life who sit listless on the benches in the parks, with the few country-men, mostly old men or boys, who labor in the fields. Something must be amiss when there is such congestion at one place, such depletion at another. Of course, farmers could not pay the wages these fellows would like. Four dollars a day or so, but would

not small wages be better than idleness?

"My offense is rank" the French noble of 1792 might have quoted from Shakespeare. And certainly, then and since, nothing offends more than the assumption of superiority by those who have some right to make it. In the United States, especially, the unpardonable sin is, not offense, not omission, but the making objection to the doings of others. Trespass is nothing, but he who resents trespass is an enemy of mankind. Pilfering is venial; but whoso objects to pilfering is, at the very least, far gone in avarice. Destruction of animal life is rather fine than otherwise; but the critic thereof deserves to have the rifle turned upon himself. Indeed, when said destruction is practiced on a sufficiently large scale, and by a sufficiently Great Personage, I have heard it stated that the G. P. had got an indulgence from the Smithsonian to shoot anything in sight.

Divorce is a small matter, but those opposed to divorce are Pharisees and hypocrites. A murderer should be pardoned; but not he who refuses to associate with the murderer. In fact, the only kind of offense which can be safely resented here seems to be the lighter forms of personal assault, as horsewhipping or kissing.

August 9. The thrashers have reached our vicinity, and today V. is helping on R's. place. This is one of the results of labor scarcity quoted above. Machines are brought

into use, and then the farmers change with each other; first A. helping B., then B. helping A. Thus, working double tides, they are enabled to live, and get a few cents or a little food ahead, to hand out to the starving poor (*Supra*) when they leave the park benches, and come on the tramp, either singly, or in a Coxey's army.

One sign of our decadence which has not attracted the attention it deserves, is the multiplying of bath-rooms. It is not so many years ago that a bath-room in a country house was a decided rarity, while even in city residences they were not always found. Now every little cottage and villa must have one or two, larger and more pretentious residences three, six or eight. I have even known the prospective tenant of a shore cottage standing within a stone's throw of the Atlantic Ocean, to inquire "if the plumbing was in perfect order".

We should pause and reflect what this crop of water blisters indicates. When the Romans degenerated they also built baths, some of whose ruins remain unto this day. Who has not wondered at the Baths of Caracalla? But was Caracalla an exemplary person? It is true that the Roman baths were patterned after—or before—our department stores, true also that our bath-rooms are on the lines of the Roman cubicular dormitories, but the dropsical condition it denotes makes national dissolution seem perilously near.

August 10. The thrashers came early this morning, and we, having risen at five, were ready for them. Beside the two operators of the machine, our gang consisted of S. aged 62, V. aged 59, P. aged 54, K. aged 40, L. and an unknown Italian about 30, and F. aged 16. It will be observed that most of us would not have been subject to conscription. One man tends the engine, one feeds the thrasher, one measures and removes the grain. One man sits close above the feeder cutting the bands and pitching sheaves down on the table, to fetch the sheaves to this last, two, or three take away the straw. The wheat, about forty bushels, was soon run off. Then a light shower stopped work for half an hour or so, but it passed, and we began on the oats. This was harder work, as they lay loose, and some of them had to be dragged from the other end of the barn. The feeder, wearing a mask to keep his eyes and throat from the acrid dust, receives the armfuls of grain, and switching them right and left on the table, constantly thrusts them into the thrasher's maw. The machine sends forth a constant loud hum, like a bee of Brobdignag, occasionally rising to a shrill scream of indignation if the supply intermits for a moment, from its side spouts a thin jet of grain, and from its rear tumbles a stream of chewed-up straw. The thrashing was finished and the men departed about four, V., as is customary, taking the team to the next place with our team. A common remark at parting is

"we were glad to see ye come, and we're glad to see ye go".

August 11. Spent the day stowing away grain and straw. The wheat as I said, turned out forty bushels total, from three acres, thirteen bushels per acre, last year sixteen. This is below the national average. Oats one hundred and eighty-nine bushels from scant six and a half acres, thirty bushels per acre; a fair crop, tho' not equal to estimates. The straw heaps were slightly dampened by yesterday's shower, but by pulling out from below until the sun had dried the stack-tops, we managed to get all into the barn in good shape.

August 12. Went down to Ortley. More heavy showers, which will hinder the plowing at home; but one has great satisfaction in thinking that the thrashing is over, and all under cover. The R. R. to Ortley runs through the battle-ground of Monmouth (June 28, 1778). We have become familiar with every foot of ground. Englishtown, whence the Americans set forth, the country over which they charged, Tenant Church, where the wounded were carried, the spot where Washington met the retreating Continentals, the spot where he met and rebuked Lee, Molly Pitcher's well, whence she was drawing water for her husband when he was killed and she took his place, St. Peter's Church, Freehold, where the British wound-

ed were carried, and where Colonel Munckton lies buried—all these, Tenant Church excepted, are within a stone's throw of the track. And over all shines the sun, which poured down his rays so hotly on that day that a hundred men fell dead of heat apoplexy without receiving a wound.

Ortley is mostly barren sand, but near the old farm house there are bits of mucky soil where was a sort of garden—a few rows of corn and potatoes. Then come the marsh islands which will bear nothing but salt hay. Ortley has its legend of the eponymist who cast his eye on a little creek running into the sea, and thought to deepen the channel, and make a harbor for sea-going vessels. Having done his best to that end he waited for wind and wave to be his allies. For a season or two they worked in his favor, scouring out the channel wider and deeper every tide; and he fondly anticipated the day when fleets of all nations should enter his harbor, bringing fame and wealth. Then, as is their wont, the currents of air and sea turned contrary, filling the creek with blowing sand, and forming a bar across its mouth. He then commenced misanthrope, married, and reared a family, whom, by way of being revenged on mankind, he would not educate, and laid his bones, like Timon, amid salt marsh and stinging brier.

August 13. S. Ortley consists of four cottages, one hotel, one chapel, and one bowling

alley, now levelled by the wind. This on the sea side. On the bayside are two more cottages, and the farmhouse where dwelt the eponymist. It is a gritty Eden with a few adders below, and many little winged serpents, hight mosquitoes, above.

The growth of sand dunes may be well observed at Ortley. Many years ago, when the place was first laid out, the sandy hillocks, or bluffs, from five to fifteen feet high, which marked the extreme limit of high tide, were cut down, carted away, and used to form streets and avenues. The result of this ill advised proceeding was that the ocean took advantage of the gap thus presented, undermined one of the houses in an alarming manner, and threatened the destruction of all. Upon this, three of the cottages were moved back a hundred feet or so landward. Then the wind piled the sand into the hollows they had left, a thick growth of beach grass sprung up, and in another twenty years, the bluffs bid fair to be restored by Nature's hand, if she be not interfered with further. Here and there, where the old bluffs are cut into by sea or shovel, an ancient mast or hulk may be seen projecting from the hill's face. It must have been hove up there when the beach's level was little above the sea's, then piled over deeply with arenaceous deposit, then overgrown, and finally disinterred as above.

August 14. Strong east wind, which takes

away the mosquitoes aforesaid, and casts them into the bay. The swallows await and catch them in the lee of the station buildings. There must have been from a thousand to twelve hundred of these same swallows perched on the telegraph wires near the said station. Sixty to a length, four lengths to a section (between two poles) about five sections occupied.

With the development of aviation, we are likely to learn more about clouds when nearly approached. Probably the thin and unsubstantial stratus or cirrus would differ but little from a fog-bank, when entered, nor would one be able to tell the exact moment of arrival and departure. But the clear-cut cumulus, or thunder-head, standing sharp as a brazen helmet against the sky, must, on near approach, present a front definite and unqualified; and penetration of its mass can hardly differ from a plunge into the sea.

Clouds coming in rapid succession from the north-west may often be observed, when nearing the coast, to meet a check, and practically disappear, as they attain the beach line, even when no easterly current is perceptible. Nor is this altogether confined to the coast. I remember on a cold winter's day, well inland, when wind-clouds came thickly from the north, that as they reached what seemed like a belt, or zone, across the sky some twenty degrees wide, they would waste and melt away, like lumps of sugar in water, and on passing this strip, recover, to

some extent, their size and shape, proceeding as before.

August 15. Sailing on the bay. All the upper part of Barnegat Bay on the ocean side, is an oozy flat, from six to eighteen inches deep at high-tide, intersected by channels of four to fifteen feet. They are mostly full of eel-grass, which goes out of sight when the tide is up, but is much in evidence at the ebb. That craft known as the Barnegat sneak-box is best adapted to these conditions, and may be found of all sizes, from six to thirty feet.

Waterspouts are rare visitors in our latitude; but something resembling one I have seen at Ortley. The morning had been squally and thunderous, obliging me to return in haste from a sailing trip, and leave my boat anchored in an unusual place; about three p. m. wind and rain somewhat abating, I went to work her into her accustomed berth. As I approached her the heavens darkened again, and I rowed hard, hoping to shelter from the rain in her fore-peak. Just as I reached her, a louder roar than that of rain was heard from the bay, and on looking westward, I saw a whirlwind rushing by, at perhaps half a mile's distance, heaving the water up into a great mound of white foam, perhaps five feet high by thirty across. There was no answering component from the clouds, nor did the water seem drawn smoothly upward, but rather flew spattering

out from the progressing whiteness, as from a twirling mop. I could not see what happened when it struck the land, as an island intervened, but what was evidently the same gust came round on half circle, tore a door from one of the cottages, and went out to sea.

August 16. Among its other drawbacks, Barnegat counts the "mud sinks" to be found here and there, free from the sand which qualifies most of the bottom. They are spots of soft clay, black, tenacious, fathomless, and he who once sank in them would rise no more.

Salvage—jettison, and the like, are words almost as unfamiliar to the average landsman of today as fief and deodand. But on the coast they are still living terms. Anything cast upon the beach, or tossing in the surf, is the property of the first finder, as against all but the original owner. Should the desired article be too heavy for immediate removal, he registers his claim, so to speak, by placing the object in question—usually lumber of fair quality—above high water mark, and sticking a splinter beside it, occasionally adding a rag of some color, as may be convenient. The original owner, as stated above, has still a claim; but he can only make it good by paying one-half the value of the property in question. As only very valuable articles would be worth the cost and trouble involved, he seldom or nev-

er appears. Among the goods thus thrown up I can mention sawed lumber, shingles, railroad ties, rope, coal, (bituminous) log-wood, oars, chairs, wire, bottles, boxes, tools, and fishing rods. The ownership of landed property on the ocean front seems to convey no special right in this respect, however.

August 17. Sailed down to the bridge, then crossed over, strong south wind abeam, and even with a double reefed sail we heeled and rolled, sending the tip of the boom under more than once, whereat our bow would begin to sway off from the wind, and the rollers rushing up from the lower bay threaten to swamp us. The skiff, which towed astern went almost bow under once or twice and shipped considerable water. Had she filled, we would probably have had to cut her loose, or fill ourselves. But at length we made Good Luck point, where in a sandy lee, we bailed out the skiff, took another reef, and then came up the bay flying.

Wind is most easily observed in its effects on water, from the little black flaw rushing for a moment over the glassy pond to the huge billow. But perhaps this can no where be better seen than in a sail-boat running before the breeze. The air, encountering the sail flatly, and unable to slip away, as when the canvas is presented at an angle, partly sends the boat onward, and partly pours away from it on all sides, but especially

downward, where a web of small black wrinkles may always be seen beneath the boom. Of course, could we have the sail framed in fluid, it would be almost equally surrounded by corrugations—not quite, because of the rake of the mast. When a pennant is attached to gaff or forestay, this may sometimes be seen failing to indicate the wind's direction with perfect exactness, because of this outrush of air. The same thing is said to prevail on high marine cliffs, where during a gale, the sheep prefer to feed on the very brink of the precipice, as being there in comparative calm. The gale, meeting the rock, and being only able to escape upward, by its perpendicular thrust for a time conquers the horizontal current, so as to form a windless arch or tunnel or bower, along the cliffs edge.

August 18. Could Robinson Crusoe live on Ortleigh beach? Water, not of the best, but drinkable, can be had by digging eight or ten feet. Wood in abundance for house and fuel, some coal, chairs, sofas, mats, oars, liquors, drugs, oil, paint, brooms, hats, fish, clams, and crabs. Clothing seems to be the only thing lacking.

The swimming animal retains his usual posture and action, only slightly emphasizing the latter; the swimming man must alter both. That humblest kind of natation, "Dog-paddling", is the only progress by water which at all resembles any progress by land possible to humanity, namely, crawling

on all fours, which may be one reason why very young children are said to learn most easily. It is difficult for the beginner to realize that it is the water that must bear him up, and not his own legs or arms. Fat, a hindrance to every other kind of exertion, is the swimmer's aid. Almost all the famous swimmers—Webb, Byron, Franklin—have been men inclining to a full habit, while bone and sinew, however abundant, tend to sink one. George Meredith has written more sympathetically and understandingly of this matter than any author I know, though Thomas Hardy, at times, runs him close. One or two chapters in "Lord Orment and his Aminta" might have been dictated by a Triton. Among poets Thomson has devoted most space to the topic, though Shakespeare does it, like everything else, best.

The swimmer's progress is an unceasing union of faith and works. He must believe that the water will sustain him, must cast himself upon it with absolute abandon. Without this, his own efforts, however vigorous and prolonged, are of no avail.

Plunging about, and "attempting to kneel upon the surface of the water", as some one puts it, are worse than useless. This trust must be cultivated until it becomes second nature. The deeper he sinks in the water, as long as he looks on the sun and draws breath, the more the water buoys him up; the higher he rises from the water the sooner he sinks in exhaustion. But with this goes the

need for effort. Though he should float on the waters for hours together, it would advance him nothing. He must avail himself of a manner of progress he has never used as man, humbly taking the child and the animal as exemplars, abandoning the erect posture and the sounding tread, until at last, well nigh one with the element he moves in, swaying like its currents and striking like its waves, he reaches the desired haven.

August 19. Every scrap of animal matter cast upon the beach is soon devoured by sandfleas. They are fiercely carnivorous, and though shunning anything that stirs, if one lays a finger among them, refraining from movement they will fasten upon it in two or three minutes. And they in turn are eaten by the snipes.

Many are the books whose success consisted in hitting something else from that aimed at. Shenstone's "Schoolmistress" was written as a parody of Spenser, the "Compleat Angler" is utterly out of date as respects the procuring of fish, Rabelais's allegory is, to most readers, wholly incomprehensible. "Don Quixote" went much further than laughing Spain's chivalry away, "Little Women" took Bunyan for its precedent. These are all cases where a miss was better than a mile, where the arrow made its own target, where the too fortunate emissary became, merely by the fact of his success, the superior of the master.

Fish-hawks are of frequent occurrence at Ortley, sometimes wheeling and floating high in air, less often flying so close to the water that the reflected image may be seen following just beneath from a long distance off. Unlike the gulls, who skim along and snatch up their prey from the surface; the hawk, after a poise of a few moments, folds his wings and plunges straight down, sometimes going entirely out of sight, generally emerging with a struggling fish. Sometimes the efforts of the quarry are too much for his captor, who is obliged to let him fall again; but generally he is borne away. On one occasion I saw the hawk, just as he had struck a fish, foiled by a wave, which broke directly upon him, and obliged him to drop everything to escape.

August 20. S. The phosphorescence seen in the water and sand after dark is undoubtedly due to fragments of dead jelly-fish. One hardly ever sees them alive here, but I remember rowing near Prout's Neck, Maine, one afternoon when they thronged the water like great inverted glass bowls—yellow, blue, pink,—scarcely two alike in color or size.

Quicksands have also done their part in literature, being of their nature highly metaphorical. The end of Ravenswood, and that of Carver, in Lorna Doone, will at once occur to everyone. The composition of these mires seems somewhat in doubt. Mud alone

will not do it, nor yet sand. The "sinks" referred to above are spots of peat like the rest of the bay bottom, only thinner. There may be a slight admixture of clay in them, or they may be spots where there would be springs of fresh water if the bay was dried. The quick *sands* are of a different make-up. The spring theory will not avail for them, as the sand surrounding an upland spring is sometimes perfectly hard. It is possible that the sand at such places may be differently shaped from the bulk of it, and instead of being sharp and angular, tending to bind, like the broken stone in a macadam road, it is oval or globular in shape, sliding down at a touch, like eggs or balls piled together. When to this is added the slip of water, slowly rising or as slowly drawing away, perhaps a quicksand might be the result.

August 21. There is most of the summer time, a current of air from sea to land, which is deflected upward as it leaves the coast. The land breezes form a quoin, as it were, of great depth inshore, but coming to a thin edge on the beach. Usually about 10 A. M., the sea wind springs up, and the quoin's point is crumbled, eaten into, and broken away, as the salt air pushes a mile or two inland. Occasionally it goes further still until the east wind is felt on our farm. Again, the land breeze has the better and the quoin is pushed well out to sea, cutting the tops off the breakers as they roll in. I have sailed

on the bay in light and baffling eastern puffs when, two miles further in, I could see the sails dashing to and fro with a strong north-wester.

August 22. High wind, preventing sailing, so rowed about the coves and broads. As I came down one creek I saw a small dark object ahead, which I presently discovered to be a wild duckling, black as coal, and not larger than a new hatched chicken. The little soot-ball swam across the channel without apparent fear, though I was within a few feet of it, scrambled up the muddy bank like a child climbing its piazza steps, and disappeared among the sedge.

Forty years ago, "Salt Water Day" was, to the Jerseyman, one of those unwritten festivals which grow up by accretion, something resembling May Day in old England. The second Saturday in August was the date of this ceremony, when even a late crop of oats would be housed, the corn laid by, and fall work not yet begun. Then would every farmer within twenty miles of the shore hitch up his carryall, and start with his family for the Atlantic. Progress was slow over the sandy ways which knew not Macadam, and it was generally noon before the far-off sparkling brine flashed on their vision. Then followed the noon meal, then interchange of civilities with neighbors, and then the great event of the day—the Bath. Arrayed in old trousers, or faded wrappers, all underwent

what was probably, for many of the adults, the sole complete lavation of the year, the carryall serving as a bathing box for each in succession. This rite performed, they toiled homeward, to cold hearths and late milkings. But now those good old simple days have departed, bathing suits and weekly trips have come in, and though "Salt Water Day" survives as a name, it is given to steamboat excursions.

August 23. Mended sail. It is not well done, but as I said later to those who shuddered at the sight, "The next time you have anything to mend, tack it by one edge to a post, and then see how neatly you can mend it while it slats and flutters in a stiff breeze".

A harrow makes an excellent stop-gap in hedge or fence, a bayonet fastened over a half-bushel measure does very well for shelling corn; a leaky boat may be bailed with one's shoe; a bunch of seaweed furnished a fair sponge, a boat past recovery is the sea-side flower-bed. A small nail will take the place of a button; carpets can be laid by stamping in the tacks, a wheel tire may be fastened on with a hair-pin. A tight wisp of straw shoes a horse for an hour, twisted newspapers form a very good rope, a tall hat and handkerchief make a good life preserver, harness may be mended with hairs from the horse's tail.

Fugitives hidden in a dung-hill have breathed through a tube of quills, water

enough to preserve life has been got from green maple sticks with one end in the fire. Dutch cheeses have served for cannon-balls, an egg-shell was the old Celtic measure for a dram of spirits. Ropes of hay wound round the legs are the Russian stockings, horses' skulls formed the Tartar's chairs, a ring, cut and barbed, will make a fish-hook. A foot of "T" rail does as an anvil, garden can be dug with a broadaxe, I have seen a boat steered with a spade.

August 24. Sailed to Island Heights this morning, getting more and more wind as we worked over. Came back rushing sending a great water furrow out on either side, and the skiff repeating same astern. In afternoon tried again, but the breeze was so strong that in beating down the channel the anchor was nearly lost overboard, only hanging to the wale-streak by one fluke. Had it gone over we had been tipped to our undoing.

If Dante has drawn any similes from the sea-cost for his *Commedia*, with the exception of likening the roar of the dark tornado which carries and torments the impure souls to the stormy ocean's sound, they have escaped my memory. But on the Maine coast, between Old Orchard Beach and the Saco River, most people know, or have heard of the excellence of the aforesaid beach—hard, level, clean and flat as a floor. But traveling a little further south and crossing a little valley and stream by a trestle, one comes on

quite a different scene. An uneven flat, full of puddles, sticky soil, half sand, half clay, and covered with lumps of the latter material, like the heads of slain giants, made up what might have seemed to him a suitable setting for the punishment of wicked gladiators. The sun went down reddening the pools, the clay lumps took on a still greater semblance of humanity, the blind and devious path became invisible, and the trestle stood up like a gibbet.

