self face to face with the enemy, my courage and confidence mount, and I acquit myself entirely to my satisfaction. I speak about one-third of it and read the rest. A fine audience, and appreciative.

April 15

The days are sweeter and sweeter, and warmer and warmer. What an appetite I have for them! I sit this morning with my door open and let the sounds and odors come in — the drumming of the highholes, the call of Phoebe, the trill of the bush sparrows and song sparrows, and all the other bird-sounds. The river shimmers and glints through the haze. The morning is like a nude woman veiled by her own hair. April is in heat; she is pairing with the Sun. She yields herself to his embraces all day. I can see the union taking place even in my vineyard.

April 18

Hiram and I move over to Slabsides.

June 22

John Muir came last night. Julian and I met him at Hyde Park. A very interesting man; a little prolix at times. You must not be in a hurry, or have any pressing duty, when you start his stream of talk and adventure. Ask him to tell you his famous dog story ['Stickeen'] (almost equal to 'Rab and his Friends') and you get the whole theory of glaciation thrown in. He is a poet, and almost a seer; something ancient and far-away in the look of his eyes. He could not sit down in a corner of the landscape, as Thoreau did; he must have a continent for his playground. He starts off for a walk, after graduation, and walks from Wisconsin to Florida, and is not back home in eighteen years! In California he starts out one morning for a stroll; his landlady asks him if he will be back to dinner; probably not, he says. He is back in seven days; walks one hundred miles around Mt. Shasta, and goes two and one half days without food. He ought to be put into a book — doubtful if he ever puts himself into one. He has done many foolish, foolhardy things I think; that is, thrown away his strength without proper return. I fear now he is on the verge of physical bankruptcy in consequence. Probably the truest lover of Nature, as she appears in woods, mountains, glaciers, we have yet had.

July 24

Why do the critics hesitate to call Mrs. Stowe an artist, and her 'Uncle Tom' a work of great literary merit? I suppose it is because, first, she never produced another work that approached it in general interest; her subsequent books fall far below it; second, it seems to have been the result of moral and humanitarian fervor, rather than of esthetic and artistic fervor. The subject mastered her. A man may make an eloquent speech at some crisis in his life, who is not a great orator. But the true orator is eloquent on many occasions and on many themes. The great artist does not commit himself as Mrs. Stowe did; his work has a flavor, a quality, which hers has not. Tolstoi, though he wrote with a purpose, and with as deep moral conviction as Mrs. Stowe, is much more surely an artist. He is not confined to one theme; his range is vastly