August 25. Easterly storm all day. Went down to the Merlin and screwed on her name in brass letters. Knowing if I dropped one in the cove I should never see it more, I tied each letter to the horse (bar on which the sheet-block sides) with a bit of string, then put in one screw, then untied it and set the other screws. Then towed her to a better berth with skiff, at the rate of about one yard per minute, then crowded into the fore-peak between mast and stem, and had a nap. The mingled odor of the tar, salt, and mud was no bad sleeping potion, while the rain pelted on the deck, and the boat swung and swayed at her mooring.

Among the violent contrasts in which England, perhaps beyond any other civilized land, abounds, and the consequent opportunities offered to authors, are her tides. How numerous are the fictitious or historical individuals or parties in Great Britain's literature cut off by a high tide! King John at the

Wash, the Scottish martyrs in the Solway, Sir Arthur and his daughter in the "Antiquary", Mary in the Sands O'Dee, and many others it were tedious to name. What have we to set against this? True, the Bay of Fundy has the highest tides in the world, and Mrs. Spofford has got one heroic rescue out of them. But who that one cares about ever lived at the Bay of Fundy? True, also, that along the New England coast, the tides are almost as high as in Great Britain, twelve to eighteen feet, but the rocks never seem to be of a kind to entrap any one. And from Connecticut to Florida the average rise is only about four feet, a difference which can result in nothing worse than contemptible wet feet.

August 26. Every bit of clothing I put on this morning from shirt to shoes, was wet. This partly because the colony was agitated last night by a report that a vessel was driving on shore. And a light was to be seen bobbing up and down, apparently on the verge of the breakers. Some said they saw rockets, but almost any one can do this if caught in the eye by a rain-drop while gazing at a light. I walked a mile up shore to investigate, and other the like exploits were performed by various neighbors. Next day it appeared that a recent law required a lantern to be hung in each fish-pound on dark nights.

The combined brightness and plasticity of

the Greek mind shows forth in nothing more than in the fact that Socrates was able to persuade them by argument. No doubt he had great dialectic powers, but no man has ever been able to do it since, nor, probably, could he have done it with any other people. The Greeks made better judges than advocates, and consequently took pleasure in listening to an able barrister. The Romans were, just before they were generous—in other words, it was only when their national existence was nearly gone that they had recourse to magnanimity, as witness their sole recorded instance of ethnic generosity, their behavior to Varro after Cannae, and their ideal was a dictator, one or many-headed. The Celts are gregarious, and have shown the highest loyalty to rulers who neither belonged to their race or did anything for them. The Scotch are unconvincible as machines, and their idol is Burns, who never tried to prove anything at all. The inhabitants of the Great Republic have no racial traits, being a mixture of all nations; consequently, their ideal government is rule by an affrighted majority, and their greatest pleasure consists in gazing on that composite photograph of the United States, T. R.

August 27. S. Walked down beach to the south. The shore is strewn with bamboos large and small, which it were pleasant to imagine wafted from the coast of Ind., but I much fear they are but fishing poles, cast

away by parties on the Banks.

Idiots have a family likeness. As every one knows, the word at first signified one who held no public office; a strictly private individual. Descending in meaning, as most words do, it came to represent one who *could* not hold office, and finally, one who could do nothing like others. The vacant stare, the open mouth, the dancing gait, are common to them all. Such an one I can remember, who for many years went to and fro in a town with which I am familiar. His predecessor in office was a loathsome object to contemplate, macrolingual and orifluent, but the present incumbent has little repulsive about him. I indicated him to several friends at different times, as follows:—

Myself—"That is the village idiot."

Miss A.—"Poor creature, he looks it."

Myself—"That is the village", etc.

Mr. B.—"Just the kind of job I'd like to have."

Myself—"That is the village", etc.

Miss C.—"It is well for the town that has only one."

Myself—"That is the village", etc.

Mr. D.—"Any relation?"

How many other occasions will arise when this person may be the cause of wit in others remains to be seen; the above are to date.

August 28. In evening there was a very high tide, and the surf was high. The breakers rushed over the crest of the beach, usual

high water mark, and formed a pool beyond while now and then a little wave from this would lap the sea wall. Dwellers at the ocean edge are like the Indian princes with their pet tigers, pleased when they roared and showed their teeth, but fleeing in terror if they showed signs of breaking their bars. By looking over the rail of a porch, or other long straight object at the ocean's horizon, one may perceive the rotundity of the world. It rises with a convexity of about three inches in ten feet.

August 29. Children floating in the surf in bait car. The little waves at low tide curl over and scrape up a small bar of pebbles, about two paces in. Here are also found the only stones of these parts, mis-shapen lumps of pumice, or something resembling it, and in contour most like the worn down knuckle bones of some large animal.

Shakespeare's "Seven Ages" as detailed by Jaques, are generally supposed *not* to be for an age, but for all time. And this is probably true of six of them. The infant, the lover, the soldier, the justice, the lean and slippered pantaloone and the mere oblivious, still mawl, sigh, quarrel, saw, pant, and forget, as they did four hundred years ago; but he of the satchel and the shining face no longer creeps to school? On the contrary, he races thither, having been, to that end, helped first to breakfast, and very positive with his family about the clock. The road to

learning has lost all of its terror, and most of its tedium. No more are "tway birchen twigs" seen in the corner, or the ferule lying on the desk, or the tawse hanging over the chair back. They have followed the born-book and the slate to the limbo of things forgotten, having probably been used to kindle the last fire in the last open stove. Even the sports, once considered mere accessories, and asides, only fit to furnish metaphors for the musing poet, have now been brought well to the front, and in conversation and advertisement seem to be considered of quite equal importance with study. So far has this gone that when the child knows not how to play, a depth of stupidity Gray never imagined, an instructor is detailed to that special end.

The first girls' school of which we have any authentic and circumstantial account—for the slight hints and references dropped by Mariana, Bianca, and Helena hardly deserve attention—would seem to be that kept at Taunton about 1680 by Miss Susan Blake, daughter of the great admiral. Apparently she might have thriven long, had she not mixed politics 'with learning. But when she allowed, or induced, or compelled her pupils to present Monmouth, soon after his landing, with a copy of the Scriptures, she gained, it is true, a small niche in history, but also life imprisonment for herself, and heavy fines for all her scholars.

August 30. A young porpoise, about two

feet long, was cast upon the beach last night. Its horizontal tail and crescent-shaped spiracle showed it was the whale's small cousin. It was a female, about two feet long, black above, white below; and they said when cast up it squeaked like a small pig. The mother porpoise (of whom we saw three or four yesterday) grunts like a hog.

How was it possible for a musical instrument to be of straw, and oat straw at that? Willow, elder, reeds, and the like, might readily lend themselves to piping and fluting, but one cannot conceive of the thin, short, brittle, and easily split oaten straw bearing a blast, or producing a sound. Even to Milton's time, the art seems to have endured; and though he speaks of the result with much contempt, he does not deny its existence. It might have been supposed that the enthusiasm of the audience supplied all that was wanting in the skill of the performer, or the excellence of the instrument; but when we consider the high quality of the speeches and sculpture that have come down to us from classic days, it may reasonably be imagined that all their artistic achievement was on a high level, even the simplest, however it may have degenerated by Milton's time.

August 31. Shoal of blue-fish, at first far out, a spot of sharper ripples than usual, overflowed by gulls. They rapidly approached the shore and for a moment leaped and tumbled in the wash of the surf, where the water

was not over two feet deep. Many rushed for lines and squids, but the fish were off before their would-be captors got busy.

It seems probable that the day will come when our nutriment will be derived from lozenges minted out of air. One of those admirable men whose life is spent in discovering the things they had declared could not exist will invent some instrument on the bullet-mould order by a dexterous snap of which a lozenge may be pinched out of the atmosphere, containing all necessary ailment, and of flavor to suit any taste. They could be carried with great convenience in the vest-pocket—two for breakfast, four for dinner, three for supper, and there you are. The author of "Peter Wilkins"—perhaps the best of many imitations of "Robinson Crusoe"—represents his nocturnal race; who alternately flew and swam with whale bone growths, called graundeeds, and lived in caves like bats, as lighting up their caverns with an apparatus singularly resembling the electric light of the present time. The wiring, the nature of the brightness afforded, and, above all, the size and shape of the bulbs containing the light, are described with an exactness truly wonderful when we reflect that the book was written a hundred years before Edison was born, when the electrical machine was not even a toy.

September 1. Ten years ago today was the earthquake. Lying in bed in the morning, I

was awakened by the clock striking 6 a. m. and almost at the instant I felt the house wobble to and fro, like a snapper on a whip when one shakes it. I knew as by instinct what it was and was aware of slight nausea. There was no accompanying sound that I can remember, nor did anything fall.

Luxury came long before comfort, adornment before use. Beautiful jewels, and splendid weapons, were worn by persons whose food and dwellings were of the coarsest and rudest. A shirt once worn by Charles I. is said to be of linen so coarse that no laborer would put up with it now, though the embroidery upon it is beautiful. The mediævals could make glorious stained glass windows, but not roofs and walls that would keep out wind and weather. The cups and dishes of Palissy frequently contained sour and unwholesome bread and beer. The tomato is one of our most common, and perhaps one of our most useful, vegetables; grown by the acre, eaten fresh and canned, in millions. Yet not so many years ago it was only grown in gardens as an ornamental shrub, for the sake of its bright red fruit, then called love-apples, and deemed deleterious, if not poisonous, while a lady I can remember has related that in her youth she once went to a party with a couple of said love apples in her hair, by way of adornment.

September 2. Though we had one extremely hot spell, and much squally, rainy

weather since, there has been very little thunder or lightning this summer. Some years ago a man I knew was killed by lightning between the stilts of his plough. He had delayed leaving the field until the storm broke, and was just entering the barn-yard, when the bolt struck his horse, singeing the animal's skin and scorching the harness, ran along the plow beam and up the handles, and struck him just below the breast bone, so that he fell dead on the spot. Mr. N. also lost two horses about 1890, the lightning striking the grating of their windows, passing along the iron edging of the mangers, and up the halter chains into their bodies.

September 3. S. Peacocks are but little kept in this neighborhood, though I remember one in Penn's place who used to sit on a high limb at the gate and scream when wagons passed under. Once a peahen strayed over to our place, and encountered a common hen with chicks. This last, anxious for her brood, immediately lost temper and self-control, and retreated slowly before the magnificent and gigantic stranger, scolding, fuming and kicking up the dust. Madame Pavo, meanwhile, a trespasser, and by so much in the wrong, advanced delicately, letting fall an occasional remark on the scenery, and utterly ignoring in her dignified grace Dame Gallin's vulgar outcries.

September 4. Returning from Ortley,

found the fall planting well forward, and considerable brush cutting on the old field done. The corn is now in full tassel and silk, sending forth a savory odor like warm bread. One evening about this time of year, calm, warm and moist, when coming through an unfamiliar region, I could distinguish the crops on many of the fields by the smell—corn, potatoes digging, buckwheat, second crop hay, cabbages, turnips.

Generosity is undignified. I do not refer to lavishness, which is quite a different thing. The scattering of small coins among the populace hath ever been held regal and magnificent; but the bestowing of large gifts on individuals is a thing hard to handle gracefully. Even Aurora made a mess of it with Tithonus. Rain is lavish; pumps and spouts generous. But rain has supplied much poetic imagery; whereas pumps, gargoyles, sluices, and the whole tribe of spouts generally are ludicrous and grotesque, until they become large enough to be terrific. But this is best shown in the vegetable kingdom, where the fruit should never be conspicuous above the plant that bears it. The acorn, the chestnut, the strawberry, the grape, have high place in literature and art, because, however numerous, they are individually so much smaller than the tree or vine on which they hang. The fig-tree, diverging somewhat from the above, holds a middle ground; its leaf comes forward early and prominently, its fruit is synonymous with a trifle. But the generous

plants or herbs, the pumpkin, squash, and cabbage, being few in number, but of great size, while the vine, a stem which bears them, is practically negligible, have this many a year been held the butts and clowns of nature.

September 5. Cut weeds and wild carrots. Heavy showers, the last few days have brought these last up wonderfully. The corn is sending out its brace roots, like fingers and thumbs pushed through frail gloves, to clutch at the earth, and guy up the stalk. Were it not for this, it could never bear up its heavy burden of maize against the autumn winds and rains, but would fall prostrate with its load.

"The pasture's getting short!" is the cry often heard about this time of year. "We must fence in another". When the cows begin to stretch their necks through the fences, and go down on their knees to get their noses under the bottom rail, one knows a change must be made. Supposing that the usual rotation is followed—corn, oats (or potatoes) wheat, hay, pasture—it follows that the hay field, now coming up to Fall feed, will generally furnish a good bite in August. But this is usually next to the cornfield, whose green and juicy stalks offer a greater temptation than any grass. Fences are poor in mid-summer, posts that seemed strong in spring wobble and crack, rails are loose and short (a rail seems to lose about an inch in length

each year, and perhaps it does) the ground is hard to dig, and wires stretched now may snap when frost comes. Even after all these hindrances have been surmounted, and the cows turned in, they do not evince the gratitude one would like to see. Having filled themselves well for a day or two, they find the sharp stubble beneath the rowen prickly to the nose, long for accustomed ways, and, should chance serve, may be seen trying to get back to the old field.

September 6. Peaches now at their best but many of them spoiled by cracking, owing to the wet weather. It was about this time more than twenty years ago, that I, being in the field a quarter of a mile off, saw a carpenter who was repairing the house gather a hatful of peaches from one of the trees in the garden, and hide them in a hole under the shed. When I came up I made no remark, but gathered up his booty and took it indoors. My eyes were good then.

In the gradual merging of farm into village, and village into town, the domesticated animals gradually drop away. First goes the cow. As her pasture becomes more scanty and difficult to reach, as her owners gradually lose time and taste for milking, the stable and crib are turned to other uses, and the pail rusts unheeded. The pig follows next. Living in narrow quarters, and on the remnants of our own food, he can hold his own somewhat longer. But the time comes

when his noise and filth shock sensitive ears and nostrils beyond endurance, when laws of sanitation are drawn against him, and he also falls into the background. The goat is the last to go, at least if the soil is rough and rocky, as was upper New York, and as is the town whereof I write. On granite ledges and shaly cliffs, he can obtain sustenance where another beast would starve. On a precipice some sixty feet high, thickly grown with ivy and ailanthus, with grass and weeds on every little niche, I once saw three goats and four kids appear, who had been driven from the field at the top by a dog. Like a living cascade they poured down the cliff, fastening their hoofs in every crevice, springing away quicker than the loose rock could slip from under them, and reaching the bottom almost as soon as their pursuer could have fallen.

September 7. Dug potatoes. One out of three is cut or pierced by hoe or fork. As the tubers are generally softer than the earth, and always softer than the stones, the digging tools glance from these last and find the potato the line of least resistance. Some one has said that the legs of the peasant in Millet's "Angelus" look like sticks; and some one else has replied that after you have been digging potatoes all day your legs do look—and feel—like sticks.

In some ways labor once considered necessary is lessened, in others multiplied and in-

creased. It used to be thought essential, or at any rate desirable, in the old monkish days, when the good brethren would set out an orchard, first to lay a pavement under it at a depth of four feet. As any one can see, this would involve huge toil; while the advantage would come from the thorough digging and fining of the earth necessitated, not from the pavement. Coming to more modern times, an asparagus bed was wont to be prepared for with almost as much ceremony as an expected infant. The ground was to be "trenched", that is, dug one spade deep, wheeled away, then the lower soil, thus exposed, dug another spade deep, plenteously enriched, and the upper earth put back. Now all thought necessary is to run deep furrows, set the roots in them, and gradually fill in earth from each side during the first year. Peas, again, used to be provided with brush or strings to climb upon, now are allowed to stand if they can, or fall if they will, and seem very little the worse, either as respects quantity or quality.

The forehanded farmer, or rather trucker, for it is generally done by those who have more energy than land, frequently grows two crops on the same land, either simultaneously or successively. An instance of the former is planting corn and beans together—whence arose the fable of the former growing so fast that it pulled up the latter—corn and pumpkins, which does better, or corn and turnips, which only succeeds in a wet season.

When strawberries were first cultivated for market, a general plan was to plant sweet corn between the rows, and next year the lines of corn-buts served as guides to pick by, when the vines had run together. Beans are sometimes planted between potatoes, also lettuce, also cucumbers. The disadvantage of all these arrangements is that much care is required in digging the potatoes not to tread on the young succeeding crop. Spinach may be sown in fall and cut in early spring, ground plowed and planted to potatoes, and these followed by celery, so as to get three crops within the year. It sometimes happens that in close proximity and violent contrast to a field under this intensive culture may be seen another bearing its second crop of annual weeds.

September 8. The pilferers of apples now are much in evidence, from the stroller who picks up one or two as he passes to the gang who come with bags and a business like air. Finding one of these last bands at work, I pursued them on horseback. They reached the fence just a little ahead, but as they climbed it quickly, while I had to let down the bars, they were half across the next field by the time I had mounted again. The process was renewed again and yet again, before we reached a road. Along this I once more gave chase, and had nearly overtaken the fugitives, when they broke from the wood road into another field, through which

I let them go with what remained of their plunder, reflecting that I had given them a good run.

Fighting a forest fire is the hardest work one can be engaged in—for in a real battle excitement sustains, and victory inspires. But even the conquerors lose when contending with fire, and the enemy can only be headed off and checked, never slain. One's coat is perhaps the handiest weapon, but it is uncommonly hard on the coat. A horse blanket rolled and soaked is more durable, but requires both hands. A young cedar tree does very well, but soon wears out. A shovel will serve, if the fire is chiefly in grass, but will not fit round trees or among bushes, and soon jars the hands. With each or any of these tools you beat and batter down the advancing line of flame, looking for thin spots, now and then obliged to retreat from a fiercer blast than common, choking with smoke, eyes watering and hair frizzling. Thoreau has recorded how he once started a forest fire which did considerable damage, but after a few hour's remorse, succeeded in throwing the matter off his mind with facility remarkable in a man so severe on other's faults. Once, retreating from fire into a damp hollow, I found, deep in sphagnum moss, ice remaining in June.

September 9. Being over on Farfield, and an automobile passing every few minutes, I took occasion to time them. The frontage

of the field is about 600 feet, the legal rate of speed 20 miles per hour, which would give 20 seconds as the time for passing this space. About half of those I timed kept to or below this speed, several got down to 15 seconds, and one or two to 10—nearly forty miles per hour.

Liberty is dear to all animals, as well as to man; most naturally, seeing that they had it first and kept it longest. As respects our domesticated stock, one of the advantages of breeding them on the farm is that they never want to go far from the place where they were born; whereas an animal purchased elsewhere is liable for years to make for parts unknown. Perhaps a pig forgets his birthplace soonest; one getting loose as soon as brought in has been known, after a long chase, to return to the spot where he was taken from the wagon. A runaway cow is much more easily tracked than a vagrant horse, but is also much more likely to take to the woods, where it is surprising how well her coat harmonizes with the leaves. A fowl can generally be run down, unless it is capable of taking long flights across obstacles, but when weary will hide with great subtlety. A pig will double, sheep so seldom run singly that their conduct is difficult to foretell. A runaway horse, unless wild with fright, loves a dry and smooth path. I recollect one, who in his career, turned out for every puddle, and another who took a course down a newly set row of strawberries, because the ground

there was nicely raked, while on each side it was rough and lumpy.

September 10. S. Baseball is now played on many fields about town, where the after-math has been cut, so as to leave clean ground. It is illegal on Sunday, but is mostly winked at, unless the players are peculiarly turbulent, or the owner objects. On one occasion when a game was started in a field adjoining ours I went to a gap where I was in full view, took out paper and pencil and began to write. The game soon languished, and a committee came over to ask what I was writing. But on this point I would give them no satisfaction. They tossed the ball aimlessly a while, then began to steal away by twos and threes, and in half an hour the field was empty.

September 11. Rose early, rode before breakfast. The automobile seldom appears at this hour, and farmers and icemen are generally the only ones encountered. Rabbits are often to be seen, but they seem to realize that a horse could not hurt them if he tried.

Animals seem to have a better idea of balance and poise than man, which is surprising when one considers how little help their eyes give them. A man may strike a blow, or deliver a kick at a football with great accuracy, but he always can see what he is about. Let him kick or strike backward, and he makes

sad work of it. But even a young calf can send in a *coup de pied* with extraordinary directness, while it is a pleasure to see even the clumsy cow take a leap over a bar or two into her pasture, and observe with what neatness her hoofs will just, and only just, clear the timber. In fact, the cow's traditional awkwardness chiefly appears when she is hampered by the handiwork of man. She will put her nose into a stanchion and then pretend she cannot withdraw it; she will get her head through a fence, work along to the other end of the panel, and affect to be hopelessly imprisoned, so that the rail must be pulled out to release her. But when untrammelled, and moving slowly she shows all the grace that can be expected of a creature who has to bear in mind four feet, two stomachs, and a pair of horns.

September 12. The rain crow sounded this morning, with usual results. He is hardly ever mistaken. I do not know whether he or the tree-toad is the surest prophet. Glow-worms are now most numerous, as are fire-flies in June. We have two varieties, one an unmistakable caterpillar, the other a kind of beetle with worm's tail, which I take to be the preliminary stage of the fire-fly.

An ancient relation of mine was wont to observe about August first each year, "After all, the summer does not last long". And it is true. Few are the days when no hour of the twenty-four is chilly, and you can lie on

the ground without damp or stain; when the east wind is grateful, and life fills the air as the motes fill the sunbeam. When water is grateful to ear and eye, to skin and throat; when snow and ice are within the arctic circle, and there are berries in Maine. When leaves lap one upon another, and young grasshoppers can yet be found; when the wasps are still enlarging their nests in the apple-tree, and the rain comes in drops like the end of your thumb. With September the horses' coats begin to thicken, and the leaves to thin; the maize yellows, and the fall feed turns green. Poke-berries blacken, and grapes turn blue; corn-silk frizzles and cabbage leaves dip up the dew. No longer is there possibility of gain or increase; we gather in the harvest we have made, and the utmost we can do is to save the crop.

A belief in the permanence of things is perhaps necessary to their presentation with verisimilitude. Porte Crayon, a writer for Harper's fifty years ago, presents in his "Virginia Illustrated" a picture of Southern life in ante-bellum days, which is, or at any rate seems, far more truthful than Mrs. Stowe's lurid melodrama. She was much the more gifted and purposeful, but she intended and expected a cataclysm; whereas, for any hint of anticipation on Crayon's part, the war might have been distant a thousand years. His was the true antediluvian spirit. "All things continue as they were" and this enabled him to write of slavery as if it were

settled as the sunrising. While "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was exaggerated so well in proportion, as to harmonize to an outsider, yet even careful reading will show that there is exaggeration, and that only in that way could the immense effect it produced have been achieved. Crayon's little sketch, on the other hand, moves on like one of the processes of nature; a small and retired process, to be sure, like the forming of an ant-hill, but none the less a vital growth, independent of tacks and paint.

September 13. I know nothing equal to wild carrots for tripping one, especially when damp. If one moves with any rapidity, the flat heads lash round one's legs and catch together like hocks. And the stems and roots are too strong to break.

The depth or distance to which roots will penetrate is much greater than appears to the eye. It has been demonstrated that the rootlets of grass and grain go more than four feet deep, though invisible. Alfalfa hath a strange alacrity in sinking, and will descend fifteen feet. The roots of trees will travel long distances to reach the water in drain pipes, entering at the joints, and completely choking them up. I have taken a mass of apple-tree roots from such a position, six feet long by about two inches in diameter, fibrous, white, and soft, like a boa or comforter. Sometimes a kitchen drain will be completely enveloped by such roots, not

entering the tile, but clinging closely to it on all sides, as if they were aware of the impurity of the water, and wished it filtered. An old bone, or more frequently an old shoe, may often be seen pierced and traversed throughout by grass roots, forcing apart the layers of leather, filling the cells which once contained marrow. It is said that the roots of a yew tree have been known, after many years, to fill up, and take the exact shape of a body laid in the grave beneath.

September 14. Found two individuals picking up apples under a tree. Repeated shouts from a distance did not move them, and it was not till I got within conversational distance that they slowly started, eating as they left. "You seem uncommonly hard of hearing" said I. "I was only looking for an apple to eat" he replied. "Why should you eat apples which don't belong to you?" I asked. "Why, there's ever so many apples on the ground" said he. "Would you rather have 'em rot than somebody should eat 'em?" "I observe you didn't take one of the rotten ones to eat," said I. "We go over them now and then, and pick out the good fruit". "Oh, excuse me," he replied with bitter irony, "I did not know I was doing you such an injury. But of course your privilege is to complain". He then passed on, apparently thinking the privilege was so great that no pecuniary compensation need be tendered.

September 15. Parties drove up this morning as we dug potatoes saying old Mr. P. had told them they could have a few ferns. I assented and they passed on. Hours later they emerged from the woods, their wagon so loaded down with rooted clumps of fern and brake that the springs went flat. Gebt nah, Gebt fern.

The water lily seems to grow best at a depth of about three feet. I have noticed this in a pond, the water of which has been raised several times by increasing the height of the dam. On every such raise, the lilies disappear from their accustomed haunts, and show out further up stream. I can recollect one flat which was a fine meadow of red top grass thirty years ago now a mass of lily pads. Both the yellow and white varieties flourish here, but the former are of smaller size and rather unpleasant odor. Slightly brackish water does not seem to repel them; at least in one of the streams flowing into Barnegat Bay, where the tides affect the water level, they are thick and numerous. The lotus leaf seems to hold air, as the cabbage leaf water; on severing one freshly plucked many air bubbles can be seen on the lower side. This may or may not have something to do with the assertion that by alternately puffing and sucking through the four holes traversing each stem, a well winded person can make the flower's petals open and close. I have never been able to do this myself, but there are those who claim it.

September 16. The manner of the husbands of the (so called) lower classes towards their wives, and the manners of the wives of the (so called) upper classes toward their husbands are very similar.

The extent to which egotism should enter into narration is a much mooted question. It, of course, varies with the distinction of the egotist. Byron or Rousseau could safely venture on far more of it than a beginner. Perhaps, however, a safe general rule would be not to introduce the perpendicular pronoun oftener than telegraph poles are set along a road. This is, on the average, about one to every hundred feet, fifty per mile. A mile has five thousand feet. For feet put words. Ten I's to the thousand is one to the hundred, which is perhaps a safe limit, though often exceeded. Of course, if the I's are considered as things in themselves beautiful, and not merely designed to carry the line of least resistance clear of obstructions, the case is different. This impression existed, most likely, as respects a certain New England orator lost in the City of Churches, a certain Scotch tailor made over in Germany, and divers others. But there is always danger in setting your posts so thickly that they become a stockade, only serving to keep out the reader's attention from whatever better may exist beyond.

September 17. S. A doctrine is like a scar,

indicating the depth to which a heavenly message has penetrated human flesh.

September 18. In Robin-Hood's barn the trees are the posts, the boughs are the rafters, the twigs are the laths, and the leaves are the shingles.

A thatched roof is almost never seen in America. The exceptions to this rule are mostly pig-sties and wagon-sheds, and those chiefly along shore. Yet thatch has many advantages. It is cheap, light, warm, and, when well laid, almost impenetrable by rain. Its defects are, perishability (it must be renewed every five years or so) catching the wind, and, above all, its inflammable nature. This unfits it for our dry, windy climate. In England it is sometimes soaked down during droughts, to lessen the danger of fire; and Howitt has described the whole population of a village turning out on a gusty afternoon, laying logs, barrows, harrows, and the like upon the roofs, lest they should take flight into the fields. A thatched roof also furnishes an admirable harbor for rats, whence it is almost impossible to dislodge them. In the Shetland and Orkney Islands, the thatch was removed every year or so, and carted away to the fields, where, partly decayed and saturated with peat-smoke, it formed no inconsiderable part of the available manure. One recommendation of thatch must have been its freedom from noise. It would take a terrible shower to wake the sleeper

under a strawen roof; very different from shingles, not to speak of tin.

September 19. Every year each tree gives a great pulse beat—the rising of the sap, one long breath—the spring of the leaf. Its lungs are all outside, like those of sundry batrachians, its fingers underground, like those of the mole.

September 20. A recent writer (Fairless) says that there is nothing on earth like the wheel—it was first found in heaven as Ezekiel saw it. This is perhaps true for if nature abhors a vacuum, she also abhors a circle. No perfect sphere or disk is found on earth. And even the great globe itself, is like the orange or cherry, flattened at the pole.

Travel has been termed the fool's paradise—probably because its blend of irresponsibility and patronage peculiarly tickles the palate of the aforesaid. It was not always thus. The old time traveler was like an arrow, going straight toward a mark, generally a religious shrine, Jerusalem or Mecca, and ignoring everything by the way; the modern is a sky-rocket, taking graceful curves, spending as he goes, and indistinguishable at the end of his trip. He who returned with his life used to be thankful; now, he who does not bring back his money grumbles. Once, starvation was ever at one's elbow; now, the worst to be appre-

hended is a temporary shortage of cigarettes. Upon a time, an assassin or robber lurked in each thicket; now, the true American visiting Paris must be warned not to strike a gendarme. Formerly, even a young man was not permitted to travel alone; now, two girls will dance off to Europe as for a waltz round a parlor. Time was when partially elderly persons were thought unequal to the fatigue and privation involved; now, those who have reached and passed the grand climacteric, rush off, only desirous to see the world before they can't.

September 21. The quinces and Keiffer pears are becoming yellow and attractive. One year all the latter were stolen, one of the former had a narrow escape. I went that way at dusk to look for eggs, when I was aware of a man with a basket scrambling through the fence and coming toward the quince bush. On seeing me he stopped, and walked round and round, looking on the ground as if he had dropped something. Having described several circles, he got back through the fence, again did the circling act, and then walked away. Each of us understood the other perfectly, but neither spoke a word.

The peddler is a man of uncertain privilege; he is licensed, but imperfectly protected thereby. A farmer is assumed to have the right to sell his own produce to private purchasers without obtaining such license. This

seems just, but of course it cuts into the business of the true peddler, who, in consequence, looks upon such farmers with no favoring eye, occasionally threatening young and timorous agriculturists with the law, or sternly demanding if they have no neighbor's produce aboard. As this may happen once in a long time without its being made a regular business, it naturally alarms the party questioned, who does not thereafter feel confident of his right even to sell his own stuff, and seeks his customers with bated breath, and a careful eye for the policeman in the distance. This adds drawbacks to a business in itself by no means pleasant, for selling his produce is a farmer's hardest task. I had sooner raise an hundred bushels of corn, than take ten to town and sell them in open market. A grocer had always rather bid the farmer "get out and never come back" than reprove his clerk for giving too high a price.

September 22. Finished digging early potatoes. Eighteen bushels from a half acre. A very poor crop as compared to neighbor R. who turns out one hundred and fifty to two hundred per acre. The severe drought or I should rather say, the small quantity of moisture, for what we had was well distributed—may bear part of the blame. Also the patch occupied our poorer land.

It will be remembered that one of the few things Herodotus could not believe was the

tale of the Persian King who brought water for the use of his army through leathern pipes. That was the kind of hose used when I was young, unaltered since the days of Herodotus; but now rubber has driven it out. Irrigation, again, was wont to be practised this many years by small ditches and trenches; but now the fluid is conveyed through iron pipes and rubber hose. It is chiefly applied for celery, naturally an aquatic plant, which thrives in cool moist ground. In very dry weather small furrows are made, and the water allowed to run down them from the aforesaid pipes or hose, which, should the land slope the wrong way, are much in evidence, as the water has to be taken to the other end, and then permitted to run back. When the soil is well soaked, dry earth is pulled over it, to keep it from drying out until next morning, when the young plants are set out, about four inches apart, and treated to another liquid dose a few days later, run in between the rows.

September 23. Before the wars of the Roses the king was a more powerful noble; after them the noble was a more powerful citizen. Before our Civil War, a master mechanic was a laborer who could give orders; since then a laborer is a machine who can take orders.

September 24. S. Saw on a log bunches of those long pale fungi known as "dead

men's fingers''. It lay in a damp and shady place, over a brook. Old lawyers are made judges as worn out files are made into cold chisels.

Have figurative insults gone out? Many, once prevalent, seem to have become obsolete, and some others have arisen to take their place. The *fiche*, or protrusion of the thumb, with the first and little fingers, (as against benediction, given with the first three digits extended) was supposed to ward off the evil eye, at the same time conveying the damning imputation of witchcraft on the basis of defence being insult. In the same category would come many inelegant positions of the hands and fingers, prevalent fifty or sixty years ago, as may be seen in the cartoons and caricatures of that period. The suggestion of a verdant stain upon fine raiment, the presentation of a rare marsh flower, were once pregnant sources of offense. Nor were mankind immune from other such practical innuendoes. Every one has heard of giving the mitten, though it now seems to have sunk away in dime novel metaphors. A whetstone was once the badge of a liar, a white clout at the coat-tail the sign of a coward, or at least an intermeddler in household affairs which concerned him not; while the gift of a leather medal conveyed peculiar ignominy, and, perhaps longest lived of all, the scissors symbol still charges with redundancy of speech.

September 25. Dug potatoes. Cool windy weather. The bunches of crab-grass are much in evidence, and have to be torn out to a considerable extent, entailing almost as much labor as lifting the potatoes.

Crab-grass is a product of late summer, only second to the mushroom in rapidity of growth. You look over your potato or tomato patch one day, and think how clean and well weeded it looks. Ensues a showery night. Next day a slight greenness is visible over the clods and cracks. And in what seems like only a few hours more, the crab-grass is upon you, rising like an exhalation, but by no means sinking in the same way. It grows in posture of seeming humility, but throws out rootlets at every joint, and soon it is so firmly established that only plowing will uproot it. You try to tear up a little of it with your hands from around some special plant; but the weak stems break at the joints leaving roots enough in the ground for twenty clumps. Even if, with a potato hook or hoe, you succeed in digging it out, an enormous mass of earth comes with it, leaving a hole beyond belief. Crab-grass will make a sort of hay, but it makes horses slobber, and gives men hay fever; at least the pollen from its fine purple panicles coincides with that complaint more than the blossoming of any other herb.

Hay is, with us, chiefly made from timothy grass (said to derive its name from Timothy Hurd, who first brought it into general

use) though clover mixed is occasionally quoted in the city markets. Red-top, and other such stuff, is mostly kept for home consumption. In England, the hay is much finer and shorter. To them our timothy hay appears as if made from small rushes. In the Southern States hay makes but little figure, corn fodder being the chief reliance for their short winters. Such hay as I saw in Italy seemed to be made for the most part from some kind of annual summer grass, neither savory nor substantial; while the condition of the horses fed upon it was no recommendation of its excellence. Certainly, it seemed to agree with mules, but then thistles are said to agree with donkeys. Ten pounds of good hay per day, with a small ration of grain, will suffice for a horse; though much more is often fed. Say about two tons a year. At twenty dollars a ton, this would be forty for long fodder. Oats, one peck per day, at 40 cents per bushel, about as much more. Shoeing, and an occasional bunch of grass or ear of corn, would bring it up to about one hundred dollars per year, supposing everything had to be bought. Attendance, as elsewhere stated, is supposed to be balanced by the manure; while it may be safely stated that, barring accident, a horse need never be sick.

September 26. Finished digging late potatoes. Thirty-four bushels from half an acre. This is better than the earlier, but

nothing to boast of. The land was in beets last year, and, though well manured, produced a miserable crop. They were overrun with crab-grass and smart-weed, which presumably took out all put in.

The Blue Grass of Kentucky, and the Blue Grass of New Jersey are quite different. The first, of which every one has heard, is by no means peculiar to that state, but is found in a dozen others. Only in the "dark and bloody ground" it attains a vigor of growth and a depth of hue which have placed it at one remove from green, as the black-grass of the marshes has been set in another direction. The northern name of Blue Grass is "June Grass", a feathery-headed narrow bladed herb, forming the mainstay of ten thousand lawns, but the true blue grass (*Poa compressa*) is much rarer and slower of growth, generally appearing around old trees, posts and the like, its stalks thin, flattened, and really blue in color, its growth short and close, its roots so tough that many a mattock-blow is needed to cut them through. It is very nutritious, but so wiry that animals generally shun it after the seed-heads appear, while it makes but little figure as hay, the keenest scythe and the sharpest mower-knife often sliding over it. When once cut, it leaves a very white stubble, as the deep color of the upper stem pales an inch or two from the ground.

September 27. Ploughed the potato

ground. While V. did this, I harrowed after, with a basket on my arm, picking up those potatoes which had escaped the forks. They amounted to about a bushel in all. This is a kind of gleaning such as Moses's law would have forbidden to the owner in the days when there were hungry bodies about, ready to do it.

When the maize (corn) is earing out in August it is most subject to injury from wind and rain combined. In June, or even in July, a cornfield may be laid almost flat without serious injury. Though apparently crushed as if by a roller, in two or three days it will rise up and straighten out in a remarkable manner, unless it has been battered by hail. But in August, despite the brace-roots, when the stalks are loaded with the heavy, if immature ears, if wind and rain come together the plant must fall, and fall like Lucifer, never to rise again. Not that this, of necessity, ruins the crop. I have more than once harvested very good yields of corn from a field which had been thus laid—the stalks fallen in all directions and in many layers, plaited, twisted, woven together like basket work, the tips of a few feebly curling upward, the ears soiled with sand and mud. But though the labor of harvesting such a crop is great, the quantity and quality of the grain seem little reduced. But the stalks make feeble stooks and mis-shapen bundles.

September 28. Finished harrowing,

burned trash, and sowed by hand something over an acre of wheat. The surveyors, who for a space did fail, after running three lines through the woods, have been flitting about again the last day or two, and during the sowing I thought I heard them chopping in the woods. So, the wheat got in, I went on horseback to look them up. Presently I came on an oak tree in full leaf just felled more than fifty feet high, as I afterwards found by measurement, and two feet round. The sight transported me. All the dryads seemed to call aloud for help. I made a circuit, bore in the direction of voices, and found six or eight fellows sitting in a clump on the ground, just within our limits. I circled round them like a barking hound, objurgating and protesting. They said little to the purpose save to inquire if they were on my land, and say that the company had ordered a new course; and I said little to the purpose beyond threatening to pull up their sticks. After a heated interview we parted.

September 29. Drilled wheat in Farfield. Two troughs on the machine are filled, the one with fertilizer, the other with seed, which run down together through rubber tubes, and are deposited in little furrows, made by the share, of which one goes before each tube. The grass seed is contained in another little box, and gradually shaken on the earth through which the shares are about to pass. One drives, keeping a wheel of the

drill always on the last share's track. The field is left, as Hardy says, resembling a piece of corduroy, save for here and there a tuft of oats, sprung from the grain scattered at harvest. A note from Mr. A. threatening worse if I removed those stakes, which it seems are far more to be respected than trees twenty times their height.

September 30. Finished drilling in Far-field. A constant eye must be kept on the various troughs on the drill, that neither seed nor fertilizer shall fail when we are away from the field edge, where the bags are piled. R. who is next to have the drill, came during the morning, anxiously inquiring if we were done. We finished at noon, and the index marked six and a half acres.

Marl is known to most people only as the soil of the Inferno, and by them supposed to be an abbreviation of marble. So that when the Furies cried from the iron tower "Venga Medusa, e s'il farem di smalto" they only wished Dante to be converted into something a little harder than the surface he trod. But in reality it is a substance something between sand, clay, and soft rock, with a large admixture of lime, sometimes cropping out to the surface, but generally found in deposits several feet deep, which was much in repute forty years ago for modifying and improving the barren sands of South Jersey. It was green in color, handled something like coal dust, and would

smear a little when crushed. During the winter of 1870 I hauled ten tons of this from a place seven miles off, and put it in small heaps on grass land, spreading it in the spring. On the whole, the results were meagre. Grass was a little better where it was first heaped, but only a little; and I think the money laid out in barnyard manure or guano, would have given better results. It has now sunk into oblivion as a top-dressing, along with its partner, muck; nor do I know of anyone who has used either for many years.

Lime is another of the old-fashioned supposed enrichments of the land, whose use has not yet entirely died out, though rapidly passing. Many a load have I carted and spread, choking myself with the dust, cracking my shoes and finger-tips, and all to little purpose. A sturdy faith in its efficiency long prevailed, even when no results appeared; it must somehow do good, even if you could not see it. Gas-lime, which has been used as a purifier of illuminating gas, and turned green in the process, could be had very cheaply thirty years ago, and was much applied by a German neighbor. It was generally left in small heaps all winter, being thought to "burn" the land, if spread at once; and its pungent odor rises still in memory. Plaster, so much had in regard by Franklin that he traced upon a field with it the words—"This was done with plaster," as an object-lesson to his neighbors, has been

with me, yet more barren of result. A positive friend used to say to me "You do a great deal of useless work", and methinks he was right, as regards the labor I expended on muck, marl, lime, and plaster. Only barn-yard manure and commercial fertilizers come back.

October 1. S. Perhaps the time may yet come when all human intercourse will be by intuitions and aspirations, and a spoken sentence will be as brutal as a blow.

It has been asked why we should speak of the olden time, the days of old, etc., when really that was the youth of the world, and we are the gray-beard ancients, with the experience and lore of the ages. But really antiquity is there, only just behind our backs. Paul Dombey was often termed old-fashioned; but this only meant that he had been brought up much—nay, chiefly—in the society of his parents and their contemporaries. Forty years back is a strange and unknown land—it is too close for us to reach, and but for the brave novelists we would hardly know anything about it at all. We cannot focus our eyes on 1860; the age of crinoline and peg-tops is further off than the age of the toga and the pallium. The time when "our grandfather was alive" is within the precincts of "yonder" which has been defined as out of call, but within sight. All the memories of survivors record the strange tongue they spoke, but Plato and Horace

used the language all can understand, the mother-speech taught us pre-natally.

October 2. V. rolled wheat field. I burned trash cut in August, and lying in soaked winrows ever since (some derive this from windrow, as if the crop were blown into lines by the wind; but wain-row seems more probable, the row along which the wain was driven to be loaded.)

"The tanned haycock in the mead" says Milton; but while the epithet is true for a time, it does not long remain so. The cock, supposing it to remain long in situ, first changes from green to gray, then pales out, then, if exposed to many rains, turns black, and finally, after three or four weeks, turns pale again, and so remains, if left for a year. Corn stooks, on the other hand, after long remaining white, or nearly so, blacken in the succeeding year, and so remain among the new herbage. When passing through the Shenandoah Valley, in 1886, twenty years after the close of the Civil War, I was struck by the resemblance of the soldiers' ruined huts to old corn-stooks. They had been built of fence-rails, set up in cones, presumably fastened at the top by a withe, possibly wattled or woven in some way with bushes. All had fallen, most had decayed, but a few still remained, clear spots among the grass with a few butts of the biggest rails still radiating from a centre, to show where the heads of the invading army had been laid. Doubtless,

by this time, every hut has disappeared.

October 3. Began cutting corn. No other work done by hand makes such a show as this. A good man can cut an acre a day; and though he might mow as much grass, or cradle more grain, yet the corn, being ten or twelve feet high, bears a better showing. Several years back, I was engaged at this work when two strangers crossed the field. One of them, supposing me to be working by the job, stopped and inquired "How much d'ye get for this?" "Board and clothes", I replied. He stared a minute, then walked on.

A cornstalk which has borne two good ears is worth very little, as a stalk; virtue has gone out of it. A barren stalk is limber and tough, and makes a capital binder. Frequently, one is found which has attempted too much, showing the beginnings of six or seven ears, but none brought to perfection. Never in my life have I seen a split or twin stalk, though there seems no reason why they should not appear occasionally, as twin leaves do. The ears sport more frequently being double, paged, headed, split, curled; and I have even seen them with a hole through the middle of the cob, admirably tending to drying. Shredded fodder is spoken of latterly, but it is liable to mold and spoil, once the heart is broken into. By the way, when pith is such a poor and worthless thing, only fitted for toys, punk and padding,

why should it be considered laudatory to term an utterance pithy? And why, on reverse, when sap is the life of the tree, and the most valuable thing about some trees and plants, why should "sappy" be a disparaging appellation? Again, "shucks" indicate utter worthlessness, "husky" is thought rather fine.

October 4. The corn is cut in square, generally 7x7 though 6x8, 6x6, and even 5x5 are in use. The first block—49—leaves a central hill which is not severed from the earth and round which the rest are set up. This is the true meaning of the word "stook", namely, a bundle of grain in the straw held in one place by a few stalks still rooted. Maize and buck-wheat, as far as I know, are the only crops thus harvested. Both "shock" and "stack" are used for these bunches, but incorrectly. The first signifies a number of sheaves—12 to 20—set up together. The other signifies a pile of loose fodder, in layers nearly or quite horizontal. It follows that Hood was technically wrong when he said of Ruth—

"There she stood among the stooks".

The feeble theory that "Comin' thro' the rye" had its origin in the passage of a small brook or stream of that name deserves no credence. First, a watercourse must be fitted out with a meaningless title, secondly, when so fitted it is no better place for kissing than any other. But rye was clearly selected be-

cause it alone, of all grains known to the Scottish poet, grew tall and thick enough to conceal, or partially conceal, the forms of two lovers passing through it from observation. Had he been acquainted with Indian corn, he might have chosen that. The circumstance sometimes adduced for the brook theory, that one verse of the song reads, or might read—

“Jenny is a’wat, puir body,
Comin’ thro’ the rye.”

is little to the purpose; for it is quite possible to get well soaked, in passing through a field of grain after rain or dew.

“Twickenham Ferry” and good store of other songs may suffice for the partisans of water-courses; let us hold to the traditionary bright-haired lad and lass half seen, half hidden among the tall bending stems of grain.

October 5. Continued cutting corn. The stubs of the cut stalks show sharply over the cleared field, like old time calthrops. We had a youthful visitor here one day, who running carelessly through the field, fell and struck his forehead on one of these stubs, cutting an ugly gash. Rising, gory and vocal he declared he would kill every cat on the place. The feline race certainly was not responsible for his downfall; but judgment is shown in proposing a scheme of vengeance within one’s powers.

Youth is like asparagus shoots; succulent and tender, all head, and easily crushed.

Why do we not have a noun to express the other extreme, without a qualifying adjective? Could not something be done with "senectus?" Many words have been worse treated. The mediaevals set the coming of weary eld quite early. John of Gaunt, whom Shakespeare loads with epithets to express the degree of superannuation he had reached was barely fifty when he addressed all those admonitions to the luckless Richard. But the conditions of life were so hard in the Middle Ages that as soon as one's energies began to fail, down he went. Few are those who make a name beyond fifty. Marlborough and Richardson are the most notable instances. The greatest oldest man of modern times was undoubtedly Titian; that is, if we are to believe the legends concerning him, which, on the whole, is not a bad thing to do.

October 6. Finished the three corner, and began on the main square of Longfield. Some of the corn on the old field we broke last spring, was very good, some very poor. There is a good deal of round-top (a weed with a tough, upright stem, four or five feet in height, leaves nearly circular) among the best of it, and many sassafras sprouts, already gaudy with frost. The stick-tight, or beggar-weed, is also quite abundant, as yet innocuously green. A few warm, dry days will develop its importunities.

Between insects, blights, fires, paper makers, grading, telegraphs and asphalt, it

seems probable that in a hundred years more there will be no trees left, only bushes and grass. They can stand a great deal, but not everything. One large hollow tree in our town, standing a little beyond the curb line, was preserved for many years by being filled in with brick and mortar. Another, left nearly two feet out of ground by the lowering of a sidewalk level thirty years ago, has accommodated itself to conditions and grown as many roots below its old ones as if water level had reflected them. On the other hand, two or three trees on another street were filled around at much the same date to a depth of three or four feet, and still survive, the former spring of their main branches now being just above ground. These last were maples, a tree which will stand more abuse than any other unless it be the ailanthus. Often-times a tree, gnawed or otherwise barked half way around, will live for a long time on the strip of bark remaining, and sometimes grow a new stem, bowed to one side. Dogwoods will now and then, when bent to the earth for a long time, send out new roots from the twigs pressed into the soil, and may be, in time, would live by them.

October 7. Continued cutting corn. The crop is in good shape, stands up well, has not been broken or tangled by storms, and the weather is fair and dry. Last season an early frost in September considerably in-

jured the fodder, and the stalks were crooked. One year the convolvulus, or bindweed, was so thick on the stalks that they heated in the stack, but very little of that weed appears on Longfield. The maize plant is the only one remaining which is still, on a large scale, planted, cut up and husked (its homologue for thrashing) by hand. Long has this prevailed, but machines are creeping in—cutting sleds, little Giant Mowers, etc.—and perhaps in twenty years more the corn knife and the husking-pin will be as obsolete as the sickle and the flail.

Summer fallowing is another practice which has pretty well died out. It did very well when wheat was raised in a land where time and labor counted little, but manure was scarce, as in the Eastern States, and still more England, a hundred years ago. Then was the prosperous time of the farmer (not the laborer) any man ought to make money when wheat is five dollars a bushel, and he can get all the labor he wants at about fifty cents a day. Harris, an agricultural writer of 1870, had a good deal to say of fallowing, and it is more frequently referred to by George Eliot than any other farm operation. It was a good plan in its time, killing weeds, cleaning the ground; while there are many heavy soils which yield up their fertility, slowly but surely, by trituration alone, which grow rich (again to quote G. Eliot) by the negative process of spending nothing under the plow, harrow and roller. But a

neglected fallow is worse than none, and the farmer must not be idle when the land is. Wheat has gone to the West and North, where, as yet, the land lives on its capital, hoed crops have taken the fallow's place, and a good sounding word passes away out of the language.

October 8. S. They say fewer tears are shed in this world than of yore, but is there more laughter? I imagine decidedly less, of the sycophantic and adulatory kind. But there is surely more of it in speeches, political and social, and even in sermons. The laugh is also more in use to assert superiority and to cover embarrassment. By all the books, laborers used to laugh and sing, at their work, and over their ale. But one very seldom hears the former now, and almost never the latter. Drinking places, large and small, are generally silent as the grave.

Cities form on straits just as people crowd in doorways. And as it may be observed that where an apartment has two doors it is always the portal of egress which is crowded, so on lakes or seas the town is built where the stream leaves the lake, not where it enters. The upper end of Lake Lemán is a scene of desolation—a great flat of silt and detritus, strewn with boulders large and small through which the Rhone winds its obstructed way; but at the other end of the lake, where the Rhone leaves it, is the fair city of Geneva. The lake of the four Can-

tons has various inconsiderable villages along its upper shores, but at its outlet is Luzern, held by some to be the most beautiful place in the world. So it is with life. We make wonderfully little of the entrance door, all things considered; the recruiting station, though of utmost interest to many, is never crowded. But the passage of exit is so thronged that only one can pass out at a time; there are deposited monuments and obituaries, testaments and memories; did it depend on us, none would ever get through.

October 9. Getting up near the road, where the corn is at its best. I remember Dr. N. spread a dozen loads or so of tobacco stems on this part of the field. Saw C. go by on his one horse wagon, with a little jag of potatoes. More than thirty years ago he and his father used to go to and fro in the same way. They lived in town, but had a little farm to which they went nearly every day, and from which they always brought a trifling load—five or six bushels of potatoes, a dozen pumpkins, a little heap of corn, a few bunches of fodder—and on the front sat father and son, much alike, save that one was pale and grey-haired, the other rosy and red-haired. Now old C. has passed away, and young C. perhaps sixty, jogs to and fro as of yore. But no son sits beside him.

Much curious lore lurks about the underpinning of an old wagon; the long wheel-hubs, with a little notch in the outer band, to

receive the long forgotten linch-pin; the big wooden axles, which have stood wear and weather these sixty years, with the slim "skenes" above and below the arm for the wheel to turn on; the long, reach, sword, or disselboom connecting them; the king-bolt, passing through the langhead and front axle; the bolster where rests his majesty's crown, the tongue, long and slender beyond the ant-eaters; the hounds, perhaps most imaginatively named of all the framework, a name given to the double brace, one on each side the tongue, as though, like hunting dogs, they sprang forward at once, seizing their prey.

Each large city seems to have a conveyance named after a suburb. London has its Hackney-coach, Philadelphia its Germantown (a light covered wagon with a tail board which let down, but did not lock like a tail board unless you knew) New York its Rockaway. One of the former pleasures of travel was to see and try the vehicles peculiar to each place, but that has gone by now, the trolley car is swallowing them all.

October 10. Finished cutting corn. Four hundred and fifty-four stooks from perhaps nine acres. The "Indian wigwams" as Trowbridge calls them, stand in even rows along and across the field, the better ones with dangling purses. The pumpkins, of which there were about a hundred, have been put under the stooks as we went, to hide them

from pilferers, who lose all self-control at sight of the golden globes. The fence rows are full of loose tassels and blades, rusty Steinkirks and bilboes, cast away by the fallen host. A sizable patch of Canada thistle, discovered near this end of the field, would cause me more perturbation if I did not know how little our soil favors that weed.

Fall plowing seems an unnatural proceeding. Than plowing in spring nothing could be more in nature's course. The roll of the furrows goes with the rotation of the earth. In spring the ground is clear, the weeds have for the most part been frozen away, the sod is short, the animals do not remonstrate. Sometimes there is a little too much moisture, but that is better than the reverse. In autumn, though the days grow short, they are at times quite sultry, the ground is hard and dry, the tall grass and weeds clog on the plow like seaweed on the stem of a boat; wasps and bees occasionally utter fierce remonstrance, and above all, one knows that the crop to be sown will not mature until next year. Fall wheat and rye could never have been sown until great earthly faith and patience existed; the first man who raised winter wheat must have been in good preparation for the spiritual life. For every virtue must have its worldly foundation; the higher life begins with "rising from the earthen".

October 11. Began picking winter apples.

Smith's cider or Winesap (they seem much alike) and Nero. Many have already fallen, and are too good to leave on the ground, but I know they will not keep well in store. The very best apples are on the highest and outmost boughs, and are reached with difficulty, or have to be got down by shaking, which of course bruises them. Now and then we find one spiked on a stiff bit of stubble. Children frequently come and ask to be allowed to pick up a few on the ground, but as such permission generally results in their ascending the trees, and thrashing them with vehemence, we mostly refuse.

The story is told of a man visiting a Food Exhibit, that, being urged to sample the goods, he picked up and ate in succession, at different tables, what he took for twelve caramels of strange flavor. His heart was almost too full for utterance when on taking up a circular, he read—"One of these tabloids is equal to a full meal". Such might be the sensations of a student reading Bacon's Essays straight through. Many trashy novelists, on the other hand, are like carbonic acid gas, which though poisonous to the nobler organs, may be taken into the stomach without harm. De Morgan resembles potato cake; wholesome and not unpalatable, but very filling. The same will apply, more or less, to the prose writings of Jean Ingelow, Smollett is like strong cheese, odor worse than taste. Du Maurier may be compared to absinthe, most tastefully disguised, and

attractively put up. And how many writers, good in their way, have through their pages a gentle savor of hops.

October 12. Wheat is breaking ground well, and among it may be seen on close scrutiny, the infantile and imitative grass. Scarcely is it up when the spiders stretch their lines from one point to another in the early morning. The place where a brush heap was burnt seven years back, the spot where a dunghill stood five years ago, is now distinct in the darker green of the more numerous blades. Is this so much added to the field, or so much subtracted from the immediate vicinity of the aforesaid heap or hill?

Forty, or nearly forty years ago, I was driving past the locomotive house in our good town, when I was hailed by a man looking like a broken engineer, who asked if I didn't want to buy some wood ashes. Believing that the article was worth gold, I rushed home, wrung the money from a reluctant parent (I can not remember the exact sum per bushel) loaded them into my wagon, took them home, and spread them on a meadow. I regret to say the results were scarce perceptible. Later on, when we had wood of our own to burn, I used to save the ashes, and apply them to potatoes in the spring; still without special effect. Have gradually settled down to the belief that while ashes are beneficial, it is only when applied in large quantity, as the mass remain-

ing from burning a pile of brush or weeds. This certainly shows; I know one place where a weed-heap was burnt seven years ago, and the difference in grass can be seen a quarter-mile off. Perhaps this is partly the calcining of the earth; or perhaps, a still gloomier hypothesis, the soil around is impoverished in proportion.

October 13. The nutters are becoming busy. We have one big chestnut, standing out in the field, which we try to reserve, putting signs upon it, and keeping as close watch as possible. Scores of others, in the woods, are abandoned to the public; but they want that too. Once I put up a notice, "All persons forbidden taking nuts here". This was intended to prohibit picking fallen nuts from the ground, as well as beating them from the trees. Shortly after, seeing two youthful gatherers, I went and inquired why they paid no attention to the sign. "We are making no noise" said they. "What has noise to do with it?" I asked. "The sign says 'All persons forbid talking,' " they replied.

On another occasion, I found two youthful nutters at this same tree, who fled at my approach. As they seemed to have collected a fat bag of nuts, I pursued. The fugitives at first kept to the open fields, where they could outfoot me, then, very unwisely, took to the woods. There the advantage was mine. I could smash through the bushes which they had to go round, so that capture

and restitution soon ensued. I never so fully realized the statement of Burton, Gordon Cumming, et al., that a horse can beat a rhinoceros in the open, but a rhinoceros can beat a horse in the jungle.

October 14. Finished picking apples, about 25 bushels. This is the largest quantity of winter apples we have had for several years. On the other farm we had the Newtown pippin, a finer fruit and a better keeper than any we have here. I remember we once kept a dozen of them into June.

The Ignis Fatuus, Jack-o'Lantern, Will-o' the Wisp, etc., never prevailed in this country as in the Old World, where the eye rather than the ear was deluded. But I recollect one instance, occurring about 1835, being related to me by an eye-witness, "It was a dark, cool, windy fall evening in Oswego, N. Y. About eight o'clock I was coming up to our house from the store, when I saw what I thought was a man with a lantern about a block away from me. But in a minute it was up at the next corner, quicker than any man could run. I then supposed it must be in a wagon, and went on home. Before I got into the house, it appeared again, and for nearly two hours flashed up and down the street, leaping three or four hundred feet in a second. No sound of any kind accompanied it. At the nearest approach, perhaps two rods or so, it seemed like a ball of fire about as big as one's head, but of indis-

tinct outline. At times we would lose it for five or ten minutes, after which it would reappear over the burying ground, some distance off, and come darting toward us again. Once it entered the door of a deserted house opposite, and in a moment came out of the chimney, causing our 'help' to say she would not stay a night in that house for all the money in the world. About ten it vanished."

October 15. S. The soul of goodness in things evil appears in what now seems the cruel old time treatment of suicides and illegitimates. The object was not wanton atrocity, but the discouragement of self murder and unlawful unions. Jails and workhouses, too, were built for good purposes, though so much denounced. Perhaps the day will come when historians will tell how the emissaries of the State used to approach the helpless aged with money, and insult their wretchedness by offering them five shillings a week calling it "Old Age Pensions".

Shakespeare's hard treatment of the Jew may have resulted from the fact that there were none in England in his time; from Wallace to Cromwell no Hebrew lived on English soil. Thus the poet had to draw on a most fertile imagination; accurately describing the archer's aim, but needlessly abasing the target. Creed was the cause of hatred then, as color is now. Gentlemen seem to have felt no way degraded by serving under

Othello; but they despised and insulted Shylock, a denizen of the same city. Just before, and just after the Crusades, when "Whoever held or faith or honor dear strove for the cause of Christ against Mahmoud", the Cid fought under Moslem banners, and Charles V. made alliances with the Turks; in these days our gorge rises if a black man wins a prize-fight. Once we hated the Chinese because they worshipped a yellow dragon; now we hate them because they have yellow skins. What reviler of the Middle Ages ever termed his enemy a "nigger"? What insulter of our own day ever calls his foe a miscreant?

October 16. Began husking. We pulled down the stooks I lately set up with so much care, cutting the hill which anchored them to earth, drag two, three, or four of them together, and pull them over sideways, breaking the ears from their husks, and flinging them together into a heap. As yet the corn is rather soft and damp, and it will not do to push on the work too rapidly, lest the accumulated mass heat in the crib. One bushel to the stook is a fair crop, one and a half good, two, very good. The bereaved stalks are bound with straw or twine in bundles about large enough to go under one's arm, and set up in shocks to cure still more.

October 17. Beautiful, calm, hazy day. Gossamer flying in flakes and long strings

over the fields. Thoreau says it is called in Germany "the flying summer" as though that season tore to fragments and visibly blew away. Sometimes by looking up with one's hat held against the sun one can see the air filled, high as a hawk flies, with the glistening streaks, like a dry snow storm.

The kingfisher of our waters is not a bird of specially noticeable plumage, chiefly remarkable for his crest, long bill, and tail conspicuous by its absence. As he always carries the captive fish in his beak, instead of his claws, as does the fish hawk, one would suppose that a tail would be needed to balance the weight; but evidently such is not the case, I have never seen him either in high air, or diving in water, but always flying low, and generally in shadow under a steep bank, in which, presumably, the nest is made. The king-bird or pewee, only resembling the kingfisher in his crest, has a further reason of name in his dauntless courage. He will attack a crow, five or six times larger than himself and drive him clean out of sight, darting down upon him at intervals, and plucking a feather from his head or back, while the larger bird thinks only of escape. The king-bird also shows great alimentary daring, hovering around bee-hives and swallowing the occupants as they come and go, a proceeding which seems but one remove from feeding on coals of fire, or bits of glass.

October 18. Rain, which gossamer days

often precede, held up our husking today, and threw us on getting in wood and straw. Man suffers less from weather than his crops, goods, clothes, tools, or weapons. And the few things dampness does not injure are susceptible to dryness. Peas, paint brushes, boots, pumps, boats, are spoiled by drought.

The Spring undoubtedly suggested the Naiad. That water should flow or fall downward is nothing extraordinary; but that it should rise strongly upward is such an apparent act of life that it must needs be personified. A spring's repellant power is wonderful. Fresh, or at least fair, water can be had within a stone's throw of the Atlantic ocean. Arethusa rose from the bottom of the Mediterranean, and I have heard of a spring in a salt meadow, covered with brine at high tide, but pouring forth sweet water at the ebb. Cooper, in the "Crater" represents a brook as flowing from the top of an isolated peak in the sea, and though this is difficult of belief, the springs found on the small islands of the Pacific must of necessity be on the tops of submerged mountains. When I was a boy, one might occasionally see at country places small wooden pumps which had not, nor needed handles, pouring forth a ceaseless stream, the product of a spring which had been conducted through hollowed logs. These were termed penstocks. Whence the name? Did the Hindoo "pane" and the Saxon "stick" here join hands?

Bridges on the farm, such at least as are intended for the passage of teams and wagons, are apt to be very unpicturesque. Stepping stones, or a plank with handrail, are easily made to look fairly well; but anything larger soon settles into a mere dam, which chokes the current when there is one, and looks needless when there is not. To begin with, it is very difficult to hold up the banks of a small stream, so that they will not crush down under the sleepers. The natural way out of this difficulty is to make a box sluice. But this is incredibly hard to construct of logs, whole or split; boards are too frail, and one falls on the planks taken from old stable floors. A sluice having been made of these, logs and brush are laid above it, and earth piled on. But such a way, though it may serve until the sluice chokes, altogether lacks that clean severance of its parts from the passing fluid which is essential to the grace of all aquatic constructions. Bridges are frequent subjects with the artist; but they must be real bridges, not half floating logs or swing-ferries. Boats of all kinds have ever been admired; but no painter that I can recollect has ever represented a raft, unless it were a mere stage to bear the survivors of the Meduse, or a single castaway. The waterlogged can never be attractive.

October 19. Husked again in morning. About noon it began to rain again. We kept on for a little while, covering the heaps of

corn with stalks as we went but soon had to get the wagon, load them in, covering with a rubber sheet as much as possible, and cart away to the corn crib. By the time we had got it stowed, two handlings had pretty much jarred the moisture from the ears. It takes a very heavy rain, or actual submersion to soak the oily kernels.

Found a rat's tail in a crack of one of the doors, high up near the top. It had been freshly pulled out by the roots, for some tendons still hung to it. Could not account for its presence. It was not tightly jammed in the crack, for a light pull withdrew it. The owner would have had no trouble at all in getting it out, as it would have tapered from him. Had a cat, or other enemy of rodents done it, the marks of teeth or claws would have shown upon it. A terrible pull must have been needed for its abstraction. These animals not only devour the grain and meal, but cut up bags, carriage cushions, and the like for their nests, and are almost impossible to dislodge. They never go afield, as do the mice, being seldom seen far from the barns, though one would suppose them better equipped for travel and defence. Their boring and burrowing capacities are well known. A rat is said to have gnawed off the corner of a brick to make his tunnel, and they will often eat through sticks which they might, with less apparent toil, have pushed aside or gone around. But probably their incessant state of teething necessitates con-

stant gnawing for its relief.

October 20. Rain again, no husking, so shifted hay from the door end of the cow barn, where it was first pitched in, to the dark end almost unattainable by a wagon, to make room for the corn stalks which will soon be brought in. This cow barn is an ancient affair, perhaps eighty years old, built on posts not one of which probably remains sound at foot. So the whole concern stands like a box on the earth, every year wasting a little more on the lower edge, like a horse's hoof. Of course, this leads to uneven settling and cracking, but it may last twenty years yet, unless a mighty wind arises. As Carlyle says of the Ancient Regime "It is surprising how long the rotten will last, if you don't shake it".

Tethering of cows was first and is oftenest practised in the Isle of Jersey, because there the fields are small and the grass is rich. It is evident that where ten acres are necessary for the sustenance of a beast, it would starve on a twenty-foot tether. But when grass is so thick and strong that moving the stake a yard, so that the cow does not even tread it with her fore feet, will suffice to give her a half day's feed, that equality of supply and demand is presented which must ever gladden an economist's soul. And three or four cows thus staked out, each cutting down a crescent strip, have much the effect of a company of mowers, in slow but certain progress.

There is also no occasion for fences on this plan, and scarcely a blade goes to waste. On the other hand, the cows must be quiet ones. A vicious animal, or even one unused to such restraint, will cause much trouble, pulling out her stake, twisting the rope or chain into kinks, or getting the line round her hind foot, and then backing away until she is thrown. Very wet or very dry weather are likewise unfavorable to this system. In the former, the sod is badly trampled and cut up, in the latter, the stakes are very hard to drive.

October 21. Readers of "Selborne" will remember the countenance therein given to the legend of swallows spending the winter at the bottom of a pond. But I have seen, and probably White saw, what looked very like it. At about this time of year, I think in 1882, I was in a boat on the pond and saw a large compact flock of swallows, probably sixty or seventy, whirling, crossing, chattering, and much on the alert. Every now and then one would leave the throng which hovered about twenty feet from the surface, dash down like a fish hawk diving, strike the water, and apparently sink below it. Of course if he did it must have been for a moment only, of course his loud descent must have covered his silent rising, of course it is a long way from this to pulling them out in masses like frog spawn in spring, but it bore a color.

October 22. S. First frost. Tomatoes, beans, nasturtiums, corn, (where any remains uncut) wilted down. The same with bindweed, round-top, campion, mallows. Chickweed, wild onion, docks, stand up still. The black-birds (as noted in "Lorna Doone") look large in the morning. On the whole, this is rather late for first frost. It averages early in October. Last year we had one in September, whitening the corn stalks before they were cut, but that was unusual.

What is called a gravel-pit in England is called a sand-hole here. We have one in the woods, suddenly come upon, a space of light and air, yet curiously dark when you get into it. The bark of the forest roots surrounding it (for roots have bark) hangs its black flaccid strings down the yellow sugary sides of the hole, deprived of the sinew which once filled them. Close by runs a little brook, and the hole is bottomed with shaly rock, probably just above water level. Most of the gravel varies from brown to yellow, in streaks and shades like a well-grown beard, but now and then occur pockets of black grit, resembling finely ground charcoal. The sand-martin should build here, but that fowl I have never seen. Occasionally when we dig gravel in winter, the long tailed mouse will roll from his hibernation, ruffling his yellow vest, rubbing his white ears with gray paws, and feebly protesting against being awakened. A small cedar at one side which has bent to the rutting away of the soil, straightened up,

bent again to the ice storm, and again straightened, lives by two slender roots, and furnishes a noble example of perseverance against fortune.

October 23. Husking again. The condition of the husks varies greatly. Some are utterly dry, curled and shrivelled away from the ear they once covered. Some are just a little parted at the end, showing the tip. Some still sheath it tenaciously, lapping the spindle-shaped ear like a mackerel's scale, each shuck sharply turned up at the point. And some are still in a mesh of green about the milky stain, red and yellow silk yet in evidence.

October 24. A few break from the stalk unsought, most of them husk easily, but now and then one seems almost as strong as the human wrist, and requires great effort to detach it. A fairly good ear has 700 to 900 kernels; fourteen rows, about sixty to the row. An extra good ear may have a hundred kernels to the row, and count up 1500 grains or over.

The king in chess is like a mediaeval monarch who was a good swordsman, personally had no head for affairs, and possessed an imperious wife—say Henry VI. When an enemy comes within arm's length, he can strike him down; but has no grasp of complex threads. And yet his life is very precious, and on him depends the army's fate. So

long as Henry was at large, his party made head with varying success; when he was checked in the Tower, all was over. His queen, energetic as she was, became negligible when isolated. Robert Burton, erudite, desiccate, elaborate, desultory—that is, if the desultor ever leaped from one elephant to another—belonged, in many ways, to the Dark Ages. His life was in books; yet every one knows how his occasional recreation was to walk down to the river and hear the bargees wrangle; just as mathematicians find relief from their dry mental labors in antic gambols and hand springs. Two persons could hardly be more unlike than Burton and Ovid; yet there can be little doubt that if the English scholar had not done it, the Latin poet could have written a very complete *Anatomi of Melancholy*.

October 25. The corn on Farfield last year was much exposed to pilferers, and I expected depredations at roasting ear time. I do not think there were very many; but of one I found traces, when the crop was cut. He had evidently gone into the thickest part of the field where he would not be observed pulled a dozen or more ears, got down on his knees, rolled the "tucket" in paper, and carried it off. The number of ears he took could readily be counted on the surrounding stalks, the print of both knees was to be seen in the clay soil, and he had left one sheet of paper behind.

Pirates were probably in their glory about the time the first steamer was built which was to sweep them from the seas; just as stage coaches had reached their greatest excellence when the first dirty blundering locomotive came on the scene, and as clipper ships made their swiftest voyages when the paddle wheels had been a few years churning the Atlantic. There never were finer swordsmen than in the years succeeding the discovery of gun-powder, or more pleasure riders than when the motor-car burst upon us. The long bow was never better than when the vile guns began to be used, or plate armor finer than when it would protect no more. When Watt observed the lid of the tea-kettle clatter, and Fulton put the tea-kettle in a boat, probably neither ever thought that he was dealing a deadly blow at piracy, but with the steamer came equality of speed, and the necessity for procuring commercial fuel in a business-like way. Gone were the days when it was only necessary to heave down once a year or so in some lonely island, scrape the bottom, fill water-casks and off again; and the last Christian and gentlemanly pirate is said to have died in 1861.

October 26. Nutters are becoming quite numerous, and as the corn-field is not in sight, they have things much their own way. The big hollow chestnut tree, twenty feet in circumference, their special point of attack, has been twice set on fire, the first time, a

good many years ago, by an idle boy. The flames got a start on that occasion, and it was several hours before I could extinguish them by banking up the hole in the tree with earth. The other time it was done by some fellows who said they wanted to see what was inside.

October 27. The full-blown gunner does not yet appear, but men with dogs now and then pass along the roads, and hie the hounds into fields that look promising, becoming violently abusive when bidden to desist. Unconsciously to themselves, they probably feel that they combine Squire Western and Robin Hood; though they quite lack either the position of the one or the picturesqueness of the other.

Macaulay holds that the pastoral races are best fitted for war, the agricultural next, the mechanic townsman least. Certainly the farmer is used to weather, enduring of toil, handy at expedients; but some say that in our Civil War the city men did best. However, this may have been because one so seldom sees a young man on a farm. Blackstone defines a yeoman as one who pays forty shillings rent annually; and Chaucer's "yeoman" were all in readiness for battle. They trained down, or up, into the yeomanry Kingsley describes as putting down the rioters in "Alton Locke"; but apparently neither of them went out of the country. Conscripts for domestic strife, volunteers for

foreign service. Probably the greatest wars have been those engaged in by the fewest persons. The ceaseless and fruitless strife of the Highland clans was like the grinding of the pebbles on a beach; the great campaigns of conquest or defense like a few stones projected from a catapult. Marathon was won by a mere handful; the Paraguayan contests, wherein children of ten or twelve took part, never accomplished anything.

October 28. The beggar-weed is now getting dry and brown and its pronged seeds part readily from the boll. One's sleeves and legs are fringed with them. (Why is there not some name for the lower part of trousers or the upper part of stockings instead of the weak designation "legs", which belongs to the limbs they cover?)

Stone breaking is of modern date. The ancients cut stones, built them up, laid them down, turned them round, everything, apparently, except breaking them up small. That was left for us. Macadam's discovery, that broken stone would pack, set thousands of hammers going. Everyone knows how he thought the stones must all be of like size, how the laborers were provided with $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch rings for measurement, how the loss of the rings resulted in their putting the stones in their mouths, and how one laborer surpassed all the others until it was found he had no teeth. It was long before the stone road gained favor in this country; one's sub-

stitutes were the corduroy and the plank. The first probably combined the minimum of labor (for the builder) with the maximum of discomfort (for the traveller) the latter, though perishable, were comfortable. I have seen an old wooden bridge where the heavier planks were laid crosswise, as usual, and then covered with light lengthway boards. Passage over this was exquisitely luxurious, like travelling on air; or at least it seemed so before the days of pneumatic tires. Perhaps the nadir of odopoesm was reached in 1870, when, as I have been told by a resident, the roads out of Chicago were made of stable manure, which endured about six weeks.

October 29. S. The second frost has fallen. In the calm morning the leaves drop ceaselessly from the cherry trees, and the switches from the coffee tree, ticking on the branches as they come through them, and forming a carpet all around the stem, as large as the spread of the boughs.

“Come caduno le foglie,
L'uno sul altro, quando oramo
Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie,
Similimente il mal seme d'Adamo”.

The union of a man and horse makes a horseman, the union of a man and a spear a spearman, etc., the less always preceding and qualifying the greater. Why then, should

not the union of soul and body make a body-soul? Would that be equivalent to an individuality? And if so, was it merely the Emperor Hadrian's individuality which addressed "Animula, vagula, blandula" a personality which would cease with animula's flight, the three becoming two again? The Scripture seems to countenance this "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" As if the soul were something different and separate from the man, even more under his control than the body. Hadrian did not ask what would become of his body; he knew that very well; but it was not he. "He" would only have been in a position to make the inquiry before the separation. After, he the personating, would only have been like an aeronaut clinging to that perishable parachute, the body, which must of necessity soon come to earth, and watching the balloon, Animula sail away into the clouds, he knew not where.

October 30. The tide comes up to the dam of Weston's pond, only about half a mile from this place; and perhaps before the dam was built, at very high spring tides, the rise may have been felt even as far as our woods. No one within reach of these salty fingers can call himself land-locked.

Andrea del Sarto said that a man's reach should exceed his grasp—the moderns say "don't bite off more than you can chew", which is right? Perhaps they might both be

combined into the statement that a man's reach should exceed the grasp of things on him. A man's occupation should immerge him, but never submerge; he ought to stand head and shoulders above it, distinctively the man, however trifling, he, however, great his profession. Herbert was not the mere parson, or Curran the mere lawyer, or Holmes the mere doctor, or Hans Sachs the mere cobbler. These were all literary men, you say, by that alone distinguished? Turn it about; Cervantes, and Sidney, and Dr. Johnson were not mere men of letters. The role of the dissolving lump of sugar unbefits any man; on him may that most fatal judgment be passed, "He is very well in his way" showing that his way has consumed him, like the snail. Better gather on your path, like the snowball, or, to reverse the metaphor, be like the quassia cup, which will give a hundred draughts without dilution or diminution.

October 31. In driving through the country thirty years ago, at this season, the thunder of flails could be constantly heard on the air, now loudly, then faintly as if the storms of summer had retreated to a last hiding place in the barns and were growling out their time of imprisonment. That sound has echoed through the autumn for thousands of years, but in all probability it will never be heard again; the machine has done for it.

November 1. Began ploughing the corn

stubble. Husking is not yet over, but that can be done on frozen ground, and ploughing cannot. We have cleared the stalks from the three corner, and V. began there today. "The farmer meaning to have spring again," as Miss Austin says.

A man came to buy some stalks, drawing them himself from the field. As this saves carting them in, we sell them under such circumstances, for two cents a bundle. He arrived about ten a. m. with a one-horse wagon, and his wife to help him load (they were Germans, it is needless to say) and about eleven had them on. The load was too much for the horse in the field, and two of us went down to help along. With persuasive thwacks and hard pushing the wagon was got nearly out of the field, when the horse ran one of the deep-sunk wheels against a corn butt, and there stuck. Shovels were then procured, the butt, and several others in line, dug away, and another start made. This brought the wagon to our front fence, where not taking the opening squarely enough, it stuck between the tall gate posts. More struggles ensued, but the wagon could not be got through till half the load was thrown off. He and his wife came back for it later, and gathered all up to the last shred, even making up the loose blades into little bundles and pushing them under the load. Great is German thrift.

November 2. Still at the husking. We

are well up the field now, in the poorest of the crop. The stooks turn out little more than half a bushel apiece, and the stalks amount to but two bunches apiece. This is the land that had tumbled down to red-top, the poorest of all sods to turn under.

A dry Fall is not only disastrous, but unnatural. It seems as if Nature ought to have her face well washed before she went to sleep. Winter, too, always appears to hang back until there has been considerable precipitation, and, unpleasant as he is, one wishes to have him get at work. The leaf that falls by drought ere it is time for it to fall by frost never seems to have had its chance. It is incongruous to see the bed of a stream frozen before there is water enough to come down it. Dust flying from December roads seems much more noisome than dust in June; and dust on ice or snow is most inharmonious of all. One goes crashing noisily through the woods over the dry leaves, and all the tree stems look white instead of black. The fence posts stand forth bleakly, and the splintered rail ends sing in the wind. The crows are blown from their course, and the belated grasshopper or toad looks dusty. Sounds are less than they should be, and views are greater. The wheat stands up in little yellow spires, and the grass between it is almost invisible. Moss can scarcely be found, and mould is not found at all. The well chains have to be lengthened, and the cistern goes dry. The gunners start fires,

and the clouds have no edges.

November 3. The sweetness of the maize sap is well known. In the well-dried state, this remains as a slight sugary taste throughout. Where the corn is cut too soon, or stowed away too green, it generally moulds. But now and then one finds a stalk in the mow with a decided alcoholic flavor. It has been cut green, and its situation has been just warm enough for fermentation, just dry enough for preservation.

Great is the distress of the farmer who has to buy anything he might have raised. Purchase of salt he does not mind at all; that of sugar touches him a little, for honey might be his, and maple sap. Flour and meat are worse, vegetables and fruits still worse; grain for stock, very bad; hay, well nigh intolerable. It is many and many a year since I had to buy hay; but well do I remember the mortification accompanying. In nearly forty years we have only had to buy milk for about four months, say, one eightieth of the time. The man who can raise everything, literally, that he uses—food, clothes, shelter, fencing, tools—must be happy indeed; perhaps not so his wife. Next to this came the actual rustic of a hundred years back, who really raised all he needed except a little iron, a little salt, sugar, and tea, and an occasional suit of store clothes. From him we come slowly down to the present-day farmer, who is constantly being solicited to buy more, and

more, and more, and finds that he can sell less, and less, and less, either through failure of soil, crops, or market. Of course this does not make him happy; while his wife should be so, but is not, as long as he is a farmer at all.

November 4. Found a fire stone in the field today. Slightly larger than an egg, but of oblong shape, it just fits the left hand, and on the lower side is a hole about an inch deep the size of one's finger. How many times dusky palms may have held this on the upper end of a stick, revolving the latter with a bow and bearing heavily down, until sparks leaped from the lower end, and once more fire was born into the world.

Everyone has his "Choir Invisible." To some it is a trumpet call; to some a lullaby, to some a threatening discord. The student has one, and the soldier, and the sailor. The saint has his army of martyrs; the statesman, Hampden and Washington. Sometimes it calls us on, anon it warns us back. It may incite us to heroic effort, or lay on us burdens far beyond our capacities. Happy is he who can listen to it with discretion, not enchanted, or bewildered, or flattered, or cast down. Sometimes it were best to stop one's ears; not all can distinguish between the ancient and modern siren. It may be the anvil chorus, and agree best with work; it may only combine with calm and leisure. In youth it is before us; in maturity, above, in old age,

behind. He who survives to fourscore may hear the contemporaries of his youth cry to him from the fiftieth milestone "What hast thou done with thy thirty years beyond us who fell by the way?"

November 5. S. Perhaps female stenographers are sometimes engaged on the same principle by which Louis XI used to choose his councillors from low born men; they were little likely to become rivals.

Haggard tells a tale of a lady, who, being on his farm at the time of wheat harvest, asked what he did with the wheat. "We make it into bread", said he. "Do you mean to say", she exclaimed, "that it is made of those little hard things? I always thought bread was made out of that dust you see in flowers", by which, probably, she meant the pollen. "It is but fair to say", adds Haggard, "that of late she repudiates the tale in toto". It is not long since, being at the seaside, I heard an aquatic speech which might match this agricultural one. The bathing ropes had just been braced into position, and, at the outer end were already tangled with seaweed. A lady guest was expressing her dissatisfaction with this state of things. "I don't see," said she, "why they didn't put the slimy weedy part up here, and the dry part out in the water".

Another, getting aboard a boat, dropped her overshoe into the water. "Did it sink", asked some one. "I don't know", said she.

"Is it heavy things or light things that sink?"

November 6. A rainy morning held up husking again. Shifted more hay and ploughed. The corn butts are a great obstacle to this; one the English farmer never dreamed of. Now and then the plough hits a clump so fairly as to split and scatter it; but many of them remain like three-legged stools half buried in the earth. I have known small farmers who spent much time harrowing, beating out, and carting away the corn butts. No doubt, however, this removes a good deal of vegetable humus.

Steering a plow is very like steering a boat. The tyro holds stils or tiller with both hands, heaving the tool right and left, yawing the boat painfully; the adept can do it with finger and thumb. Shaving a stone or stump so closely as to break the ribbon of sod without touching the obstacle it encircles is analogous to dragging the drift from a channel-stake in water. The stones are like waves when beating up to the wind; you can stand one, a second will generally throw you out. Splitting a corn butt in your way is good practice, and so is running down a floating apple or bottle. Throwing the long strip of grass, five inches by five hundred feet, which remains on finishing a dead furrow—sending this all over, cleanly inverted, without once losing the plow's grip on it or the earth from which you tear it, resembles squeezing a close hauled boat by a point. Landside is

center-board, mold-board is wale-streak. And as it is possible, at the last, to send the boat by under a pilot's luff—that is, to throw her up in the wind and make the last few yards under headway, so may the plowman, at the furrow-end, when his team is pulling hopelessly round to the left, throw his plow flat on landside and toss the end of sod almost into the air, yet lay it in place.

November 7. Got another man, husked with great energy, and turned out fifty-one bushels ears. The work is now telling on our hands, which are badly scored and cracked. Hamlin Garland has much to say of this and other sufferings of the farmer. I know no one who writes so understandingly and bitterly of agricultural labor.

He speaks of carrying pails of water from the well, staggering beneath the load and splashing one's feet, as if it was like the water torture; of the cracking of one's hands mentioned above, as resembling the thumb-screw; and one would suppose that only the rack was comparable to the binding and pitching of grain.

The farmer is not alone in his necessity for hard manual labor; and if all men regarded labor as Garland seems to do, the earth would be an Inferno. The Ebal of toil is always balanced in this world by the Gerizim of its reward—repose, if nothing more. But, Garland, following Scripture it must be admitted, sits always in Ebal; and

his fulminations therefrom are lamentable to hear. He gives the impression of a feeble, sickly boy, who for years had been driven to uncongenial and unpaid toil by blows and threats, and had escaped therefrom as soon as he was able. He never makes mistakes in his bucolic descriptions; but he lacks that breadth and geniality which might cause even mistakes to be endured.

November 8. Finished husking. The last few stooks were very large, and the corn being shucked in great haste, and flung at random on the ground, was hard to find and gather up in the dark. Indeed, some had to be left till next day. Four hundred and sixty-two bushels of ears (soft and hard) is not a very good crop, but the best that field has borne for many a year. A little over a bushel to the stook.

The crawfish or crayfish is a small white lobster found in the bed of gravelly streams or springs, for he does not affect deep or swift water. The newt is the next step upward from him to drought, the frog the next step downward. His jaws, though diminutive, are so exactly in shape like those of his big brother of the ocean that even the slight pinch they give inspires terror. What he feeds upon I know not; his sole desire, apparently, to bury himself deeper, and yet deeper in the gravel. The bull-frog I have twice or thrice seen, but he is not abundant. One spring, in opening out a drain, I threw

out two bull-frogs and a snake. The rat, muskrat, mouse, mole and toad are also fond of these underground habitations, which are probably of very equal temperature, though subject to great variations as respects dryness and dampness. Still, when the onrush of water comes with the falling rain, some of these gentry are capable of withstanding it so resolutely as not only to stop the flood; but cause the water to burst out of the earth where they abide, and run along on the top of the ground.

November 9. Carted in stalks. On the whole they are in very good condition, well cured; and not so dry as to break up like brush. I have seen the amazing statement in an old British Encyclopaedia, that in America corn stalks are sometimes made into fences, a use for which they are as little fitted as anything possibly could be. Though the stalk is so strong and sturdy for the time, it has none of the qualities of the bamboo, and soon breaks up when exposed to weather. The encyclopaedia responsible for this statement also gave what purported to be a picture of the maize plant, showing a large plump ear growing on the top of the stalk, like a head of wheat, as if the thin last joint of maize would be able to hold it up for a moment. The artist probably drew the ear of corn from life, but neglected to discover what position it took on the stalk, and could think of no other than the one he represent-

ed. I do not know that I ever saw so glaring a mistake. Cornstalks would not even do to weave into the hurdle, so much used in England. It has been said that whatever grows in a summer will rot in a winter; but perhaps reeds and rushes are the stoutest annuals. When not cut or burnt off, they may be seen standing the second summer, and sometimes the third, among the new growth. Pokeweed and asparagus stems are also quite durable, in their ways. Still, frost and warmth succeeding will do for almost anything.

November 10. Finished getting in stalks. The gunning season begins to-day, and in spite of abundant notices, two squirrels were shot in our door yard.

How feeble were the savage weapons! The arrow-heads seem as if they could never hurt, unless they hit you in the face; the stone axes, as if they would cut down the tree no sooner than a hammer; the spears, as if a thick coat would stop them. I once broke an axe at the eye, leaving only the bright thin lower part of the blade, and I could not but think what a treasure this would have been to any Mohawk or Huron of ye olden time; how he would have treasured and admired, perhaps even worshipped the keen shining bit of steel with which he could, on occasion, cut his finger, in which he could, on occasion, see his face; how the fame of it would have spread abroad among his foes,

and plots would be laid to deprive him of it. Most natives have done best, and first, with their weapons of war; in these they shone, while the tools of peace languished. But the aborigine of this country has left us two legacies, the birch canoe and the snowshoe, both peaceful, while all his warlike furniture is utterly inadequate.

November 11. Pulled beets yesterday, and carrots today. The former were a very small crop. Since we have adopted the practise of twisting off the tops by hand, instead of cutting them off with knives, they have kept a great deal better, scarcely lost a bushel last year.

Harvesting beets is work that can be done very rapidly. In about four hours, another man and myself pulled and piled 75 bushels of beets. They have also to be covered with the green tops as far as they will go, supplemented by weeds and grass, and then after a few days' sweating, conveyed into the cellar. The biggest beet we ever had was two feet long and about as much around, and weighed near fifteen pounds. Two like this would fill a basket; but of course there are not many such. The carrots are hard to get out. Unless the ground is unusually soft, they cannot be pulled singly by the tops, and must be helped out with a fork, which is slow and dirty work. Parsnips are hardest of all, as they grow on a level with, or almost beneath the ground, and about half of them is gen-

erally left behind. With the housing of the roots and the stalks, Summer, for farm work, ends, and silver dollars must console one for golden suns. One looks forward to the cessation of labor, at least of urgent and imperative labor; but when it comes, the weather is too sharp to enjoy it.

November 12. S. By whom were the world's four great poems written? A blind beggar, a banished mayor, a prosperous actor, a German privy-councillor. And none of these poets were great travellers. Homer could hardly have got much beyond the Grecian archipelago, possibly to Sicily and Asia Minor. Dante is thought to have been in England, certainly in France; but spent most of his life in Northern Italy. Shakespeare was never, so far as appears, out of England. Goethe only saw Germany and Italy. Yet these four would compare most favorably with Longfellow, with his two years' European travel; Browning and Landor, with their long sojourns in Italy and Spain, and Lowell, the foreign minister. Their gallops round the rim of their brains are better than the ride to Khiva; they circumnavigated the world before Magellan, and discovered more than Columbus. Which ever way they led was the van; truth was theirs, if not veracity and wisdom, if not knowledge. They climbed towers which showed all the kingdoms of the world. Weimar was higher than Eiffel, Smyrna than the Pyramids.

November 13. Gunners this morning shot a rabbit close to K's house, and then went down along the edge of our place, sending the dogs in to start up game. When I objected to this they inquired if I was lookin' for trouble, and assured me that I had only lived on the place a year. Earlier in the day I heard two shots near W.'s barn, and then a voice, articulate though afar, crying "Gimme that rabbit; I say, gimme that rabbit".

Someone, Reade, I think has said of the agricultural laborer that if, at the end of his life, all the work he has done were put into one heap, and all the pay he had received for it put into another, the former would be immense, the latter pitifully small. Probably this is more or less the case with all farming receipts—25 to 50 cents a day, for the 300 working days of the year, is as much as can be expected. Of course one has one's living, or a part of it, besides: milk, eggs, vegetables, fruit, a little meat, also one lives on the place. But then come in interest and taxes, in those days enormous. On the whole, perhaps it was never intended that any money should be made out of farming; indeed, the farmer, if you push him home, was originally an intermediary, a middleman, an exploiter; farming of taxes shows this. The true man of earth is the Bauer, the peasant; he it is, or was, if he has not perished, who got his clothes, his food, his drink, his shelter, his all, from the soil; who paid taxes in kind, who never had a coin, or a care, or a

thought; who knew

"Nought loftier than the village spire,
Nought mightier than the village squire".

November 14. Sharply cold, causing fears for the potatoes in barn. I got some of them in, and the weather moderated in afternoon. I know nothing that gives one, agriculturally, such a sense of wasted opportunities as a sudden frost before vegetables are housed.

The crust of frozen earth is the callous formed by Winter's attrition. Our delicate sense of touch with the great mother is blunted when that has formed. You can dig no worms thereafter. Edible roots break off in it, unedible hold it down. Above is the "wrinkled clod as hard as brick"; below, the kindly brown soil. The first colonists, when they had occasion to bury their dead in frozen soil, were constrained to cut a hole in the crust with their swords, and then pry up the earth slabs with boughs before they could open the grave. I have seen children build houses and walls of slabs thus set up; but they collapsed under the rising sun almost as quickly, and much more filthily, than the snow igloo. The crust will rise around and above all but the smallest stones, leaving them loose but unattainable, moving in their hollow like a joint in its socket, but impossible to pick up. Later on, when the frost goes deep, the stones rise with it. Seven de-

grees below freezing point, as a rule, will en-
rind the earth so as to put a stop to plowing;
above that the plates can be pushed aside.

November 15. Drew several loads of stone from an old heap. The lower ones quite sink in the ground, as if the earth had grown up among them. I suppose this comes partly from the weight of the heap sinking the lower ones when the ground is soft, but more from dust and leaves, settling in the cracks of the mass, gradually forming mold.

One of the ways in which a farmer could turn an honest penny thirty years ago, was by gathering up the "hard-heads" or small boulders—mostly about the size of a child's head—from off his fields in time of leisure, depositing them in convenient heaps, and then selling them to the town to pave the streets thereof. As our town is mostly built on the red shale, containing no round stone, and as many farms within a mile or two contain abundance of such stone, it was a clear case of demand and supply; and many a quarter has many a farmer pocketed for half a day's picking up and carting; while it is not impossible that he might at times have recognized one of his own native stones embedded in the town street. But time went on, the city became too fine for cobblestones; Belgian block, asphaltum, brick, reared their horrid heads. "Spend the money, don't be mean", was the motto; the old stonen ways were torn up, and their components cast, lit-

erally, to the moles and the bats; and soon he who would see how cobblestones looked must go to the old pictures.

November 16. "While as I walked abroad upon the field
To see the ploughman turn the heavy leaves
Of that dark book which summer lately writ".

Macbeth is of all the great dramatists' characters the one whose development most interests. This has two causes—one being that the play covers a longer time than the average—the other, that, almost alone of Shakespeare's dramas, it contains no love story, merely a record of crimes prompted by ambition, and the ambition of a childless pair at that. All the world loves a lover, though with unrequited affection; and one cause, among many, of Shakespeare's popularity may be the extraordinary high quality of his lovers. Many a writer has drawn charming girls who could not construct fit mates for them. But gentle William's men are, if anything finer than his heroines. Of course, they vary. Bertram is mean and faithless; Claudio cowardly; Petruchio a trifle coarse. But Ferdinand and Lorenzo have a grand flow of language, while Romeo, Benedick, Valentine, Orlando, Demetrius, are suitors of whom any girl might be proud. Cordelia's partner measures up well in the little we see of him, while Hamlet, though

rough and arrogant of language, had naturally a fine nature and a pretty wit, and was constrained, by the heavy task he thought laid on him, to use forcible expressions in order to sustain his madness—or his sanity.

There may be observed in Tennyson's lovers a great disinclination to come to the point, and a desire to throw the burden on the lady. Such is the line for a "Princess" to follow, perhaps; but Maud's lover (name not given) after a vague scene in the rosy west, instead of calling manfully on her, idles about the garden, waiting for her to come his way. Walter gets the Talking Oak to blab everything he has heard Olivia say, until he feels secure enough to arrange about her wedding ornaments. "Cousin" in Lochsley Hall, (name not given again) holds the following language:—

"Then I said 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me:

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being turns to thee' ".

On which Amy utters an avowal clear and impassioned as heart could wish. Even the Lord of Burleigh, untrammelled by inferiority of rank, like some of the gentlemen mentioned above, must needs whisper gaily in her ear—

"Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lovest me well".

On hearing which assertion, the maiden returns a reply very like Amy's. Certainly the plan seems to have worked well; but as certainly Tennyson's enamored youth lack fire.

November 17. Getting pumpkins in cellar. These last feel the frost more than any other crop, collapsing under it like mushrooms. It is curious to see them in the field during October, how the dark green they wear in September changes, first in spots and streaks, then in a uniform yellow glory, like summer following spring over the globe. Pursued two gunners on the wheat-field, who fled incontinently.

While the horse, and every other animal with perhaps one exception, has various gaits, to suit various degrees of speed, man and his works have but one. The biped's run is but a fast walk; his walk a slow run. The skip, the hop, the jump, are but brief variants and can never be kept up for any length of time. Perhaps dancing is but an attempt on our part to imitate the rhythmic grace of the quadruped's bounds. The oar, the screw, the paddle, the wheel, can only move faster or slower; they cannot alter the manner of their stroke or revolution, the sole exception made, perhaps, of a sailor sculling a boat with a single oar over the stern. The exception among animals, noted above, is the elephant. His gait has been described as neither a walk, trot, nor gallop, but a sort of shuffle, increased or diminished in rapidity

according to circumstances. As Kipling says "If an elephant wished to catch a railway train, he could not gallop, but he could catch the train". Thus does man's latest invention join hands with the sole survivor of the antediluvian monsters; for the automobile also cannot gallop, but it can catch a train.

The wild horse has two natural gaits; the gallop and the walk. The canter is a slow gallop, the "rack" a fast walk. The trot is a purely artificial or perhaps one should rather say, artful, mode of progress, never indulged in by the untamed horse, seldom even by the tamed one, when at liberty. In this alone has the mare surpassed the horse, as a woman can surpass a man at dancing. All the other records of speed and endurance have been made by stallions. The "rack" is a step with the two feet on the same side at the same time, and very awkward to view head on. A racker, coming directly toward you, looks as if he would tear himself to pieces. Yet it cannot be as distressing as it looks, for the racker has beaten the trotter. It is also undesirable for a saddler. One can rise to the trot, but not to the rack. But it so much resembles in appearance the pace, amble, single-foot, etc., that a racker is frequently opined to be a good riding animal. Another reason for supposing this gait to be an easy one for the beast, though not for man, is that old horses who can do it at all fall more and more into the habit with advancing years, as though it combined better

with stiff muscles and shaky joints.

November 18. Turned out horse radish for K. This is hard work on man and team. One drives, another holds, and the horses have to stop and breathe at the end of each row. The roots burst before the share with a noise almost like cleaving wood and, turned out high on one side, have to be at once dragged away, to make room for the next furrow.

How slight a thing may make the difference between an unblemished and a tarnished record. Nearly forty years ago, I was in our town near the police station, when a man passed along with a load of turnips—swedes, or rutabagas, perhaps twenty bushels in the load. He was followed by a crowd of urchins, hanging on the back of his wagon, and crying "Mister, gimme a turnip; gimme a turnip!" Becoming irritated by their clamor, he at length turned, snatched up one of the roots, and flung it with great force into the crowd of boys. The turnip did not strike any of them, but rebounded from the pavement, and flew upward at the station window. A look of horror crossed the faces of both man and boys as they watched its course. Full on the window it struck, but, luckily, on the sash-bar, not on the glass. It fell back, and was picked up in a moment. No notice was taken by the "ever vigilant," and the farmer drove on, evidently much relieved. The smallest dif-

ference in the course of the projectile would have smashed the window, and most likely caused his arrest; and whereas his record has ever since been a good one, that might to him have been the beginning of a political career.

November 19. S. Walking in woods, found a stone bridge which I made over a brook some years ago—sides of heavy boulders, roadway of small and broken stone,—had been pried up and scattered with a rail, presumably by marauders in search of game.

A dun is a town. First signifying a hill of varying size, from the diminutive sand-dune to the great swelling Downs, the name soon merged into that of the dwelling, or group of dwellings generally placed on a hill. And without absolutely certifying to the etymological accuracy, of all the words concerned, it is curious that almost every noun in the language, and some other languages, formed of those four letters, vowels along being changed, and their derivatives, signifies either giving or receiving, like cup and ball, generally violently. Dun, or dune, as above stated, is a hill; Don is a prominent noble; din is a rising and assailing sound. On the other hand, a den is a hollow place, as though made by the impact of the dune. A dent, or dint, is a smaller recession in a hard surface, produced by a blow, don't is one of the most shrewd nobby words in the language; done belongs to the closing of a bar-

gain, by the party given in, or taken in. Dunt is Scotch for the nich in a place above mentioned; dent is French for tooth, assuredly a hard and prominent object; to daunt, or dant (O. E.) is to terrify into withdrawal; lastly, though down, the noun, signifies a rising, down, the preposition, signifies exactly the reverse.

November 20. Continued ploughing. Scattered a party of seven gunners, crossing the fields in defiance of all signs. Some of them turned back at my call, others kept on. Another recent trespasser, on being halted, inquired generally "What kind of a fellow that was, who would not let a man who worked in a factory all the week go out to shoot a rabbit?" This gentleman, and others like-minded with him, would do well to remember that those same factories bear signs "No admittance except on business," and that the stranger who should stroll through them, appropriating any trifles that pleased his fancy, would be thrown out in short order.

Many years ago, on a fair June evening, when the days were at their clearest and longest, I saw a small white cloud suddenly appear in the west just after the sun went down. It was two or three times the sun's apparent diameter and came out on the sky in an instant, like the puff of smoke produced by the explosion of a shell. There was no sound audible, either at its appearance, or

afterward. It endured about ten minutes, and then slowly faded out. By night, it would undoubtedly have been a magnificent meteor perhaps even an hour later.

Frost does not "fall" on cloudy nights. The cloud acts like a blanket, and keeps the earth warm. And yet the frost itself is like a blanket, and a tree, a house, a bush, a pile of wood, even a few posts, will keep it up from the earth as if it hung bagging between them, and thus kept from crushing the low and tender vegetables. Weeds will keep it off the grass, and grass will keep it off the ground, and hair will keep it from an animal's hide, and a beard will keep it from one's face. The frost must be very severe for these last defenses to show as defenses, but I have seen and felt it. One may even sweat beneath and freeze without, at once.

November 21. Legal reference to the approaching trolley lately caused me to liken the two farms, one on each side the highway, to Rachel and Leah. The former and fairer, to the south; the latter and stronger, to the north. And we can well imagine Jacob, if in danger of losing Rachel, through the might of some irresistible potentate, trying to turn his mind from thoughts of her beauty and grace to contemplation of Leah's solid worth.

"Men and women", one says, "have probably looked much the same to each other in all periods". This may be doubted. Did an

Australian "gin" or a Dakota squaw look to her male contemporaries as Mrs. Langtry looked to her male contemporaries? Do all persons see all other persons of different sex on the same level with them exactly alike? Do fashions, and manners, and customs, and faiths make no difference? Do our hands clasp like Mark Antony's, and has only the glove's fashion changed? Men and women know very little about each other; Granted; but does knowledge of this kind never increase? The little they do know is the most important and interesting thing in the world. Granted again; but can that knowledge never be handed on? Is it all experience, and not learning? Is such knowledge the eternal and ceaseless circle whose only end is found in going through it, and calling it a wedding ring?

Some answer to all these questions was perhaps attained by the artist who could paint you a nude figure for every epoch, which seemed as if it should be clad in the garments of that epoch.

"Should a man marry?" To which Montaigne replies—"If a young man, not yet,—if an old man, never".

Montaigne was like a drum, in that he uttered many things both sound and striking; perhaps this was one of them. The only chance for wedlock, under these conditions, would seem to be that none but middle-aged men should marry. And perhaps the happiness of the race would be increased, and the

race of happiness shortened if marriage were only permitted to men between thirty and fifty. Foolish children would be set aside, cruel parents largely eliminated; ancient sires kept from folly; lawful heirs strongly fortified. Perhaps the tide would flow deeper and swifter, like the Mississippi at New Orleans between the Eads jetties, simply because it was confined, and not allowed to waste itself on any young Delta Phi, or any old Theta Iota Nu Gamma. For, of course, such restrictions could never apply to women; they would all marry, as they do now, while young and fair, and be happy with their mature, stalwart and sensible spouses.

November 22. Getting apples into cellar. These will bear harder frost than any fruit or vegetable, unless it be onions, and even when frozen do not undergo such displeasing changes as potatoes.

Time, as has been observed, is of little value to the New Zealand savage, who will spend six months or so in covering a war-club or a paddle with elaborate patterns, his tool a bit of shell. It is of hardly more value to the ecstatic saint, who looked to another world for rules, action, and reward. But between them lay the great Mount of Achievement, which we spend our lives in alternately building up and striving to scale; where he who adds a hod of gravel is almost as much honored as he who sets gay foot

thereon; where tasks the savage never dreamed of are proposed and toils the saint ignores are undertaken. To increase, to make coherent, to ascend this mountain of sliding sand, Time and Ambition alike fail us. Sad it is, when, almost conquering the ridge, we see that one step more will place us, not on the top, but on the hopeless downward slope; but we are to remember that while few men do all they meant to do, every man does all he was meant to do.

November 23. About this time, many years ago, we had a number of young pullets and one or two hens, roosting in the ever-green near which they had been hatched. One night a dog made a clamorous attack, and, I think, caught one of them. The next evening, as they took up their line of march for the tree, I noticed, following in their wake, a dejected and unwilling looking cock. In some way, they had made him aware of their peril, and persuaded him to act as their defender. And as such he remained with them until a week later they were all driven to the hen house.

Probably at the bottom of every man's mind is the conviction that all women belong to him—as slaves, drudges, ministrants, mirth-makers, elevators, guardian angels, according to position, character, and temperament. Of course, unless he is a fool, he does not say so—if he is a decent man, he does not act upon it; if he is a wise man, he is not

moved by it; if he is a good man, he strives against it. But the conviction remains. He can pay no woman a greater compliment than to ask her to marry him; that is, to be his guide and blessing for life; but it is he who is to be guided and blessed. When he hears of another's marriage, he vaguely feels that he has acted rather handsomely, and that had he put forth all his powers the other fellow would never have got her. Misfortune and failure will severely crop and prune this idea, but not eradicate it; age will dry, but not kill it. If, perchance, he finds a woman decidedly superior and unmistakably indifferent, he need never look far to find another so much the contrary that he has only to strike an average and be happy again. And if, by some extraordinary concatenation of causes, or unwonted feebleness of fibre; the notion is fairly beaten out of him, he will be condemned of all men, most of all women—and deserve it.

The word "people" is dear to the heart of woman; she is the exception who does not mostly use it to signify her own sex, even though the popular action under discussion may be the wearing of plumes or the adjustment of pins. While perhaps she would not say in so many words "We are the people, and wisdom shall die with us", she has a comfortable conviction that such is the case. "Other people" means, with her, the richest half dozen women of her acquaintance. Men are things apart; portents and cranks; trou-

blous creatures, who have somehow got into their hands a great deal more power than is good for them. You often hear a woman say "I wish I were a man", you never hear a woman say "I wish to be a man". What she wants is, not to exchange her individuality for his, but to join her individuality to his potentialities; a thing impossible. In Miss Austen's time, "the gentlemen" were like the thunder-cloud looming on the horizon; fraught with mighty possibilities. Now, "the men" are like electric poles standing in the midst, undeniably tall and strong, still channels of power, but shorn of much awe and some capacity.

November 24. The grass blades begin to turn yellow along the edges, the wheat to lie flat on the earth. All green leaves are down now, except a very few apples. Only the tenacious oaks hold part of their robes till spring.

Everyone, and the childless man soonest, comes to the place where he must exchange emotion for philosophy. A child is an embodied emotion. True, it is not long before other emotions enter in and dwell there, and the infant entity resents invasion, but it at least prolongs the dwelling among pleasant verdancies by several years. Nor can the infant entity be blamed. Emotion is a necessity to the young and a pleasure to the old; philosophy, vice versa. A youth often thinks and says with the younger brother in

Comus, "How charming is divine philosophy!" The old man says, and knows, "Give me philosophy, or I perish". To a young man emotion is the vital air, which he breathes without much thinking about it; to the old man it is like hydrogen gas, which may fill him pretty bubbles, may even take him off his feet, if there is enough of it, but which to inhale were his destruction. There, are, of course, exceptions in both cases, nor can the boundary line be laid down with any certainty; but it may pretty safely be asserted that the youth who is really—not superficially and hypocritically—a philosopher, will never come to good; for he, more than any other, is liable to merge into that hopeless laughing-stock, the emotional old man.

November 25. Very mild and summer-like. Grubbing up a little copse of beeches. "The Man with the Hoe", is much pitied; but I am fond of the tool, and always glad when the exigencies of more pressing work will permit me to use it. Under the name of "mattock" it seems to have been in use from time immemorial.

Cures for seasickness are like cures for single life. As, according to the idealist view, there is but one man in the world intended for each woman, and vice versa, wherefore the chances are much against their meeting; so there is one cure for each person's mal de mer; and though he may discern it, there is no use in recommending it,

and after all, seasickness is not such a terrible thing. Indeed, that way lies the true happiness of ocean travel. I do not of course refer to those wretched objects one sees dragged on deck the last day of an ocean voyage, looking like Lazarus in Sebastian del Piombo's great picture; anything may be overdone; and to be ill all the passage is overdoing it decidedly. But a quiet and moderate seasickness provides the chief requisites of happiness; something to do, something to think about, something to hope for. Such persons can always imagine how happy they would be if they were well, and when recovery comes, they are on shore ere the short-lived joy has passed. But the man who is "well", as generally considered, cannot get enough exercise to relieve the dull monotony, eats much more than is good for him, sleeps half the day, and so cannot sleep half the night, besides being puffed up with unholy triumph, and pernicious conceit of superiority over his fellow creatures.

November 26. S. Wild geese and ducks going south. They do not seem to utter their "honk" as much as when on their northward way. Perhaps they feel ashamed of taking the long vacation.

November 27. V. finished ploughing corn stubble. This, the largest field on the place, is now in good order for winter and bad shape for gunners. Few are they who will

cross a muddy plowed field. They much prefer the grass lands.

With many another craft which has disappeared before the advance of progress—the hoy, the perigua, the jolly-boat, etc.—has gone the stone boat. Once no farm was complete without it, but I have not seen one for years. It was a flat sledge, made of three heavy planks slightly turned up at the front end, and strongly bolted to cross-pieces. It was used for drawing off heavy stones, much more easily got upon it than into a wagon, and was joyfully leaped upon by children. Well do I remember its screech over the large pebbles, its joggling roll on the small ones, and the beautiful wide track it left on soft ground.

November 28. Plowed beet ground, which about terminates that kind of work for this fall. There has been but little moisture in the soil for a long time; but this afternoon rain began, and continued through the night.

Cedars are among the most useful, and yet the commonest, of trees, good for everything but burning. Before a fence has been set many years, small red cedars will begin to spring up along it, deposited by the cedar-bird. This is a small grayish white bird with three or four bright yellow feathers near the wing-tips. They eat the berries from the mature cedars, then perch on the new fence, and the seeds spring up from their drop-

pings. But, quickly as it starts, the cedar is of very slow growth; I remember one in a fence corner, about six feet high when I first knew it, which, when cut down about thirty years later, was not more than eighteen or twenty, and whereas in the first place it might have done for a whip, at its end it was merely a sizable bean-pole. In that time little oaks and hickories had grown to be great branching trees. The cedar is also very susceptible of injury from ice storms. The evergreen branches soon take on a load which bends or breaks them distinctively. But no tree makes better rails or posts; when grown in a swamp none furnishes a greater burden of available lumber, none has greater lightness and strength; it can be used to the tips, and few would be more missed.

November 29. Rain all day. In evening caught chickens out of hedge where they have been roosting all fall. It is slow and prickly work, and when one is grasped by the leg, two are liable to go rocketing off, and lie concealed until morning. One took cover under a small bunch of asparagus, and was long unnoticed.

Shakespeare's country wenches never jest. Why is this? He could not have considered women void of humor, for Beatrice and Desdemona will break you as pretty jests as need be—(and by the way, Desdemona's "chafing" with Iago is perhaps the only scene of the kind between two persons of equal rank

and different sex who were not lovers) and Maria's pleasantries, if not always refined, are sharp enough; it could not have been on account of the awful respect due from lowly to lordly, for (not to speak of the licensed jesters, who are free enough with their august mistresses) Corin and Edgar, and the young shepherd in "Winter's Tale", mostly have an answer ready. But Audry, when interpolated by Touchstone, takes refuge in "Lord save us!" and Jaquenetta is little more to the point. That their sallies, if spoken in keeping, would have lacked polish, one can well believe; but that was a point little afflicting Shakespeare.

November 30. Thanksgiving. It is often inquired why Thanksgiving was deferred to such a late date "long after harvest". The answer is that a thanksgiving is not in order until the crops are gathered in. In this country maize is our principal grain, and was for many years the chief support of man; and maize is not generally harvested and housed through the country till near about this time, though wheat was reaped four months ago.

The farmer's "killing time", is very different from that of the town idler. He rises or rose, for this, like everything else, is coming to be done on a large scale in small quarters, broke his fast, prepared his tackle, his tubs of water, and his knives, not forgetting a couple of old iron candlesticks. Anon appeared a slouching fellow, clad in the oldest

and foulest of garments—the professional “slarterer.” “Then rose to field and sky the wild farewell”, soon happily stilled, as the steam circled from the barrels, and the bristles flew from the scraping of the aforesaid candlesticks. By afternoon, two or three reddish white forms hung head downwards from the gambrels, the once farcial sties were empty and gloomy, the children puffed and beat at the bladders, and the housewife exulted in the prospect of a full pork-barrel, that substitute erewhile for the horn of plenty. Fruition and Good Cheer, and satisfied Appetite, sat around the board that evening, and on the whole, the sum of rural happiness was at no term of the year more quickly increased than at “killing time”.

December 1. With the passing of urgent labor, comes an oppressive sense of its uselessness. Many a man who is industrious in May and June is sluggish in December. This is probably an inheritance from a hundred generations of ancestors, who, having done all that could be done, huddled together in the dark and tried to keep alive till spring.

This (Dec. 1) is about the time of year we used to gather the honey. Taking a sharp cold morning, when the bees were numbed with frost, we would push a big knife all around the box containing “our” honey, to loosen the adhering wax, and pull it out from the upper part of the hive like a bureau drawer, leaving the lower story, about twice

as large, containing the bees and "their" honey, say about forty pounds. Ours was twenty when the box was filled, which was not always the case; for the bees naturally took care of themselves, and filled the lower part first, before ascending by the little 8 shaped hole, left for their convenience, into the attic. Looking down into the interior, the box removed, we could see the chilled but angry insects crawling over the combs, black with many years filling and trampling, growling over their loss, and urging each other to attack. Then would we carry away the boxes full of bright yellow comb, devour a part, and sell the rest at twenty cents a pound to the grocer, who would display it in large milk pans for the convenience of customers. Now, such honey as the grocer hath is set forth in little glass slip boxes the size of your hand, the bee moth has devoured worker, drone, and queen, and our apiary is no more.

December 2. Ran down out-roosting chickens in the snow. The last one caught was a white pullet with three black feathers on one side of her tail, as if she had just escaped from a smutty hand. Light and active as it is, a fowl has no endurance, and can soon be overtaken and captured by an average man.

A goal, is, in the opinion of very many persons, only a thing to be aimed at from afar. As soon as it is nearly approached, or

there seems a probability of striking it, terror supervenes, and accuracy ceases. Indeed, I have heard it maintained that as soon as a goal is approached one should turn aside, and aim at another, beyond and different from the first. The result of this would seem to be to convert goals into centers of effort, rather than ends of action; that one should travel constantly round them like an athlete on the flying stride, rather than an archer, constantly aiming at an undying mark. Balance is another much misapplied term. Nothing, for example, can be done in skating without balance. The poorest amateur who goes plunging along at four miles an hour, pitching from one foot to the other, has some notion of balance, or he could not get along at all. The more delicate feats, cutting letters, waltzing backward on one leg for half an hour, and the like are done within much smaller limits, and on shorter curves.

Then comes a stage when nothing can be done but revolve, and then quiescence. Perfect balance is inaction.

He must be an old man who can remember when women and girls did not skate, at least in this country, for Queen Mary (she of the Dual Reign) is said, when in Holland, to have skated with the Duke of Monmouth, following the national custom. About the year 1858 the fashion set in; strangely enough coinciding with the fullest development of crinoline. Well do I remember a

small corner of the lake in Central Park being fenced off for their use, where they could not be incommoded or greatly overlooked. This did not last long, however, and before the Civil War was over, female skaters covered the entire pond. It was a great boon to the magazine writers of that day, and many an inferior tale or poem was floated because it contained a reference to skating. Nor was all such work inferior. From Theodore Winthrop's "Love on Skates" to DeMille's "Lady of the Ice" some very fair narratives were turned out; better, perhaps, than any which either the bicycle or the automobile has yet inspired. Certainly the fad, so to call it, lasted longer and spread further than "wheeling" which, as respects the skill and exertion required, is much on a par with it.

December 3. S. Rain most of the day, taking off the light December snow, and conveying a feeling of stepping back into the autumn.

Which of us would step back if we could, from winter of life to fall, to summer, to spring? It is said that Gibson, the sculptor, was won't to state that he would live his life over again, if he could, right as it fell out. Few would do this. Many say they would do it, if they could have the experience of later years to guide them, but they forget that if they had experience they could not have hope, which is far better. Most mor-

tals would not mind being as old as they are, if they were not to grow any older; and perhaps this state of things continues up to the last few weeks; that it does not continue up to the last hour, I am confident. Patience wears thin with years. We would not like to give up the small property, dignity, consideration which has accrued to us, to be guyed and ridiculed, silenced and ordered about, as we once were. It is sad to be old and sick, but it is even sadder to be young and sick; we would not be the youngsters of 1860, because we would not like the environment, and we would not be the youngsters of 1905, because we would not like the heredity.

December 4. The fall has been so arid that the springs are not running to their capacity, and the drains are quite dry. They say that winter never sets in till the springs fill.

A shingly beach is rare in this country; why the term shingle should be applied both to thin plates of wood, and a multitude of small round stones, doth not appear. Even the slope of a shingly beach is not the same as that of a shingled roof; and assuredly the sound of water on them is very different. Tennyson speaks of the "maddened scream of a beach dragged down by the wave", which undoubtedly meant a pebbled beach. Such is the coast at Brighton, and other places in England, this peculiarity, joined to high English tides, gave birth to the Eng-

lish bathing machine, that wondrous construction unknown in any other country, which furnishes all the comforts of home within three feet of the breakers. Possibly a rocky beach if formed of soft conglomerate might in time crumble down to a shingly one; indeed, this may have been the case with the argillaceous cliffs of England, the chalk crumbling and washing away, and leaving the flints scattered through it to form the shingle. A muddy sea beach is practically impossible; at least, it could only exist in a very sheltered bay.

December 5. Saw two gunners crossing the field. On my riding up and remonstrating, one of them, locally known as "Scorp", threatened to blow my —— head off. He and his companion then started a rabbit, shot at it, and only offered in extenuation that they did not hit it.

Dignity has been defined as a good thing to lose. And yet we all strive for it. As with many another article in modern times, we blame those who have got it and praise those who want to get it. We consider it like the manna of the Israelites, which it was a duty to gather, a sin to keep over night; only enduring when treated with the boracic acid of jollity. Once dignity was admired when stately and isolate; now it must be like Schooley's mountain, a good deal broader than high. We must get beyond the angle of slip; dignity nowadays has no cohesion;

it is sand, not clay. We must be careful to respect the dignity of the infant, we must be sedulous to abridge that of the patriarch. Conferring dignity is now like grading land; all the stuff there is must be taken to fill in the hollows. And it is curious to see how those who would assert their insulted dignity do so by assuming the manners of the class next below them. Thus, the trespassers just described laid some flattering unction to their souls by cursing like the corner loafer, and the corner loafer conceives that a manly independence is demonstrated by profuse exhortation.

December 6. Spent some time with a witness in watching two gunners, one of whom I took to be the aforesaid "Scorp". He much resembled him at a distance, but as he drew near I saw that he had tolerably long hair, whereas "Scorp's" had just been cut very short, leaving the back of his head and neck white. As this was a state of things that could not possibly be altered, as the reverse might, I listened to his loud avowals of indignation at "Scorp's" behavior and turned away.

History is the result of desire to fix responsibility on individuals. For good or for bad the king is to be held responsible. Converge all the Smithfield burnings to a point, call it Bloody Mary, and there you are. Draw the frail and slender threads of law and lore, in England's ninth century, to one

bobbin, term that Alfred, and there you are again. To vary the metaphor, it matters not if the Protestant sufferers were the nuts, and Queen Mary the hinge of the awful crackers wielded by forces beyond her control or conception, so long as the hinge held, it was responsible. The slow spinning of the threads aforesaid was due to many a cause; the tardy revival of ancient learning, the gradual spread of Christianity, the perception that there was something in the Moor after all, the consolidation of Europe; but trace them all to Alfred; and tuck in the ends. Especially is this the case with the short reigns, wherein the monarch could not have had time to get matters even slightly under control; yet Coeur de Lion and Richard III stand out much more sharply than Henry III and James I.

December 7. Raking leaves in woods for litter. Though one may choose an open and clear-looking place, the number of sprouts and roots which catch and impede the rake is quite surprising, as is also the number of half decayed sticks which need removal. This year's leaves of course form the bulk of the crop, but a thin layer of last year's, white and skeletonized, accompany them, only these two seasons old being thoroughly incorporated with the soil. Perhaps this would be different in a damper year.

But a few inches separate our toes and heels, yet how different their nature and re-

pute. The toes are despised and contemptible; they have neither duties nor rights. To "have one's toes trodden on" is an injury so pitiful that it has passed into a proverb for wounded conceit. "Tip-toe" suggests straining or spying. But the heel has majesty and mystery. "The iron heel of power" treads all down; on the heels were fixed the knightly spurs, first badge of honor. Achilles' vulnerable heel saved him. Wholly impregnable, he had been utterly impossible; that one weak point conquers Hector, silences Agamemnon, loves Patroclus, yields to Priam. Emerson has said that the woods seem to wait until we have passed through; this is but another rendering of the good or evil genius who treads so close on our heels that we can never see him; did we turn quickly enough, he is there. The Chinese perhaps realized the absurdity of toes when they tried to get rid of them by foot-binding. Even the most familiar phrases never bring the heel into contempt. "Cooling the heels", "down at heel", only indicate the delays and shabbiness which may wait on genius or heroism, while "a clean pair of heels" spells flight, it is true, but successful flight.

December 8. Raking leaves on lawn. Unless this is done shortly after rain, it is difficult to make them stick together, and they have to be picked up between two pieces of board. When pulled together with the horse-rake, as is sometimes done, innumerable

leaves become threaded on each tooth like a string of dried apples. Light, abundant, and valuable as leaves are, there is nothing harder to gather or store and nothing so seldom used as manure.

With winter comes, or used to come, the wolf. Probably it is not over two hundred years since a large part of the civilized world stood in annual dread of him. It is strange that man's best and closest friend among animals should be so nearly allied to his most hated foe. For hatred has ever been the portion of the wolf. No good (except only the Romulus and Remus affair) is ever told of him, no saving clause admitted for his benefit. The lion is supposed to possess generosity, the tiger, beauty; the bear, clumsy good nature; the wolf has none of these, but is malevolent, hideous, cowardly, and cruel as the grave. "The wolf at the door" suggests fear beyond that induced by any other creature, the "seawolf" is terror incarnate. Though he is so much larger and more valuable, the bear lingers in the back settlements beyond the wolf; the Eastern States know *Lupus* no more. King Edgar slew the last wolf in England. Cameron of Lochiel the last in Scotland; perhaps Columbia's last is reserved to fall by the hand of T. R.

December 9. Light rain. By this time of year, the roads are generally frozen enough to haul up salt hay. Many years ago coming

from the Island Farm with such a load, we overtook a party at the foot of a short, steep icy hill whose team had become quite discouraged, and who was waiting for something to happen. Hitching our team before his, we rushed him to the top of the hill. He departed, saying by way of thanks that he was one of that kind that never gave up.

With winter begins the hewing of wood—not an unpleasant task, under moderately favorable conditions. Bitter winds and deep snow can never be pleasant to work in—and I have cut wood when I could hardly keep my grip on the axe-helve for the ice which formed upon it, when mustache and beard froze together, and I had to make a clearing at the foot of every tree. But in sharp calm weather—when

“The white chips played about my blade,
In wood that baffled wind and storm”,

above all, when felling green timber, not the iron-like dead white oak, or the withered hickory which will throw no chip, the labor is so congenial that one sometimes wishes for the traditional chunk of frozen bean porridge, which might avert the necessity of going home to dinner. Chopping does not heat one up quickly, any more than sowing; it can be kept at by the hour, speaking in reason, yet for some cause it, more than field labor, occupies the mind, which is not so often left to chew upon a curtailed text, or a long for-

gotten proverb. A half cord of split wood is a smaller, but more conspicuous record than a half acre of turned sod; and if only the trees were more resigned to their fate, and would not pitch and lodge upon one another, the sport were not half bad.

December 10. S. Witch hazel is now in full blossom, and its dull yellow petals are to be seen along banks of streams and other damp places, not unlike the spice-bush in early spring. This uncanny and unseasonable blooming caused its reputation as the "chosen wood" of witches and incantations, the last remains of which, enduring to near our time, is the belief that a forked twig of witch hazel will indicate a spring.

What majesty was wont to hedge about preparations for sleep! How various its paraphernalia! There was the ascend-du-lit, as if for assumption of a real throne. There were the posts and the tester, the curtains and the valance, the warming-pan and the night-cap. Now all these are cast aside, the feather-bed, the old linen sheets with threads smooth and durable as wire, pass away. I can well remember, when visiting ancient relatives in my childhood, how stately and ceremonious were the preparations for slumber, an "twere a holy solemnity." First the intention of retiring was announced, not as now, "Guess it's time tergoter bed", but with formal gravity. Shams and counterpanes were removed; curtains drawn back; light shaded

or turned down; nocturnal refreshments prepared. Something like an hour would be occupied in these preliminaries, before the final disrobing and couching. Now we sleep on metal mattresses, upon metal frames, in as airy and disconnected a manner as possible; nay, many of us do not sleep in rooms at all. The glory of the bedroom has departed to the bathroom, which, once a scarcely decent adjunct, ignored as far as possible, has now become the most expensive and frequented apartment in the house.

December 11. It should seem that the R. R. Company's plan is to get an estimate from you of the least sum you will take for their crossing your land at the point you prefer, pretend to go there, then revert to their original plan, and refuse to pay you any more, saying that you had named your figure. Another plan is to get permission to erect one pole, then make it fifteen, giving the owner the right to cut them down on sixty days notice, and if he attempts this, punish him for obstructing the telegraph.

December 12. Turned back two gunners, one of whom inquired if I did not think it was mean of me to do so. Another informed me with vehemence that'd he'd shoot any man that shot his dog, and then, to prove his own extraordinary virtue, stated that he never killed any one's chickens.

A recent anecdote runs thus, showing the

slight esteem in which memory is held.

"Mrs. A. 'How do you do, Mrs. B. So delighted. And how is your dear little girl?'

"Mrs. B. 'My little *boy* is quite well, thank you.'

"Mrs. A. 'Ah, yes, boy, to be sure, I knew it was one or the other.' "

Here Mrs. A. tried to save her discernment at the expense of her memory. Of course, she failed, and that egregiously; but she would never have tried to save her memory at the expense of her discernment. Memory is the oldest, most useful, and least esteemed of all the faculties. "The Mother of the Muses", like many another mother with a host of fair daughters, she meets with few civilities. Nobody is ashamed of confessing to a bad memory. How often do we hear the remark, accompanied by a smirk of pride, "If I could remember all the books I've read, I should be so-and-so", but how few say "If I had read all the books I remember wishing to read, it were well with me". We gather up memory in youth, bear it along in maturity, drop it piecemeal in old age. It may be doubted whether it exists at all beyond this life; in Paradise it were a well nigh useless adjunct, in the Inferno the never dying worm.

December 13. A fowl's clack nearby and a gunner's call to his dog far off, are very much alike in sound.

With cold weather the animals are mostly

put on half-time, and this induces restlessness. Many a horse who would be only too glad to stand still in his stall after a hard day's work will weave and pull when idling. On many a night now rises the anxious inquiry, "What's the noise at the barn?" and follows the sleepy reply, "One of the horses is loose". Stronger halters must be had, not only in the stall, but on the street. A horse can break anything you can tie him with, and so one must consider what he had better break. If he is inclined to pull, do not tie him by the bit; if he drops that out of his mouth by breaking billet or check-strap, all control is lost. Draw your tie-strap through the bit-ring, and buckle it around his neck, then he is aware of some pull on his mouth, yet if he breaks the strap the bridle remains; you have something in reserve; there is safety in double rule. Herein lay the rigor and the weakness of Theocracy; there was but one law, and when that was broken, naught remained; it included all; trespass, murmur, curiosity, indolence, were punished as severely as murder or adultery; who offended in one point, was guilty of all; the runaway must be felled instantly, lest worse ensue. Whereas under modern co-existence of civil and religious rule, a man might break every mooring of loyalty to the king, yet swing at anchor, a faithful son of the Church.

December 14. Poke-weed drying and falling. The stem full of slightly connected,

porous disks, like big wafers. The largest of our herbs. In south grows 12 or 14 feet high, like the mustard plant in the Scriptures "The fowls of the air lodged in it".

The youth is necessitated to find beauty somewhere around him. If his neighborhood is pretty, he admires it; if commonplace, he embellishes it; if ugly, he transforms it. A muddy pool will reflect the sunset; a barren mound will furnish that near horizon which, for the moment, satisfies desire. An old man, revisiting the haunts of his youth, shall wonder at the glamour which made Arden of the scrubby woodlot, and Paradises of the briery fields. A girl crosses his way, is she fair? That is as it should be, Is she plain, silly, and rude? His imagination breaks away and produces maidens of her stature and age, but permeated with the beauty which must be, shall be there. He gazes through a netted telescope which strains out all he would not see; the best only is apparent to him. Thus he knows sorrow only by its relief, and distance by return, and loss by hope, and penury by generosity, and takes all things cast forcibly to earth on the rebound.

December 15. Cold morning. A light snow began to fall about noon, and we brought the cows in from grass. They have been pastured unusually late this year, the season generally ending a month earlier. Grass is little good after frost has bitten it,

but this season he has spared it.

About this time we begin feeding stalks to the cows. As long as grass is green they care little for such fodder; but with the fall of heavy frost they turn to "stover", as one may imagine a man bereft of society turning to dry books. At first we give them the smaller and fresher bundles, which they eat up pretty clean; but ere long we come to the big coarse bunches, and the feed-cutter must be brought into play. This is a tapering trough on legs, with an iron collar at one end, and a large knife, hinged at one end and handled at the other, sliding across its end. Into this miniature guillotine the stalks are thrust, and pushed along with the left hand, while the right, holding the knife, cuts them into six, four or three-inch lengths. These the cows will eat, except the larger and coarser bits, which are flung under their feet for litter. There is supposed to be much danger of cutting one's fingers off with the above machine, and many are the admonitions anent it addressed to beginners, but the only wound I ever knew inflicted by it was on a young man who, stooping suddenly in the dark, struck his nose on the back of the knife.

December 16. Sawing wood—a seasonable task. Our neighbor R., who burns a great deal of wood, always has a stack seasoning behind his house, and always in February what remains of the last year's wood

is piled over close to the door, to make room for the new cut. For two seasons now he has had the sawing done by a traveling engine, leaving only the splitting for hand work.

Great was the discovery that instead of rubbing the blade back and forth, upon the rock, the rock could be revolved under the blade. Then sharpening became ceaseless, and not intermittent; then it could be done with much more delicacy and exactness. Then, moreover, it became a partnership, "One to turn and one to hold", has been the rule for uncounted ages; which has the better, he who crouches and propels, or he who stands and steers? The one turns, and turns, and douses water, the other holds, and holds and sends forth fire. Some men, gifted in little else, have marvelous skill in putting on an edge; such was McClellan; others would far rather use the blade than sharpen it; such was Pyrrhus. Franklin's purchaser, who preferred the speckled axe, was very like Franklin himself; one may toil too much after polish. In days of yore, my brother held and I turned; and as I swayed to and fro, counting the revolutions and wondering if a thousand more would do it, I was wont to chant a quatrain from Punch—

"If I'd been a Pardner in a Bank,
I shouldn't be workin' at this here crank;
I wish it had been 'arf a million Pound,
And I shouldn't be turnin' this 'andle
round."

December 17. S. The great advance in learning might be shown by a slight alteration of the text to "Many papers shall blow to and fro". They are to be seen tangled in every farm fence and every suburban hedge. To keep things decent one must go up and down the roads at times thrusting the papers into ruts with a spade.

To bring truth home to the hearts of men, forcibly yet conveniently, has ever been the aim of the good and wise; yet immense difficulties inhered. If presented, not in its entirety—no man can do that—but in large masses, it was at once too ponderous and too vague for reception; if cut into small chips, it gave no fair sample, and did no lasting good. It was long ago discovered that dramatic impersonation—that is, the bringing of Mahomet to the mountain—went far to solve the problem. Create your disciples—make them walk, and talk, and act—bring them face to face with your doctrine, and give each the portion convenient for him, so shall all men learn from the spectacle of distribution. Here lay Shakespeare's eminence. Others have delivered their message as vitally and melodiously, a few still more so; if none have embodied their audience so well, some have approximated; but he has oftenest fitted the burden to the strength, fed each with food meet for him, whereby he might prosper after his kind; he, of all dramatists, best combined the guide and the purveyor.

December 18. The wrist is that joint which wrenches or twists. E. G. Wring, wry, wried. "If the dear host's neck were wried", Browning. The key used by old time harpers to tune their instruments was called a wrest. What connection has this with the Chaucerian sense of "cover"? "Thy body to wrie", "And he was all over wrien", etc.

December 19. Examining a swollen reddish swelling on an alder stem growing at the pond's edge, I was surprised to find that what I had taken for a peeled spot of bark was merely a ring of last fall's dodder, still preserving its rusty yellow color, while apparently the constriction of its slender stem had sufficed to leave a very perceptible bunch in the tough shrub.

December 20. The green cutters begin to appear. A nice grove of young pines has been pretty well done up by them, though the ice storm assisted. Years ago, I found a man there with a hatchet, who immediately began with suspicious vehemence to denounce those fellows who went round choppin' trees.

December 21. K. told about finding three chickens drowning in a pail, while the hen was drinking the water.

There is a story of a woman who made it her boast that she had used the same clothes line for twenty years. Of course this could only be done by constant and careful hous-

ing; always exposed to weather, it would not have lasted twenty weeks; clotheslines must not be tarred. Some people are irritated by anecdotes like the above, and say that the fraying out of the woman's nerves and health was much worse than the fraying out of her rope. But this is not a necessary alternative; close attention to detail may dwell under the same roof with breadth of vision. Mary Lyon said "Take an extended view, look at the whole," but Mary Lyon saved her clothes-lines, figuratively if not actually. Whereas Mrs. Slacque, who lets everything go, and whose favorite rejoinder is, "I suppose more can be bought", wastes away her senses and health in mildewing gossip and searching bargain sales.

December 22. Set new gate post, a big half ton affair, four feet deep. We jammed it in place with stones, to shift some of which I had to rest on my head and knees, and lift with my hands.

The Greeks joined material and execution as near perfection as the earth has seen. The Egyptians excelled in colossal monoliths; the Romans' strong point was their mortar. Cemented by this, it mattered not what composed their wall—stones, tiles, brick-bats, potsherds—all were made one in that wonderful fusion. And so may a great purpose, a strong belief, a gallant spirit, a clear vision, form and weld together talents the most diverse, or faculties of the feeblest.

The unskilled cobbler, the poor camel-driver, gained a greater following than Bacon or Crichton; Bayard leads more than Bourbon, Thoreau sees further than Linnoens. Nay, the belief may be stronger than the personality. Who has not seen some remnant of dilapidation, the bricks broken across, the mortar holding the fragments together? Such is everyone who will die for his principles, or his faith, or his honor, or his reputation.

To double is not to increase.

"Make thy friend a spectacle", says Emerson; but there are some who make their friend a pair of spectacles, and only find happiness in seeing through him.

December 23. The shooting season is nearly over. The boys, the more or less skillful gunners, and the toughs who think they are gunners, have almost disappeared. But now and then a clerkly looking man goes by, seemingly on indifferent terms with his gun.

December 24. S. Had barbed wire existed in the olden time dragons would have made their nests of it. What island most suggests matrimony? Celebes in search of a wife. "Medio de fonte leporum, surgit amari aliquid" freely translated, "In the midst of the rabbit's spring, bobs the lover's lemonade".

December 25. There has been no snow as yet, which is one reason gunners are so frequent, as they have not been held up by the law prohibiting the tracking of game in snow.

Christmas may warm the heart, but it nips the fingers and toes. Years ago, before trolleys were, we went fourteen miles in an open sleigh, to visit our relatives, returning creatures of the drift, our sleigh as full of snow as if that had been what we went for, our tracks instantly effaced by the whirling storm. Even when we got home toil was not over, for after beating life into our fingers we had to knock the balls out of the horses' feet and comb the ice out of their manes. It was only one degree better than riding in a storm, for then the ice gets into the saddle and stirrups.

Dr. Johnson was no equestrian. His bulky figure and his slender means alike disqualified him for the exercise. On two occasions only do we find him mounted; once, on his wedding day, when he had the memorable argument with his bride, *ad ungulam*; and in the Hebrides, when Boswell, anxious for once to direct affairs, had got him upon a Highland sheltie; yet he liked swift motion; he is said to have declared that being whirled through the country in a post-chaise was the height of felicity. How he would have enjoyed motoring! How comfortably he would have lolled in the cushioned tonneau of a machine up to even his ponderous weight!

How brusquely would he have silenced the "foppish lamentations" of those his companions who objected to a dash of rain; and how speciously would he have argued touching the destruction of a heedless chicken. "Sir, if we may roast and eat a fowl for the titillation of our palates, I see not but we may run him down for the intensification of our pleasure, but we ought to pay his owner, or it is sad work."

December 26. Several blue jays in a bush, the mild weather has kept them North, or at any rate made them show more abroad. I imagine they never go very far South of this.

A Compliment is a Complement with its waist slightly pinched; it is something belonging to your friend; to with-hold it is to with-hold his due; it fills him out properly; won't leave him gibbous? That pretty speech, that graceful action, have waited until now for thee to utter or perform. Be not perturbed; assure thyself, Chesterfield nor Voltaire could do it better. Timeliness is all; could Saul have understood Praed, or Regulus Moore? Strike while the iron is hot; fear not for scorching of fingers; celebrity shall serve better than raw-hide gloves. Flattery is made of other stuff; it is extraneous and forced; the *Deus ex machina*, who should appear from a cloud. "Lay it on with a trowel", as Disraeli said, it remains rough-cast; stucco at best; peeling hopelessly. Frost or shower, even the wear and tear of daily

routine, will soon be its undoing; but a compliment, once lodged, remains a possession for life.

December 27. Neighbor K. suggests that it were well if tramps were made to carry passes, as negroes used to do in days of yore.

Coming one day between Xmas and New Year along the street in a sleigh, myself and a neighbor on the front seat, my wife and father behind, I was suddenly aware of a runaway horse with an empty sleigh rushing out of a side avenue, and coming straight for me on the wrong side of the street, looking as big as a house. I pulled away from the snow-bank, but our horse was only slightly turned from his track when the other was upon us, with a crash that burst everything loose. Steadied by the reins at the moment of impact, I kept my place; but my wife flew from her seat as our sleigh performed a quarter-circle backward, and fell right in the track of the runaway, who, pierced to the heart by our shaft, made a great leap over her, fell spouting gore, and died in a few moments. One thought occupied my mind: "How did she get in front of me when she was behind me?" Meanwhile our horse, finding himself loose, performed a gambol or two, and then stood looking inquiringly about until he was wanted again. The other's shaft had only picked a little skin from his shoulder. Never before did I realize so well how one party in a tournament might be

spitted, the other go unscathed.

December 28. Riding this afternoon, could hear the squirrels scampering through the dry leaves on both sides of the road. They are very vigilant and active now from nearly forty days pursuit by gunners; but their close time is near at hand. It is said that a great many wild fowl did not go South at all this winter.

December 29. Working at filling a wash-out this morning, observed a large flock of gulls (who seldom are seen here in number) wheeling and turning against a dark cloud, their wings catching the light like silver or glass. At one moment they would disappear entirely, and then flash out again, as they came broadside to the sun's rays. The day was like April, mild and balmy.

December 30. Helplessness and omnipotence are alike sacred; the busiest person living is the devil.

December 31. S. The weather has been exceptionally warm and calm; never more worthy to be called "halcyon days".

We are judged by the average; it is Over-Brahma; at once the doubter and the doubt, the justice and the scales. Average, as its name implies, is not the truth; but it is singularly like it. You can prove nothing against an average; you can claim anything for it.

It is immune, ever-inoculated, Mithidates among poisons. It is the king who can do no wrong, the court of final appeal. We despise it until it overwhelms us; no lance was ever laid in rest against it, many a one has it broken. It is like Mont Blanc, towering above all men's heads, trodden under foot of individuals. "What dost thou here?" says the doughty champion; striding forth in the pride of his youth. "Fall on us, and protect us", cry the defeated and the prostrate. It is the inexhaustible foundation of all things; base in both senses; incapable of progress or retreat. Fringed with uncertainty, it alone stands poised, bringing us to torture, insuring us against ruin. It is the ally of the unreasonable, the destruction of the unwary; in youth it is the Pons Asinorum; in age it is Al Sirat.

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